THE TALK OF CHICAGO.

IT STILL DEALS LARGELY WITH THE EXECUTED ANARCHISTS.

Some Conclusions Arrived at by Walter Wellman—Results of Interviews with Capt. Black, Mr. Grinnell and Others. Some Interesting Statements Made.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—Though several weeks have passed since the five Anarchists perished in the jail, Chicago people are not yet tired talking of that celebrated case. Time enough has now elapsed to allow public opinion to settle into the even tenor of its way, and it is as apparent now as it ever was that the voice of the people was for the blood of the malefactors. Much, though not universal, satisfaction is expressed at the execution of the sentence, and every man is congratulating his neighbor on the disappearance of Anarchy from the community. And the best of it all is that these congratulations are well founded. Nothing could be more certain than that Anarchy—organized Anarchy—is one of the things of the past in this city. The fact is, there never were any Anarchists in this city whose pernicious activity could not have been cut short by a score or two of workhouse sentences judiciously distributed. Hanging would never have been necessary if the milder remedy had been applied in good season. Mr. Brayton, who was one of the jurors in the Anarchist case, tells me that he took the trouble, a few weeks ago, to go to police headquarters and make inquiry concerning the Anarchist party in Chicago and its strength. Mr. Brayton, as a prudent man of family, wanted to know if there was any real danger to be apprehended on hanging day. He was informed that there is not now, and has not been for a year and a half, any organized anarchy in the city, and that the Anarchist party never numbered to exceed 300 men, of whom not two score had sufficient courage, physical or moral, to render them at all dangerous to society or even to such individuals as might incur their displeasure. It may well be doubted if there were half a dozen genuine, nervy dynamitards in the lot. They were chiefly a beer party. Spies, their nominal leader, was a pleasure seeker rather than a blood letter, and, though somewhat of an Anarchist by trade, was insincere of belief and harmless of purpose. Spies was the editor of The Arbeiter Zeitung. "If I do not take the lead in this matter and make some money out of it," he once said to a friend, a newspaper man like himself, "some one else will. I may as well do it as any one." Spies cared nothing for Anarchy or dynamite, and after he had gotten into the scrape it was his intention, so his nominal mother-in-law, Mrs. Van Zandt, told me the other day, to go at once to Europe, in case he ever got out, and act as correspondent for American papers. Little Lingg was the one dangerous man in the lot. Now that it is all over, one cannot help thinking what a lot of terrible things we have had and what a lot of fear and trembling we have indulged in over a very trifling affair.

This much now appears plainer than it ever did before. It is as well settled as anything of the sort can be that not one of the men who were executed knew who threw that bomb at the Haymarket. I had a long talk a day or two since with Capt. Black, the chief counsel for the Anarchists, and a man whose truthfulness and humanity have won for him a high place in the estimation of the people of Chicago. Mr. Black, who is a brother of Gen. Black, the commissioner of pensions at Washington, is a man whose absolute veracity and good faith no one who knows him would ever call into question. Mr. Black declared to me with all the emphasis of which his eloquent voice is capable that he believes now as firmly as he ever did that his late clients were innocent of any intent to take human life, and of any participation in the act by which life was sacrificed that night. Capt. Black says he knows—not simply that he believes, but that he knows—that the man who threw the bomb was an entire stranger to the men executed in Cook county jail. If Capt. Black had learned in the privacy of his relations with those men as their lawyer that they did know the bomb thrower, he might and indeed certainly would conceal that fact, but he would not volunteer the declaration which appears above. Mr. Black thinks the bomb thrower was not a Chicago man at all, and that his act was performed entirely on his own responsibility, without even a consultation with any one of the executed men. Mr. Black believes the man who threw the bomb is now in New York city, and says that were he the public prosecutor an effort would be made to bring that man to justice.

Being somewhat impressed by the captain's statement, I called on State's Attorney Grinnell, the public prosecutor, and asked him about the bomb thrower. "Of course the Anarchists and the bomb thrower were connected," he declared; "I do not mean to say that the executed men personally knew the man who threw the bomb, nor that he knew them or any one of them, but it is quite clear, as was brought out in the trial, that whoever threw the bomb was led to do so by the advice, teachings and plans of the men who were hanged in the jail three weeks ago." Of Juror Brayton I asked the question, "Did the jury, in making up its verdict, reach the conclusion that there was co-operation between the defendants and the man who threw the bomb?" "It was agreed by all the jurors," he replied, "that the instructions of the court were such that it was not necessary for us to decide whether there was or was not actual collusion between the defendants and the thrower of the bomb."

In the trial several witnesses were brought in by the state to prove that Spies and Schwab had met in the alley near the Haymarket and there handled a bomb and talked about it. This was just before the tragedy. The state made a vigorous effort to establish this proposition, as it did to prove its claim that Sam Fielden, who was speaking on the wagon at the Haymarket when the police approached on that fateful night, repeatedly fired his revolver at the officers. Yet it was for Schwab and Fielden that the judge who tried the case, and the state's attorney who prosecuted it, joined in a recommendation to the governor for mercy—a recommendation which saved their necks from the gallows. If Schwab and Fielden, the only ones who were charged with the commission of any overt acts, did not merit hanging, the commission of an overt act must be deemed of little importance in the case.

Doubtless the general public believes that the men who were hanged were hanged because they threw the bomb or conspired with the man who did throw it to kill Degan, the policeman named in the indictment. That certainly has been the public belief here in Chicago, where the case is better understood than anywhere else. But nothing could be better settled than that the men were hanged for generally advising the use of violence, especially violence toward the police, rather than for the commission of violence itself. It is at the same time clear that they did not expressly conspire with the men who threw the bomb to kill Degan or anybody else. That which brought them to the gallows was an ill defined purpose to do something desperate to defend themselves against what they believed to be the brutality of the police. It is well to remark here that there has existed for many years in the minds of the working people of Chicago a deep seated prejudice against the police. This prejudice has been particularly strong in the minds of the Germans, and it did not arise without fault on the part of the police. In the year 1877 a squad of police brutally attacked a peaceful meeting of German citizens in one of the Turner halls, cracking the heads of inoffensive men with their clubs, and beating several well nigh fatally. The indignation of the Germans of Chicago ran so high over this outrage that armed clubs were organized to protect themselves against future assaults of a similar sort. These armed clubs were the beginnings of the Anarchistic organizations in this city. Again, two or three years ago, the conduct of the police in the street car strike was such as to rouse great indignation on the part of the whole people, and the press was filled with complaints and protests. The meeting at the Haymarket was called for a similar purpose. At McCormick's factory, a day or two before, the police had assaulted a crowd of workmen, injuring several, and it was to protest against this that the meeting was called at the Haymarket. The famous "Revenge" circular was for revenge upon the police for their alleged inhumanity. That was a lawful meeting. There can be no doubt about that. The highest civil officer of the community, the mayor, was there in person, and after listening to the speeches and watching the crowd for an hour or more he rode to the police station near by and told the officer in charge, Inspector Bonfield, that the meeting was peaceable and that he might as well send his reserve men home; that there would be no trouble.

Now these are not new facts, nor am I endeavoring to defend the Anarchists, nor yet to claim that they were guiltless. I merely desire to clear up some of the mists that have gathered in the public mind concerning this celebrated case. To get at a proper estimate of the Haymarket tragedy I think one should take full cognizance of this antipathy of the laboring classes for the police. It was the real cause of the trouble. "Curse the brutal police," yelled the excited men, brooding over the ills of the poor, and regarding the constabulary as the representatives of the capitalists whom they believed to be robbing the toilers of their just dues; "Curse the police, and if the blue coats attack us we will fight for our rights. Let us have revenge!" That was the spirit which animated the Anarchists, or at least those of them who were not in the business simply for the living they could make out of it. That was wrong. It was unlawful to plan resistance to the lawful authorities. Even if the police are brutal, a man should not arrogate to himself the right to kill them when they approach him and ask him to move on—no matter if he is standing on the public highway, where he has a right to stand, and deporting himself in a manner inoffensive to the public. A bullet or a bomb is no fit answer to a command that springs from authority, however rash and excessive. At the same time the reader who wishes to arrive at a clear understanding of the tragedy should bear in mind the fact that bombs were made as much on account of hate of the police as in pursuance of plans to effect a social revolution. It should also be remembered that the men who most hated the police and most desired revenge were Germans, while a great majority of the police were Irishmen.

It is true that there were men who sincerely desired a social revolution. There were men who desired to accomplish revolution by force. I believe, from my investigations of the case, and from confidential talks with attorneys of the men who were executed, that the Haymarket bomb was not thrown as a part of the plan for a revolution, but that it was thrown by an individual unknown to the men who were hanged, acting on his own responsibility, individually and alone, and that the act was contrary to their wishes and harmful to their plans. Believing that, I cannot see that the men now dead at the law's hand were guilty of the murder of Policeman Degan. But, fortunately, there is another view of the case. I believe quite as firmly that the executed men, or rather some of them, for there were degrees of guilt among them—and some of them were not in the conspiracy at all and should never have been hanged—some of the executed men were the victims of such hallucinations, the possessors of such illusions and the advocates of such plans that their commission of a crime like that of the Haymarket, which they did not commit, was merely a matter of time. And I see even in the Haymarket something to be thankful for. Had the climax not been reached in May, 1886, in the slaughter of seven men, it would certainly have come ere this, and perhaps in even more terrible form. Had that man Lingg lived and kept his liberty a year or so longer there would have been a tragedy beside which the Haymarket would seem inconsequential. A Haymarket would not have satisfied Lingg. True, he was almost alone, the one man of knowledge and nerve and beerless passion and enduring hate enough to make him dangerous, but in a year or so, or in a few months, there would have been a score of Linggs and perhaps a score of slaughters in as many different parts of the city.

I know absolutely, and do not base my information on any of the evidence offered in the trial, for that trial was full of perjured testimony, that a conspiracy of ominous scope and wicked purpose existed among the Anarchists of this city. One at least of the men who died in Cook county jail was in that conspiracy, while half a dozen other men, in it quite as deep, are now walking the streets of Chicago free men. But that conspiracy was far from ripe. It had assumed but vague and indefinable form, and consisted principally of a dozen or two earnest but not bloodthirsty men, a lot of bear guzzling blowhards, and Louis Lingg, bomb maker. Perhaps a year would have been required to perfect it. The bomb of the Haymarket was not a part of it.

After all society has been very fortunate in the whole matter. Anarchy has been throttled in Chicago—and State's Attorney Grinnell says the conviction of Most in New York is the end of Anarchy in America—and though perhaps none of the executed men had actually committed murder, most of them were in a way of thinking, had adopted methods and become possessed of illusions which sooner or later would have led them to the commission of a terrible crime. It is not private justice to hang a man for the crime he has not committed but may commit, but in some cases it is public policy.

As for the future, I see nothing to cause alarm or misgivings. There are Anarchists in Chicago, but they are not organized, and dare not organize. They are merely Anarchists in theory. Tens of thousands of workingmen, and many thousands who are not workingmen, as the term is used, believe the hanging was an extreme and savage measure, and a cruel injustice to individuals. But they are not going to stop work or go to rioting because of their belief. Spies, Engel, Fischer and Parsons felt that they were being offered in sacrifice to public passion and hate, and believed they were martyrs whose blood would be the seed of a church of retribution. Spies and his companions were sadly mistaken. Their fate is regretted by thousands, but not even a handful talks of revenge. WALTER WELLMAN.

The St. Andreasberg Canary.

"The finest of all canaries," said a dealer, "is the St. Andreasberg bird, so called after one of the Hartz mountains, Germany. St. Andreasberg is also the name of a town of about 4,000 inhabitants, the principal industry of which is raising canaries. Every one is in the business there, but there are certain breeders who give it more particular care, and they have a great reputation throughout Germany. It is almost impossible to import the very finest St. Andreasberg canaries to this country. They are snapped up by the big German fanciers, who will pay as high as 400 or 500 marks for a good singer. Think of a canary bird costing $150!

"The St. Andreasberg trained canary is smaller and more delicate than the common bird and its plumage is not so bright and pretty. But its song is perfection. By judiciously mating the birds of the most pronounced excellence the breeders are able to produce those from whose song all harsh notes have been eliminated. The music which these little fellows can trill forth is exquisite, but it is all the result of the most careful instruction. A perfectly trained canary will always begin its song with a few faint notes, which sound like the first twittering of birds at dawn heard when you are fast asleep. It is a mere suggestion of a song. Then will come a roll—still very faint—in three octaves, first low, then higher and then down again. Gradually the tone increases in volume until it bursts forth in all its rich fulness."—New York World.

Ivory Starch, always ready and reliable. No cooking, no sticking, perfect work. Grocers.

A DAY IN GLOUCESTER.

A VISIT TO THE GREATEST OF AMERICA'S FISHING PORTS.

A Quaint Old Massachusetts Town, Where Men Are Hard Workers and Women Are Handsome, Straight and Strong—The Foreign Element.

While a city of a score or more thousand inhabitants, old Gloucester straggles and scatters over her crags and hills delightfully. No American city I have ever visited possesses so many pretty spots made by angles, curves and sudden turns of streets. All these pleasant confluences or deviations of thoroughfares give characterful groupings of homes or shops, and each pleasant place is a cozy little neighborhood of itself. One long, sinuous street trails here and there through the town half way up the ragged rocks that skirt the bay. Little streets and lanes pop into this from the bluffs above or jump off abruptly to the wharves below in the most unexpected fashion. On the one side are the square mansions of the olden families, standing sturdily under gambrel roofs and tremendous chimneys, and looking out upon those rows of noble elms which are the glory of all New England towns. On the other every manner of olden or later conceivable vocation which suggests of the sea is plied in narrow lane, compact little court, or in the snuggest of quarters alongside the slips and wharves.

THE WHOLE POPULATION.

But in this one long and crooked thoroughfare the whole population, fisher folk, shop folk, factory folk and good folk, all can be seen in a day's time. It is the life artery to old Gloucester. Wherever else any of her affairs may originate, they here receive their final discussion and settlement. You could ship a score of crews for the banks, borrow a million of dollars, build a dozen vessels, bargain for the whole output of American fish, arrange all affairs of municipal politics or settle the local requirements of religion and society in ten minutes here. It is the Rialto of the quaint old seaport. And the muscle, brightness and merry familiarity of fishermen and landsmen, rich folk and common folk, give delightful pictures not often found for study in our own country. Then, too, there is a ruddiness and heartiness in the faces of these people, all of whom live beside or upon the sea, which is rare and noteworthy.

It may not be so, but I half imagine that the rugged, hearty lives which have come out of centuries of contented toiling upon and beside the sea are given a mold and type of their own. In any event, in no other American city can you find physically such splendid men and women. There is a free, ample grace in every movement and pose of these unlettered men that should win the artist here. And nowhere in any land are there such types of form and feature as may be seen in thousands of these Gloucester maidens. Glowing eyed, straight, withy, elastic in step, elated in carriage, perfect in form, and with faces radiant in light and color, not to Normandy, Tuscany or Seville need painters go for types or inspiration, when in unknown old Gloucester such witching maidens dwell.

The fishermen of Gloucester are a noble class of men. I know something of the ways and character of those of Norway, Yarmouth, Holland, Biscay and those of Cuba, the Bahamas and our own Key West. All these as a whole are far more picturesque, but are a sad and sodden lot, slaves to their toil, their superiors and to sloth and drunkenness. But at Gloucester it is different. You cannot find the world over the same number of men engaged in any arduous and daring vocation so thoroughly men from birth to death.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT.

The large foreign element among the Gloucester fishermen comprises the very best of fishermen from other lands. They are Canadians, from the lower provinces, Swedes, Norwegians and Portuguese from Faval, in the Azores. The men from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland form a goodly portion, and are among the very best of Gloucester fishermen and citizens. They make excellent skippers and are universally superb seamen. Those from Norway and Sweden, usually seamen, are a hardy lot, and are prized for the unvarying dependence placed upon them. The Portuguese who, along during the century, migrated from Portugal to the Azores, have from time to time come to New Bedford, Boston or Salem, and finally have gradually settled here. They occupy a distinct portion of Gloucester known as "Portuguese hill," are industrious, thrifty, sober, and own neat cottage homes in their picturesque little community.

So that from all these sources, there having gathered here and become inbred with the native population a variety of foreign peoples, the effect upon Gloucester has been to furnish a city of conspicuously cosmopolitan character. Unclannish races having come; good health, good morals and good purpose being predominant; the incoming and blending of blood having progressed for nearly two centuries, so remarkable a community exists here that, aside from the interest attaching to the pursuit of the oldest known industry of fishing, and to the innumerable varying scenes and incidents of a coastwise life rife with all sea lore and tokens, I know of no American community so worthy the attention of those who pass lives in the study of social problems and of the relations and the well being of men.—Edgar L. Wakeman in New York Mail and Express.

The Telegraph Correspondent.

For the man who is heart and soul in love with newspaper work the position of telegraph correspondent is the ideal one. He handles only the cream of the news. He meets perplexities and difficulties without number, to be sure, but his responsibilities are of the day only and are not onerous. Substantially his own master he goes ahead without a guide save an occasional laconic dispatch, "Plenty of room for good stuff to-night" or "Badly jammed; keep things close." No man has greater or more frequent opportunities to show what he can do. If he fails to make his mark it is nobody's fault but his own. If he aspires only to pleasure and satisfaction in his work, with fair compensation, he need not envy even the managing editor, while the city editor's desk has no attractions for him.—H. R. Chamberlain in The Writer.

Not a Very Good Boy.

In writing of his youth to an autograph collector Gen. Lew Wallace says: "I fear you wouldn't have called me a good boy, as I hunted, fished and ran wild generally until I was 18, and then I became a student, and that is the course I would lay down for every life."—New York World.

A Good Investment

Is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as you'd like to—headache today, backache tomorrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order. A small outlay and what large returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

A case of genuine Asiatic leprosy has been discovered in Los Angeles.

Champlin's Liquid Pearl, 50 Cents.

Don't pay 75 unless so printed on bottle label.

Arizona's Indian Tribes.

Ex-Governor F. A. Tritle, of Arizona, who officially ruled that territory during some of the Indian outbreaks, was at the Gilsey house some time ago, where he talked about the Indian problem.

"What do you think of the present system of keeping the Indians?" he was asked.

"The system of keeping together a mass of people not at all homogeneous is bad and should be remedied as soon as possible. A large number of Indians not of the same band are placed on one reservation and expected to live in peace. The idea of any kind of peace prevailing among six or a dozen different tribes of Indians is simply preposterous. They are placed on reservations near where they have been reared and consequently are familiar with the topography of the country. When they wish to go on the war path they understand how to elude pursuit. Indian outbreaks are usually traceable to one or two discontented warriors.

"What tribe in Arizona is the most troublesome?"

"The Huachicha tribe has made a fine record in that respect. It is a branch of the Apaches. The Apache is known by his locality, the name of some river or place, as the Huachicha tribe of the Apache. There are a great many kinds of them, and they rove about those arid regions with a knowledge of the country born of a long residence. They are altogether different from the plains Indians, and know nothing about riding or buffalo hunting. They get great lung power, living on an elevation of from 2,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea. They are swift of foot, hardy and healthful, and can go a greater distance in a day than a horseman. They travel over the mountains with great rapidity and never lose their way. Geronimo never could have escaped the United States troops so often but for his superior knowledge of the country. If he had been sent with his tribe years ago to some distant country of which he knew nothing he could not have eluded pursuit long."—New York Mail and Express.

The Bul-Bul of Afghanistan.

Here also I very promptly made the acquaintance of Moore's famous bul-buls, the "sweet nightingales" of Lalla Rookh. The garden is full of fruit trees and grape vines, and here several pairs of bul-buls make their home. They are great pets with the Afghans, and when Mohammed Ahzim Khan calls "Bul-bul, bul-bul," they come and alight on the bushes close by the bungalow and perk their heads knowingly, evidently expecting to be favored with tidbits. They are almost tame enough to take raisins out of the hand, and hesitate not to venture after them when placed close to our feet. It is the first time I have had the opportunity of a close examination of the bul-bul. They are almost the counterpart of the English starling as regards size and shape, but their bodies are of a mousy hue; the head and throat are black, with little white patches on either "cheek;" the tail feathers are black, tipped with white, and on the lower part of the body is a patch of yellow; the feathers of the head form a crest that almost rises to the dignity of a tassel.

Whilst the bul-bul is a companionable little fellow and possessed of a cheery voice, his warble in no respects resembles the charming singing of the nightingale, and why he should be mentioned in connection with the sweet midnight songster of the English woodlands is something of a mystery. His song is a mere "clickety click" repeated rapidly several times. His popularity comes chiefly from his boldness and his companionable associations with mankind. The bul-bul is as much of a favorite in the Herat valley as is robin red breast in rural England, or the bobolink in America.—Thomas Stevens in Outing.

Power of a Mustache.

Oakey Hall was a significant illustration of the power of a mustache.

He wore when mayor of the city a long, drooping, becoming mustache. In an evil hour he was induced to go upon the stage and appear in a play called "The Crucible," which told very pertinently his own story, drawing a parallel between his course as a servant of the city and that of an unjustly suspected and severely punished clerk, who was falsely charged with stealing from a bank in which he was cashier. In the first act Mr. Hall appeared, as was his custom, with his mustache. In the next act he was a convicted prisoner, in convict's dress, face clean shaven. The Park theatre had never seen an audience such as was there that night. All the judges, all Mr. Hall's bar associates, all his political friends and social chums, every newspaper man of prominence and a great army of society folk. Every one wished the actor well. Every one applauded as the curtain fell on the first act, every one felt his heart grow heavy as lead and sink as though it were a plummet in the sea, when, unmasked, Hall stood before them, the lines about his mouth indicating the very agony of his soul. Honest tears fell that night on unaccustomed cheeks, drawn from sympathetic eyes by the vividness of the anguish depicted on that man's face, and anguish which had existed for months, but had been hidden by his long mustache.—Joe Howard in New York Graphic.

Fate of a Meddler.

Women who meddle with everybody else's business are to be shunned and feared. One of them was on the Troy local the other afternoon. A spruce ly dressed young man held in his hand a yellow paper covered book, in which he seemed to be deeply interested. The woman sat in front of him, and, happening to turn to take in the passengers, observed the cheap literature which was engrossing the attention of the man behind her. In a pleading, insinuating voice she said to him: "Young man, don't you know that you are wasting your time very foolishly in reading dime novels? You might better take a book on history with you or something else that would benefit your mind and give you an opportunity to improve." Reaching her hand over the back of the seat, she said very deliberately: "Let me look at that book." The young man, without relaxing a single feature, handed the book over to his aggressive fellow passenger. She turned it over to read the title. It was as follows: "Easy Lessons in French for Beginners." The old lady never said a word. She dropped the book in the young man's lap and shot into the next car.—Albany Journal.

A Fortune Hunter's Bad Break.

Sweet Girl—Isn't Mr. Fortunehunter splendid? He's been such a traveler.

Rich Widow—Splendid, indeed! He's the most unmannerly fellow I ever met.

"Unmannerly?"

"He's positively insulting. I never want to speak to him again."

"Oh, I'm sure there's some mistake. What did he say?"

"He asked me if I'd ever heard Jenny Lind."—Omaha World.

"There are millions in it," said a druggist, when asked about Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

For some time past I have been a rheumatic. I recently tried Salvation Oil which gave almost constant relief. I sincerely recommend it as it has entirely cured me. JAMES GORDON, Baltimore, Md.

According to the St. James *Gazette* of Saturday, General Paine will sail the yacht Volunteer on the Clyde in a one-thousand-pound match. The Volunteer is also to try to return to America with the Cape Breton cup, won by the Genesta three seasons ago. As the *Gazette* learns, there is not likely to be an international contest for the American cup next year.

Try Wheldon & Merrill for coal.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Good Results in Every Case.

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

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c per box, by Charles Ludlow & Co.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.

Dr. Barnardo, a distinguished London philanthropist now in Edinburgh, is devoting himself to the work of securing homes in Canada for destitute girls and boys of his own country. He has already started a town on a tract of 4,700 acres of land in Manitoba, which he calls Victoria Regina, and will populate it with young emigrants. It is to be run on the system of an industrial farm.

"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.

Hon. Samuel G. Cooley has recently celebrated at Beloit, Wis., his 80th birthday anniversary. He is the last survivor of the company which in 1863 was formed in New Hampshire to found and develope a town in then the far west; and which thus established Beloit.

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

The factories of Portland, Me., have done $3,580,000 worth of business the last year, the shoe factories contributing $1,455,000. The factories have turned out 841,000 pairs of ladies' shoes. The factories employ 417 males and 358 females.

Tone up the system and improve the appetite by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel like a new person. Thousands have found health, and relief from suffering, by the use of this great blood purifier, when all other means failed.

The Labrador short route project is to be revived. The plan is to build a railway from Quebec to the most easterly point of Labrador, where safe harbors abound, and to place a fleet of ocean greyhounds on the Atlantic. The calculation is that the time of passage could be reduced to three and a half days.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

I have had nasal catarrh for ten years so bad that there were great sores in my nose, and one place was eaten through. I got Ely's Cream Balm. Two bottles did the work. My nose and head are well. I feel like another man. C. S. McMillen, Sibley, Jackson Co., Mo.

For all forms of nasal catarrh where there is dryness of the air passage with what is commonly called "stuffing up," especially when going to bed, Ely's Cream Balm gives immediate relief. Its benefit to me has been priceless.—A. G. Case, M. D., Milwood, Kas.

A KIND AND GENEROUS DEED.—Rev. A. Barber, superanuate member of St. Louis Conf. M. E. church, writes from Moran, Kansas: "This recommendation is written without solicitation from anyone; but I owe it to those similarly afflicted to say that by the use of the Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) I was cured of an obstinate and almost fatal indigestion—both stomach and liver being completely torpid. I was reduced to a living skeleton. Friends, family and physician had given me up. I was keeping the spark of life alive with a diet of raw eggs and milk. Now both stomach and liver are performing their functions. I have many friends in Western Ohio, N. E. Iowa and S. W. Mo. who would like to know this.

THE HONEST SHAKER, although he does not boast of his purity, always makes goods that can be relied upon; for instance, his Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) is really a valuable article. It is not recommended as a cure-all, but as a remedy for one single disease, viz: Indigestion, in which disease it works like a charm. The Shaker Tar Caspus cure Coughs.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 120 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, beetles, insects, skunks, jack rabbits, sparrows, gophers, moths, moles. 15c. druggists.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." Quick relief, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions. 15c.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c

A Belgian recently died by choking to death. He had made a bet with some of his fellow countrymen that he could swallow as many pancakes as they would pay for, and the bet being accepted, the party went to an establishment noted for its pancakes. He swallowed cakes until he was carried out a corpse, having choked himself to death.

Can't Sleep Nights is the complaint of thousands suffering from Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, etc. Did you ever try Acker's English Remedy? It is the best preparation known for all Lung Troubles, sold on a positive guarantee at 10c., 50c. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

"Come, John, get up," said his wife, briskly, "it's 7 o'clock. You said you would get up at 7." "I kn-know it, my dear," acquiesced sleepy John, "but it was last night when I said it. It's easy enough to get up early the night before," and he turned over and went to sleep again.

A Safe Investment.

Twenty-five cents for the Hop Plaster which instantly cures every pain, ache and soreness. A marvel of curative strength. Hops, Gums and Balsams combined. Sold everywhere. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors, on back of genuine plaster.

INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvelous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred. GEO. B. SMITH, Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O. Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN

Are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk-crust, scald head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Purifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance—a skin without a blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trial of the Cuticura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, the mind—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influences. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffing and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

KIDNEY PAINS,

Strains and Weaknesses,

Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the city clerk of the city of Springfield, Ohio, for doing the excavation for the cellar of the market house and city buildings on the space from Market space to Center street, between High and Washington streets, according to the plans and specifications therefor adopted by and on file in the city engineer's office, the material taken therefrom to be placed at such points as may be designated by the committee on public buildings of the city council.

All proposals must be signed by the full name of all persons interested in the same, and shall also be signed by some responsible disinterested person as a guarantee that a contract will be entered into, provided said bid is accepted, and must be on file with the city clerk on or before Saturday, the 14th day of January, 1887, at twelve o'clock noon, to be opened and publicly read immediately after 12 o'clock of said day, in the presence of the mayor, city engineer, assistant city engineer and city clerk, or any two of them, and report to council at the next regular meeting thereafter.

The city council reserves the right to reject any or all bids for any reason they may deem sufficient.

By order of council.

24bs J. S. SHEWALTER, City Clerk.

WEAK MEN! Debilitated from Indiscretions or Excesses. WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this NEW IMPROVED Electric Belt & Appliances. Cures in 60 days. Sealed pamphlet free. Address MEN ONLY. Electric Belt & Appliances for this specific purpose. CURE OF GENERATIVE WEAKNESS, giving them back their lost manhood. Electric Current felt