

THE SPRINGFIELD GLOBE, Volume IV, Number 323.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLIC, Volume XXX, Number 323.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO. Ohio Valley and Tennessee light rain and snow, followed by clear weather...

MORE THAN 20,000! We think it a fair estimate, to say that within the past year upwards of thirty thousand people have tested our ability to supply their wants in Clothing and Furnishing Goods...

Let us lead you immediately to details. Yonder worsteds at \$23, Coat, Vest and Pants.

Are doing up customers in great shape. He thought of leaving his measure for a thirty-five dollar suit, but he changed that thought.

Over all suits, with the one exception, viz. \$15 Fur Beaver Coats and Vests, there is need of a Great Coat. The Great Coats for great men are here every size.

Then in regular sizes, Muttons at \$11, Cotton Worsteds \$8, Poorer \$5, and Fine \$14 and \$15. Will you take our word for their goodness?

Never was there a better time to buy Overcoats than to day. We want the room they occupy.

Children's Jersey Suits, Browns, Grays, Blues. You've waited for the drop. Here it is, \$5 per Suit. They ought to go quick. They will.

Do you know that a third of this great store room is filled with Boy's and Children's Clothing? That this branch of the business is a specialty with us?

Next to a good pair of Pants you should see 7094 at \$3. You'd think them all wool, but they're not. They are of the deceiving sort of wool.

Separate under coats. We've another great stack of these garments. Involving has added more. A Sack, Cutaway, Frock, or a Prince Albert, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, and every price a half or a third less.

They will be all out this week. OWEN, PIXLEY & CO. The Clothing Manufacturers and Retailers at Wholesale Prices S. O. O. P. C. 25 and 27 West Main Street.

Museum of Oriental Creeds. London, Feb. 6. M. Guillet, a rich burglar of Lyons, having spent some years of his life and 200,000 pounds sterling of his money in the erection and furnishing of a museum, recently opened in his native town, intended to illustrate the religions of the east, has further applied to have the establishment transferred to Paris, where it would be likely to interest and instruct a larger number of visitors.

Improving Piccadilly. Boston, Advertiser. A notable addition to the architecture of Piccadilly, one of the most interesting of London streets, has just been made by the completion of the new building at No. 115. The new building, on the site of those time-honored resorts for the coaching clubs of the metropolis, the new structures are in the English renaissance style, and increased lights are placed in the coaching office-paths of the ground floor, and American walnut has been used in the large dining-room and some other apartments in the stately new buildings.

SPRINGFIELD MARKETS. CORRECTED BY CHAS. W. PAYNTER & CO. Daily Report—Friday, Feb. 6, 1885. PROVISIONS. BUTTER—Good supply, but dull at 18 1/2c retail. EGGS—Good supply, per doz. 15c. POULTRY—Dressed, chickens, young, 20c. 30c, old, 25c. turkeys, 30c. APPLES—\$1.00 per bush. PEACHES—25c per bush. POTATOES—25c per bush. SWEET POTATOES—\$1.50 per bush. JERSEYS \$2. CABBAGE—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. BEANS—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. CORN—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. WHEAT—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. RICE—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. SUGAR—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. COFFEE—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. TEA—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. SPICES—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. OILS—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. LARD—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. SOAP—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. CLOTHING—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. SHOES—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. HATS—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. FURS—Dull, \$1.00 per doz. MISCELLANEOUS—Dull, \$1.00 per doz.

GORDON

The Great Hero to be Rescued or Avenged.

The "Thundering" of the Times.

The Latest from Lord Wolsley.

From Gen. Wolsley. LONDON, February 6.—General Wolsley telegraphs from Korti to the War Office, this afternoon that a courier had arrived from the British camp near Meteneh, who reports that the rebels at Meteneh had become defiant since hearing of the fall of Khartoum.

The Cabinet in Session. The Cabinet met at eleven this morning to consider what course ought to be taken in regard to the present Egyptian emergency.

It was decided to send telegraphic orders to India for the despatch of East Indian troops to Suakin, and meanwhile to reinforce the garrison at Suakin by drafts of troops from England and the Mediterranean.

The consensus of the opinion of the ministry is in favor of a strong, active and vigorous policy. The Ministry will sanction any demand of Lord Wolsley which will aid in the defeat of the Mahdi and will secure the release of General Gordon, if alive, or wreak vengeance upon the Arabi if slain.

The "Thundering" on the Egyptian Situation. LONDON, February 6.—The Times, in an editorial discussion of the late news from Egypt, says: "No words of ours are adequate to express the mingled feelings of dismay and consternation and indignant disgust which have been universally evoked by this news. The present situation is the lamentable result of a long course of disregard of the elementary maxims of statesmanship. The country is obliged to confess that everything has been done that advice has been spurned, time wasted, opportunity lost, and the splendid valor of our soldiers which offered the last chance for retrieving the mistakes of the policy, handicapped by the choice of a line of march, which at the same time was long and difficult and without means of communicating and without a base of supplies. By the loss of Khartoum, which was his objective point, Lord Wolsley's whole expedition is in the air. The concentration of his forces is the first necessity which confronts Wolsley. But where shall he concentrate? The only effective base is Suakin, and to make this available Osman Digna must be vanquished and the road to Berber opened. General Gordon must be saved or avenged. The honor of the country must be vindicated, at whatever cost."

In another place the Times says: "The fall of the solitary figure, Gordon, holding aloft the flag of England in the face of hordes of the sons of Islam will reverberate through every barabar Cairo and Calcutta. The result will be a long and deliberate abandonment of respect for the British government and its officials by the followers of Islam. But England will save General Gordon, if alive; and if slain, will avenge his death. Woe to his murderers, if he has been killed!"

Congress. WASHINGTON, February 5.—SENATE.—Bills introduced: Providing for striking medals to commemorate the completion of the Washington monument.

Mr. Sherman offered the following resolution, which was agreed to: Resolved, That the committee on judiciary be directed to inquire and report to the Senate as to whether any legislation is required, and if so what, in regard to the appointment of court-martials, and a regulation of the proceedings and practice in trials before such courts in time of peace, and whether under the existing law an officer may be tried before the court-martial appointed by the President, in cases where the commander of the accused officer to be tried, is not the accuser.

Another resolution offered by Mr. Sherman was agreed to, calling upon the postmaster general for information as to the number of clerks employed on the matter of the adjustment of postmasters' salaries, and the progress they have made with the work.

The Senate took up the bill for the redemption of the trade dollar, and the suspension of the standard silver dollar, but before a vote was reached the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Belmont, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported back the resolution requesting the President to cause copies of all communications which have been received respecting the Congo Commission, and especially copies of the text of communication power sent by the Government to each of the three American plenipotentiaries or agents to be immediately transmitted to the House.

Mr. Randall, from the Committee on Rules, reported an amendment to the special "Ten objections" rule, so as to provide that objections shall not be called for until ten minutes debate, and a long and heated discussion followed.

House went into committee on the river and harbor bill and afterward legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bills were reported.

Ohio Legislature. COLUMBUS, February 5.—SENATE.—How a bill fixing a bushel of corn at 65 pounds for the whole year passed and it is a law.

Senate bill passed requiring foreign insurance companies to deposit \$100,000 of securities in the State treasury.

Bill was introduced to enable mutual insurance companies to insure against losses from tornadoes and cyclones.

A bill was introduced to amend several sections so as to remodel and codify the laws regulating the Ohio National Guard. It embodies the suggestions made at the late meeting of the officers of the National Guard.

Mr. Pruden offered a joint resolution looking to the consolidation of the governments of Hamilton county and the city of Cincinnati.

A resolution was adopted accepting the invitation to visit the New Orleans Exposition.

HOUSE.—House bills to legalize advertising in Sunday papers and for free school books at Cleveland were defeated.

Senate joint resolution for the State to contract for keeping incorrigible boys at Toledo was adopted.

Bills introduced: Providing for getting on the tax duplicate property not reported; providing for the release of county commissioners' bonds; amending public law; bill amending the ditch law so as to permit street commissioners or road supervisors to petition county commissioners to open, widen or straighten ditches without giving bonds.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT. CINCINNATI, February 6.—Engineer James Fleming, injured in the accident on the Toledo Narrow Gauge last night, has so improved that there are, to-day, hopes of his recovery. The train was running away, having become uncontrollable, descending a steep grade. The engineer and fireman remained on the engine until it left the track. The fireman, Jack Squires, was killed.

Boom for Jones. NEW YORK, February 6.—Prominent member of the National Democratic Committee state that Jones will be a member of the Cabinet.

Policeman Shot. TORONTO, February 6.—Policeman James Armstrong was shot and dangerously wounded by Thomas Little, a notorious horse thief and burglar, who escaped.

Gen. Montgomery's Death. Louise Livingston Hunt in Harper's Magazine for February in a sketch of the life and services of Gen. Richard Montgomery says: It was at 4 o'clock in the morning of December 31, 1675, during a violent snow-storm, that the attack on Quebec was made. The little American army, though in his own opinion, was also received attention, and gradually the new doctor began to have a quiet friendly feeling for the unobtrusive little woman.

Now Miss Penelope had never had a beau, that is, an eligible suitor, in her life. Her father, when she was in the hey-day of her youth, and round and pleasant to look at, John Miller, the shoemaker's son, had made one or two advances. On one occasion he had walked out at night to see her home, and had made it a point to offer her half his book in singing-school, but Miss Penelope had been too shy or indifferent to respond, so finally he went away, and she never heard of him again.

It was a happy, winsome young thing, and brightened up the old house wonderfully. She and Dr. Sberburne made friends at once. She played on the three-legged old piano, and she sang sweetly, and she could accompany her on the violin. Such fun as she had over their duets, such vigorous and masterful beginnings, and such languid and squalid endings, that even Dr. Sberburne was tempted to desert!

Dr. Joel dropped in quite often now, and a close observer would have noticed that he wore his Sunday clothes almost every evening. It was much more particular in general, and relating the severely manly black dress, and a little white neckerchief, in which that wily little maiden appeared to be deeply interested. These days Penelope, Sr., looked at the doctor with a certain respect, and herself sighing and feeling very lonely at times, and those times, strange to say, were generally when Pansy and Dr. Joel were practicing duets together, or reading out of the book of psalms, or talking over the fence in the outside world. It did not occur to her to blame either of them, in fact, she knew of a little episode in Pansy's life which had resulted in the pretty ring on her finger, and she thought that the doctor, as a sensible young man, would be well pleased to see the younger woman's company. She blamed no one, nor thought of analyzing her own feelings, she only knew she was not so cheerful as usual.

As time wore on the doctor's visits grew very frequent, and he began to realize, for the first time in his busy life, that bachelor quarters were bare and dismal places. Views of a pretty, very young girl, with a pleasant face beside the hearth, began to haunt his waking moments, and after much cogitation and weighing of pros and cons, Dr. Sberburne wrote a letter. It was a work of some length, and he wrote it on many a sheet of paper before it was completed; then, a patient, unexpectedly stepping into the office, it was hurriedly addressed to "Miss Penelope Hardy," and dispatched.

During the day it was received, Pansy took it in, and reading the superscription, ran upstairs lightly to Miss Penelope's room with it. Here, Miss Penelope Hardy, she cried, gaily, holding the letter over her head, "a love-letter for you. Oh, you shy creature, to receive a letter from unknown to me!"

Here, read it, and then confess to me. I'll never forgive you. She ran laughing away, and Miss Penelope was left alone with her letter. It was most unusual for her to receive one, unless from Pansy when she was away, so she put on her spectacles and read the address carefully before she opened it. It was certainly for her, "Miss Penelope Hardy," in a bold free hand; all Penelope's letters were addressed to Pansy. After looking it over on all sides, she cut off the end of the envelope with her scissors, and drew out the letter, and this is what she read:

DEAR MISS PENELOPE.—Perhaps you will be surprised when you read this letter. I hope you have grown older, but you are dearer to me than ever, and that you may be willing to give the guidance of your dear life into my hands.

I know there is a difference in our ages, but not so great a difference that love cannot bridge it over; and I will try my best to assist you from every trial and care, and to deserve your affection.

I have prepared in business during the past year, and can offer you a very comfortable home, and I will endeavor to be the homestead to be able to look after them. I know you must have had other suitors before me, and I am plain and old-fashioned, not gifted with flowers of speech, but I shall consider myself a most happy and fortunate man if you will consent to be my wife. Yours sincerely, JOEL SHERBURN.

Miss Penelope gasped and laid down the letter. Her state of mind closely resembled that of the little old woman of her childhood, who, when she saw a man in a military uniform, she would exclaim, "That's a soldier, that's a soldier, that's a soldier!"

She almost asked, "Am I—?" Her mind was in chaotic confusion. She walked over to the small blurred looking-glass which hung over her dressing-table, and stood there looking intently at herself.

A lecturer has been down in Nantucket lecturing on the whale. It is a fact that the whaling industry has undertaken to tell his audience how whales were harpooned he wasn't exactly "all at sea." He showed very plainly that he had never been there—on a whaling cruise.

MISS PENELOPE, SR.

Barbara Weston in Demorest's Monthly. Dr. Hardy, Miss Penelope's father, and Miss Penelope were sent to Penelope Hardy, Jr. They had lived nearly all their lives in the same old-fashioned house, and Miss Penelope had never been away from her father's house.

There had been a large family of them, and as all the others were quicker and more self-asserting than Miss Penelope, somehow she had always been put aside and looked on as a girl of no account. Her father, however, had been broken down a stronger spirit; but she never thought about it at first, and when she did at last wake up to the fact, the mother had been dead, and she was the only child left to rest in the quiet old church-yard, a level in the grave were married or gone out into the world, and her own youth was gone.

Only Miss Penelope and the doctor remained—the peculiar somewhat faded, but still with a simple, self-sacrificing nature and a strict New England conscience which always kept her keenly sensible of her own shortcomings.

At last the doctor grew too feeble to practice any longer, and he was sold out to Dr. Joel Sberburne, a shrewd, energetic Maine man, who set up his shingle a little way off and soon extended the business into a large one. Dr. Sberburne was cheerful as well as skillful in two essentials to a popular physician, keeping well up with the times, and people were quick to find it out. Still, he had not a high opinion of himself.

Dr. Hardy's many years of experience, and was very glad sometimes to ask the older man's advice, which gratified him and consequently pleased Miss Penelope. It was not until she was twenty of her hundred lives to have this cheerful man to come in and sit an hour with him, bringing a breath of the outer world with him, for his talk was not always of medicine, but of the world, of the times, of the new books, of the new fashions, of the new ideas, of the new people, of the new things, of the new ways, of the new life, of the new world.

He made a copy of good around the open hearth, for Dr. Hardy was fond of reading wood fire as Charles Dudley Warner himself, and looked upon "a hole in the floor" as an invention of the Evil One.

The two doctors talked and argued to their hearts' content, while Miss Penelope sat on the opposite side of the hearth, and knitted the little and listened. She was full of kindly impulses, and observing that Dr. Sberburne's fingers, she timidly offered, one evening, to mend them for him, and did so while he sat there; another time, in some mysterious way, she discovered that there were great holes in his coat, and she also received attention, and gradually the new doctor began to have a quiet friendly feeling for the unobtrusive little woman.

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Stories Which Make the Trigger Finger Twitch.

A Shot After Sunset—Killing a Doe "Around the Corner"—A Bullet Strikes the Mark After Ten Feet Deflection.

(Forest and Stream.) One day I followed a doe's tracks from 11 a. m. till sunset, and having obtained anything like the mere glimpse of my game. I was fast losing hope, as but a few moments of daylight were left me, when, on coming to the edge of a flat, covered by yellow grass, I saw a doe standing on the further side by an abrupt bank, like that of a river, I saw the old doe standing half way up the bank, broadside to the fawn below her, its slender neck upreared exactly in line with the mother's shoulder. At that distance (nearly very long paces) the neck looked about the size of a handle-bill. I took a quick look through the double sights and fired. The fawn went down like a stone; the doe gave one convulsive bound, nearly twenty feet, to the top of the bank, dropped dead in her tracks and rolled back across her fawn.

My next shot was purely one of chance. I think it was wonderful. I was following the tracks of a doe and fawn. Within twenty rods of where I struck the tracks I suddenly saw half of the neck and head of a fawn, which was lying on the ground, partly turned from me, placidly chewing its cud. A shot through its neck stretched it lifeless, and, with my rifle held ready for a second shot, I advanced cautiously, expecting to find the fawn's head on the ground. I concluded that she had got away unobserved in the thick spruce growth. So setting away my rifle, I began to dress the fawn, which proved to be a very large one. In doing this I suddenly changed my position, and found myself in a position to see the doe's head, which I caught full sight of the doe lying dead, twenty feet away to the left, and at right angles with the line of fire. Half startled with amazement, I walked up to her, and found the doe's eye staring out of its socket, and that she was still breathing.

At another time, when following a big fawn in a fenny snow, which adhered to everything it touched, I saw a doe lying on the ground, about fifty paces from me, and I followed the tracks of a doe and fawn. Within twenty rods of where I struck the tracks I suddenly saw half of the neck and head of a fawn, which was lying on the ground, partly turned from me, placidly chewing its cud. A shot through its neck stretched it lifeless, and, with my rifle held ready for a second shot, I advanced cautiously, expecting to find the fawn's head on the ground. I concluded that she had got away unobserved in the thick spruce growth. So setting away my rifle, I began to dress the fawn, which proved to be a very large one. In doing this I suddenly changed my position, and found myself in a position to see the doe's head, which I caught full sight of the doe lying dead, twenty feet away to the left, and at right angles with the line of fire. Half startled with amazement, I walked up to her, and found the doe's eye staring out of its socket, and that she was still breathing.

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