GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

The Only Paper in the Eighth Congressional District Receiving Associated Press Dispatches.

PUBLISHED BY THE

SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO.

THE MORNING GLOBE-REPUBLIC is published every morning and delivered promptly by carrier to all parts of the city at 15 cents per week. Single copies 1 cents. It contains all the Associated Press dispatches, and is as complete a newspaper as is published in any city in the country of the same size as Springfield.

THE EVENING GLOBE-REPUBLIC is published every evening except Sunday, and is delivered at the rate of 15c. per week. Single copies 1c.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE-REPUBLIC is issued every Sunday morning, and is delivered to subscribers at $2 per year. Single copies 5c.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC is published every Thursday, and is one of the most complete family newspapers in the country; eight pages, markets complete. Replete with news and miscellany. $1 per year, invariably cash in advance.

Address all communications to

SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, O.

SHERIFF'S PROCLAMATION.

To the qualified electors of Clark County, Ohio:

You are hereby notified that on the

Second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1885,

Being the 13th day of said month, between the hours of 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. of said day, you shall meet at your gener l election districts in said county at the usual places of holding said election, or at such other places as the proper authorities shall direct, and proceed according to law to choose the following-named officers, to wit:

One Governor of the state of Ohio.
One Lieutenant-Governor of the state of Ohio.
One Judge of the Supreme Court for the state of Ohio for the full term.
One Judge of the Supreme Court for the state of Ohio for the short term to fill vacancy caused by the death of John W. Okey.
One Attorney-General for the state of Ohio.
One Treasurer of state for the state of Ohio.
One member of the Board of Public Works for the state of Ohio.
One State Senator for the eleventh senatorial district.
One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the third sub-division of the second judicial district.
One Representative in the General Assembly of the state of Ohio for Clark County, Ohio.
One Surveyor for the County of Clark.
One County Commissioner for the County of Clark.
One Prosecuting Attorney for the County of Clark.
One Infirmary Director for the County of Clark.
One Coroner for the County of Clark.

You will also vote upon the question of amendments to Article 4, Article 10 and Section 2 of Article 2, Section 1 of Article 3 and Section 2 of Article 10 of the constitution of the state of Ohio.

And the trustees of the several townships, and the councilmen of the several wards of the city of Springfield, in said County of Clark, are hereby notified that the following number of jurors are apportioned to their townships and wards respectively, and that they are required to select the said number and make return thereof to the clerk of the Court of Common Pleas together with the poll books.

Springfield Township	18
Harmony Township	11
Moorefield Township	8
Madison Township	13
Bethel Township—Midway Precinct, 6; New Carlisle Prec't, 8; Lawrenceville Prec't, 7; Tremont Precinct, 6	19
German Tp.	12
Greene Township	10
Pike Township	11
Pleasant Township	10
Mad River Township	14
First Ward	10
Second Ward	11
Third Ward	17
Fourth Ward	4
Fifth Ward	18
Sixth Ward	16
Seventh Ward	12
Eighth Ward	7
Ninth Ward	8

WILLIAM B. BAKER,
Sheriff of Clark County, Ohio.

301Tu b w6d b

MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION!

To Whom it May Concern:

In accordance with the provision of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, section 6918—All persons who sell or barter any spirituous wine or malt liquors, or being the keeper of a place where any such liquors are habitually sold and drank, fail on election day to keep the same closed shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars and imprisoned not more than ten days

Now, therefore, as an election for State and County officers will be held in the City of Springfield, Ohio,

Tuesday, October 13, 1885,

I, JAMES P. GOODWIN, Mayor of said city, issue this Proclamation to warn all persons that the above law must be observed, and will be strictly enforced.

All persons mentioned in the above section shall keep their establishments constantly closed between the hours of 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. on the said 13th day of October, 1885.

And the City Marshal and police officers of said city are directed to enforce this order, to close any such place found open, and report any such violation of the law forthwith.

JAMES P. GOODWIN,
MAYOR.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor:
JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton County.

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

Supreme Court Judge, (Long Term)
THADDEUS A. MINSHALL,
Of Ross County.

Supreme Court Judge, (Short Term)
WILLIAM T. SPEAR,
Of Trumbull Co.

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 Clark County.

CLARK COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Representative:
GEO. C. RAWLINS.

Prosecuting Attorney:
WALTER L. WEAVER.

County Commissioner:
DOUGLASS W. RAWLINGS.

County Surveyor:
WILLIAM SHARON.

County Coroner:
JAMES M. BENNETT.

Infirmary Director:
JAMES BUFORD.

It is noted as significant of an advance in our civilization that a person may now eat the piecrust sold at a railroad station and live.

The democratic nominee for the governorship of New York is David B. Hill; and the mugwumps are all climbing over that Hill and getting on the other side.

What is in a name? Nothing much, it is true, but Austin Dobson for the name of a pretty good poet in England rather deadens some of the fine lines that Dobson has put out.

The Chicago Tribune gives currency to the report that a snake was seen in Illinois the other day with a head as big round as a beer-keg and a body fifty feet long. The head of the fellow who saw it must have been as big as a barrel the next morning.

The democratic papers say that Foraker dodged at Toledo, and the republican papers say that Hoadly dodged at Toledo. Thus it would appear that they both dodged. Well, do not trained fighters always do some dodging, and pride themselves on their science of it?

Niagara Falls on the American side are now a free show, and the Canadian government has taken the necessary steps to free that side. So about next summer a person can look up into heaven from anywhere about that vicinity without expecting a smiling cherub to dodge out and demand a tee of fifty cents.

Henry Battenberg, the German young man who has married Queen Victoria's daughter Beatrice, has been dubbed "Royal Highness" by the Queen's command, and, when her subjects forget to address him by that title, the old lady snorts indignantly. Some of them forget on purpose. These are they who deny that the British constitution allows a man to inherit royalty from his mother-in-law.

A chatty writer from a watering-place confesses a latent dislike to the piazza. And he states one of the reasons of his dislike as follows: "It looks very much as if certain women were daily set out on the piazza in the morning, turned around at noon, and taken in at night." But why should he fault the piazza for this? That style of woman, if not set out of doors, would make a man hate all the inside of a house.

A man who gets white-hot and swears himself empty, even on good provocation, squanders his reserve force. But, when he tears himself limb from limb with anger and tosses his quivering and gory pieces in the air, all on a state of facts the very opposite of what he supposes, he vanishes into harmless imbecility, and his indifferent fellow-beings turn away without stopping to help him pick up the bleeding fragments of himself.

The two amendments submitted for ratification next Tuesday, the one for changing the time of holding the state elections from October to November, and the other for extending the term of township officers from one to three years, have no political or partisan bearing, and ought to receive the vote of both parties. There is no good reason against their adoption, and there are several good reasons for it. These reasons will occur to any intelligent republican or democrat who stops to think a few minutes. Think them over on your way to the polls, and vote for both amendments.

The Indianapolis News complains that the publicity given to the details of a hanging, such as that which took Hartnett's head almost off in our penitentiary the other day, defeats the law's purpose, which is privacy of executions. It maintains that such publicity is demoralizing. That is, we suppose, a young gentleman who should read these "demoralizing details" of how the culprit's neck was squeezed *in two*, instead of squeezed *into*, would be inspired by them to go and kill somebody in order that he might stand the chance of a similar accident to his own neck. We are afraid the News's feelings on this thing will not hang together as logical thought.

The Commercial Gazette and the Enquirer are edited at each other these days with a scandalously readable virulence. But the latter seems to have burst the capacity of the English language and has slopped over and caught fire in German. It had about two columns of this exploded overflow scattered through its editorial matter yesterday. One of these articles is headed "Thatsachen in einer Expressungsangelegenheit," and in this it is declared that "Halstead bewog ihn, seinen guten allen deutschen Namen zu andern," &c. Now, if the Commercial Gazette don't prove this to be a lie in two languages, both daily, it may be concluded that the Enquirer has the bulge on it.

A prominent German of this city who has just returned from a brief trip in Iowa states that he had no difficulty in procuring a glass of beer anywhere in that prohibitive state. At the little town of Red Oak things at first looked somewhat discouraging. Said he to the hotel-keeper, "I am a German, as you see. I am tired, and I want a glass of beer." The awful hotel man replied, "You can't get anything of that kind in this town, sir! Yet our German fellowtownsman declares that within five minutes after by the watch he had a glass of foaming lager right in the heart of Red Oak. He says he never has seen prohibition quite strong enough anywhere to keep an intelligent German who knows what he wants from getting it.

The "Necessary Evil."

When the Pall Mall Gazette made its exposure of the hideous social sins of London, there were two parties that mingled their indignant outcries against what they called the indecency of such a revelation. Neither of these parties denied or seemed to doubt the existence of the sins as stated; and the complaint was not that the Gazette had overstated their prevalence or enormity; but there were sins that no virtuous newspaper should refer to and no virtuous public should read of!

The champions of the virtuous newspaper were the editors of British journals whose internal economy had been shocked by the sudden popularity and astounding sales of the Gazette. The champions of the virtuous public were the gilded and respectable libertines of the entire kingdom. These were the two parties in England whose moral sensibilities were so bruised and torn by the Pall Mall Gazette's disclosures and denunciations of the horrible wickedness it had found in London high society.

The defenders of the purity of journalism were especially clamorous in hounding society on the man who had thus dared to infect the winds with the scent of its decay. They bayed him in full pack; and all the faithful watchdogs of newspaperdom on both sides of the ocean that jump up and bark in the English language every time the smell of a new thought passes them in the air (for this sort do their thinking epidemically and by contagion) caught up the cry and sent it, like the British drum-beat, round the world. It was a prostitution of the press! it was a contamination of the public morals! and all such rot.

One writer, the phosphorescence of whose rhetoric seems generally to proceed from the putrescence of his convictions, on this occasion flew into a passion at long range—to-wit, the distance between Cincinnati, U. S., and London, Eng.—and berated the Pall-Mall editor with such emphasis of vocabulary as an angry man sometimes uses in resenting a personal insult. This writer conveyed the impression that the perfume of his own virtue was bestenched by these emanations from across the Atlantic. He declared that such things as disclosed by this London publication were "a necessary evil," but that any reference to them among refined and good people (like himself, for example) was an evil not necessary, and tended to corrupt them (and him).

The man who has the effrontery to put it to print over his own initials that lechery is "a necessary evil" would seem to need some such rigorous quarantine for his morals as he advocates. But there are people in England and America (we trust there are millions of them) whose morals are not so liable to contagion. These people do not know *without being told*, as the aforesaid writer implies that he does, that this vice is so prevalent and rampant in the great cities of the world as to be recognized by gentlemen like him as "a *necessary* evil." They do not know it, but they must be told, it must be declared to them as plainly as language dare print it, and proved to them as clearly as facts can evidence it, or else they will not believe.

But, if it is so, they must be made to know it, must be made to believe. The human race cannot be reformed by ignoring the evil in it, or by covering it out of sight. If the good people of the world are so daintily good that they must not be told of its wickedness, for fear their goodness may be sullied by the information, and must not be brought into contact with the wicked, for fear the wicked may contaminate them, why then this poor old world is in a very sad plight indeed. The good are said to be the salt of the earth; but the earth is in a pretty bad pickle if the salt hath lost its savor to that degree. Men and women who have so little confidence as that in their own goodness should pray to be translated as young as possible. They are not wanted on earth; and we would advise them to be afraid that they might not be wanted in heaven.

On the scheme of leaving the bad to their badness and keeping the good innocent by keeping them ignorant of evil, Christianity would have no mission and civilization would rot and drop to pieces. Why, if the Devil should conclude to go into virtuous journalism, he would doubtless do his prettiest in glittering rhetoric to show all evil to be "necessary evil," and would be too beastly refined to hear of the mention of any sin whatever among the polite classes of mankind. For he is said to be a perfect gentleman.

It is that kind of perfect gentleman the Pall-Mall Gazette showed up—my lords and gentlemen. The world is swarming with them; and, if there were no other kind, we should be ready to say, remove the women and children and bring on the everlasting bonfire. These are they who are so fearful that the shocking publications of that paper will hurt public virtue. Wherever a particularly frantic squeal of that shape is heard, there is a concealed beast in the bushes, that it would be an act of piety to destroy.

Those publications have not hurt and will not hurt any virtue that is thicker than one coat of whitewash. On the contrary they have done and will do a great deal of good. They have forced through parliament an act for the better protection of young girls; they have stirred up all the genuine virtue of England to indignation against the immoralities they exposed; and they have enlightened and aroused the moral sense of the people in the great cities of both continents as to the necessity of measures for correcting and suppressing forms of wickedness that they do not admit to be "a necessary evil."

LOCAL NOTICES.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with asthma and bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh fifty pounds in a few months.

Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at Charles Ludlow's drug store. Large bottles $1.

These Are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the liver, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, weak kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Charles Ludlow.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow.

Choice grapes are selling for a cent a pound, wholesale, on parts of the Pacific coast.

THE CHEAPEST SOOE HOUSE IN SPRINGFIELD.

COME AND SEE OUR NEW FALL STYLES.

We carry more goods, have better styles and a finer assortment of all grades, from the coarsest to the finest, nothing shoddy, of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Than any other house in Central Ohio. There is no style shape, width or size of Boots and Shoes that you may desire that will not be found in our immense stock.

Custom Work is Our Specialty.

Every article sold by us is warranted to be as represented. For the proof of what we advertise call and see us.

ROUSE & PARSONS, 26 South Market St.

RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

ODDS AND ENDS OF GENERAL AND SPECIAL INTEREST,

Gathered in Walks and Talks About the Champion City—A Case of Child Murder—The Prohibition Farce—An Amateur Photographer's Club—Political Notes.

To read of a deserted babe being found on some one's door step, always causes a thrill of sympathy and pity throughout the community—especially the feminine portion of it. Many a mother's cheeks blush alternately with pity and indignation, as she reads of some angelic little being in its new born innocence deliberately abandoned by its stony-hearted parents, and thrown on the cold world from the time its eyes see the dawn of light. The covered basket; the stifled cry of its baby occupant; the tiny coverlet securely packed in; the note begging those into whose hands the little stranger falls, to treat it kindly; the removal of the cover showing the great wondering eyes and innocent face of the little creature, torn from her breast by the mother who bore it, to be nurtured by the unfeeling hands of strangers,—all these are details in the story of every abandoned child, which go straight to the heart of every mother who reads, and compel her tears.—There seemed to be an epidemic in the abandoning of children in this city a few weeks since. It is generally found that these abandoned children die soon after they are found. The child deserted on Pearl street is an exception, however. The little thing is a pretty blonde girl baby, and is doing well, having excellent chances, seemingly, of growing up to long life and usefulness.

Every mother will feel a thrill of horror when it is stated that the case of the little babe left in a basket in the Mitchell block was a deliberate case of child murder, for which the child's mother is responsible. The authorities at the Children's Home state that when the child was brought to them it was in a dead stupor from the effect of an excessive dose of drugs of some description. It was probable that the mother, fearing that the child would cry as it was being carried around in the basket, saturated a handkerchief with chloroform and held it over her baby's mouth, until the little thing was in an unconscious state. She then packed it in a basket, carried it to the Mitchell block and left it. After its arrival at the Children's Home its system was unable to recover from the effects of the drug, and it died soon after. The mother is clearly guilty of murdering her child. Mr. Lenhart, superintendent of the Children's Home, said:

"We saw the child was not in a right condition from the start, and that it was under the influence of some drug. Children whose parents are about to desert them are frequently drugged to prevent their making a noise. Out of the three children deserted a few weeks ago, two have since died. The Home is in admirable condition. There are 78 children there at present."

A prominent member of the Springfield Vocal Society, speaking of the new plan the society is testing, of securing associate members to the society, such membership entitling the holder to admission to all the concerts of the society, on payment of $5, said "we started out to secure 150 associate members. I think we will be able to secure that number, as 75 persons have already agreed to take tickets, and we have only commenced canvassing. The tickets will not be delivered before the first of next month, and I think the quota of tickets will all be sold by that time. With $750 in the treasury the society will feel perfectly safe in going ahead and making arrangements for their concerts without the fear of coming out with a heavy deficit hanging over their heads, as was the case last year. We have never gone into a concert heretofore feeling entirely sure of the financial result, but this new system changes that.

The November concert will consist principally of choruses from the Elijan and miscellaneous writers. It is expected that Master Willie Bauer, of this city, only eleven years of age, and with great musical talent, will appear on that occasion as violin soloist. Other solos, duets, vocal and instrumental art will complete the programme. At Christmas the Messiah will be given in the best style possible, with full chorus orchestra, etc. The membership of the society is rapidly increasing and there seems to be a bright future before it."

It is stated that Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, of the Farm and Fireside, has sold the patent rights and his patent bicycle to the Pope Manufacturing Company, the well known manufacturers of bicycles. The sale was consummated during Mr. Kirkpatrick's recent eastern trip. The price paid was a small fortune.

A party of musical Springfield people will organize a party to attend the Theodore Thomas orchestra concert at Columbus on Oct. 20. Columbus is the only Ohio city where Thomas gives a concert this season.

If a man of a highly nervous temperament should be dropped down unawares into the back office of Drs. Russell & McLaughlin, of this city, some dark night, the chances are that he would imagine that he was laboring under some terrible hallucination, as he looked around the room. And in truth no alchemist's cell ever boasted more objects calculated to impress on the observer the mysteries of the human body and animal kingdom. There is a grinning skeleton of a murderer leering out of its glass case, and seeming to say, "Some day you'll be like me." There are jars on jars filled with hands and arms which have done their unfortunate owners many a service when they were filled with health and strength, but now swimming limp and flabby in alcohol. Skulls grin from the ceiling. A huge case is filled with beautiful and strange objects from the animal kingdom. There is a little stuffed squirrel wheeling a straw wheel-barrow full of acorns. A huge frog, stuffed and with great staring glass eyes, stands at the door of a toy fish store, with a fish in one claw and scales in another. Two other frogs, also stuffed, are seated gravely at a toy table playing chess on a miniature chess-board, and with a distressingly human air about them. A huge dried snake winds his noisome length through the case in close proximity to a magnificent stuffed deer's head and a huge crane. A small black bear views the scene from a high shelf. A white stuffed goose is given an air of foolish wisdom by a pair of eye-glasses. A huge owl, emblematic of wisdom, also wears eye-glasses, and bears in his claws the following prophetic prediction: "Ohio for Forsker. Second—Hoadly. Leonard—left." An enormous frog holds in his paw the legend, "I am down on noise. Silence insures accuracy." There is a little puppy which has a body as small as a large rat, and which was six months old when it sat for its "stuffegraph."

"Which music do you prefer, that of Beethoven or Mendelssohn?" asked a Springfielder of a Xenian, who was one of the head cooks at the policeman's ball in that city recently. "Well," said the latter, "to tell you the truth, we don't know what kind of music the gentlemen you refer to furnish. We like Scurry's orchestra of Springfield the best of any we've struck yet."

A Springfield sign painter has just painted a picture of a Newfoundland dog dragging a boy from the water and thus saving him from a watery grave. He explained it at length to a friend and asked the latter his opinion of it. "Wonderful, sublime," said the latter; "but by the way, which is the dog and which is the boy?"

Mr. Ignatz Wisler, the comedian of this city, and the brother of Carrie Swain, the well-known star, states that his sister, who is always looked upon as a Springfield girl, has ordered a new play from Leonard Grover, the author of Cad, the Tomboy. Carrie Swain has had much trouble with her plays. She made her reputation in Cad, the Tomboy. She then had a financial misunderstanding with Leonard Grover, the author of the piece. Grover enjoined her from producing the play, and she was forced to try several others. She accepted two—Little Joker and Morning Glory—by Fred Maeder, but they were comparative failures. She is now playing "True Blue" and will not produce her new piece before next year.

Swineburne, the great English emotional poet, is said to be hunting for a subject for an epic poem. Let us give you a pointer, "Swine," old boy. Come to Springfield. Pack your grip, pull that slouch hat of yours over your eyes in "fine frenzy rolling," and buy a ticket from London to Springfield, via the Erie canal and the L. B. & W. railroad. We have a subject here which knocks out all epic subjects in the world. The subject's name is William Williams; by occupation he is a republico-democratic-prohibitory-colored-man. His deeds, graven on stone or brass—especially brass—would make a history worthy to be transmitted to the remotest posterity. Had his name been Williamson, his parents would probably have called him W. William Williams Williamson, but as it wasn't, he is simply called William Williams—a highly and autological name. William occupies a French flat in Mike Welsh's Arcade, and is one of the most influential citizens, whose name sheds a halo around that historic spot.

It is graven on the pages of history that William once applied to the township trustees for aid. He was given an order for $1 worth of groceries, which were delivered by the agent of the trustees. When the groceries arrived some of Williams' family incautiously said something about "the boarders." The agent discovered that Williams was keeping a colored boarding house, on a small scale, and at the same time applying to the city authorities for help to run it. This is but one of his little peculiarities.

The intellect of Mr. Williams strikingly resembles that of the Goddess of Progress—he is always ready to adopt any new political creed for a modest compensation. He would pray to the Grand Slams of Peru by the hour, or become a firm believer in Chinese mythology for the sum of $1.50 per day, invariably in advance. So, when the pure and impassibly virtuous prohibition leaders came to him and his partner and offered them $1 per day to go to Cincinnati, and march in the ranks of prohibition and reform, he promptly accepted that sum for the weight of this unrivalled influence.

What followed is a matter of history. When the prohibition procession disbanded for dinner, Rome fell; why should not William Williams? He promptly made a rush for Drach's beer hall, on Vine street. When the bar keeper saw William's genial countenance looking over the wall of prohibition badges which decorated his breast, he almost fainted. Here was a badge which read, "God, home and native land," another "Leonard and Frost:" still another save our daughters from drunken husbands." When the barkeeper had sufficiently recovered his amazement, he promptly drew off the glasses of foaming lager as called for by the sable prohibitionist. A crowd soon collected, and amid shouts of laughter one round of drinks after another was set up by the crowd to the fallen "Leonardite." A business man asked Williams if he did not think his conduct was inconsistent. "Why look heah, boss," said Williams, "am dis a free country, or am it not? If I wants to jine de Leonard guards, an' drink a little beer, whose business am dat?" And with this unanswerable logic William was soon lost in the enjoyment of another schooner. Awful to relate, William spent every cent in beer of the $1 given him by the pure prohibitionists. Any party wishing to engage a highly influential and able adherent can secure one by addressing William Williams Mikewelshville, Springfield, O. Terms in advance.

A recent cartoon in Puck represents the leaders of the republican party, in the costumes of the middle ages, seated in a great hall, and all fast asleep. Columbia is represented lying full length on a couch, wrapped in a four years' slumber. Among the figures in the cartoon is that of Gen. Keifer, of this city, and Murat Halstead, of the Commercial Gazette. Gen. Keifer is represented as a knight of the middle ages in a plumed helmet, who has fallen asleep, leaning on his halberd. Halstead, is represented as a servant, overtaken by slumber, while in the act of carrying a soup dish to the republican banquet. There is one thing certain: if Keifer and Halstead have been asleep during the campaign this fall, it would hardly be wise for the democratic party to awake them.

"As to this Leonard vote," said a well-posted local politician yesterday, "I give Leonard 200 less votes in Clark county than Ludlow got. Uncle Abe Ludlow was one of the most popular men in Clark county. He was born here in Springfield—in a house which stood where the central high school now stands. He is a representative man and manufacturer. Many men of each of the parties voted for him. They thought it would be no harm to turn in and give Honest Abe a big complimentary vote; so the result was that he polled 783 in the campaign. With Leonard it is different. Leonard is representative of nothing but himself. Surely not of the Methodist church, since three of the most prominent bishops of the church have sat down on him as heavily as it could be done, without expelling him from the conference. I look to see Leonard poll about 580 votes in Clark county, and not one more. The prohibitionists claim to have discovered 1,200 votes for Leonard on a poll just taken. It is a wonder they did not discover twice that many, as they counted nearly everybody as prohibitionists, except well-known drunkards.

Amateur photography has taken quite a rage in this city and furnishes pleasant and instructive recreation to a large number of young men of this city. Among devotees to the new amusement: are Messrs. Armond Griffith, Geo. Warder, Chas. Bennett, Paul Foos, Will. Downey, Thos. Kirkpatrick, Walter Pierce, Virgil Coblentz, Samuel Harford, Paul Staley, Messrs. Oliver and Louis Wood, Forrest Rice and his brother Louis, Mr. Bauer, of Lagonda, and a number of others. Mr. Griffith has a very fine outfit, consisting of a camera with instantaneous lens. He has a large scrap-book filled with negatives of Springfield and vicinity. A number of instantaneous views of Main street, as crowded during the days of the G. A. R. reunion, are very striking. "Griff" would as soon leave his right eye at home, when he goes on an excursion or pleasure trip, as his camera. The latter is in easily portable form, and can readily be carried anywhere. With a knapsack filled with prepared negatives, the amateur photographer is ready to bag any pretty scene on the wing. Mr. Griffith has a full set of views of Buck creek at various points, a number of views of Washington C. H. as devastated by the tornado, views of Bellebrook, Clifton and other interesting localities, in this vicinity. Mr. Geo. Warder has put his camera to good use this summer and has proved himself to be very skillful in the use of it. He secured a very fine set of negatives along the coast of Maine this summer. Not long ago Messrs. Paul Staley, Geo. Warder, Thos. T. Kirkpatrick and W. A. Rogers, the Harper's Weekly artist, went on a canoeing, sketching and photographing tour down the Big Miami, and the result was a very fine series of pictures. Mr. Warder is very successful in taking interiors. One of the devotees of the art said:

"Outfits can now be purchased for from $15 to $150. After the apparatus is purchased the expense of the pictures is next to nothing. The small 4x5 size of photos cost only 53 cents per dozen. A scrap book of such pictures forms one of the most interesting souvenirs that can be imagined. Many amateurs take the pictures only in blue, as these are the easiest. Those in black and white are the most faithful to their subjects, however. As everything runs to clubs now days, I suppose we will soon have an "amateur photographer's club" in this city. There has been some talk of such a club, but no definite steps have yet been taken. A club of a dozen or so could be formed at the present time and the numbers of dabblers in photography is rapidly increasing. Membership in such a club would be exceedingly pleasant. There would be excursions in every direction to find the loveliest scenery on which to exercise the camera; camping out in the summer and taking ice scenery in the winter. I think before many months you will see a flourishing amateur photographers' club in Springfield."

Said a prominent citizen yesterday:

"How wonderfully every part of this great country is bound in ties of business interests. Let any event take place in the most distant portion, and its influence crops out in a hundred different disguises in every other part. When the citizens of this city languidly read in their morning Globe-Republic of the expulsion of the cattle barons from the territory they had appropriated from the Indians in the far west, how many thought that this action would directly affect the people all through Clark county; but so it has. I was talking with John Madison, the great stock raiser of this county, the other day. He said "I have one of the finest herds of 100 steers in Clark county, most of them averaging 1,600 pounds to the head. In the early part of the fall I sold them to parties in New York. The contract was made and I was preparing to deliver the cattle. Just then President Cleveland decided that the cattle kings must move off the Indian reservations, which they had appropriated. The result was that an immense number of western cattle were thrown on the market, since the cattle herders had no place to herd their droves. Prices came down with a bound, and the market was glutted. The firm to which I had sold my cattle repudiated the contract at the price agreed upon, and I have had to keep my cattle or else take a very much smaller price for them. I shall feed them during the winter and wait for higher prices."

Other Clark county stock raisers have had similar experiences. Right here in Springfield the result of the fall is seen in the price of beef stock, which has fallen from 15 to 12 cents per pound, although I am told that some dealers are still keeping up the price. The present low prices bound upward.

The gentleman who was here last week was an uncle of Billy Woods. He stated that the prospects of the Mercer heirs recovering the estate are very flattering, and that there is much excitement in New York city on the subject. Vanderbilt has interests involved in the case, to the extent of several million dollars.

R. S. Thompson says, in his New Era speaking of the Cincinnati excursion, "that the people of Cincinnati learned from the great demonstration there that if the prohibition party is 'petering out,' it is doing so at the big end of the horn." Certainly the "prohibs" are usually found at the big end of a "horn"—especially the colored element in the prohibition party.

Another member of Dr. Leonard's church finds himself unable to endure a political pastor. Mr. Kulp has withdrawn his letter of membership in Central Church. The republicans of Central Church are standing firm. Mr. Chas. Shaffer, one of the most prominent members proudly wore a white republican plug last Friday.

The Enquirer speaks of the "ugly plugs" of our republican brigade. The man who thinks so must be a "plug ugly" himself.

It is said that local democrats here have received bundles of the republican tickets of two years ago, with directions to scatter them as widely as possible. Republicans should see that they have this year's tickets by comparing every name with the ticket nominated this year. Tickets printed two years ago would only count for the head of the ticket.

Jokes sometimes show the temper of the public with great fidelity. When the book agent in Parlor Match called tattered, whiskey-soaked "Old Hoss" of the cast "St. John," during the performance last week, a howl of derision and laughter greeted the reference.

Mr. Russell Seeds, the well-known journalist, sails for Germany on the 20th in the ship Etruria, the celebrated vessel which recently beat the record of ocean steamers for a quick passage. Mr. Seeds will study at the university at Heidelberg, famed for its learning, beer and duels. There are bets that Mr. Seeds will be homesick for Springfield and come back by Thanksgiving at least, but he says he won't.

"If the republicans win in next Tuesday's election there will be a boom in business never surpassed," said a Springfield republican yesterday. "Much of the dullness in this city has been directly chargeable to political excitement. Last Friday, for instance, no one was to be found to do business with. With republican success Springfield will have one of the best years in her history next year.

"Things it would be funny to see:
Monk Sykes.
M. for Michael and K. for King take the stump for the prohibitionists.
The agents of the Pan Handle and Bee Line playing the respective roles of Damon and Pythias.
Detective John T. Norris electioneering for Hoadly.
Mike Welsh bailing out the Centre street sewer.
The back door of Springfield saloons close at 10 o'clock.
Dr. Leonard subscribe for the Commercial Gazette.
Two well-known republican orators on the stump in the woods, ten miles from civilization, with a broken buggy.
Temp Wilson trying to do a problem in spherical trigonometry.
John Johnson explaining how many "rumors" there are in the Hamlin Block to an emissary of the Jefferson Club, who called to get a list of the "roomers" for polling purposes.

I enjoyed a pleasant little interview with Murat Halstead, at his office in the Commercial Gazette building in Cincinnati, last week. Mr. Halstead seemed in magnificent health and spirits, and his bright eye and robust frame created the impression that he thrives on newspaper abuse. He is confident of republican success next Tuesday. It was highly amusing to hear him jest with Mr. Boyle about the hard things which the prohibitionists have been saying about them. Mr. Halstead has a magnificent office all to himself on the fourth floor of the Commercial Gazette building at Fourth and Race streets. He writes easily and fluently, and has a great habit of sitting at the window to write, holding up a book to write on.

RAMBLER.