KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN

JAS. S. KIRK & CO'S WHITE RUSSIAN

The only brand of Laundry Soap awarded a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very bes

SOAP.

Springfield Republic

EVENING AND WEEKLY:

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

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

SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors.

THE EVENING REPUBLIC is published every evening except Sunday, and is delivered at the rate of 10c. per week. Single copies 2c.

THE WEEKLY REPUBLIC is published every Thursday, and is one of the most complete family newspapers in the country; eight pages, markets complete. Replete with news and miscellany. $1 per year, invariably cash in advance.

All communications and contributions should be addressed to CLIFTON M. NICHOLS, editor, and all business letters to THOMAS G. BROWN, manager.

REPUBLIC BUILDING,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
Telephone No. 250.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22, 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Governor,
J. B. FORAKER.

Lieutenant Governor,
W. C. LYON.

Supreme Judge (long term),
WM. T. SPEAR.

Supreme Judge (short term),
F. J. DICKMAN.

State Auditor,
E. W. POE.

State Treasurer,
J. C. BROWN.

Attorney General,
D. K. WATSON.

Member Board Public Works,
C. A. FLICKINGER.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Representative,
GEORGE C. RAWLINS.

Probate Judge,
JOHN C. MILLER.

Auditor,
O. F. SERVISS.

Clerk,
JAMES H. RABBITTS.

Recorder,
S. A. TODD.

Commissioner,
W. H. STERRETT.

Infirmary Director,
JOHN M. STEWART.

Coroner,
J. M. BENNETT.

Let us pulverize Powell.

The new *State Journal's* "Round Table" is always piled high with good things.

The new King building is an architectural beauty, and the new Henry flats building, now going up on the site of the old Werden house, will be another, on a much larger scale.

This is county fair week. Let everybody visit the grounds and see the finest exhibition of agricultural products, machinery and horses and cattle ever seen in this city since the state fairs were held here.

It isn't kind in republicans to twit the democrats about their man Powell. They feel badly enough about him, themselves. Our Clark county delegates wanted Campbell, who is a man of some character and has a principle or two.

The democrats are not cultivating the prohibitionists as much as they have been in former years. The union labor party has loomed up among them and its operations are producing inflammation in the bowels of the bourbon fraternity.

We are glad to learn from the September issue of the *American Magazine* (130 and 132 Pearl street, New York,) that we are beginning to have a navy. In a descriptive article in this magazine we have illustrations representing the sloop of war, Boston; the fine steel frigate, Chicago; the dispatch boat, Dolphin, about which so much has been said; the fine, large twin screw steel cruiser, Charleston; the steel cruiser, Baltimore; the twin screw steel cruiser, Newark; the "gun boat No. 1," the "Dynamite Cruiser;" the "gun boat No. 2," the double turreted monitor, Puritan; a single turreted monitor, and the torpedo boat, Stiletto. These are all savage ships, constructed with the purpose of doing damage to the enemy, and they constitute a pretty substantial beginning.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, the well-known book publishers, and Messrs. Charles H. Pierce & Co., the Springfield booksellers, have united in presenting to the editor of the REPUBLIC, the new edition (with supplement) of Dr. Joseph E. Worcester's magnificent unabridged "Dictionary of the English Language," a large quarto, of 2126 pages, and probably the finest specimen of bookmaking ever produced in America. The supplement, consisting of 200 pages, contains the very latest results of the researches and discoveries of words and puts the dictionary abreast of, if not a little ahead of, the times. The table of synonymes; the Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography; the Pronouncing Vocabulary of Christian Names; and the Pronouncing Gazetteer of the world, are in plain, readable type, nicely arranged, and are wonderfully complete. In these features, Worcester is superior to any dictionary that has ever been published. The work has also a key to the classical pronunciation of Greek, Latin and Scripture proper names, with terminational vocabularies, and a fine, ample collection of words, phrases and quotations, from the Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish languages. Indeed, the work, in general and in detail, is complete and really superb. Mr. Sam. Harford, (of Pierce & Co.,) brought the book over to us and it was about as much as he could carry.

A press dispatch from Jamestown, N. Y., dated Saturday, August 20th, states that Mr. Lewis Miller, of Akron, president of the Chautauqua assembly, with two policemen, were to be arrested for suppressing a Jamestown lawyer, at a meeting of cottage holders, for an attempt to take the affairs of the assembly into his own hands. We quote from the dispatch as follows:

In the affidavit and complaint Mr. Wade sets forth that at the time of the annual meeting of the cottage owners he appeared in a lawful capacity, and that Policeman Taylor, by order of President Miller, illegally arrested him without any reasonable cause or justification, and demands judgment in the sum of $5,000, together with the costs of action.

It is understood that Chancellor Vincent has threatened there would be no programme at Chautauqua in 1888, and that the gates would be closed unless the cottage owners submitted to the decrees of the management. The arrest has caused a great deal of excitement, and was a discouraging feature of (this) Grand Army day.

This is a tempest in a teapot. It is simply the result of a conflict between some boarding-house keeper at Chautauqua and the managers, arising out of the attempt of the boarding-house people to escape the provisions of leases signed by them, in which they agreed to pay ten per cent. of their receipts to the managers, the money received being used for the improvement of the grounds. The case against the lawyer, Wade, was dropped, last week, and it is not likely that his proceeding against Mr. Miller will amount to much. The real points at issue are in the courts, and will be settled, decisively and according to law and equity, in due time, and the assembly managers—who are honest and square men—will abide by the result, as will the cottage holders. Mr. A. C. Wade, attorney at law, Jamestown, is getting about ten thousand dollars' worth of of free advertising in the newspapers of the country, and we think that that is about all that he will get, or expects to get. Mr. Wade is a lawyer and will, very naturally, make all he can, for himself, out of the situation, but the affair is one that only interests him and his clients and the assembly managers and is of no concern whatever to the outside world. The Chautauqua assembly will "go right along," from year to year with its grand educational work, all the more successfully from the settlement of a perplexing local question which is sure to come from this appeal to the courts.

Since writing the foregoing we see in a Chautauqua dispatch to the *Tribune*, New York, dated August 20th, the statement that—

Dr. Vincent announced from the Chautauqua platform last night that unless the cottage owners stopped the trouble at once no programme would be issued next year and that the assembly gates would not be open during 1888.

If this is true the cottage owners will be pretty apt to subside, for without the assembly Chautauqua would be a barren waste, so far as the boarding-house keepers are concerned.

"Much ado about nothing" has been made concerning an affair which is described as follows, in the Jamestown (N. Y.) *Sunday News*:

The meeting of the members of the Assembly for the annual election of trustees resulted in much confusion, and was the scene of a disgraceful attempt to disrupt the proceedings. The printed constitution and by-laws give notice of the time and place of meeting, and public notice was given from the platform of the amphitheater, besides printed notice in the *Assembly Herald*. The rules of the assembly require a lease holder to record the lease before such person shall vote for trustees. A larger number than usual gathered and a ballot was taken, when it was found that only 126 votes were cast, which number was not the necessary one-third of the whole number entitled to vote as required by the constitution. Then according to the rules the meeting was adjourned and the body of trustees proceeded to the election. During the meeting Mr. A. C. Wade, the counsel of the cottagers, opposed to the 10 per cent. tax, attempted to take part and make motions and vote. His authority was demanded and he flourished a lease and claimed the ownership. As the lease was not on record Mr. Miller, the chairman, refused to recognize him, and he began to bulldoze the officers, using violent, abusive and threatening language. The assemblage adjourned when Wade called on the people to reorganize, and a man by the name of Gale was made chairman. Wade then moved that the ten per cent. tax be rescinded. At this stage Mr. Miller, president of the assembly, ordered Wade's arrest, which was made. Wade struggled and abused the officers in profane and threatening language. Gale was arrested also, and both were released on their own recognizances. According to the constitution and by-laws of the assembly Wade was illegally present at the meeting, had no right to take part even as legal counsel, and his position all through was untenable.

This is the whole matter in a nutshell. Messrs. Miller, Root, and others at the head of the Chautauqua movement, with Chancellor Vincent and Secretary and Superintendent W. A. Duncan, are men of the highest character, liberal and generous Christian gentlemen, who have put hundreds of thousands of dollars into this enterprise, conducted purely in the interest of the cause of popular education and enlightenment in the homes of the people of America, and in the homes of Englishmen, Russians, Chinese, Japanese, and of the inhabitants of other portions of the world as well, and they have never taken a dollar out of the proceeds, all of which will be devoted to the extinguishing of the debt and the improvement of the grounds, the erection of new buildings, etc., etc.

This is the time for the manifestation of courage and nerve by the business men of Springfield. No doubt the East street shops will be running by the time the active season of 1888 opens, but if the whole plant were fenced in for all time, Springfield would still be the largest agricultural machine town in the world—with fifty to seventy large factories, all running on full time in their season, and all prosperous. Several very important enlargments have been made during the year, and several new factories erected. These were improvements that would have made local booms in most other cities, but we are so accustomed to large things of this sort that we have failed to appreciate their full importance and significence. It is our opinion that the East street street shops will be running again, in due time, in improved circumstances, but should this industry fail to be revived it should be understood that these shops represent but a small part of the manufacturing operations of Springfield. We have a handsome and thriving city—a city that cannot fail to grow and prosper, whatever may become of a few individuals or one or two local industries.

The *Dispatch* pays a graceful and hearty tribute to the enterprise of the *Ohio State Journal*. It can afford to do so, for it is, itself, an unquestionably first-class newspaper. With the *State Journal* coming out in the morning and the *Dispatch* in the evening, Columbus is well equipped in the line of metropolitan newspapers.

And now we are to have an illustrated democratic weekly in New York, with the venerable Thomas Nast as the caricaturist. If the democrats can stand this infliction we are sure the republicans can, but in the name of all that is wonderful and mugwumpish, what's the matter with *Puck* and *Harper's Weekly?*

A JOURNEY.

I know not whitherward my soul is set—
One straight, dark path all life's horizon fills,
Tho' still far off the unwavering blessed hills
Flame gold and purple where the sun has met
Their jubilant upturned faces, and even yet
Laughs the lush meadow bright with daffodils,
Laugh the green valleys with their hurrying rills,
And smile the angels o'er heaven's parapet.

One straight, dark path * * * and these things are so fair! * * *
Might I but climb the mountain's gleaming height,
Dream in the valleys, joy in the sweet light
Of pitying angel eyes * * * soul, ask not where
Life's dark path leadeth thro' the gathering night,
But if at ending God and heaven prove there!

—Evelyn Payne in The Academy.

A GENDARME'S STORY.

In the autumn of 18— we found ourselves, at an elevation of 1,300 meters, in the Chalet of Tranbelane. It was well that we were sheltered, for a tempest raged on the outside, sweeping and howling through the mountain passes and hurling itself with fury upon the pines of the Swiss Jura. Gathering about the fire, like the rest of us, for warmth and comfort, the herdsmen smoked and listened while we talked.

Suddenly a violent knocking sounded upon the door, and, on the call to enter, given by the shepherd, who was master of the hut, a Vaudois gendarme, wet and weary, a black canishe following at his heels, showed himself in the opening. Placing his capote and carbine in a corner with the rest of the trappings, he explained to us that he, too, had been surprised by the storm and for several hours lost in the pines. As the light of the burning logs fell upon the new arrival I started in astonishment, for never in my life before had I seen so strange a countenance. The nose was broken and bent awry, the teeth entirely missing from the front of the mouth, and the skin and flesh a patchwork of seams and cicatrices. Nevertheless, in spite of its disfigurements, the face was a kind one, the face of an old and brave soldier.

The conversation, checked for a moment by his coming, was renewed again, the painful duty of the mountain guards, the tragic story of contrabandists, forming the basis of our task. Every one had something to relate, and when it came to the turn of the gendarme, cheered by frequent trips to his gourd and the grateful warmth of the fire, he gave us the following history:

"That which I am going to tell you," said he, "is the saddest episode of my life, for I was but 25 years of age, and, without flattering myself, a well set boy. Detailed to the post of Cure—the extreme station of the canton of Vaud, near the Fort des Rousses—in the winter of 18—, I endured some terrible sufferings, every day of my life exposed to the danger and hardships of that open frontier and the forests of Amont. Ah, those miserable smugglers, whose route I had to watch! Many a night have I passed in a hole in the rocks or in the branches of the pines in those trackless woods where one only meets with crows and poisonous reptiles!

"But to return to my story: One afternoon the corporal came to me and said: 'Abram, this evening the little Francois and his two dogs of brothers will load themselves at Des Rousses; they will be obliged to return through the hollows of Crouaz. I am going to post myself behind them, the lieutenant under the Vermillay, and you in the hollow itself. As you have a longer route than we, you must start at once and take Bijou with you. Come, hurry up, boy; this trip requires nerve.'

"Bijou, to whom the corporal referred, was the canishe of the post; there was nothing like him to scent the smugglers, and moreover, to tell the truth, he had once been a contraband himself, having served to pass jewelry and clock works, concealed under his hair, through the lines into France.

"I had found him after a brawl, wounded and bleeding; had cared for and cured him; and since then he had never left me. By 4 o'clock I was on the road. The ground was covered with snow, and at every step I sank to my knees in spite of my snow shoes. The carbine slung across my shoulders, the sword at my waist, my heavy capote and Alpenstock did not render me light of weight, I assure you. But I went on with a brave heart in spite of my difficulties, pleased with the thought of measuring my strength in open fight with this terrible Petit Francois, who daily defied our watchfulness, and on Sunday openly walked with the girls of the neighborhood. He did it to make us envious, for the villain knew that we were not made of stone, and with an income of only thirty cents a day from the government not likely to be looked upon with favor.

"When I think of him, that scamp with his pockets full of gold, and jewels enough to tempt even the virgin of Notre Dame d'Arzler, my blood boils, and—but listen, gentlemen, listen to the end.

"I had already been traveling for over two hours, when at last I approached the hollow of Crouaz, a narrow defile between the Noir Mont and Mont Sallez, a mere goat's path, in fact; to the right of it a fearful precipice, to the left a polished wall—and what a height—not less than 1,000 metres!

"Imagine for yourselves the cold and the gloom of those interminable forests, with their centenary pines whose trunks were mossed with age, whose branches bent and cracked under the weight of snow—and not a soul save myself in the whole of that icy solitude! I walked perhaps 100 feet into the defile, then seated myself in the snow to smoke. The night was clear and bright, but I smoked with composure, for I knew perfectly well that the smugglers would remain at Des Rousses until 10 o'clock at least, in order to arrive at Begnins about daybreak.

"By this time, the cold beginning to affect me, I was growing very drowsy, when suddenly my attention was attracted by the strange behavior of Bijou. He had burrowed into a pile of snow heaped against the wall of the hollow, and instead of squatting himself quietly on his haunches, as was his habit, was digging, scratching and sniffing about the excavation as if seeking to unearth a treasure.

"'I must see what he is about,' I said to myself; 'there's something suspicious over there.' And leaning my carbine against the rocks, I took off my sword and began to dig in the hole at which Bijou was still pawing. Ah, but it was funny, for suddenly, something giving way beneath us, we fell and were buried out of sight, a great pile of snow and ice resting upon our heads. When I was free again I found myself in a sort of cavern, the floor dry and covered with gravel and fine sand. Bijou, already on his feet, jumped about me barking and whining, displeased or uneasy at the position in which he found himself, it was difficult to tell which.

"By the light of my lantern, fortunately unbroken in the fall, I began to examine the surroundings; but, sacre Dieu what did I see stacked upon every side of me? Packages of wheat and sugars, bales of tobacco, wine from Berne, cigars from Vevey, and heaven knows what besides! It was a complete store house, in fact, and evidently a den of Petit Francois in which to hide away the contraband merchandise brought into France. In all there was, perhaps, 2,000 francs' worth, and as the state gave us the right to one-half the confiscated property you can imagine my state of mind. I had scarcely time, however to recover from the amazement which the sight of these things had given me when my duty as sentinel returned to mind; but how was I to get out of this hole, thirty feet at least beneath the surface of the ground, and the walls as smooth as glass? It was impossible to cling to it, and the sweat of agony broke out all over as I thought of Petit Francois and his devilish brothers. If they should return and catch me in this place I was lost. A slug of lead or a knife in the vitals would soon end the business for me.

"In vain I groped about the cavern searching right and left; there was no way of getting out—I was caged like an animal, and with my lamp drawing to a close, the wick already leaping and sputtering in its last rays. A moment later, crack! it was out. The darkness of Erebus reigned.

"In the meantime I had noticed a sort of cranny or narrow break extending along the base of the wall at the end of the cavern, and I started in that direc-

tion, feeling along with my hands. Bijou was there before me!

"It is useless, gentlemen, to describe to you what I felt regarding this strange and perilous adventure. It is always painful to die at 25—and then, what a death!

"Even my carbine remained upon the path above me—instead of defending it would expose me. My poor old mother! I was her only child. I had sent her my pay by the driver of the Nyon diligence just the evening before, and she had only this pay to live upon. And Rosette, who would come to the chalet of Trelasse the following night to meet me—Rosette whom I loved, and who returned that love!

"Think of it, gentlemen, the cruelty of this fate; and I had only been in that devilish post of Cure three months, all told. But it is useless to speak of that, or to tell you of the fears, the regrets and memories that threw me into a sort of torpor. I was benumbed, stupefied, and at last fell asleep.

"Suddenly I awoke with a start. I had heard a voice that to me had the sound of hell. It was the voice of Petit Francois speaking to his brothers.

" 'The spy is down there, of course,' said he: 'but no matter; in any case we must try the fire, and smoke him out. Tune up the violins!' Then all was silence!

"A man in the hour of approaching death has such need of tenderness and affection that I wished even to embrace for the last time my little Bijou; but where was he? I felt all around me, I called him softly; he was gone—my only friend had disappeared!

"The silence continued perhaps for half an hour. Mechanically grasping the handle of my sword, I waited in the darkness, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible in case they should unexpectedly invade the cavern by an entrance known only to themselves.

"See my hair, gentlemen; white as the driven snow, and I am not yet 40 years of age! It comes from that awful experience. God keep you from suffering the like!

"But all at once," the gendarme continued, "the place was filled with a flash of light—Petit Francois and his brothers had begun their infernal work—they were smoking me out! To leave my hiding place behind the bales of merchandise and endeavor to extinguish the brands would only be presenting myself as a target for their revolvers. On the other hand, the acrid smoke of the burning boughs filled my throat and stopped my breathing. My ears already rung and roared with the noise of a thousand devils.

"At last I could stand it no longer, and cried for mercy.

" 'Do not burn me, Petit Francois,' I begged; 'do not burn me, for I surrender. Kill me afterward if you please, but air—for the love of God, give me air!'

" 'Then it is you, Abram,' he replied; 'you, the spy! So much the better. I long ago reserved you for a morsel for the dogs. But, draw him up, boys; draw him to the top. I wan't to see the grimaces he'll make when we hang him to the branches. Let down a rope; he'll cling to it fast enough. And be sure,' he added, in a lower tone of voice, 'that no one else is there.'

"A moment later the rope descended, and, like the drowning man who clings to a straw, I was not long in seizing and lashing myself to it, for between two deaths one is certain to choose that which is furthest off. 'Pull up!' cried Petit Francois, but scarcely had I reached the level of the path when he rushed upon me, upset me and bound me hand and foot, and with those never to be loosened knots of the contrabandists.

" 'Now, children,' said he, 'we must decamp from here and as quickly as possible. Recover the opening with pine boughs and snow, and then, Monsieur Abram, we will take you for a promenade.'

"The entrance to the cavern again concealed, Petit Francois slackened the cords which bound my feet enough for me to walk, hung upon my back and neck a bundle of merchandise and ordered me to fall in line and 'carry' like a beast of burden. Ah, how those scoundrels laughed and jeered as they prodded me along with the ends of their carbines! You may not think it from the position I was in, but I began to have a little hope. There was a chance, you see—a slight one, it is true—that some of my colleagues would be on sentry at a narrow defile not far from the hollow of the Crouaz, where there was a sort of breach in the wall for concealment.

"The contrabandists evidently had the same reflection, for they turned to the right and continued the ascent by a more circuitous passage, but which would bring us in rear of any one on guard at that point. It was now in the neighborhood of 3 o'clock. We walked for an hour longer, when Petit Francois called a halt, and, taking the package I had carried since we left the hollow, he concealed it in a crevice of the rocks which overhung the side.

" 'Take a look at your gibbet, Abram,' he cried, with a mocking laugh. 'You cannot say that I have chosen it badly;' and he pointed toward a monster pine tree occupying the center of the clearing, whose branches, thick as ordinary tree trunks, extended from the sides like the arms of a huge candelabra.

" 'All summer long the tourists of the mountains will come to call upon you as you came to call upon me—for which, my pretty blackbird,' approaching me with curses, 'you will hang up there.'

"If you had seen the face of that monster, his lips trembling with rage, his hands as big as battledores, and covered with rough and hairy skin, you would have known at once that prayers and appeals to his mercy would simply have been time thrown away. It only remained for me to die, and to die bravely for the honor of my division.

" 'Put up the rope, Louis,' Francois called to his brother; 'tie it to one of the lower branches; while waiting we will amuse ourselves with the gentleman who explores so well.'

"The amusement of Petit Francois consisted in binding me securely to the trunk of a tree, after which he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and arranging himself some twenty paces in front of me, went to work to make a target of me, the missiles used being heavy, jagged stones which his brother collected for him beneath the cliffs. The first stone missed me, but gradually, as Francois warmed to his work and aimed with greater precision, they began to tell. One broke my wrist; another buried itself in my ribs; the third crushed my nose, knocked out my teeth and tore the flesh from my cheeks.

"From this on I knew no more—I had fainted away."

"When I came to myself again I was resting against the pine that was to have been my gibbet; Bijou was licking the blood from my face, and before me, lying on the snow, two dead bodies—Petit Francois and my own corporal. The lieutenant who had been on guard at the Villemay bent over me, rubbing me as hard as he could, trying to restore me to consciousness.

"Do not talk, Abram," said he, as I struggled to speak; "the villains have their deserts, and have decamped with a shot in their wings. They cannot go far; as for the corporal, he is done for, Francois also. My bayonet went through his lungs. Yon were in a bad way, my lad, when we got to you; but I must go to Saint Bergues for aid. Bijou, who saved you, will stay with you. I will wrap you in this heavy blanket, and you will do well till my return. Here is a loaded revolver; if those scoundrels return and approach you pepper them well."

In due time he returned with re-enforcements and litters. They placed me on one of them, and the corporal and Petit Francois on the other. The lieutenant, after seeing that I was safely dispatched to the post at Cure, departed in search of the contrabandist's brothers. They were caught on the frontier of France, tried and sentenced to the galleys for life.

"I was three months in the hospital of the Good Samaritans, and when I came out of it my face was so ugly that Rosette, my fiancee, would have nothing to do with me, and married the grocer of Des Rousses, a well known receiver of stolen goods, though we could never prove it.

"The government stitched a stripe upon the coat sleeve of the lieutenant, a greater gratification than a 100 franc bill, and allowed to the widow of the corporal half the value of the merchandise which I had discovered in the cavern.

"As for myself I was made appointe, and shall always remain so; I am too ugly and too much disfigured to care to be anything else. Bijou, my savior, as the leutenant called him, had succeeded in crawling through the crevice at the base of the cavern wall, and running to the post of Cure had found it deserted by all save the sentry. Returning toward the Crouaz, he had followed the trail of the lieutenant and corporal, who, suspecting that a misfortune had happened, started out to find me.

"The gendarme corps of Vaud have had him christened "Bijou D'Or," and presented him with a cross of gold, which, as you see, gentlemen, hangs from his collar.

"The cavern of Petit Francois is now known as 'Poilechaud' in honor of my adventure."—Translated for The Enquirer from the French of Hugues Miller-Darier, by E. C. Waggener.

Persian Jewelers of Wonderful Skill.

The goldsmiths' and jewelers' shops in Persia present little attraction to the eye. Perhaps there is a small glass case containing a few of the less costly objects, but the owners are not wealthy men, and keep little or no stock, merely working to order. The artificer, with his one or two grimy journeymen and perhaps a couple of apprentices, may be seen hard at work in the open air from morning till night. There they sit in the little brick archway, with a tiny furnace of live charcoal, at which the youngest apprentice is seen blowing with primitive bellows made of a goat skin. Their tools are few and rough, but their work is invariably original. With the silversmith it is another affair. So common is the use of silver that it is hardly looked upon as a precious metal.

The Persians are particularly clever in both incised and chased work, and in repousse work of the highest class. The incised work resembles the best of the Scinde work, with which the recent Indian exhibition has made most of us familiar. As for chased work the Persian is inimitable. Every artisan is prepared to produce scroll work and tracery strikingly original. Many a ragged workman can turn out representations of men and animals in motion, wonderful little groups, battle scenes, hunting scenes and representations of birds, fruits, foliage and flowers. Engraving upon metal, in fact, is carried in Persia to its highest perfection. Pipe heads, water bottles, basins, ewers and even spittoons are often made of silver and sometimes of gold; horse furniture and stirrups, trays, dishes, sword hilt and scabbards, dagger and knife handles, boxes and mirror frames, drinking cups and goblets, as well as tea urns and services, are ordinarily made of the precious metals. Every villager has his silver mounted pistol; the stock of his gun is often ornamented with silver plates. No lady, however poor, would think of wearing aught but ornaments of the purest gold. Silver ornaments are only worn by the poor the women of the wandering tribes and by negresses. Coral, too, being out of fashion, is relegated to slaves.—Jewelry News.

Plantation Philosophy.

Er 'oman wins er man by de way she acks; er man wins er 'oman by whut he says.

Sometimes er dozen wise men may git tergeder an' be foolish, but er dozen fools kain't neber git tergeder an' be wise.

De thoughts dat er pusson thinks fur no one but hisse'f air his best an' his wust. Dem whut comes between he gins ter de public.

It is sometimes easier ter flatter er wise man den it is er fool, fur de wise man may think dat yer's got some cause ter praise him, but de fool may know at onct dat yer's a liar. —Arkansaw Traveler.

Not Quite So Modern.

"I say, stranger," whispered a western man, who had strayed in an uptown theatre where the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was going on, "I can't make head nor tail of this thing. What's the name of this play, anyhow?"

"Romeo and Juliet."

"Well, if I'd known that," said the disgusted westerner, "I wouldn't have come in. I understood the feller at the door to say it was something about Omaha and Joliet."—Life.

A Promising Youth.

Magistrate (to Chinaman)—What is your complaint against this young man, John?

Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill) —He too muchee by and by.—New York Sun.

The Enamored Ornithologist.

I have a love—I call her dove—
And she is passing fair, oh!
Though plump is she, there are who say
She's what they call a sparrow.

Unto the duck I'd weave a song,
Yet how shall I begin it?
For, though her head is plumed with gold,
There's very little linnet.

Canary love be like this love
That keeps my heart a throbbin'?
It steels my thought by night and day
And all my peace is robin.

Oh, what a goose am I to quail
When near the pretty sinner;
For if I cassowary much,
I should pigeon and winner.
—Omaha World.

Miss; Let's Whisper.

Wherein does beauty lie?
The skin, mouth, nose, the eye
Are points where beauty we descry:
Themost important is the skin
And there we will begin
And make its beauty for us win
Admiration from lover and from churl
By using Champlin's Liquid Pearl.

Reassuring—Nervous old lady, on the fifth floor of hotel—Do you know what precautions the proprietor of this hotel has taken against fire? Porter—Yis, mum; he has the house inshoored for twice wot it's worth.

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.

The real estate craze in southern California has even demoralized the doctors. In writing a prescription recently one of them added this direction: "Take one-third down and the remainder in one and two years, secured by mortgage."

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

A big schooner laden with ice arrived at Philadelphia, and was to be unloaded next day. As she lay at the dock she sprung a leak, and the salt water rushed in so fast that nearly all the ice was melted before it could be got out of the hold.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

There is a brand of cigars called "Ever Faithful." A large dog is lithographed on the cover; on his neck the above words are printed. In the negro cemetery at Montezuma, Ga., one of the labels is pasted on headboard of a grave.

"ROUGH ON PILES."
Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of Piles. 50c. At Druggists or mailed. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

SKINNY MEN.
Wells' "Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Nervous Debility. For Weak Men, Delicate Women. $1.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.
If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleanses, heals scalp. 50c.

Lawrence and Harry, sons of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins, have bought the Sherman and Whitney farms, comprising two hundred acres and commanding some fine views, near Williamstown, Mass.

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

ALL HEARTS
ARE CAPTIVE TO
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
Facial blemishes removed, many ladies, erstwhile plain become radiantly beautiful. Champlin's Liquid Pearl is the wonder worker, and fifty cents buys a bottle.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DENTISTS.

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

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

W. H. SMITH,
NERVES 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.

SHIRTS!

All kinds of Shirts Ready-made and Made to Order. Bottom Prices.

Hypes.

The Shirt Maker and Men's Furnisher,
No. 5 East Main Street.

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

PATENTS

—AND—

COUNSELLOR

IN ALL PATENT MATTERS.

Room 5 Arcade Building,
SPRINGFIELD, O.

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

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

For Biliousness,
Constipation.
It cools the *Blood*; it gives delight,
It sharpens up the appetite,
It aids the liver do its part
And stimulates the feeble heart.
For Sick Headache,
Dyspepsia.

Hollidaysburg, Pa.

LADIES' SEMINARY!

A Home School for Young Ladies.

Thorough drill in the English Branches and in the Ancient and Modern Languages. Exceptional advantages for the study of Music, instrumental and vocal. Special attention paid to health, morals and manners. Apply for catalogue to
REV. R. S. HITCHCOCK, D. D.
Reference—Rev. W. C. Falconer, D. D.

WITTENBERG

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

For terms and accommodations address
BOX 164, SPRINGFIELD, O.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY,

COLUMBUS.

Eleven courses of study. Eight fully equipped laboratories. ☞Catalogues sent free on application.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS are successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Are *Safe, Effectual and Pleasant* $1 per box by mail or at druggists. *Sealed Particulars* 2 postage stamps. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.
For Sale by Frank H. Coblentz and Ad Bakhaus & Co.

DON'T WAIT! COME AT ONCE!

BRUCE, HAUK & CO.'S

GREAT

SLAUGHTER SALE!

Hundreds of men's Sack and Frock Suits, open or to button, high, round or square cut, bound or double-stitched edges, cut high, medium or low. These suits, made to sell at $15, $17, $20 and $22, will be slaughtered this week at $8, $10, $12, $14 and $15, in blue cloths, plaids, checks stripes, etc. Suits for business marked down to $5, $6, $7 and $8.

SLAUGHTER IN BOYS' CLOTHING!

Children's $2.50, $3 and $3.50 Knee Pants School Suits, reduced to $1.25, $1.50, $2 and $2.25. Children's $4, $5, $6 and $7 Suits, reduced to $2.50, $3 and $4.

The Biggest, Most Palpable Hit of the Season.

BRUCE, HAUK & CO.,

POPULAR CLOTHIERS, 17 AND 19 HIGH ST. AND ARCADE.

WHEN YOU BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

—OF—

GEORGE C. HANCE & CO.

No. 14 West Main St.

You are always sure to get value received for your money. Big blow and high prices is not our motto.

HOLMAN ADJUSTABLE BABY CARRIAGE

COSTS NO MORE THAN THE OLD STYLE, AND CAN BE READILY ADJUSTED.

The illustrations above are made from photographs. The adjustable parts do not change the appearance when used as a street carriage; they can be used or not at the pleasure of the purchaser. The HOLMAN CARRIAGES are warranted for two years. Every part is absolutely perfect. Over 1000 sold in Chicago since March 1st. Sent to all parts of the United States and safe delivery guaranteed. Send for a catalogue containing latest styles, cheapest to finest.

HOLMAN ADJUSTABLE CARRIAGE CO., 275 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ills.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. FOR MEN ONLY THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY **VIGOROUS HEALTH**

Over Ten Thousand Trial Packages mailed to patients a large proportion of whom took a full treatment and were restored to health by use of **PROF. HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES.** A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Physical Decay in Young or Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases they absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down men to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health.

To those who suffer from the many obscure diseases brought about by Indiscretion, Exposure, Over-Brain Work, or too free Indulgence, we ask that you send us your name with statement of your trouble, and secure TRIAL PACKAGE FREE, with Illust'd Pamphlet, &c.

Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles, and all Quacks, whose only aim is to bleed their victims. Take a SURE REMEDY that has CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism restored. The wasted animating elements of life are given back, the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and health.

TREATMENT.—One Month, $3. Two Mos. $5. Three, $7.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists,
306½ N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliance. Ask for Terms!

ROGERS' EFFERVESCING CITRATE

Superior to all Fruit Salts and Mineral Waters.

TESTED 40 YEARS. BEST APERIENT KNOWN.

Pleasant to the Taste. Cooling, Refreshing, Invigorating. Adapted to all climates and seasons. DRY in Powder and Effervescent. ☞Don't fail to use it. Price 35 Cents.

For INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PRICKLY HEAT, TETTER, SALT RHEUM, SCURVY, And all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

DRY MAGNESIA

MARIETTA COLLEGE

MARIETTA, OHIO.

The best educational advantages offered. Expenses moderate. Two courses of study. Scholarship to aid worthy students. Next term in College and Academy begins Sept. 8th. Catalogues sent on application.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office of J. S. Elliott, secretary Board of Hospital Commissioners, room No. 2, Mitchell block, Springfield, Ohio, until 12 o'clock, noon, Friday, September 2, 1887, for furnishing the labor and materials for the steam heating and plumbing of hospital buildings and the erection of a boiler house according to the plans and specifications on file at the office of C. A. Creager, room 23, Mitchell block.

The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
J. S. ELLIOTT,
Secretary Board of Hospital Commissioners.

LYON & HEALY

State & Monroe Sts., Chicago,

will mail, free, their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments. 400 Fine Illustrations describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps, including Repairing Materials, Trimmings, etc.

Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Scales, Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws, and a Selected List of Band Music.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE.

The only $3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world.

Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles toe. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6. **W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE** excels the $3 Shoes advertised by other firms.

[Name and price stamped on bottom of each Shoe.]

Boys all wear the **W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE.** If your dealer does not keep them, send your name on postal to **W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.**

PAXSON & WELLAND
EXCLUSIVE AGENTS
No. 9 East Main Street, Springfield, O

Children Cry

For PITCHER'S

CASTORIA

A Practically Perfect Preparation for Children's Complaints.