READ OUR
HOLIDAY
ADVERTISEMENTS.

Springfield Daily Republic.

THE BEST
HOLIDAY
ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

VOL. XXXIII—NO. 285. SPRINGFIELD, O., SATURDAY EVENING DECEMBER 3. 1887. PRICE TWO CENTS.

WEATHER FACTS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3—Ohio: Warmer, rainy weather.

SPRINGFIELD, O., December 3, 1887.

MEN.

Of every 1,000 men, 25 die each year. Half of the whole die before they reach seven years of age. The men able to bear arms in a country constitute one-fourth of its inhabitants. The inhabitants of a city or country are renewed every thirty years. More old men are found in elevated sitations than in valleys or in plains. This does not necessarily mean that old men are addicted to "getting high." The deaths of women and men are as 100 to 108. After 60 years of age the calculation of life is more favorable to women than to men. But this strays from the subject. We set out to speak of men.

MEN AND THEIR NEEDS.

Never in the history of the world were the needs of men so well supplied as now. Never in the history of this region so well supplied as since The When began business here. Never so well in the history of The When as now, because it is making better clothes than ever, and along with them is selling hats. So there isn't a want of man above his shoes that The When does not supply.

From Socks to Hats, from Underclothes to Overcoats, it "sweeps the deck"—sweeps it every day (Sundays excepted) from morn till night. Come see it do it.

THE WHEN,
25 and 27 West Main Street.

ARCADE GROCERY

SARATOGA CHIPS,

Glace Cherries, French; Glace Apricots, French; Crystalized Strawberries, French. Crystalized Cherries, French.

DEPESA BUNCH

RAISINS!

Layer Ondura Raisins, Citron, Lemon Peel, Orange Peel, French Prunes, Figs, Currants, Peeled Peaches, Unpeeled Peaches, Apricots, Blackberries, Pitted Cherries, California Almonds, Tarragon Almonds, Buckwheat Flour, Cape Cod Cranberries,

JERSEY SWEET POTATOES,

Cocoa Nuts, Spanish Onions, Malaga Grapes, Jamaica Oranges, Sweet Cider, Hominy, Hominy Grits, Beans. The finest lot of Crackers in the city. The above goods are all new and fresh.

J. M. NIUFFER.

IN THE NELSON
BUSINESS COLLEGE

Business is taught as a science and an art. The students are traders, financiers, business people. In that feature lies the fascination that attracts and retains the young people. Ladies and gentlemen, parents and guardians, know that, and so they continue to enter the objects of their charge, singly and in clubs.

During the month of December we will sell scholarships on the following terms:

$20 DOWN,

Balance in three monthly payments.

NELSON BUSINESS COLLEGE,
ARCADE.

DR. H. R. DOSCH,
ARCADE DENTIST

Operating Dentistry a Specialty.
Parlors: 15 and 17.

SADI-CARNOT PRESIDENT.

At Versailles Today De Freycinet and Ferry Withdraw in Favor of a Dark Horse.

An Exciting Scene at the Opening of the Electoral College—The Harper Trial at Cincinnati—Attempted Suicide.

By the Associated Press.

VERSAILLES, Dec. 3.—The first trial ballot by the senators and deputies of the left today for a candidate for the presidency, resulted: Ferry, 200; De Freycinet, 193; Brisson, 81; Sadi-Carnot, 69; Saussier, 7. During the taking of the first ballot M. Pelletan made an address to a number of deputies who congregated outside the chamber, advocating the election of Sadi-Carnot, thereby uniting all the republican voters. Several deputies rejoined that it would be the first time the majority had yielded to the will of the minority, and added that the attitude of Brisson and Sadi-Carnot was unworthy of republicans. They urged them to withdraw in favor of De Freycinet, who, after Ferry, had obtained the most votes.

The second ballot resulted: Ferry 216, De Freycinet 195, Brisson 79, and Sadi-Carnot 91.

The papers condemn the message sent by President Grevy to the chambers yesterday with his resignation.

M. Floquet has withdrawn his resignation as president of the chamber of deputies.

Military reinforcements are arriving in the city.

The *Republique Francais* says: The attempt to ostracize Ferry is really aimed at the whole opportunist party, who, however, will not allow themselves to be excluded from sharing in the affairs of the republic.

VERSAILLES, Dec. 3.—5 p. m.—Balloting for president began at 12:15 p. m. At 4:15 p. m. the ballot closed. The vote is now being counted. Congress adjourned until 5:45.

Result — First ballot: Sadi-Carnot 303; Ferry, 212; General Saussier, 148; De Freycinet, 76, General Appott, 72; Q. Brisson, 26; other candidates, 26.

LATER—M. Sadi-Carnot has been elected president of the republic.

6:25 p. m.—M. De Freycinet and M. Ferry both withdrew in favor of Sadi-Carnot.

VOLAPUK.

Philadelphia Sits Down on the New Universal Language.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—A Philadelphia special says: The committee appointed by the American Philological society last night discussed the adaptability of the Universal language, Volapuk, and in substance report that while such a language is very desirable they did not regard "Volapuk" as that which is suited to the needs of modern thought. On contrary, it seems to us a distinct retrogression in linguistic progress. Nor in this day of combined activities does it appear to us likely that any one individual can so appreciate the needs of civilized nations to form a language to suit them all. Such a task should be confided to an international committee from six or seven lead-Aryan nationalities.

SUED HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

Old Millionaire McDonald Must Answer a $500,000 Action.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—Mrs. McDonald, the banker's wife, who gave $6,000 worth of diamonds to her lover, Seneca Swaim, an insurance agent, and other property, amounting in all to $20,000, has sued her father-in-law for $500,000 for alienating the affections of her husband. The defense demurred and tried to have the complaint dismissed, but the superior court has decided that the old man must stand trial. Swaim is still on examination in the police court, charged with having forged Banker McDonald's name to the $10,000 worth of railroad bonds which Mrs. McDonald secured from her father-in-law and sold to Senator Leland Stanford.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A Sensation in the Probate Court at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 3.—A sensation was produced in probate court room this morning, by the attempt of a man, who was on trial for insanity, to take his life. It was George W. Reitter, an elderly man, who was arrested last week for embezzlement from his employers. While waiting to be heard he borrowed a knife from a friend to pare his nails. He opened it and immediately made an effort to cut the arteries of his arms. His friends caught his hands and with difficulty wrested the knife from him.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

The Mayor and Council Likely to Get Out of Jail.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Decision was rendered by the U. S. Supreme Court yesterday in the habeas corpus case of Andrew J. Lawyer, Mayor of Lincoln, Neb., and the members of the city council of that city. The court granted a rule to show cause why such a writ of habeas corpus should not issue returnable on the 12th instant.

STRUCK OIL.

That is What Texas Has Done.

SAN ANTONIO, Dec. 3.—While drilling an artesian well, six miles east of the city, yesterday, petroleum was struck at a depth of 200 feet. The oil burns freely, and possesses fine lubricating qualities. Several barrels have been drawn, and indications point to a large deposit. The discovery causes excitement.

Hotel Burned.

GUELPH, Ont., Dec. 3.—The Commercial hotel, one of the largest in the city, burned out this morning. Several guests jumped from the second and third story windows, and a number were injured—none seriously. The loss not ascertained. The hotel is a complete ruin.

The Canadian Pacific.

MONTREAL, Dec. 3.—The gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific railroad for the month, ending October 31, 1887, were $9,468,434; monthly expenses, $6,839,123; net profits, $2,629,310.

Try Wheldon & Merrill for coal.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

A Magnificent Celebration, With Grand Ceremonies and Costly and Elegant Presents.

ROME, Dec. 3.—Thursday it was just fifty years since Pope Leo XIII received his ordination as a priest. Representatives of Catholic churches all over the world have traveled to Rome to participate in the golden anniversary, and are still coming to the jubilee, which continues some time. The ceremonies consist of the presentation of gifts, congratulations and other marks of homage and respect.

The jubilee mass will cost $200,000, and will be the chief ceremony of the celebration, and will take place December 31. The Pope himself will take part in the rites.

The expenses of the celebration will be defrayed from the fund known as "Peter's pence," a collection taken from the different churches for the support of the pontiff.

The presents offered at the jubilee are of great variety and are publicly exhibited. Some of the presents received are rather curious. The Society Bibliographique, of Paris, sends a volume containing the "Paternoster," printed in 150 languages. From Alsace comes a reproduction of the famous Strasburg clock, giving a calendar of the year. Naples sends a throne of solid gold. On a grand organ, just finished in St. Peter's cathedral, is played exclusively jubilee music, the first piece being a jubilee composition by Gounod, the famous musician.

Just what America sent is not known, but as there are 10,000,000 good Catholics in that country the contributions will at least be numerous and elegant.

CREMATED HIMSELF.

Drunken Man Sets Fire to a Prison and is Roasted Alive.

DETROIT, Dec. 3.—A special from Webberville, Mich., says that Newhall Tyler was cremated in the town prison Wednesday night. Tyler was on a drunk when some boys guyed him, and he rushed into a shoemaker's and hurled an iron last through the window, striking a little fellow on the head. Tyler was locked up, and soon after the jail was discovered on fire. It was a frame structure, and efforts to extinguish the flames were fruitless. Through the glare Tyler was seen beating the bars of his cell and cursing the crowd for not releasing him. Finally the fearful strain drove him crazy, and tearing off his scorched garments he threw his body against the red-hot bars. His cries were heart-rending, but soon ceased, and he fell to the floor roasted to death.

Tyler was 38, married, and a house-painter by trade. He is supposed to have taken a wooden slat from his bed, and poking it in the stove until the end was ablaze thrust the fire against the roof, hoping to escape in the confusion.

FORAKER'S INAUGURATION.

Great Preparation Made for the Occasion in Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 3.—All the general passenger agents of railroads leading into this city held a meeting yesterday and resolved to adopt a rate of one fare for round trip for those who desire to attend Governor Foraker's inaugural January 9, 1888. During inaugural week the Ohio poultry, pigeon, kennel and pet stock exhibition, State Agricultural convention, Ohio Wool Growers' convention, Ohio Swine Breeders' convention, officers' meeting of Ohio National Guard and several cattle breeders' associations will be held here.

The preparations for the governor's inauguration will be unusually elaborate this year.

E. L. Harper and Son.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 3.—E. L. Harper led his ten-year-old son into court with him this morning, and the lad sat beside his father, without realizing the solemnity of the situation.

Briggs Swift was re-examined, but made no new points.

W. H. Chatfield and Sol. P. Kineon, directors of the bank, testified that the board did not authorize the issue of certificates of deposit to the Chemical National bank of New York, nor the payment of drafts of Chicago grain brokers' board. They had never been consulted with reference to the issue of any certificates of deposit.

The most breezy witness thus far heard was Albert P. Gahr, who testified that he was secretary of Swift's Iron and Steel Company and Secretary and Treasurer of the Riverside Iron and Steel Company; that the last named company had no assets when it was organized and never acquired any—yet it procured a call loan from the Fidelity National bank of $100,000 on its own note, endorsed by E. L. Harper. He detailed the circumstances of his trip to Chicago June 14, in company with Wilshire. He said he was instructed by Harper to go, and was told that Wilshire would get aboard at Cumminsville with $600,000, which witness was to take charge of and deliver to Wilshire in Chicago if Wilshire could make an arrangement with the Chicago parties.

A Kitchen School.

The young ladies in charge of the industrial school—Miss Bowman, the Misses Steele and others—resumed that excellent work at the court house this afternoon, with the addition of a "kitchen garden." This latter is an admirable feature, its purpose being to train children to domestic duties, such as cooking, making beds, etc. Most of the work is executed in rhythm to the music of a piano.

Pleasant Hop.

A party of about twenty-five of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Rob. Remsberg "dropped in" on them at their pleasant home on north Market street, last evening, the occasion being Mrs. Remsberg's birthday. The evening was passed in dancing, the music being furnished by Worthington and Rigin. The event was most delightful in every respect.

Serious Illness of an Aged Blacksmith.

Mr. Joseph McGowan, the veteran blacksmith of this city, who recently moved to the vicinity of Lawrenceville, is lying almost hopelessly ill at his residence, from dropsy of the heart. His many friends unite in the sincere hope that the worthy old gentleman may be spared to us yet a while.

Trustees' Organization.

The board of trustees of the prohibition club met last night in Mr. Wilbur Colvin's office and organized as follows:

D. M. Burns—President.
Thomas DeVitt—Vice President.
A. L. Slager—Secretary.
B. N. Stitt—Treasurer.

Died of Diphtheria.

Last (Friday) evening Charles, the bright little son of Mr. and Mrs. Collins Gregory, of west Main street, died of that dread scourge, diphtheria. He was 8 years and 9 months old and was almost idolized by his parents. The funeral took place this afternoon at 3, the interment being at Greenmount.

Chapter Meeting.

There will be a special communication of Springfield chapter No. 48, R. A. M., Monday evening, December 5th, 1887, for work in the R. A. degree, after which refreshments will be served. By order of

S. J. LAFFERTY, H. P.

DEDICATION DAY.

Programme of the Exercises on Sunday, December 11th, at the Third English Lutheran Church.

Sunday, December 11th, promises to be a memorable day to the members of the Third English Lutheran church, of this city, that being the date fixed for the dedication of their new church, at the corner of Center and Liberty streets. The event will be one of importance not only to the newly organized congregation, but to Lutherans especially, and to Christians generally, throughout the city.

Beautifully printed invitations to the services have been sent out, but it must be understood that the services are free to all who care to attend them, and all will be made welcome.

The following programme has been prepared of the services of the day:

SUNDAY MORNING, 10:30 O'CLOCK.
Anthem—"Sing Ye to God" ..... Emerson
Gloria Patri
Confession.
Kyrie
Apostles' Creed.
Hymn—(1) "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne"
Scripture Lesson.
Prayer.
Hymn—(5)
"How Did my Heart Rejoice to Hear"
Dedicatory Sermon...Rev. L. A. Gotwald, D. D. (Pastor of Second Lutheran Church.)
Hymn—(90)
"Glorious Things of thee Are Spoken"
Address ..... Rev. J. C. Zimmerman (Sec'y Board of Church Extension, York, Pa.)
Doxology.
Benediction.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 3 O'CLOCK.
Anthem—"To be Joyful in the Lord"...Emerson
Hymn—(93)
"Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken"
Scripture Lesson.
Prayer.
Hymn—(210) ..... "I Love Thy Zion, Lord"
Addresses { Rev. Geo. H. Fullerton, D. D. / Prof. J. W. Richard, D. D.
Hymn—(210)
"Now I Resolve with All my Heart"
Rev. J. C. Zimmerman.
Lord's Prayer.
Doxology.
Benediction.

SUNDAY EVENING, 7:30 O'CLOCK.
Anthem—"Gloria" ..... Farmer
Invocation.
Hymn—(66) ..... "Come Thou, Almighty King"
Scripture Lesson.
Prayer.
Hymn—(62)
"God is Love, His Mercy Brightens"
Rev. J. B. Helwig, D. D., Pastor of First Lutheran Church.
Ceremony of Dedication.
Hymn—(14)
"All Hail the Power of Jesus's Name"
Doxology.
Benediction.

CRAZY AS A LOON.

Samuel Harding, the Xenia Murderer, Gives Conclusive Evidence of Insanity.

Samuel Harding, the Xenia murderer, is unquestionably insane, and the proper thing to do would be to hold an inquest of lunacy on him and then put him in a straight-jacket and send him to an asylum before an opportunity is given him for killing somebody else.

The Xenia *Gazette* of Friday thus describes a lively scene that occurred at the jail Friday morning:

He was placed in jail yesterday, and last night was locked in a cell. He did not go to sleep during the whole night, but stood at the iron door of his cell, shaking it and talking in a wild, irrational manner the whole night. In the morning he was seen to look under the bunk in his cell and in every corner and crevice, finally taking off one shoe and peering into it. When asked what he was looking for he replied that he had been making money all night and was looking for the machine. He looked wild out of his eyes, which were protruding and bloodshot.

About 9 o'clock he was noticed to be lying perfectly still in his bunk, and the other prisoners went in to see what was the matter, when they found him unconscious, with a slight froth standing about his lips.

He was dragged out onto the floor and bathed with cold water, but that did not revive him, when he was placed back on the bunk and a doctor sent for. It was one of those spells he has had so many of in the past few weeks.

When Drs. Moore and Galloway arrived with Sheriff Linkhart and went into the cell Harding came to, jumped up and grappled with the sheriff and Dr. Moore fiercely. He grabbed at the sheriff's throat and in so doing scratched his face a little. They managed to keep him from hurting either seriously, but could not manage him in his ravings. They then had to push him back and shut the cell door. He is simply a madman and was manacled and put in the cell this afternoon where Richardson suicided.

Church Debt Liquidated.

On the 2d of October a subscription was started among the members of the Central M. E. church to raise $338.74, a part of which was due on some repairs that had been made on the church and parsonage, and the remainder on the current expenses of last year. The subscriptions were to be paid on December 1st, and if a sufficient amount of money was not raised to liquidate the entire debt the money was to be refunded to the subscribers. On Thursday evening a congregational meeting was held and the amount collected in cash was found to be $347 25, leaving a balance over the debt of $8 51.

Successful Evangelistic Work.

Elder R. S. Groves, the successful evangelist, from Hamilton, Ohio, is still continuing the meetings for the Disciples of Christ in Temperance hall, corner of High and Mechanic streets. He will preach tomorrow on the following subjects:

11 a. m.—"The Church Organized and at Work." 7:30 p. m.—"Shall we Know Our Friends in Heaven."

Mr. Groves has spoken upon these subjects to immense audiences in other cities. The public are cordially invited.

A Smallpox Crank.

Mayor Kelly today received a postal card from some unknown crank who stated that somebody, whom he referred to as "a bad nigger man," had the smallpox at No. 121 N. W. N., wherever that is. Four or five initials were signed to the communication, but no name. The mayor turned the card over to Sanitary Marshal Sullivan with the remark that it was too much for him. Of course the communication is a canard, and the sender ought to be put in an asylum. He has probably escaped.

Dinner, Supper and Bazar.

The ladies of the Second Lutheran church will hold a Bazar on next Tuesday, December 6, in the Johnson building on west Main street. Admission will be free. They willl serve a New England dinner from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m., and an oyster supper in the evening, commencing at 5 o'clock. Dinner and supper will each be 25 cents to adults, and to children under 12 years for fifteen cents. The proceeds will be used in liquidation of the debt of the church.

Rev. Dr. Carson in the First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Alexander Carson, the popular pastor of Piqua, will preach every evening of next week in the First Presbyterian church, corner of Main and Fisher streets, beginning Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Dr. Carson made quite a reputation as a popular speaker at the Urbana camp-meeting last summer. Seats are free to all and the public generally invited. A chorus choir and the "Gospel Hymns" will be used.

"AS A FLOWER."

"Cabriolet" Tells the Story of a Blossom That Bloomed Beyond Its Season and Died with One It Loved.

A Gleaming Little Dandelion Which Bessie Was Brought to See—A Homely Home Story of a Flower's Heart and a Child's Suffering.

Early last fall, when most of the summer flowers were dead and even the sturdy autumnal plants were showing signs of decay, my attention was attracted by a tender little dandelion, resembling a tiny sunbeam burst into bloom, which was growing under the shelter of a lattice in my yard. Here this frail little early spring flower, which smiles at nature's first caress after the winter has gone, and dies at the first passionate breath of summer, had bloomed and blossomed day after day through all the long months. How it escaped death from the gardener, who regards such flowers as weeds, or how its little life was not swept away by the hundred sudden changes of temperature, it is difficult to conceive. But there it gleamed in the late fall, as bright as it glowed in May, and as it turned its radiant little face to the sun, as if it felt apprehensive from the growing chilliness of the air, I thought I had never seen a flower more beautiful. Sturdy little dandelion! If you could be grown only in the scented languorous warmth of conservatories, or only upon the effete soil of old Europe, how priceless would be your value in the eyes of fashion! How your exquisite golden glow would be sung in poetry and the dainty symmetry of your tiny petals furnish food for enthusiasm.

For several mornings I visited the little dandelion and watched it with an interest akin to affection. I admired the strength of its brave little heart and the courage displayed in its bright face, when it must have been so desolate—all its sisters and brothers dead long ago, and it waiting all alone for the death that soon must come. I found myself wondering often whether it felt that supreme grief which desolation brings, or whether it was rejoiced that it could beautify and brighten yet a little longer while the great year was dying and crushing all the flowers to place them on its funeral bier.

Next to my residence lived—oh, somber past tense, lived—a little girl who in the early spring had flitted gayly about the lawn and gathered the dandelions by almost armfuls. She had been bright and full of the sweet ardor of youth and perfect health in those days, and her laugh and song were the melody of the neighborhood. But in hot August she had been swept down by a fever and lay for weeks almost within hearing, it seemed, of the chorus that floats upward from the great white throne. Nominally, she had at last recovered and was able to creep round the house a little, and smile at me through the window. Oh, the exquisite sadness of that smile. It will dwell with me, a sacred heritage, as long as I live.

The rose had paled into a lily. The tender beauty of the child had suffered no diminution, it had sustained only a transformation. She was almost as fragile as the little dandelion, which the wind and the storm had forgotten to kill. Almost as fragile and as soon to leave the earth.

One morning, as I went to visit my dandelion, I wondered if little Bessie would not like to see it. She had always been so fond of flowers and used to talk to them as though they were her companions. A minute later, bundled up in heavy wraps, although the day was as bland as May, she stood ready to accompany me to see the audacious little flower that had braved the seasons. I stooped and picked her up in my arms. What a slight little burden she was and how lightly she nestled against me.

Three months before, in many a romp we had had together, I could scarcely hold her in my arms when, panting with laughter and joy, she struggled to escape.

Together, slowly, gently, for the least fatigue was forbidden to the child, I carried her to where the dandelion was blooming. She looked at it and clapped her faded little hands and smiled that poor little smile which to me was sadder than a sob. Then she became quiet and leaned her wasted little cheek against mine and gazed long and earnestly at the flower. A moment later, I became conscious, by the moisture on my cheek, that she was weeping. Some chord in her soul had been touched. Or was it the cruelty of the thought that she, like the poor belated blossom, must soon go, that summoned the tears?

"I did not mean to make you cry, dear," I said, my throat big with sudden pain; "I thought you would like to see the flower. It is five months later than all other dandelions, you know."

"I am glad to have come," she said, with the simplicity of a woman. "I think I am crying more for joy than pain. Won't you bring me again?"

I promised I would and turned aside hastily, for the child had that maturity of penetration which suffering gives, and somehow the tears *would* start to my eyes. I brought her to see the flower every morning for over a week and every morning I noticed with an inward sob the burden I was carrying grew lighter. The dandelion was fading, too. Its golden petals were growing dim and its little head was no longer erect. But it shown on and if flowers were possessed of reason, I should say that it looked its brightest when Bessie came to see it. She had grown to love it and our morning pilgrimages were becoming the greatest joy in a life whose vesper bells were almost ready to ring.

I arose on one morning and looked from my window. There was a deep black frost on the ground and the air was shivering with the sentiment of winter. I remembered my—nay, our—little dandelion with a pang and thought that it must certainly have been killed during the cold blackness of the night. I stole out to see it, and there it stood—erect and gleaming as to the blossom, but shrunken as to the leaves. It required extra wraps for Bessie that day, but the dying child visited the dying flower.

Four sharp frosts in succession, and yet the frail vitality of that lone little blossom in the waste of brown ruin defied them. The fourth morning I brought Bessie to see it, as usual. The child was pale as a snowdrop and her eyes gleamed like beetle stars. There was something ominous in the air that day, and we could not talk. She asked me to hold her down so she could caress the pale little plant.

"I am bidding it good-bye," she said.

That night I was summoned to her bedside. She was dying, and her face already reflected the glory of heaven. I stayed by her bedside till the morning came—a soft, mild morning that seemed selected from the sweetest days of dead and past springtimes. Birds sang and the sun glowed till the earth caught the passion and blushed faintly back. A messenger came down from the ruler of seasons as the day broke and took that little life—the spark that had burned in the place exquisite clay whose hand I held. I closed the snowy lids and kissed the dead child.

I rushed from the house, smothering. The maiden dawn had grown into the full womanhood of day. I suppose because it was morning I thought of our dandelion.

"This morning," I thought, "this sweet, bright morning, full of life, it will be almost born again and look more radiant than for a month, during the hard frosts."

I looked down and saw through my tears that the dandelion was dead, too.

CABRIOLET.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

Great Performances at Both Opera Houses Last Night—Abbey's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Gilmore's Great Band.

Without exception even in favor of the companies which have come to Springfield heralded by pretentious trump, the performance of the "Little Tycoon" at Black's opera house last night by the Temple Theater company was the most acceptable and charming presentation of comic opera which has been made in Springfield this season. The company was large and admirable, the company's own orchestra was perfectly drilled and re-enforced the singing splendidly, and the opera was staged in a manner that won universal commendation. The music of "Little Tycoon" is of mediocre excellence as a general rule, but about every third number is so sweet, fresh and original that it attracts immediate attention. Some of the dances and figures of the minuet order, executed by the chorus, were delicious and as graceful and picturesque as can be imagined. Particularly is this true of the "O, a fascination—yes, a fascination" gavotte in the first act. The chorus embraced some of the prettiest and most modest-looking girls that ever visited Springfield in comic opera. In a word, the performance went with a grace and smoothness of action that quite took the taste out of the mouth of those who has seen the "Little Tycoon" infliction last last year.

Bob Graham as General Knickerbocker, R. N. Dunbar as Alvin Barry, E. H. Van Veghten as Lord Dolphin, Joseph Mealey as Teddy, Miss Lina John as Violet, Miss Minnie Atherton as Dolly, and the breezy Miss Elma Delaro as Miss Hurricane were all brilliant in their roles. The house was only fair but full of enthusiasm. Manager Waldman has secured a return date and they will do a great business.

Charles H. Hoyt's absurd skits have been uniformly successful in furnishing amusing entertainment in this city, and "A Tin Soldier," which was presented at the Grand last night, was no exception. The audience was not large, but those who witnessed the performance held their sides and laughed until they were sore. There is no plot to the piece, and Mr. Hoyt gives as his reason for this seeming defect that if a dramatist has the wit to make his characters strong enough to entertain without the necessity of lugging in the plot, his reputation is made. "A Tin Soldier" is simply a conglomeration of absurb situations, exaggerated play on every-day incidents, ridiculous speeches, and good specialty business. The piece is well cast, Eugene Canfield admirably assuming the role of "Rats." The company is capital throughout, and the performance hugely enjoyed.

ABBEY'S UNCLE TOM'S.

Abbey's great double Uncle Tom's Cabin company is giving one of its fine performances at Black's this afternoon to a large audience and will give another this evening. This troupe is one of the finest Uncle Tom's companies on the road, and the enormous business it has done in other cities is proof of its excellence. The New York *Sun* says of the show:

Booth's theater has been crowded every night during the week, Abbey's Double Uncle Tom's company being the attraction. The performance given by this company is far superior to that of any similar organization which has ever visited this city, and has given universal satisfaction.

Secure your seats for tonight at C. H. Pierce & Co.'s.

GILMORE'S FAMOUS BAND.

On Sunday night at the Grand P. S. Gilmore's magnificent band will give a concert. Such a musical treat as Gilmore will give his auditors at that time is indeed a rare one, as is evidenced by the following programme, which will be rendered Sunday evening:

Overture—"Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Gilmore's Band.
Euphonium Solo—"Concerto Originale," ..... Raffayolo
Signor Raffayolo.
Largo—(The Celebrated Quartette) ..... Haydn
Especially arranged for Gilmore's Band.
Solo for Saxophone—"The Image of the Rose," ..... Reichart
Mr. E. A. Lefebre, accompanied by a Quartette of French Horns, Messrs. Weston, Cave, Hoefner and Zihn.
Valse Caprice—Morceaux de Salon..Rubinstein
Gilmore's Band.
Polacca From Mignon, for Soprano.... Thomas
Sung by Miss Letitia Fritch.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 ..... Listz
Gilmore's Band.
Flute Solo—"The Rippling Stream" ..... Lax
Performed by the author, Mr. Fred. Lax.
Quartette for Trombones—"Soldier's Chorus, from Faust" ..... Gounod
Messrs Wilson, Schubert, Krueger and Raffayolo, with full Band in the finale.
Solo for Petit Clarinet—"Caprice de Concert" ..... Matus
Mr. Matus.
Quadrille of All Nations ..... Julien

Seats are now on sale at Harris's.

ARISTON AND AUTOHARP.

Two Musical Novelties Just Out and Their Mechanicism Described.

R. F. Brandom & Co., the Arcade music dealers, are making such elaborate preparations for the holidays that the attention of a REPUBLIC reporter was this morning attracted to the display which the store presents. It will be interesting for the public to know the leading features of this holiday stock. In the first place, Mr. Brandom is carrying his usual magnificent stock of standard pianos and organs—that goes without saying. All other music dealers in the city have long since admitted the impossibility of attempting to compete with Brandom & Co., in the matter of stock on hand. But it is in the line of musical inventions and late novelties that the firm is making a holiday specialty this year.

Prominent among the novelties is the "ariston," a new musical instrument just out and operated mechanically by the turning of a crank. The "music" comes in the form of circular discs, made of leather, or a composition resembling it, which slowly revolves as the crank is turned. The disc is cut into slots or holes, through which the sound is freed as they pass over the end of a little set of pipes. The little instrument is capable of the most brilliant orchestral effects. It is remarkably cheap, selling for only $15. It is about as large as a small, light stand.

Another splendid novelty is the autoharp, an ingenious instrument of the zither type, which automatically, as the fingers of the performer sweep over it, plays the most beautiful harmonic chord.

The stock of music boxes is the finest ever seen in Springfield, and the exquisite little instruments range in price from 75 cents to more than that many dollars. You can't afford to overlook Brandom in making your holiday purchases.

A Trip of Investigation.

Chief of Police Ambrose and Officer Potee went to Urbana this morning on business. It is understood that Chief Ambrose while there, will investigate the charges made against a certain member of the police force of this city who, it is alleged, went to Urbana last Sunday and raised Cain in four languages.

Alleged Cigar Thief.

This morning Officer D'Lacey arrested and station-housed one Edward Thresher for petit larceny. It seems that Thresher had stolen a lot of cigars from Mr. Frank Buchanan's store on east Main street. Buchanan called Officer D'Lacey's attention to the fellow and he was soon behind the bars.

HOLIDAY BARGAINS!

DECEMBER CLEARANCE SALE!

Dress Goods Department.

We call attention to the line of Wool Suitings at the extremely low price of

25c. PER YARD.

MURPHY & BRO.

48 AND 50 LIMESTONE ST.

John McLaren and Bro
"Cash and Drexpria"

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3rd.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The hundreds of ladies who visited our store yesterday are today witnesses to the truthfulness of our advertisement for Bargain Day. Not one but found exactly what we told them, and we failed to hear of one who went away without buying, though our store was crowded all day (in spite of the rain) with interested people.

Next Friday we will give you a bigger surprise than ever in the way of bargains, and respectfully ask you to notice particularly every item we mention in the Bargain Day list, in next Thursday's paper, and if, when you come to the store Friday morning, you find that we are untruthful or that we exaggerate in the slightest degree in advertising, we will forfeit $50, to be paid as you dictate, to either the Associated Charities or the Hospital fund.

Monday morning we will offer very special bargains in Cloaks and Dress Goods.

Respectfully,

John McLaren and Bro

34 AND 36 SOUTH LIMESTONE.

GRANDEST DISPLAY OF
OVERCOATS
EVER SHOWN IN THIS CITY, ARE ON EXHIBITION AT
KAUFMAN'S,
10 BLACK'S OPERA HOUSE.

Dr. Levitt E. Custer,
DENTIST.

Preservation of natural teeth by latest approved methods. Strictly first-class work guaranteed.
22 E. High St., over Straley's Grocery.

Dr. Frank C. Runyan,
DENTIST.

Rooms in Buckingham's Building, over 48 Murphy & Bro.'s Store.
Special attention given to the natural teeth.