the previous twenty-four hours, with the Associated Press dispatches up to the hour of going to press.

It will make the local department its strong point, and will have the complete and latest intelligence of all that is going on in this city, county, and surrounding district.

Its circulation, with its marked increase during the last three months, will be suddenly and greatly expanded by the accession of the morning-edition subscribers; which will make its actual list the largest ever attained by any daily paper in this city. Advertisers should take note of this.

Finally, we shall make the one edition please the people of Springfield better than the two editions have pleased us.

EVENING P. S.—In pursuance of this morning's foregoing announcement, we present herewith the first evening edition under the new departure. If anything defective or unhandsome should be noticed in the make-up, it must be charged to accidents naturally resulting from the short time occupied in the change of form and the change of old type for new. Our readers shall see that the evening GLOBE-REPUBLIC of the future need not not be apologized for.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

Tippling at the Capital—Webster and Clay's Tipple.

Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Many of these committee rooms at the capitol contain during a session a choice article of spirits, and the present minister to Berlin, Mr. Pendleton, was not averse to treating his friends of the senate now and then. It used to be that there was a bar in the Capitol. This bar was known vulgarly as "The Hole in the Wall." It was situated between the house and the senate, and at it Clay and Webster often drank. In deference to the temperence sentiment this bar has been long since abolished, but liquor is sold at the Capitol as much as ever, and you can get whisky in either the house or the senate restaurant by merely asking for "cold tea."

It is said that drinking is decreasing at Washington. I do not believe this to be so. Fewer people drink at the saloons, perhaps, but it has come to be that every public man has his cellars stocked with wines and brandies, and liquors are sold by the quantity instead of by the glass. All of the grocery stores at Washington keep large stocks of liquors, from Mumm's extra dry champagne down to a very cheap article of whisky, and you will find wine stores in nearly every block. In no city in the United States, except, perhaps, New Orleans, is there so much wine drank in proportion to the population. Many families never sit down to a meal without having wine on the table, and at a Washington hotel, where public men stop, it is the rule to take a bottle of wine with your dinner. Within the last few years punch has become very popular at Washington, and you will now find a big punch bowl at almost every fashionable gathering. It is quite an art to make a fine Washington punch, and it takes very little of the regular article to cause the knees to quiver and the head to swim. One recipe contains the ingredients, whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemons. A little water added to this, and you have a drink that will put an old toper under the table after half his usual allowance. Still this stuff is given to young men and maidens. Is it any wonder that some of them get too much, and we have such scenes as that of Stewart Castle last winter, when Congressman Holman's son insulted a young lady, and the half of the party were affected by their tippling? It was such punch as this that started young Mahone on a spree in which he attempted to shoot one of the waiters at Weicker's, and it is this punch that will undoubtedly create a scandal or two the coming season.

A great deal of beer is drunk in Washington, and many of those who drink wine regularly at their meals prefer a light article, such as claret. The man who drinks such as beer and claret seldom becomes a drunkard, and in those countries where cheap light wines are staple, as Italy and France for instance, you will find much less drunkenness than in America or England. There is a good deal of difference in the United States as to drinking. Men from the north and east and from California drink wine, while those from the west and south take whisky or beer. Kentuckians usually take whisky straight, and Wisconsins are fond of their own Milwaukee lager. Senators Frye and Blair are said to be the only senators who are teetotallers. Attorney General Garland likes a good article of bourbon. President Cleveland drinks beer sometimes, and of the members of the lower house few of them are averse to a dram on the sly. The speaker himself is a good judge of liquors, and he often takes a bottle of wine with his lunch. Both Cox and Dorsheimer like good wine, and ex-diplomates, such as Hitt, of Illinois, seldom eat without a bottle of wine at their meals. Ben Le-Fevre drinks beer, and there are a number of members who are addicted to drinking hot water. There was a congressman named Jadwin in the forty-seventh congress who never sat down at a meal without having a teacup of hot water placed before him. He seasoned it with cream and sugar and drank it as other people do coffee. Congressman Hatch, of Missouri, is also a hot water drinker, and Breckenridge, of Arkansas, takes it with every meal. These hot water drinkers advocate the practice as a cure for dyspepsia and indigestion, and they say they become as fond of the drink as of tea, coffee or whisky.

PITH AND POINT.

—There are two sides to every question, but a bullheaded man will always act that he is right.—*Chicago Ledger*

—The pin seems to be the lode-star of woman's existence. It's hair-pin, rolling-pin or pin-money that she's reaching out for continually.

—A prominent mathematician's wife has presented him with a pair of twins. He has now attained the full sum of human happiness, with two to carry.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Mother" avers in the Boston *Globe*, in reply to another correspondent, that "a sixteen-year-old girl can soften and whiten her hands by soaking them in dish-water three times a day."

—A crazy Pennsylvania girl who talks constantly in rhyme, has been sent to an asylum. This is a very good beginning. Now why not tackle some of the others who are still out?—*Sonerville Journal.*

—A Philadelphia savant has discovered that the wrinkles on a cow's horns indicate her disposition instead of her age. Nevertheless don't buy a cow with thirteen wrinkles for a four-year-old.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Any one who has ever heard a woman talk about a tooth she has just had pulled, while she displays the interesting souveneir to her friends, will be willing to admit that men are not the only or the best stump orators in the world.—*Albany Journal.*

—An exchange tells "how men should eat who can not exercise. We have never had any experience with men of this class, but should suppose they ate with a knife and fork. The laws of polite society can not be altered to suit any particular set of men.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Once there was a hired man who was constantly astonishing his employer, a farmer, by doing strange and unexpected things. One day the farmer went into the barn, and found his man had hung himself. Looking at the dangling body a few minutes, he exclaimed: "What on earth will that fellow do next?"—*San Francisco Ex.*

ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

Great Chance for Parties Desiring to Buy a Nice, Gentle Rowing Machine.

The other day, while temporarily insane, I bought a rowing machine. My appetite had been diminishing for some time and I felt in need of a little vigorous exercise. At least, I thought I did. So I invested some of my numerous shekels in the "Eureka Warranted Steel Spring, Oak Body, Health and Happiness-Producing Rowing Machine, best in the world!"

After paying the express charges, which were larger than the machine itself, I carried the thing up to my room, trailing the name after me all the way up. Once in the privacy of my own chamber, I proceeded to unravel the mysteries of it.

The man at the store where I bought it had explained everything to me so fully that I was sure I had it down as fine as an alderman's virtue. But alas! for the frailty of poor human nature.

I got the thing together after awhile, so that it looked like the cut on the circular which accompanied it. But there were several little parts of the engine that could not be shown on the cut and with characteristic perversity I failed to adjust these. However, it looked all right, and I proudly called the same members of the household up to admire my shape and see me paralyze the machine. I was going to show them that there was at least one oarsman in the family. In fact, I had very serious thoughts about challenging Hanlan.

Now this particular E. W. S. S. O. B. H. & H. P. R. M. etc. was of an aristocratic temperament and seemed unwilling to work unless everything was just right. So when I grasped the oars, looked confident and proceeded to "muscularize," the confounded invention vetoed the business then and there. At the first stroke it protested. It did this in a very vigorous manner. It elevated its head, reared up on its hind legs and began to spill me around in a manner calculated to fill a mule with envy.

Then as if not content with this rebuke, it fell over on top of me, and we had a short struggle, the machine at length forcing me down and sitting square on my face, and covering my noble brow with a bruise about as big as a banana.

A look of pain immediately wended its melancholy way across my very melancholy countenance, leaving its footmarks to show future pitying generations the course it had taken.

Then I got mad. The idea of a little machine not able to stand on the floor without something to hold it, having the impudence to use me in that familiar manner. It was too much for my usual good temper, and if I had not been too busy extracting the leg of the machine from my mouth, I would certainly have made use of some very un-Sunday-school-like remarks. As it was, I thought considerable. My ear was still tingling with the effects of a very loving embrace. It tingles at the touch yet, from the same cause.

As I said before, I did not swear, for the very good reason that I couldn't. I never yet saw a man who could spit out a decent cuss word with one corner of an outrigger, sliding-seat, rowing machine jammed firmly in his face. But my thoughts would look awful in type. In fact I do not think they could be expressed in print under any consideration.

While the female portion of the family was giggling and the other part roaring outright, I proceeded to arise, and after getting myself from between the floor and my tormentor, I succeeded in doing so. The first thing I did then was to relieve my feelings. This I did in such an energetic manner that the atmosphere in my luxurious boudoir took on a fine ultamarine tint, and some lucifer matches lying on the gold-trimmed marble mantle were ignited.

After administering this much-needed relief to my outraged feelings, I proceeded to arrange things. My dander was up so high that it got tangled in my beautiful, coal-black locks, and I was resolved to ride that many-named fiend of a machine or die. I shudder now to think of the odds that were in favor of my dying.

After a little investigation I found the cause of my misfortune to be a small, innocent-looking eyebolt with which I did not fasten the machine to the floor. The bolt feeling slighted, no doubt, had taken revenge by allowing the machine to act in the outrageous manner in which it did.

However, after properly adjusting the eyebolt and making sure, as I thought, that everything was all right, I again took my seat with a just-see-how-easy-it-is look on my classic features. For the second time I grappled with the oars and swung grandly and majestically into motion. For the first two or three strokes everything went along as smoothly as a fat man on a banana peel. Then something seemed to give way. The machine had evidently woken up to business after the quiet little nap it had taken on my shirt-bosom, and had settled right down to a realization of the fact that it had a mission in this life to perform—and meant to perform it. I do not know exactly how it happened, but when loving hands had picked me out of the plate-glass mirror and tied a string around me to keep the pieces together, I had a faint idea that my machine had challenged a dynamite factory to play base-ball, and that I was umpire in the game that followed.

My ambition to become a great oarsman evaporated right there. Meanwhile the machine stands, or rather lies, just where it landed after the little toot, nobody in the house having the courage to approach it. If any of the *Sun's* readers wants to buy a nice, gentle, easy-going young rowing machine, strong, reliable and every way true, trained to single or double harness, and warranted docile and to keep in any climate, he may be able to arrange very advantageous terms by calling on

JO QUINN, Charity Hospital.

—*Peck's Sun.*

CAPUCHIN CATACOMBS.

Grotesque Scenes in a Burial Chamber at Palermo, Italy.

The soil upon which the Capuchin Monastery at Palermo, Italy, is built, possesses to such a degree the singular property of hastening the decomposition of a corpse, that in one year nothing remains upon the bones except a few patches of black, withered skin and, perhaps, some of the hair of the beard and cheeks. The coffins are placed in small lateral vaults, each of which contains about eight or ten dead; and, after a year passes, the coffin is opened and the corpse taken out, a frightful mummy, that is then suspended in one of the main galleries, where the members of the family come to visit it. Those who wish to be preserved by this drying process make their wills accordingly; and they will be filed away under those black vaults so long as their relatives pay a certain annual stipend. When this is no longer paid, the remains are taken away and buried in the ordinary manner.

To enter, we pass through a chapel and slowly descend a broad stairway of stone. Before us is an immense a long bit of beard.

And they are all dressed, these dead—these wretched, hideous and ridiculous dead—all dressed by their relatives, who have taken them out of their coffins in order to make them take part in this awful assembly. Almost all are clad in a sort of long black robe, with a cowl which is generally drawn over the head. But there are others whose friends desire to attire more sumptuously, and the miserable skeleton, wearing an embroidered Greek cap and enveloped in a rich man's dressing gown, seems, as it lies upon its back, to sleep a nightmarish sleep—a sleep at once ludicrous and terrific. A placard like a blind man's begging card, bearing the name and the date of death, is hung to the neck of each corpse. Those dates make a cold shiver pass through the very marrow of one's bones.

Here are the women, even more burlesque than the men, for they have been coquettishly attired and bedecked. Their heads stare at you from within bonnets decorated with ribbons and with lace, making a snow-white fringe around each black face, all petrified, all gnawed by the strange chemistry of the earth. Their hands protrude, like the severed roots of trees, from the sleeves of new dresses, and stockings that contain the bones of the legs look empty. Sometimes the dead wear only a pair of shoes, too large for the poor dried up feet.

But now we enter a gallery full of little glass coffins; this is the children's burial chamber. The bones of the little creatures, still soft, could not resist the work of decomposition. And you can not tell exactly what you are looking at, the miserable little things are so deformed, so crushed, so frightfully shapeless. But tears come to your eyes when you observe that the mothers have dressed them all in the same little dresses they wore when alive. And they come here to look at them sometimes.

Often you see beside the corpse a photograph showing the living person as he was, and nothing is more startling, more terrifying than this contrast.

We pass through another gallery, lower and darker, which seems to have been reserved for the poor. In one black recess there are some twenty of them, suspended all together under an opening under the roof, which lets in the outer air upon them in strong and sudden winds. They are clad in a sort of black canvas, fastened about the neck and feet, and as they lean one over the other, you imagine they were shivering, seeking to escape, screaming for help. They look like the drowned crew of some ship.

Here is the chamber of the priests—a vast gallery of horror! At the first glance they seem more terrible than the others, robed in their sacred vestments—black, red and violet. But as you examine them one after the other, a nervous and irrepressible laugh seizes you at the spectacle of their bizarre attitudes, the ghastly comedy of their poses. You behold some who sing, you see others who pray. The faces of all have been lifted up, the hands of all have been crossed. They wear the sacerdotal biretta upon their fleshless brows. Sometimes it hangs sideways over one ear in a jocular way, sometimes it slips down over the nose. A very carnival of death is this, made more picturesque by the gilded richness of the ecclesiastical robes.

From time to time a head rolls down upon the ground, the attachments of the neck having been gnawed through by mice. Thousands of mice dwell in this human charnel house.

On certain festival days the catacombs of the Capuchins are thrown open to the public. Once a drunken man got into the place, lay down to sleep and awoke in the middle of the night. He called, screamed, howled with terror, rushed madly to and fro in vain efforts to escape. But no one heard him. In the morning he was found clinging to the iron bars of the gate with so desperate a grip that it required a long time to detach his hands from them. He was mad. Since that time a great bell has been suspended near the entrance.—*Paris Figaro.*

—At the beginning of the war Nathaniel Kimball, of York County, Pennsylvania, paid a debt he owed at the store with a pumpkin seed, on which he wrote: "Good for 75 cents—Nat. Kimball" This currency was accepted and has passed as current money throughout the community ever since. Mr Kimball has tried to redeem the pumpkin seed, but the owner will not part with it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Bears have increased greatly in numbers in Oregon since the great snowstorm of January, 1880, which threw down a large amount of timber and rendered the woods almost impassable in some parts of the State, thus preventing the hunting of bears with dogs.—*Chicago Times*

THE MARKETS.

SPRINGFIELD MARKETS.

SPRINGFIELD, O., NOV. 4, 1885.

Corrected Daily by the J. D. Stewart Co., WHOLESALE GROCERS' AND COMMISSION MEN'S WHOLESALE PRICES.

BUTTER—Country, 16c.
EGGS—18c.
LARD—Country, 7c; packers' refined, 6½c.
FLOUR—$3 75 to $5 50 per barrel.
MEATS—Country hams, 9c; shoulders, 6c; bacon, 7c.
POULTRY—Chickens, $2 00; spring $2 40.
HONEY—15c.
APPLES—Common cooking, $1 50; eating and fancy, $1 75@2 50 per barrel.
POTATOES—35c.
SWEET POTATOES—Jerseys, per barrel, $2 00; Baltimore, $2 25.
CABBAGE—Home-grown, per 100, $1 75.
ONIONS—Per bushel, 65c.
SQUASHES—
CELERY—Per bunch, 12 in 15c.
OYSTERS—$1 10 per gallon.
MOLASSES—Quiet and nominal.
RICE—Steady and in moderate demand.
HAMS—8½@.
CUT MEAT—Quiet and firm.
CRANBERRIES—Bell & Chevy, per barrel, $8 50; per bushel $2 75.

GRAIN.

Corrected daily by Hamilton & Brooks.

WHEAT—87c, according to quality.
NEW CORN—80c.
OATS—White, 25c.
RYE—80c.
CLOVER SEED—$5.

BUTCHERS' STOCK.

Corrected daily by Leuty's Sons.

Fat cows, 3 to 3½c; butchers' steers, 4 to 4½c; shipping cattle, 3 to 3½c; hogs, $3 25 to $3 50; calves, 4½ to 5c.

TRIMMED HIDES.

Green, No 1, 6c; green, No. 2, 5c; cured, No. 1, 8c; cured, No 2, 6c; steers, No. 1, 7c; steers, No. 2, 6c; calf, 9c; kip, 7c.

WOOL.

Corrected daily by Slack & Sons.

Washed, medium, 28c; washed, fine, 27 to 28c; washed, coarse, 25c; medium, 18 to 20c; unwashed, fine, 17 to 18c; unwashed, coarse, 16 to 18c.

New York Live Stock Market.

NEW YORK, Nov 4

BEEVES—Receipts, 236 carloads. After a small part of the offerings had changed hands at about Monday's closing prices there was a decided break and in the late sales there was a reduction of fully 30c; extremes for native steers, $3 5@5 80; choice selections, 50@6 15; Texas and Colorado steers, $3 80@4 40; exports, 2,640 quarters of beef, 175 carcasses of mutton.

SHEEP—Receipts, 67 carloads; market extremely dull; no prospect of clearance; common to extra sheep, $2 20@4 37½; lambs, $4 20@6 60.

HOGS—Receipts, 141 carloads; nearly nominal at $3 80@4 20.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.

FLOUR—Heavy.

WHEAT—Very quiet at 10@½c higher; No. 2 spring, 91c; ungraded red, 79@90c; do. common, fair and inferior, 97c; No. 2 red, 97c; elevator No. 1 white, 98c; ungraded white, 83@84½c; posted red, 96c.

CORN—Advanced ¼@½c, closing with a reaction of ¼@½c; ungraded, 39@54c; No. 3, 44@46c; steamer December, 46½@47½c; No. 2 53½@54c; steamer December, 47½c; mixed, 51@52c.

DYSPEPSIA

is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. If neglected, it tends to impairing nutrition, and depressing the tone of the system, to prepare the way for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, &c. It invigorates and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food. REV. J. T. ROBERTS, the honored pastor of the First Reformed Church, Baltimore, Md., says:

"Having used Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia and Indigestion, I take great pleasure in recommending it highly. Also consider it a splendid tonic and invigorator, and even strengthening."

Genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

LADIES' HAND-BOOK, useful and attractive, containing list of prices for recipes, information about coins, etc., given away by all dealers in medicine, or mailed to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp.

GRANDMOTHER

Used herbs in doctoring the family, and her simple remedies *DID CURE* in most cases. Without the use of herbs, medical science would be powerless; and yet the tendency of the times is to neglect the best of all remedies for those powerful medicines that seriously injure the system.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS.

is a combination of valuable herbs, carefully compounded from the formula of a regular Physician, who used this prescription largely in his private practice with great success. It is *not* a drink, but a medicine used by many physicians. It is invaluable for *DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY* and *LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, WEAKNESS, INDIGESTION,* &c., and while curing will *not* hurt the system.

Mr. C. J. Rhodes, a well-known iron man of Safe Harbor, Pa., writes:

"My son was completely prostrated by fever and ague. Quinine and barks did him no good. Then sent for Mishler's Herb Bitters and in a short time the boy was quite well."

"E. A. Schellentrager, Druggist, 717 St. Clair Street, Cleveland, O., writes:

"Your Bitters, I can say, and do say, are prescribed by some of the oldest and most prominent physicians in our city."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., 525 Commerce St., Philadelphia.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails

CONTAGIOUS

Diseases are Prevalent all Over the World.

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as a outdoor patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my bones, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. I had vertigo and deafness, with partial loss of sight, severe pains in my head and ears, etc., which nearly drove me crazy. I lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Roosevelt's hospital, as well as by a prominent physician in New York having no connection with the hospitals. I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and determined to give it a trial, as a last resort. I had given up all hope of being cured, and had gone through the hands of the best medical men in Nottingham and New York. I took six bottles of S. S. S., and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life.

L. FRED HALFORD.

New York City, June 12, 1885.

BLOOD

Is the life, and he is wise who remembers it. But in March of last year (1884), I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Ga., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did not get well under the treatment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual remedies. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through boils on the skin.

DAN LEARY.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 7, 1885.

Two years ago I contracted blood poison. After taking prescriptions from the best physicians here and at Dallas, I concluded to visit Hot Springs, and on reaching Texarkana a doctor recommended me to try Swift's Specific, assuring me that it would benefit me more than Hot Springs. Although the

POISON

had produced great holes in my back and chest, and had removed all the hair off my head, yet I began to improve in a week's time, and the sores began to heal, and were entirely gone inside of eight weeks.

WILL JONES,
Porter Union Pass. Depot.

Cleo, Texas, July 15, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., N. Y. 157 W. 23d st.

New Scouring Establishment.

M. KRAUSE,

No. 125 West Main St., SPRINGFIELD, 3d Door west of Factory, OHIO.

Gents' Clothes Cleaned and Repaired.

Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks and Kid Gloves, Cleaned on Short Notice.

DENTISTRY.

Dr Frank G. Runyan

DENTIST.

Rooms in Buckingham's Building over Murphy & Bro's store.

Special attention given to the preservation of natural teeth.

BALL'S

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned if its purchaser after three weeks wear, if she finds it PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY. Made in every respect, and the price refunded. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by leading retailers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's Health Preserving Corset Clasp. CHICAGO CORSET CO., CHICAGO.

Many a Lady is beautiful all but her skin;

MILLINERY.

VELVETS

—AT—

WHOLESALE PRICES!

All Shades of Good Silk Velvets that retail at $1.50 for only $1 19.

LADIES, REMEMBER

This is a Saving of

31 Cents on a Yard!

AND IS JUST THE THING FOR DRESS AND HAT TRIMMINGS.

30 Dozen more Rough and Ready Sailors and Turbans at 24c.

EHRENHART'S,

19 EAST MAIN.

UNDERTAKING!

W. A. GROSS & CO.,

46 West Main St.

We are supplied with a full line of Undertakers' Goods, from the cheapest to the finest in the market.

Three Good Funeral Cars or Hearses, one a Beautiful White.

Our Embalmers are graduates with diploma. All calls promptly attended, day or night. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Finest turnout in the county.

D. W. Pritchard & Co.,

DEALERS IN THE

Patent Standing Seam Iron Roofing and Corrugated Siding and Ceiling.

Sagendorph's Flexible Canvas Roofing suitable for all kinds of buildings.

Agents for the Mott Metallic Tin Shingles, superior to slate for all ornamental work.

ROOF REPAIRING AND PAINTING.

We claim that Sagendorph's Chemical Metallic Paint and Cement will effectually stop all leaks in tin and iron roofs, and that if a roof is painted by us it will be kept in good repair for the term of five years without any additional cost to the owner. Tin roofs condemned by us are a specialty. All work fully guaranteed for five years. Give us a call.

D. W. PRITCHARD,

130 West Main St., Springfield, Ohio.

ROTH & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Sole Agents in the U. S. for the celebrated

Splendide

Paris Kid Gloves.

Price lists mailed free upon application.

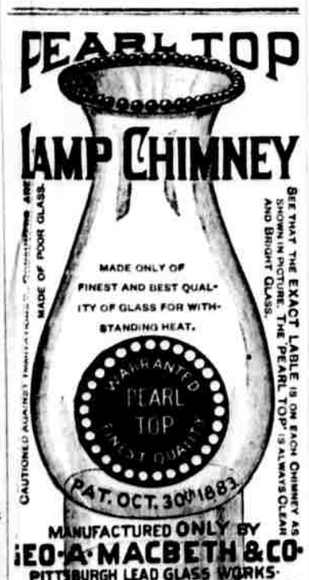
KID GLOVES

Exquisitely cleaned, 10 cts. per pair; postage, 2 cts. extra per pair.

ROTH'S GLOVE EMPORIUM,

117 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.

PEARL TOP



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY GEO. A. MACBETH & CO. PITTSBURGH LEAD GLASS WORKS. FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Relief and Cure

The immediate use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the earlier stages of throat and lung diseases, is highly important. Every hour's delay is dangerous, and may prove fatal. E. G. Reynolds, druggist, Dixfield, Me., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a wonderful remedy. In the fall of 1875 I was taken with a sudden Cold, accompanied with a terrible Cough. I suffered for three months, grew worse all the time, and was threatened with Consumption.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

was recommended to me by a neighbor, and had a favorable effect at once. I continued its use until five or six bottles had been taken, when I was completely cured." Dr. Chambers S. Penn, Barden, Ohio, Ohio, writes: "My wife was taken with a violent Cough, accompanied with Bleeding. Remedies usually

FULTON & HYPES.

FULTON & HYPES.

Everything in

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Desirable Goods at Moderate Prices.

Your trade invited.

FULTON & HYPES, MAIN ST., HATTERS AND FURNISHERS

COAL! COAL!

JONES, JOHN & CO.,

(Successors to Morrow & Jones.)

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Emma Mine and Hurd's Shaft

JACKSON COAL.

These coals are far superior to any Jackson Coal ever shipped into this market—once used, always used. Also, dealers in best grades of Anthracite and Sunday Creek Coal.

OFFICE: Corner Washington and Mechanic Sts. TELEPHONE No. 254.

A BIG LOAD OF COAL.

If you want the worth of your money go to

107 SOUTH MARKET STREET,

To buy your coal. You will get more coal for your money than you can get anywhere in the city weighed on city scales. Any kind of coal you desire.

FRANK COLLINS

We are now ready for the Fall trade with a fine line of goods bought at the present lowest prices, and can sell

FURNITURE, ALL KINDS, CARPETS, ALL GRADES,

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