OYSTERS

We are Agents for the Famous

SADDLE ROCK!

Brand Fresh Water Oysters, in Cans and Bulk. Try them.

25 CENTS

Per Quart, in Bulk.

AT EITHER STORE.

C. W. PAYNTER & CO.,

DARGAIN STORES,

91 and 93 West Main Street and 40 South Market Street, Springfield, Ohio.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

FRONT VIEW

The "Chest Shield" in all grades. Complete lines of Camel's Hair, Scarlet, White and Clouded Merinos, and winter weight Balbriggan.

Hoyt's

The Shirt Maker, Hatter and Furnisher, 5 East Main Street.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

FREE ADVERTISING.

ON AND AFTER Today the Springfield DAILY REPUBLIC will insert such "ads" as "Wants," "Lost," "For Rent," "For Sale," etc., in this column one time free, three times for twenty-five cents, and six times for fifty cents.
THE SPRINGFIELD PUB. CO.
May 23, 1887.

WANTED.

WANTED—The services of a chimney-sweep at 108 South Limestone street. 266s

WANTED—Ten boarders; terms, $4 per week; day board, $3 per week. Apply at No. 39 South Center street. 266s

WANTED—A good white girl to cook, wash and iron. Apply to Mrs J. S. Crowell, 821 E. High street. 266b

WANTED—A private tutor in Greek and Latin; a lady preferred. Apply at 51 E. Main street. 246b

WANTED—A good girl for general housework, at 111 N. Limestone street. 263t

WANTED—Some lace curtains to do up like new; also shirts, collars and cuffs, like laundry. Mrs. Carman, 29 North Market street. 264*

WANTED—Lady, active and intelligent, to represent, in her own locality, an old firm; references given and required; permanent position and good salary. J. G. Blanchard, Supt., 30 Reade st., N. Y.

WANTED—Clerks and mechanics to know that the tuition fees for night school are $10, $15 and $25; one-half down, balance in monthly payments Nelson College, Arcade. 260am

WANTED—All kinds of clothes wringers to repair; called for and delivered; orders by mail promptly attended to. S. M. Miller, 124 West Main.

FOR RENT.

DOGMS FOR RENT—Enquire at 84 East High St. None but reliable parties need apply. 245b

FOR RENT—Good stable—399 South Market street. 246b*

FOR RENT—Furnished front room, ground floor; private entrance; suitable for two persons; $10 per month. No. 61 W. Jefferson street, three squares from postoffice. 244b

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms—With or without board. No. 217 W. High street. 244b*

FOR RENT—Room; a very desirable, nicely furnished front room, suitable for one or two gentlemen, at 141 South Market street, one square from Arcade. Reference required. Inquire on the premises or of J. G. Clarke. 240tf

FOR RENT—A new house of 5 rooms on East street, within one square of the New Champion shops; city and cistern water and good cellar. Inquire of Thomas Sharp. 237tf

FOR RENT—House of eight rooms, in good repair, within two squares of the postoffice. For further particulars, see or address, J. E. Moffeilnger, Springfield, O. 217tf

FOR RENT—Two, three or four furnished rooms for housekeeping, centrally located. Reference required. Address S. S., this office.

FOR RENT—From one to four rooms, centrally located, with first class accommodations; rent cheap; none but good paying tenants need apply. Inquire of Thos. Sharpe.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Second hand Surrey carriage. Inquire of J. F. McGrew, 22 East Main street, or 494 East High street. 246b

FOR SALE—Lady's saddle horse, for saddle or driving; gentle and safe. Inquire of James S. Goode. 303b*

MONEY TO LOAN.

TO LOAN—Money—On real estate or good personal security. Also, for sale: A double house of nine rooms; rents for $15 per month; price, $1,200. Also, other property for sale or trade, in any part of the city or country. Inquire of C. B. Kissell, room 5, Commercial block, Limestone street, over Kinnane, Wren & Co.'s dry goods store. 242t40m*

MONEY TO LOAN—In sums of $500 to $7,000, on three to five years' time, on first mortgage or approved commercial paper. George W. Coles, room No. 1 Lagonda bank building.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, October 10, 1887.
This is to certify that I have received this day $110 from George H. Coles, agent of the Ohio State Live Stock Mutual Aid association, to pay me for the loss of a horse I had insured in said company, and I recommend the above company to all parties who have stock to insure. L. E. RUSSELL, M. D.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between Henry Landefeld and Michael Weihrauch, under the firm name of Landefeld & Weihrauch, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Henry Landefeld withdrawing from said firm.

The undersigned will continue to run first-class barber shops in the Arcade and Lagonda House. Extensive improvements are being made, and patrons will receive the best of attention. MICHAEL WEIHRAUCH. 245b

Dissolution of Partnership

The firm of Wall & Shoemaker has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Thomas Wall retiring. John Shoemaker will continue the business, and assumes all indebtedness.
WALL & SHOEMAKER.
SPRINGFIELD, O., Oct. 15, 1887. 244b

THE BEST REMEDY

For Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Troubles is Dr. Casper's Compound Syrup of

Tar, Wild Cherry —AND— HOARHOUND.

It is the best family cough medicine made.
It allays cough, quiets tickling, relieves tightness and breaks up the cold.
It is pleasant to take and prompt to cure.
It is the cheapest—bottles nearly double size of other makes.
It is put up in 50c and $1 bottles.

SOLD ONLY AT

CASPER'S Drug Store,

Fisher's Block, Main Street, 3d Door West of Limestone, Springfield.

COMING EVENTS.

Grand—Monday, Oct. 17, "The Silver King."

BLACK'S.—All this week, Criterion Comic Opera Co. Change of bill each night.

BLACK'S.—The event of the entire year, the New York Casino greatest success "Erminie." Watch the date next week.

SPRINGFIELD MEETINGS.

Monday, October 17.—Afternoon and evening: General W. H. Gibson and Major Wm. McKinley. Afternoon meeting on Monument Square, evening meeting at wigwam.

Wednesday, November 2.—Evening, at wigwam: Governor J. B. Foraker.

COUNTY MEETINGS.

Friday, October 21.—Evening, at New Carlisle: Gen. C. H. Grosvenor and Hon. D. K. Watson.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mr. A. W. Gee, of Urbana, passed Sunday in the city.

Mr. Louis Hardy, of Yellow Springs, was in the city today.

James H. Piles, Esq., of Washington, D.C., arrived in the city last night.

Mr. M. A. Hayward left last evening via the Pan Handle for Chicago.

Misses Winnie Bailey and Mary Jackson left Saturday to visit friends in Chicago.

Mr. John W. Greene, of Xenia, was in the city yesterday as the guests of friends.

Mr. P. A. Schindler and wife have returned from Magnetic Springs, Union county.

George Taylor, charged with leaving his team unhitched, was dismissed on Saturday by Judge Young.

The Central Ohio Electric Medical association holds its regular monthly meeting in this city tomorrow.

Mr. Charles Beatzler, of Cleveland, a former Springfield boy, is in the city, the guest of Mr. Louis Hoehn.

Mr. T. D. Male, the new principal of the colored schools of Yellow Springs, spent Sunday with friends in this city.

Rev. S. S. Adams and wife, of Berrien Springs, Mich., are visiting Prof. Breckenridge and wife, parents of Mrs. Adams.

Conducter Bosworth, of the Sandusky division of the I. B. & W., is taking a "lay-off" of one month at his home in Sandusky.

Dr. T. M. Reade has removed his office from its remote location on east Main street to No. 22 south Limestone street, nearly opposite Kinnane, Wren & Co.'s store.

Mr. T. H. Murphy, son of Jerry Murphy, of 116 east Washington street, died at 5 o'clock Sunday, and will be buried from St. Raphael church Tuesday at 9 o'clock a. m.

Mr. Homer Clark, the joint agent of the I. B. & W. and N. Y. P. & O. roads at Durbin, who went crazy last week, has been taken to the Columbus asylum for treatment.

Charles Jones was convicted in the police court on Saturday afternoon of petit larceny and was ordered to the reform farm. He will be taken to the farm by Chief Ambrose.

Mr. E. D. Hellrigle, of Jamestown, whose carriage factory was burned a few nights ago, will rebuild the factory at once, and hopes to have the new building ready for occupancy by the first of December.

Died, on Sunday morning, near Pitchin, Mrs. Mattie, the wife of Wm. Elder. The funeral services will be held at the house next Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 1 o'clock p. m. Interment at Clifton. Friends are invited.

Hon. Wm. Diehl has been granted a permit to erect a brick store-house and dwelling on the northwest corner of Main and Water streets. It will be a three-story building and quite an additionto that part of the city.

Father J. B. McAllion, of Wyoming Catholic church, near Cincinnati, was in the city last week, the guest of friends. Father McAllion is eighty-four years of age and is said to be the oldest active Catholic priest in the country. He is most generally known as the patriarch of Ohio.

Dr. Jordan, of Northampton, ex-'Squire Blose, of Tremont, and Dr. S. D. Miranda, of this city, have been appointed to appraise the property and effects of the late Dr. J. E. Baker, of Tremont City, this county, who died recently at Denver. The appraisement will take place tomorrow.

A Peace of Crape

Is fluttering from the front door knob. It tells its own story: The nurse was careless and left the baby carriage in a damp basement. The next time she took the baby out riding, it caught cold. A physician was called, but it was too late. The HOLMAN ADJUSTABLE CAB can be detached from the wheels and carried into the house with the baby. A perfect cradle, a perfect sleigh, a perfect crib, a perfect house carriage—all combined, making a perfect baby carriage. See advertisement and send for catalogue. Not sold by dealers.

When you want good coal go to Wheldon & Merrill, Grand opera house.

Union Co-operative Coal Co., 17 south Market street.

Attend the sale of lots October 19.

Dress Well.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."
—Shakspeare.

Nature has not been so lavish in her gifts that we can afford to despise them, and any assistance that we can render, in the way of making our personal appearance as attractive as possible, should be cheerfully given.

As our friend Shakspeare says, a man should dress as well as his means will justify, and there is no surer means of attaining this end than by examining the select, new fall shipments of the justly celebrated Clay Worsteds for dress purposes; the elegant line of overcoatings, gray, black and blue Elysians, Ratines and Montagnacs now offered to the public by Jason W. Phillips, No. 39 east Main street.

These goods are the newest, dresslest and most genteel patterns that money can buy, and to the purchaser a stylish, well-made, perfectly-fitting garment is assured.

COL. J. S. BOGLE.

An Interesting Description of the Canadian Pacific Route From St. Paul to the Pacific.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

To the Editor of the Republic:

Believing that the Puget Sound region is to most of your readers as yet an unexplored country, I have thrown into the form of a letter a few impressions I have formed of it, and a fuller description of the route by which it is reached—the wonderful new Canadian Pacific railway.

Leaving Springfield on the evening of September 19, via the L. B. & W. and arriving in St. Paul, Minn., on the morning of the 21st, I met our fellow-townsman, Mr. Wm. Dickson, and Mr. W. P. Harper, of Mansfield, Ohio. We joined the great excursion for Victoria, B. C., via the Canadian Pacific railway, concerning which the *Century* for May contains an interesting article. We left St. Paul at 7:30 p. m. on a special train of ten coaches, consisting of palace sleepers, colonist sleepers, dining and baggage cars and carrying over three hundred passengers. This line is splendidly equipped. The sleeping, parlor and dining cars are perfect in all their appointments. The colonist sleepers are also handsomely finished on the general plan of ordinary sleeping cars and are bright and comfortable. A few minutes after leaving St. Paul we arrived at the splendid union depot of Minneapolis, where the train stops five minutes, and we are off for the Northwest. Two hours later and the 326 passengers are comfortably tucked in their little beds, most of them sound asleep. When the daylight again appears we are well out on the broad prairie county, and all day we are passing through the great wheat-growing section of Northwest Minnesota, where for miles and miles the country on either side of the road as far as the eye can reach is one vast wheat field: a large portion of the grain is still in shock, harvest being much later here than in Ohio. At 4 o'clock p. m. we passed through the hands of custom officers at Emerson, on the border, and were in Canada. About 6 p. m. we arrived at Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, where our train stopped an hour and a half. We were struck with the neat and substantial appearance of the town, its wide, clean and well paved streets, and its apparent thrift. Although but a young city it has a population of about 30,000.

Leaving Memphis at 8:30 p. m. we passed over a broad, level country, not a prairie country but rather a widening of the vallies of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, which unite at Winnipeg. Passing on for a hundred and thirty miles we reached Brandon, which, although but five years old, is, next to Winnipeg, the largest town in the Canadian northwest. Leaving Brandon we are said to have reached the "first of the great prairie steppes that rise one after the other at long intervals to the Rocky Mountains." With the approach of the morning I was surprised at the appearance of the country; it was not the vast, dreary, desert waste I had been led to expect, but a country beautifully rolling and everywhere covered with the short, thick buffalo grass, the finest in the world for stock. Frequent ponds and lakes are passed where wild ducks and geese are numerous. At Indian Head, 325 miles west of Winnipeg, we pass through the celebrated Bell farm, embracing 100 square miles, where wheat-growing is carried on with the most thorough organization and system. This is also the headquarters of the Qu'Appelle Indian agency. When our long train stopped the blanket-clad redskins poked their heads out of their numerous cone-shaped tents, and then slowly emerged from them and gazed at the army of pale faces that swarmed about them.

Our next stop of importance is at Regina, a place of about 1,000 inhabitants and the capital of Assiniboia. This is also the headquarters of the Indian service and of the Northwest mounted police, a uniformed force of about 1,000 strong. They are stationed throughout the northwest at the expense of the Dominion, to keep order among the Indians and to prevent the selling of liquor forbidden by law. This is also the place where the half-breed Reil and his Indian associates were executed by the government. Moving rapidly on we pass Moosejaw, Swift Current and other stations, arriving at 1 a. m. at Medicine Hat, at the crossing of South Saskatchewan, where a steel bridge 1,010 feet in length spans the stream. Coal and iron are abundant in this neighborhood. With the morning light we approach Gleichen. Here we get our first view of the Rockies, with their snow-capped peaks gleaming in the sunlight. Two hours later we arrived at Calgary, the capital of Alberta, a thriving town of 2,000 population, 3,388 feet above sea level, and beautifully situated near the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers. Here we have a fine view of the Rockies, just outside the foothills, but the snowy crags are yet forty miles away. Only a stop of a few minutes is made while we change engines. Two powerful locomotives are here attached to our train and we are whirled away at the rate of forty miles an hour. Approaching Kananaskia the scenes are rapidly changing. The valleys narrow into broken ravines, the mountains begin to close around us. A few miles farther and we arrive at "The Gap," a rocky gateway, through which the Bow river runs.

As we move on wonders increase, so that admiration and astonishment are ever on the ascending scale. A variety which never satiates, an infinite change, through gorge and canyon—lost from the light—up to heights where the trees below are mere dots.

At Canmore, 4,230 feet above the sea, we change engines, and on we go past the "Three Sisters," Mount Cascade, with its narrow cascade, 1,800 feet high; Castle Mountain, turreted, battlemented, ready for seige.

At Laggan, altitude 4,930 feet, we change engines, and have attached to the train engine No. 315, ninety tons weight, one of the most powerful engines in the world, and through the courtesy of Superintendent Niblock, who is with us, I am invited to take a seat on the pilot of the engine. Now comes the grandest of all. From this position we are afforded an opportunity of viewing the scenery to the very best advantage, and with the pleasant and courteous Mr. Niblock at my side, pointing here and there to features of particular interest, and explaining to me the difficult engineering features of this point and that curve, I am permitted to enjoy one of the grandest rides it is possible to have upon the continent or perhaps in the world. As we near the summit, our attention is directed to a post standing on our left, which marks the dividing line between Alberta and British Columbia.

Arriving at the summit we pass a small lake on our left, from which the water flows in two directions—west to the Pacific and east to the Atlantic. We stop at Stephen, a small station which marks the summit of the Rocky mountains. We descend with the little stream and watch it grow into a boiling torrent, dashing and leaping through the rock-ribbed canon, which bears the romantic name of "Kicking Horse Pass." Ten miles below the summit we round the base of stupendous Mount Stephen, rising to a height of more than 8,000 feet, holding over our heads a glacier whose green ice is 300 feet thick. We reach Field station, change engines, leaving the great mountain locomotive, and attaching two other engines. We pass on through scenery whose grandeur never lessens, down the rocky gorge, and while the sun sets behind the lofty peaks, we are told that we are through the Rockies, but before us lie the Selkirks—both in sight—the one an achievement, the other an anticipation. Crossing the Columbia river and following down through a canon, we shortly enter a valley and then commence the ascent of of the Selkirks. We climb the mountain sides through the forests, arriving at the summit, 4,500 feet above the sea. We find a level area surrounded by monster mountains, all of them in the cold embrace of the changing and changless glaciers. Descending westerly from the summit about two miles we reached the Glacier hotel, situated almost in the face of the great glacier, and at the foot of the grandest of all the peaks, "Sir Donald"—But I find my letter is already longer than I expected to write, and I am only half way through the mountains, to say nothing of the rest. Whirling on through the Selkirks, the gold range and the cascades along the shores of Sheesnap lake, down the canyons of the Thompson and Frazer rivers where the scenery is if anything on a grander scale, we gradually descend to the lower altitudes. The canyon widens and we are in a comporatively level country, heavily timbered, after a continuous ride of thirty-six hours througe the wild, rugged mountains, deep canons and narrow gorges. As we emerge from the forest Mt. Baker, fifty miles away, to our left, looms up in view. We are now within forty miles of Vancouver and everybody is getting ready to disembark. Arriving at Vancouver we found the steamer Yosemite waiting to convey us across and down the straits of Georgia to Victoria, distance of eighty-four miles from Vancouver, where we arrived about 2 o'clock a. m., September 25, having compassed the entire distance from St. Paul in a little over four days, thus making the run in 19 hours less than schedule time for the through express trains. The management of the Canadian Pacific railway deserve great credit for the manner in which they conducted the excursion; and that it was fully appreciated by the excursionists was manifested by the unanimous and enthusiastic manner in which a series of resolutions were passed, complimenting the management and the road and the employment. And I would like to here add my testimony in favor of its excellent character. I think I am thoroughly American and an ardent supporter of American institutions but facts compel me to say I have never traveled over a road through a new country whose entire length was in such excellent condition; in fact very few old roads will compare favorably with it. And for scenery, I have never seen anything to compare with it on any of the transcontinental routes over which I have traveled to the Pacific coast. But we have reached Victoria, situated at the southeastern extremity of Vancouver's Island. It is a beautiful little city of 10,000 inhabitants and the capital of British Columbia, and quite English, "doncherknow." A day spent in Victoria, a sail down the sound to Port Townsend, thence to Seattle, a very lively city on the east side of Puget Sound. A day there and then to Tacoma, whence I write.

But my letter is already too long, and I will not attempt to describe Tacoma or the Puget Sound country at this time, but will say something of it in my next.

J. S. BOGLE.

A PANIC IN A THEATRE.

The Senseless Madness that Sometimes Takes Hold of People.

It seems impossible, when you look around at gallant men and amiable women, sitting placidly at a play, that in a moment, on the utterance of one word, they can be turned into dumb, driven cattle, senseless, suicidal idiots. But it is so. Any night the auditorium of a fashionable theatre may echo to some unfortunate note of alarm. In an instant the gray haired banker, whose dignity gave tone to his whole section, is walking up the backs of women and over the heads of children.

At the Park theatre one night (the theatre that happily was destroyed by fire about three hours before the time when it would have been packed by New York's best people to witness Mrs. Langtry's debut), some dude, entering up the unsafe and tortuous stairway, threw his cigarette through the iron grating of the steps. Some accumulated rubbish began to smolder, and a volume of smoke poured into the auditorium. About half the audience sitting there knew that the stage had an enormous square opening direct upon Twenty-second street—a door not ten feet from the level of the street. Every soul in the house could have gone over the low footlights, crossed the stage and been in Twenty-second street in three minutes' time. They had all entered the theatre by the crooked, narrow passage; they all knew its miserable limits; they saw the smoke coming in at that narrow passage, and yet when some scared scamp near the door jumped to his feet and screeched "Fire!" they all with one accord started to the rear, regardless of life or limb.

Luckily that night a stalwart policeman, with the lungs of a Stentor, calmly said: "There ain't no fire; it's been put out." He grabbed the first lot of mad people and bodily put them down into seats; but for a few minutes there was the wildest kind of scrimmage. A well known and dignified citizen had sat in high bred ease two seats ahead of me during the performance. As the panic struck him he rose, mounted over the back of his seat and started to walk on the shoulders of some fashionably attired ladies. It seemed an occasion for remonstrance, and I had a slight but severe remark to make, and made it with an opera glass; the old gentleman took the kindly hint and concluded to walk on his legs in the aisle, but he had made a fair start to tramp to safety over his fellow creatures.

Another time, in the Cosmopolitan hall, the place was crowded for a first night of minstrelsy. There was a low gallery running round the building, supported on a series of iron posts. During the evening one of these posts slipped off the "block" and crashed through into a billiard saloon in the basement; the gallery in that particular spot sagged, creaked and some beam split with alarming noise. In a moment all was excitement in the crowded gallery. I was sitting a few feet in front of this spot, and being fearful the people might jump down on my devoted head, I pushed my escort, a very important and self-sufficient gentleman, and suggested we get into two broad aisles beside him, where, if people jumped, they would not jump on us. I got no response, and I might as well have pushed at the side of the house, he was so immovable. With "level fronting eyelids" he confronted nothing and looked at it steadily. He clasped a hard Derby hat against his stomach and was as near petrifaction as is consistent with life.

After the alarm subsided and the performance was resumed, it was discovered that my scared friend had crushed his hat on his body as flat as a mustard plaster, and pressed the nails of one hand so venomously into the other that the blood had started through the cut skin.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Morning Dew for Her Complexion.

A young woman who claims Augusta as her home, and who officiated as maid to a New York belle who spent last summer at Bar Harbor, has just cleared up what was regarded, even at that resort, used as it is to queer freaks, as mysterious actions. Every morning my lady's maid was seen to leave the hotel between 5 and 6, and spread on the grass something that looked very like a fine white handkerchief. Then, having waited a few moments, she would gather up the article and return to her mistress' chamber. She now explains that it was part of her duties to wet a lace mouchoir—as the lady called it—with the early dew of morning and then lay it over the face of the New York belle, who had an idea that it softened and added beauty and freshness to her complexion. Privately, the maid admitted—not expecting to be engaged by the same damsel another season—that the young lady's ruse was a failure, as her complexion always looked moist and rather shiny, instead of having the clear tint she hoped for. That the first snow of winter is commonly supposed to remove freckles is an old conceit, but that the morning dew enhances the complexion of city belles is indeed a new "fad."—Lewis-

A New Military Tent.

A trial of the Howe convertible tent and intrenching tools was made on Monday at Colchester, in the presence of Maj. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C., and a committee of officers. The inventor claims that this tent, the pole and pegs of which will form efficient intrenching tools, is easily carried, easily erected and always at hand when required. It is made in sections, of which each soldier carries an equal portion, which, when packed for transport, does not exceed sixteen inches in length and six pounds in weight. The tent is designed to accommodate any number of men, ten or twelve being a convenient number. The tent pole is an iron tube, made in ten interchangeable sections, each of which, when unscrewed, forms the handle of an intrenching tool, to which spade, pick or hammer can be attached at will. One edge of the spade is curved and sharpened, forming a useful hatchet, while a sharp spike, used as a pick, can be easily and securely affixed to one end of the tubular shaft or handle. A second tube, tapering into a point at one end, and closed at the other end with a movable iron head, slides within the tubular handle, and may be employed to lengthen it, or may be detached and used as a tent peg. In sandy soils this peg may be passed through a hole in the center of the spade, which is then buried, forming a storm anchor.

Every part of the implement serves a double purpose, and every probable contingency seems to be provided for in its construction—even the tent hooks are ingeniously made to act as spanners. At first sight the addition of any extra weight to the burden of the modern British infantry soldier—who is seldom a Hercules—would seem to be an argument against the adoption of Mr. Howe's clever contrivance; but it is contended that by dispensing with a blanket the soldier might carry his tent section without adding to the weight of his kit. He would then be able to pitch his tent without waiting for the arrival of the baggage wagons, which are frequently many miles in rear of the marching column.—London Court Journal.

Curious Story of an Inventor.

They tell a curious story of old Christopher Meyer, who was more or less with Ives. Many years ago he was a workman in a factory where rubber shoes were made. He received the fabulous sum of $1.25 a day. At night he worked out the details of an invention for economizing in the number of men employed in the factory. One day he finished his machine, carried it to the shop and showed his boss how well it would do the work of a dozen or twenty men. The boss was thunderstruck; but before he could examine the invention Meyer seized a big hammer and knocked its delicate machinery into chaos.

"But I want that," protested the boss.

"I know you do," answered the workman, quietly.

"Come and see me to-morrow noon," continued the head of the firm, pompously, "and we will make some arrangements"——

"If you want to talk business with me," remarked the workman, coolly, "you can come to my lodgings at 7 o'clock to-night. Better not be late."

The millionaire was there at 7, Meyer was taken into the firm, and in a short time he was at the head of the business. He lives in New Brunswick, N. J., in a pretentious house, and his sons are all well married. A short time ago the old man—he is more than 70 years of age—took it into his mind to marry again, picked out a beautiful 19-year-old girl and prepared for the wedding. Immense opposition was expected from the family, as old Meyer is worth ten or twelve millions; but, to the amazement and chagrin of society and the sensational press, all of the old manufacturer's friends, family and connections backed him up heartily, and sent him off on his bridal tour, looking and feeling like a major.—Blakely Hall's Letter.

The Kershner Sale.

In today's issue of the REPUBLIC the Kershner heirs present a plat of the lots to be sold at auction on October 19 and 20, by Foley & Hayward, the celebrated auctioneers. The lots are all situated in a splendid portion of the city and all are healthy.

The street cars run near by and those who will occupy them will find it convenient to the center of the city in five minutes' ride. Read the "ad" and see plat of lots, then attend the sale.

Buy a lot in the Kershner sale.

Sweet Cider.

Sweet cider for sale by the gallon or barrel, fresh from the press, at O. H. Neff's grocery, No. 146 Clifton street.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Removed.

Hotchkiss, Carey & Co., coal dealers, have removed one half square south to 115 Linden avenue, where they are prepared to give prompt attention to all things in their line. Telephone 347.

A lot in the Kershner sale.

Union Co-operative Coal Co. sells Hocking, Jackson and Sunday Creek.

The Baby is "All Stopped Up."

"We took it out riding in its carriage and it went to sleep. It caught cold while we were carrying it from the carriage back into the house." The HOLMAN ADJUSTABLE BABY CARRIAGE can be detached from the wheels and carried into the house without disturbing the baby. See advertisement and send for a catalogue. 275 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Try Wheldon & Merrill for coal.

The five lots are located on Essick street, near Clifton street, and two squares from the great East street shops: street cars and water works. Sale on October 20th, at 2 p. m. Sale positive.

For bargains in Anthracite coal go to Wheldon & Merrill, Grand opera house.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, Most Healthful. Dr. Price's the only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in Cans.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

J. T. TUTTLE

64 SOUTH LIMESTONE.

New Fall Goods.

New Buckwheat Flour, New Sweet Cider, Maple Molasses, Honey, New Mackerel, large, fat and cheap, New Codfish, extra fine, New Canned and Evaporated Fruits, Jersey Sweet Potatoes.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

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