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DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS.

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MONDAY EVENING, JULY 20.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor:
JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton County.

Lieutenant Governor:
ROBERT P. KENNEDY,
Of Logan County.

Supreme Court Judge:
GEORGE W. MCILVAINE,
Of Tuscarawas County.

State Treasurer:
JOHN C. BROWN,
Of Jefferson County.

Attorney General:
JACOB A. KOHLER,
Of Summit County.

Board of Public Works:
WELLS S. JONES,
Of Pike County.

Common Pleas Judge:
JOSEPH W. O'NEALL,
Of Warren County.

State Senator:
THOMAS J. PRINGLE,
Of Clarke County.

REPUBLICAN

DELEGATE ELECTION AND CONVENTION.

To the Republicans of Clark County, Ohio:

YOU are hereby notified that meetings will be held in each of the voting precincts of said county, on

Monday Evening, August 3, 1885,

at the usual place of voting, unless otherwise provided, for the selection of delegates to attend the County Convention to be held on

Tuesday, 10:30 A. M., August 4, 1885,

at the Wigwam, in the City of Springfield, to nominate candidates for the following county offices:

1. Representative.
2. Prosecuting Attorney.
3. Commissioner.
4. Infirmary Director.
5. Coroner.
6. Surveyor.

The Delegates to said Convention shall be selected in the following manner:

That on the evening of August 3, 1885, the Republican electors of Clark county, Ohio, shall assemble in each voting precinct in said county at their usual voting places, or at such places as the Central Committeeman of each precinct shall provide, which place of meeting shall be designated, if it be other than the usual voting place, and notice given to the voters of said precincts at least ten days prior to the caucus meeting.

The Central Committeeman, or in his absence, some one designated by him, shall call the meeting to order at 7 p. m. in the county precincts, and at 5 p. m. in the city precincts; and they shall proceed to elect a Chairman, Secretary, and a person to be blindfolded to draw the names from the box, and a committee consisting of seven reliable Republicans.

The officers above designated shall be elected in such manner as the caucus may decide, except the committee of seven, which shall be elected as follows: No nominations shall be made; each Republican voter at the caucus shall write the name of a suitable person on a ballot and place it in a hat provided for that purpose; these ballots shall be collected and counted in the presence of the meeting, and the seven receiving the highest number of votes shall constitute said committee; should there not be seven persons voted for on the first ballot, those receiving votes shall be declared elected to said committee, and a new ballot shall be taken as before to elect the remainder of said committee; should any persons receive a tie vote, said tie shall be determined by lot in such manner as the caucus may decide.

The said committee of seven shall then impartially select from the Republican electors of said precinct the names of twice the number to which said precinct is entitled to delegates in said County Convention; they shall then place the names so selected in a box, which shall be thoroughly shaken; the names shall then be drawn one at a time by a person blindfolded and chosen for the purpose. The first half of the names drawn out shall be the Delegates and the other half in the order of their drawing shall be the Alternates to said County Convention.

The basis of representation at said Convention shall be one Delegate to every 25 votes cast for James G. Blaine for President at the November, 1884, election, and one Delegate for every fraction of 12 or more.

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

The various precincts shall be entitled to the following number of Delegates:

Bonnelsville	5
Medway	4
New Carlisle	10
Lawrenceville	4
Tremont	2
Greene township	11
Harmony	13
Madison	17
Mad River	9
Moorefield	8
Pike	8
Pleasant	13
Springfield	15
First ward	10
Second	17
Third—Precinct A	19
Precinct B	12
Fourth	14
Fifth—Precinct A	29
Precinct B	5
Sixth—Precinct A	14
Precinct B	16
Seventh—Precinct A	4
Precinct B	12
Eighth—Precinct A	12
Precinct B	5
Ninth	11

Also, each precinct meeting shall return the name of suitable person for Central Committeeman of said precinct for the ensuing year.

By order of Central Committee.

JOHN W. PARSONS, Chairman.

JAS. P. GOODWIN, Secretary.

The Home Weekly, published at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home at Xenia, by Mr. A. A. Winans, is a very handsome, bright paper.

The proprietor of the Grand Hotel, London, doesn't like American customers, simply because they do not "buy much wine!" He might say worse things than that of the Yankees.

It is reported that Miss Chamberlain, the beautiful Cleveland lady, in protesting against the attentions of the Prince of Wales, said to him, in desperation: "You keep better men away from me."

We are glad to lay before our readers, today, a most interesting letter from the pen of Rev. Henry Tuckley, D. D., the eloquent pastor of St. Paul's, who has just paid a visit to Grant, at Mt. McGregor, and who graphically records what he saw.

The "War Papers" in the August Century will include an anecdote article by Mrs. Burton Harrison, entitled "A Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War." It describes Richmond society, and the lights and shadows of war times as experienced by Southern women.

The picture of a "dainty damsel," waiting, in a barouche, "smiling in shy, sweet pleasure," which we find in Cassell's Family Magazine, for August, is worth at least a dollar, while the price of the magazine is only 15 cents a single number, or $1.50 a year. Address Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York, or call at Pierce's.

DR. LEONARD AND HIS CHURCH.

Much has been said in the newspapers about the relations between Dr. Leonard and his church—the Central M. E., in this city. The Commercial Gazette managers sent a representative to investigate, and he found that a large majority of the Doctor's Trustees, while they loved him as a man, admired him as a preacher and enjoyed his pastoral ministrations, disapproved of his acceptance of the Prohibition gubernatorial nomination. One of the Board, Mr. Peter Slack, his very strongest supporter, and a leading Prohibitionist in principle and in conduct, revolted outright, and asked for a letter of dismission. A Cincinnati Enquirer reporter then came here and "went through" the Trustees and gave his report. Now we find the following in The Voice, of New York, the National organ of the Prohibition party:

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette has made a vigorous effort to show that Dr. Leonard's church are highly offended at his acceptance of the Prohibition nomination for Governor. The following is an all-sufficient answer:

Special Dispatch to the Voice.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 14.—The Official Board of the Central M. E. Church (Dr. Leonard's) met last night to take final action on his case. There was much chatter that he would be requested to resign for having accepted the Prohibition Gubernatorial nomination. How far from the truth this is, is shown by the following resolutions, which were adopted almost unanimously:

"In view of the contradictory reports now being circulated as to the relations existing between the Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D., and the Official Board of Central M. E. Church, we deem it right and proper to say, that the political opinions of Dr. Leonard are not now, nor have they ever been, a subject for official consideration. That we recognize the right of pastor as well as people to control their own political opinions. That whatever may be our individual opinions concerning the propriety of Dr. Leonard's accepting the nomination as a candidate for Governor on the Prohibition ticket, he has our profoundest regards and most perfect confidence as a minister and a pastor, and we do now repeat the request made by our last Quarterly Conference requesting his return to us for another year."

It is believed that fully three-fourths of the 29 members of the Board will vote for Leonard in October.

As attempts have been made to misrepresent the action and status of the Trustees, we propose to give the facts. Nobody who has taken the pains to ascertain them believes that "fully three-fourths of the 29 members of the Board" will vote for Leonard in October. Of the 29—or 32, including the Local Preachers, 18 are Republicans and will vote for Foraker. The action taken by the Trustees was the result of a compromise, the Republicans wishing to make sufficient concessions to preserve harmony in the church. Then it must be borne in mind that they have the same feeling of regard for their pastor, *as a pastor*, as that entertained by the political Prohibitionists, and it followed, logically, that the more they liked him as a pastor and preacher the less they liked him as a political candidate, whose new "duties(!)" would take him from them as a pastor, certainly, if not as a preacher. The action of the Trustees is, therefore, *not an expression of approval of Dr. Leonard as a candidate or as a Prohibitionist, but as a pastor and preacher*, and Partisan Prohibitionists must not assert otherwise, on the platform on in their newspapers. The situation is precisely this: Dr. Leonard is an eloquent preacher and a man of pleasant and attractive manners; and he makes it a matter of personal pride as well as an important campaign element to persuade his own people to support him. It can easily be seen that, in this view of the case, he would have more influence among his own people, than anywhere else, and that whatever success he might have among them, this success would be no criterion of what might exist outside of it in any other locality.

Now let Republicans—from Captain Bushnell to the most obscure private in the ranks—understand that the Prohibitionists are making every possible effort, in all parts of the State, now—holding meetings and personally soliciting the people, everywhere, and informing them that it is their duty as Christians to vote for Leonard and Frost. Republicans cannot afford to stand off and laugh and sneer at these men, (and the women who are working with them,) but they must meet them on their own ground, face to face, or get ahead of them in covering the ground, which would be better. They ought not to postpone their campaign work until September, or until the Democrats nominate, for their most dangerous and active foes are now at the front, and fighting effectively. Both they and the Democrats can be beaten, and will be, but not by inactivity and supineness. The Republicans must be aggressive and vigilant and must begin work now! And all Republicans should report for duty and take a hand in the fight.

It is now rumored that the Mormons of Salt Lake City are armed, and not content with the insult to the National Government by half-masting the flag on the Fourth of July, are ready to attack the Gentiles on the slightest provocation. It would be a delightful "picnic" if Utah would only rebel.

The Mormons have discovered that the American flag is a dangerous piece of goods to fool with.

Interesting Letter from Rev. Henry Tuckley, D. D.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 17th.

To the Editor of the Globe-Republic:

Partly from their acquaintance with the writer, but chiefly from the tender interest they all feel in the subject of the sketch, your readers, I think, will be glad of a few lines relative to a visit just made to that lofty and now famous elevation, where sojourns, awaiting His Master's command to ascend still higher, the Nation's hero—the idol of his countrymen in North and South alike—the world's bravest, most patient and most distinguished sufferer—General Grant. Mount McGregor lifts itself by easy flights well up toward the sky. It is 1,500 feet, I believe, above sea level; yet, fortunately, it is so near to the rush of an earthly life as to be only ten miles from this beautiful and festive "Queen of the Spas." The journey is made by rail in forty minutes; a truly exhilarating ride, for the cars thread around the mountain's edge close enough to make a timid person think there is danger of toppling over, and then, as additional features of interest, there are the rugged trees through which you whizz, and the still more rugged rocks which at times you can nearly touch from the car window, and the modest wild flowers, which nature, as if to prepare for our hero's coming, has scattered around so lavishly; and last, though by no means the least enjoyable on so sultry a day, the cool mountain breezes, which fan us as we ascend.

The summit gained, one observes at once that this resort, while greatly elevated, is of modest dimensions, and wears, withal, an essentially rustic aspect, contrasting charmingly in the latter respect with the artistic beauties of the more stately place we have left behind. How fitting, we think as we look around, that one who has reached the highest summit of earthly fame should be brought to this high mount for his translation to the loftier attitudes of glory! How admirably these modest surroundings comport with his own unpretentious demeanor through life! And how appropriate, too, that one whose career was so largely the result of natural endowments and so little the product of qualities which are acquired, should spend his last days amid scenes which nature has done so much and art so little to produce and make beautiful.

The General's cottage can be easily seen from the depot, and the cars are no sooner emptied than we all instinctively bend our steps toward which, now, as one of our party remarks, "the eyes of the whole world are turned"—near enough to see that the portly woman in white on the edge of the porch facing us is Mrs. Grant, and that the gentleman on the steps in conversation with her is Colonel Fred. We meet a party coming away who kindly informs us that just around the corner on another part of the veranda we shall see the distinguished invalid himself. This was the good fortune we had all wished, yet somehow, the news seemed to check us. Not a word passes, and our feet press the graveled walks more lightly and slowly than before, and behold, in a few seconds, we see him. We were so near we could easily have spoken to him, but we didn't, and anxious faces and tearful eyes gave expression to our feelings.

Never did I feel so much like uncovering my head as a token of respect. We all did this, of course, and bowed respectfully, the General waving his hand in response. Thus each had a brief look at the old hero, and each secured a kindly recognition. But this does not suffice. It is probably our last chance. We must turn and look again, even though it may seem rude, and most of us do so, feeling a little ashamed, but consoling ourselves with the common excuse of transgression, that "we couldn't help it."

The General looks so changed from what he was when I saw him in his office in New York two years ago. I was impressed than that I had never seen a more vigorous looking man. Form rotund, cheeks plump and ruddy with health, eye clear and strong, and the inevitable cigar, well it was represented in boxes on top of the desk quite numerously, and the General had one at hand ready for use. Today I see a different person, yet the same. He is seated well back in a cane rocker, his most conspicuous garment being a gray colored dressing gown. A black silk hat tilts forward on his head until it almost touches the eyebrows, and beneath are pallid cheeks marked with lines of suffering, and the familiar beard, almost white now, but still closely cropped. I note, too, pressing up against the chin, the ominous badge of his incurable malady, a thick white bandage encircling the throat. But despite these many marks of weakness and decay, you can still see, as you gaze into that stolid face, that you are looking upon a strong man, and a man who, in his indomitable will power, is as strong today in the fight with suffering, though he cannot, alas, be so successful, as when he led the Union armies to victory, and largely by his dogged perseverance, saved the Republic.

When we first saw the General he was sitting alone. Later, the family group gathered about him, and Colonel Fred submitted some manuscript to his scrutiny. Afterwards, we observed his faithful colored attendant bring him some liquid food. Then a messenger from the adjacent hotel carried over a batch of telegrams. It was an interesting group, I assure you, and every movement was eagerly watched and carefully noted. How could it be otherwise, when we realized that we were gazing, probably for the last time, upon the unbroken family circle of our Nation's first citizen! How glad we were, as we sat there looking and thinking, that the General had at length become so pronounced in his acceptance of the Savior, and that his prospects for the other world are so bright.

Just as the sun was setting, and the breezes becoming more fresh, the old warrior was assisted within, and shortly thereafter our train began to move slowly down the mountain side. Before starting, however, I plucked a handful of wild flowers as a souvenir, and, fortunately, for the purpose it was to serve, the collection included a few sweet forget me-nots.

HENRY TUCKLEY.

That "Pinafore."

Under the apple-tree she sat,
My little love in her broad brimmed hat
And her blue checked pinafore.
The robin above her swelled his throat,
But the maiden's song ravished his sweetest note,
Though he warbled it o'er and o'er.

Oh, shining and red were the skins that fell
From the sweet ripe apples she pared so well!
"You may help," she said, "if you will."
Then I took the bench on my own strong knee,
And whispered, "Sweet as the apples may be,
I know who is sweetest still."

The brim of her hat fell lower down,
And hid from my gaze her eyes so brown,
As she steadily worked away.
But I slyly whispered, "Would it might be
That we might be served like the apple you see,
And paired by the parson some day!"

Up went the pinafore over her face,
Till I of her blushes could see no trace.
Then—what do you think I did?
To hide the sorrow and shame I felt,
In deep contrition beside her I knelt,
And my face in her pinafore hid.

I've often wondered whether 'twas wrong,
But while the robin was singing his song
Up in the apple-tree,
I gave sweet Katie a kiss or two;
And Katie, of course—what else could she do?
Gave both of them back to me.

And the pinafore—bless the thing, I say,
For the friendly shelter it gave that day!
Kept our sweet secret well,
And hid from the sun and the robin's view
Sweet Katie's blushes, and helped me, too,
A certain story to tell.

—Harper's Weekly.

MY SECRETARY.

My uncle and I had been co-workers of a weekly journal, of which he ruled the roast in town and I more humbly undertook the country branch and obeyed his behests down in Liverpool. I had only seen him very occasionally, for, though he was reported to be as kind as he was eccentric, we did not pull very well together. Hence my grief at his decease was deep enough to be respectable, and, having installed our chief clerk at Liverpool, I cheerfully came up to the London office as my uncle's sole heir. This identical morning on which I was rolling townward in a Fulham bus was the first on which I was going regularly to work.

There were eleven of us inside, and when the conductor gave us a hasty survey and then opened the door, I am sure there was not one among us who did not sincerely hope that the newcomer might prove a tolerably slim man. Instead of a man it was a girl.

She slipped into the vacant place and then we were off again. She was a particularly nice girl. Her hair was yellow, her lips very red, and her eyes very blue, and such a vivid little bit of coloring was quite a relief after the stolid monotony of the bearded faces around her. Her ulster was thin and worn, and her gloves were a miraculous proof of how much darning one pair could stand; but it was neither her pretty face nor her shabby clothes that so attracted me. No; it was her own exceeding happiness. She was childishly happy; almost idiotically so, I thought at last, for there she was, with her big eyes sparkling with fun, and the dimples playing at hide-and-seek round her mouth. What on earth was she thinking about? She could not have been more than nineteen or so, and carried with her a roll of manuscript in a business-like sort of way as if the document were her own.

When I was put down in Fleet street, I noticed that she, too, left the omnibus, but I was not prepared to see her precede me into the office and vanish up the staircase. All my life I had nourished a special detestation for writing-women; so it was with a considerable amount of anger that I turned round on old Jones, who had a seat in the lower room, and asked him who was the lady who had just passed me.

Old Jones was my uncle's foreman—an ancient, highly respectable, not-to-be-got-rid-of sort of a man, who had come into the office at such a remote date that it was lost in the midst of the middle ages.

"Lady!" echoed the foreman. "I—Oh, yes, to be sure. I beg pardon, sir, but for the moment I thought you meant some one with letters or manuscript, and they always come in here. If she went straight upstairs it was Miss Charity Landor."

"What does she want, and who is she?" I asked; and if old Jones had thrown a thunderbolt by way of answer I could not have been more astounded than I was by his reply.

"She is your secretary," he said.

"My secretary!" I exclaimed. "Good heavens! I won't have a girl for a secretary."

"You must," said old Jones, and then he proceeded to explain.

Mr. Landor, it appeared, had been my uncle's secretary for some three years, when one morning his daughter had arrived in his stead saying that her father was unwell, and might she not undertake his work for a couple of days. My uncle agreed, and the girl did the work, and did it so creditably, old Jones declared, that his master was only too glad to retain her when it proved that, as regards writing, a paralytic stroke had placed Mr. Landor on the shelf.

"And so," pursued my informant, "Miss Cherry has been here going on a year now, and if you dismiss her—you'll excuse me, sir—but you'll get yourself into a pretty pickle. She knows all about everybody, and the correspondence, and——"

"This is pure rubbish," I interrupted lottily, for it was hardly a soothing suggestion that my future success depended on a slip of a girl.

I had snug quarters—a tolerably good-sized room, where my uncle used to sit in state, and an inner one, very much smaller, where I found Miss Charity Landor. She looked desperately industrious, a perfect model of a secretary, in fact, when I first peered into the room, for she was seated at the table, with a whole pile of papers before her, and her pen was skimming rapidly along, while the orthodox little business frown drew the pretty eyebrows nearer together.

"Good morning," and I walked into the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Blake," said the girl. She rose and held out her hand. "I hope you will approve of me. But perhaps you don't approve of women secretaries?"

"No, I don't," I said, bluntly, "but I should be very sorry to cause you any inconvenience, so suppose we say that for one month things shall go on as they are?"

The girl's face fell.

Business is business; I did not want a girl in my office, and I told her so. Furthermore, I explained my views of women's duties in general, and hinted pretty plainly that I thought she would be far better at home nursing her father.

I went to my room feeling thankful to her that she had not tried to coax a more gracious answer from me. With such a face—with such eyes, who could resist her? Did she know how beautiful she was? Pshaw! every woman knows that.

Our paper was simply chit-chat on the topics of the day, and steered tolerably clear of scandal. There were science papers, and book papers, and the only amusing column was the one that was devoted to miscellaneous gossip, and was signed "The Man About Town." The style was clever and easy, and I nourished a secret but profound admiration for my unknown contributor. Looking over his latest articles, it suddenly struck me I had never been told his name, and I put my new secretary to her first use by asking it of Miss Charity Landor.

"Hope," said the girl. "He never calls. Mr. Blake used to write to him."

"I should like to see him," I answered. "Do you not admire his writings, Miss Landor?"

"Not particularly," she replied. "It reads to me as if he put in a good deal of rubbish by way of padding."

For the first week or so I found the girl's presence was irksome, but, as the strangeness wore off, it seemed to make my work doubly attractive. She was an immense help to me; but, try as I would, I could not persuade myself that it was simply her assistance that was so valuable to me. I began to listen for the soft voice, and laid many a deep plot to win a laugh or a smile.

One spring morning, when I was working alone, an open envelope was brought me, which I knew to contain the weekly effusion of "The Man About Town." The address was written in his customary style, but when the MS tumbled out, to my intense amazement, it was written in the well-known, rather peculiar hand of my own secretary. Was it possible that Charity should be the author of these clever papers?

Impulsive for once in my life, I went into the inner room, laid the paper on the girl's desk, and asked her what it meant. Her answer was so eloquent that words of mine are powerless to describe it; she simply looked up at me and flushed hotly.

"I am very penitent," she said, though she did not look it in the very least, "but it was so easy. Father used to write them first, and then, when he couldn't, I took it as well as his other work. Mr. Blake did not mind, but I knew you would, because I am a woman, so my brother always copied it for me. He copied it this time, and must have posted the original by a stupid mistake. Are you angry? Ah, don't be angry—please don't!"

"Angry? Why, I am proud of you!" I answered her. "So happy, too, that I want to tell you something else; may I, Charity?"

"Yes, Mr. Blake."

I saw the sweet face as she half turned from me, and seeing, I gained courage to continue.

"Charity means love," I said, softly. "Darling, am I too vain or mad if I hope——" The words failed me, and I held out my arms. "Charity, will you not come to me?"

And then, with a new, bright light in her glorious eye, Charity came.

"But, after all, dear, what a terrible come-down it was for you!" she is apt to protest, when I repeat the popular opinion that I am not good enough for my wife; "for you only married 'The Man About Town.'"

And, for my part, I answer that he may laugh who wins, for, writer or not, I certainly married a particularly nice girl.

A Singular Fatality.

In the extracts from Gen. Grant's book of "Personal Memoirs" recently given in the dispatches there is an account of his meeting at Appomattox with Gen. Lee to arrange the terms of surrender of the forces under the latter's command. Gen. Grant says: "It occurred at the house of a man named McLean who was a confederate general." This is a mistake. Wilmer McLean, the person referred to, was not in the southern army at all. He was a non-combatant and over the age for conscription at the time of the war. He must, however, have thought there was a fatality attending his movements, as he involuntarily witnessed the first battle of Bull run and the close of the war at Appomattox. He was a native of Alexandria, Va., who, after being engaged for some time in business in that town—the firm of Kerr & McLean, wholesale and retail grocers, was years ago well known throughout the surrounding country—moved out near Manassas and engaged in farming. His house was taken by Gen. Beauregard as his headquarters previous to and after the battle of Bull run. McLean moved away from the place after the fight and purchased another place at Appomattox, for the express purpose of removing his family from the scene of war. Instead, however, of succeeding in this the warlike operations shifted to his immediate neighborhood, and his own house was again occupied for military purposes. It has become famous in history, and the name of its owner, with all his reluctance to be connected with the war, and his endeavor to escape from it, is indelibly associated with the closing scene of the great drama. The table on which the terms of surrender were drawn by Gen. Grant, accepted by Gen. Lee, and signed by them, was purchased by Gen. Ord, and was a conspicuous article of furniture in his parlor at his house at Black point when that officer was in command of this military department. The general always called the attention of visitors to it, and was fond of narrating the incidents connected with the surrender at which he was present, being a corps commander. The table was a substantial mahogany round table of the old-fashioned parlor size. It was made at Green's cabinet factory in Alexandria, Va., and had been many years in the possession of McLean before it became identified with the grand historical event of Lee's surrender.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Showed How His Fields Were Won.

The grand annual shouldering of crutches and showing of how fields were won at Portland reminds the historian of an occurence at a similar reunion at Chicago a few years ago. There was a sort of a competition among the veterans that year in the matter of wounds, and Col. Rickaby, a well-known Chicago lawyer and semi-politician, who had really been a brave soldier, though he lacked the soldierly quality of modesty, distanced all competitors by appearing at the banquet in a suit of clothes with apertures cut through them exactly corresponding with all the wounds he had received in the service. As he had the good fortune, for a public man, to be shot full of holes and recover, he presented an exceedingly perforated appearance at the banqueting board. "Here," he remarked in his volubie way, pointing to one of his grievous rents, "I was wounded at Pittsburg Landing; this cut represents a bayonet thrust at Vicksburg; a piece of a shell, exploded at Port Hudson, cut through here," etc., etc.

A veteran from the country ventured to ask the colonel whether a shot had ever struck him in the jaw, and the rebel fire at Fort Wagner wasn't any more withering than the look that Rickaby gave him.—*Boston Record.*

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Positively Relieved and Nature assisted in restoring Vital powers

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IT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE. ENTIRELY FREE FROM FUSEL OIL.

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Enters the system from unknown causes, at all seasons. Shatters the Nerves, Impairs Digestion, and Enfeebles the Muscles.

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THE BEST TONIC

Quickly and completely cures Malaria, and Chills and Fevers, For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, it has no equal. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

FATHER T. J. REILLY, the patriotic and scholarly Catholic Divine, of Arkansas, says:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters with the greatest satisfaction for Malaria, and as a preventive of Chills and like diseases, and will always keep it on hand as a ready friend."

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CHOLERA is rapidly moving westward and will soon appear in this country. In order to prevent disastrous effects from its ravages every preventive should be employed, and the system should be in perfect condition. At this season of the year the system is in a weak state and easily susceptible to dangerous disease. Pain in the back, weariness, lassitude, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver complaints are but the result of neglect. During the last visitation of cholera to this country no medicine was found equal to Mishler's Herb Bitters, both as a preventive and cure, and it has been equally successful in all the diseases above mentioned. It renews and invigorates the blood, restoring to health and strength, and thus shielding the system from disease.

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MEDICAL.

CANCER OF TONGUE!

A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand which gave me great trouble, and under the old-time treatment was healed up, and I supposed I was well. I found, however, it had only been driven into the system by the use of potash and mercury, and in March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in what some of the doctors denominated cancer. I was placed under treatment for this disease. Some six or seven of the best physicians in the country had me at different times under their charge, among them three specialists in this line; but one after another would exhaust their skill, and drop me, for I grew worse continually. The cancer had eaten through my cheek, destroying the palate and under lip entirely and half my tongue, eating out to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. From a heavy robust woman of 150 pounds, I was reduced to a mere frame of skin and bones, almost unable to turn myself in bed. I could not eat any solid food, but subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. The anguish of mind and the horrible sufferings of body which I experienced, can never be revealed. Given up by physicians to die, with no hope of recovery on the part of friends who sat around my bedside, expecting every moment to be my last; in fact, my husband would place his hand upon me every now and then to see whether I was alive or not, and at one time all decided that life was extinct, and my death was reported all over the country.

Such was my helpless and wretched condition the first of last October (1884), when my friends commenced giving me Swift's Specific. In less than a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A process of a new under lip is progressing finely, and the tongue which was almost destroyed is feeling recovered, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can eat solid food again. I am able to walk wherever I please without the assistance of any one, and have gained fifty pounds in flesh. All this under the blessing of a merciful Heavenly Father, is due to Swift's Specific. I am a wonder and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings, and have visited me in my affliction. While I am not entirely well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout, and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. If any doubt these facts, I would refer them to Lon. John H. Trayler, State Senator of this district, who is my neighbor, Dr. T. S. Braddield, of La Grange, Ga., or to any other persons living in the southern part of Troupe county, Ga.

MRS. MARY L. COMER.

LaGrange, Ga., May 14, 1885.

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