GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

MR. H. C. SNYDER, 23 Park Row, New York, is the GLOBE-REPUBLIC'S special representative, to whom all Eastern advertising business, must be referred.

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 30.

Skating is a good thing when it is "on ice."

Immigration is likely to be very large this season.

The Mugwumps are now waising a wumpus about several of the Federal appointments recently made. Weally, it is too bad.

Good, sound, solid sense
Is better, much, than Ele-quence!

This "poem" was constructed—with much pains (and real pain)—for the benefit of our Columbian orators.

General Butler has presented a fine portrait of Rufus Choate, painted from life by the late Joseph Ames, to the Essex (Mass.) Bar Association. It will be placed in the Court House at Salem.

The Elevated Road companies of New York have resolved to substitute electricity for steam in driving the trains on their aerial tracks. The only question now unsettled is what method they will use in applying the subtle and mysterious force.

The May issue of the National Poultry Monitor, published in this city by Mr. T. F. McGrew, jr., is out in new type and makes a very handsome appearance. It is very intelligently and industriously edited. Mr. McGrew is evidently determined to deserve success.

General Anson G. McCook, of New York, is named by General M. T. McMahon as a good Republican candidate for Governor. Anson is one of the Ohio McCooks, who took such an active part in putting down the Rebellion. They are all rattlers, even to the old man!

Speaking of the connection of General Jubal Early and General Beauregard with the Louisiana lottery, the Florida Times-Union says that "blind Belisarius begging his bread in the streets of Rome, was a far nobler spectacle than that presented by these old generals, living in comfort on the wages of gilded iniquity." It takes a hyphenated newspaper to tell the truth, solidly and squarely.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, the economist, recently made the following allusion to the business situation:

The conditions are now ripe for an era of prosperity. We have an excess of land waiting to be occupied. We have an excess of capital at from 2 to 4 per cent. waiting for safe borrowers. We have an excess of labor waiting to be employed. A confidence in the stability of the standard of value is the one thing lacking. If the administration could take advantage of the present doubt in regard to the meaning of the Bland act, and suspend coinage of the silver dollar, we might, as at the time of the resumption of specie payments in 1879, see such a renewal of confidence and awakening in constructive enterprise that Congress, when it re assembles, would not dare to legislate for the continuance of that dishonest coin.

We would be glad to have the President act on Mr. Atkinson's suggestion, but we doubt whether this hint will "fetch him."

The iron of the Federal Government has entered into the very inmost soul of the polygamous Mormons, and their organ, the Salt Lake Herald, howls in this way over the recent Supreme Court decision in the case of Rudger Clawson:

The opinion is broad and terrible in the scope that it gives to the local courts. It relieves these tribunals from any checks that have hitherto held them back, and not only gives them full power to proceed recklessly and without fear of being brought to account for overstepping the bounds and limits of law and decency, but encourages and spurs them on. With this to sustain them and to give them strength and confidence, the Utah courts and their officers, unless they shall change materially in heart, will bring much trouble and suffering. The Supreme Court opinion enables them to do this, and their past conduct warrants the belief that they will not be slow to take advantage of all their power.

Then the Herald proceeds to deplore, more than its own misfortunes "the sad state of a country whose highest judicial tribunal has been 'doctored' so that it is no freer from partisanship, no farther removed from popular influences and prejudices, than any other tribunal whose judge is dependent upon his political leaning and partisan efforts for the retention of the office. Expediency has quite as much weight with the Supreme Court Justices as law, and public sentiment is fully as powerful in directing their minds in arriving at conclusions and formulating opinions as the statutes." And all this simply because the Supreme Court decides that the laws of the land must be obeyed!

During the recent meeting between the Ameer of Afghanistan and Earl Dufferin he told the Earl that, though he regarded the occupation of Penjdeh of little consequence, yet he attached the greatest importance to the retention of Maruchek, which is midway between Penjdeh and Bala Murghab. If once the Russians gain that point they will be able to threaten Balkh and cut off communication with Cabul. The latest Russian advance is expected to bring the question to a crisis. The current opinion is that Russia is really preparing for war much more rapidly than she appears to be, the Russian papers being warned to secrecy. It is reported that the khan of Bokhara earnestly warned the Ameer not to neglect Cabul and Balkh while taking steps to protect Herat, as the Russian army was massing in Turkestan, near Samaricand, with the intention of marching on Balkh and proclaiming Ayoub-Khan Ameer while the Afghan army was engaged at Herat. His letter to the Ameer concludes: "I know for certain that the Russians intend not to march beyond Herat, but will cut off your line of retreat to Cabul and England's line of retreat to Candahar."

The tie that binds the United States to England is about to be strengthened. The late Sam Ward (the New York Mail and Express thinks) must have told Queen Victoria where she could get the finest oysters in the world, for she has ordered some from a large oyster dealer in Norwalk, Conn. "The dredgers"—says a Bridgeport dispatch to the Sun—"were sent out to deep water, where live the highest flavored oysters, and fished up from the choicest beds a lot from which 1,000 were selected with great care. They were all of about a size, and were thoroughly washed and scrubbed with salt water until there wasn't a speck of mud upon them. Then the shells were thoroughly sandpapered, bringing out the veins and producing a rough polish. Then they were packed carefully in a strong barrel and shipped by a fast steamer. It was expected that they would be in London within seven days from the time of shipping, and would all be sound, of good flavor, and about as fat as when shipped." And when they get there (the GLOBE-REPUBLIC desires to add) they will constitute the daintiest and noblest dish (if they are roasted, nicely,) that was ever set before the Queen. The American oyster is King of his kind.

A book of more than ordinary interest is announced for publication early in May by Messrs. Cassell & Company. It is the "Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Dore," compiled from material supplied by his family and friends and from personal recollection, by Mme. Blanche Roosevelt. The story of the distinguished artist's life covers over 500 octavo pages, with several hundred illustrations, many of them never before published. The author of this interesting volume has the advantage over many biographers of having known the subject of her book and of having been in the confidence of his family and friends. The material she draws upon is all fresh and has come from the most authoritative sources. Where possible she has confined herself to the language of those who have had anecdotes to tell of the famous painter and this gives a delightful raciness to the story of his life.

Maurice Thompson, the well-known poet and writer, and one of the best authorities on archery in this country, has accepted the position of State Zoologist in Indiana. Mr. Thompson has a novel, "At Love's Extremes," now in the press of Cassell & Company, in which he gives play to his passion for out of doors. Nearly every scene in the book is laid in the open air, in the mountains, or in the low-lands of Alabama.

POINTS FOR EDUCATORS.

An esteemed friend sends us the following, which we respectfully submit, in turn, to all engaged in or interested in teaching:

I wish to call the attention of the teachers and educators of Springfield to a little semi-satirical work now in our Public Library, written by Wm. Hawley Smith, and entitled "The Evolution of Dodd." I do this because the somewhat indefinite title of the book might exclude many of the very class to whom it is addressed from reading it. The book is not, as many might suppose from its title, a treatise on the evolution theory by a writer named Dodd; nor is it a labored criticism of the evolution theory, so-called. The work is a remarkably bright and snappy satire on some of the current fallacies in our popular educational systems, beginning with the kindergarten craze and proceeding upward to some of our higher institutions. The thread of narrative consists in the history of the school career of Doddridge Watts Weaver, called "Dodd" for short. The story relates how Dodd's very unpromising character was developed into further badness by some of our prevalent but very mistaken methods of public school education. It also relates how the bad work of his earlier educational bunglers and incompetent teachers was finally counteracted by a thoroughly competent teacher with grit, grace and gumption. The author treats with mingled seriousness and wit many of the problems of present day education, and incidentally other social problems which are sometimes not regarded as belonging properly to the educator's province. Every teacher, as well as many parents, will be delighted and profited by reading "The Evolution of Dodd," several copies of which ought to be in our Public Library, and in constant circulation among our public school teachers and others interested in education. Mr. Smith, in his little book, amplifies in an inimitable manner the theory which is fast taking possession of the minds of our better class of teachers, that education was made for man and not man for education, and that it is folly to expect to lay every scholar upon the Procrustean bed of a cast-iron system, which compels the teacher to stretch the student out if he is too short, and cut him off if he is too long. I repeat, let every teacher in the city read the pathetic narrative of Dodd's career as given in Mr. Smith's book, and if the reflective teacher is not profited as he ponders the more serious portions of the book, he will at least smile over the quaint conceits and good-natured satire of the more humorous passages.

BEING A WOMAN.

Some of the Trials and Tribulations of the Fair Sex.

It is a dreadful bother to be a woman and do the business up in good shape. In the first place, you've got to look well, or else you're nobody. A man may be ever so homely and still be popular. Whiskers cover up most of his face, and if he has a big mouth nobody mistrusts it, and if he does wrinkle bad on his forehead his friends speak of his many cares and of his thoughtful disposition, and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed, when in all probability his forehead is wrinkled by the bad habit he has got of scowling at his wife when the coffee is not strong enough.

A woman must always be in good order. Her hair must always be frizzed and banged, as fashion demands, and she must powder if she has a shining skin, and she must manage to look sweet, no matter how sour she may feel; her dress must hang just so, and her boot buttons always in place, and her finger nails always clean; and then she mustn't whistle, nor climb fences, nor stone cats, nor scold when she's mad.

She can't go out alone, because ladies must be protected; she can't go anywhere when it rains, because her hair won't stay frizzed and she'll get mud on her petticoats and things; she can't be a Free Mason, because she would tell their secret and everybody would know all about the goat and gridiron; she can't smoke, because that would be unfeminine; she can't go courting, because that would be unwomanly. But she must get married before she is 25, or everybody will feel wronged. People will sigh over her, and wonder why it is that men "don't seem to take," and all the old maids and widows smile and keep quiet. Oh, these smiles and these significant looks! They are ten times more than open slanders.

It is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Everybody knows it is, and the women who are married to drunken husbands, and who manage to quarrel with them six days out of seven, will live in an agony of spirit over the single woman and call her the poor old maid.

A woman must marry rich, or else she doesn't marry "well." And to marry "well" is the end and aim of a woman's existence, judging from the view which people in general take of this matter. It is everybody's business when a woman marries. The whole neighborhood put their heads together and talk over the pros and cons, and decide whether she is good enough for him. There is nothing said about his being good enough for her. And they criticize the shape of her nose, and relate anecdotes how lazy her grandfather was, and how her Aunt Sally used to sell beans and buttermilk. A woman must wear No. 2 boots on No. 3 feet, and she must manage to dress well on 75 cents a week, and she mustn't be vain; and she must be kind to the poor, and she must go regularly to the sewing society meetings, and be ready to dress dolls and make tidies and aprons for church fairs. She must be a good cook, and must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the Chinese washerman would groan with envy and gnash his teeth with the same holy passion at the sight of them.

She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come off while in use, and she must keep the family hosiery so that nobody would ever mistrust there were holes in the stockings while they were on. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything her husband has lost—and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away under the parlor sofa, and when he has hunted for them half an hour he will suddenly appear to his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel, and demand "what in thunder she has done with his boots." She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers, for a married man was never known to shut a drawer. It would be as unnatural for a hen to go in swimming for recreation.

She must go to bed first in cold weather so as to get the bed warm. Her husband, if he be a wise man, never asks her to do this. Oh, no! but he sits to "just finish this piece in the paper," and waits until she has got the sheets to a comfortable temperature. Ah, there are a great many tricks in the trade of living together. A woman is expected to take care of the baby even after the first infantile wonder has multiplied into a round half dozen. And if it doubles up with the colic or trials of cutting teeth or the necessary evils of mumps or measles and whooping-cough and scarlet fever and rash and throat distemper and short sleeves and bare legs and pins sticking into him and too much candy and bad temper, why her husband tells her that he "does wish she would try and quiet her baby," and he says it too as if he thought she alone was responsible for its being in existence, and as if she was considerably to blame for it too.

And when she has the headache nobody thinks of minding it—a woman is always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly" nobody shuts the door any quieter, and nobody tucks her on the lounge with a shawl over her or coddles her to death as a man has to be coddled under such circumstances.

We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of being a woman, and if there is a man who thinks a woman has an easy time of it, why, just let him pin on a pound of false hair and get inside a pair of corsets, and put on a pull-back overskirt, and be a woman himself, and see how he likes it.—*Revised by a woman for the Lowell Times.*

The Reporter.

It is singular the public generally does not accord the reporter the personal honor that is his due. He is essentially the public's very faithful servant, and public servants are ordinarily held in specially honorable regard. As it is, he is, as a rule, looked upon as a tolerated rather than favored individual. This should not be. The reporter occupies a position very nearly at the front among the elements that contribute to the progress of the world. He is one of the most useful products of the nineteenth century. There were reporters, of course, a hundred years ago, but they were only feeble prototypes of the reporter of to-day. He represents in himself and his calling the eager quest of the world for information. As the newspaper has grown in value the reporter has grown in importance, for it is by the work of the latter that the former is maintained. There are many persons usefully employed in journalism who are not reporters and they will take no offense at the assertion that to the reporter belongs the chief seat of honor among journalists. There are reporters of many classes and grades, but their duties are very similar. It would appear that there was a great deal of difference between "doing" a police court and dealing with affairs of contentious statesman, but the difference is not nearly so great as some may imagine. Almost the same abilities are called into play and in each instance the aim is the same—accuracy and completeness. The qualifications necessary to the successful prosecution of his work are multifarious. He must be able to discover, penetrate, apprehend and realize. He must have an agreeable manner, courage, nerve, presence of mind, resources that never fail. His discretion must be exquisite; his judgment exact; his conclusion irrefutable. Usually he must work without definite orders and at the same time do everything necessary to the proper presentation of the subject in hand. In no other business, perhaps, are so many qualifications demanded. Is it any wonder satisfactory reporters are scarce?

The reporter is a most disagreeable person to the individual who has an uneasy conscience. The embezzler; the thieves of the public treasury; the robbers working within the bound of the law; the politicians who have certain opinions of themselves and others for the people; rascals with schemes afoot—none of these are favorably inclined toward the reporter. And just here may be cited a fact of special moment as indicating the very responsible position occupied by this unpretending member of the press. The people have become so accustomed to trusting to the newspapers for information regarding public affairs that almost entire dependence is placed upon them for knowledge relating to the conduct of public affairs. If there is anything wrong in the administration of these trusts it is left to the newspapers to discover it and, by making due report, to enable the people to apply the proper remedies. This work is assigned the reporter. They, therefore, go about as representatives plenipotentiary of the people. There cannot be much more important employment than this. That the trust reposed is fully regarded, the downfall of many a public robber attests. And a loyal set of fellows are these reporters! How incorruptible they are, every newspaper proprietor knows. Many an overworked, poorly paid, shabby reporter has refused, without hesitation and with the utmost scorn bribes that would have made him almost rich, and gone on unswervingly in the line of duty, with never a thought of regret, finding his sole reward in the fact of duty fulfilled. There are black sheep in every flock, but the fewest number in the newspaper fold.—*Cleveland Vanity Fair.*

A Man of Titles.

I heard a funny story the other day about a young nobleman, a member of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington. It seems that the young man had a military title of considerable length, beside having another title, and when he got all his titles engraved on his visiting cards, the bits of pasteboard were well covered and looked most imposing. The cards greatly impressed all the Washington girls, and the young foreigner became a great favorite. One of his friends, however, in a joking mood one day, told him that he must add the word "bachelor" to his card, as that was the custom here. So the poor fellow had "bachelor" engraved with the rest of his titles.—*American Queen.*

THIS AND THAT.

The real division of the spoil has hardly begun yet.—Buffalo Commercial.

The richest man in Oregan began by buying a calfskin on credit, tanning it and selling it for $10.

Balmy odors from Spice Islands,
Wafted by the tropic breeze;
SOZODONT in healthful fragrance
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth it whitens, purifies;
You will use it if you're wise.

One Great Merit

of that Beautifier of the Teeth, SOZODONT, is that its effect upon the mouth is refreshing, while as a means of cleansing the teeth, and improving the breath, it stands alone.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," handy about the house, mends everything.

About this time the politicians begin to get the better of a new President.—Philadelphia Press.

"Buchu-paiba," Great Kidney and Urinary Cure.

John Sherman is likely to be a formidable Business Men's candidate in 1888.—Philadelphia Record.

Water Bugs, Roaches, use "Rough on Rats." 15c.

A hundred years at least should be the extent of the Democratic lease of power.—Harrisburg Patriot.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Delicate Women.

The "new revelation" which the Mormons profess to have expected for some time back, appears likely to be "handed down" to them from the Supreme Court of the United States.—Philadelphia Press.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

Out of the word "incomprehensibility" a Connecticut lady made 2,248 different words.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c.

A burglar was arrested at Sacramento dressed in a priest's cassock which he had stolen.

"Rough on Pain" Porosed Plaster. 15c. Liquid 20c.

Fully one-half the names of the mailing offices stamped on letters and postal cards are illegible.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for Dyspepsia, Debility.

Stone masons at Dayton are striking for an increase of wages.

Bed Bugs, Flies, use "Rough on Rats." 15c.

What is said to be the largest diamond in the world is about to be cut in Amsterdam. It was recently found in South Africa and weighs 475 carats.

"Rough on Itch," cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

The King of Bavaria will be the only spectator at a series of performances about to be given by Mme. Wolten.

"Wells' Health Renewer" for weak men.

New Hampshire has the longest lived people, on the average.

Mrs. Stewart's "John Brown."

A gentleman who sometimes goes to the Stewart house said recently that Mrs. A. T. Stewart has a gillie to whom she is as greatly devoted as Queen Victoria ever was to John Brown. His name is Smith. That is almost as startling a name as Brown. Smith has been with Mrs. Stewart for many years. She trusts him implicitly, and he has sole charge of her residence. He lives in the basement, and it is his light that one sometimes sees flickering out of the basement window. Smith carries the keys and knows all the secret places. If there are any ghosts there he is not afraid of them. He has the name of every bottle of wine in the cellar, and must go down and look them over every month or two. He writes nearly all the letters that go out of the Stewart mansion, and at the head of them all are the words printed in silver letters, "The Marble Palace." Mrs. Stewart's note paper has also on its head "The Marble Palace"; and in deference to her fancy in the matter her friends address their letters to her at "The Marble Palace." But while she has a weakness for the cheap fame of living in a house that she chooses to call marble palace she is not an extravagant woman. Ever since her husband's death she has lived as if she still had his warning hand raised before her as she had it a great portion of the time while he was her living husband.

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Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

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QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

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Strengthens the Muscles, Stendies the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

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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."

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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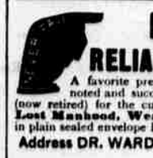

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Address DR. WARD & CO., Louisiana, Mo.

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is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia Balm.

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ARCHITECT

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IN THE TREATMENT OF

Liver and Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Gravel Stone in the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease, etc.

EFFECTED BY THE DISCOVERY OF

DR. CARPENTER'S

Calculi Resolvent.

The following are specimens of testimonials being daily received by the Calculi Resolvent Manufacturing Co.:

COLUMBUS, O., April
Calculi Resolvent M'f'g. Co., Cleveland, O.:
Dear Sirs—One of our customers has been troubled with Kidney Complaint, has tried nearly everything, and since taking 3 Bottles of Calculi Resolvent he claims to be fully relieved and cured. He does not want his name made public, but we can say he has used nearly everything for his complaint, but this time he struck the right medicine. Respectfully,
RAUSCHKOLB BROS., Druggists.

CLEVELAND, O., March 23, 1885.
Calculi Resolvent M'f'g. Co., 70 Water street:
Gentlemen—For years I have at times been troubled from torpid liver, and also, more or less, from Kidney affection. Some time ago, when in the condition above mentioned, I procured a bottle of your Calculi Resolvent. At the time my urine was very red, and the sediment accumulated during the night had somewhat the appearance of brick dust. Before I had completed the bottle my liver seemed to act like a new one, and the urine cleared up, the offensive smell left it, and now no deposit is found when it stands a few hours. I give this statement unasked, and it is worth anything in calling the attention of those similarly afflicted, you may use it as you like. Yours truly,
JAMES A. YOUNG.

Sold by J. J. Brown.

ALLEN'S GENUINE ORIGINAL NERVE & BONE LINIMENT.

Price, 25c. per bottle. Introduced in 1835 by Geo. Marston Allen. A painless, sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Old Sores, Burns, Sprains, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, Swellings and all other bodily pains. Farmers and owners of stock recommend it as the best known remedy for cure of Shoulder Strains, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Chafes or Galls, Sprains, Corks, Film in the Eye, etc. Beware of Imitations.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, Jr., Sole Prop. and Manufacturer, Office, No. 3 W. 3d St., Cincinnati, O. For sale by all Druggists.