GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

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

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY, 2, 1886.

"Old Probs" has demonstrated himself a pleasing humbug since the day before yesterday. A more agreeable mildness than yesterday for New Year's has seldom been seen in this latitude. We kindly forgive the Signal Service for its handsome failure.

Preliminary to Organization.

The clans are mostly gathered at Columbus today. And, lo, the Gang came among them also. McLean is not there, but he is represented. But the appearances are that the Gang is gloomy in its mind. It is singing small, somewhat in the note of the sucking dove. It found that bulldoze could not be sufficiently greased to go down.

The whole certified fraud from Cincinnati is on the ground, and does not look as if it were conscious of its own infamy.

The representative part of it is doubtless sweating a little blood inwardly, but there is no oozing-out of the same at the pores.

The senatorial end of the disgrace, however, has an inner confidence that it will reach its goal and hold it against the whole state of Ohio.

But, if there are two democrats—merely two—in the senate that own their own conscience, the whole representation of Cincinnati's hideousness will be scourged out of the capitol howling. The virtue of the democratic party is on trial, and the mossbacks of the entire state are holding their breath to hear the pin drop.

The contest for the speakership of the house appears to be between Cowgill and Entrekin, about neck and neck, with a group of other candidates just in their rear. The battle seems to be waged with friendliness and placid humor, and there is likely to be no bitterness in the victory.

There is a host of contestants for the lower offices, and each one is certain of success, and will be till after the caucus has balloted. All these gentlemen (and the few ladies) will be out of their misery before midnight, and can then smooth down their wrinkles, get the pull out of their hair, and serenely assist at the Sunday things of the other world tomorrow.

Silver to the Silvery.

The government buys silver enough to coin $2,000,000 a month, and pays for it in gold. The New-York Graphic raises the question, why should not the silver men who sell this bullion to the government be paid in silver coin.

Why not, to be sure? Ay, more too. When the government buys 112½ grains (if these are the correct figures) of silver bullion for 80 cents' worth of gold and coins it into a legal-tender dollar, thus making its purchasing power equal to 100 cents' worth of gold, why should not the seller of silver accept it as payment for 100 cents in the settlement? He expects other people to take it for 100 cents, and therefore why shouldn't he?

In this way the government would treat the silver kings just as it is treating the common people—namely, buying silver for 80 cents and paying it out for 100 cents. If this would not be even-handed justice, why wouldn't it?

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier says that "the great majority of the colored race were undoubtedly far better off and far happier in slavery than they have been since their emancipation." And there is a great outcry in northern newspapers about this utterance; as if most intelligent people did not know that the sentiment thus expressed is the general public sentiment of the southern whites who were slaveholders or are the immediate descendants of slaveholders. It will take two or three generations' remove to enable these white aristocrats to see that their ancestors were archthieves and deserved the execration of the human race. The editor of the News and Courier is manlier than most of them in not being a hypocrite. He believes, as they do, that it was a better and happier lot for men to be worked under the lash and women and babies to be sold on the auction-block than to be *free and at the mercy* of those who used to work, flog, and sell them; and he is brutal enough and not too cowardly, as they are, to say so. The southern idea of human rights is too disgusting to rake up and make a fuss about now. We know it, and know that it will require a great deal of treatment yet in this republic.

The Cleveland Leader seems to account for Jake Mueller's asininity by mentioning the fact that he was "the West-Cleveland champion of free whisky." But Jake's bray has not the whisky sound at all. Nothing but beer—stale, sour beer by the bucketful—could have ever worked off in that way.

Cleveland has signified his desire to aid in the erection of a monument to the late Vice-President Hendricks. This can be done without any risk to the president's life, and probably without any commitment of himself to the political views of which the deceased was so illustrious a representative.

The silver question is exceedingly simple of solution for the present. The vast and increasing accumulation of the dead silver dollars is steadily and inevitably depreciating its value. Stop the silver coinage immediately, and let all the rest of the question await the logic of events.

The congressmen have been at home writing their silver speeches. The $-mark is going to be shot into the Congressional Record after the holidays from two or three great guns and a hundred popguns all along the line.

Gen. B. F. Butler is going into politics again. He is going to be investigated by the democrats of the house as to his conduct and accounts in the treasurership of the National Home for Disabled Volunteers.

There are gentle insinuations of a public suspicion that four or five bonanza silver mines have sprung a leak and are giving out their odor through the hidden interstices of the congressional building.

It is cheering to be assured that that great and prevalent republican A. C. Sands will lend his presence to the inauguration scenes and unseens at Columbus.

How does your hat feel now, young man, and have you that resolution you made yesterday anywhere about your person to-day?

A Pittsburg paper calls Philadelphia "the sprawling village at the other end of Pennsylvania."

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 31, 1885.

To the Editor of the Globe-Republic:

In your issue of Dec. 30, 1885, I notice the following:

"An article in Bradstreet's on the boycotts in 1885, giving a list of newspapers boycotted, includes the Springfield Globe. This is a mistake. This paper, whether as Globe or Globe-Republic, never was boycotted."

Permit me to say through your paper that the article in Bradstreet's contains no such statement. It does not even mention the Springfield Globe; but does state, however, that *The Globe Printing and Publishing Co.*, of Springfield, Ohio, was unsuccessfully boycotted in February, 1885. I believe investigation will show that so far as Springfield, Ohio, industries are concerned, the article in Bradstreet's is substantially correct. Trusting you will make necessary correction, I remain yours very truly,

SAMUEL J. SHANNON, Sup't.

EDITORIAL REMARK.

We based our paragraph on the list of boycotted newspapers quoted from Bradstreet's by an exchange. The mistake was a natural one, and was due, without doubt, to Bradstreet's printers, and not to the superintendent here. The mention in Bradstreet is printed thus: "The *Globe* Printing and Publishing Company." The italicising of the "*Globe*" made it mean a newspaper; whereas it was written from here and intended to mean "The Globe Printing and Publishing Company"—a job-printing company that, when the said boycott was attempted upon it, was entirely separate, as it is now, from the company which publishes this paper.

The most anxious thought in the virtuous mind of the democratic party today is whether it shall indorse the men who go into the senate by virtue of the little rings on the 7's in this thing:

926 . 9. 9.

The great state of Ohio, which gave Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Stanton, and Chase, and Garfield, and Wade, and John Sherman, and Thurman, and Pendleton to the nation, has degenerated to a playground of political scoundrelism, with McLean at one end and Payne at the other, pitching 8-quoits across it, after tossing up coppers for the innings. O, Ohio!

The Cincinnati Sun modestly says that "since The Sun first commenced to urge its view, nearly every leading republican paper in the United States has followed in line." The Sun is a diffident and bashful young man.

LIBRARY NOTES.

—The Magazine of American History (New York, $5 a year) has a fine steel engraving of Senator John A. Logan and an article by him on "Slavery in America, its Origin and Consequences," with a rich table of contents, consisting of contributions from E. H. Goss, Gen. "Baldy" Smith, Hon. James W. Gerard, and others.

—St. Nicholas for January (The Century Co., New York, monthly, $3 a year) is, as always, a fascinating number for the young holiday merrymakers. They all know, who have ever tried it, that it is unapproachable.

—The Century Magazine (The Century Co., New York, monthly, $4 a year) starts the new year with an admirable number. The article on "Feathered Forms of Other Days" is an intensely interesting contribution to the new biological science, and its illustrations are wonderful. In fact, all the illustrations in The Century are in the highest style of art. The frontispiece portrait of Giuseppe Verdi, the great Italian composer, is the perfection of engraving. The literary contents of the number are on a par with the illustrations.

The Guard at Garfield's Tomb.

Garfield's tomb has now been guarded by the military for four years. The detachment of soldiers which was ordered to mount guard on the iron gates and prevent a despoilment which was never threatened and never really feared is still there. Nightly the sentinel strides back and forth, a curiosity to screech owls in the trees and a fatal and unnecessary warning to the agents of medical colleges, whose scientific research takes no thought of dead presidents. Not long ago a story was in circulation that one of the soldiers on guard in Lake View cemetery had become insane and had been sent to the government asylum at Washington. The story has never been verified and at the tomb nothing can be learned of the affair, which is clouded in mystery.

Awaiting the construction of the Garfield monument, the remains of Ohio's favorite son rest in the Scofield vault, half a mile from the site selected for the monument. Garfield's coffin is in plain sight of all who pass along the principal roadway of the cemetery. The casket rests about two feet from the floor, presenting a side view to the outside world. Looped and tasseled drapery of a brownish color conceals the framework or trestles or whatever may support the casket. A vase of living flowers is placed on the floor between the gateway and the drapery thus described, and there is barely room for it. Another bunch of flowers is placed on the coffin directly over the dead president's folded arms. A low temporary wire fence incloses a space of about ten feet in front of the vault, and outside of this the soldier-sentinel, in a new uniform, with shoes polished, white gloves on his hands, and his gun with fixed bayonet at "right shoulder shift," paces with steady and unremitting tread and with a fixed observance of all military rules.—Cleveland Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Grimness of the Revolution.

Poor Andre, who had been cutting up tricks and shines and courting the girls and playing the staff fool, suddenly found that war was a thing of terror, and that he was not held at his own valuation, but at the valuation these fierce men put upon him, namely, their enemy, a spy, and endeavoring by covert means to trick them out of the independence they had nearly won by open warfare. Arnold had gotten away, but Andre was his hostage. They made short work of him, tried by such a court-martial as many an Irish rebel is tried by the British army in times of revolt, and he saw his gallows and cart all prepared and not a sign on earth or in heaven of either remorse or pity.

It is a wonderful thing to examine at Albany the pen sketches this young fellow made of himself the night before he died. He had a general smatter of several of the arts, music, drama, the pencil, poetry, and here he drew in that little old stone-house, from a looking-glass perhaps, the profile of himself, and you can see it at Albany among many other curiosities. The poor young fellow appreciated the grimness of the American revolution as he had never beheld them in his mind before. He died with a big lump in his throat but all the exterior of a soldier he could assume. After a great many years, when England and America were on good terms, the British consul or other agents here had his remains exhumed at Tappan and taken across the water and a monument was put up to him in Westminster abbey. It tells the story of his fate in such a way as to interest all men who study up these rare private tragedies in war. Indeed, it was the most pathetic thing among the English in their long endeavor to recapture America.—"Gath" in Boston Globe.

The Other side Heard From.

[The Argonaut.]

Somebody recently started a story that no college graduate who used tobacco ever headed his class. It has been discovered that the class of '83 of Dickinson college was led by William K. Dare, who was an habitual smoker, and the class of '84 was led by Messrs. Strite and Jones (their standing being equal), both of whom were addicted to tobacco.

XMAS FANCIES!

Way up north where the icebergs glisten,
'Neath the mild aurora's light,
Where the hungry polar bears listen
And the northern stars shine bright.
A great big sled with merry jingle,
Drove in sight, and an iceberg crossed,
And in it sat our friend Kris Kingle,
Father Time and old Jack Frost.

Father Time blew on his fingers,
And catching his breath, he said, says he,
"My friend I've been where man lingers,
Over land and over sea,
Winged my way through every nation,
Priced nice goods on every shore,"
But I've made the observation
That goods are best at J. M. Knote's store."

Old Jack Frost then spoke in answer,
"What you tell is true I know,
Their cheap goods are simply grand, sir,
And their prices very low.
All the cold waves, all the storming,
That I sent to Springfield's shore
Fell quite flat before the warning
Coats that came from J. M. Knote's store."

Kris Kingle sat in rapt attention,
Drank in every word they spoke;
Then he said, "'Tis my intention
To drive my sleigh straight to Springfield,
Straight I'll enter through their door way,
Buy the best he has on hand,
And from Africa to Norway
Spread his fame through every land."

Here and There.

I'm not going to enter into a Susan advertisement to-day. I have other cuties that claim my attention. The boys must have a word said to them They expect good things at this season of the year. I make my offering now. From the very depths of my heart I thank you for the encouragement that you have given me. You have played an important part in my business. I can't just now tell you the exact sales in our BOYS' and CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT for the year, but they have been far ahead of our expectation. We've tried to serve you well; if we have made errors they have been of the head and not of the heart. And as I go forward cleaning for the spring of 1886, I will only gather such styles as will be in keeping with my well-earned reputation.

Before I speak to you again SANTA CLAUS will have paid you his annual visit, and I hope his supply will be sufficient to satisfy the fondest anticipation of every little boy and girl, and may each one realize and appreciate the lesson of the season,

"On earth peace, good will toward man."

The time is at hand when the

CLOTHING MARKET

Will be thoroughly looked into I am ready for the most careful buyer; the more careful the better I like it. Holiday presents must be procured. Substantial things are having the call.

CHILDREN'S

OVERCOATS!

Make handy presents; they give comfort and perhaps save a doctor's bill. I have a full line of MEN'S OVERCOATS as well as boys'.

We are ready for the festive season with a long line of SILK and CASHMERE MUFFLERS of all grades and styles. BROCADED SILK and SATIN HANDKERCHIEFS, hem stitched, white or deep mourning fancy bordered or plain white linen handkerchiefs. An endless variety of

Neckties!

Puffs, flats and ties BROCADE VELVETS, mateleise silks and satins.

Why do you wonder at our being busy? Call and examine and get prices. We'll serve you if you'll come to see us.

J. M. KNOTE'S

GLOBE

CLOTHING HOUSE,

5 East Main Street.

SPRINGFIELD, O.

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN ADAMS.

Bill Nye Gives Some Entertaining Extracts—The Basis of Statesmanship.

It is with great difficulty that I write this entry in my diary, for this morning Abigail thought best for me to carry the oleander down the cellar, as the nights have been growing colder of late.

I do not know which I dislike most, foreign usurpation or the oleander. I have carried that plant up and down stairs every time the weather has changed, and the fickle elements of New England have kept me rising and falling with the thermometer, and whenever I raised or fell I most always had that scrawny oleander in my arms.

Richly has it repaid us, however, with its long, green, limber branches and its little yellow nubs at the end. How full of promise is the glorious Scandinavian plant we call the Ole Andre. How full of promises to the eye that are broken to the heart. The oleander is always just about to meet its engagements, but later on it peters out and fails to materialize.

I do not know what we would do if it were not for our house plants. Every fall I shall carry them cheerfully down cellar and in the spring I will bring up the pots for Mrs. Adams to weep softly into. Many a night at the special instance and request of my wife I have risen, clothed in one simple, clinging garment, to go and see if the speckled, double and twisted Rise-up-William-Riley geranium was feeling all right.

I have driven one toe back into my foot, almost out of sight, by prowling around in the night and trying to kick rocking-chairs out of my way as I groped around to find a newspaper that I might spread over the three-cornered, sacred, picnic cactus from Farther India. And yet, what has the three-cornered, sacred, picnic cactus from Farther India ever done for us that we should try to make its life a happy one?

A SLIP OF ENGLISH IVY.

Last summer Abigail brought home a slip of English ivy. I do not like things that are English very much, but I tolerated this little sickly thing because it seemed to please Abigail. I asked her what were the salient features of the English ivy. What did the English ivy do? What might be its specialty? Mrs. Adams said that it made a specialty of climbing. It was a climber from away back. "All right," I then to her did straightway say, "let her climb."

It was a good early climber. It climbed higher than Jack's beanstalk. It climbed the golden stairs. Most of our plants are actively engaged in descending the cellar stairs or in ascending the golden stairs most all the time.

I do not feel much like writing in my diary to-day, but the physician says that my arm will be better in a day or two so that it will be more of a pleasure to do business.

We are still without a servant girl, so I do some of the cooking. I make a fire each day and boil the teakettle. People who have tried my boiled teakettle say it is very fine.

Some of my friends have asked me to run for the legislature here next election. Somehow I feel that I might, in public life, rise to distinction some day, and perhaps at some future time figure prominently in the affairs of a one-horse republic at a good salary.

SUCCESS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

I have never done anything in the statesman line, but it does not look difficult to me. It occurs to me that success in public life is the result of a union of several great primary elements, to wit:

Firstly—Ability to whoop in a felicitous manner.

Secondly—Promptness in improving the proper moment in which to whoop.

Thirdly—Ready and correct decision in the matter of which side to whoop on.

Fourthly—Ability to cork up the whoop at the proper moment and keep it in a cool place till needed.

And this last is one of the most important of all. It is the amateur statesman who talks the most. Fearing that he will conceal his identity as a fool, he babbles in conversation and slashes around in his shallow banks in public.

As soon as I get the house plants down cellar, and get their overshoes on for the winter, I will more seriously consider the question of our political affairs here in this new land where we have to tie our scalps on at night and where every summer is an Indian summer.—Boston Globe.

SHIPPING FRUITS WITHOUT DECAY.

Description of a New Refrigrator Car That Supplies a Dry, Even Temperature.

A number of Sacramentans recently had an opportunity of examining a new system of preserving fresh fruits and vegetables during the transit across the continent. The principles involved may be briefly explained as follows: The researches of Tyndall and other scientists have demonstrated that the decay of organic matter is due to bacteria, and that warmth and moisture are conditions peculiarly favorable to their development. For instance, the ordinary refrigerator car, with its quantities of ice, produces a great deal of moisture, and in order to counteract its effects the temperature must be kept down about freezing point. The regular fruit car is but a shell, allowing ventilation and giving access to outside air, and it is the sad experience of shippers that one very hot day in transit will often ruin the greater part of a shipment. The new car referred to proposes to do away with both objections. By allowing no access whatever to outside air, preserving a uniform temperature throughout the car and a free circulation of very dry, cold air.

The car itself is an ordinary insulated refrigerator car, which is closed at the beginning of the trip and not opened until the perishable goods reach their destination. The car weighs 28,000 pounds, some 8,000 pounds more than the shell fruit car, but considerably less than the ordinary refrigerator car with its load of ice. In one end of it is the machinery for regulating the temperature, occupying just four feet, so that in available space, too, it has an advantage over the refrigerator car. A long pipe punctured with many holes runs along the car at the top, and back into the machinery end where a small fan supplies suction to draw the air from the car into the pipe and it is then carried down, passed among pipes containing the cooling fluid and thrown in upon the fruits and meats again. All moisture clings to the cooling pipes and the air circulating is kept cool and dry.

The cooling liquid is made of alcohol and muriatic acid, and is known as chloride of ethyl. It is a neutral fluid, possessing neither the corrosive qualities of the acid nor the inflammability of alcohol. This chloride of ethyl in passing through the labyrinth of pipes is vaporized and allowed to condense again, thus producing the degree of cold required. The power is taken from the axle of the car, and several ingenious devices are resorted to, to counteract the pulling and jumping of the car, and again to obtain the exact degree of power required, no matter at what speed the car moves.

This particular car brought through a lot of meats from Chicago in excellent condition, and where ordinary refrigerators were compelled to keep the temperature at 30 degrees lest the meat should spoil, under this system it is kept for four or six days at 45 degrees and comes through in better shape, while the woodwork of the car remains as dry as a chip. It is claimed that this system will revolutionize fruit shipments, as it will land fruits in Chicago and New York without decay and almost in the condition in which they leave here.

How Tracks Are Guarded in Russia.

[German Railroad Progress.]

The track from Charkov to Nikolajev is patroled before each train by a watchman of each section, who carries forward a number found by him at the beginning of his section and left on a hook provided for it at the end, even numbers being carried in one direction and odd numbers in the other. The numbers, which are painted on metal plates, are hung in view of the trains, so that officials passing can readily see them, and by means of a small table of the positions of the number on any day or hour can see whether the watchmen are doing their work. A hook without a number indicates the negligence of a watchman, who can be readily identified, since every watchman is required to give notice when he does not find a number at the beginning of his section, and must do so to avoid having the carelessness ascribed to him.

A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters

ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure every thing?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON. Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative tonic known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by sufferers the first symptom of benefit is improved digestion. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

Father, Mother, and Three Sisters Dead.

Mr. David Claypool, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the New Jersey Senate, and now Notary Public at Cedarville, Cumberland Co., N. J., makes the following startling statement: "My father, mother, and three sisters all died with consumption, and my lungs were so weak I raised blood. Nobody thought I could live. My work (blacksmithing) was very straining on me with my weak constitution, and I was rapidly going to the grave. While in this condition I commenced using Mishler's Herb Bitters, and it saved my life. Because it was so difficult to get it in this little place, and I had improved so much, I stopped taking it for a time, and the result is that I have commenced going rapidly down hill again. Somehow, Mishler's Herb Bitters gives appetite and strengthens and builds me up as nothing else does, and I must have a dozen bottles at once. Use this communication as you please, and if any one wants to be convinced of its truth, let them write me and I will make affidavit to it, for I owe my life to Mishler's Herb Bitters."

The secret of the almost invariable relief and cure of consumption, dysentery, diarrhea, dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, when Mishler's Herb Bitters is used, is that it contains simple, harmless, and yet powerful ingredients, that act on the blood, kidneys, and liver, and through them strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Purely vegetable in its composition; prepared by a regular physician; a standard medicinal preparation; endorsed by physicians and druggists. These are four strong points in favor of Mishler's Herb Bitters. Mishler's Herb Bitters is sold by all druggists. Price $1.00 per large bottle. 6 bottles for $5.00.

Ask your druggist for MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS. If he does not keep it, do not take anything else, but send a postal card to MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., 8 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

Swift's Specific

Is nature's own remedy, made from roots gathered from the forests of Georgia. The method by which it is made was obtained by a half-breed from the Creek Indians who inhabited a certain portion of Georgia which was communicated to one of the early settlers, and thus the formula has been handed down to the present day. The above cut represents the method of manufacture twenty years ago, by Mr. C. T. Swift, one of the present proprietors. The demand has been gradually increasing until a $100,000 laboratory is now necessary to supply the trade. A foreign demand has been created, and enlarged facilities will be necessary to meet it. This great

VEGETABLE BLOOD PURIFIER

CURES

Cancer, Catarrh, Scrofula, Eczema, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Blood Taint,

hereditary or otherwise, without the use of Mercury or Potash.

Books on "Contagious Blood Poison" and on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

For sale by all druggists.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., N. Y., 157 W. 23d St. Drawer 3 Atlanta, Ga.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Sense of Taste & Smell. A Quick HAY-FEVER & Positive Cure.

Fifty cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular. Sample by mail 10 cts. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

GEO. SNEED,

PRACTICAL BLACKSMITH, HORSE SHOER,

And General Repairing Done.

COR. CENTER AND WASHINGTON STS

PREPAE FOR 1886.

Exce Diaries for 1886,
Quotati lendars for 1886,
Hagerstov lmanacks for 1886,
International S. esson Calendars for 1886,
Peloubet's Select N on S. S. Lessons for 1886,
Vincent & Hurlbut's Comary on S. S. Lessons for 1886.

Ledgers, Journals, Day ks, Cash Books, Invoice Books, Bill Books, Letter Books, nk Notes, Blank Receipts, Blank Drafts, Counting Room a ank Ticklers, Pass Books, Memorandum Books, Order ks, Butchers' Books, Grocers' Books, Pens, Penholder ead Pencils, Erasers, Rubber Bands, Gummed Labels, g Tags, Shipping Tags, Inks of all kinds, Mucilage, Lett resses, Copy Brushes, Water Bowls, Blotting Paper, Le and Invoice Filing Cases, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

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C. R. CONVERSE, DENTAL PARLORS, Rooms 5 & 6, Mitchell Block.

J. A. SMALLEY, DENTIST, On Market street, over Lenty's Meat store.

H. R. DOSCH, DENTIST, Rooms 15 & 17, Arcade Building.

J. D. MORRIS, DENTIST, 14 South Market St.

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AUSTIN & HODSON, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, 106 West Main St.

DRS. BELL & HULICK, Telephone 159. No. 55 East High St.

J. O. DAVY, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 22 E. High St. Residence 177 Center St.

L. S. RICE, PHYSICIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST, 76 W. Main St.

T. D. KING, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 8 W. High street.

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THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Urbana Camp Meeting Association will be held at the office of H. D. and H. M. Kaw, Urbana, Ohio, on

Monday, January 4, 1884,

At 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year.

By order of the Board. H. M. CROW, Secretary.

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