

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET. Issued Every Thursday Morning.

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All communications should be addressed to KINNEY NICHOLS & CO., Springfield, Ohio.

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN 30.

Stewart gets the personal thanks of the queen and a major-generalship for his wounds and his glory in the desert.

The heaviest battle was after that of Abu Klea Wells. It was about three miles from the Nile, and was 12000 Britons against 12,000 Arabs.

The Oklahoma settlers are settled. They looked down the barrels of the U. S. guns and accepted the soldiers' escort out of the territory.

Julius Dexter wants Cincinnati to be an angel. Cincinnati would have a devil of a time in trying to be an angel according to Mr. Dexter's ideas.

The press contributed two to the general-ship of Stewart's battles in the desert. Cameron, the famous correspondent of the London Herald, and Herbert, of the Post, were killed.

"Pickaway" (Allen O. Myers) says: "It looks to me, as usual, as though Van Antwerp, Bragg & Blow had a mortgage on this legislature, as they have had on all others." Does the mortgage cover the entire property, real and personal?

There was a singular phenomenon in Cincinnati yesterday. The Commercial Gazette and the Enquirer agreed. They both hammered at Julius Dexter. It will not do to set Julius down as an utter failure in the way of reforming that bad city.

A strike of miners in the Tuscarawas Valley is threatened, in consequence of the operators' decision to reduce prices of mining on the 1st of February. It is well that winter is passing away, or we might anticipate trouble in our grates before these troubles are over.

Henry Reed, a quarter of a century ago one of the most prominent figures in Western journalism, and who enjoys the honor of being "The Father of the Ohio Press," in a vigorous article in The Current of January 31, on "The Amenders of Shakespeare," solves a Shakespearean conundrum which has long vexed the students.

Harper's Weekly says that the election of Everts to the senate "presents the singular spectacle of the common satisfaction of the allied friends of Mr. Blaine and of Mr. Arthur." And the Weekly appears to be satisfied too. In fact, everybody in New York is represented as satisfied with it except Conkling. Conkling is never satisfied with anything but himself.

The fact that a large majority of the present congress, as general congresses, are college-bred men is noted to the credit of college training. But, when it is observed that Edmunds, Pendleton, Bayard, and Wilson, of the senate, and Carlisle, Randall, Kelley, Curtin, and Reagan, of the house, are not college-bred, the question of quality against quantity comes up for consideration.

We are reminded by Senator Hoar of "the absolutely defenseless condition of all our coasts," and told that we should be at the mercy of a foreign enemy coming at us from the sea. Perhaps this very condition is what puts us on our peaceful behavior and keeps us out of war. A Quaker rarely gets into a fight. He is known not to carry a gun under his coat-tail.

The "blackbird" who stood for ten minutes smoking a cigar in plain view of the audience, was part of the programme the other night, not down on the programme. It was not in accordance with the tastes of the audience, nor consistent with the rules of good breeding.—Xenia Gazette.

This Springfield gentleman most likely made the innocent mistake of supposing himself to be only a Black-bird. None of those who know him here ever make that mistake.

There seems to be a slight Democratic disposition to rally to the support of the Nicaraguan treaty as a party measure, and feelers have been put out to ascertain what Cleveland wants about it. It is found favorable, the treaty will possibly be saved up for his administration, and thus the Democratic party will start out with a principle—a thing they have been looking round for these twenty years.

Members of the legislature most not lend their railroad passes. An Hon. pass reads "good until the end of the session"—"not transferable." Occasionally a passed Hon. from an unsophisticated region of the state fails to appreciate his strictly official relation to the railroads, and lends his pass to an unofficial friend. Representative Carey, of Hardin county, lost his Panhandle pass the other day through a failure of this kind. It was presented by a person whom the conductor knew not to be the Hon. Carey, and the conductor, according to instructions, put it in his pocket and required cash fare of the person other than Carey.

A FORGOTTEN BATTLE.

BY J. WARREN KRIEGER.

[Concluded from yesterday.]

The Sixth Corps, under General Wright, followed close after General Wesley Merritt's cavalry corps, and about 3 p. m. after a march of eighteen miles, came up with it at a point about two and one-half miles from Salina's Creek on the left, and about the same distance from Lawrence on the right, where it was engaged with a strong force of the enemy, which was covering his trains, then moving rapidly on a country road toward Rice's Station and Prince Edward's Court-house. The Second Brigade of the Third Division of this corps went promptly into action, and with scarcely a halt to complete a formation for battle, it together with the cavalry charged and drove the enemy back across the road, capturing many prisoners, wagon trains and some artillery.

The main body of the Confederate army moving on this road had, however, passed by toward Salina's Creek. Pursuit with such troops as were up was accordingly abandoned. The main body of the Confederate army, under General Horatio G. Wright, who commanded the Sixth Corps, the enemy's rear guard fought a desperate battle, and fell back toward the stream. The Second Division of this corps, under General Frank Wheaton, arrived and joined the Third Division in the attack and pursuit. The main body of the cavalry, under General Merritt, was detached to intercept the Confederate retreat. Merritt passed East and South of the enemy across Salina's Creek and again attacked him on the right rear.

General R. S. Ewell was in immediate command of the Confederate forces engaged. By about 5 p. m. the Confederate army was forced across the valley of Salina's Creek, where it took up an unusually strong position on the heights immediately on the west bank of the stream. These heights, save on their face, were mainly covered with forest. There was a level bottom, wholly on the east bank of the creek, over which the Union army would have to pass before reaching the stream, then swollen beyond its banks by recent rains, and which washed the foot of the heights on which General Ewell had rested the divisions of his army, ready for attack by day and with the hope that under cover of night the whole Confederate army might escape in safety to Danville.

The plan of battle was laid out on the face of the map, and the valley, within a range of the enemy's guns, and lines were adjusted for an assault. Artillery was put in position on these hills, and a heavy fire was immediately opened. An effort was made to get up the hill, and a portion of the Second Brigade of the Third Division, which had been detached to attack a battery on the right, but the day was too far spent to await their arrival. After a few moments' delay, General Wright, as directed by General Sheridan, ordered an immediate assault to be made by the infantry, under cover of the artillery fire. Colonel Stagg's brigade of cavalry was, at the same time, ordered to charge the battery on the right. It was possible, thank the extreme right of the enemy's position. General Merritt's cavalry divisions (First and Second) simultaneously attacked the Confederate army on his right flank and rear. General Ewell covered his immediate front with a strong and well-constructed line of infantry, massing a large reserve force of infantry, in column, in rear of his center, to be used as the exigencies of a battle might require. His cavalry operated on his right flank and rear. He had present on the field at least three full infantry divisions, with parts of others under the command of Generals Kershaw, Custis, Lee, Barton, De Barre, Corse and others of the most distinguished of that army. Commander John Buford's Tackler, commanding an independent "Marine Brigade," held an important position in General Ewell's line.

Without waiting for reserves to arrive in sight, the two divisions of the Sixth Corps charged the hill, and in single line of battle (Second division on the left and the Third on the right) moved steadily across the plain in the face of the destructive fire of the enemy, and, with snoudered guns, and snoudered bayonets also, in most cases, over the shoulder, waded through the flooded stream. Though the water was from two to four feet deep, the stream was crossed without a halt or waver in the line. Many fell on the plain and in the water, and those who reached the west bank were in more or less disorder. The order to storm the heights was promptly given by the officers accompanying the troops, and it was at once obeyed. The infantry of the Sixth Corps began firing the first time while ascending the heights and when within only a few yards of the enemy. His advance line gave way, and an easy victory seemed about to be achieved by the Union forces. But before the crest of the heights was reached, General Ewell's masses of troops, in heavy column, made an impetuous charge upon and through the center of the assaulting line. The Union center was completely broken and a disastrous retreat for the division followed. This large body of the Confederate infantry became, by reason of this success, exposed to the now renewed fire from General Wright's artillery remaining in position on the hills East of the stream.

A TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER. The right and left wings of the charging Union line met with better success, and each drove back all in its front, and, wholly disregarding the defeat of the center, persisted in advancing, each believing as upon a proof is the center of the line—then held by the Confederate masses. These masses were soon subjected to a terrible death-dealing infantry fire upon both flanks as well as by the artillery in front. The swollen stream forbade a Confederate advance to attack the exposed artillery. General Merritt and Colonel Stagg's cavalry, in a simultaneous attack, overhauled all before them on the right and rear. The Confederate officers gallantly struggled to avert disaster, and were finally driven to the right and left to repel the galling flank attacks. This latter proved impossible. The troops on the flanks were pushed up to within a few feet of the massed Confederates, which rendered any reformation or change of direction by them out of the question, and speedily brought hopeless disorder. A few were bayoneted on each side. The enemy were falling rapidly and doing little execution themselves. Fight was impossible, and nothing remained to put an end to the bloody slaughter, but for them to throw down their arms and become captives. As the gloom of approaching night settled over the field, covered with dead and dying, the artillery and musketry ceased, and General Ewell, together with eleven of his general officers, and about all his gallant army that survived, were prisoners. Commander Tucker and his Marine Brigade, numbering about 2,000, surrendered to the Union army, and were ordered to cover a dense forest, and had been passed by the first onset of the assault.

Of the particular operations of the cavalry the writer of this, of his personal knowledge, knows little, but so less praise is due it than to the infantry. General Sheridan (May 16, 1862), in an official report of the battle, speaking of the infantry attack, says: "It was splendid, but no more than I had reason to expect from the gallant Sixth Corps." He also speaks of the fighting of the cavalry and the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse followed. There was, after this battle, some fighting between the cavalry of the two armies, and between the Union cavalry and some of the Confederate infantry, but heavy fighting between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia ended at Salina's Creek.

St. John Jones and others, but we do not set that Legate lies.—Belmontian Republican. That is the case against St. John done up in a very small package.

CONVINCED.

Mr. U. G. King, foreman of the Lecturers, Ohio, writes:

"Dr. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, Ohio, Gentlemen: Some time since, I had occasion to doubt the genuineness of most of the articles that appear in different papers regarding the cure of PERUNA, and my curiosity was so great that I determined to write to one of the many people that claimed to have been cured by this medicine, and accordingly wrote to Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of this city, who had written to me, and received the following reply: "I received your letter this evening, and in reply would say that PERUNA, I believe, saved my life, and I can not recommend it too highly, for all complaints it is the best medicine in existence. It seems to help you as you swallow it. I would advise any one suffering from my complaint to take PERUNA and be convinced. Yours truly, M. J. Reynolds."

"Now, that her card, word for word, and as I am well acquainted with the lady, I do not believe she would lie. It is truly wonderful how your medicine does all this."

James L. Mooney, Prospect, Ohio, writes: "For the past ten years I have been suffering from constipation and dyspepsia, and all the evil effects that accompany these troubles. I have consulted several of the best of doctors, all to no effect. I used several patent medicines, which did me no good, and about three years ago I was seized with a severe nervous trouble, and was obliged to quit working. I was told to take PERUNA, and after using a few bottles I received one of your pamphlets called the 'Ils of Life.' I at once tried your PERUNA and MANALIN. They helped me right away. I used nine bottles of PERUNA and three of MANALIN, and now I am quite well, and able to resume farming. I also had a little child which was attacked with a severe cramp in the stomach, we thought it would go into spasms. I used nothing but PERUNA, and gave it an injection of PERUNA and warm water, and gave it a teaspoonful of the medicine internally every half hour. It was relieved in one hour, and has not been bothered since. I have a case of croup and colds. I know that it is a wonderful medicine, and recommend it to all who are in poor health. The above statement I am willing to swear to before a notary public. W. M. Getty's First Division, Green County, Pa., writes: 'Please send me your book on the 'Ils of Life.' I have used one bottle of PERUNA, and am greatly benefited.'

SIRIUS MEN.

Some Remarkable Feats of Personal Power, as Celebrated Characters.

The present Emperor of Russia is said to be one of the strongest men in his empire of herculean individuals. While the her apparent, he one day visited his father, the late Emperor, to complain that his mail was tampered with. The Emperor, who was accompanied by a police, drew from him a confession of guilt, and chided him in the presence of the czarowitz. The latter said not a word, but handed the crestfallen functionary a sign of how great was his anger in the form of a silver card, twisted into a roll. In his younger days this was a favorite visiting card of the czarowitz. He could strike a poker against his arm and bend it, bite pieces out of china cups—feats which were in the repertoire of Thomas Tapham, the celebrated English fencer.

Tapham was a drayman, and sometimes, when exhilarated by the vast portion of liquor given him by admirers, he would take his horse's place between the shafts. He had a playful habit of twisting heavy kitchen poker in his hand, and in single line of battle (Second division on the left and the Third on the right) moved steadily across the plain in the face of the destructive fire of the enemy, and, with snoudered guns, and snoudered bayonets also, in most cases, over the shoulder, waded through the flooded stream. Though the water was from two to four feet deep, the stream was crossed without a halt or waver in the line. Many fell on the plain and in the water, and those who reached the west bank were in more or less disorder. The order to storm the heights was promptly given by the officers accompanying the troops, and it was at once obeyed. The infantry of the Sixth Corps began firing the first time while ascending the heights and when within only a few yards of the enemy. His advance line gave way, and an easy victory seemed about to be achieved by the Union forces. But before the crest of the heights was reached, General Ewell's masses of troops, in heavy column, made an impetuous charge upon and through the center of the assaulting line. The Union center was completely broken and a disastrous retreat for the division followed. This large body of the Confederate infantry became, by reason of this success, exposed to the now renewed fire from General Wright's artillery remaining in position on the hills East of the stream.

He would take upon him the large white Muscat donkeys by the ears, and, with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised ass on his back. He could carry a 3-year old bullock half way around his master's plantation. Once he actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders, and chest, a distance of 300 feet.

Middle-aged people who remember the dawn of interest in muscular exercises, recall Dr. Winslip, the originator of the idea which was subsequently embodied in lifting machines. The astounding feat of the doctor's performance created was equal to that of the Berliners, a few years ago, at Jorg-nery's tests. The most wonderful of these was known as the trapeze feat. The Frenchman hung suspended by his legs from a swinging bar, and by their muscular strength, lifted a heavy horse and its rider off the stage, suspending them several minutes, and then letting him down gradually and evenly as he raised them.

Mervine Thompson's achievement at Rochester, N. Y., was but a trifle lower, however, in the opinion of competent judges, more surprising than this. Thompson laid his face downward on a firmly fixed ladder and resisted the efforts of a powerful team of horses to pull him from that position. A heavy party of men, using a crack hickory-nuts upon his muscle. It was like cracking them on a stone. He could take a handful of dried hickory-nuts and crush them to pieces by merely tightening his fist."

On one occasion, while serving as a guide for a party of exp. corps, a yoke of oxen drawing a boat down the Fox gave out through fatigue. Panquette took their place and hauled the boat along, heeding the strain less than the heasts.

Sheppard, the wonder of the Coven-

ty mounters, whose muscular development answers to the description of Panquette, like the latter, wore his hair long. With the half-breed it was a custom derived from his copper-colored ancestors, but with the ruddy Englishman it was in obedience to his belief that all his strength lay in his flowing yellow locks. Sheppard could lift heavy man in each hand and hold them out at arm's length. He could toss enormous tables, barrels, and bags of flour about as though they were filled with feathers. He could take a powder pint pot and tear it into pieces with his teeth, and he could munch large oyster shells as a person would munch a biscuit. Sheppard was the wonder of the country around, but his prosperous popularity developed enemies, and one of these, it is related, induced the strong man to drink deeply, and while sunk in stupor, cut off his luxuriant hair. Sheppard awoke, felt his bare poll, and in tones of horror, announced his strength was gone. Whether because of the loss of his hair, or because he wished to evade a tedious Frigidity, the strong man from that moment was weak, timid, and hesitating until his hair was long again.—San Francisco Examiner.

BUTTER-MAKING.

Bill Nye Writes Loquaciously on This Particular Fine Art.

Butter is the matured milk of the low-brown cow, writes Bill Nye to The London Journal. It is the greatest, the best effort of her life. The cow toils not, neither does she spin, yet I say unto you Solomon in all his glory could not beat her on the hand-made, or rather milk-made, butter. This subtle job I have repaired and newly upholstered for use during the winter.

Butter comes from the cow in a liquid state. It is quite a trick to win her confidence so that she will yield it up to a total stranger. I once sought to woo the lactical fluid from the milk of a large cow, and to whom I was a comparative stranger. She wasn't one of those blooded cows that look as though they have been cut out of a sheet of paper with a pair of scissors. She was a low cow, with coarse nostrils, born in obscurity.

Her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty—oh, so haughty. The young man who had hitherto acquired the milk from this cow desired one evening to tie him away to a neighboring village, where he might be kept until leaving for the till the wee sma' hours ayont the twa. [Quotation from a poet who was a poor speller.] He wanted me to milk his large, speckled, plebeian cow, and I said I would. The movement was certainly ill-advised. I undertook to do the light and heavy work of a bombastic till the wee sma' hours ayont the twa. [Quotation from a poet who was a poor speller.] He wanted me to milk his large, speckled, plebeian cow, and I said I would. The movement was certainly ill-advised. I undertook to do the light and heavy work of a bombastic till the wee sma' hours ayont the twa.

Butter is produced by expunging the juice from a raw cow's milk, and then adding cream. Cream is beat on the milk. Milk is known as dry and extra dry. A good milkman will always ask you whether you want your milk wet or otherwise.

An excellent name named Grady told me about going over into southern Indiana at one time to dig a well for a man named Withum. Withum was said to be very close. He was the most contumacious man in Indiana. His wife used to skim the milk on one side, and then let it over on the other. The milk was a constant struggle between Withum and his wife to see which could be the meaner.

The first day that Grady was there he had a round ball of butter about as big as a man's head, and as big as his heart. The butter-knife had a handle that would turn every time anyone tried to get a lick at the butter, and the little round ball would flop over on the other side and smile. Now and then a hired man would reach over his shoulder and take a lick at it, but the butter, confident of its own strength, would tip over with a dull thud, and the man would have a sigh and give it up. Then another farm hand would make a dash at it, but burst into tears and quit. Finally Grady, who had watched this performance several days, jabbed his fork down through the middle of the yellow chunk and successfully cut it in two. In the center was a small wooden top. "There," says Grady, "we found out what the blained thing is wound on, anyhow."

Comedicalities in Plants.

There is Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the flower of the plant known as Tulip (Arifsonia triphyllum), who could ever look at one of these singular blossoms without that same stirring of the risible faculties which one experiences in perusing a parody or caricature, or witnessing a pantomime? The very sight of one is provocative of merriment. How many times in my school days did I challenge the teacher's frown by involuntary giggles at the whimsical look of the imprisoned Jack!

Monk's hood, of the genus aconitum, has quaint, comical flowers, suggestive of a clown's ruddy face. The well-known Fly-trap, Dionaea muscipula strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaves of this plant are fringed with stiff bristles and fold together when certain hairs on their upper surface are touched, thus seizing insects as they fly on them. Seeing the flat stand temptingly open a poor fly pops in for shelter or food; no sooner has it touched its feet than some sensitive fibres are affected, and the cilia at the top closes in upon the insect, imprisoning him as effectually as if a boy had taken him and closed him in a box.

The Pitcher-plant or Monkey-cap of the East, although not particularly ludicrous has a whimsical arrangement which borders closely upon the human economy. To the footstalk of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and color as the leaf in the earlier state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt around with an oblong band or hood, and covered with lid neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of hinge or strong fiber, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fiber the lid is drawn down whenever the pitcher is shovely or full. When sufficient moisture has fallen and the pitcher saturated, the cover falls down so firmly that evaporation cannot ensue. The water is thus gradually absorbed through the handle in the footstalk of the leaf, giving rise to a constant upward current. As soon as the pitcher is exhausted, the lids again open to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open.

The flower of the bee orchis is like a piece of honeycomb, and the bees delight in it. Then there is the snap dragon; the corolla of which is cleft and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's

mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. The flower of the cock's-a-ban and the seeded pod of the mostynia proscobiana bear curious resemblance to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of the medicago have also curious seed pods, some being like beehives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the pillars, and itself an essentially ludicrous object.—Floral Cabinet.

Stories of the Street.

A long, lean man, rather seedily dressed, entered the office of a Michigan Central Railroad official and said: "Pardon me, sir, but I have a scheme of vital interest to you."

"What's that?" was the reply. "For one annual pass and the small sum of \$10 I will tell you how to make your road pay an 8 per cent better dividend every year."

"Can't buy it," "Well, then, I'll give you the idea and trust to your generosity. May I have your ear a moment? What is your scheme?"

"Pull up your track between Chicago and Canada and put it down between New York and Canada. You fellows ain't paying half enough attention to the bank cashier trade."

One of the interesting characters at the St. Paul Depot last night was a grizzled looking fellow, perhaps forty years of age, who said he was on his way East from Idaho, where he had been engaged in the cattle business. "I threw it up this year," he continued, "because it's overdone."

"I thought that was a business that couldn't be overdone," said a bystander. "You don't understand it, then," was the rejoinder. "You see, there's two kinds of cattle business. I was in the kind that gets men hung."

"How are things up your way?" inquired a Chicago wholesaler of a customer from Northern Wisconsin. "Just slow. Not too good nor too bad. Pretty fair for some and pretty hard sledding for others."

"What are the lines that are doing best?" asked the merchant methodically, with his mind on something else. "Those that burn quickest and have the biggest insurance."

A commercial traveler just in from Kansas said he heard two retail merchants conversing on the cars about the defeat of the national bankruptcy bill. They felt very sore over it. After many denunciations of the House of Representatives one of them said: "Well, there's only one policy to pursue now."

"What's that?" asked the other. "The fire insurance policy," was the reply.

A richly dressed man looked up from his newspaper at the Grand Pacific yesterday and exclaimed to a person sitting near him: "This talk about hard times is all bosh. I never saw times better in all my life, and I never made more money in a year than I did in 1884."

"Is that so? What is your business?" "I'm running a saloon in the Prohibition state of Iowa,"—Chicago Herald.

Admiral Foote and the Gun-Boats. "In the railway train a gentleman who sat in front of me, learning that I had constructed Foote's vessels, introduced himself as Judge Foote, of Cleveland, a brother of the Admiral. Among other interesting matters, he related an anecdote of one of his little laughers who was just learning to read. After the capture of Fort Henry the squadron was brought back to Cairo on the river, and, on the following day, the crews, with their gallant flag-officer, attended one of the churches in Cairo. Admiral Foote was a thorough Christian gentleman and excellent impromptu speaker. Upon this occasion, after the congregation had assembled, some one called attention to him that the minister was ill and would be unable to officiate; whereupon the Admiral went up into the pulpit himself, and after the usual prayer and hymn, he selected as the text John xiv. 1. 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' Upon this text he delivered what was declared to be an excellent sermon, or exhortation, after which he dismissed the congregation. An account of the sermon was widely published in the papers at the time, and came into the hands of the little niece just referred to. After she had read it, she exclaimed to her father: "Uncle Foote did not say that right?"

"Say what right?" asked the father. "Why, when he preached."

"What did he say?" "He said, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also me.'"

"Well, what should you have said?" inquired the father. "Well, he ought to have said, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe in me, and in the gun-boats.'"

—James B. Eads, in the Century.

Living Within Yourself.

You live within yourself, and you end by bringing everything that is in you to yourself. If you were a vain person or an egotist, I should say it was a normal condition. But, with you, so good and generous, it is an anomaly, an evil that must be combated. Be certain that life is less a struggle, painful, irritating for everybody, but do not misunderstand the immense compensations, which it is ungrateful to forget. If it soothes you to fly into a rage against this one or that one, no matter, but that you should remain furious, indignant, and as a result, always, years, is unjust and cruel to those who love you, and would spare you every care and deception. Eh bien! why should you not marry? To live alone is odious, it is mortal, and it is cruel, too, to those who love you. All your letters are sad and wringing my heart. Is there no woman whom you love, or by whom you would be loved with pleasure? Take her with you.

To live within one's self is bad. The possibility of re-entering when one has been out a long time enriches an intellect, but it is a great deal to have it this way, who is the most tyrannical, the most exacting, the most fantastic of companions—no, it must not be!—George Sand's Letters.

His Maternity Accounted For.

Plumber's wife (sitting by his bed, clad in an embossed velvet gown and with \$125,000 worth of jewels scintillating on her ears, fingers and neck) "Is he dangerously ill, doctor?" "Doctor—No, indeed. He is the most comfortably off of all my patients."

"But what makes his right arm and hand so wringing my heart?" "That's only scrivener's palsy."

"Palsy!" she exclaimed, with a clasp of her jeweled hands; "what could have so prostrated my dear Algeon?"

"He has been writing too much without rest, smiled the doctor. "He tells me he has been standing too long every day and night, for four months past, musing out his annual bills."—From the Philadelphia Call.

Sixty-four women engravers earn their livelihood in England.

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