

RUSSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

England and Russia Pledge Themselves to Make No Further Advances in Afghanistan.

Impression that War May be Averted is Strengthening—Expelling Dynamiters from France—Arabs Concentrating at Tannieb.

PEACEFUL ADJUSTMENT.

LONDON, March 14.—Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons last evening that an agreement had been reached between the Government and the Russian officials, by which both powers pledge themselves to make no further advances in Afghanistan pending negotiations looking to an amicable and peaceful adjustment of the Russo-Afghan frontier question.

Mr. Gladstone further stated that the agreement which had been arrived at between England and Russia provides for a possible collision between the Afghan and Russian outposts. Should such an encounter occur, the present arrangement would not be disturbed thereby, and the matter of the demarcation of the frontier would still be possible.

The Premier was asked by Sir Stafford Northcote, leader of the Opposition, whether the agreement referred to was final, or whether its provisions would be observed only temporarily.

Mr. Gladstone's reply clearly showed the unsatisfactory nature of the understanding with the Russian Government. The agreement, he admitted, was without any definitive term of existence. The best description he could give of it, he said, was that it would last while there was occasion for it.

This novel statement was received with laughter by the Conservatives, who appeared to regard it as one of the Premier's jokes. The uncomfortable impression left upon the minds of members by Mr. Gladstone's explanation was deepened when the Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for War, replied to a question from a Conservative member by the frank statement that the Government still felt great anxiety as to the outcome of the Russian question.

Though the gratification caused in London by Mr. Gladstone's announcement of an amicable understanding with Russia was somewhat impaired by the bulletins describing the subsequent debate, there yet seems to be a general impression that even a temporary agreement with the Czar is a hopeful indication when contrasted with the wholly unfavorable news which has been coming from all sources for the past fortnight in regard to the Afghan trouble.

The impression that war may be averted is strengthened by a dispatch received last night from St. Petersburg, which states that at a levee held yesterday the Czar said, in conversation with a German officer: "I cannot conceive that any but the wildest dreamers can think that I would declare war with England. There is not sufficient cause to warrant it. Russia can attain her ends by the methods of civilization, without resort to force."

At a conference of the Irish leaders yesterday, it was decided to advise the Irish people to maintain an attitude of neutrality and reserve during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Such a course is recommended as well, without being personally offensive, convince the future ruler of Great Britain that an inalienable attachment to their principles animates the people of Ireland. The manifesto also pronounces the visit inopportune in view of the fact that Earl Spencer's continued presence at the Castle will make it necessary for the Prince to be officially received by the man who in the least possible degree represents the Irish people.

PARIS, March 14.—The Russian Ambassador, in an interview here yesterday declared his belief that Germany would exert her influence to prevent war between Russia and England. He said that if war were declared at all it would be by England.

The Government has received dispatches from Tongkin which state that General Negrier occupied Thakhe on March 8. The Chinese troops defending that point fled into China.

James Stephens, Eugene Davis, Morrissey and Leroy, the principal members of the Dynamite colony resident in Paris, who were arrested a few days ago, were yesterday ordered to be expelled from French territory. Immediate steps were taken to execute this decree, and they are now being conducted to some point on the border, the location of which has not yet been made public. As soon as the order of expulsion was made known to Stephens, he begged that he be allowed to go to Havre and thence to America.

LATER.—James Stephens, Eugene Davis, Leroy and two Anarchists were sent into Belgium. Morrissey, will, however, remain in France under surveillance of the police. Rome, March 14.—A rupture between the Vatican and Russia seems imminent on account of Russia's expulsion of the Catholic Archbishop of Wilna. Diplomatic courtesies between the courts of the Czar and the Pope have been suspended.

SCARIM, March 14.—Osman Digma is concentrating his followers at Tannieb. Information received from reliable native sources shows that thousands of well armed Arabs have already arrived at Tannieb. Their attitude is defiant and their movements indicate that they have every confidence of ultimate success.

KORTI, March 14.—A report is current among the natives to the effect that the Mahdi has evacuated Metemah. The reason alleged for this step is that the Mahdi fears that an invasion is about to be made into the Soudan from Abyssinia.

TEHRAN, March 14.—England having complained of a Persian Governor's discourtesy to Sir Peter Lumsden, her Commissioner on the Afghan frontier question, the Shah has telegraphed that official to do all in his power to facilitate Sir Peter's movements.

BERLIN, March 14.—In the Reichstag yesterday, Prince Bismarck speaking of recent colonial acquisitions expressed the belief that mines in the Angra Pequena district and cotton in New Guinea and the Cameroons country would ere long add vastly to the resources of Germany. The Chancellor continued: "Since God has blessed the policy which we have followed for twenty years, no party spirit must be allowed to ruin the Empire now newly founded." Applause followed from all sides of the chamber.

A Wealthy Quakeress the Wife of a Negro.

PHILADELPHIA, March 14.—A sensation has been caused in Bristol, Pa., by the discovery that Miss Elizabeth Hulme, a well-known Quakeress, who died on Tuesday, had been for three years the wife of a colored man named Buck, who was employed on the Hulme farm. The fact was made known through her will, which leaves most of her property to Buck. The lady's family are overwhelmed by the discovery. Buck claims to have the certificate of marriage and says the ceremony was performed by a clergyman in the presence of witnesses. None of Miss Hulme's friends dreamed that she was married.

CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL.

A Republican Idea of the Latest Presidential Deliverance.

President Cleveland's inaugural is a masterpiece of art in its avoidance of questions upon which the American people have at any time been at issue. It does not allude to slavery, the war, or emancipation except to say that the existing rights of the freedmen as citizens under the Constitution and its amendments are to stand secure. If the expression "Civil-Service reform" has any well-defined meaning, as in the estimation of a great many persons it seems to have, President Cleveland pronounces in its favor.

Apart from these glimpses of nebulous approximation to defined opinions it is difficult to find in Mr. Cleveland's inaugural any sentiment which would not amount to an elaborate amplification of the proposition that it is better to do good things than to do bad things, and wiser to be wise than to be foolish, and more patriotic to love our country than not to love it, and more profitable to do things that ought to be done than things that ought not.

It is possible that the avoidance of partisan issues in such a document is timely, in view of the existing situation of the country. Perhaps, Republicans ought to thank President Cleveland for conforming his inaugural as closely as he has done to the models furnished by the prevailing "speech from the throne" of the Executive potentates of other countries. No party name of Democrat or Republican, and no term strictly associated with any party issue, appears anywhere in this almost colorless production. Nothing is said to disparage or humiliate the outgoing Administration or any of those who have held office during twenty-four years. There is no fulsome laudation of the alleged "principles" of the party which has placed him in power, nor is there any recognition of the fact that he owes his power to one party more than to another. There is no promise or vaunt or boast that the views held by one line of past statesmen, be it the Jeffersonian, Clintonian, Hamiltonian, or Jacksonian, are to prevail over those of their antagonists. At first blush some may construe him to have announced a preference for those principles of "strict construction" of the Constitution which have cut so marked a figure in political discussion as to have acquired a technical sense. But, on a second reading, they will find that he prefers the terms "just and unstrained construction," which is the medium between strict and liberal construction.

But one phrase in the document possesses marked individuality. This is that which recommends to all officials a "plain way of life" as calculated to aid integrity and promote thrift. Mr. Cleveland is also distinct in declaring that he has no brilliant or aggressive foreign policy to favor, but that his foreign policy will consist in letting other nations alone. His allusion to the tariff question is not couched in the language of either platform. His kindred allusion to our finances is so general that it might or might not be construed as embodying a reiteration of his letter on the silver question. Although the Mormons have given him the benefit of their votes, he returns them no comfort in the matter of polygamy.

Altogether Mr. Cleveland's inaugural address is politic, and avoids so many possible modes and forms of error into which he might have fallen that its judgment and poise power of abstinence and of reserve invest it with a good deal of executive strength and aptness. While he has not announced a policy, the careful renunciation of all desire to announce a policy becomes a sort of policy in itself, which is well calculated at the outset to improve his position among those who have withheld from him their confidence. He has studied to avoid sensation and to get down to the routine of business with as much tact and as few words as possible. He assails nothing, defends nothing, and criticizes nothing. The public will await, therefore, the announcement of his Cabinet with the feeling that it will contain probably few surprises and no sensations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE RETIRED ADMINISTRATION.

A Few Words of Commendation Concerning Mr. Arthur and His Advisers.

Mr. Arthur, it is stated, will take a few months' rest from all care and then will quietly resume the practice of law in New York. He took his seat as President under the most painful circumstances—circumstances which must, indeed, have been specially painful to him. But whatever may be said of Vice-President Arthur it must be admitted that President Arthur has given the country a quiet, peaceful and respectable Administration. In all things, however, he has exercised a negative influence, and because of this we imagine that he will not be long remembered. While his good works may be few, his bad ones are still less. Being a handsome man, his pictures will always attract some attention among the list of ex-Presidents.

Secretary McCulloch will go back to his Maryland farm, where he proposes to spend the remainder of his days in study and repose. As he proposes he can reflect that for a man who held high station but briefly he has made his name well-known. The one opportunity offered him to write the message of the Secretary of the Treasury was accepted for all it was worth.

Secretary Teller will again return to the Senate. He may or may not congratulate himself upon his return to that body. It is reported that the Democratic propose to make a very rigid investigation into the accounts of the Secretary of the Interior, over which Mr. Teller now has charge. If everything proves straight and proper Mr. Teller will be glad that he is in a handy position to receive the congratulations of his friends. If everything does not prove straight and proper in the Interior Department, why, Mr. Teller's prominence will be simply awkward, that's all. But we have considerable faith in both Mr. Teller and his accounts.

Mr. Frelinghuysen will temporarily, at least, go back to his New Jersey home, but it is stated that in spite of his age he has strong ambition to return to the Senate. Mr. Frelinghuysen has been a very active Secretary of State as

evidenced by the numerous treaties negotiated with foreign Nations. The real value of Mr. Frelinghuysen's services in this connection, however, will never be fully known because of the change of Administration now about to take place.

Mr. Brewster will return to Philadelphia and the practice of law. It will be said that it was rather unfortunate for the Government that it had so important a legal matter on hand as the Star Route cases when Mr. Brewster became Attorney General. But this fact can hardly be charged to Mr. Brewster as a personal or professional fault.

Mr. Lincoln, after a reasonable rest, will return to the practice of law in Chicago. He is reported to have said that he "will lay down the portfolio of War without a single regret," and it may truly be said of him that no regret will be found anywhere for his having been given the portfolio of War. By his public service and conduct he has honored himself, his country and the great name of his father. We shall be much disappointed if the name of Robert T. Lincoln does not again appear prominently before the people of America.

Secretary Chandler is not known to have made any definite plans for the future. So far as we can see the American navy has not suffered at the hands of Mr. Chandler. This may partly be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that previous to Mr. Chandler's administration the American navy had reached a condition in which it was insensible to suffering.

Mr. Hatton is also undetermined as to his future occupation. He may return to journalism, or, as it is reported, he may accept a position with the Burlington & Quincy railway.—Cleveland Herald.

OUR PARTY NOT DEAD.

The Republican Party Not a Dead Party by Any Manner of Means.

"Dead?" The Republican party has not been so thoroughly alive since 1860 as it is at this hour. In clear purpose, in unity of feeling, in certainty that its cause is that of all American citizenship and all American labor, the Republican party is stronger to-day than it ever has been since its birth. It has never had greater reason to be proud of its leadership, or of its own honor and courage in manly appeal to the people. It rejoices to be rid of elements which were always a curse to it, because essentially hostile to its principles. It has once more the advantage which it had in 1860, and never since, in the fact that its principles have been defeated only by high-handed and infamous crimes, in violation of the Constitution and the laws. It has so fully the confidence of the substantial, conservative and property-owning people of the North, and of the working people everywhere, that thousands in every State who voted against it in November are now calling themselves fools for doing so. It has more voters than ever before, and an infinitely greater opportunity to gain voters.

What the Republican party needs is only fidelity to its own glorious cause. It needs to stand like a rock, while the wrangling factions that have prevailed tear each other to pieces. It needs to defend its principles with boldness, while the country learns by sad experience what Democracy means, and what results a Democratic victory brings. It needs to strive with ceaseless fidelity, through clubs and lectures, journals and documents, to teach the voters what its principles are, and why they should be upheld. It needs to put aside all petty wrangling about the offices and the honors; to let future nominations be made freely by the people when the time comes; to welcome as Republicans those who truly espouse its principles, and to repel and cast out with stern fidelity those who are hostile to its principles. It can heartily thank Heaven that most of them have gone, and take good care that they shall not come back until they are ready to uphold its cause and accept its platform without reservation. It has the certainty that many voters will be gained for every one that can be lost by fidelity to its ideals, for those ideas are right and will prevail.

There are two things that this practical and justice-loving American people will not endure. They will not endure the virtual disfranchisement of a million men, to whom the Constitution entrusts the right of suffrage, when that disfranchisement is accomplished by the men who tried to destroy the Union in war, and in order to give the same men power to rule the Union in peace. They will not long endure that all the industries and the commerce of this Nation shall be at the mercy of a party which blindly adopts foreign theories of taxation, and proposes to make American laws beneficial to British capitalists rather than to American workmen. If the Republican party makes these two things clearly understood by the people it need not worry itself about anything else. The party which defends American citizenship in all its rights, and protects American labor in all its interests, will not appeal in vain to the people after four years' experience of Democratic rule.

The Democratic party—there is no Democratic party. The Nation's rubbish-heap has received so many additions of waste matter during the past twenty-four years that it has come to be too big; that is all. With a little experience of Democracy as it is, thousands of men who now call themselves Democrats will get out of the association as soon as they can. Men by the thousand, who have never voted any other than a Democratic ticket, as soon as they see what they have been voting for, will know better than to do so again as long as they live. The factions that have never agreed out of power, when forced to decide upon some course of action, must discover that they have no common aim or interest. The Republican party is no longer bound to solve all the problems and overcome all the difficulties of National government, carrying the dead weight of Democratic prejudice, ignorance and hatred of progress. The country is going to see what Democracy is and what it wants. It will see enough in a very short time to last sensible men for half a century.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Washington Judge has decided that a puppy becomes a dog when he is one year old.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

GROWN-UP LAND.

"Good-morrow, good-morrow, my bright-eyed lad, Now what may your trouble be?"

"Good-morrow," he answered me, sober and sad; "Here is trouble enough for me: Say, which is the road to Grown-up Land—The shortest, and stranger, I pray? For these guide-boards all point with a different hand."

In a dreadfully puzzling way, This says: By the Town of Saving a Cent; Another: Just follow your Natural Bent; This points to the Road of Wisely Giving; And that to the Turnpike of Truly Living; A fifth straggles off here to Leap-frog Town; And a sixth climbs the hill-slope of High Hope; These lead to the By-ways of Bat and Ball, And the Highways of Courage and Know It All; And where are the Cross-roads of Play and Fun, And the Post-roads of Duty and Things Well Done. Good Gracious! How can a boy understand Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land?"

"Don't fret, my lad, for the roads, you see Have been traveled, by many like you and me; And though each road has a different name, To Grown-up Land they all of them come. And hour by hour, my boy, you'll find That little by little, they drop behind: Till, almost before you know it, you stand On the breezy summit of Grown-up Land!"

"Good-morrow, my lassie, with face so sweet, Now whither away with your flying feet?" "Good-morrow," she answered, with wave of hand, "I am off in a hurry to Grown-up Land. But I wish you would show me the shortest For these guide-boards, 'Tis certain, will lead me astray. Just think! One says: 'This a Stitch in Time'; And another: 'Through Smiles and Tears'; This says it is only: 'By Up-hill Work'; And that: 'By the Flight of Years.' Another says: 'Play; and another: 'Books'; And this one says: 'Dance and Sing, And this one says: 'Help; and that one, And this: 'Care in the Littlest Thing.' O, the roads are so many! Who can understand Which way is the shortest to Grown-up Land?"

"Don't worry, my lassie, with eyes so blue, For whichever the road that is traveled by you, It will carry you forward until you stand On the sunlit hill-tops of Grown-up Land."

And lassie and lad Ran off in glee, Without so much As "Good-day" to me, And in Grown-up Land, Whatever their way, They will meet together On Big Polka Day. — Jennie E. T. Douc, 64 St. Nicholas.

"LITTLE BUT THEN." A Queer Name for a Little Girl, and How She Came by It.

"It was a queer name for a little girl, and it was not her real name—that was Lizzie—but everybody called her "But Then."

"Course my real name is prettier, but then, I like the other pretty well," she said, nodding her short brown curls merrily. And that sentence shows just how she came by her name.

If Willie complained that it was a miserable, rainy day, and they couldn't play out of doors, Lizzie assented brightly:

"Yes; but then, it's a real nice day to fix our scrap-books."

When Rob fretted because they had so far to walk to school since they had "moved to this horrid old West," his little sister reminded him:

"But then, it's all the way through the woods you know, and that's ever so much nicer than walking on pavements."

When even patient Aunt Maria pined a little because the rooms in the new house were so few and small compared with the comfortable Eastern home, a rosy face was quickly lifted to hers with the suggestion:

"But then, little rooms are the best to cuddle all up together in, don't you think, auntie?"

"Better call her 'Little But Then,' and have done with it!" declared Rob, half-veiled, half-laughing. No matter how bad anything is, she is always ready with her "but then," and some kind of consolation hitched on to the end of it.

And so, though no one really intended it, the new name began. There were a good many things that the children missed in their new and ruder home in the West. Money could have bought them even there, but if the money had not gone first, their father would scarcely have thought it necessary to leave his Eastern home. They had done what was best under the circumstances, still the boys felt rather inclined to grumble about it one winter morning, when they were starting off to the village on an errand.

"Just look at all the snow going to waste, without our having a chance to enjoy it!" said Will; "and the ice too—all because we couldn't bring our sleds with us when we moved."

"But then you might make one yourself, you know. It wouldn't be quite so pretty, but it would be just as good," suggested little But Then.

"Exactly what I mean to do as soon as I can get money enough to buy two or three boards; but I haven't even that yet, and the winter is nearly half gone."

"If we only had a sled to-day, Sis could ride, and we could go on the river," said Rob. "It's just as near that way, and we could go faster."

"It is a pity," admitted the little girl, with momentary clouding of her bright face. "But I've thought of something—that old chair in the shed! If we turned it down, its back would be 'most like runners, and so—"

"Hurrah! That's the very thing!" interrupted the boys, and the old chair was dragged out in a twinkling and carried down to the river. Then away went the merry party, laughing and shouting, on their smooth road between the snowy hills, while Gyp followed, frisking and barking, and seeming to enjoy the fun as much as any of them.

"Now we'll draw our 'rig' up here close under the bank, where nobody will see it, and leave it while we go up to the store," said Rob, when they had reached the village.

Their errand was soon accomplished, and the children ready to retrace; but as they set forth Will pointed to a dark spot a little way out on the ice.

"What's that? It looks like a great bundle of clothes!"

It was a bundle that moved and moaned as they drew near, and proved to be a girl a little larger than Lizzie.

She looked up when they questioned her, though her face was white with pain.

"I slipped and fell on the ice," she explained, "and I'm afraid I've broken my leg, for it is all twisted under me, and I can't move it or get up. I live in the village. That's my father's carpenter shop where you see the sign. I could see it all the time, and yet I was afraid I'd freeze here before any one saw me. Oh, dear! it doesn't seem as if I could lie here while you go for my father."

"Why, you needn't," began Rob, but the girl shook her head.

"I can't walk a step, and you two are not strong enough to carry me all the way. You'd let me fall, or you'd have to keep stopping to rest; and putting me down and taking me up again would almost kill me."

"Oh, but we'll only lift you into this chair, just as carefully as we can, and then we can carry you easy enough," said Will.

And in that way the poor girl was borne safely home, and the children lingered long enough to bring the surgeon and hear his verdict that—"young bones don't much mind being broken, and she will soon be about again as well as ever."

"But I don't see how you happened to have a chair so handy," said her father to the boys. And when they explained that they were using it for a sled he added, with a significant nod of his head: "Your sled, was it? Well, I shall be surprised if my shop does not turn you out a better sled than that, just by the way of thanks for your kindness."

"But then, wasn't it good that it was only the old chair that we had to-day?" asked little But Then, as she told the story to Aunt Barbara at home. "Oh, auntie, I had the nicest kind of a time!"

"I believe you did," answered Aunt Barbara, smiling. "For a brave, sunny spirit that never frets over what it has not, but always makes the best of what it has, where it is, is sure to have good times. It does not need to wait for times to come, it has a factory for making them."—Kate W. Hamilton, in S. S. Gem.

TRAINING ESQUIMAU DOGS.

How They Become Good Workers, and How They Are Driven to Sledges.

As the Esquimaux must sometimes be babies, so the dogs must at some time be puppies, and the puppies are allowed inside the igloo on the bed, where they are the favorite playthings of the young heir. His mother makes him a number of doll dog-harnesses for the puppies, fixes him up a dog-whip almost like his father's, and then he amuses himself harnessing them, hitching them to a hatchet, the water-bucket, or any object that is at hand, and driving them around in the igloo and storm igloo, or out-of-doors, when the weather is very pleasant.

As soon as the puppies get a little bigger, the larger boys take them in hand, and by the time they are old enough to be used for work in the sledges, they are almost well-trained dogs.

And so with the little Esquimau himself; when he is a young man, he is a good dog-driver, and knows how to manage a sledge under all circumstances. This is the hardest thing that an Esquimau has to learn. I have known white men to equal them in rowing in their little sea-skin canoes; I have seen white men build good igloos; but I have never seen a white man who was a good dog-driver; and the Esquimau told me that they had never had seen such an one, either. When they drive their dogs, it is in the shape of a letter V, the foremost dog being at the converging point, and the harness-traces running back in V-shapes, to the sledge. The forward dog is called the "leader," or "chief," and, in trading dogs, a "leader" is worth two good followers, or ordinary workers. The Esquimau dog-driver manages the leader wholly by the voice, making him stop, go ahead, to the right or to the left, as he may speak to him; and as he acts, so do the others, who soon learn to watch him closely, and of all, to obey him even after they are unharmed, although "the leader" may not be one of the largest and strongest dogs in the team.—Lieutenant Frederick Schwelka, in St. Nicholas.

A SLEEPING-CAR JOKE.

How the Porter Got Even with a Mischief-Loving Woman.

It happened in a sleeping-car, but when or where doth not, for obvious reasons, transpire here. A lady who was traveling with her little daughter had occasion to call the porter for some needed service by means of the electric bell, with which convenience the car was furnished. The child saw how it was done, and presently she slyly pressed the button, causing the porter to appear with a respectful query as to what was wanted.

"I didn't ring," said the woman, "it was my little Lizzie."

The porter withdrew, but it was not long before he was again summoned and again received the explanation that "Little Lizzie" had rung the bell. This was repeated a number of times, and the woman thought it a fine joke, but the porter began to look tired. At last the mother wished something and pressed the bell-button. No porter came. Again, and with more force, she pressed the knob, but there was no response, and she was finally obliged to go in search of the man and give her orders herself. By the time the porter had brought the needed article she had grown very indignant, and proceeded to reprove him with severity.

"Why did you not come when I rang the bell?" she demanded.

"Did you ring the bell, ma'am?"

"Of course I did, over and over again."

"Well, you see, ma'am," said the darkey, ducking his head, while a grin spread slowly over his shiny face, "your little Lizzie done broke dat bell."

A roar of laughter from neighboring passengers let into the woman's mind a flood of light on the situation evidently, for she subsided at once, while the men in the car, delighted with the darkey's wit in mulling the ball by debating the wire so as to break the circuit, gave him a quarter a piece all around.—Boston Globe.



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White Seal Burning Oil

IS A HIGH OIL FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES. IT IS AS LIGHT AS BURNING KEROSENE, BUT GIVES A STROBE, STEADY LIGHT, AND BURNS MUCH LONGER THAN COMMON OILS.

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