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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

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THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 5.

CITY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Mayor:
James P. Goodwin.

For City Solicitor:
Augustus N. Summers.

For City Marshal:
William H. Hughes.

For Street Commissioner:
E. A. Williams.

For Water Works Trustee:
Edward C. Gwynn.

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For Trustees:
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Isaac Kindle.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL.

Nobody knew what positions President Cleveland would take in his inaugural; nobody had any well-defined expectations; hence nobody could have been very much surprised or disappointed. Mr. Cleveland is a new man in politics; his first real political boom, which materialized in his election as mayor of Buffalo, came through the aid of temperance men and Republicans, and he was chosen governor of New York State through the sufferance and connivance of the friends of Garfield. As governor of New York he did some good things, some things not so good, and some things which, to say the least, were of doubtful character. For these reasons he was, to a great extent, from the standpoint of the people of the country, an unknown quantity.

Of the President's inaugural, the substance of which we gave to our readers in Wednesday evening's GLOBE-REPUBLIC, we are free to say—and as we think we are patriotic, we are rather glad to say—that we like its general tone and its utterances on the several topics treated. It was about such an address as one would have a right to expect of a Democrat who had been elected, first a mayor, then a governor, and then a president by the aid of the votes of a very refined and exalted kind of fine-haired Republicans. That he should declare in favor of public economy was a matter of course. All new presidents do this. It is not at all surprising that he should plant himself squarely on the Monroe doctrine, with Washingtonian and Jeffersonian annexes.

The meat of the address is in the following:

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all people demands that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests, and make the wages of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workingmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the treasury to tempt extravagance and waste. Care for the property of the nation and for the needs of future settlers requires that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation. The conscience of the people demands that the Indians without our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship, and that polygamy in the territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed.

The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor, with no intention of acquiring citizenship and bringing with them the retaining habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

The people demand reform in the administration of the Government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employes who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corruptive influence of those who promise and the vicious methods of those who expect such rewards, and those who worthily seek public employment have thought to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized, instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief in the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men. There should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to the relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities. These topics and the constant and ever varying wants of an active and enterprising population may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavor of all who make and execute the federal law. Our duties are practical and call for industrious application, an intelligent perception of the claims of public office and above all a firm determination, by united action, to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to [illegible] not trust to human effort [illegible] the power [illegible] nomical basis.

and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history. Let us invoke his aid and his blessing upon our labors.

We regard this as sound and really admirable. It is Republican, throughout, and is a plain, squarely expressed approval of the principal and repeated utterances of Republican platforms, State and National, announced from time to time during the last quarter of a century. For these expressions the President shall have many thanks, and all Republicans and other patriots will fervently pray that his suggestions as to the civil service, the Indians, the freedmen, and the polygamists, may be faithfully carried out by the government and the people.

So much as to Mr. Cleveland and his inaugural. But the proof of the pudding is to be found in the eating. We shall proceed to scrutinize Mr. Cleveland, in accordance with his own suggestions, and in due time we shall see what we shall see. The new President starts out well; let us hope he will keep on in the same direction, and that he will have the co-operation of all good citizens. It is a good time for the Democracy to turn over a new leaf!

THE FARMERS AND THEIR CITY FRIENDS.

A Clark County Farmers' Institute will be in session at the Court House, on the 19th, 20th and 21st of this month, and we hope we do not need to urge that all farmers should be present, for the programme is attractive and suggestive and the farmers of the present day need all the information that they can, in any way, obtain. But another class should also attend the sessions of this Institute. Our city friends are also largely interested in the topics which are to be discussed, and they should embrace the opportunity of meeting their country neighbors, socially, and of seeking methods of co-operation with them in behalf of measures of mutual and common interest. One matter in which city and country people are both interested is the disposal of the refuse gathered in our streets and on the premises of property-owners. We, in town, need to get rid of it, and our country friends need it on their farms as a fertilizer.

The last week has contained a regular succession of cold days for mashers. One got caught at Stonington, Connecticut, and was marched up to a magistrate's office with his girl, and was fastened to her with legal hooks of steel. But he didn't like to have it come out like that. He wanted the old man to object and swear, but he was only too willing, and marched at the head of the procession to the 'squire's palace of justice. But the masher got even with his persecutors by publishing the following card:

Please publish the following in regard to the marriage of Ernest L. Bromley and Rosa Belle Daniels that appeared in your paper a few mornings ago: I, Earnest L. Bromley, wish to say, That the reports that has appeared in several different papers stating that we went a way hapialy together, is a willful falsehood as I do not acknowldgage her as my Wife, and shall never live with her, but I being young, and not knowing the law I was trightened into it, and the one that done it ought to be proud of the Job, as I will not call any names, as he will know who I meane when he reads this, and perhaps the great learnt man will feel still prouder over his great achievement in doing what he done and knowing as he did, at the time, what he was adoing.

We call that crushing—more or less.

A few evenings ago Professor W. E. Sumner, of Yale, a free trade apostle, had a discussion, in New York, with our old friend, General Stewart L. Woodford, who has many admirers in this city. The General closed in and surrounded the Professor with the following language:

"So far as the present business depression is concerned, I believe that it is due to the constant threats of free traders, and the fear of the manufacturer and the importer of radical changes in the tariff system. Stop agitation and prosperity will reign. If this country would have anything positively stable and settled in its financial and commercial legislation—if we could have one system continuously—within twenty-five years America would control the manufacturers and the business of the world. We are nearer it to-day than we ever were, and the advance has only begun. The free-traders have never dared to ask a vote of the country on that question. They are afraid to. Every time that it has been introduced they have been repudiated by the voice of the people."

Dr. A. A. Blount, of Geneva, Switzerland, has sent to Mr. James Godman Rodgers, of this city, a copy of the American Register published in Paris (February 14) in which we find, in the body of a letter from Cairo, Egypt, the following passage of local and personal interest: "Mr. Bookwalter, who with General George B. McClellan and General Grant, was one of the great promoters of the Nicaraguan canal route, also gave me some very interesting figures concerning the utility and the paying capacity of that projected interoceanic canal—but enough for today." So Mr. Bookwalter is at Cairo, safe and well.

The Hon. William N. Hudson has just died, at Howell, Mich., at which place he was engaged in business. He was formerly one of the editors of the Cleveland Leader, and was afterward connected with the Detroit Post and Advertiser and the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Mike McDonald, Democratic saloon keeper, is the local boss in Chicago. He administers largely the law-making, executive and judicial departments of the government. The people should elect Bob Lincoln mayor and give the machine a slam that will smash it.

Now let us have some Republican music right here in Springfield. Let us begin to organize victory for 1888 by materializing here on the first Monday of April.

Schwab, the New York Communist blatherskite, is the wrong man in the right place. He is as far wrong as any man can be and he is in jail.

An over-dose of original poetry is what killed the Detroit Daily Times. It was too rich for its blood.

At Night.

I.

Hark! how the Winter's wind doth whistle shrill
And 'gainst the fresty pane doth sharp impel
His warlike minstrelsy of shot and shell
With all the strength of an unconquered will.
The leath'ry pines with gitt'ring store are bright,
And all along the maples' slender limbs
Run veins of silver—suddenly there gleams
Through a cloud rift—one fair, faint beam of light,
The thwarted sun's good-night. Now drops night's pall.
Hear the loud wind swirling from ice-fields far,
And lo! behold out-twinkling, star on star,
The lights of home far shine with rays all magical.
How blest beyond all knowledge, love, were we
If but one light might glow for thee and me.

II.

Unheeded then should be the storm-swept sky,
Unheard the wind, the rattling of the sleet
Against the pane, for oh! thy presence sweet,
Thy hand—thy voice—thy fond, approving eye
Would make for me a May in mid-December.
I should not mind the landscape bleak and chill,
The shrouded plain, the drift-encumbered hill.
I should forget the Winter to remember.
Alas! Alas! that bliss may never be:
The Winter with its gloom will pass away,
And here, before this window, flow'rets gay,
By south winds kissed, upleap—but oh! for me,
In the sad Winter of love's discontent
I must forever dwell in languishment.

—Ada Iddings Gale, in The Current.

Nation's Names.

These are derived principally from some peculiar cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Cæsar first called Hibernia—is a kind of modification of Erin, or the country of the west.

Scotland, from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was originally called Caledonia, which means a mountainous country—forests and lands.

Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the River Douro called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto or Oporto. And when the country was recovered from the Moors the inhabitants combined the words and called it the kingdom of Portucale—hence, Portugal.

Spain, the ancient Iberia, from the river Iberius or Hispania, from the Phœnician *Spaniga*, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence, Spain.

France, from the Franks, a people of Germany, who conquered that country. Its ancient name was Celta, Gaul or Galia, Barechatta, the latter signifying striped breeches, which were worn by the natives.

Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia, was so named by the Austrians, who called the inhabitants of these mountainous countries Schweitzers.

Italy received its present name from a renowned prince called Italus. It was called Hesperia, from its western locality.

Holland, the ancient Batavi, a warlike people, was so named from the German word *hohl*, the English of which is "hollow," implying a very low country. The inhabitants are called Dutch, from the German *deutsch* or *teutsch*.

Sweden and Norway were anciently called Scandinavia, which the modern antiquarians think means a country and woods, which have been burned or destroyed. The appellation Sweden is derived from Sintuna or Svitheod, the native term Norway, or the northern way, explaining itself.

Prussia, from Peuzal, a Sclavonic race; but some writers suppose it took its name from Russia and the Sclavonic syllable po, which means adjacent or near.

Denmark means the marches, territories or boundaries of the Danes.

Russia is the ancient Sarmatia, which has been subsequently named Muscovy. It derives its present name from Russi, a Sclavonic tribe who founded the Russian monarchy. The original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in the mountains, and their chariots were their only habitations.

Turkey took its name from the Turks or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman empire, from Othman, one of their principal leaders.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Did it Magnetize the Mouse?

One of our well-known citizens is the possessor of a cat which is a great pet in the family. Indeed, it is doubtful if the family could keep house without that cat. That this is the "finest cat in the world" goes without saying. A few evenings ago the cat came into the house bringing a mouse—no uncommon thing for the cat to do, as it is a good mouser. But the cat played with that mouse for an hour and a half, then set it up by the wall and went to sleep. The mouse, though still alive and apparently uninjured, remained just where the cat had put it for so long that the family became interested in the mouse, and the gentleman proceeded to stir it up. The little animal started to run, went a short distance, and returned to the very spot where the cat left it. Then the gentleman tried to entice the mouse away with a bit of cheese. This succeeded only so far that the mouse would leave its position, get the cheese, and return. This was tried again and again, and always with the same result—the mouse returned to its former position, as if under orders which it dare not disobey, and the gentleman could not drive it away by any gentle means.

Finally they let the mouse alone, and it remained quiet and apparently contented. When the cat had been asleep for considerably more than an hour the gentleman waked her up to see what would happen next. The cat's first look was toward where she had left the mouse, and seeing it there all right seemed satisfied. The cat looked at the mouse and the mouse looked at the cat, but neither moved. The gentleman then stirred up the mouse with a stick, when it started to run lively, but was, of course, soon stopped. This was repeated, the mouse having no hesitation in leaving the place, now the cat was watching. The play continued for half an hour or so, when the family retired, and shortly afterward a satisfied "meoow" from the cat told that mousie was eaten. Now the family are very much interested in the question: "What did the cat do to the mouse to make it so anxious to remain just where the cat had left it until the former could look after it? Was it animal magnetism, or was there some subtle means of communication between them, and the cat told the mouse to remain there, and the mouse did as it was told, except when interfered with by more intelligent humanity?"—*Providence Journal.*

The Age of Melancholy.

The prevalence of melancholia, mild or intense, among the cultivated classes, and especially amongst educated and reflective men, in these days, would, there are good grounds for believing, seem portentous could it only be faithfully set forth. Could the secrets of some case-books be revealed, it would be found that men in high places, professional men in active employment, business men in prosperous circumstances, literary men who are delighting the world with their wit and genius, artists who are illuminating life with glowing colors, students who are gaining prizes and distinctions, tradesmen who have climbed to success on the rum-heaps of competition, and idlers who have only to amuse themselves, are all visited by melancholy, revealed only to their doctors and sometimes to their domestic circle, which darkens existence as with terrible storm-clouds now and then or rob it persistently of brightness, reducing it to a monotonous leaden gloom. Behind many a "shining morning face" there is a deep, dull wretchedness; under many a stolid exterior there is racking, mental misery. A curious yet familiar sight is to see the mask suddenly cast aside in the consulting-room, and the face that but a minute ago was cheerful or serene gathering into an expression of suffering or despair as the skeleton in the cupboard is disclosed. We are all meeting in daily life victims of morbid melancholy, whom we should as soon suspect of being afflicted with small-pox or jaundice, but who are even in our presence struggling beneath a load of it, and who, when we leave them, sink nigh exhausted by the efforts required for its concealment. Could we in invisible companionship follow home that friend who has delighted us at the dinner table by his brilliant conversation, we should perhaps see him throw himself in his chair, in his dark study, and sit for hours, absorbed in vague, dismal thought. Could we thus pursue the judge who has won our admiration in court by the logical precision and ethical propriety with which he has distinguished the offenses of the criminals brought before him, we should perhaps find him pacing the floor of his bedroom and wringing his hands under the horrible, if fictitious, conviction that he is himself more guilty and steeped in sin than the wretch he has sent to penal servitude. Could we keep watch over that popular preacher who has stirred us by his fervid words, and strengthened the foundations of our faith by his confident dogmatism, we should observe him perhaps tossing sleepless and distressed throughout the livelong night, haunted by doubts and perplexities, and by the incessant whispering of a voice which asks:

Were it not better not to be,
Than live so full of misery?

Could we in disembodiment remain a little with that good physician who has just given us such sound advice and urged us to fight against the despondency for which we have consulted him, we would perceive him, perhaps, as soon as he has dismissed his patient, hurry on to the house of a brother practitioner and pour fourth in his ear, with tremulous anxiety, a description of the hopeless diseases from which he conceives himself to be suffering, and which exists only in his hypochondriac fancy.—*Medical Times.*

Something About Masks.

"Do styles in masks change?" repeated an extensive dealer after a reporter for *The New York Mail and Express.* "They do, but solely according to the inventive genius of the designer. Whatever the new designs may be, however, the 'drop' or curtain mask will ever continue to be the favorite, as it has for centuries past, and simply because it is the most convenient thing in its line ever invented. In point of comfort it leads without regard to the costume worn, and is a thorough disguise even where plain dress is worn. I might also add that it is the favorite among brigands, road agents, and modest members of tarring and feathering parties.

"Masks are made mainly in France and Germany. The better class of goods come from France. The cheap and hideous card-board or papier mache affairs are made in Germany. The very latest thing we have in masks are gradually forcing the old-fashioned German ones out of market, and are made of light wire netting, such as is used in the making of fine sieves. They are formed to represent the faces of young women, wrinkled hags, men of every age, with whiskers attached or not, and when in use are very natural looking, owing to their tint. As the wearer's complexion shows through, their naturalness is heightened. Some have moveable chins, which enable the wearer to eat, drink or smoke in a natural manner without removing them. Here is one representing a huge face. You will notice that the wrinkles are perfect, being bent in wire and artistically touched up. By simply opening the mouth I open that of the mask without discomfort. What do they cost? They come at 50 cents to a $1 50, and are made in Paris."

Ammonia Better than Soap.

A housekeeper says ammonia when purchased in large quantities, is cheaper than soap, and cleans everything it touches. A few drops in a kettle that is hard to clean makes grease and stickiness fade away, and robs the work of all its terrors. Let it stand ten minutes before attempting to scrape off, and every corner will be clean. It cleans the sink, and penetrates into the drainpipe. Spots and finger-marks on paint disappear under its magical influence, and it is equally effective on floor and oil-cloth, though it must be used with great care on the latter or it will injure the polish. There is nothing to equal it in cleaning the silverware, and it gives a higher polish and keeps clean longer than anything else. If the silver be only slightly tarnished put two tablespoonfuls of ammonia into a quart of hot water, brush the tarnished articles with it and dry with a chamois. If badly discolored they may need a little whiting previous to the washing. An old nail brush goes into the cracks to polish and brighten. For fine muslin or delicate lace it is invaluable, as it cleans without rubbing the finest fabrics. Put a few drops into your sponge bath in hot weather, and you will be astonished at the result, as it imparts coolness to the skin. Use it to clean hair-brushes, and to wash any hair or feathers to be used for beds or pillows. When employed in anything that is not especially soiled, use the waste water afterward for the house plants that are taken down from their usual position and immersed in the tub of water. Ammonia is a fertilizer, and helps to keep healthy the plant it nourishes. In every way, in fact, ammonia is the housekeeper's friend.

Teaching Diplomacy.

Lord Palmerston, who had been the ward of the first Lord Malmesbury, and always maintained the most constant friendship with my family, knowing that I was inexperienced in official life, and that I must have considerable difficulty in managing so high and important a charge as that of the Foreign Office, kindly offered to call on me and give me some advice upon the main principles of our English policy with foreign countries. Of course I gratefully accepted the offer, and he came to my house in Whitehall gardens, giving me a masterly sketch of the *status quo* in Europe and some general hints as to my procedure. The pith of them was "to keep well with France," but adding, "that she was ambitious to have the principal influence in the east," and that in this respect we were "like two men in love with the same woman." He said: "You have no idea, till you know more of your office, what a power of prestige England possesses abroad, and it will be your first duty to see that it does not wane. All the Foreign Ministers will try at first to get objects which they have been refused by successive Governments; so take care you yield nothing until you have well looked into every side of the question."—*Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs.*

THE IMAGINATION.

The Part It Plays in Matters Involving Life and Death.

"Don't a great many people procure medical treatment who are not sick?" asked a reporter of *The Detroit Post* of a prominent physician.

"Of course they do. There's nothing the matter with half the so-called invalids. I always kept a big batch of bread pills made up for that class of patients. Many a one I've got out of bed with that sham medicine, and they thought me a man of profound learning and skill."

"They just imagine they are sick?"

"Certainly! A woman is the contrariest of God's creatures. If she makes up her mind she's sick, you can't talk her out of it. You must administer something. I had one call me years ago that lay in bed for nine months, and she was as well as I am. On a certain day there was one of these circus and animal show combinations passing. I had an inspiration that beat any compound my skill could produce. I hired the manager to let a tame bear out of the cage and we all set up a hue and cry, the children went for the woods, and that woman took after them without even stopping to make a toilet. There was nothing under the heavens the matter with her, and when her husband came to settle I thought for a while he'd boot her all over the farm."

"Ever have any other case of the imagination?"

"Lots of them. A big hulking fellow about ten miles from the town I was practicing in got the idea that he was going to die just at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of a certain day. About 9 o'clock a messenger came for me. I hurried out. When I got there the crank had fifteen minutes to live according to his calculations. He did look like a man on the verge of eternity. His eyes were dim and sunken, his face had that peculiar pallor which heralds the near approach of death, and his breathing was very labored. The family were gathered around and weeping as they took a final leave. Something had to be done quick. There was a smart-looking woman there, and I called her aside. Pointing to the clock on the mantelpiece, which the patient was watching, I said: 'When I have his attention, turn that ahead.' Then I crowded into the family group, hustled them into the next room, sat down on the edge of the bed, and began telling that fellow one of the most horrible murder stories you ever heard. I located it right in the town where he knew everybody, named the woman killed, went into blood-curdling details, and so completely interested the man that he forgot about his 11 o'clock appointment. When I gave him a chance to look again it was twenty minutes to 12, and he was actually mad for a time, claiming that he had been tricked. He finally got to laughing, and we all took dinner together. The next day he whipped two men at a barn-raising for twitting him about the programme of death that miscarried."

"Wasn't there anything the matter with him?"

"Not a thing except what he imagined. He was sound as a bullet, but if I had not adopted that ruse he would have gone over to the majority at 11 o'clock."

"Doesn't imagination sometimes cure people who are really ill?"

"To be sure it does. Imagination has a strange and unaccountable power. I had a funny incident that answers your inquiry. There was a giddy young widow called at my office one day. She was a hity-tity creature. Talked all the time she was awake, you know, and had as much laugh as she had talk. She wasn't very chipper when she came, however. She was on crutches and accompanied by a solicitious companion who was brim full of sympathy. The invalid had a knee badly swollen from rheumatism and wanted to know if I could administer electricity, which always helped her. I soon had a battery in shape. The sympathetic friend placed one connection at the invalid's knee, which appeared angrily inflamed. I held the other connection in my left hand so as to complete the circuit by touching the patient with the right. I drew my finger across the back of her neck and of course she indulged in a few little screams and some hysterical conversation. "Doctor, that's a strange sensation. Ouch! haven't I got enough? My knee feels a great deal better. Don't fill me up with that electricity. There, now you must just quit, I've got a whole streak o' lightning in me now and I knew it was all I needed." The pretty widow walked out to her carriage without a limp, and had no trouble in being the belle of the balls for the remainder of the season. I had noticed a waggish student of mine in the next room stuffing handkerchiefs in his mouth, writhing with suppressed laughter, winking at me on the sly, and indulging in a can-can whenever visible to me alone.

"'What in thunder are you making such a fool of yourself about,' I inquired when the ladies had departed. He roared away, and, pointing to the battery, said, 'You might have killed that handsome creature by an overcharge of electricity.' I looked and joined in the hilarity. I had neglected to hitch on to the battery, and the widow's vivid imagination had supplied the currents which wrought so sudden a cure."

"Consumption in the Family."

There is no more common observation than that "consumption runs in a family," or in a side of a family. Some other features of the disease in this direction have been also noted, but the significance of them has been disputed. Dr. Bush, in his treatise, says the disease was unknown among the American Indians; it was not among their legends and traditions until a comparatively recent period. Now they die as freely as the whites. There is an interesting fact of peculiar significance to be here noted, namely, the inoculation, some years ago, by three Greek physicians, of a man with this disease, a rare opportunity presenting itself to them for the purpose. The man was doomed to die, and they inoculated him with the sputum from diseased lungs. Great care was taken to eliminate all sources of doubt. There was no history of family susceptibility. About the third week after the inoculation the signs of consumption began to manifest themselves in his body; and, at the post-mortem examination, tubercles were found in the apex of each lung, and some on the free surface of the liver.

The lost and starving dogs in London are carefully collected and taken to a "home," where, to the number sometimes of 100 a day, they are killed by a process, than which none could be more humane. After being given a hearty meal they are placed in cages, graded according to size as nearly as possible, and with the vicious dogs by themselves. The cages are then surrounded with an atmosphere charged with chloroform and bisulphide of carbon. In from one to two minutes sleep falls upon the animals, often stertorous, like that of men in uneasy attitudes or when dreaming. They begin breathing fainter and fainter, and in six minutes are dead. Their bodies are then buried in heaps of bog moss, so prepared that decomposition is completely perfected within a week from interment.

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THE BEST TONIC.

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.*

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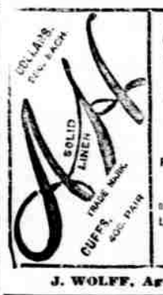

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