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Springfield Republic.

EVENING AND WEEKLY.

The REPUBLIC prints the New York and Western Associated Press Dispatches and the Reuter Cable (Foreign) Telegrams.

C. M. NICHOLS, PRESIDENT. THOS. O. BROWN, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

SPRINGFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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All communications and contributions should be addressed to CLIFTON M. NICHOLS, editor, and all business letters to THOMAS O. BROWN, manager.

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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1887.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

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Coroner.
J. M. BENNETT.

NOTICE.

Persons leaving the city for the summer, or for a few weeks, or for only a few days, can have the REPUBLIC mailed to them, from this office, without extra charge. If you are going from place to place, just drop us a postal card and your address will be changed, so that you may have your home paper every day.

The *National Tribune*, of Washington, (a Grand Army organ, we believe,) wades into the president in a manner that is absolutely red hot.

The Pennsylvania company is building a fine new passenger station in Canton. How about Springfield's new station, so long ago promised, with such elaborate particulars and such fine pictures?

The wheat of the country is reported as in average condition. There has been no damage from rust. Much of the crop has been cut. The hay crop is light. Oats and corn are in a promising condition.

President Cleveland is boldly crawling out from under the bed. He informs Miss Phœbe Cousins that he proposes to visit St. Louis, in spite of all that has been said. Brave chap—with a cold heart and a thick head.

Columbus loses a good citizen in the death of Mr. M. M. Greene, a prominent railway man. He was not only a public-spirited man, but he was an active Christian worker—a member of the First Presbyterian church.

A bronze statue of Moses Cleaveland, the founder of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, is to be erected on the public square, to keep company with the statue of Oliver Hazzard Perry, in about six months from now. Cleveland is rather running to statuary.

Our free hospital building, on east Main street is beginning to make a fine appearance. It ought to have a name. We don't know how to do justice to it without giving it a hyphenated cognomen—the Mitchell-Thomas hospital, by way of illustration. How would that do?

That Cincinnati Harper harps no more. There is no music in him.—Springfield REPUBLIC.

How is it about the brass band?—Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.

That brass band toots no more. When all things are considered, we may say that its silence is golden.

The Zanesville *Courier*, of Saturday, says:

The firm of Whiteley, Fassler & Kelly, of Springfield, O., have been doing a business of about five million dollars a year. That is the goose which has been laying golden eggs for Springfield, O. A manufacturing firm which sells products of five million dollars a year means a demand for building lots, a demand for carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons, plasterers; means customers for the gardener, farmer, dry goods merchant, boot and shoe merchant, grocer; means population, wealth and importance to the city where the manufactory is located.

May the above-named "goose" be enabled to go on laying the afore-mentioned "golden eggs" for fifty years yet. We believe she will.

A Dayton lawyer furnishes the editor of the *Herald* with the following important points on driven wells that will prove interesting to the people generally:

1. A well that was put down more than six years ago is out-lawed.
2. A claim of less than $500 cannot be taken to the United States courts.
3. No patent is now involved. It is "out."
4. Wells put in before Bennett got the patent are merely personal claims, and did not "pass" by sale of patent.
5. The patent being "dead," no action will lie for a "violation" in the past. Action only been taken "under a patent in force."
6. All actions, if any can be brought, will necessarily be by personal actions, and as the claims will be under $100, must be before a justice of the peace; with security for costs, and a jury to find the "damages;" and juries are not fierce on innocent users of "drove wells."

TWO PROPOSITIONS.

As no public recognition has yet been given to Mr. Benjamin H. Warder's magnificent and timely gift, which he proposes to bestow on Springfield—namely, the splendid public library building which is to be erected on the southwest corner of High and Spring streets—we are glad to put in print a suggestion that has been made to us. It will be remembered by our citizens that Mr. Warder had placed on the walls of the library, a few years since, a splendid, life sized portrait, in oil, of the late General Samson Mason, the stalwart friend of popular education in this city. This portrait was painted by Mr. S. J. Uhl, our local artist, and the suggestion we allude to is this: That, by way of making a fitting recognition of Mr. Warder's enlightened and generous liberality, our citizens form an organization and employ Mr. Uhl to paint a life-sized portrait of Mr. Warder, to be placed side by side with General Mason's portrait, after the new bilding has been completed and transferred to the city. We propose, that, by way of further recognition of Mr. Warder's act, the structure be known as Warder Hall. These suggestions are respectfully submitted.

On Sunday (June 26th) the extensive works belonging to the Chicago Packing and Provision company caught fire from the tank room, and an explosion occurred. Seven hundred hogs were roasted alive and thousands of barrels of pork destroyed—involving altogether a loss of $1,250,000. Mr. Phil. D. Armour was the principal owner of the concern. The insurance will probably meet the loss. The firemen and others were really heroic in their efforts to stay the progress of the flames and save property. Two thousand men are at least temporarily thrown out of work. The Associated press agent gives us this fine bit of descriptive work:

Perhaps the most exciting scene of the day was presented when the men who were attempting to drive through the covered runways to live hogs in the upper stories were forced by the flames to desist. Below were scores of workmen rolling out barrels of pork. Down on the crowd pell mell leaped dozens of the affrighted animals that had jumped from the windows or sprang through the open hatchways. The men who had braved the flames fled from the falling hogs and at a distance watched for glimpses of the squealing brutes that, crazed with pain, were rushing madly about in their tall prison of fire. About 200 barrels of pork were saved before the hogs commenced jumping.

The following, from the Coshocton *Age*, is so good that we must find room for the whole of it. It is headed—"The Sherman Plan of Revenue Reduction:"

We hear continually of the burdens of taxation and the dangerous accumulations in the treasury. Remove the duty from sugar and wipe out $52,000,000 of revenue. Now, to do this on the democratic plan would destroy the sugar industry and ruin the southern planter. If John Sherman is as unfriendly toward the south as the democracy charge, he would seize this opportunity to gratify his spleen; but he does not, he looks after their interests; he remembers their wants, he sees and provides for their danger by proposing to pay the sugar planters a bounty equivalent to the present duty, thus enabling them to continue their business. This bounty would amount to about $8,000,000 per year, which would make, with the $53,000,000 of duty removed, a net reduction in the annual surplus of about $61,000,000, and no one injured. But as this is John Sherman's plan, small fry democrats will not see any merit in it, but will continue the duty because sugar is a southern product. The same fellows would wipe out the tariff on wool, a raw material, and a leading northern product, likewise a lively competitor with cotton in the markets of this country.

Herr Louis Ling, one of the condemned anarchists, in prison in Chicago, writes this terrible epistle to that terrible scape-jail, Herr Johann Most:

I and my six comrades are at the mercy of the prison attendants, who do not show us the least kindness. They treat us like slaves. They are worse than the men who threw the bombs at the Haymarket and placed the blame on our shoulders. I do not fear death. Should they hang us, however, the people will rise and proclaim an eye for an eye and a life for a life. We call every workingman a brother, for are they not imposed upon as well as we are? The time will come when they will rise in their might and cause a great revolution and a great many lives will be lost.

Ling is in jail and is soon to be hanged, but what if Herr Most should swoop down on Chicago and destroy that unfortunate city for putting down and punishing these red-handed murderers—the anarchists? Some small boy should be hired to watch Most's mouth.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple (Congregational) church, on Holborn street, London, is understood to have designs on the late Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit, in Brooklyn. In a sermon, Sunday evening, June 26th, he opened an avenue into the affections of Americans, who may be looking his way, by saying that he was astonished at the interest shown by Americans in the Queen. One American had offered £500 for a ticket of admission to Westminster abbey on the occasion of the jubilee services. Americans, he said, had no state coach, but they had education, liberty, independence, a spirit of progress and energy. Mr. Cleveland, America's king, had written him a friendly letter, showing that he did not feel that there was a wide difference between president and preacher. Perhaps there isn't, but if it is true we are somewhat alarmed about the preacher.

One of the new editors of the Youngstown *Telegram* has evidently "got it bad," as will be seen by this paragraph of his:

Love makes red hair auburn and a pug nose retrocessione.

There are several old boys who felt just like that—a half century ago—and they remember their symptoms very distinctly. Green gooseberries are said to be very good for the complaint.

Taste in Household Decorations.

Speaking of portieres, it is now the fashion to utilize old family shawls in this way. Old crape or India shawls make lovely curtains. It is an advantageous way of displaying these heirlooms, and it is all the prettier not to have any two alike.

For instance, not long ago I called on a certain lady noted for her excellent taste in household decorations. At the door hung a white crape shawl embroidered with roses. At another an India shawl of exquisite workmanship hung, while at still another was a black crape shawl covered with white silk embroidery.

It is no longer in good taste to have a regularly made mantel lambrequin; they are too set and stiff in appearance. The prettiest is a bit of some art fabric, purchasable of our best upholsterers.

An old crape shawl, carelessly thrown upon the mantelpiece, is very pretty. A Japanese robe of bright colors is pretty on a mantel, so arranged that the shelves of the mantel are overhung at each end by the robe, which should be so draped as to display the bright silk lining. The appearance of stiffness is avoided in every style of decorative draping, which oftentimes show the taste, individuality and skill of the lady whose belongings they are.—Evelyn Baker Harvier in New York Mail and Express.

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

PATTI'S HOME LIFE.

HOW THE GREAT SINGER WHILES AWAY THE TIME.

The Rather Nomadic Existence Passed in Hotels and Palace Cars—Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner—Signor Nicolini. "Lalla Rookh"—Hostess and Friends.

There has been a great deal written and printed about Mme. Patti's home life, as far as the term can be applied to the rather nomadic existence passed in hotels and palace cars. As very few persons, however, have been privileged to note de visu the incidents of a prima donna's daily routine, the published stories have been rather interesting than accurate. The reporters and interviewers that have dealt with the subject at any length have had to depend, in truth, more upon their imagination than upon an abundance of facts. During Mme. Patti's sojourn in the United States, which may be taken as a fair specimen of her experience elsewhere her days have gone by with something akin to conventual monotony.

Awakening toward 8 o'clock in the morning, the songstress takes a cup of coffee before leaving her bed chamber. The two or three hours that go by before luncheon—the French dejeuner a la fourchette—are whiled away with the maids, the birds, and the dogs, Signor Nicolini appearing at intervals with a bit of gossip, a suggestion, or some startling intelligence apropos of a particularly long run made at the billiard table. At noon luncheon is on the table, and Mme. Patti steps into the dining room and claims her share of fish and of one dish of meat, ending up with a bit of fruit. The prima donna never eats bread in its habitual form; the bread laid before her is cut into thin slices and baked until it is as hard as wood. She drives daily from 2 to 4:30 or 5, and very little conversation is carried on as the carriage rolls through the park or up the road as far as Judge Smith's popular hostelry.

MME. PATTI'S DINNERS.

When Mme. Patti is to sing in the evening she dines at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; when she is not to perform, dinner is served at 7. One or two friends are generally invited to dine with la diva, and formality is avoided as much as possible. The menu is made up in the morning, and woe to the cook if all its component parts are not prepared not merely to the queen's, but to the songstress' and to the tenor's taste. A great feature of Mme. Patti's dinners is the ice that is brought in at that stage of events at which the plebeian Roman punch is habitually served. At the Windsor this marvelous compound is called "Lalla Rookh," and for the behoof of the uninitiated it may be described as resembling the more widely known "Pouding nesselrode," minus the fruit contained in the latter delectable compound.

"Lalla Rookh" is the single subject, outside of billiards, upon which Signor Nicolini waxes positively enthusiastic. His admirers will be pained to learn that owing to his tendency to bilious attacks, his doctors have forbidden him to partake of his favorite delicacy with anything approaching self indulgence. At dinner Signor Nicolini drinks claret, but avoids white wines. As for Mme. Patti, two or three years ago her physician prescribed claret, with a view to enriching her rather impoverished blood. Just now no traces of anæmia are perceptible, and Mme. Patti having wearied of claret is permitted to mingle a little whisky with her water at dinner only. There is no such meal as supper in the Patti household, and by midnight Signor and Mme. Nicolini have retired.

HOSTESS AND FRIENDS.

In days set apart for performances Mme. Patti never receives, and does little or no talking. When she is not to sing in the evening she entertains her friends from 1 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and after dinner a little music of an out of the way sort, i. e., either playing, banjo solos and so on, by artists who are only too happy to be asked to meet la diva, is enjoyed by the hostess and her friends. The latter are not very numerous, but they are of long standing. Many of them belong to well known Hebrew families and nearly all are connected with the world of finance. Mme. Patti has, practically, no professional intimates. At distant intervals she is called upon by some artists that have known her abroad, but it cannot be said that any close acquaintance exists between her and her brothers and sisters in art.

Nor does Mme. Patti cultivate, as do most singers and actors, the society of journalists. Those whom she has known and liked for years are welcomed as friends, but in an evening conversation with them and others there is no hint of the hostess' profession and no mention of experiences or triumphs—nothing, in brief, to suggest that the artist cares to supply material for a newspaper article or for idle gossip. With her guests Mme. Patti prefers to converse in English, which she speaks quite as fluently as if she had never left England or America. But she drops into French, Italian and German with perfect facility, always recurring to English as soon as practicable. Mme. Patti strives to diffuse the belief that Signor Nicolini understands the vernacular, if he does not speak it. Signor Nicolini, unfortunately, makes no effort to keep up his wife's well meant and innocent deception.—New York Sun.

Vanity of Men Who Travel.

"The mirrors in these cars," said an elevated brakeman, "are sources of much amusement to us. They illustrate the vanity of men. Everybody, of course, likes to look in a glass once in a while, but we have passengers who seem to be head over heels in love with their countenances. You can excuse a man whose vanity leads him to look at himself two or three times in a trip to Harlem, but when he leans forward in his seat and gazes at himself for ten minutes it's too much.

"It seems to be a disease with some. Many know their weakness, but seem powerless to stop the habit. They make all kinds of pretexts for looking at themselves. One man will fuss at his collar, another at his shirt stud, and a third will stroke his face and look intently at a pimple. A fourth smooths his hair or tries to make a rebellious cowlick stay in place. Anything to make the people in the car think that he really cares nothing for his looks, but wants to be respectable—nothing more. There are very few men who are not afflicted with the malady.

"Women, however, do not seem so anxious to see themselves, or if they do they conceal it. It is very seldom that one will get up before a mirror. When she does there's cause for it."—New York Sun.

The Ballet Girl's Ogle.

Those who take the pains to observe the chorus girls in the burlesque and comic operas say that the red eared era is over. Taking the idea from Bernhardt, the small ones of the stage painted their ears bright pink. Their new affectation is called the baby stare. It takes the place of the roguish glance and the shy droop.

The operator of a pair of eyes opens them to their widest, fixes them directly upon a man in the front row and calmly keeps them there so long as circumstances permit. Neither ogle nor wink is recognized by the cool orbs thus employed in the infantile act. They seem aware of nothing beyond the ocular manifestation.—New York Sun.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is nature's only true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had at Dr. Casper's drug store, 50c. and $1 bottles. It is the most pleasant, prompt and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the liver, kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel headaches, colds, and fevers, and to cure consumption, indigestion, and kindred ills.

The supreme court of New York has reversed the judgment of the lower court and released the hotel-keepers who were held for violation of the Sunday law against selling liquor. The substance of the decision is that while saloons must close, hotel guests may be supplied with what they want.

"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.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The law cannot make a man moral, but it can make him dreadfully uncomfortable when he is immoral.—McKinney (Texas) Mercury.

"What is the chief peculiarity of the Canadian climate?" asked a school examiner. "It is beneficial to bank cashiers," said the bright boy of the class, "but very deadly to reformers."—Judge.

An exchange mentions the fact of a citizen dying at the green old age of 93 years. A man who is green at the age of 93 years ought to die.—Newman Independent.

Silk is grown in twenty states, while men who buy it groan in every state.—Portland Advertiser.

Unbridled speculation in coffee has sent the price up, and another pang is added to the cup of the unfortunate boarding house sufferer.—Boston Globe.

Landlady—Would you like to have a cup of coffee, Mr. Simpkins? It is nice and fresh. Mr. S.—Yes, madam, when I am through with my steak. Business first, you know.—Kentucky State Journal.

"Suppose I shall see you at your father's funeral today?" said a friend to a young man of the period. "Naw; should like to be there, but I'll be busy in court, opening succession and heading off mother in a will contest. See you later if I succeed."—New Orleans Picayune.

This life but little joy doth hold
For him who is the prey—
Though he have lands and stocks and gold—
Of grim dyspepsia.
—Boston Courier.

The tramp usually has an elaborate bill of air.—Whitehall Times.

The tramp takes great pleasure in calling money "soap," we presume, because it is seldom found in his hands.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Well," said an old tramp, wiping the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, "I wish somebody would explain why so much water comes out of my pores. I never absorb any."—Norristown Herald.

A temperance paper asks: "Go into one of our gin palaces and what do you find?" Any brand of spiritus frumenti you may call for, and all out of the same bottle.—Oil City Blizzard.

"Soap is selling pretty well, isn't it?" asked Maxfield Bean of a Toad Hollow grocer. "Yes, first rate—what made you ask?" "Because you always look as if you never had any on hand."—Melrose Journal.

Not a Catastrophe.

We deserve great credit for not calling this catastrophe.—Texas Siftings.

A Home Made Slur on Dakota.

"Seen a man go along here lately?" asked a Dakota conductor, leaning off the platform as the train passed a farmer at work near the track.

"Yes."
"Red whiskered man?"
"Yes."
"Grip in each hand?"
"B'lieve so."
"When did he pass?"
"'Bout ten minutes ago—he's just round the curve. He's walkin' middling fast, though."
"That's just the trouble, but I'll catch him or run every wheel off the engine! I've no objection to his walking if he's in a hurry, but he wants to put up his fare first, and you bet he'll have to if we catch him! Hi, there, Bill, pass the fireman some more of those dry express packages!"—Dakota Bell.

A Truly Self Made Lady.

"You seem to be much attached to your wife," said the governor of Arkansaw addressing an old negro who had just paid a tribute to the ruler of his household.

"I is, sah, powerful. Dat lady is one ermong er thousand, an' does you know dat she's self made lady?"

"A self made lady?"

"Yes sah, she's a self made lady. When we fust maird, she was a sort o' helpless critter. Been raised roun' de house 'mong de white folks, an' didn't gin much o' promise dat she would eber 'mount ter much, an' I wuz sorter slow 'bout mairn her, I wuz, 'case I'se putty much o'er bizness man merse'f. An' fust it was erbout ez much ez she could do ter draw er bucket o' water, but 'stead o' flingin' stumblin' blocks in her way, I 'couraged her, I did."

"How? By drawing the water yourself?" the governor asked.

"Oh, no, sah; by gittin' er smaller bucket dat she could han'le. Ef I had er drawed de water merself she neber would er been er self made lady. She'd er tied er red han'kerchuk 'round her head an' sung er lonesome song in de back yard, an' I does think, sah, dat de song o' er 'oman dat has dun gin up hope is de lonesomest thing in de worl'. Yas, sah, I got de lady er smaller bucket, an' ter show her how fur I wus frum throwin' stumblin' blocks in de lady's way, I greesed de win'lass. I let it run erlong dis way erwhile, an' den I put on de big bucket."

"Then she went right along, I suppose?"

"Ez sweet ez er pie, sah. An' ergin, at fust she made er mighty bad out at choppin' wood. She didn't take kin'ly ter de ax, but I wa'n't de man ter fling stumblin' blocks in de way o' mer own wife."

"You relieved her of that laborious duty, then, I suppose?"

"Yas, sah, I 'liebed her might'ly. I got her er ax dat wa'n't nigh so heaby. Den she dun powerful well; 'pruled so fas' dat it wa'n't long till she could han'le de heaby ax monstrous fine. But yer outer see dat lady now, gub'ner. She ken fetch in er log o' wood ez weil ez any pusson, an' out in fiel' she ken make er mule powerful tired 'fore de sun goes down.' Oh, yas, she's er se'f made lady, but I 'knowledges dat she wouldn' be sich er fine pusson ef I had acted mean an' flung stumblin' blocks in her way."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Practical Englishman.

In a first class carriage in Germany an Englishman was observed to be constantly putting his head out of the window. The train was going fast, and a sudden gust of wind blew his hat off. With a frightful oath he reached down his hatbox and hurled it after the hat. Then he sat down and smiled on his fellow passengers, but of course did not speak. The Germans roared with laughter, and one of them exclaimed: "You don't expect your hatbox to bring your hat back to you, do you?"

"I do," said the Englishman. "No name on the hat, full name and hotel address on the box. They'll be found together, and I shall get both; d'you see now?"

Then those Germans subsided and said they had always considered the English a great and practical nation.—Paris Morning News.

My Love Has Grown so Very Fair,

The envy of every girl;
The secret now I will declare,
'Tis in Chaplin's Liquid Pearl.

Wm. Cunningham, the man charged with firing the tenement-house at No. 2212 south Park avenue, Chicago, with its eight families and thirty-two people in bed, was held in $1,000. He was seen to build a fire under the house.

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 most remarkable freshet ever known in the Merrimac river is now in progress.

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by F. A. Garwood on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Mothers.

There are upon the skin of every human being, child and adult alike, 2,300,000 pores. Through these pores in the form of insensible perspiration, is expelled more than one-quarter of the nourishment taken into the system. The importance of keeping open these perspiration valves upon a child's body, is second only to that of promptly digesting the food eaten. It was to open the pores of the skin and to assimilate the food that Dr. Pitcher formulated Castoria. Loose bowels, constipation, fevers and eruptions which are so constant among infants and children, and which kill one-third of all children before they are five years old, arise principally from these two causes. It is from the wonderful results attendant upon the use of Castoria in regulating the stomachs and bowels and keeping open the pores of the skin, that Castoria acquired its world-wide reputation. With plenty of water for the body, pure air for the lungs and Castoria to assimilate the food, there need be no unaccounted for sickness among children. Castoria is a vegetable prescription without morphine or other narcotic property. Thirty years extensive use has given it a history never attained by another medicine.

"C. H. Todd, a California bred colt, won the American Derby at Chicago. The race is worth to the owner about $14,000.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Several people were killed at a tenement house fire in London.

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.

WOMEN

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This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIRD, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 26th, 1884: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has also been beneficial to my children."

MRS. LOUISA C. BRAGDON, East Lockport, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Female Complaints, and could obtain relief from nothing except Brown's Iron Bitters."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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Deviled Crabs,

Fresh with Shells.

CLAMS,

Little Neck.

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" Cream Wafers.
" Zephyrs.
" Oat Meal Wafers.
" Graham Wafers.
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