

HOPE HELD,

For Attempting to Burglarize a San Francisco Bank.

The trial of Jimmy Hope, the notorious bank robber, was ended at San Francisco on Saturday last, by his conviction of attempted burglary in the first degree. The case has attracted much attention throughout the country by reason of the prominence of the prisoner, he being the leader of one of the worst gangs of bank burglars in the United States, and the peculiar methods pursued by his counsel. By means of technicalities the case has been spun out to a great length. Witnesses have been badgered and juries so befogged that it is a matter of wonder that they succeeded in bringing in an intelligible verdict. To illegal minds the case was very simple. Hope was caught, by detectives, attempting to dig his way into the vault of Sather & Co's bank, in this city, an old and conservative institution, which had many millions on deposit for wealthy men. The building was surrounded by the detectives, who surprised the burglars too soon. One of them escaped over the roof of the adjoining houses, while Hope was caught in the water closet, to which he declared he had resorted to for natural purposes. A fine burglar's outfit was found near at hand, and evidence of very scientific work in digging through the ceiling above to get at the bank vaults. Because Hope was caught with tools in his hands, his counsel built up a beautiful theory of innocence, and really, at one time it looked as though they would prove that the burglar was in his own house when arrested. The day that the verdict was rendered, a great crowd besieged the court room. The jury, after being out about five hours, returned. Hope sat by his counsel smiling and unemotional. He is a heavy built man, with broad head, bull dog jaws, light complexion and full light brown beard, which, with a slight cast in his eyes, gives him the appearance of Moody, the evangelist. As usual he was faultlessly dressed and wore no jewelry except a costly gold pin in his cravat. The jury returned a verdict of burglary in the first degree, and under the California law this will entitle him to seven and one-half years in state prison, and the full term for burglary in the first degree is fifteen years. It is probable, however, that an appeal to the supreme court will result either in an acquittal or nominal punishment.

Beautiful Complexion.

The discovery of arsenic in the remains of the unfortunate Jennie Cramer, and the mooted question as to whether it was administered to her or whether she had not taken it herself for the preservation of her remarkably white complexion, says a New York correspondent, has revived the question of arsenic eating in this city. A chat with one or two prominent druggists and physicians has given me some idea of the extent to which this pernicious and dangerous habit is indulged in. It has its foundation, of course, in the desire for beauty, so natural in every woman, and how important a part an exquisite complexion plays in the general appearance, is recognized when we note how easily a girl wins the title of pretty, even if her features are poor and her dress simple, if she has a pure, soft, white skin, that enables her to wear either the colors of blonde or brunette with impunity, and to defy the rough caresses of the sun and wind; while another girl with well-cut features and all the advantages of talent is doomed to the cruel adjective of "plain," on account of a sallow or pimply complexion, which neither powder nor rouge used in decent quantities can conceal.

To gain what nature has denied, women resort to every conceivable device, from the use of simple lemon juice and glycerine up to the elaborate compounds imported from France, and the expensive treatment of the specialists who promise to make lilies and roses bloom on a satin smooth skin. There are a great many Mme. Rachels on a small scale in New York, and each of them has her own particular recipe for beautifying the epidermis.

One woman has a place on Fifth avenue where she gives Roman baths of asses' milk to her lady customers for the trifling sum of \$15 each, and she has enough patronage to be making money fast.

A firm on Broadway, that has the handsomest business parlors in the city, has made a fortune out of a peculiar sort of mask to be worn over the face at night. A stout dame on Thirty third street uses the bread and milk poultice method, and treats her patrons in her own house. Others advertise their ability to supply a new skin, which means that they will remove the old one by powerful washes. The most "toney" of these skin doctors live in elegant style and make a profound mystery of the lotions they employ.

Most of them are artful enough to have one or two young girls in attendance, gifted with natural beauty of complexions, but ready to swear that they are the result of madame's "balm" or "bloom." One of them who has a place near Union square, employs a handsomely dressed young lady with a brilliant complexion, to call five or six times a day to thank her in the presence of fresh customers, for her new skin.

Yet in spite of all this, the only women who have beautiful complexions are those born with them.

To say nothing of the compounds made up in this country, and which have reaped fortunes for their originators, cosmetics are imported in thousands of dollars' worth at a time throughout the year, and many of them contain white lead and arsenic in such large proportions as to be positively dangerous, and not infrequently fatal in their results.

The worst of experimenting with the complexion is, that when a woman begins she finds a sort of fascination in it that will not allow her to leave off, and the country girl who begins by daubing her forehead and chin with flour, and rubbing her cheeks with a mullen leaf, as a lady, winds up with Roman baths and Parisian potions.

Down they go. In order to reduce our largest stock of woolen goods, we will, for the next sixty days, sell goods at such low prices no merchants can compete with us. We mean business. Call and examine our goods and prices, at the Old Reliable Sedalia Woolen Mills. 9-13w2m

RYAN, THE ROBBER.

His Motion for a New Trial Overruled and He is Sentenced to the "Pen."

Judge White, of the Jackson county criminal court, on Saturday last overruled the motion recently made by the attorneys of Ryan, convicted for his participation in the Glendale train robbery, and sentenced the prisoner to twenty-five years in the penitentiary. Ryan was very much affected when the sentence was pronounced and trembled so violently that he could scarcely stand. The attorneys for the defense have almost given up the idea of appealing the case to the supreme court, recognizing the utter hopelessness of the move. The decision of Judge White is loudly applauded by the law-abiding public, and the news of the sentence of Ryan will be received with great joy throughout the state, carrying with it, as it does, the feeling that Jackson county is at last aroused and determined that her criminals shall be hunted down and made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

Governor Crittenden was notified of the sentence, and it is understood that he will make some move at once in regard to the charge of intimidating the jury made against him in the motion by the counsel for the defense.

The prisoner, Ryan, was delivered to the Warden of the penitentiary yesterday by deputy marshals, Kessler, Murphy and Lee. The party passed through this city on the 10:45 east-bound train.

BARNUM'S FIRST GAMBLING.

How He Came to Own His Own Cars This Season.

Immediately after Mr. Barnum's consolidation with the Great London last fall, the question arose whether to rent cars of the rolling stock corporation, as is customary with shows, or build and own one hundred cars themselves. Mr. Barnum favored the new plan; Mr. Bailey "would agree with the others," but Hutchinson, the junior member of the new firm, was in a quandary and stroked his mustache vigorously. Finally it was suggested to leave it to the cards. Barnum didn't know one from another, but he picked out four that "had pictures on 'em" and four "that were spotted" and gave them a vigorous shaking in his hat. They were then emptied on the floor, with the understanding that a majority of picture cards coming face up would mean independent cars, and vice versa. Then the triumvirate of managers got down on their knees to separate the "pictures" from the "spots." It was found that three of the former and only two of the latter had turned face up, and the little matter of spending \$200,000 for rolling stock was settled.

He Skipped.

For several days past the constables have had in their possession a warrant for the arrest of Henry Stewart, a taffy colored coon, who has of late been making himself anything but an enviable reputation by his propensities for getting into trouble and afterwards behind the bars, for an assault committed on his sweetheart. For the purpose of serving the writ several trips have been made by the officers to the residence of Henry's mother, in the southern part of the city, all of which have been without success. Yesterday Deputy Barnett visited the residence again, but the same result crowned his visit, as Henry saw the deputy approaching his domicile and skipped out. After a two-mile race, in which Henry acquitted himself nobly, the race was given up by the deputy, who returned to town thoroughly disgusted.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

For Premature Loss of the Hair—A Philadelphian's Opinion.

One year ago my hair commenced falling out until I was almost bald. After using COCAINE a few months, I have now a thick growth of new hair.

ALEXANDER HENRY, No 814 East Girard Avenue.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS, always standard.

Bound for the Pen.

Three deputy marshals from Jackson county passed through this city yesterday on their way to the penitentiary with three prisoners, viz: Bill Ryan, recently convicted of train robbery, twenty-five years; Thomas Shepherd, robbery, three years, and Wm. Ellis, horse-stealing, three years. They also had one escaped convict in charge whom they were returning to the pen. Ryan gave the officers no trouble on the way down. When he arrived at the pen he weakened somewhat as if fully realizing the meaning of his sentence, which will in all probability keep him there as a guest of the state the rest of his days.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Consumption, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by your druggist.

A Watch Thief.

Melvina Johnson, a colored woman, had Justice Webber issue a warrant this afternoon for the arrest of Arthur Lets, a colored lad about sixteen years of age. She claims that while she was absent from her home, this morning, Arthur visited the house and carried off a silver watch of the value of \$10 and a pair of sleeve buttons of the value of \$2. Up to four o'clock the young rascal had not been arrested.

Notice.

This is to notify all persons indebted to the undersigned, that we have placed the accounts of those indebted to us in the hands of D. M. Gray, Longwood, and request that they call on him at once and settle the same and save costs.

D. TUSSEY & SONS.

A MAD BOVINE

Makes it Lively for the Residents of Campbell's Addition.

It Gores a Valuable Horse After Which it is Killed by Marshal Shy.

The residents of Campbell's addition were badly frightened this morning by the appearance in that neighborhood of a mad cow. The animal, after chasing several persons into their houses, ran across a valuable horse belonging to Mr. Newt. Douglas. It made a dart at the horse and struck it near the shoulder, tearing up the flesh in a horrible manner.

After this the cow walked leisurely down the street until it espied a lot of chickens in a yard. The infuriated cow jumped the fence and amused itself for a few moments trying to get away with the birds. Being unsuccessful the beast took its departure, and was amusing itself in trying to tear up all the fence in that locality, when Chief of Police Shy, who had been informed of the doings of the animal, appeared upon the scene with a breech-loading shot-gun, and killed it. It is not known where the animal came from or to whom it belonged. The injured horse will die, as its head is nearly severed from its body.

WEDDED.

R. C. Sneed and Miss Maggie Montgomery, Last Night.

A very small party of relatives and friends assembled at the residence of Jno. Montgomery, jr., corner of Broadway and Massachusetts streets, at 7:30 o'clock last night, to witness the nuptials of Mr. R. C. Sneed, a prominent young attorney of this city, and Miss Maggie Montgomery, the youngest daughter of the late J. J. Montgomery, and sister of John Montgomery and James Montgomery, well-known citizens.

The candidates for matrimony were attended by George Sneed, of Sedalia, and Miss Emma Hynes, of Bonville, and Mr. Vic Shaw and Miss Mattie Parker, of this city.

The ceremony was solemnized in an unusually impressive manner by the venerable Dr. John Montgomery, uncle of the bride, after which came the numerous and hearty congratulations of friends and then the regal wedding banquet prepared by willing hands and loving hearts in that magnificent spirit of liberal hospitality so often recognized as coming from the relatives of the wedded couple.

The bride's toilet was of extreme elegance, being composed of rich wine-colored Surah satin. The underskirt was made with innumerable tiny pullings, the whole forming a solid front. The overdress was cut in deep points and carried back in the new style of full side panniers, the basque waist being short with the corsage filled in with a profusion of rich Spanish lace.

The groom was dressed in black, and looked as if he was heartily pleased with the pleasant situation in which he was placed.

The following is a partial list of presents bestowed upon the bride by her friends:

- Silver goblet, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Trader.
- Bohemian glass berry bowl, T. H. Kehoe, Tom Fry and W. H. Thorpe.
- Pair of silver goblets, W. H. Carpenter, of St. Joe, Mo.
- Gold thimble, Mrs. A. J. Montgomery.
- Silver nut cracker set, Vic Shaw.
- Hand painted china fruit set, John B. Sneed.
- One pair of bracelets from the groom.
- Gold thimble and case, Miss Cammie Garrett.
- Cake basket from Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery.
- Toilet set bohemian glass and silver toilet set from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thompson.
- Jewelry case from Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gauss.
- One berry bowl, Miss Mattie Sneed.
- One carving set, Mr. and Mrs. J. West Goodwin.
- Hand painted satin pin cushion, Mrs. Senator Vest.
- Elegant Bible from the groom's parents.
- Six fruit knives, from Misses Mary Bell Richardson and Katie Faushaber.
- Silver cake basket, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. B. Jackson.
- Pickle stand, Miss Mattie Parker.
- Pair silver napkin rings, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers.
- Carving set, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Thomas.
- One dozen silver knives, G. V. Sneed.
- Silver pie knife, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Beiler.
- Pair vases, B. F. Richardson.
- Pair silver napkin rings, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Richardson.
- Maj. J. H. Dowland, perfume box and box of cigars.
- Steel engraving and easel, Mrs. J. R. Barrett.
- Pair of scissors each from Masters Lee and George Montgomery.
- Mr. and Mrs. Sneed left on the owl train for St. Louis last night, and will proceed on an extensive bridal tour, taking in New York and other eastern cities.
- The BAZOO adds its blessing. May the sun of their plighted love and prosperity never set, but eternal day be theirs until He who rules supreme passes them to that realm where there is nothing but love.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heat would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children that I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

Mrs. JULIA G. CUSHING.

—Stocking yarns only 65c a pound, at the Old Reliable Sedalia Woolen Mills. [9-13w2m]

VA GAY LOTHAIRO.

The Blandishments of a Well Known Kansas City Journalist.

He is Forty Years of Age and Engaged to a Young Miss of Fifteen.

An able writer on the Times, in Kansas City, seems to be in not a little trouble. His name is Capt. Quinton Campbell, a wandering individual, who has been there but a short time. A man of the world, aged forty years, he became engaged to a young Miss of Kansas City, aged fifteen. Yesterday there was considerable excitement there when it became known that the engagement had been brought to a sudden termination by the parents of the young lady, who were put in possession of news regarding the past history of

THE LIFE OF THE EDITOR

that did not meet their ideas of what their son-in-law should be. All parents will approve of the prompt action of her father and mother in putting a stop to the marriage and forbidding Campbell to enter the house again. The facts of the case as represented to the parents of Miss Kusler, the young lady in question, are as follows:

Some weeks ago Capt. Campbell became connected with the Times as an editorial writer. His old habit and love of female conquest came upon him with such irresistible force that he at once commenced paying devoted attention to Miss Eliza, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kusler, residing at No. 608 Walnut street, people who are eminently respectable and with whom Campbell was boarding. Capt. Campbell commenced his scheme by flattering the susceptible young Miss, who is but little past 15 years of age, making her presents, taking her carriage riding, etc. finally winning her consent to

BEYOND HIS BRIDE.

In this connection it is but justice to the young lady to say that in all these rides they were accompanied by her sister, Miss Emma Kusler, several years her senior. When this modern Beau Brummel, who is about the same age as the young lady's father, had by his eloquent pleading and seductive promises gained her consent, he turned his attention to her mother, and represented that he was a widower; that his wife had been dead nine years, and that his affection for her daughter was the only case of real genuine love that he had experienced, and that his every fortune in the future would be devoted to her, and that in reality she would be

AN OLD MAN'S DARTING.

Long and earnestly he pleaded, his former experience teaching him that with the mother's consent the battle was more than half won. And he was right, for Mrs. Kusler at once became his most zealous advocate, and apparently all obstacles to his future bliss and contemplated happiness were removed, but, alas for fond hopes too soon destroyed, about this time the eldest daughter of the house made her appearance, and in Mrs. Higbee the fond and expectant Q. C., was doomed to find a foeman worthy of his steel. She at once commenced making inquiries as to who and what this man was who was so eager to become her brother-in-law, and by and by with the aid of several gentlemen in the city who were posted, succeeded in developing the facts that he had not only one wife living, but

A PLURALITY OF WIVES.

Telegrams were sent to H. P. Hall, of the St. Paul Daily Globe, for whom the Captain formerly worked in a reportorial capacity, and to N. McAfee, then connected with the Globe, but now with the Pioneer Press, and in reply Mrs. Higbee received a dispatch from each conveying the intelligence that Campbell had two divorced wives living, one in St. Paul and one in the east. Among the telegrams was one from a reliable business man in St. Paul, stating that about two years ago he married a beautiful and accomplished young lady of that city, whom he deserted after a few months and has since become divorced. With this evidence Mrs. Higbee confronted the captain and demanded an explanation. He could give none—at least none that was satisfactory to the indignant family, but quietly withdrew to the seclusion of his den in the Times building and penned a note to the injured ones, which no doubt he hoped would palliate his offense in their estimation, but Mr. Kusler declares he must never see nor speak to his daughter again. Every one sympathizes with the injured family, but it is said the captain will not give up so easily, but will see the matter through to the bitter end.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford, for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's porous plaster. Sold by all druggists.

A Question of Mileage.

Jones held an execution against a farmer, and when he called for a settlement the agriculturalist took him out into a big pasture, and pointed out a wild steer as the particular piece of property that should be levied upon. Jones chased the steer around for a while, and then taking out his book began to write.

"What are you doing there?" asked the granger.

"Charging mileage," replied the constable, without looking up.

"Do I have it all to pay?" gasped the rancher.

"You bet."

"Then take this tame heifer here. I can't stand any such a game as that."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY, marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by your druggist.

CLARK'S CALAMITY.

A Missouri Congressman Who Has Separated From His Wife.

The following from yesterday's St. Louis Republican refers to a gentleman who is well known in Sedalia, and no doubt his many friends will sympathize with him in his hour of trouble:

The Washington Critic publishes the following: "Less than a year ago Hon. John E. Clark, Jr., who, for the past eight years, has represented the Eleventh Missouri district in congress, and has been elected to the Forty-seventh congress, married a Mrs. C. Jacoby Wells, a dashing and handsome widow, a clerk in one of the departments. Both parties being well known, and occupying high social positions, the local and outside papers devoted considerable space in describing the wedding. The happy couple were the recipients of many costly presents from their numerous friends, and soon started upon an extended wedding tour. When the Forty-sixth convened Mr. and Mrs. Clark returned to the city and located at 1325 F street, northwest. They appeared to be very much devoted to each other, and it was a rare thing indeed to see one without the other. They spent the past summer at the watering places, and a few weeks ago returned to this city and took up their quarters in Grant row on Capitol Hill. So far as the outside world is concerned, the couple were living in blissful happiness until about two weeks ago. At that time Gen. Clark, it is stated, took occasion to reprimand his wife for remaining out late at night. Her excuse, it is alleged, continued night after night, and Gen. Clark believing all was not right, took a detective into his confidence and requested him to

SHADOW HIS WIFE.

This the detective did, and his labors were it is said, rewarded by seeing the lady in company with a male companion going into a saloon. He reported his observation to Gen. Clark, who implored his wife to cease her downward course and not break up the family ties. Mrs. Clark promised to heed the requests of her husband, but she did not keep her word, and a few nights after returned to her old habits, and kept it up night after night, at times going home in an exhilarated condition.

Gen. Clark finding his appeals were in vain resolved yesterday to leave his wife in company with his friend, Lieut. Fink, of the capital police force, he went yesterday afternoon to his residence and removed all his personal effects to a down town hotel, where he is now located. Mrs. Clark still remains at their house in Grant row. In view of the high standing of both parties the affair has created

THE MOST INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

This morning at the capitol the matter was discussed by several senators and other prominent men. The sympathy of all seems to be with General Clark, who is a high-minded, polished and popular gentleman.

The above publication in the evening paper, has been the subject of much comment in all circles in this city. It is ascertained that the statements made are substantially accurate. General Clark's numerous friends here deeply regret that he should have been made the victim of this woman. Most of the facts referred to have been known for some time, and in view of all that has happened, it is said on all hands that General Clark could do nothing more than he has done.

LATER PARTICULARS.

Washington, D. C. Oct. 19.—The Clark scandal continues to be the absorbing topic of conversation in this city, and its interest is increased by the following letter, given to the press this afternoon by Mrs. Clark:

"I have not seen but one of the malicious falsehoods that have been published in the various papers against me. I do not feel myself strong enough to cope with them, but I will try in a clear, terse and God-fearing way to state the truth. Ever since my married life I have been deeply devoted and intensely in love with my husband. I have tried in every way to please him and was under the impression that I was doing so. My husband has six children—two boys and four girls—three of them at the Georgetown convent and one, a young lady, my constant companion. We frequently had

DIFFERENCES ABOUT THE CHILDREN

and I was exceedingly uneasy because my husband always took sides with them against me. He is poor man, deeply in debt in this district, and it was our aim to get our heads above water; an aim which I never lost sight of; but the general's family were naturally extravagant, and much of the trouble arose on that account. I was too saving to suit the children, and their father too indulgent to be on my side, and this made much unhappiness. Still I served my husband as a slave might. I obeyed him in every particular, and never went without him except on errands to market, and lately to auction; but even to these places he frequently accompanied me, and always was invited to do so, because I was never happier than when at his side. In all our married life I have never been out at night without him, and never received any gentlemen at my house or met them out. This is true as I hope for a reward hereafter. Later I will make a further statement, and if my husband, who seems to be in bad hands, does not exonerate me, I will prove my innocence.

[Signed] MRS. JOHN B. CLARK.

HE BEATS HER.

In addition to the above, Mrs. Clark declares that she has been in the habit of staying out late at night and going to saloons with other men, as charged by Gen. Clark. She states that their troubles commenced at Atlantic City last summer, when in a fit of jealousy he came into her room in a state of intoxication and beat her so unmercifully that she was compelled to call on her father for protection. Mrs. Clark says the General came home last Saturday and, after having some words with her, he struck her in the face with his open hand. He then left the house and returned last Monday and took away the most of his personal effects and left the house for good. It is not known as yet whether divorce proceedings will be instituted or not. Mrs. Clark has, however, consulted Col. Wm. A. Cook with reference to her troubles.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., N. Y.



SEDALIA, MO.

This institution possesses unsurpassed facilities for improving the young men and ladies, not only a practical knowledge of

and the short method of

Penmanship!

In use by us as accountants, but a thorough understanding of business generally. Terms reasonable. For particulars send for catalogue and specimens of our Penmanship, or call at the College building.

MOORE & FRAKER, Proprietors.

Rescued From Death.

The following statement from William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., is so remarkable that we beg to ask for the attention of your readers. He says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a violent BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I soon began to lose my appetite and flesh. I was so weak at one time that I could not leave my bed. In the summer of 1877 I was admitted to the city hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I expended over a hundred dollars in doctors and medicines. I was so far gone at one time a report went round that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS. I laughed at my friends, thinking that my case was incurable, but I got a bottle to satisfy them, when to my surprise and gratification, I commenced to feel better. My hope, once dead, began to revive, and today I feel in better spirits than I have for the past three years.

I write this hoping you will publish it so that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will be induced to take DR. Wm. HALL'S BALM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I have taken two bottles and can positively say that it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. My cough has almost entirely disappeared and I shall soon be able to go to work." Sold by druggists.

FRANKLIN TYPE FOUNDRY, 168 Fine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. ALLISON & SMITH.

The type on which this paper is printed is from the above Foundry.—Ed. BAZOO.