

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

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SUNDAY MORNING OCTOBER 25 1885.

Politics is expensive, but Mr. McLean must have it.

We grieve to announce that our Cincinnati is a bad, bad town.

The whole state keeps on listening for something to drop from the Columbus forger.

It looks less as if John R. McLean would be successor to John Sherman than it did last Sunday.

We have not met a good old virtuous democrat anywhere who was not glad that the Cincinnati gang failed to capture the state.

There seems to be an invisible sort of umbilical cord between the Times Star and the Equator (both daily in Cincinnati), and the firm-handed surgeon of the Commercial Gazette is visibly slashing at it.

Cleveland appears to be doing the best he knows how, and he seems to be learning how, as he gradually becomes acquainted with the country and sees how much bigger it is than his big desk.

One would think that men fit to be nominated for the legislature would rather shrink from receiving certificates of election on the insignificant little pluralities figured out of the shocking totals of fraud in Hamilton county.

St. John is persistently spoken of as "St. John the Fraud." We think it is a misnomer. St. John openly avows his purpose to destroy the republican party. In this he represents the openly avowed policy of his party. What is there fraudulent about that?

We suppose that each house of our general assembly will judge of the election of its own members, and the members whose election may be in dispute will hardly think of voting on the question. In that case the Cincinnati abscence can be cut into and probed.

There is nothing more diabolical in indecency than to condole with a mother over her dead child by way of scandalizing her absent and erring husband. This sort of barbarism crept into print yesterday in correspondence from Lebanon to the Commercial Gazette about the Holbrook transaction.

The general assembly is republican on joint ballot, and there need be no doubt that its first important business will be the re-election of John Sherman to the senate. No republican member of either house would dream of voting otherwise, though he were set upon by a \$100,000 night-mare from Cincinnati.

The story that Mr. Depew tells about a conversation with General Grant in 1865 should have been told before Grant's death. There ought to be a great deal of confirmation of this story before it is made history against Andrew Johnson, who has already suffered enough from fiction, as well as from fact.

The man held for the horrible murder of Preller in St. Louis was identified by his father, who has just arrived from England, as Hugh M. Brooks. The father has no doubt that the son was insane; and the most criminal lawyers of the country will doubtless be hired to demonstrate it to an emotional mob of twelve picked-up men.

The signs are that the rink will have soon to give place to some new wrinkle—some new corrugation on the face of things. The rinkman is a sort of connoisseur of public enthusiasm, and could not have been expected to last. After some time, before many winters, there will not be a current young man or current young woman on wheels anywhere in the United States—or in the united state, where into they are all now skate-skate-skating.

The arrest of Mr. Julius Dexter in Cincinnati for perjury is a proceeding on the part of the desperate Solomon-and-Gomorrah gang of that city which seasons the sublimity of their impudency with a spice of humor. Julius is treasurer of the fund being raised for the Committee of One Hundred, and he contributed \$500 to it himself. He was mad, and he swore to something. Mr. Dexter never swears at anything; but, when he swears to a thing, his fellow-citizens, whether democratic or republican, would as soon think of questioning it as they would of doubting the southward tendency of the Ohio river. Here is where the laugh comes in on his arrest. But it will be costly fun for the gang that instigated the prosecution. Mr. Dexter is the liveliest man on a trail of villany that there is in the state of Ohio.

There is a strikingly well written essay on "Style and the Monument" (meaning Grant's in New York) in the last North American. The writer (no name) comes to the conclusion that "the grandest possible monument for General Grant is a round Roman tomb of noble dimensions treated as to its details in Romanesque style." When New York has settled the style, her millionaires will send a committee of leading citizens to Washington to lobby a bill through congress to settle the bill.

Thos. W. Haney, Methodist reverend, who came hither all the way from Illinois to make our prohibitionists "take to the woods" between the democratic "road to hell" and the republican "road to damnation" (quotations from Haney), having been demoted from a charge to a circuit, can now do his amiable swearing in his pulpit and his righteous forswearing in another. A little circuit is not quite as good for this purpose as two states; but we trust that Haney may manage it to his satisfaction.

The gentleman, official, professional, or other, who deliberately withholds from one newspaper any legitimate public information in his possession in order to give it to some other newspaper first, is likely to put himself in the fore-and-aft attitude of a little pennyroyal bull between two oppositely approaching trains on a railroad. He lays himself liable to be telegraphed frontwise and sternforemost. The Globe-Republic thinks of several ways in which such a gentleman's dignified serenity might be interrupted with mild caustic or gentle surgery.

The Rhetorical Roar. When a writer is too conscious of his rhetoric and is looking forward with a headlight in order to roll up to his period with a fine roar, he is liable to perpetrate things like this from the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"It did not need the triumph of the republican ticket in Ohio to prove that the people of that state are fully conscious of the value as a statesman of Senator Sherman."

To be sure, the P-P writer did not mean "a statesman of Senator Sherman." Neither did he look upon "value as a statesman" for "value" not "a man at all. But he was contemplating Sherman as a statesman, and he should have said "conscious of the value of Senator Sherman as a statesman." The sentence would not have ended with quite so rotund a sound, but it would have brought up with a better sense. Sound is good in language, but sound sense is always sounder.

"And, drawing his tall figure up to his full height, he said!" This description of the tragic posturing of a hero in the act of mighty utterance has made many a reader hate the million writers of it. It has repelled many a one from novels altogether, for whoever has indulged ever so little in that sort of literature knows that he shall find a very long and most impressive dulle "drawing his tall figure up to its full height" all along about every tenth page of the story. Every time the chief bandit stands up straight to say something from the base of his lungs he "draws his tall figure up to its full height." All novelists and story-tellers from the highest to the lowest, put their grand fellows to perpendicular in precisely that language—"drawing his tall figure up to its full height." Can any fair man mention a reason why the imitative emulators of this sickening bogwash should not be cut off from the earth?

Slang and Dictionary. Old Mr. Walt Whitman, who was born a poet but was spoiled in the breeding, has given one key to the mystery of his reputation in a short piece of prose contributed to the November North-American Review, under the title of "Slang in America." As Walter (we mean no offense in calling him by his decent baptismal name, Walter) Whitman is the great royal American Slangster—so to slang it—he ought to be readable on the subject he here writes of.

Walter is readable. He is in fact, so whether in poetry or in prose—in fact the reader never knows right certainly which Walter is in; and in fact the reader never cares much which.

You have been in the woods on a breezy day in summer and heard the wind sound in the leaves like the sea. Mr. Whitman's what he calls poetry is not the sea. It is wind. It comes from nowhere and goes back there, yet you surprise yourself stopping every now and then to listen if this is not really the far-away thundering swish of ocean billows, after all.

A stranger in those woods might naturally deceive himself with the sound. He might suppose that, by pushing on a mill or so through the tangled undergrowth, clambering over old logs, and climbing a fence he would come right plump upon the bluff seashore. But he wouldn't. He might wander all day through Whitman's wilderness of slang and superlatives, scrambling up briery paths and plunging down to flounder through the mud of logs, and yet, at the set of the sun, what he heard as the surge of the great waters on the beach would still be nothing but wind in the treetops.

This explains why it is that foreigners, who are new to Mr. Whitman's picturesque and ejaculatory exposure of himself in an alleged American language, admire him so much more than his fellow-countrymen do. Many clever Englishmen regard him as the one great American poet. They receive his wild debauch of our common speech and of all poetic forms as a fresh revelation of genius.

But we Americans are so familiar with Walt Whitman's kind of expressiveness—the kind we hear so commonly among our people with a big stock of brains and a small store of words—that we only laugh at the high pressure of imagination it brings to bear on the square inch of dictionary. But we do not think of it as poetry.

When, for example, a man speaks as Mr. Whitman does in this Review article, of the infinite go-before of the present, "we know what ails him. He needs dictionary in heroic doses. There are more than a

hundred thousand words in the English language, and a man should know a small lot of them when he attempts to express a simple notion like that.

Slang, and indeed most of the common profligacy of utterance, such as the above-quoted, comes largely from not being on easy speaking terms with one's own mother tongue. When a mind has become "too utterly utter" to show itself with its limited verbal wardrobe, it flounders in such decorative su flowers of speech as "the infinite go-before" and the like kitchen-garden bouquets of phraseology.

If a person is moved to say something and lacks the appropriate words to say it with, it were better to wait till he can get terms that will hold it than to gush in a sloppy gabble that the hearer or reader has to turn a back-summersault over his own intellect to catch the meaning of. There are words enough in Webster's Unabridged to supply all a man's wants and last his life-time. No need at this late day to invent any, and no need to disgrace the old and respectable ones by loading them with unwonted burdens and putting them to base employments.

It may be true, as Mr. Whitman says in his glorification of this "lawless germinal element," that "many of the oldest and simplest words we use were originally generated from the daring and license of slang," but we do not think he proves it by instancing the word right as originally meaning straight and the word wrong as meaning crooked, for these words have the same meanings yet. A right thing is a straight thing, and a wrong thing is crooked.

In fact, these and the like illustrations of his prove that he misconceives the signification of the word slang. Slang does not apply to new words invented in the beginnings of language to express thoughts that there were no old words adequate to express. Slang is those words and phrases which are, as it were, slung into a language after it is fully formed and polished, and which are not needed in it except by persons rich in imagination and poor in vocabulary, of whom Walt Whitman is an exalted type, and, as one might say, an "infinite go-before."

P. S.—It has doubtless been remarked that the editor of the Sunday Globe Republic never indulges in slang.

INDICATED IN SEVERAL CASES. The Grand Jury Comes Down on Ed. O. Kershner, the Alleged Forger, Hard.

Ed. O. Kershner, who was arrested a Detroit several months ago by Detective John T. Norris, and brought back here to answer to the charge of forgery, was indicted in seven different cases by the grand jury, which adjourned yesterday afternoon. In each case, Kershner is charged with forging the name of Henry Hicks and Martin H. Walters to a promissory note. The dates and amounts are given as follows: Nov. 23, 1883 \$300; March 26, 1884 \$100; April 9, 1884 \$225; April 19, 1884 \$100; April 18, 1884 \$55; May 17, 1884 \$100; and May 28, 1884 \$100. The total amount of his forgeries charged is \$950. When Kershner was brought back from Detroit he was arraigned on five different charges of forgery in a magistrate's court, and was held over to the Common Pleas court in each case. He was promptly furnished, and Kershner speedily obtained his liberty. He returned to Detroit, where he is said to have been doing well at the time of his arrest, but came back to Springfield a week or so ago. The bill already given being considered insufficient, the sheriff was instructed to bring the accused in again, and Kershner was yesterday lodged in the county jail. Judge White fixed his bail at \$1,000.

Adah Richmond at Black's. The great favorite, Adah Richmond, with her popular comedy company, appears at Black's, Friday and Saturday evenings of the week. Of the troupe, the St. Louis Republican has the following to say:

The Adah Richmond and Burlesque Company appeared at Pope's last night to a fair audience and gave an even, interesting performance. Spectacular dialogue is never worthy of much attention, and the dialogue of "The Sleeping Beauty" is neither better nor worse than that of the average spectacle. The singing is incidentally good, particularly the quartette, "Read the Answer in the Stars," which received six encores last night. The best feature of this company are its ballet, marches and its Zouave drills, both serving to display comely faces and figures in an admirable manner. Miss Adah Richmond, like the average burlesque, is a good reader and a fair singer, and in a spectacle she appears to advantage. Harry Cottrell's song should be omitted. Gustave Farnell, as the King of Noland, and Wm. B. Child, as Lord Fagnon, were sufficiently humorous for the purpose desired, and Miss E. White deserves mention for a pretty dance in the last act. The finale, disclosing Miss Richmond as the statue "Liberty Enlightening the World," is a pleasant bit of scenic effect, which gained a round of applause last night.

The Two-Dollar Market. Last evening a stranger stepped into the Arcade five-cent store and asked for change for a two-dollar bill. The young lady of whom he requested the change stepped back to Mr. Ashbaugh and handed the bill to him to change. The stranger followed her, and when Ashbaugh handed him one dollar in silver and the balance in small change, the fellow asked for smaller change for the dollar. This was produced, but the stranger changed his mind, and pushed back the two dollars in small change and asked for a two dollar bill in place of it, retaining the one dollar. But the game did not work with Mr. Ashbaugh, and the would-be sharper grabbed his two dollars and fled. Officer Woods, the Arcade policeman, was notified, but it was too late, the sharper had fled.

Never Open Your Mouth except to put something to eat into it, is an excellent motto for the gossip and the sufferer from catarrh. But while the gossip is practically incurable, there is no cure for a sufferer longer from catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an untailing cure for that offensive disease. It heals the diseased membrane, and removes the dull and depressed sensations which always attend catarrh. A short trial of this valuable preparation will make the sufferer feel like a new being.

THE MARKETS.

SPRINGFIELD MARKETS.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Oct. 25, 1885. Corrected daily by the J. D. Stewart Co., Wholesale Grocers, and Commission Merchants, Wholesale Prices.

BUTTER—Country, 10c. LARD—Country, 7c. per bushel refined, 6 1/2. FLOR—No. 1, 50c. No. 2, 47 1/2. No. 3, 45. No. 4, 42 1/2. No. 5, 40. No. 6, 37 1/2. No. 7, 35. No. 8, 32 1/2. No. 9, 30. No. 10, 27 1/2. No. 11, 25. No. 12, 22 1/2. No. 13, 20. No. 14, 17 1/2. No. 15, 15. No. 16, 12 1/2. No. 17, 10. No. 18, 7 1/2. No. 19, 5. No. 20, 2 1/2.

Corrected daily by Hamilton & Brooks. WHEAT—No. 1, 85c. No. 2, 82c. No. 3, 79c. No. 4, 76c. No. 5, 73c. No. 6, 70c. No. 7, 67c. No. 8, 64c. No. 9, 61c. No. 10, 58c. No. 11, 55c. No. 12, 52c. No. 13, 49c. No. 14, 46c. No. 15, 43c. No. 16, 40c. No. 17, 37c. No. 18, 34c. No. 19, 31c. No. 20, 28c. No. 21, 25c. No. 22, 22c. No. 23, 19c. No. 24, 16c. No. 25, 13c. No. 26, 10c. No. 27, 7c. No. 28, 4c. No. 29, 1c. No. 30, 0c.

Corrected daily by Slack & Sons. WASHED, No. 1, 15c. No. 2, 14c. No. 3, 13c. No. 4, 12c. No. 5, 11c. No. 6, 10c. No. 7, 9c. No. 8, 8c. No. 9, 7c. No. 10, 6c. No. 11, 5c. No. 12, 4c. No. 13, 3c. No. 14, 2c. No. 15, 1c. No. 16, 0c. No. 17, 0c. No. 18, 0c. No. 19, 0c. No. 20, 0c. No. 21, 0c. No. 22, 0c. No. 23, 0c. No. 24, 0c. No. 25, 0c. No. 26, 0c. No. 27, 0c. No. 28, 0c. No. 29, 0c. No. 30, 0c.

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