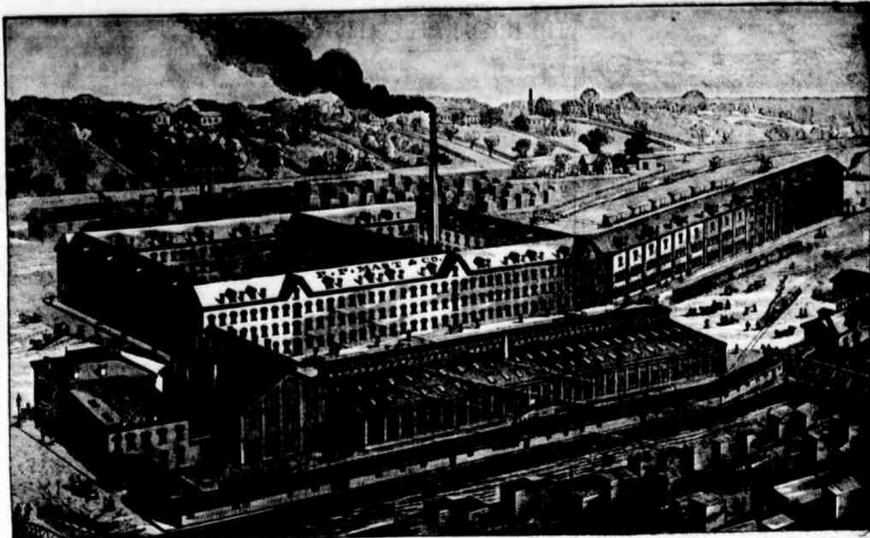


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## SEA SHORE BY NIGHT.

THE WILD WATERS SEE AND HEAR.

What Happens at the West End After the Last Boat and Train Have Left Coney Island—A Missionary Field That is Sadly Neglected.

New York Mercury.  
The west end of Coney Island has been fairly launched for the season on the bounding billows of the wildest and wickedest kind of "amusement" and "pleasure." For noise the place is a perfect pandemonium with concert halls and dance houses. For the crowding together of shanties and booths of all descriptions it has its prototype in the old West Washington market; and for reasons only too plainly to be seen, it is a modernized edition of the

OLD FIVE POINTS.  
Starting from the entrance to the old iron pier and running down west toward the point, across upon acres of sand are hoarded over and covered by frame structures so closely jammed together as to appear one huge bizarre structure inspired and directed by the genius of uproar and abandoned revelry. A respectable stranger getting into this section of the island would fancy he was among the notorious concert saloons that in former days made Catham street and the lower Broadway a roaring and howling highway.

A Mercury reporter spent Thursday night in the locality, and the scenes he witnessed left an indelible impression that true missionary labor is more needed here than in the far-off lands of the Hottentot, hazy shores of the South Sea or elsewhere. The average Coney Island habitue of some parts of the West End at night is about the biggest pagan and sinner to be found anywhere on the round globe, for he respects nothing that is decent.

THERE IS ONE DANCE PAVILION, the proprietor of which has long kept a dance house in a basement in this city, and whatever restraint he experienced here has been thrown off at Coney Island. The pavilion consists of an open-air round liquor place, and the dance hall is on the floor above. Benefiting by his knowledge of a certain class of human nature, the proprietor has female instead of male bartenders, flashy-looking blondes with a megaphone of light clothing around the neck and shoulders. As in almost all the other establishments around, the band is a one-horse concern, and the style of dancing is built on the can-can as a solid basis, with far-fetched adornments and lofty gymnastical embellishments super-added.

THE CLASS OF WORKERS who were seen in the place were apparently of the lowest order, intellectually and morally. Many of them were dressed in concert saloon style, and had come from New York on a "racket." But there were some who appeared to be the daughters of poor parents, working girls. In age they seemed to range from fifteen to seventeen and eighteen years. The male portion of the patrons of this place were decidedly of the hoodlum type, young fellows who don't work, but always manage to dress well in their own peculiar style, and to have money, however they may get it. A man who keeps a respectable business on the island said: "You know that the girls of that age and class are fond of excitement."

A TRIP TO CONY ISLAND is more to them than a trip to Europe. In their agelessness to come down they will accept an invitation from anybody that offers. These young leaders bring them down to this portion of the island, and as the admissions are free, drinks must be bought and indulged in as a recompense for the free admission. Thus the girls are induced to drink beer and sometimes harder stuff. The noise is kept up, the band rattles away at its so-called music, the dancing proceeds more wild, loose and farious than ever. In the excitement the girls take no note of the time, and when they begin to think of returning home they find it is 11 or 12 o'clock and the last boat has left and perhaps the last train. Suppose the boat has left, but that there is yet a train, the male escort will plead that he has spent all his money, and having bought return tickets on the boat and the having left, he can not buy rail tickets, and so they are forced to remain

ON THE ISLAND ALL NIGHT.  
The girls, with the reckless spirit of youth, will enter again into that wild symposium and keep it up until 1 o'clock in the morning. The escort tells them that he has a friend living on the island, and that they will go there and get shelter for the night. He takes the girl off down to the disreputable houses toward the point or out toward the grove, a mile or so from the beach. If he has money he may bring her into one of the houses. If not he will pretend he has gone astray and they will have to remain all night on the sands or in the grove. Hundreds of young girls will be raised in this way during the season, and it would be an act of charity to give warning now at the beginning, as it will certainly save some from destruction.

IN ALL THE CONCERT HALLS, as the ranches are euphemistically called, young girls on the stage are made attractions. Some of them do not look over

thirteen years, and all of them act and dress in the most improper manner, and this seemed to be the chief, if not the only, incentive to applause. The songs delivered from the stage were of the lowest concert saloon order, both in language and sentiment. There were two of these halls which were so bad that even the Coney Island police interfered. Both of them had girl performers on their stage, and at intervals the artists would come out among the audience and join in the cheering and revel with gusto. As the evening would wear on the artists would become intoxicated and from the stage hold dialogues with male acquaintances in the audience. One of the places was closed up altogether last week. The other is still open, but boys have been substituting for the girls, and the proprietress of the place complained to the reporter that there was

NO BUSINESS SINCE THE CHANGE.  
She blamed her lady performers, who, she said, had gone too far. She had hired them as ladies, she declared, but found they were girls who had graduated on Christie street and had taken their evening perturbations on the Bowery. But there are half a dozen places just as bad there yet. As the reporter sat at a table in one of them about 10:30 o'clock a woman, seemingly of respectable antecedents, staggered in drunk. She was looking for the male escort with whom she had come to the island. She could not find him and she called for

A GLASS OF WHISKEY which, although she was already deeply intoxicated, was served to her. Next morning she was seen at the Brighton Beach railroad depot. She had evidently spent the night in the sands back of the houses. The woman said she lived in Brooklyn. A young girl who said she worked in a store in New York, was found by the reporter sitting on a bench crying about 11 o'clock. She said she had met a young man in the city about a week previous and he had called to see her. She accepted an invitation to Coney Island. About 10 o'clock he took her for a walk. She struggled with him and in the struggle

TOOK HER POKERBOOK from her. She had not a cent to get home with and did not know what to do. Down toward the lower end of the shanties two young girls saluted the reporter. One of them said she was seasick from having scopped too much and wanted the reporter to buy her some brandy.

"WHERE DO ALL YOUR FEMALE PATRONS come from?" the reporter asked one of the employees of a dancing pavilion. The man gave a knowing look and responded: "Heaven knows; but principally from New York and Brooklyn. They are pretty tough, but then they are high-toned. They would not go to the low dance and concert places around."

IN THEIR WILDEST RAVELAY and keep it up until 1 o'clock. If these places would close up in good time for the people to get back to New York and Brooklyn, a great deal of the evil would be mitigated; or, if this is not done, an announcement should be made from the stage of the departure of the last boat or train in time for people to catch it. The Sea Beach company and the proprietors of respectable places in the West End are endeavoring to purify the place, but are meeting with little, if any, success. The police, as a general thing, do not seem to care. Some strong effort should be made, else the West End of Coney Island will become a hideous moral ulcer.

INCIDENTS OF DAHLGREN'S RAID.  
James W. Owens, in the Current.  
There are some circumstances connected with Dahlgren's raid that have never been known, except to a few participants, that are illustrative of some small things exercise their influence on great undertakings. The recklessness of his attempt to get to Richmond with one thousand men, capture the outposts and release the federal prisoners there, is a matter upon which there can be no discussion. That it was daring and brave to an extreme is one question; and that its results were near being very disastrous to the Confederate cause but a few are in position to tell. Admiral Dahlgren, in his narrative, says: "About two or three o'clock in the afternoon (of March 1st, 1862) Colonel Dahlgren struck the Virginia Central railroad about a mile below 'Frederick's Hall' station, to which he rode. A party of rebel officers, who were crossing the woods, little suspecting the presence of Union soldiers, were all captured; some were released and others detained, among the latter Captain Dement." These facts are in the main true, and I take no issue with them further than to point out some inaccuracies that are liable to occur in any article where the facts are stated second hand. Offering this much, therefore, by way of explanation, I will present with a recital of facts within my own personal knowledge:

than the army encamped, or picking, on the Rapid Ann river, fourteen miles distant. As a means of security in case of attack, Colonel Brown, Chief of Artillery of the Corps, had ordered that a company of infantry be detached from each battalion at large, furnished with muskets, and drilled in infantry tactics. At Frederick's Hall (this being a central point) was established the corps guard-house, and most of the time there were a sufficient number of men to form say half a company of infantry. The necessity for these explanations will present themselves further on. As nearly protected as this artillery was it would have been mere child's play for Colonel Dahlgren to have destroyed every piece and to have captured every man. It was all "parked" with no view to defensive or offensive operations, and the battalions were so far apart as to have enabled him to have captured them en masse before the horses, which were all grazing, could have been caught up for service, and having five hundred picked men, well mounted, to attack three companies of parked artillery in the woods and supported by only one company of green infantry, would have been to so dashing an officer a pastime. I was a member of the First Maryland Battery C. S. A., of which Captain Dement, above-mentioned, was Captain. On the day in question, at about twelve o'clock instead of two, Colonel Dahlgren was within a half-mile of our camp and within a mile of Frederick's Hall. Three members of the company had started out on a little private foraging expedition, in search, if I should judge by their antecedents, of a hog or some chickens which were noted for being very vicious in that vicinity, and which the same three boys—John Hurry, Billy Sherburne, and Tom Wingate—often bought at the uniform price of \$11.75. When only a half mile from the camp they saw a body of cavalry advancing very rapidly and several members of the company seemed to be racing. Hurry, thinking they were Confederates, called out:

"Sherburne, I'll bet you \$10 the black wins!"  
"I don't," said Sherburne, when suddenly instead of being greeted with a cheer as they found themselves surrounded with Federals, with carbines pressed, demanding their surrender. Of course they surrendered, but the one who had Hurry covered with his carbine still kept his aim. Hurry, who was something of a war, called out: "Look here, men, put that thing down. I've surrendered, and that's that!"

The prisoner to be judged by his appearance, would never have been considered more than ordinarily bright—but he belied his looks. He was chosen as the one to be interrogated as to the strength of the force encamped around Frederick's Hall. Without the slightest hesitation he told that they were five regiments of infantry to each one of artillery. That added to this a brigade of infantry had been stationed at Frederick's Hall, but that a number of details had been made from it, and he presumed that not more than a regiment was left. One of the accepting officers told him he believed he lied. To which Hurry, pointing to the corps guard-house at Frederick's Hall, in front of which a sentinel was seen walking, said: "Well, gentlemen, you may believe me or not, as you please; but there is the brigade headquarters, and there behind the hill you see the smoke arising from the men's quarters. I trust you will not believe me, as an attempt on your part to capture them will result in my release."

One of the officers then told him "if he deceived them, he would be shot." Immediately an old negro, a slave of Colonel Claybrook, an old gentleman of the neighborhood, came up. He was examined as to the number of troops, and in his ignorance he more than verified Hurry's statement, and in answer to a question as to how many troops were in the neighborhood, answered:

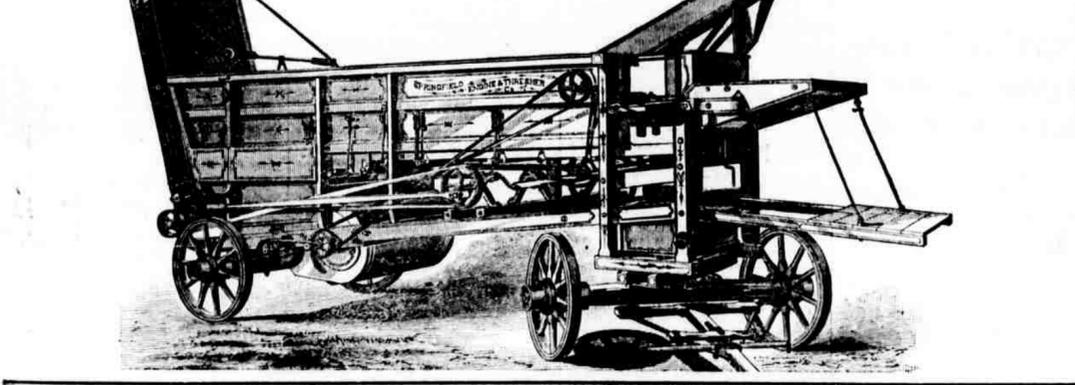
"Fore de good Lord, boss, dar's a heap on 'em!"  
"What kind?" asked the officer. "Infantry or artillery?"  
"Lord bless your soul, boss! I don't know what dey is, but dar's a heap on 'em!"  
"Do they have big or small guns?"  
"Dey's got both, sir!"  
A number of other questions were asked him and his answers all tended to one point, upon which Colonel Dahlgren held a consultation with his officers and determined to make no attempt at our capture, but to proceed as quickly as possible to Richmond.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of James S. Lamm, late of Clark county, Ohio, deceased. SARAH A. LAMM.