

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 19.

REPUBLICAN

DELEGATE ELECTION AND CONVENTIONS.

To the Republican Electors of the City of Springfield and Springfield Township.

You are hereby notified that meetings will be held in each of the voting-precincts of the city of Springfield and Springfield township.

Tuesday, February 24, 1885, for the selection of delegates to attend certain conventions to be held on

Wednesday, February 25, 1885, at Black's Opera House, for the nomination of candidates for the various offices of said city and township to be filled at the ensuing April election.

The following will be the manner of selecting the said delegates:

There shall be elected, separately by ballot, from among those present at said meetings, a committee of ten (10), who shall then and there select from the Republican voters of their precinct twice the number of names said precinct shall be entitled to under the call of the Central Committee for said convention.

The names of those selected shall be placed in a box, and the same shall be drawn out, one by one, until the required number of delegates shall be chosen, and the number drawn shall be the delegates to said conventions.

Said precinct meetings will be held in the city between the hours of 7 and 8 p. m., and in Springfield township at 2 p. m., at the usual voting-places, or in such other localities as the Central Committee of the various precincts may provide.

The basis of representation in said conventions shall be one delegate for every fifteen votes cast for James G. Blaine for President at the November election, 1884, and one delegate for every fraction of eight or more.

All Republicans who voted for said James G. Blaine for said office at said election, unless prevented from so doing by unavoidable absence, sickness, or minority, and who will support the nominees of said conventions shall be entitled to vote at said meetings.

The various voting-precincts in said city and township shall be divided, respectively, into the following number of delegates, viz.: 1st Ward, 17; 2d Ward, 28; 3d Ward, 24; 4th Ward, 28; 5th Ward, 24; 6th Ward, 28; 7th Ward, 24; 8th Ward, 28; 9th Ward, 24; Springfield township, 24.

The delegates from said city and township shall meet in township convention promptly at 7 p. m., for the nomination of township officers; and the said city convention shall meet at 7:30 p. m., for the nomination of city officers.

By order of the Republican Central Committee. JOHN W. PARSONS, chairman. JAMES P. GOODWIN, sec'y.

OUR MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

The time has come when every one who has any appreciation of the importance of having our municipal government administered so as to protect law-abiding citizens in the exercise of their rights and privileges, and so as to restrain in the most effective manner possible the unprincipled and the lawless, should be watchful and active. Now is the time for all such to see to it that every rightful effort is used for nominating and electing men to office who will make the highest welfare and the good name of the city of the first moment.

How are we to secure such municipal officers? Some things we may be sure of. Such men as the city needs will not lift a finger toward securing their own nomination or election. They will not spend a dollar of money with this object in view. They will consent to the use of their names only as our best citizens rally together and compel them to see that their personal preferences and even interests ought to be set aside, for the time, for the sake of the public welfare. This will be especially true of the right man to fill the highest municipal office, that of mayor.

He should be a man whose very name will carry weight with it. When it is mentioned, it should be a pledge to all our citizens that all our laws will be faithfully, impartially, and effectively administered; that penalties will be inflicted upon those who are convicted of violation of law, not with a view to see how soon they can be tempted into court again to help swell the fees which shall go into the pockets of city officials, but for the purpose of convincing them that it is no slight evil to degrade their own manhood, to disturb the public peace, and trample upon the rights of upright, law-abiding citizens. With such a mayor, the income of the office will be of little moment when compared with such an administration and such an enforcement of law as will most effectively suppress crime and disorder in our city.

If the Republican party, embracing as it does a large majority of our best citizens in every walk of life, cannot find such a man for whom our citizens can vote for mayor, it ought to be defeated at the approaching election. Unless from our workshops, our stores, our offices, our counting-rooms, all who have the best interests of the city at heart will combine to make their power felt in this matter, it will make very little difference whether the man who is elected will be the shibboleth of one party or another. In fact, there are many who much prefer to vote

for a third candidate, or to abstain from voting altogether, rather than have a bad, or indifferent representative of their own party elected. If such a man must be nominated and elected, they rightfully prefer that it should be one who does not bear their family name. This is one of the chief reasons why, in this Republican city, some of our recent municipal elections have gone as they have. Nor does it require a prophet, or even the son of a prophet, to foretell the result of the approaching election, unless there is a great uprising of our citizens in the interest of good municipal government, and the whole business is conducted independently of those who would be party managers and of those who are seeking their own preference.

The primary meetings in the various precincts should be crowded with our best citizens, men from all our various industries who are interested in promoting good order and good government. Not one of the ten men to be chosen to select the names of those who may become members of the convention should be committed beforehand to any candidate. The convention should meet and be at liberty to place in nomination the best men to be found, regardless of the claims or "influence" of any aspirant for office.

We need today more of that patriotism in all our citizens which prompted them to enlist in the hour of our nation's peril. Love of our city and of its good name; a willingness to let the claims of citizenship for the time take the precedence of business; a readiness to sacrifice personal interest for the public good on the part of all who appreciate the blessings and responsibilities of citizenship in this American republic, are indispensable conditions of good government and of the highest welfare of the community.

FOREIGN CONTRACT LABOR.

A bill to prohibit the importation of foreign laborers to take the place of American workmen, under contract or agreement made previously to their importation, has passed the house. On the 12th inst. it was up for debate in the senate, and John Sherman advocated its passage in his usual forcible and effective style. In the course of his argument he was frequently interrupted and questioned by Democratic senators, who are opposed to the bill but dared not say so, and whom he answered to their dissatisfaction. Mr. Sherman stated the object of the bill, and the eloquent reason for it, as reported in these two paragraphs:

"I have not considered the bill much. I supposed it would pass by common consent, as I did, I am told, in the other house. I supposed that the bill was in the line of other legislation to discriminate against a class, I do not care of what race or of what color, but a class of people who do not own themselves, who are brought here by corporations or by wealthy persons to compete in mines, manufactures, and establishments of various kinds with the free labor of freemen, against hardy miners, mechanics, manufacturers, and even farmers; and that the objection to their coming here, whether they are Irishmen, or Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Italians, is not on account of their race or their color, but simply because they are not in a condition to share with us in the civilization which has been founded by free men, and which is to be perpetuated by the free intelligent laboring men of this country."

"I know there was a demand in my own State that the laboring men of that region should be freed from this kind of competition. They do not object to the ordinary incoming into this country of any man from any country of Europe, but they object to men brought by corporations under special contracts, to be brought here by force, to be brought up without the opportunity of education or means of improvement, and that they should not be compelled while they are working away at their hard toil to compete with that kind of contract labor."

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

The March number contains a very able article on "Future Retribution" (a subject we are all interested in), by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar; a curious discussion of "The Moral Aspects of Vivisection," by Prof. Noah K. Davis; an interesting examination of "Mind in Men and Animals"; and—not to mention the other excellent contributions—a robust disquisition, by Murat Halstead, of the Commercial Gazette, on "The Revival of Sectionalism." We all, in this region, know pretty well the character of this production; but no one knows, till he has read it, how well Halstead illuminates the pages of a great review like the North-American. It is a splendid article.

Dorsheimer has introduced in the house a bill for coining silver dollars of 480 grains. That means that all the millions of dollars that we have been dumping into the vaults of the treasury for years shall now be banded out, coined over, and dumped back. And yet there must be no suspension of the coinage of the present stamp, that is still going on at the rate of, we believe, \$2,000,000 a month. But the men in the mints must earn their salaries.

We do not know that we are the "whom it may concern." But it is printed and addressed to us in that language; and it is from H. M. Bronson, General Ticket Agent of the I. B. & W. R'y., and says that Howard Saxby "has no authority to advertise this road in any manner whatever," as he is represented to be claiming to have. It looks as if Howard's passes would be taken up.

There is a movement on foot in the New-York legislature for taking Niagara Falls from the hotel-men, and hackmen, and other multitudinous and altitudinous thieves that swarm round that great dam, and making the scenery public property, open to the public. It is a movement in the interest of the tourists of the whole world, who have been so often well Niagaravated to murder there.

It is proposed now in Cincinnati, since justice can not be had there by burning down the court-house, persecuting the criminal lawyers, or holding meetings in contempt of the courts—it is proposed now to quit manufacturing judges, from the raw and select and use only the ready-made.

The Democrats of the legislature, having found themselves in a parenthesis with their license amendment, which they could neither carry through nor force a Republican record on, came in Tuesday with a cunning scheme for driving the minority to some action. They introduced a resolution for two amendments, one for legislative control and the other for local-option prohibition, and made it the special order for yesterday afternoon, postponing in its favor the consideration of the license proposition. The resolutions came up at the hour, and were voted on without debate, under a call for the previous question. The local-option proposition was lost by 30 yeas to 63 nays—only 2 Democrats voting yes. The legislative-control proposition was lost by 31 yeas to 61 nays. Then the license proposition came up for vote, and was lost by 6 votes less than the constitutional three-fifths majority. All the 34 Democrats present and three Republicans—Burnett, Haley, and Peet—voted in the affirmative. These three were all reconsidered, and the three propositions will be on the calendar again next Wednesday.

The masterly speech of John Sherman in the senate on Interstate Commerce, delivered the 3rd inst., has been received from its author. It increases our admiration of Ohio's greatest statesman. "I think," says he, "the time has fully come when the railroad corporations of the country ought to be placed under the aegis of the law." That speaks Ohio, without any doubt.

This is the opinion of the Bellefontaine Republican, and the opinion spreads over a wide territory of the popular mind:

No leading Republican since the days of the late Roscoe Conkling has lost estimate so fast in the country as Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

"The Problem of Interoceanic Communication" etc.—meaning the Nicaragua canal—is an immense blue book issued out of the navy department of the government, for a copy of which we are indebted to General Keifer.

The Republicans of the legislature possess a good tail-hold on the temperance bear that has the Democratic party in its hug just now. It is not necessary to pull much—just enough to keep the bear interested with its prey.

Daniel Manning for secretary of the treasury is the worst pill in the box for the sick mugwumps to swallow. He is Samuel J. Tilden's man; and a prescription from Greystones is regarded as bad medicine.

His Majesty Rex, of the Mardi Gras, took possession of New Orleans Tuesday. There was more fun and less business than when His Royal Nibs Ben. Butler took possession twenty-odd years ago.

Snow so deep as to delay railroad trains as far south as Vicksburg exhibits the phenomenal character of this winter. Think of snow four inches deep at Selma, Alabama.

SCOURGE-TIME.

A Hair-Raising Story of the Love of Two Men for One Beautiful Woman.

Janeway passed his hand before his eyes and once more looked about the room, which was respectfully appointed, while a shade less glittering and tawdry than similar lodgings in the Capital. Of the fashions of these Southern towns he knew as well as his. Paris and London and the German universities had sufficed for one whose sole purpose in living was to reach the highest science of his own profession; and it was but a day and an hour since he had heard a strange voice calling, the voice which he summoned him southward to the shore of that blue, vast sea by which a ghastly plague was stalking. A day and an hour—and he was standing now in the chamber of awful pestilence, perchance in the presence of the dying.

He brushed himself from his sight and tried to find things real. He seemed strongly conscious of some few trifles: the white window-curtain fluttering faintly in the falling breeze, and the morning sun, which grew hot and pitiless; the twisted draperies of the bed, and the blue and white of the world; his own image in the mirror opposite. He regarded this last with vague wonder. What a pale, dazed countenance was reflected! How strangely gaunt that shaven face had grown; how thin the brown hair at the temples! How hollow were the sockets of the eyes! "He went again to look at the man on the bed, who still tossed painfully and moaned for 'Water, water, water!' Pinched face and purplish, shriveled hands told instantly the awful truth.

Janeway had come prepared. No longer hesitating, he opened his case and took out the remedies. He bent and held the spoon to the lips of the sufferer; then he stood erect and spoke one quiet word:

"Seymour." "The man's eyes opened; he looked up half deliriously, and gasped as if death itself towered over him: "Crist! You here?" "The doctor, still looking at him, answered calmly: "Yes, I am here."

"What have you come for? To kill me? To take her from me?" "Where is she?" the doctor asked, pausing between the words, although no quiver was perceptible of voice or feature. "She is safe—in Paris—waiting for me." "You are not the one nor this the hour to speak of roses. Only one thing I demand to know—for the rest be silent—if you have cherished and been tender with her? Swear to me the truth, as you may meet your God this day!"

"The sick man cried out his answer with despairing agony: "I swear—I swear that I have always loved her." He broke again into bitter moaning. "The pain! O, my hands—my arms—my feet! The pain!" Janeway seated himself and chafed the limbs of his patient constantly, untiringly, only pausing at intervals to administer the remedies. There was in his face a set resolve. The sufferer breathed more rapidly; his voice grew huskier.

"I don't see—I thought that you had come to—take her back—"

never was mine—except in name. If she had once loved me, do you fancy she would have forgotten it?" A certain lofty pride seemed for the moment to round his speech. "O, no; she was never mine!"

He said no more, but continued to chafe the cramped limbs of the foe, whom he had found so strangely in a strange land.

Seymour grew a little quieter; he spoke in a slow, husky whisper. "You are right, she never loved you! She loved me, and I hear; you cannot blame me for loving her, even though you, yourself, did not."

"If I love Amy—not love—my wife!" His wondering voice swelled suddenly with a strange pathos, and as suddenly he paused and seemed to recollect. "No matter. But swear to me this also: That you will never cease to cherish—that you will never forsake her!"

"I swear!" the husky whisper came. Seymour by and by dropped into a doze.

The afternoon drifted along. The room was silent and the heat intense. The window-curtain barely stirred. Janeway's eyes rested upon it as he sat there.

By and by came in a Sister of Charity. "Is he living still?" she asked. "He will live, I think," said Janeway softly.

The sister took his place and he went out for some refreshment. He did not go far; he walked slowly, leaning against a wall with gray and sunken eyes. He could see Death striding through the city, masked with the white and glaring sunshine. He could hear the cries of those in mortal agony and the cry of his own heart.

"Patience," he said to his heart. "Tomorrow we will go to them—tomorrow, when all is clear—" He hastened back to Seymour, who still dozed, only arousing occasionally to beg for water.

The sister went away, and evening crept on. The candles wasted slowly. Janeway drew up an armchair, and there sat watchful and resolute. The sufferer had grown less restless. His pulse was hardly perceptible, and there was clammy moisture on his brow.

Janeway, leaning forward, his chin lowered, his eyes lifted, looked at the wasting candles. Perhaps between him and their flame some phantom of the past seemed floating; perhaps some brightening of her eyes; for suddenly he drew a hard breath and sprang to his feet. "It shall not be!" he cried between his teeth.

The candles had burned out; another sultry dawn was at the window. Janeway, white with exhaustion, had fallen back in his chair. He had fought hard with Death.

The sun was rising, when a voice came from the bed: "Am I better? Or must I die?" Then Seymour, stirring, looked upon the wasted man. "Philip Janeway!" he said, shuddering. "I thought it was a dream."

Janeway turned his sunken eyes upon him, but gave no answer. The man upon the bed moved with a restless, fearful countenance.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked, tremulously. "Did you follow us?" "Follow you?" Janeway's voice seemed to come from a distance. "If I had ever thought to do so it would have been years ago, not this late day."

He seemed to pass unsteadily through the doorway. Seymour's eyes followed him with apprehension. He was not long away. He returned and sat down at the head of the bed. His pallid countenance was also stern.

Seymour's apprehension was heightened to actual terror. "Am I to live or to die?" he cried out piteously.

By and by Janeway answered, his face still seemed to come from far away. "It is five years since," he said. "Five long years! In all that time how have you done by her? Do not think to lie to me while Death stands near."

"I have always loved her," the other pleaded. "She has been happy—she has loved me. If only I had not come to this cursed place!" He grew still wilder, and shrieked and shook his powerless clenched hands at Janeway.

"Well! You may set and gloat upon me, but I know that I am in your power—dying at your curse. But here's my comfort: that she loved me always, never you! Her heart will break for me, and you shall never have her back!"

Janeway's voice seemed to draw near, then faded again away. "No; her heart will not break." "You will not die." He leaned back as he ceased to speak; his head drooped heavily to one side, so that his face was not apparent.

Seymour was dumb with surprise. He felt strangely weak, but there was no longer that dreadful pain and thirst. He wanted to hear more. A considerable time elapsed.

"Janeway," he said in a tremulous tone. But no answer came. He sat up in bed and repeated his call—unheeded. He slipped out upon the floor and staggered feebly to the other's side.

him in a dazed way. He seemed striving to collect his thoughts. He trembled as he walked and looked fearfully at the walls of the room, as if they might fall upon him.

He crept dizzily down the silent street where day must break ere long. As yet the sky was blue with the depth of night unperceived by any star. The air was thick and sultry.

He crept along, his hand groping for a support, as if he had been blinded as he walked and looked fearfully at the walls of the room, as if they might fall upon him.

He must find aid or return alone. A thin and ghastly light pierced the Eastern sky. What of this had broadened to a golden stream, rose-tinted, he had sought and found a meek-faced sister of charity.

They returned as quickly as his weakness permitted. The room was still; the morning's twilight trembled on the wall. The lifted curtain fluttered in the window-frame.

Janeway was breathing faintly, his eyes unclosed slowly, until his gaze was lifted to the gentle countenance of the sister. His pinched and ghastly features softened, a child's smile came upon his lips. He lifted his head, as if yearning toward some unseen face.

"Amy!" he cried, and fell back on the pillow. The rose-light trembled still upon the wall; the curtain fluttered softly. "In bona pace," said the nun, kneeling to pray.

And Seymour, shuddering, passed swiftly through the door. An Educated Crab. A number of the passengers on the 2 o'clock Oakland boat yesterday witnessed an interesting and curious exhibition. A man, having every appearance of being a sailor, stood on the lower forward deck beside a large pail, which was filled with sea-water. In this pail was a crab of enormous size, and, to judge by the bunches of barnacles on its back, of considerable age.

The sailor was a genial fellow, and appeared to be proud of his pet. He first informed the surrounding passengers of the name of "Ned," and that, in addition to owning a name, he would answer to it in his private practice with incredulous smiles on the part of the onlookers. The crab could be observed lying motionless at the bottom of the pail, as apparently contented with his position as though he was sleeping in the mud at the bottom of the bay.

The sailor knelt beside the pail, gave a subdued whistle, and then muttered "Ned, Ned," twice. Instantly there was a commotion in the water as the crab wriggled its joints and bobbed around like a spider impaled on the point of a needle. "Ned," he was kept up until it succeeded in getting two claws over the edge of the pail. It then tried to draw itself up. The sailor suddenly ceased whistling, whereupon "Ned" dropped into his motionless attitude, only to rise up again upon a repetition of the whistle and the calling of his name. At last he got a grip upon the wall with one of his claws, and drew himself up almost clear of the water. His master came to his relief and laid him out upon the deck. Here he strutted around in his awkward fashion to the infinite amusement of every one. He was apparently delighted, and when his master stretched out a hand to him, he stroked it with his claws and even pretended to "nip" it as kittens "play bite," but it was not long before he did not close on it. When any of the passengers approached he appeared sensible of the difference between them and his master, and drawing up his extremities, lay sullenly in one place. Upon being asked whether "Ned" could do any more wonderful things, the sailor replied that he could. He dropped "Ned" into his pail, to his crabship's satisfaction.

Then the pleased owner drew from his pocket a piece of thin rope. This he stretched between two of the deck posts, about three feet from the deck. The crowd of spectators, which was now swelled by many from the upper deck who had heard that something extraordinary was going on, pressed around, eager to see what the next act was to be on the program. The sailor looked out of his natural element once more, and hung him to the rope—his crabship clutching the line tightly with one of his pincers. His master then began a low, monotonous whistle and "Ned" put himself in motion. He endeavored to just what was expected of him, and reaching out, his spare nipper got hold of the rope a short space along. Then wriggling his claws he released his first hold and caught the rope again close to his second nipper.

In this fashion he worked himself along about the middle of the rope, when he stopped. His master held his hands beneath him, and he dropped into them exhausted. The sailor explained that Ned became weak after he was out of the water very long. Ned's achievement was hailed with delight by the passengers, and many ladies pressed forward to look at him as he lay in the bottom of the pail.—San Francisco Call.

Girls Coasting.

A Washington reporter gives the following graphic pen-sketch of how a girl coasts: "When called upon to describe a young lady coasting the reporter's pencil falters, conscious of the immensity of the task. Owing to the size and shape of the sled, and the objections that the young men who manage the affair have to her dragging her feet upon the ground, the young lady has to seat herself in the manner which might vulgarly be called straddling. But she does this with such grace and catches up her arms in such pretty art as to make it appear one of the most natural and easy attitudes. Then, when the sled is shoved off and begins to gather momentum in its descent she clings trustingly to the coat of the young gentleman in front of her. When it begins to shake, she strikes fire out of the ground she utters a little scream and throws her arm about his neck. Then when the sled in its flight reaches its wildest speed, she screams louder and frantically embraces the young man, tightening the pressure into a hug, while she gallantly resolves to be squeezed to death sooner than permit a hair of her fair young head to be injured. Then the speed begins to slacken, and the hug slackens also a little bit. Then, gradually, the sled comes to a standstill, and the young woman, as she takes her arms away from the young man, gives a sigh and exclaims: 'O, ain't it jolly?' Then they trudge up the hill again to repeat the performance. It is noticeable that, though the young lady's right is not diminished at all by familiarity with the terrors of the sled, the young gentleman continues to submit to the treatment to which he is subjected without a murmur."

The London Globe says that there is an exceptionally strong inducement at the present moment to indulge in the study of litigation in the Supreme Courts. Mr. Justice Hawkins says that in the new Palace of Justice there is "no library of more value than that three hundred in the pound," and Mr. Justice Grove "cannot even get an act of Victoria" when he sends for it. Suits are filed in any and every court, and getting judgments, which are not likely to be tainted by milderewed precedents.

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