GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 12.

That litigious old lady who had been prosecuting New Orleans for forty years, Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, died there last Friday night, aged eighty.

The fights in New York and Illinois on senatorships are arrayed in about the same shape as at last advices. Evarts's chances are still promising, and Logan's still tied.

It is stated that it was through a miscalculation of the managers that the world did not come to an end on the 4th of January. They are going to make another effort shortly.

Gladstone is ill. He is reported to have catarrh, lumbago, and insomnia. A man having these three things, seventy-five years, and the British empire on him at the same time is rather loaded down.

A powerful volume of natural gas has just been struck near Findlay, Ohio, at a depth of over five hundred feet. We should not have supposed it necessary to go so deep as that for natural gas anywhere.

The reporters at Columbus are complaining that they are excluded from the penitentiary. They say that there are things going on in there that they are not wanted to see. They can easily get over this difficulty. Let them steal a horse or break into a saloon worth $35.

The attempt to steal the Cincinnati end of the Miami and Erie canal by private syndicates is to be renewed at this session of the legislature. But Allen O. Myers is opposed, and he has introduced a bill to authorize the city of Cincinnati to enter upon and occupy it as a public highway and for sewerage, water, and gas purposes. Allen is a pure and incorrupt statesman for canal purposes, at least.

There is every indication that there is going to be war in the Hocking Valley before the mine-owners and mine-workers have settled their differences there. The former are determined and the latter are desperate; and the point of an open rupture has been nearly reached. Yet our laws provide no remedy till the violence breaks out; and then the only remedy seems to be to send the militia to shoot "the under dog in the fight."

A resolution was introduced on Friday in the Indiana house of representatives, declaring it to be the opinion of that body that Gen. U. S. Grant be placed on the retired-list in recognition of his distinguished services to the country. A Democrat made a motion to table it; and it was tabled by a vote of 59 to 35. Indiana is the sweet state of the Knights of the Golden Circle; and these 59 yeas for tabling were representative of the memory which that traitorous clan left there.

General Sherman is still worrying himself, or else amusing his leisure, over the evidence to prove that old Mr. J. Davis was a conspirator and a very bad man. He has written a second letter, and sent it with proofs of its allegations to the secretary of war. And Senator Hawley has introduced a resolution calling on the secretary to send it in to the senate. And, since the above writing, it has been sent in, with the conclusive and convincing evidence. And now what of it? What is to be done about it?

The time is coming—it ought to have been here now—when formal speech-makers will be required to furnish copies of their talk if they desire publication by newspapers.—Dayton Journal.

We homologate. And a great many stump-speechers would be let off after four or five preliminary gesticulations and ejaculations on "leave to print," as they are when they get to Congress. But we don't know of any live newspapers that could be persuaded to be as accommodating as the Congressional Record is. Printed speeches that are not fit to be heard are generally not fit to be read in a newspaper—unless some sprightly and able journalist has furnished them to the orators. In fact, good journalism is rapidly taking the place of poor oratory.

The Democrats of the legislature are going to sweat over Gov. Hoadly's recommendation of the abolition of separate schools for colored children. Our representative, Judge Littler, has re-introduced in the house his bill, for carrying out the governor's advice, which the Democrats slaughtered last winter; and a similar bill, drawn up by Walter S. Thomas, colored has been presented in the senate. These bills will be pushed; and the Democrats will have to show how much sincerity there is in their new-born friendship for the negro voters of Ohio. If they can march up to the line made for them by their old-abolitionist governor, they will receive the commendation due to repentant sinners.

Brother Will Cumback bobs up in Indiana and demands the honor of being the Republican minority nominee for senator as an advertisement for himself as a lecturer. But the party in the legislature intimate that they have no interest in Will as a lecturer, and will decline to advertise him. They think Porter has won the honor, whatever there is in it.

The perfectly overwhelming strength of Don Cameron in the legislature of Pennsylvania makes the little piping opposition to him round among the newspapers seem as perfectly ridiculous. And Don does not seem to have done anything to bring about this state of affairs, either. It must be rather a gratification to the secret feelings to own a state as easily as Cameron does the great state of Pennsylvania.

There is a gossip again that President-elect Cleveland is going to marry. This time it is to a Mrs. Pruyn, a widow in Albany, thirty-six years old, possessed of one child and $5,000,000. Now, this is wrong. The just, admirable, decent, and generous thing for Cleveland to do—the thing which would get him the applause of the world—is to seek out that much-wronged widow Maria Halpin, and make her his lawful wife and "the first lady of the land." If not, why not?

A case that occurred last Saturday night in Franklin county, Miss., has a smack of the true flavor in it. A party of bulldozers visited a negro's cabin for the purpose of whipping him. They demanded admittance, and the negro refused it. An impulsive young man of the name of Murray burst open the door and rushed in. He was saluted with a charge from a shotgun, and his brains were blown out. The rest of the party fled; and, as the most astonishing act in the drama, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. Who shall say that Mississippi is not showing signs of progress?

It certainly must have been an oversight that the Republicans were left off from the committees for the reception of Senator Payne in the general assembly. The Republicans all voted in favor of the reception, and no objection to it came from them; and yet, when the presiding officers of the two houses made up the committees that were to receive this senator of Ohio into the legislature, they put none but Democrats on them. It was an unprecedented discourtesy, if it was intentional; but we do not believe it was intentional. It was a piece of forgetfulness perpetrated in a gush of unconsciousness.

Old father Payne, by his Jackson-banquet utterances at Columbus, has stirred up the bile of the mugwump newspapers to an amusing extent. They call him a garrulous old man who prates of the old-fashioned things of Democracy. He deals in "putrid reminiscences." He is not inspired by the new ideas which Cleveland was elected to infuse into the Democratic party. He talks in as dictatorial a tone as if he himself were the administration. But the fact that the old senator's son-in-law, Whitney, is likely to be the treasury member of the cabinet is the sourest ingredient in this Payne-ful solicitude. It makes the old man's eloquence ominous.

"Buckeye," C. W. Woolly—or letters to that effect—writes an occasional communication to the Commercial Gazette for the fun of hurling the freest lance of any man in America. He is now traveling in Europe, and here are two or three specimens of the way he jerks the pen:

> The alleged beauty of the Parisian woman is a "d—d barren ideality." She dresses well, has small feet and hands, high cheek bones, and "lantern jaws," but can not compare within the realm of beauty with her sex in Cincinnati or New York, nor even with the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia.
>
> The Emperor is the love of the populace, Von Moltke their admiration, and Prince Bismarck their pride. Just now the small fellows of the Reichstag are biting his trowsers, but they amount to no more than the tatterdemalions who usually compose an Ohio Legislature.

In nearly all the guesses about the cabinet the South gets the postoffices and the department of justice. These are what the South asserted a claim to in the start, and what she will probably get. These are what give her the best hold on the country. She is not interested in the foreign relations, or on the high seas, or in the interior (since slavery could not be forced into the territories), and her hand in the treasury would raise a row, and her inappropriate impertinence in the war department would be resented. But she thinks she can administer justice and the postoffices in a way to be tolerated and to do herself a power of good without being over-scrutinized. And the Democracy of the country sympathizes with the South in this masterly diplomacy, just as it did in her assertion of ownership of the nation before the war. The tail naturally wags approval to the determined movements of the head and body of the dog.

There may not be evidence sufficient to connect O'Donovan Rossa with the attempt on Captain Phelan's life, but it is generally believed, and all the circumstances point that way, that Phelan was sent for by Rossa with the deliberate understanding that he was to be "removed" when he came, and in the way in which the attempt was made. Rossa was absent from the office; but the men who were to do the deed were there; and there is every reason to believe that they were taken there with Rossa's knowledge and connivance. It was a planned murder, and Rossa, if not the planner, was privy to the plan and accessory before the fact. Phelan seemed to have suspected what was wanted of him, and went to Rossa's office with his hand upon his pistol. This man Rossa is an advocate of murder; and his complicity in murder is not surprising. He should be arrested and tried on suspicion; and circumstantial evidence of the most ordinary kind should hang him.

The New Year.

Silent and white
Thro' the dim night
Now fast, now slow.
Marking the posts
Like sheeted ghosts,
Robing the woods
In much finer goods
Than ever were spun by mortal skill
And bleached on the sunny side of the hill,
Fringes were wove by weavers, where
The warp is mist and the woof is air;
The world is dressed like a bride in white,
Although the poor old year died last night.
Drop not a tear
On the cold bier
Whose corpse is here.
His work is done,
And battles won,
And he will be
Named with the free
Through future time
For deeds sublime.
We welcome here
The new-born year.
The snow that falls
From the gray walls
Of the black clouds
Is not for shrouds
For the days fled,
Or the years dead;
'Tis the white fleece,
Emblem of peace,
Set down to cheer
The soft young year.
So ring the soft,
Sweet bells aloft,
Of the good time.
Ring loud and clear
For this New Year.

JOHN HENRY'S NEW YEAR.

John Henry was a boy of not more than five years of age. He lived in a dark, alley, over which he sometimes saw the blue sky on the dull clouds, but oftener only dingy coal smoke. His mother was a hard worker but she took pretty good care of him. They lived alone in a single room. When she could she took him with her, but it frequently happened that he was left alone in the room all day with his dinner set out for him on the table. On such occasions he would watch the little clock patiently, and when the short hand began to near a certain figure he knew that he had not much longer to wait and he would press his nose against the window pane and watch each shadowy figure as it passed.

The day before the New Year seemed longer than usual. In the first place, his dinner was scanty and he was hungry when his mother set it out for him on the little tin plate. As she stopped to bid him good-by he noticed tears in her eyes, and though he said nothing at the time, he began to wonder as the day wore on what it all meant. The hands on the clock never moved so slow before. He ate his insufficient meal earlier than usual, and wished there was another one. Then he thought of the great stores down-town and the windows filled with beautiful things, and wondered if there was no way in which he could get into them. The markets and groceries in particular rose up before him in his vision like veritable heavens.

His mind dwelt on what he had seen only a few weeks ago when he was down-town with his mother—how nearly every one they met was carrying home huge bundles, and that his mother told him they contained turkeys for the Thanksgiving dinners of the rich. Only a few days ago nearly every one he had seen passing along the streets was loaded down with large packages which he was told contained Christmas presents of toys and other playthings for children. John Henry did not so much care for these as he did for something to eat. The pangs of hunger were superior to the desire for amusement and his mind reverted to turkeys. He thought he would know a turkey if he saw one. Then he began to wonder and think as he never had before. In some of the long and bitter days and nights that he had passed with his mother he remembered that in her prayers and instruction she had told him that the great God had said "Ask and ye shall receive." She had asked many times and he had seen no return. He never had asked because he had not seen anybody to ask, and he wondered how his mother could expect to get the things she asked for when she only talked into vacancy. Alas, that the whispered prayers of millions, answered maybe in ways that they know not of, should from older lips than this provoke similar marveling.

There was only one thing to be done, he thought, and that he proceeded to do. It was disobedience, but he believed that his mother when she returned hungry and tired would forgive him. It was plain to his mind that she had not gone about things in the right way. Bundling himself up in a well-worn shawl, for he had no overcoat, he ran down the alley, the frosty air making his little frame quake, and gaining the brilliantly lighted street he walked along peering into windows until he came to a market. With his mother's words ringing in his ears and with a faith sublime in its simplicity he raised the latch with difficulty and walking straight to the big man behind the block said:

"Will you please give me a turkey?"

"Got any money?"

"No, sir."

"Who is it for?"

"For me and mother."

"Get out of this, you little devil!" and the man made a motion as if to chase him. The boy retreated toward the door and pressed on. In a dozen places he repeated his query, and as he grew colder and his teeth began to chatter he made up his mind that perhaps after all his mother knew best. Maybe she had tried all these places and met with no better success than he. He would have turned back, but he saw one great market ahead, larger, handsomer, and more brilliantly lighted than any he had yet seen. There were beautiful carriages and horses with liveried drivers in front of it, and through the frosted windows he could see many fine ladies and gentleman and some richly dressed children.

Everybody turned as the queer little fellow entered, and when his blue lips parted to ask the oft-used question everybody heard it.

"Have you any money?" was the reply, but in a kinder tone.

Once more the answer came "No," and then, with an effort, "I have asked everywhere, and if I don't get it now I'm going home."

The market man looked at him curiously, wondering what to make of him. Was it a child's freak or was he the crafty emissary of an older good-for-nothing—a wolf in sheep's clothing?

One of the gentlemen who had been an interested listener stooped down and felt of the lad, withdrawing his hand quickly and saying:

"God bless the child. He's all of a tremor and he is not half clothed. Who do you want a turkey for? Come here and get warm."

"Mother and me wants it," came in a piping voice. "We ain't got any, and mother's at work, and I thought maybe I'd get one if I asked for it."

"So you shall. So you shall," said the man. "Give me the biggest bird you've got, Tom, right away, and I'll take it home with this child at once."

The turkey that was made ready looked bigger than John Henry, and when the three were in the carriage the coachman drove rapidly down-town. It was a great day for John Henry. He answered his companion's questions as best he could, but he kept a close watch on the streets and alleys. Finally the buildings began to look familiar, and he at last broke out with—

"Here it is! Here it is! Please stop him and I'll run home."

The gentleman stopped the carriage; got out and helped the boy down the dreary alley to his cheerless room. The fire in the cook stove had burned low and the room was dark. The man lighted the lamp which his little companion gave him and was evidently pleased to witness the tidy though barren aspect of the place. John Henry's mother had not returned, which fact pleased him, but not the visitor.

"You may tell your mother that some of my folks will be here in a day or two, my boy. I will not wait any longer now. You and your mother eat the turkey and have a feast. There are others where that came from."

When his companion had gone the child turned down the lamp and blew it out and resumed his place at the window. Once or twice he thought he heard his mother's footsteps, but they for my money to-day a long time, but didn't get it and then I had to walk two miles to borrow a little. We will have something to eat pretty soon."

When the lamp was lighted the mother stirred the fire and sat down to warm herself, holding the child in her lap with an embrace so tight that he struggled once or twice to free himself, while hot tears rolled down her sunken cheeks. In after years if he remembers that hour he will know what that long, lingering pressure meant, the silence that was more eloquent than words.

Not a word had been said about his adventure or the turkey. The great bird had been carefully stowed away in the closet and the boy looked toward the closed door frequently as if expecting to see the fowl walk out and say something. How would he explain?

Presently he said: "We have got a turkey."

"No, we cannot have a turkey, Johnny," was the reply, "but we will have something else right away. I will go out now and get it."

"But I say we've got one now," said John Henry, jumping down from her lap. "It's here in the closet," and he threw the door open, standing at one side, his eyes sparkling with pride and pleasure.

"Why, where did this come from? How did you get it? Who brought it here?"

Her questions came with such rapidity and seriousness that the boy began to be afraid.

"I just asked for it, mother, as you ask for things when you kneel with me; only I went to the stores where they kept them and asked and asked and asked ever so many times, until finally I found a man who gave it to me and brought it here. I was awful cold and I was afraid I'd get lost, but the man brought me home and said his folks would be here to-morrow or next day. What are you crying about? Oh, I'm sorry I did it. I won't any more."

The mother learned from him little by little the whole story of his adventure, the rough words, the gruff refusals, the bitter suspicions, and the long walk in the freezing night air, and alternately kissed and hugged him, laughed and cried.

"What could have put it into your head to be a beggar? My child, it was begging to do that, and we have never begged before."

He said nothing for a minute and then answered: "You taught me to pray and have said that if we would ask we would receive. I did ask and God kept his word."

At night when the child was asleep the mother stood by his side and stroking his hair tenderly said in a voice scarcely audible: "If, then, God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

The kind man was as good as his word. His wife and daughters called the next morning bringing with them warm clothing and some wines and other dainties, besides toys for John Henry, who could scarcely believe his eyes as he joyously saw them unwrapped and placed before him. The New Year for him was full of joy and happiness, and his mother's heart was gladdened by the promise of remunerative work for the future. Thus happily ended John Henry's New Years' adventure.

A Modern Miles Standish.

One of our fellows, whom we playfully dubbed Shad, from a fancied resemblance about the paunch to that delicious fish, confided to us one day that he had discovered that he could not exist without the landlord's daughter, and that he would make her his bride before the end of the summer. We viewed the prospect with great favor.

"What will you marry on?" we asked.

"Well, I know I have not much wealth," replied Shad, meekly, "but don't you think this place is quite large enough for both of us?"

"And when any of this worshipful company wander hither there will always be a big slate and a long reckoning."

Shad placed his hand on his stomach and raised his eyes to Heaven. He always swore by his stomach, at least those oaths he intended to keep, and we were content. We promised him our influence with the father, and as there was no time to be lost, I undertook to break the news gently to the girl that Shad intended to marry her. She was shelling peas at the time, and looked charming in her neat calico gown.

"Annetta, I have something important to communicate to you."

She looked up from the peas, and for the life of me I could not restrain my arm from stealing in a paternal fashion towards her waist.

"And what is it, monsieur?"

"Annette, there is one not far from you at this moment who adores you, who cannot live without you, and who will make you an adoring husband (how pretty she looked); will you, will you be his?"

I glanced across the yard and saw Shad and the group watching me anxiously. Annette's hand lay passively in mine, but she still kept her eyes on the peas.

"Who is he, monsieur?" she said at last glancing shyly at me.

For the life of me I could not help it, she looked so tempting.

"Behold him!" I whispered. "Will you—can you—be mine, O, Annette?"

"Monsieur should confine himself to two absinthes before dinner," said my lady, demurely, withdrawing her hand and resuming her pea-shelling as if nothing had occurred.

"She says she wouldn't marry you for a million dollars, Shad," I said bitterly on my return.

"Well, well, I suppose not," remarked my friend philosophically, "but I am obliged to you, old man, just the same.—*San Francisco Ingleside.*

Wealth in Banana Culture.

Honduras is rapidly assuming importance among the larger countries in Central America. It has increased fifty per cent. in population in the last ten years. The lands outside of the main towns are being bought from the government by citizens of the United States and by Germans. The object of these new settlers is to establish banana plantations. The soil of Central America is peculiarly adapted to the growth of this fruit, which can be raised at what would seem to be a ridiculous expense. The market for bananas in New York is good, and the sale of them pays a profit of about twenty per cent. The purchase of the e lands has netted the government about $1,500,000 during the last year, and as it owns about 1,000,000 of acres there is a fair prospect of its enriching itself within the ensuing five years.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The United States uses three times as much paint as any other country in the world.

WEBSTER AND NYE.

Mr. William Nye Compares Noah Webster's Literary Works With His Own.

Mr. Webster, no doubt, had the best command of language of any American author prior to our day. Those who have read his ponderous but rather disconnected romance known as "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; or, How One Word Led On to Another," will agree with me that he was smart. Noah never lacked for a word by which to express himself. He was a brainy man and a good speller.

It would ill become me at this late day to criticise Mr. Webster's great work—a work that is now in almost every library, school-room, and counting-room in the land. It is a great book. I only hope that had Mr. Webster lived he would have been equally fair in his criticism of my books.

I hate to compare my own books with those of Mr. Webster, because it may seem egotistical in me to point out the good points in my literary labors; but I have often heard it said, and so do not state it solely upon my own responsibility, that Mr. Webster's books do not retain the interest of the reader all the way through.

He has tried to introduce too many characters, and so we cannot follow them all the way through. It is a good book to pick up and while away an idle hour with, perhaps; but no one would cling to it at night till the fire went out, chained to the thrilling plot and the glowing career of its hero.

Therein consists the great difference between Mr. Webster and myself. A friend of mine at Sing Sing once wrote me that from the moment he got hold of my book he never left his room until he finished it. He seemed chained to the spot, he said; and if you can't believe a convict, who is entirely out of politics, who in the name of George Washington can you believe?

Mr. Webster was most assuredly a brilliant writer, and I have discovered in his later editions 118,000 words, no two of which are alike. This shows great fluency and versatility, it is true, but we need something else. The reader waits in vain to be thrilled by the author's wonderful word-painting. There is not a thrill in the whole tome. I had heard so much of Mr. Webster that when I read his book I confess I was disappointed. It is cold, methodical, and dispassionate in the extreme.

As I said, however, it is a good book to pick up for the purpose of whiling away an idle moment, and no one should start out on a long journey without Mr. Webster's tale in his pocket. It has broken the monotony of many a tedious trip for me.

Mr. Webster's "Speller" was a work of less pretensions, perhaps, and yet it had an immense sale. Eight years ago this book had reached a sale of 40,000,000, and yet it had the same grave defect. It was disconnected, cold, prosy, and dull. I read it for years, and at last became a close student of Mr. Webster's style; yet I never found but one thing in this book, for which there seems to have been such a perfect stampede, that was even ordinarily interesting; and that was a little gem. It was so thrilling in its details, and so diametrically different from Mr. Webster's style, that I have often wondered who he got to write it for him. It related to the discovery of a boy by an elderly gentleman in the crotch of an ancestral apple-tree, and the feeling of bitterness and animosity that sprang up at that time between the boy and the elderly gentleman.

Though I have been a close student of Mr. Webster for years, I am free to say, and I do not wish to do an injustice to a great man in doing so, that his ideas of literature and my own are entirely dissimilar. Possibly his book has a little larger sale than mine, but that makes no difference. When I write a book it must engage the interest of the reader and show some plot to it. It must not be jerky in its style and scattering in its statements.

I know it is a great temptation to write a book that will sell, but we should have a higher object than that.

I do not wish to do an injustice to a man who has done so much for the world, and one who could spell the longest word without hesitation; but I speak of these things just as I would expect people to criticise my work. If we aspire to monkey with the literati of our day we must expect to be criticised. That's the way I look at it.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—I might also state that Noah Webster was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts at one time, and, though I ought not to throw it up to him at this date, I think it nothing more than right that the public should know the truth.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Statesman's Wonderful Mule.

Mr. Luke Prior, of Alabama, is noted for his great natural sense and his original English. "I see," said he to a group of fellow members, "that Senator Hampton has been telling about a cow he owns that can talk, and Senator Vest tells about a dog that can black boots and imitate a Methodist exhorter. Now I have a mule on my farm near Opelika which is certainly a judgmatic creature. He is an onery looking cuss, but, as I said, very judgmatic. I must say he is the most imitatious animal I ever see. He is even more imitatious than the monkey. That mule's favorite amusement is to go in swimming with the boys, and—would you believe it?—he can swim on his back and dive head foremost like fish. Yes, sir; he has dived at least thirty feet and come up with his head all over mud. This mule is so imitatious that he can counterfeit almost any wind instrument. There's a ferryman near my place who has shot at him several times. The ferryman has a horn on the opposite side of the river for travelers to blow as a signal when they want to come over. The mule got onto this racket, and whenever he gets a chance he goes down to the ferry and brays just like a horn a blowin. On foggy days the ferryman can't see across the river, and he don't know whether it's the mule or a traveler. He told me the other day that last year he had pulled his boat over sixty times to answer that 'd——d long-eared mule,' as he put it. On my farm I have a large bell, with rope attached, to ring up the hands at daybreak. An old colored man used to attend to this duty, but one night about two years ago he suddenly died. Next morning everybody was astonished to hear the bell ringing at the usual hour. I went out to see who was ringing it, and, gentlemen, I hope I may never get back to Alabama if it wasn't that mule! Yes, sir; and that mule has been ringing that bell ever since at daybreak every morning. Not only this, but he canters down between the negro cabins, just as the old man used to do, to see that everybody gets out on time. The old man had a way of kicking on the door of a hand who did not move out brisk, and one morning the mule followed his example. In a certain cabin there were a very lazy colored family that never stirred until everybody else was at work. Just at daybreak the mule backed up to the front door and gave a kick with both feet that sent the whole family through the back window. The mule didn't know it, however, and he kept on kicking. The next day it took four carpenters to put that cabin together again. Gentlemen, as I remarked before, that mule's the most judgmatic and imitatious animal I ever see."—*Washington Republican.*

Truth and Damages.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: My client has now reached the mellow but slightly fly-blown age of 37 years. She comes before you now after a life-time of unremitting exertions to secure a husband. Her tireless industry in this line is generally acknowledged in her own town. There is not a single man there who cannot testify to this fact of his own knowledge. If there were any double men there they would tell you the same thing. There are men in that little village, in that peaceful, happy, Arcadian little burg, who get down on their knees every night of their lives and thank Heaven for their hair-breadth escape from marrying the plaintiff. They are grateful to Heaven, although they had to rustle just as hard to effect that escape as though they had not been favored with any supernatural assistance.

Gentlemen, my client has belonged to every church sociable, to every mission, to every dancing-class in her village. She has taught in the Sunday-school, and has educated boys up to love her, only to see them go off and marry some soulless young thing of half her age. Gentlemen, I assure you on my personal honor that if she had been a sewing machine agent she could not have canvassed that town more thoroughly.

My client, gentlemen, has worked every summer hotel that her means would permit her to board in. She has labored like a tireless Trojan in getting up picnics, private theatricals, hay-rides, and fishing excursions. She played croquet so assiduously in the first fresh decades of her youth that she was known as the amateur perrenial champion. And lately, in spite of a growing tendency to rheumatism and stiffening of the joints, she has heroically set herself to learning the arduous game of lawn tennis, and has played it with youths whose mother she might have been, had her exertions prevailed upon the last generation.

I tell you this, gentlemen, to show you that my client has done her best. This is her last chance, or she would not be here. She made the acquaintance of this old gentleman when he providentially broke his leg on the sidewalk in front of her house. We don't ask him to marry her. He has never shown much inclination to take that desperate step, and we won't urge him. But my client must get some of his money, or her life—her long, hard, industrious life—is a total failure. He has the drachmas. He can spare a few thousand. The experience will be worth it—to him. And, as I have before remarked, this is my client's last and only chance. Gentlemen, you have all had mothers. Probably they never figured in breach-of-promise suits; but if they had been like my client they would have. Gentlemen, in the name—in the glorious name of womanhood—I ask for ten paltry thousand of this old man's golden scads.

Pedestrians and teamsters at the North turn to the right at meeting. Drivers in England invariably turn to the left. In France and Switzerland they turn to the right. In the Southern States they have no well settled custom, but now a crusade has been begun by the newspapers there to fix the habit of turning to the right. One of them remarks that "Preachers should talk it from the pulpits, teachers should inculcate it upon the minds of their pupils, and parents should teach it to their children."

Mrs. Hester, of Monroe, Ga., has peach brandy made sixty-five years ago.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS —THE BEST TONIC.
QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. P. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

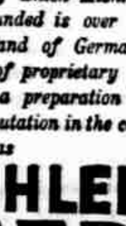
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

OLDEN TIMES



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MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

*It is the best remedy for **Kidney and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Cramp in the Stomach, Indigestion, Malaria, Periodical Complaints, etc. As a Blood Purifier,** it has no equal. It tones the system, strengthening, invigorating and giving new life.*

The late Judge Hayes, of Lancaster Co., Pa., an able jurist and an honored citizen, once wrote: "Mishler's Herb Bitters is very widely known, and has acquired a great reputation for medicinal and curative properties. I have used myself and in my family several bottles, and I am satisfied that the reputation is not unmerited."

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BEARING THIS MARK ARE THE
FINEST GOODS EVER MADE.
ALSO All Linen, both Linings and Exteriors.
Ask for them.

J. WOLFF, Agt., Springfield.

RUPTURE CURED By the HENDRICKS' GALVANIC PAD. New Invention. The inventor cured himself after suffering 21 years. Treatment till cured. Printed Matter. Parties cured at home. No pay for Stamps for

Dr. H. W. HENDRICKS & CO. 384 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

PURSUANT TO THE COMMANDS OF AN execution of sale issued from the Court of Common Pleas of Clark county, Ohio, and to me directed and delivered, I will offer for sale at public auction, at the south door of the Court House of said county, on

Saturday, January 31, A. D. 1885,

at one o'clock p. m., the following described mortgaged premises, to-wit:

Situated in the city of Springfield, the county of Clark and State of Ohio, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot number eleven (11) in F. S. Penfield's addition to said city; running thence east on and with the south line of an alley 176 feet to a ten-foot alley; thence south with said ten-foot alley to the south line of said lot; thence west on a line parallel with the first named line to Wheldon street; thence with said Wheldon street to the place of beginning.

Said above described premises appraised at fifteen hundred ($1,500.)

Said premises to be sold by order of the Court of Common Pleas of Clark county, Ohio, in case No. 7515, wherein S. B. and J. H. Stiles are plaintiffs against Fannie J. Watt et al., defendants.

Terms of Sale—Cash.

JAMES FOLEY,
Sheriff of Clark County, Ohio.
HAGAN & HAGAN, Attorneys.

C. F. COST.

FINE CANDIES AND CARAMELS! FRESH AND PURE.
C. F. COST.
36 South Limestone Street.

Dr. Frank C. Runyan.

Rooms in Buckingham's Building over Murphy & Bro's store.

Special attention given to the preserving natural teeth

J. C. OLDHAM
Dentist.
GOLD FILLING A SPECIALTY.
Teeth inserted in gold silver, rubber, vulcanite or rubber plates
NITROUS OXIDE GAS GIVEN
No. 9 East Main St.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

WM. H. GRANT. MARCUS M. GRANT.

WM. GRANT'S SONS,
DAILY MEAT MARKET
CORNED BEEF EVERY DAY.
Lard, Bacon and Ham.

REMOVAL.

C. R. CONVERSE,
DENTIST.

Respectfully announces to his patrons and the the public, that he has removed from his former location, 13½ South Limestone street, to

Rooms 5 and 6 Mitchell Building,
Cor. Limestone and High Sts.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended him; with the latest appliances used in dentistry, and best furnished Dental Parlors in Central Ohio, he hopes to merit the continued confidence of his patrons. Engagements by telephone No. 391. Nitrous oxide gas administered for extraction of teeth when desired.

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A FIRST-CLASS BAKERY IN EVERY RESPECT

Best and largest assortment of Cakes, Candies and Bread in the city. A complete and splendid line of Holiday Goods. Weddings, Parties and Socials furnished on short notice.
☞ Telephone connection.

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MAVERICK NATIONAL BANK,
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Capital,	- -	$400,000
Surplus,	- -	$400,000

Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Mercantile firms received, and any business connected with banking solicited.

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ASA P. POTTER, Pres. J. W. WORK, Cash.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

WANTED—Ladies or Gentlemen to take light, pleasant and easy employment at their own homes; work sent by mail (distance no objection); $2 to $5 a day can be quietly made; no canvassing. Please address Globe M'f'g Co., Boston, Mass., Box 5,344.

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