Springfield Republic

EVENING AND WEEKLY.

The REPUBLIC prints the New York and Western Associated Press Dispatches and the Reuter Cable (Foreign) Telegrams.

C. M. NICHOLS, PRESIDENT. THOS. G. BROWN, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

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TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1887.

Official Call for a City Republican Convention.

REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE ROOMS, SPRINGFIELD, O., March 12, 1887.

The republican voters of the city of Springfield are requested to meet in their respective wards, at the places hereinafter designated, on Monday evening, March 21st, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock, to put in nomination candidates for ward offices and to elect delegates to the republican city and township convention which will be held in the Wigwam, corner of Main and Center streets, this city, on Wednesday evening, March 23d, at 7:30 o'clock. The order of business and mode of selecting candidates for ward offices and delegates to the city convention shall be as follows:

First—At 7:30 p. m. the meeting shall be called to order by a member of the central committee, or, in his absence, by any republican present, and a chairman, secretary, assistant secretary, and two judges shall be chosen vi va voce.

Second—Nominations for candidate for assessor. Balloting for candidate for assessor. All selections of candidates or delegates to be by ballot, except where there is but one person named for the office, when he may be nominated by acclamation. When more than one name is proposed for nomination to any office, each qualified republican, a resident of the ward, will be entitled to a vote, but must have his name recorded by the secretary before casting his ballot. Provided that the recording of names of voters may be waived if done before the commencement of any ballot, by a majority vote of the republicans present. The box or receptacle for the ballots must not be passed around the room to receive the votes, but must be kept in one place in full view of the meeting.

Third. Nominations for candidate for member of school board, and voting therefor in the same manner as for assessor.

Fourth. Nominations for candidate for member of city council, and voting therefor in same manner as for assessor.

Fifth. Nominations for delegates to the city and township convention, and voting therefor in same manner as provided for assessor, except that each ballot shall contain as many names of different persons as the ward is entitled to delegates in the convention.

Delegates to the city convention will also be delegates to the township convention.

Springfield township convention will be held at the same place and date, and previous to the city convention.

The republicans of Springfield township outside of the city will meet in the west county building, on Saturday, March 19, between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the township convention, to be held as above noted. Said delegates to be chosen in the same manner as provided for assessor in the city caucuses. The basis of representation is one delegate for every fifteen votes cast for J. S. Robinson for secretary of state in 1886, and one delegate for each fraction of fifteen votes over ten, and is apportioned as follows:

First ward	16	Sixth ward	47
Second ward	22	Seventh ward	25
Third ward	13	Eighth ward	23
Fourth ward	28	Ninth ward	14
Fifth ward	49	Springfield tp	20

The places for ward and township meetings are:

First ward, sheriff's office.
Second ward, Western engine house.
Third ward, Central engine house.
Fourth ward.
Fifth ward, Reinheimer's hall, west Main street.
Sixth ward, mayor's office, court room.
Seventh ward, Southern engine house.
Eighth ward, Lagonda avenue engine house.
Ninth ward.

The committee earnestly request all republicans to attend these meeting; and select thoroughly reliable republicans, of known honesty, ability and integrity, as candidates for ward offices. Send men as delegates to the city convention who will make wise nomination for city and township officers, and the fight will be more than half won.

By order of the City Central committee
J. S. MILES, Chairman.
G. J. WOXES, Secretary.

The ideal man is the dead man. Nobody discovers him while he is alive.

The first thing we know, John Sherman will have the entire South fenced in.

Andrew Jackson is really and truly a candidate for office in Greene county.

Kate Field is to have a royal reception at Salt Lake City. The Mormon elders will not assist.

Cassius M. Clay recently declared in a speech that "we need fewer courts and more justice."

Francis Murphy is now in his sixth week of good, sensible, practical, fruitful, gospel work in behalf of total abstinence, at Chicago.

The sound savings bank and the well managed building association efficiently assist the workingman in becoming a capitalist.

If Mrs. Parsons would go and kill O'Donavin Rossa and get hanged for it, the country would be well rid of two aggravated nuisances.

Philadelphia is to have a nine-story hotel. It will lack three stories of being as high as the West house, at Minneapolis. But Philadelphia is rather a slow town.

A new labor order has been organized in New England, which resembles that of the Knights of Labor, with the exception that it opposes all strikes and boycotts.

A. R. Parsons talks very savagely about the Columbus authorities, but as he is in jail and is soon to be hanged, his talk creates no especial alarm at our State capital.

Negotiation, arbitration, co-operation, profit-sharing and the principles of the Golden Rule *working both ways*, are factors in the right solution of labor problems.

Mr. F. B. Gessner, of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, in an article devoted to brief sketches of state senators, says:

Senator Pringle, of Springfield, as chairman of the committee on municipal corporations, and a member of the Cincinnati investigating committee, has made the reputation of being a wonderfully genial and fair-minded man. Few men have came here and kept such a large circle of friends as Tom Pringle.

Messrs. Hooper & Stevens have purchased the *Sunday Morning News*, of Columbus, and greatly improved it, in appearance, tone and character. The senior proprietor and editor is our old friend, Mr. Osman C. Hooper, formerly of the Columbus *Dispatch*, and later of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a poet, a wit, a born journalist, and as a matter of course, a gentleman and a scholar.

The new business boom of Columbus requires twenty-two large pages of the *Evening Dispatch*, of Monday, March 14, for its description and glorification. The points of the city are fully and honestly illustrated in pen and ink sketches and pictures. The *Dispatch* describes this mammoth issue as follows:

Nothing greater in the way of newspaper labor in this line has ever been done in Columbus. The edition of 30,000 papers, printed on fine book paper, weighs 22,500 pounds. All the cuts were prepared expressly for it, and the entire edition was electrotyped. In the 198 columns there are 52 926 lines. Fifty-six of these columns, or 15,120 lines, are descriptive matter—information for the people concerning the city—the remainder being advertising.

Each paper weighs twelve ounces, and can be mailed for three cents.

FRANK M. HAGAN, ESQ.

The nomination of Frank M. Hagan, Esq., by the "non-partisans" as their candidate for the office of Mayor, breaks the republican slates. We mean by this that the list of republican candidates must now be carefully revised, and that several persons, each of whom could have beaten any one of quite a number of democrats or their co-laborers, the Non-partisans, are now unavailable. Mr. Hagan is one of the strongest men, as a candidate, in the democratic ranks, and as the position of mayor is of all others that having political significance and bearing, he is the most important figure in the canvass. He will command the full support of the democrats and more or less support from "Non-partisans" who are occasionally republicans.

We must admit that the convention, Monday night, acted wisely, from the opposition standpoint. Its members possibly builded better than they knew. They did their best. They earned the support of the democrats by giving them the most honorable office in the gift of the people, whose occupant, if he be a man of capacity and shrewdness, may put himself in the line of promotion to the governor's seat or the presidential chair. We say this of the position—not of Mr. Hagan, for we are sure that he has no aspirations beyond the chief magistracy of this city. He is neither a Constantine nor a Thomas. The mayoralty, we may say, further, is a position of general political significance. Should Mr. Hagan be elected the fact would be trumpeted abroad, not as a non-partisan victory, but as a democratic victory, and justly so, for Mr. Hagan, whatever his character or capacity may be shown to be, or not be, is not a non-partisan, but a partisan—a democratic partisan—dyed-in-the-wool, persistent, bitter, uncompromising, uniformly and always a democrat, and nothing else but a democrat. The democrats of the city could well afford to say: Give us the mayoralty and you may fill all the other positions. With Mr. Hagan in the mayor's chair, they would have the choice political plum, compared with which the other positions would be dead-sea apples.

What we, as republicans, have to do, therefore, is to beat Mr. Hagan. In beating him we beat the whole ticket, and that is what we must and will do: not by depreciating or underrating him, certainly; not by abusing him or sneering at him, or his associates; but by *bringing* out a republican for the position who is a better and more popular man, who will command the support of *all republicans*, and by doing out best to elect him by an old fashioned majority. We must have a man, too, who will enlist in his behalf, by the very strength and symmetry of his character, the enthusiastic support of all republicans and of those real 'non-partisans who wish to vote for the best man, irrespective of his politics! If this irreproachable and exceptional citizen does not wish to be a candidate and does not desire the office—as he probably will not—he should sacrifice his personal feelings for the public good and accept the position when it is tendered him. Personal preferences; personal convenience and feeling; personal aspirations; personal schemes: must all go to the rear. We must present as candidates, clear through the ticket, men *who will deserve the support of all good citizens;* men who have now the public esteem and confidence, and who will be known by all men to have capacity and fitness for the positions for which they will be named!

The republicans of Springfield can elect seven men to city offices, by a good majority, if they rally in full force and take the matter in hand at once—this week!—and exert themselves personally and vigorously until 6 o'clock p. m. of the day of the spring election.

THE CULMINATION OF A POLITICAL SCHEME.

It was hardly necessary for us to answer the question which Mr. W. S. Thomas asked the chairman of the wigwam meeting, as to the Police Court law being the result of a political scheme. Still, it gave us a good degree of satisfaction to spread out our reasons in the REPUBLIC. The most satisfactory and conclusive answer, however, to Mr. Thomas's question is given in the action of the non-partisan city convention and its results. The police court law was the fruit of a political scheme—of which Mr. William S. Thomas was the father—and everybody now sees that this is true. The elder Thomas said, very emphatically, at the wigwam meeting, that neither he nor any member of his family, was a candidate or would be, but Mr. W. S. Thomas was a candidate, as we knew he would be, at the non-partisan city nominating convention, on Monday night, and he received 19 votes on one ballot, 22 on the next, and was then seized by the slack of his breeches and thrown out of court. He was a candidate no longer. He wanted to be a candidate, but the convention wouldn't have it. As is often the case, the schemer failed to get the benefit of the scheme. Still the fact of the scheme remains. Democrats are heirs to whatever political capital may possibly be made out of the scheme, as it materialized Monday night. The fact that three new minor offices have been created, so that the democrats could trade them off with the non-partisans for their support for a democratic candidate for the position of mayor, and the subsequent fact that the trade was consummated, Monday night, are two concurrences that make the scheme as plain as letters of fire on a black cloud. Mr. Thomas and his co-conspirators have answered his own question.

The Columbus *Dispatch* makes this complimentary and well-deserved reference to our Mr. Morgan:

We want to congratulate Mr. Ed. A. Morgan, the "Cabriolet" of the Springfield REPUBLIC, on his remarkable success in the field of humor. He is certainly the Bill Nye of the near future. We learn from the REPUBLIC's editorial columns that Mr. Morgan is a member of its regular city staff. This gives him a fine opportunity to gather original material for his funny sketches. As an illustration of "Cabriolet's" style, we select the following, a letter he recently wrote to a young Springfield lady in reply to her pressing invitation to attend a dinner prepared by herself to show what she had learned at the cooking school of which she was an enthusiastic member.

The letter appeared in "Cabriolet's" contribution, in Saturday's REPUBLIC.

There is nothing mean about the Toledo *Commercial* man. He volunteers to explain his funny paragraphs. The joke about this is that they never need it.

We have received the March number of *The Quiver*, from Cassell & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York. As usual, it is excellent.

CRUSH THE DEAD LEAVES.

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet,"
Gaze not on them with mournful sigh;
Think not earth has no glory left
Because a few of its frail things die;
Spring time will bring fresh verdure as sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Look not back with despairing heart,
Think not life's morning has been in vain;
Rich, broad fields lie before thee yet,
Ready to yield their golden grain.
Autumn may bring thee fruitage sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Murmur not if the shadow fall
Thick and dark on thy earthly way;
Hearts there are which must walk in shade,
Till they reach the light of eternal day.
Life is not long, and the years are fleet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Bravely work, with a steadfast soul;
Make others happy, and thou shalt find
Happiness flowing back into thy heart;
A quiet peace and contented mind.
If earth be lonely, then heaven is sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

—Mrs. Harry Don in Good Housekeeping.

MARY'S QUINCES.

"So you won't give us nothin' for the subscription?" said Mrs. Biggard, folding her mittened hands sanctimoniously upon her lap. "Remember, Mary Hay, 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Biggard," said Mary Hay, with the color coming and going on her cheek, while a sense of the ridiculous strove within her against a meek consciousness of the solemnity of the words just quoted; "but the farm hasn't done as well this year as we expected it to do, and until all the outstanding debts are paid I think it would be scarcely just to indulge myself in the luxury of subscribing to the 'Fund for Evangelizing the Elsee Indians.'"

Mrs Biggard clasped the little red morocco subscription book with a clicking sound.

"Humph!" said she. "Why don't you say at once that you'd rather spend your money in navy blue silk gowns and flashy bonnets?"

Mary reddened to the roots of her hair.

"Perhaps you are not aware, Mrs. Biggard," said she, "that the navy blue dress was mother's old one, dyed over at home, and that the bonnet was a present from my aunt in Springfield."

"All very well to talk," sputtered Mrs. Biggard, shaking out her multitudinous flounces. "But I know that Mr. Mildmay will be powerfully disappointed. He expects somethin' besides empty talk from the ladies of the flock."

Once more the roseate color suffused Mary's cheek.

"My duty is my duty," said she, "and I cannot swerve from it to please any one—not even Mr. Mildmay."

And the amiable Mrs. Biggard went straight to the rectory and told Mr. Mildmay "that Mary Hay said she warn't agoin' to subscribe to the fund to please Mr. Mildmay nor any one else."

The rector listened in silence, but he was conscious of a pang of inward annoyance.

He had scarcely expected so curt a message from Mary Hay, in whose dove like black eyes he had so often read the light of sympathy, whose downcast head reminded him of the beautiful "Mater Dolorosa."

"So different from my Ruey, now, ain't she?" said Mrs. Biggard. "Why Ruey, she's fairly walked through the soles of a pair o' boots a solicitin' subscriptions for the fund. There never was nobody so devout as she is. And she wants to know—my Ruey does—whether she and Almiry shan't come over to the rectory an' put up the parlor curtains for you this afternoon."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Mildmay, with something of an embarrassed air, "but I dare say that Bridget will do very well. I wouldn't trouble Miss Zerulah, and"——

"Oh, it won't be no trouble at all!" said Mrs. Biggard.

And off she went to give the needful directions to Zerulah and Almira, her two lean, middle aged daughters.

"I do feel such a motherly sympathy for a bachelder clergyman!" said she. "There ain't no more helpless creetur on the face of the earth."

While Mary Hay, busy at her work in the farm house kitchen, was puzzling her brains to think up some possible or impossible plan to get a little money to help kind Mr. Mildmay's plan along.

"I wish I could spare something," she said, "if it was only a dollar!"

"I wish you could, my dear!" said gentle Mrs. Hay, who had overheard the eager words.

"Mother," cried Mary, "there are the quinces—the quinces down by the railroad. Why couldn't I sell them at the store? The trees hang full this year and the fruit is beautifully perfect."

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Hay. "We'll go to morrow and gather them, Mary—you and I."

Mary went singing about her work that afternoon. Her heart was light as any feather. Why, why had she not remembered the quince tree before? Quinces were rare and high priced this season, and she thought she was certain of at least $5 for the crop.

But the next day, when she and her mother—Mrs. Hay carrying the basket and Mary trundling the barrow along before her—went down to the orchard, whose slopes extended to the glittering steel lines of the railway, lo and behold! the trees were utterly stripped of their golden load.

Mary burst into tears. She sat down on the edge of the wheelbarrow and hid her head in her mother's apron like a child.

"Oh, mother, who has done this?" she cried. "Who can have been so wicked—so cruel?"

"It's the boys, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Hay. "Don't fret, daughter—don't! It's done, and it can't be helped."

"The boys never served us so before," said Mary between her sobs. "Yes, mother, you are right. It can't be helped. Let us go home. There is an end of the subscription money now."

Slowly and sadly the two women toiled back up the hill with the wheelbarrow and basket. Mr. Hay, just returned from the harvest field, heard their story with amazement.

"It's the first time that ever a tree of mine was robbed," said he. "I didn't know as we had such boys in this neighborhood; but, look here, Polly, don't cry," laying his hand soothingly on his daughter's shoulder. "It's always darkest just before daylight. Here's a $5 gold piece that Mrs. Blake paid me for the hay in the up medder. I was going to take it toward the taxes, but I guess taxes can wait."

"No, father," said Mary, "our just debts are our just debts. I oughtn't to touch this money."

"Squinches, eh," said Luke Darabee, who had come in with a stone pitcher for a gallon of Mrs. Hay's cider vinegar. "Squinches is mighty scuss this season. I see Mrs. Biggard's folks doin' up a sight on 'em when I was over there this morning. Mrs. Biggard she's dreadful churchy, you know, and the parson he's said he was partial to preserved squinches; and there was she and Ruey and Almiry tuckerin' like all possessed to get 'em done. Says I:

"Why, whar did ye git all them 'ere squinches?"

Says she:

"I bought 'em of a boy at the door."

Says I:

"'No, ye didn't.' Electa Biggard; you got 'em last night outen Farmer Hay's side hill squirch orchard, clus' to the railroad,' says I; 'cause I seen you and Ruey a carrin' the clothes basket between you, cram jam full o' big, yallar squinches.'

"And so I did, for our cow got outen the field and wandered quite a way down the railroad, and I was a-hunting of her by moonlight, when I seen them from behind the sassafras bushes down by the track. Wal, you should have seen her turn redder than this big bell peppers out in the garden patch. Says she:

"'What an' it I did?' says she. 'Mary Hay she give 'em to me.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that's a horse of another color,' says I.

"But now it appears," with his shabby, gray eyebrows slightly elevated, "that ye didn't give 'em to her, hey?"

Mary and her mother looked blankly at each other. The good father chuckled.

"Them quinces was worth $5 at the very least," said he. "I guess, Polly, if I was you, I'd collect the money."

The ladies of the fund committee were at Mrs. Biggard's house that afternoon.

A good many faithful and devout sisters were present, and some of the brotherhood as well.

Mr. Mildmay sauntered in toward ten time, and was thanking Zerulah and Almira Biggard for the beautiful jars of preserved quinces which had found their way to the rectory, when Mrs. Biggard's shrill voice sounded above the hum of general discourse:

"Now that the minister is here, there ain't no reason we shouldn't render in our accounts," she cackled. "And I am happy to say that every lady in the parish has given something to the Elsee Indian fund except Miss Mary Hay."

Mr. Mildmay bit his lip. Zerulah cast down her white lashed eyes. Almira giggled faintly.

"Ma is so frank spoken," said she.

"I scarcely think," observed Mr. Mildmay, "that there was any necessity for particularizing in such a matter as this."

"I hain't no patience with mean folks," said Mrs. Biggard, speaking in a stage aside.

But Mary Hay had risen calmly up from her seat among the younger ladies.

"Neither have I," she said. "And so I propose to subscribe to the fund the $5 which Mrs. Biggard is going to pay me."

She moved easily and gracefully toward the lady of the house and held out her hand with an air of calm expectancy.

"Me!" cried Mrs. Biggard. "Goin' to pay you $5! I guess the gal is crazy. What should I pay you $5 for?"

"For the quinces," said Mary, enjoying the sudden panic which turned the matronly, rubicund face to the color of badly risen dough—"the quinces which you bought of us last night and forgot to pay for."

Mrs. Biggard muttered something—nobody could exactly tell what it was, but the changes of her complexion would have reminded one of the proverbial "flying dolphin," as she drew out her purse and deposited a crumpled $5 bill in Mary Hay's quietly extended palm.

"I—I confess I've been neglectful," said she. "I spose I ought to hev attended to it before."

"I think you ought indeed," was Miss Hay's calm reply.

"I didn't know's you cared nothin' for them quinces," muttered Mrs. Biggard, "or I wouldn't hev touched 'em, not on no account."

"You might at least have paid us the compliment of asking us," said Mary curtly.

And she put the $5 bill in the little blue ribboned "collection basket," which was in Miss Zerulah Biggard's especial care.

Mr. Mildmay walked home with her that evening. She did not tell him the story of the quinces, to her credit be it spoken. Mary Hay was not one to strike a fallen enemy. And perhaps she and Mr. Mildmay had pleasanter topics of conversation than any faults and failings of Mrs. Biggard.

But Honest Luke Larrabee was by no means so reticent. He related the little incident of the moonlight raid on the quince orchard high and low.

"And them Biggards is always a quotin' Scripter texts," said he. "And the old lady sings hymns the loudest of any one in the church, and Zerulah settin' her cap at the young minister. I'd jest like to see her face when she hears that Mr. Mildmay and Mary Hay is to be married in the spring.

But if you want to shut up the old lady's mouth any time all you've got to do is to ask her for her recipe for "puttin' up quinces."—New England Farmer.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Bird, Strap, Clinton-Label, and the fac-simile signatures of John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Prop'rs, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 ct. ta.—Sold by all Druggists.

A FREE LUNCH SALOON.

Patrons of the Institution Briefly Described—Edibles Given Away.

A dozen men who had the appearance of "galley" slaves sat at tables in the saloon, at whose door hung a white oil cloth sign announcing "Chicken stew to-day." A similar sign at the side of the door began, "Free lunch from 12 to 2 o'clock," and went on to specify the roast beef, Frankfurt sausage and other delicacies that were on tap inside.

"Do many people lunch here regularly?" was asked the bartender.

"A great many workingmen, like those you see at the tables, patronize us," he said. "They get with a glass of beer for five cents a bowl of soup and bread that would cost from ten to fifteen cents in a restaurant. Then there is a table near the door with more substantial edibles; so they get a good meal very cheap. It's a mistake to think that only tramps and loafers eat free lunches. A number of lawyers who live in outlying districts or the suburbs come in here for a bite during the day. Many clerks save their money by patronizing us."

"Do any respectable persons live on free lunches entirely?"

"A few who are out of work or in hard lines do. A teacher of German on the north side has lived on free lunches all winter. His wages were garnisheed, and he didn't know enough about law to protect his rights. He does a little outside work occasionally, and makes enough to buy three or four glasses of beer a day. With each glass he eats a hearty meal.

"A man who once figured on the board of trade and made $1,000 a month does nearly all his eating at free lunch tables. He lost his money and his nerve on the same corner. A great many men out of work, men who have been used to better fare, would be objects of public charity or starve if the saloon lunches were not within easy reach. We never refuse a decent looking man who looks hungry, but fire out tramps and loafers when they move on our layout. Free lunches are not charitable arrangements, but they are often a means of helping worthy people."

In one down town saloon, where an extra quality of soup is served, the crowds at noon time can scarcely be accommodated. Often the tables are all filled and the patrons stand around the room with a bowl in one hand and a spoon in the other. A whole leg of beef is boiled up in a huge caldron. The soup costs the proprietor $30 a day, but he makes a clear profit of $80 on each day's sales of extra beer consumed. Saloon keepers know that a light lunch neutralizes the effects of many drinks, and the capacity of the drinkers is, as it were, enlarged by the lunches. Politicians who fix up tickets, gossipers who have nowhere else to loaf and men who are out for a time are liberal patrons of the lunch stands.—Chicago News.

The Obstinate Lamp Wick.

Sometimes the lamp wick obstinately refuses to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other runs up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity, take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage and the wick will be found tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.—Chicago News.

If you have such a thing as a corn, roll a lemon until soft, cut off a thick slice, bind on at night. It may soften by application. If not, "try, try again," and it will surely cure.

Woman's Warfare.

Pimples, tan, rash, freckles, prickly heat,
Sallowness, greasiness and times ravages (crow's feet),
These are the foes to woman's beauty;
Their safe removal her speedy duty.
Save one all een bebanished very fast,
(We can abate but not obliterate the last:)
Use Champlin's Liquid Pearl and see,
How quickly all these beauty pests will flee.

While operating a saw in the wood shop on Wednesday, Mr. John Parsons was struck in the abdomen by a dying timber, which floored him for a moment. He was not seriously injured. One hand was also hurt. It was a narrow escape, being exactly the same manner in which John Alt received his death blow a few years ago.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by F. A. Garwood on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

The drive is now on Golden Fleece, ¼ sack $1.30, ½ sack 65c.

READY FOR THE SPRING TRADE!

A COMPLETE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING NOW READY FOR INSPECTION.

My methods of business and ambition to maintain the high position I hold, as the most popular Clothier for the masses, is evidently highly appreciated. The liberal patronage I receive dispels the common habit of the average modern dealers, that in order to create trade, tricks and falsehoods are necessary accessories to a legitimate business. Plain facts, plainly stated, are my big hold, and here they are:

I have a colossal assortment of the latest styles in Men's Cassimere and Worsted Suits in Frock, Sack and Prince Albert, from $5 to $25; Special bargains in suits, $8, $9 and $10; boys' suits in every possible style and quality, 10 to 18 years, $3 and upward; special bargains in Boys' Suits, at $6.50, $7.50, $8.50 and $10.

Children's Suits, largest line ever shown, size, 4 to 15 years, $1.25 up; special bargains in Children's Suits, at $3, $3.50 and $4; special bargains here means extra good value in these lines. Big stock of men's, boys' and children's separate pants, 50c to $7; big stock of men's Furnishing Goods at very close figures, much cheaper than elsewhere. Hats, Caps, Gloves, Ties, etc.

There is not an article in my store marked for a bait. I mean to do a bigger business than ever before, and with one object in view, I am prepared with a larger stock and have marked all my goods at Astonishingly Low Prices, considering quality and styles. I solicit an inspection. I urge no one to buy, and all are treated with consideration. Every garment has the lowest selling price marked in plain figures. One price to all. Each article is warranted to be good value for the money paid, and to be ten per cent. cheaper than the same quality can be bought for at any other clothing house in the city, no matter what others claim. In every case, when so desired, for any reason whatsoever, I cheerfully refund the money for any article bought at my store, on return of the goods in good condition. Can you ask anything that is fairer? It always Pays to Trade with me.

M. D. LEVY, THE OLD RELIABLE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER, Corner Main and Market Streets.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, did so and was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all coughs and colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial bottles free at Ludlow's drugstore.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at 50 cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25 cents a box by Ludlow.

Bucklin'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 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.

Bessie, daughter of A. H. Tavenner, is still very sick with diphtheria.

If you would enjoy your dinner and are prevented by Dyspepsia, use Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are a positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation. We guarantee them. 25 and 50 cents. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

Frank Hedrick, of South Charleston, moved to this place on Thursday, occupying the residence recently vacated by Geo. Tavenner. He will work for Warder, Bushnell & Glessner.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure. For sale by F. A. Garwood.

The little seven-months' old son of James Chapman, Lagonda avenue, died on Thursday morning of lung trouble. The child was sick for more than half its life, being troubled with a skin disease, which finally went to his lungs and proved fatal.

Old and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

John Parsons, who will be remembered by our older citizens as a young man who boarded with Wm. H. Berger several years, but left here some ten years ago, returned this week and began work in the shop. He will soon move his family here from Perry county.

"HACKMETAC," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by F. A. Garwood.

DYSPEPSIA

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

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

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

THE BEST TONIC

Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all its forms, Heartburn, Belching, Tasting the Food, etc. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, and aids the assimilation of food. REV. 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 very strengthening."

HON. JOSEPH C. SUTZ, Judge of Circuit Court, Clinton Co., Ind., says: "I bear most cheerful testimony to the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters for Dyspepsia, and as a tonic."

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

WANTED—General agents, to wholesale my new motor. Rare chance, good salary or 50c on the dollar. Address, with stamp, F. M. Weaver, Indianapolis, Ind. (Name this paper.

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LOST MANHOOD, YOUTHFUL imprudence, nervous debility cured by Botanic Nerve Bitters. 50 cts. Herb Med. Co. Phila., Pa. Sold at 41 E Main St., Springfield, O.

Options on Stocks & Bonds (PUTS, CALLS, ETC.) A SPECIALTY. Insurance Against Loss in Stock Operations. Circulars and Information on Application. The Theory of Stock Exchange Speculation, by Author Crumb. Price, $2, post paid. Table of contents mailed free. Every speculator should read and study this interesting work. H. W. ROSENBAUM, 60 Exchange Place, New York.

TO WEAK MEN Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

MANLY VIGOR lost through or impaired by youthful indiscretion, or bad practices, quickly and perfectly restored by the new Cradgin Mental Pearls. Send for our new illustrated "Guide to Health." Address the Cradgin Medical Clinic, 25 Nassau St., N. Y.

RUPTURE RADICALLY CURED BY Dr. Pierce's Great Discovery. Thousands of patients cured AT THEIR HOMES. No experiment. It does the work. Dr. PIERCE & SON, 204 N. Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.

KASKINE

THE NEW QUININE.

NO BAD EFFECT. NO HEADACHE. NO NAUSEA. NO RINGING EARS. CURES QUICKLY PLEASANT, PURE

Science clinging from a Jackscrew.

A POWERFUL TONIC

That the most delicate stomach will bear.

A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION and all Germ Diseases.

FOR COLDS KASKINE HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE ALMOST A SPECIFIC. Superior to quinine.

Bellevue Hospital, N. Y.: "Universally successful."

St. Francis Hospital, New York: "Every patient treated with Kaskine has been discharged cured."

Rev. Jas. L. Hall, Chaplain Albany Penitentiary, writes that Kaskine has cured his wife, after twenty years suffering from malaria and nervous dyspepsia. Write him for particulars.

St. Joseph's Hospital, N. Y.: "Its use is considered indispensable. It acts perfectly."

Prof. W. F. Holcomb, M. D., 54 East 25th St., N. Y., late Prof. in N. Y. Med. College writes: "Kaskine is superior to quinine in its specific power, and never produces the slightest injury to the hearing or constitution."

Thousands upon thousands write that Kaskine has cured them after all other medicines had failed. Write for book of testimonials.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York

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BOOK BINDERS.

JOHNSON & DORNE, LESSEES OF THE E. L. BARRETT & SON'S BOOK BINDERY, 170 West Columbia, street. General Book Binders and Blank Book Manufacturer.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Hospital Commissioners of the city of Springfield, Ohio, at the office, in the Mitchell block in said city, of J. S. Elliott, clerk of said board, until 12 o'clock, noon, of April 9th, 1887, for furnishing all the material and doing all the labor for the remodeling and repairing of the building on the Hospital grounds in said city.

All bids must be for doing said work according to the plans and specifications therefor on file in the office of Chas. A. Cregar, architect; and all bids must be on the blank forms furnished by the clerk of said board, and shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope and deposited with said clerk, and such sealed envelope shall have endorsed thereon the nature of the same.

Said bids will be opened at the first regular meeting of the board after the 9th day of April, 1887, and said board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

BOARD OF HOSPITAL COMMISSIONERS.
By Jas. P. Goodwin, President.
J. S. Elliott, Clerk.

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