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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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MONDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1887.

OUR HIGH WATER MARK:

Circulation March 24	4,650
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Governor Foraker reviewed the Cincinnati police, Saturday.

Mr. J. H. Gifford is managing the Syracuse club, this summer.

O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, has sailed for America.

Order reigns at Louisville, and the law is to be left to take its course.

Cleveland people are trying to raise $50,000 to be used in boring for gas.

An eastern journalist declares that "sparrow pie" is a "delectable compound" and that it takes a whole flock to make a single pie.

The Canton *Repository* says it is about time to recognize "oil gas" as "standard fuel," as "each succeeding trial only improves it."

The Akron *Beacon* thinks that Akron gets on very well without gas, but quietly rebukes its citizens for not having enterprise enough to bore for it.

The democratic New York *Sun* called the editor of the democratic Albany *Argus* a donkey and the editor alluded to kicked back at Dana at a fearful rate.

Governor Foraker made a magnificent speech at Pittsburg before the Americus club, commemorative of the anniversary of General Grant's sixty-fifth birthday. Many eloquent addresses were made by attending guests, but the gallant Buckeye took the laurels.—Mt. Vernon *Republican.*

The governor has got into a habit of doing that sort of thing.

Kelly's lake, in Fernclift, is in the best possible condition, a gem within the gem of all cemeteries—bright, sparkling, clear, with a sloping border of emerald—making altogether a most beautiful picture, from which one can hardly take his eyes. The two thousand brook trout, which were put into the lake, are growing finely and bid fair to become of full size. Their spots are already easily discerned. The lake is fed by springs of cold water and Mr. Dick thinks the trout will live and thrive.

We find in the Albany, N. Y., *Press and Knickerbocker* the following statement, which will recall a local occurrence:

Greenfield, Mass., on Monday gave a striking example of Christian forbearance by voting not to prosecute the bonds of the defaulting treasurer, Foster, because prosecution would throw the entire loss, $10,000, upon the shoulders of his only responsible bondsman, Charles Henry. Mr. Henry is an old and respected merchant, who recently retired with just enough money to pass an old age in comfort. The suit, if successful, would have stripped him of everything. This issue was squarely made in the meeting, and the town voted not to prosecute.

All Ohio mayors do not think alike. The mayor of Youngstown invited John L. Sullivan into his box while the "Sullivan Combination" was performing in that city, and thanked him for "elevating the science of pugilism." The mayor of Springfield, however, will not allow the combination to give an exhibition in his town. We think Springfield has the better mayor.—New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

Commenting on the foregoing, Police Commissioner James Boyle says, in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, of Saturday:

To which should be added that the mayor of Columbus allowed Sullivan to punch a hole in the statutes of Ohio, while the mayor of Cincinnati made him obey the law. And it can be further added that in all the above cases the mayors who permitted the violation of the law are democrats, while the mayors who enforced the law are republicans.

The newspapers of the country, of all parties—among them the *World*, *Star* and *Tribune*, of New York—are denouncing the assassination of Dr. Northrop, of Ohio, by the McCoys, liquor-sellers, because he favored and worked for local option. The *Bulletin*, of Philadelphia, says:

The killing of Northrop seems to have been a brutal and premeditated crime, which can be justified only by the principle that no citizen has a right to speak out what he thinks about the liquor traffic. The men who are thus trying to stifle the right of free speech should have swift punishment meted out to them. They are acting very much as the hirelings of the slave power did thirty and forty years ago, and they should be made to feel that in these days the spirit of the age will not tolerate such atrocities. The question of prohibition itself has nothing to do with the question of following up these outrages with the sternest penalties of the law. It is a question of defending the right of free speech, which is paramount in this country to all other interests.

We have already quoted a portion of Mark Twain's speech in reply to Matthew Arnold's criticism of the "grammar" in Grant's "Memoirs." We now give an additional quotation:

People may hunt on what microscopic motes they please, but, after all, the fact remains and cannot be dislodged, that Gen. Grant's book is a great (and in its peculiar department) unique and unapproachable literary masterpiece. In their line there is no higher literature than those modest, simple "memoirs." Their style is at least flawless, and no man can improve upon it; and great books are weighed and measured by their style and matter, not by the trimmings and shadings of their grammar. There is that about the sun which makes us forget his spots; and whenever we think of Gen. Grant our pulses quicken and his grammar vanishes; we only remember that this is the simple soldier who, all untaught of the silken phrase-makers, linked words together with an art surpassing the art of the schools, and put into them a something which will still bring to American ears, as long as America shall last, the roll of his vanished firms and the tread of his marching hosts. What do we care for grammar when we think of the man that put together that thunderous phrase, "Unconditional and immediate surrender," and those others: "I propose to move immediately upon your works;" "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Mr. Arnold will doubtless claim that that last sentence is not strictly grammatical, and yet nevertheless it did certainly wake up this nation as a hundred million tons of A 1, fourth-proof, hard-boiled, hide-bound grammar from another mouth could not have done. And finally we have that gentler phrase; that one which shows you another true side of the man, which shows that in his soldier heart there was room for other than gory war mottoes, and in his tongue the gift to fitly praise them: "Let us have peace."

The following concerning the part taken in the battle of "Champion Hills," by Capt. James A. Mitchell, of the 16th Ohio Battery, formerly of this city, and concerning the manner of Captain Mitchell's death, is from an article on the battle alluded to, which was written by Major Frank Swigart, of the 46th Indiana volunteers, and which appears in the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., in its issue of April 28th. Mitchell post, G. A. R., of this city, was named in honor of the captain. Major Swigart says:

When the charge began Capt. Mitchell, with two guns of his battery—the 16th Ohio—kept along with the advance line, serving them in the best possible manner. When the massed forces of the enemy made the counter-charge he was by his guns, on horseback, and had just given the order to the gunner to fire to the right into line that was advancing on our position—his guns were on the left of our regiment—when he was shot, and taken from his horse by Private J. A. Mowery, of our regiment, and died that night. I believe if it had not been for the help of those two guns at that time we could not have maintained our position. He gave his life to save the brigade in which he had so much pride and the Union he loved so well. In his death the nation lost a gallant defender, the brigade a true friend and supporter, and the battery one who was like a father to the men. All deplored his loss. Many and many just as good men fell that day whose loss was just as much felt by their comrades as his was, but who were not so widely and well known as was Capt. Mitchell.

A change of the proprietorship of the Cincinnati *Telegram* is announced in Saturday's issue of the paper named, and in the same issue we find the following concerning General Boynton's war on General Keifer:

The *Commercial Gazette's* General, a fellow named Boynton, has dived into his chestnut drawer and brought forth all that stuff printed years ago, about General Keifer's charge that he (Boynton) endeavored to bribe the then speaker of the national house of representatives, to get a faverable report on the old McGarragan Idra mining claim.

It shows just how far an unscrupulous man will go in order to whet his revenge; the motive in this case being the desire to prevent General Keifer from delivering an oration on the occasion of the unveiling of the Garfield statue.

It is difficult to see, however, wherein this valiant pen and ink warrior, Boynton, made a point for himself and in his attempt to besmirch Keifer. No proof is offered exonerating Boynton from the charge of attempted bribery. A few of Keifer's witnesses did not pan out very well, but the statements of Mr. Keifer himself were uncontroverted, and, between the two, an impartial public will prefer to believe Keifer.

Hate, revenge, and all uncharitableness, actuate Boynton's attacks upon this gentleman, and if he did but know what a sorry spectacle he presented, he would go hide himself. Keifer is not an angel; but he is so far superior to this journalistic ghoul, that their names should not be spoken on the same day.

Look here, REPUBLIC, you sent your Dr. Leonard up to Canton last summer. Just wait till you see Canton's circus and then express yourself. We have seen Leonard do his prevarication mouth act.—Canton *Repository.*

We take it all back. We had forgotten about Leonard.

Mr. J. T. Irvine returns to the editorial chair of the Zanesville *Daily Signal*. He is an experienced and able journalist and he will now edit the *Signal* even better than he used to do it.

WITTENBERG WINNOWINGS.

Interesting Items and Personalities About Students at Springfield's College.

Dennison spent Sunday at home.

The *Wittenberger* is out for May.

Anderson, jun., went home Friday.

Baker preached at Dayton yesterday.

Greenewalt will preach at Brandt this week.

Maggart preached at North Manchester Sunday.

Hotel de Archdeacon is in a flourishing condition.

Deacon Smith was *hors de combat* most of the week.

The Theologues are being examined in systematic theology.

The Wittenburg band will play at commencement this year.

The audience at the Society public was a very appreciative one.

Wittmeyer has the mumps. Where, oh! where did he get them?

Fleck will be the pastor at the new Lutheran church in the west end.

Several members of the G. A. R. encampment visited the college Thursday.

George Washington Hengst set up the oysters on the election to two preps. Friday.

The chestnut bell resounded several times Thursday night while the Budget was being rea t.

The Phi Kappy Psi glee club assisted in the social at the Lutheran church on Friday night.

Miss Baer's poem, "The Doctor's Visit," was excellent and was very highly appreciated.

Captain A. C. Cummins, of '58, visited the college Friday, and his nephew, D. W. Cummins.

The sophomores became very patriotic last Wednesday, each one wearing a two for a cent flag on his breast.

Spenser Simon, Arthur Smith and Isaac Worman were in Columbus Saturday attending a convention of the Betas.

The Philos and Enterpeans extended a vote of thanks to D. H. Baldwin & Co. for the use of their piano at the "Public" Thursday night.

The students have organized a college band, with Granville Ort leader and Hiller, sen., Guard, Myers, Becker, Turner, Rice, Gardner, Lawrence, Getter and Ehrenfeld.

Scrofula, salt rheum, all humors, boils, pimples, and diseases of the blood, general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh and rheumatism, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it now. 100 Doses One Dollar.

SONNET.

Across the hedges, thick with autumn flowers,
I watch the wild rough wind's breath come and go,
Bending the leaves until their pale backs show;
And each small bird that there for safety cowers,
To hide before the storm that darkly lowers,
To shown to me, who did not even know
They shivered there—for they were hidden so—
Until the wind put forth its stronger powers.
Is not this like some life of sweetest rest
Passing its years in a most even course
Through sun and summer's perfect, peaceful smile
Yet when rough trials search that quiet breast,
It shows beneath the calm that love's vast force
Has lain there, hiding humbly, all the while?

—All the Year Round.

JOHN MINTON.

The immense bag of the balloon filled slowly with gas and began to struggle with the ropes which held it down, swaying from side to side as if it were eager to take flight.

Outside the space inclosed by a rope was gathered nearly the entire population of several mountain counties, some of the people having walked twenty miles and carried a baby only to visit the circus and see the "balloon gw'up." Inside the inclosure were two men on whom the eyes of the assembly were fixed. One was a swarthy little man, with a black mustache, dressed in tights, who walked around with a great air of professional sang froid.

He was advertised on the show bills as "Professor Zingari, the great Italian Aeronaut," but his real name was Shanks, and he came from Muddtown, Indiana. The other man was not so easy to make out at first sight. The suit of homespun that clothed his tall, lank form showed that he was a resident of the mountains; but this was surmounted by a face full of eager wistfulness, which contrasted strangely and decidedly with the monotonously apathetic expression on the faces surrounding him. From the conversation of the crowd, one would soon gather that this was John Minton, and that he intended making the ascent with the "professor," which intention was discussed with great interest by the multitude.

"How high up have you ever been?" asked Minton of the professor.

"Oh, I don't know," he responded, "not more'n a mile or so."

"I'd like to go higher than anybody," said Minton, with enthusiasm.

"I wouldn't," said the little man; "a mile is high enough for me. It gets as cold as the devil up there."

Minton did not seem to notice this remark, but stood looking dreamily at "the sightless couriers of the air," drifting lazily through the blue ether, as if he would peer into their secrets.

Owing to the delay that invariably attends the filling of a balloon, it was very near sunset before everything was ready for the ascent.

"We'll only go up a little ways and then come down again," said the professor, who spoke English with remarkable freedom for a foreigner.

At a word from his companion, Minton cast a rapid, half defiant glance around upon the crowd. Yes, there she was, with her eyes cast down and her cheeks burning; she should see how little he cared for her—then he seized the rope and climbed vigorously into the wicker work car, while the aeronaut seated himself below in the trapeze.

"Let her go!" shouted the professor, in a stentorian voice.

Minton's eyes irresistibly sought out one figure in the mass of humanity below. She stretched forth her arms toward him and tears sprang to her eyes. But the next moment she seemed to drop away from him suddenly, the cheer of the spectators died away like the sound of an organ when the air fails, and the professor fell out of the trapeze backward and caught by his feet in a way that made a shudder run through the assemblage, now far below. After ascending steadily for some time the balloon sprang suddenly upward with a joyous leap and Minton heard a wild, vanishing cry, like the yell which the multitude gave when they left the earth. Looking over the side of the car he perceived to his horror that his companion had disappeared.

He looked downward. All below was wrapped in shadow, except that the sunlight still gilded the summit of old Bald mountain, away off there to the south. The earth had an indescribably gloomy and forbidding aspect. A strange thrill of exultation passed through him. He felt a premonition of "the joy of a disembodied spirit whose race has just begun."

Leaning far out of the car, he waved his hand toward the silent, sombre earth, and cried out, passionately, "Far'well to you, far'well." He was seized upon by an intense longing to dwell forever in this region of pure ether and eternal sunshine. Springing up, he hurled the bags of ballast out of the car, and shouted aloud with insane glee.

The mercury fell rapidly in the barometer, the vault of heaven above him became black, and a sharp pain shot like lightning to his heart.

The air grew intensely cold, blood streamed from his mouth and nose, he pressed his hand over his heart and sank panting upon the floor of the car. "Thank God, it is all over," he said, as he lapsed into unconsciousness. For him life had not been a happy one there below on the earth; it had been solitary and companionless, and what a meaning is there in these words!

How could it be otherwise? Nature, as if to make amends for wasting her noblest beauties on a stolidly indifferent people, had set down among them this man with a mind so keenly sensitive to her charms, and so perfectly attuned to her's, that he reflected with unconscious and perfect fidelity all her varying moods, as a still mountain lake, nestling among sheltering hills, mirrors without distortion the ever changing sky pageant over it. He did not, as you and I do, with egotistical subjectivity, impose his own moods on nature. The thrilling exuberance of spring time, the voluptuous languor of summer, the dreamy pensiveness of autumn, and the mournful dreariness of winter in the mountains, only relieved by the firelit interiors and the cheerful hum of the spinning wheel, all found in him a perfect response.

How should he find a sympathizer among these people who scarce could have found one among the most cultured and enlightened? Thinking, in the simplicity of his nature, that every one must see things as he saw them, but he sometimes attempted to express the emotions that surged and swelled within his breast; but such attempt met with painful and humiliating rebuffs. He brooded over this difference between himself and his mates until he came to regard it as a weakness, a something to be ashamed of, and thus he came to avoid human society more and more. So he grew up a solitary outcast, passing often whole days upon the mountains without the sight of a human face.

Alone with nature, his great mother speedily comforted him. She smiled upon him from the heavens, caressed him with gentle breezes and crooned a lullaby over him as he lay outstretched upon her broad bosom; for him, and for him alone, did she array herself in the most delicate of colors, for him she displayed those tragedies of the firmament. What canvas could equal this expanse of opalescent sky when the sun sank down in cloudless splendor! Could the skill of any painter hope to imitate these splendid bursts of color, when the king of day rose over the distant mountain tops with a royal smile!

Alas! how are our eyes blinded! Ten thousand dollars for a feeble imitation, but nothing for the great original!

What wonder that his vague day dreams and fancies should find some nucleus about which to collect! You would hardly have considered plump, placid Mirandy Meeks a poet's love; and yet on this so slender foundation of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and placidity, his glowing imagination erected a vast, aerial superstructure of imaginary qualities. Surely never did ancient knight endow his lady love, his acquaintance with whom extended no further than a glimpse of her through a window, with more extravagant graces of mind and beauties of body than Minton thought he perceived in this girl.

What a subjective thing is love.

When adipose tissue collects on the body beyond a certain point, it seems to permeate the disposition. Mirandy was just in this stage of amiability, and when her lover poured forth in his long pent up emotions, she looked at him with a smile which arose from the perfect circulation of blood, perfect health, and a wholesome development of body and physical powers which give tone, color and expression to corporeal happiness. But he misinterpreted it, and his eager heart leaped up at the thought that he had found a friend.

The life of seclusion and of plant like semi consciousness which he had been leading was now broken in upon, and he returned to the society of his fellow creatures with a sensation as of a dull, constant pain. His joy over this new found sympathy was of short duration, for Mirandy's father swore with much energy that "he wouldn't low no such no 'count trifin' feller as him hangin' round his darter."

In that primitive state of society there was not that division of labor which exists among the more civilized. Mirandy's father, who in ordinary life fulfilled the functions of agriculturist, manufacturer, architect and on one occasion even that of priest, now threatened to play the part of judge, jury and executioner, and glanced significantly at the long rifle in its brackets. She told Minton of the paternal opposition, with her usual serenity of mind apparently not in the least disturbed.

In the mood of despair occasioned by this he had gone down to the circus, and when the professor extended his invitation in a tone of bravado, to the surprise of all, Minton stepped forward with the wild hope of getting away! away!

When Minton returned partly to consciousness he hardly knew at first whether he were still in the body or not.

He was enveloped in a sea of roseate effulgence, and on either side of him rose vast mountain like masses tinged with the same hue. They had none of the steep, jagged precipitousness which lends a savage air to mountain scenery. He appeared to be settling down slowly into a valley. Gradually the rosy hue faded out and the masses became a pure dazzling white. Vague, noble faces drifted past him; they regarded him compassionately with eyes of deepest blue, and then with odd, grotesque face of a beautiful woman, with long locks and a sinuous robe trailing far out behind her, passed by; she seemed to bend over him in pity, and he stretched out his hands imploringly; but she averted her face and left him. Then came the face of a venerable old man, with flowing beard as of the finest fleece, who responded to Minton's appeal only by a hideous caricature of countenance.

Above him he could hear a strange, soft murmur, the sighing of the wind through the cordage, which rose and fell in wild, mournful cadences, which he took to be the voices of the spirits. He lay in a sort of trance; all sense of time and all memory of his past life were completely lost. An unwonted feeling of perfect peace took possession of his soul. "This must be Heaven," he thought.

The balloon sank lower and lower, and everything became hazy and damp. Suddenly, the meaning of this change burst upon his mind; he had sunk below the clouds, he was returning to the earth! With the energy of despair he struggled to his feet, and, in spite of the warning blood upon the floor, cast out his hat and coat, the barometer and anchor. The balloon rose sluggishly through the clouds, and for one supreme moment he obtained a view of that celestial mountain range, so transcendently pure and majestic as to be fit for the throne of God. Then he perceived that he was slowly gravitating earthward again; with a cry of anguish he fell upon the floor of the car, unconscious.

When he again regained consciousness, he was lying upon the ground and some one was bending over him. A tear fell upon his face. He opened his eyes wearily.

"Mirandy, poor girl," he murmured.

His head sank, his eyes became glazed, the seal of the angel of death was set upon his face.

Suddenly the clouds parted overhead and a ray of sunshine burst through. The dying man half rose to his feet, and as he fell back into Mirandy's arms a look of ecstasy came over his countenance, which but faintly reflected the joy of his released spirit as it cleaved its way upward, and still upward, to those bright regions of heavenly bliss which it had so lately quitted.—John Ford Barbour in The Current.

Hints to Penny Tossers.

Proctor, in his new book on "Chance and Luck," touches upon one point which must at some time have interested almost everybody. It is a notion that if you toss a cent, say ten times in succession, and it comes down "tails," it is more likely on the eleventh throw to come down "heads" than "tails." The truth appears to be this, that if you toss for an hour "heads" will not exceed "tails" or "tails" "heads" in a greater ratio than twenty-one to twenty. If you toss for a day the inequality will not be greater than 101 to 100. And yet, if during that time you toss "tails" ten times in succession (as you may often do), there will be no more likelihood of "heads" than of "tails" on the eleventh throw.

It is, indeed, obviously out of the question that anything that has previously taken place can have given the coin a tendency to come down one way rather than in another. The notion is perhaps capable of a reduction to absurdity in this way. Suppose it to be true that a coin which has come down "tails" ten times in succession is more likely at the eleventh throw to come down "heads" than "tails."

Now let the tosser who has thrown "tails" ten times refrain from making the eleventh throw. Let him put the coin in his pocket and toss it a year hence; it is still more likely to come down "heads" than "tails." Or let him not toss it at all, but pass it to another, who will toss it five years after. As the probability inheres in the coin, it is still more likely to come down "heads" than "tails."

Supposing all this to be true, it would appear that you might take up an old Roman coin and toss it, thinking the chances to be even, whereas the probabilities had really been decided by the last pitcher, who tossed it 2,000 years ago.—Philadelphia Call.

Going On in Siwashtown Society.

The brilliant entertainments given in Siwashtown during the last week are still the theme of much conversation. The dancing academy has been one continuous blaze of light through the holidays, the festivities being conducted under the auspices of Mayor Kowtow. In these portly halls were assembled the beauty and fashion of the place, and many were the gorgeous costumes of the more wealthy class of the fair sex, and on not a few of them an elaborate display of extensive jewelry.

Miss Kowtow with a Ring in Her Nose, daughter of our much esteemed mayor, leader of Siwashtown society and heiress in her own right to two Ank residences and three canoes, wore a beautiful crown fashioned from hemlock bark and eagle feathers, a bright colored beaded buckskin chemise, high water calico overskirt, and a $10 Hudson Bay blanket thrown gracefully over her shapely shoulders. For jewelry she displayed fourteen tin bracelets, a silver labrette a la shingle nail through her upper lip, and two brass watch chains encircling her brown ankles. Her nose and cheek were painted black, and her arms and limbs, from the knee down, were bare. Her elegant costume and graceful evolutions were the envy of the fair sex, and she was designated "the belle of the ball." The old mayor himself wore upon his head the latest style plug hat encircled with eagle feathers, a military dress coat, flour sack pantaloons, and a pair of rubber boots. His whole bearing was that of one born to command, and he was looked upon with reverence by all. The music, which was furnished by the Siwashtown orchestra, consisting of two drums and five rattles, was rendered in a soul stirring manner.—Alaska Free Press.

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 sate removal her speedy duty.
Save one all can behanished 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.

Working shoes for men, only 80c per pair at Rouse & Parsons's.

It is sad to think that Nebuchadnezzar after his gay life had to go to grass, but sadder the thought that so many men of promise and ability find early graves by carelessness in not checking a cold in its early stages by the use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A New York minister has become one of the society lions of that city simply by appearing to be struck by some commonplace remark made by the female parishioners on whom he calls, and using it in his sermon. On the following Sunday he will spring it in an embellished form, with such flattering introduction as: "One of the brightest minds I know," or "From a beautiful source comes the idea."

"Smoke always tells the way the wind blows," that's true. And the happy woman, who was cured of chronic headache by using Salvation Oil, might be excused for telling the good news to the entire neighborhood.

He had taken her to hear Patti at seven dollars a seat, and afterward to Delmonico's, where the two together ate up nine dollars and seventy-five cents' worth. As he reached for his hat later that same night, she said: "I am sorry, Mr. Simpson, if my refusal will cause you pain. I esteem you highly as an escort, and in that capacity I will always be a sister to you, but your wife I cannot be. You are too extravagant.—New York *Sun.*

Acker's Blood Elixir is the only Blood Remedy guaranteed. It is a positive cure for Ulcers, Eruptions or Syphilitic Poisoning. It purifies the whole system, and banishes all Rheumatic and Neuralgic pains. We guarantee it. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

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

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Strengthens the Muscles. Steadies the Nerves. Enriches the Blood. Gives New Vigor.

DR. J. L. MYERS, Fairfield, Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron medicine I have known in my 30 years' practice. I have found it specially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family."

MR. W. F. BROWN, 557 Main St., Covington, Ky., says: "I was completely broken down in health and troubled with pains in my back. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely restored me to health."

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Will Save you Money, Time and Labor. Every Housekeeper Should Have One; any lady can operate them.

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PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) in letter for particulars, testimonials and relief, by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2211 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

WILSON WASHBOARDS.

These Washboards are made with a Bent-Wood rim. The Strongest boards and best washers in the world. For sale by all dealers. Take no other. SAGINAW M'F'G CO., Saginaw, Michigan. SINGLE and DOUBLE.

DOVE OF PEACE

A copy of this beautiful Card, with an elegant package of fine Chromatic Cards will be sent to any one inclosing the outside wrapper from a box of the DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. SAFE, SURE AND PLEASANT. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. ASK for the GENUINE. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 25 CENTS. Enclose a 2c. stamp with pill box wrapper. Address, FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Great English Prescription Cures Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Emissions, Impotency and all Diseases caused by self abuse or indiscretion. One package $1, six $5. [SEPOAI] By mail. Write for Pamphlet. [APIEX] Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich. Call on or address Theo. Troupe, druggist, corner Main and Market streets, Springfield Ohio, Sole Agent.

Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver: for if the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirits are depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

I have tested its virtues personally, and know that for dyspepsia, biliousness and throbbing headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. Have tried forty other remedies before Simmons Liver Regulator, and none of them gave more than temporary relief, but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured. H. H. JONES, Macon, Ga.

Genuine has red Z on front of Wrapper.

Best guarantee for its buyer.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. SOLE PROPRIETORS. PRICE, $1.00.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CLERK OF COURT.

James H. Rabbitts will be a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the court of common pleas, subject to the decision of the republican convention.

Capt. Finley O. Cummings is a candidate for Clerk of Common Pleas, subject to the decision of the Republican Convention of Clark county.

AUDITOR.

P. M. Cartmell will be a candidate for the county auditorship, subject to the action of the republican convention. Believing that rotation in office promotes purity of politics and advances the party's interest, he will not ask a third term, if nominated and elected.

H. N. Taylor, of New Carlisle, Bethel township, is a candidate for county auditor, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

O. F. Service will be a candidate for re-election to the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the County Republican Convention.

E. T. Thomas is a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the County Republican Convention.

RECORDER.

S. A. Todd will be a candidate for re-election for County Recorder, subject to the decision of the Republican Convention.

We are authorized to announce W. H. Rowe, of South Charleston, Madison township, as a candidate for County Recorder, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention

PROBATE JUDGE.

John C. Miller will be a candidate for re-election to the office of probate judge, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

Fletcher White is a candidate for Probate Judge, subject to the decision of the County Republican Convention.

COMMISSIONER.

W. H. Sterrett is a candidate for re-election to the office of county commissioner, subject to the decision of the republican county convention.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DENTISTS.

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

T. A. LEWIS, DENTIST, S. E. Cor. Main and Market Sts.

W. H. SMITH, DRIVER OF ACHING TEETH CAPPED WITHOUT PAIN, Masonic Building.

JOB PRINTERS.

H. S. LIMBOCKER, 55 and 57 Arcade, Printer, Engraver and Fashionable Stationer. Wedding goods and calling cards a specialty.

UNDERTAKER.

W. A. GROSS & CO., UNDERTAKERS. Office and Wareroom, 46 W. Main st. Residence 192 W. High st.

BOOK BINDERS.

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

OLD RELIABLE

BOOK BINDERS

THE

J. D. SMITH CO.

GLOBE BUILDING,

Corner West High St. and Walnut Alley

PRINTERS, BINDERS

AND STATIONERS.

Blank Book Work and Legal Blanks a Specialty.

N. E. C. WHITNEY,

Solicitor of American and Foreign

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COUNSELLOR

IN ALL PATENT MATTERS.

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Branch Agencies: Washington, D.C.; London, Eng.; Paris, France.

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21 NORTH CENTER STREET.

The dyeing, cleaning, repairing and pressing of Ladies' and Gents' garments a specialty. The only place in the city to have Lace Curtains cleaned properly. All work warranted.

CHAMPION CITY BATH ROOMS

IN CONNECTION.

The FINEST and CLEANEST in the City.

THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS

are made with patent double acting rods and folding knee rest. Light, substantial and handsome. Used in the best Bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, surpass all others in finish and appearance. If nearest Music dealer does not keep them, write to us for illustrated Catalogue. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

BRUCE, HAUK & CO.

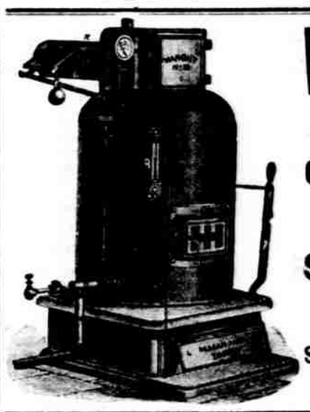
SELL THE BEST AND MOST RELIABLE

CLOTHING

For the least amount of money. We, in asking for the support of the public, appeal to the good sense of the people, asking them to inspect thoroughly before purchasing. This is the only satisfactory way to all. Satisfactory to us because it will be found that all our assertions are fully borne out; satisfactory to those who come and examine, for then they will be able to see for themselves that we are far ahead of all competition in goods and prices. PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR SURPRISES! WE HAVE THEM!

BRUCE, HAUK & CO.,

POPULAR CLOTHIERS.



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PLUMBERS,

Gas and Steam Fitters

PUMPS,

SEWER PIPE

RUBBER HOSE,

Steam Fitters' Supplies, &c.

26 South Limestone St.

SPECIALTIES!

This is an age of specialties. It is apparent in every profession and branch of business. Every doctor has better success in some certain class of disease and immediately makes that class his specialty. The people get the benefit of his extra knowledge, talents and experience in that direction.

Our specialty is bargains in Boots and Shoes, and it would be to your benefit to call and inspect our goods and prices.

GEO. C. HANCE & CO.

14 WEST MAIN ST.

J. J. McCARTY,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

51 SOUTH LIMESTONE ST.,

(Bookwalter Block),

Presents a splendid line of Suitings for Gentlemen's Spring Wear.

SUITS and OVERCOATS

MADE TO ORDER.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. LEUTY'S SONS

Palace Meat Market

Handsomest and best equipped Daily Meat Market in the State. Best Beef, Mutton, Veal Lamb and Salt Meats to be had anywhere Custom once gained always retained.

8 AND 10 SOUTH MARKET ST.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the superintendent of the U. S. Court House and Postoffice at Springfield, O., and opened at 12 m., of the 7th day of May, 1887, for the materials for concrete foundation required at this building.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check for $50.00, made payable to the order of the treasurer of the United States. The right to reject any bids is reserved. The plans and specifications can be seen, and any information obtained, by applying to

CHARLES A. CREGAR, Superintendent.

Springfield, Ohio, April 27, 1887. 99as

LOST Manhood, Youthful Impudence, Nervous Debility cured by Robinson's Nerve Bitters. 50 Cts. Hoff Medicine Co. 15 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the city clerk of the city of Springfield, Ohio, for furnishing all the materials and doing the labor of the following classes of work for said city, between the time of entering into contract and the first day of December, A. D. 1887, according to plans and specifications in the office of the city civil engineer of said city, and in accordance with the ordinances of said city relating to said work, said proposals to be as follows:

First, for furnishing and putting in curb and gutter, per lineal foot.

Second, for furnishing material and laying brick sidewalks, per square yard.

Third, for cutting sidewalks to grade, per cubic yard.

Forth, for filling sidewalks to grade, per cubic yard.

Fifth, for graveling sidewalks, per c