GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

MR. H. C. SNYDER, 39 Park Row, New York, is the GLOBE-REPUBLIC'S special representative, to whom all Eastern advertising business, must be referred.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 2.

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. Gwyn.

TOWNSHIP REPUBLICAN TICKET

For Trustees:
Joseph Harrison, Wm. H. Craig, John M. Stewart.

For Justice of the Peace:
William A. Stout.

For Constables:
Louis Brown, Thomas J. Jewett.

For Clerk:
Isaac Kindle.

For Treasurer:
William S. Wilson.

The British soldier fights well, on a Chicago canned beef diet.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's new work on the Congo, will be issued, in London, about the middle of this month.

The famous "Roast Beef of old England" and the best "English cheese" are now sent to the "old country" from America.

The Supreme Court of Ohio having decided that a subscriber cannot swear into a telephone without the consent of the company, it is in order for the company to issue a few million printed "consents" or close up its business.—Minneapolis Tribune.

It will not be necessary to print these consents. Everybody is allowed to yell "Hello" and that relieves the pressure, even under a Democratic administration.

This is a good time for the Republican boys to rally 'round the flag. It having recently been lowered, to half mast, in honor of a deceased defaulter and traitor, it seems to be in a bad way. A few robust Republican victories will stiffen it up a little.

The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle says that, while the President "no doubt laughs at Mr. Beecher's voluble praises," it would still be best to let it be known that the parson speaks "simply as a politico-religious swashbuckler of uncommon genius and no discretion." The St. Louis Republican also advises the Brooklyn preacher "not to frisk too much" just because "he has been allowed to identity himself to some extent with the Democratic party." Evidently Mr. Beecher is not in a condition to point to himself with pride.

A Florida correspondent of the Hartford, Conn., Times says: "To give you an idea of their present abundance, I will state that I have been luxuriating on oranges of tremendous size and delicious flavor at a cost of ten cents a dozen delivered at your hotel door. Curious to know how they would cost if sold by measure, I found that twelve of them filled a half-peck measure heaping full, and the juice from any two of them would yield an ordinary tumbler-full. I measured one, grown near Tarpon Springs, the circumference of which was thirteen and a half inches, and the weight remarkable. This great size, solidity, juiciness, and flavor are some of the leading pecularities of the Florida orange." Such talk as this creates an immortal hunger, and a desire to emigrate, in the average individual.

Now that Pearson, the Postmaster at New York, has been re-appointed, we propose to keep an eye open for the re-appointment of General Huidekoper, of Philadelphia, whom we have frequently mentioned as a model postmaster. He has been about a year in the fine new building, at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut. The General takes great pride in the Postoffice restaurant, located in the new building. It is never closed, and from daylight to daylight the department employes can get anything eatable at the most reasonable rates. A substantial dinner, with the choice of several kinds of meats, three vegetables, coffee or tea, and dessert, is furnished at a cost not exceeding twenty-five cents. General Huidekoper's idea in establishing the restaurant was to protect the employes from the temptation of drinking saloons. Over seven hundred meals are daily served in the basement. Herein is a pointer for other postmasters in large cities.

THE REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING AT THE WIGWAM FRIDAY EVENING—THE ISSUE OF THE HOUR.

One of the most important meetings of the present year will be that to be held at the Wigwam tomorrow (Friday) evening. It is not to be held simply in the interest of the Republican party but in the interest of the general public, as well as that of every private citizen and tax-payer. We may go farther and say, truthfully, that the cause which will be represented at the Wigwam tomorrow night will be the cause of public order and that the meeting will be held in the interest of every honest man, woman and child in Springfield. We have had, for two years, an executive administration of the affairs of this city, which has been applied in behalf of the personal and political interests of Mr. Constantine and the Bummers and Saloon-keepers who have been his supporters, and who have been allowed to execute their sweet wills. The Mayor, elected, in large part, by the votes of Republicans, commenced at once to use his office as a political stepping stone to a higher or more profitable position, and not as Postmaster General Vilas remarked in the presence of Mr. John R. McLean and our Mayor) "as a public trust." Then he attempted, by the use of a Democratic Legislature and what he supposed to be a Democratic partisan Supreme Court, to take the entire government in his own hands, with an undoubted purpose to conduct its affairs as an autocrat and a despot. That Mr. Constantine failed in his unholy purposes is not to be ascribed to any lack of effort on his part. The people wouldn't have it—and a Democratic Supreme Court would not allow it.

And as Mr. J. J. Smith is Mr. Constantine's creature and was nominated at his dictation, we have thrust upon us the question whether the people of this city are hereafter to be allowed a popular form of government, or whether they are to be governed, still longer, by a little Political Boss, through his man Friday, his inferior in almost every respect. For all must admit that matters will be worse rather than better, with Jake Smith as Mayor, in place of Constantine.

We do not need to argue this matter! Here is Jake Smith, who is known to be the proper and faithful representative of the grog-shops and the disreputable and disorderly elements of community, selected as the candidate of the Democracy for the position of Mayor—the highest within the gift of the people, provided for their protection from the very elements mentioned! What an outrage on decency, then—what a contemptible mockery would the election of Smith and of his associate on the ticket, O'Brien, the saloon-keeper, be! The city would be disgraced, and every decent, honest citizen would be ashamed and humiliated! There are many Democrats, even, who have bolted their ticket; and surely all other good and reputable citizens should do what they can to defeat it!

Our readers will see, from the very circumstances of the case, that the meeting tomorrow (Friday) night, at the Wigwam, will be one of great importance and interest. Every citizen should be present, to listen to the addresses to be made on that occasion, which will be delivered by representative men, whose expressions of opinions and whose suggestions will be entitled to careful consideration and ought to have great weight. And all Republicans, who can, ought to report at the Wigwam at 7 o'clock and fall into the ranks of the Plug Hat Brigade. This was an efficient organization, last Fall, and did good work on the street and at the polls. Every member should put himself at once at the front and be ready to accept the duty of the hour. Mr. Goodwin and his associates on the Republican ticket ought to be elected by a majority of 1,500 votes, and the city, by such a majority, gloriously redeemed. The members of the Constantine "gang"—only a fraction of the Democratic party, let it be understood—are exceedingly busy, and they are unscrupulous and desperate, and well provided with money and whisky for the corruption of such human cattle, of all colors, as they can reach and influence! Let there be, therefore, a tremendous rally—a demonstration of great spirit and power, at the Wigwam tomorrow night.

We have received from the American publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street, New York, the first volume of the Rev. Dr. Pusey's Commentary on the Minor Prophets, devoted to the discussion of Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah and Jonah. Of the book, the Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D., of New York, says:

It is the best exposition known to me of that section of sacred Scriptures. Pusey's Hebrew scholarship was undoubted; his learning was extensive; his acquaintance, particularly with patristic literature, was very large, and his heart was especially devout. His well-known church views do not obtrude themselves, and alike in his comments on Daniel and in the Minor Prophets he seems to me to be on his knees as he studies—seeking only to know God's meaning and desiring only to do God's will. I have gone through his Daniel chapter by chapter, wondering even more at the reverence than at the learning of the expositor.

It really seems as though Polygamy "must go" down and out. The presumption of the Mormons that President Cleveland would tolerate their rottenness because he was a Democrat had a great deal of gall in it and will be properly resented, we hope.

Fortunate people who know how to fish successfully for the speckled beauties are taking large quantities of trout at Castalia Springs, Ohio, near Sandusky.

The Chinese troops have as their commanders quite a number of Germans and a few Americans. It is evident that the French will not have a "walk-over."

The Ohio State Journal is still whacking at the Plumbers, all oblivious of the fact that the Spring Poet is now the proper object of contumely and reproach.

We find it difficult to shed any tears over the death of the late Jacob Thompson, a defaulter and a rebel. If we weep at all it will be because he didn't die thirty years sooner.

The great question at Chicago is whether Mike McDonald, the rich saloon-keeper and gambler, is to rule Chicago another year. A question somewhat similar is to be decided in Springfield.

Jollity in drink is a thing of the past, says the Milwaukee Sentinel, and in its place has come a disposition to howl or to fight, and "the 'doctored' liquors in the American markets produce only gloom and riot. Alcohol will not produce the effects which American drinks produce, and there is a strong presumptive evidence that all liquors contain a baleful element which has displaced the more expensive spirit. Men go mad under any modern drink except beer, and under this they become victims of muscular degeneration." As a matter of course a Milwaukee editor's local pride would lead him to make an exception in favor of beer—a beverage which is also extensively "doctored."

A Quiet Man's Joke.

When Stillman S. Conant was managing editor of the *Times*, a short time prior to the mysterious death of its chief editor, Henry J. Raymond, his first name was regarded as by no means a misnomer. He was the mildest-mannered managing editor that ever ordered a two-column article to be cut down to a paragraph. But quiet as his general demeanor was, he held the reins firmly and sharply curbed any tendency to undue briskness on the part of the editorial team he was driving. He could, however, take a joke and match it with another.

One cold night in the winter of 1869 the box in which copy for the editor was sent up-stairs from the publication office suddenly shot up to the editorial-rooms, and a sharp ring of the bell announced that it had arrived with something in it. Mr. Conant stepped to the box and took out a package, something bulky, that looked as though it might contain something intended for publication. Looking at it closely he read these words on the envelope:

Mr. ———,
Night City Editor,
Give us a puff.

Mr Conant's suspicions were at once aroused by this remarkable superscription. Could it be that the man who edited the city news was in collusion with some outsider who was sending him "a first-rate notice" for insertion in the news columns, smuggling it without paying duty at the advertising desk? This was worthy of immediate investigation. He immediately sent for the man to whom the package was addressed and closely scanned his countenance while the latter opened the envelope.

And then the nature of the atrocious attempt to tamper with the press was made manifest. The contents were two fragrant cigars, wrapped in a piece of paper, on which was hastily scrawled the same words that appeared on the envelope—of D. O. C. Townley, a writer (since dead) who was "Give us a puff." It was signed with the initials at that time attached to the staff of the *Times*. The laugh that followed was at Mr. Conant's expense.

"Well," he said, joining in the general hilarity, "I think that is worth your notice," and lighting one of the cigars which was passed to him by the blue-pencil man of the city room, he resumed his duties at the desk.

Shortly afterward, entering the room where the sub-editor was vigorously engaged in "building" copy, apparently deriving much aid and comfort in the operation from the cigar which he was silently pulling, while the smoke-wreaths curled above his head like the steam from any other boiler, Mr. Conant said: "Well, I see that is sent up."

"Eh? what is?" asked the other.

"Why," said Mr. Conant, pointing to the fragrant clouds of tobacco smoke that floated over head, "that is. That is sent up." The joke was flagrant, though timely, and to the man to who, for the moment, had rested under the faint cloud of suspicion that was so speedily dispelled, it has been a fragrant memory ever since.—*New York Tribune.*

"These musical criticisms in the daily papers make me tired," remarked a passenger from California; "they are so high-flown and mysterious and—what d'ye call it?—teckneek. 'Phenomenal timbre' is a favorite expression with these linguists, it seems, for they use it every few lines. Now, if they want to hear a voice of phenomenal timber that is really phenomenal with a big p., let them come out to my cabin in the wild West. I hear it by day and night, and am used to it, but I'll bet it would knock some of these dandy critics silly." "What kind of a voice is it?" "It's the voice of the wind singing in the tops of the big trees of Mariposa."

That was a pretty sharp fellow in Oxford County who at one stride gulled a whole town and caught a rich widow not long ago. When the asses ors of taxes came around he told them that they might tax him for $10,000 in money at interest, although he was supposed to be poor and worked in a mill for $1.50 a day. The fame of a man who was sufficiently honest to uncover concealed taxable property of his own accord spread through the town, and he was lionized. He made an impression on a wealthy widow and married her. After the wedding the assessors had to abate the tax on the suppositious $10,000, and the woman had to support a worthless husband. He was not worth a dollar.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A young man in Massachusetts has adopted whistling for a profession. When he gets married, and his bills begin to come in, he will have lots of chance for practice.

MR. GILL'S DAUGHTER.

Poor Katie! A great sufferer she was, and most patiently did she endure in the hope that at last her sufferings would come to an end. She was just budding into womanhood; a fine-looking girl of nearly nineteen, who had, previous to her attack of illness, enjoyed robust health.

Let her mother tell the story, as she told it to two of our editorial friends who recently spent an evening at the house.

"Katie's illness came on slowly, with great pain in her thigh and hip. For a while she kept on going to school, but the pains became so severe that she had to stay at home, and most of the time lie down on a little lounge here in the sitting-room. We tried the best physicians we could get. The disease baffled them all. One said it was ulceration of the thigh bone, and wanted to have the poor child undergo a terrible operation. It turned out to be sciatic rheumatism. Poor child! how she did suffer! About four o'clock in the afternoon she would begin screaming with pain. She couldn't help it. She would scream and moan till about four in the morning. Then she would fall asleep from weariness, and sleep for some hours. This went on for about eight months. During the nights neither she nor I could sleep.

"Katie was a great reader. One day, in a paper, she saw an advertisement of Athlophoros. She asked me to get it and see if it wouldn't cure her. We had tried a good many different things, but I thought we would try this. And I went and got a bottle. I gave her a dose of it towards evening. It was simply wonderful how it quieted the poor child's pain and put her into a gentle sleep. She slept nicely until ten. Then she was in a great perspiration. She waked, and I gave her another dose, for the first one had done her so much good. Then she fell asleep again and slept till morning. Her pain was gone. She had hardly any returns of it. The Athlophoros did the work for her most completely.

"But the terrible sciatica had drawn Katie's leg up, and made it shorter than it had been, by several inches. She was lame for life, although the rheumatism was all driven out of her. She had to walk on crutches. One day she fell down stairs and was so badly hurt that she had to be taken to the hospital. There she suffered a great deal, and after some weeks she died.

"Father Tscheider, of the Paulist Fathers, saw much of Katie during her illness, and knows all about us. Go and ask him, and he will tell you all about it.

Some time ago we gave a letter about Katie's case, and it was published. We have had numerous inquiries in reference to it, all of which we promptly answer.

"I must tell you," continued Mrs. Gill, "of our neighbor, Mrs. Summers, and her eleven-year old boy. The boy had one of the most terrible attacks of rheumatism I ever knew a boy to have. I had a little Athlophoros left in the bottle from which Katie had taken. I gave it to Mrs. Summers, and she gave it to the child who was screaming with pain. When Mr. Summers came home, he was surprised to find the boy sitting up, free from pain, and cheerfully singing. I wish you would go and see them. They live not far from here, on West 12th street, No. 905."

Mr. Gill added in his own behalf:

"I have had a good deal of rheumatism myself, chiefly in my shoulders and arms. But I took Athlophoros and I got rid of the trouble. I did not have to take much either. I found the medicine acted very quickly."

The Rev. Father Peter Tscheider, assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Family, was found at his pastoral residence, No. 417 West 12th street, Chicago. Father Tscheider took pleasure in saying that he knew Mr. and Mrs. Gill, and that he esteemed them highly; also that he had seen Katie frequently during her illness, and knew all about her wonderful recovery from sciatica, and her subsequent injury and her illness at the hospital.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed.
ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall Street, New York.

Mistreated Him.

One day, several years ago, while Addison was sitting in his "garrety" room, revising his Cato, he received the following note from Dick Steele: "My darling Addison: I am in that cavity profanely known as Gehenna's excavation. My morning hours are disturbed by collectors and my evening moments are made harsh by the footsteps of the man I owe. Addison, we have always been good friends. I am a whig and you are a whig, in this kingdom by the sea—as Edgar Poe will in the future express it—but can't you help me out of this fix?"

Addison had but little money. In fact he owed the grocer, the barber and the candlestick manipulator, but he pawned his gold spurs, his richly ornamented sword, his silver tea-pot—his all, and raising a hundred pounds, sent the sum to his distressed friend. Several days afterwards, when Addison found himself in Steele's neighborhood, he decided to go up and see if there were any other way in which he could help his poor friend. As he approached the door leading into Steele's room, he heard music and dancing and sounds only befitting the abode of those who felt the weight of many nickels, but halting not, he shoved open the door and entered. Steele, dressed in a suit of tawdry clothes, stood in the middle of the room. On the sofa sat a young woman with a discolored eye; beside her reclined a woman with bad teeth; while at the right stood women who were not grand-motherly in appearance. Dandies and hilarious bucks stood around, and upon the whole, the scene was one of fashion and excessive refinement. When Addison entered, Steele, who had been turning the crank of a musical instrument, arose and said:

"Hah, here is Mr. Addison. We are all glad to see him. Addison, how do you find yourself?"

Addison was disgusted. He looked at the table, loaded with ham sandwiches and said:

"I thought, sir, that my donation was intended to keep you from prison?"

"Correct you are, cully," exclaimed Steele, "but now that I am out, we should enjoy ourselves. Henry," addressing a boy, "bring Mr. Addison a glass of beer. Ah, my dear essayist, you do not seem to be enjoying yourself. Had to soak your household goods to keep me out, eh? Glad to hear it. Fine thing to have friends, Addy—fine thing. Hadn't been for you, I would have been in jail. As it is, I am giving a dinner. Say, can't you lend me seventy-five cents?"

These are historical facts, yet there are literary historians who say that Addison mistreated Dick Steele.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

One of the most curious cases on record is that of a man in Memphis who can't live without a noise. Silence nearly dements him. His mania at one time was rather expensive, as he was constantly traveling on steamboats, going into sawmills, visiting boiler repairing shops and the like. But his friends will be pleased to hear that he is on the point of getting married, and will stay at home from now on.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Avalanche.*

The Beauty of Coal.

Lyell, in his experiments with coal remarks "that after cutting a slice so thin that it should transmit light, it was found that in many parts of the pure and solid coal, in which geologists had no suspicion that they should be able to detect any vegetable structure, not only were annular rings of the growth of several kinds of trees beautifully distinct, but even the medulary rays, and, what is still more remarkable, in some cases even the spiral vessels, could be discerned." Again, in another place, "the high state of preservation in which many of the objects occur, the perfect condition of the leaves, and other parts of many of the ferns, the preservation in which many of the sharp angles of numerous stems and plants known to be of soft and juicy nature, with the surfaces of a sagillariæ, especially marked with lines, streaks, and flutings so delicate that the mere drifting of a day would have inevitably destroyed them, together with the occurrence of certain fruits which are found in heaps and clusters, together with many other facts of like nature leading to similar conclusions, convince us that these objects have never been subjected to drift, but were buried on the spots where they lived and flourished." We quote these evidences of the perfect preservation of fragile plants and of fruits of a remote age as an important reason why further inquiry as to its cause should be made. If these plants were suddenly immersed in a fluid which excluded light and air and preserved them while becoming solid, it is analogous to the preservation of plants and insects in gum copal, and does not require unusual arguments to obtain relief. The presence of trees standing upright where they grew and imbedded in coal suggested a probability of immersion in the same way. The recent discoveries of immense deposits of petroleum in subterranean cavities or streams suggests the theory which is here offered—that this "mineral oil," as it was first called, may be the origin of coal and not its product. Note the thickness of many strata of coal—some are sixty feet thick and are of uniform structure—with slate of limestone floors and roofs; and coal also has stratification closely resembling stratified rocks which deserves attention. Petroleum, bitumen and asphaltum are classed together as of a similar nature, although the first is a liquid and the last-named a solid. We find a great difficulty in believing petroleum to be a vegetable product. If any species of vegetation yielded more resinous or oily products in former ages than those of to-day, these products were either drawn from the earth, water or air to supply the vegetation that held them. It also seems unreasonable to have so much vegetation derived from the vegetable fiber, when the entire growth of vegetation of any soil or climate appears inadequate to represent a uniform body of coal sixty feet thick.

The Modern Grandmother.

The new grandmother has come to the front of late years and made her presence felt in the most emphatic manner. The old grandmother whom we used to know has been shelved. How she used to sit in the corner, always in the same place, with her great, kindly eyes watching the sparks fly upward from the back log in the fireplace; how she used to be demure and silent when there was company present; how she used to take a back seat when the beau came in to see the granddaughter, and how she used to say "Yes" when the granddaughter asked her what to say to the beau—all these things some of us know and remember. But the new grandmother is a different sort of a person. You found that out when you were courting your wife. How often when you called on the latter before marriage and said something about going to the theater or out for supper or out for a drive did this new-fangled grandmother make the response in first person, plural number? When you married, the grandmother was around. This was all right. Now that some years stretch back of that event, in the evenings at home you find that while the corroding finger of time is tangling itself in your hair the grandmother seems to rear up in stateliness. She is quite handy in every respect. You buy two spring bonnets instead of one. You get three theater tickets instead of two. You get two opinions instead of one. In the long and dreary winter this modern grandma does now and then seek her couch, and you do have a chance to hear your wife talk. But oh, in the summer time, when the robins nest again and the green grass is growing all around, and she comes out—grandma—and sits down on the steps, and sits and sits until "the eternal dances of the midnight sky" run down, and she continues to sit until your wife says it is so very oppressive that ice cream would be a luxury—then you know how sturdy grandma is; how much better she looks than she did. How much stouter than the poor old grandmother you used to read about when you were a boy. Brethren (on the quiet), have we not on this first Sunday in spring pounded a responsive chord in your bosoms? Don't all speak at once—but haven't we?

Thermometers Below Cost.

A boy who appeared to be about seven years old walked into C. N. Nye's drug store this morning and asked for a thermometer. Mr. Nye handed him one, and the boy took it and started for the door.

"Hold on, my boy, that's worth a quarter."

"A quarter?" said the boy, in surprise. "Why, a boy got one here for nothing."

"No he didn't," said the druggist.

"Yes he did; he told me he got it here for nothing."

Mr. Nye went to the Tuscarawas street entrance of his store, where he had a thermometer hanging on the outside. It was gone.

"Yes, I guess he did," he said. The second boy got no thermometer.—*Canton (O.) Repository.*

No Time For Discussion.

A great many people are interested just now in ascertaining how the President is going to divide out the numerous offices at his disposal. Hopes are entertained by many that he will make a clean sweep, while others, who do not expect any office, are of the opinion that the civil service reform rules should be observed. A similar difference of opinion occurred between two darkeys who were raising poultry by hand.

"Sambo, ain't hit agin de law ter take dese heah chickens?" asked one of the reformers.

"Dat ar am a great moral question, which we hain't go no time ter discuss; han' down anudder pullet."—*Texas Siftings.*

LADIES who are tired of Calicoes that fade in sunshine or washing will find the RICHMOND PINKS, Purples and "Quaker Styles" perfectly fast and reliable. FOR SALE BY ALL DRY GOODS DEALERS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

— 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.*

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

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

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

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OLDEN TIMES

The formula by which Mishler's Herb Bitters is compounded is over two hundred years old, and of German origin. The entire range of proprietary medicines cannot produce a preparation that enjoys so high a reputation in the community where it is made as

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

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

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO.,
525 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails

WATCH THE KIDNEYS.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. You can thoroughly protect the Kidneys by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and when any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by this best of all medicines for the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are sold everywhere at $1 per bottle, and one bottle will prove their efficacy.

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CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box.
CHICAGO CORPET CO., Chicago, Ill.

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COLLARS AND CUFFS
BEARING THIS MARK ARE THE FINEST GOODS EVER MADE.
Being 2-3 Linen, both Buttings and Interlining.
Ask for them.

J. WOLFF, Agt., Springfield.

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Best Bread in the city. Three Loaves for 10c. The largest assortment of fine and plain cakes. Furnishing of Parties, Weddings and Socials a specialty.

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