AN UNIMPASSIONED REVIEW OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION BY A PROMINENT REPUBLICAN

Mr. Wharton Barker, the editor of the *American*, Philadelphia, writes as follows on "The Presidency in 1888:"

Shall the Democratic control of the Presidency cease with a single term, or shall it indefinitely continue? This is the practical question in American politics which now presents itself, and whose consideration will dominate all others for the next twenty months.

This question comes up to the Republicans of the United States with painful seriousness. They have regarded themselves as the true leaders in American affairs; yet they are now only a party of opposition, holding fast to a subordinate influence in the public business by a slender majority in the Senate. What is to be their future? Are they to fall off still further, and pass altogether into the condition of a minority, deprived of every substantial share of control?

The solution of this must depend upon Presidential election of 1888. If the Democrats shall then again prevail, the face of American politics and the probabilities of future party control will be greatly changed from the present uncertainty. They will then have the opportunity

TO CONSOLIDATE THEIR STRENGTH,

to train and select their men, to gain experience in the public business, and in every way to acquire the momentum of a party which is in full control and is able to turn every element of strength to the most advantageous use.

We propose, therefore, to ask the Republicans of the United States, at this crisis in their party history, a serious question and to add some reflections upon the answers that they may make. What do they mean to do as to their candidate for President in 1888?

The probable answer of many will be that Mr. Blaine must again be the candidate. No one will be surprised at such a suggestion. Mr. Blaine came very near being President in 1884. He missed the mark more narrowly than was ever before known in the history of such contests. To try again is the not unnatured suggestion of his friends. The signs of their desire that he should are apparent in many places. As in 1883, it is said that he does not desire the nomination, and will not take it except by a general unanimity of the people's preferences; and, as then, it is intimated that he distrusts his own strength. Nevertheless, it is plain that the men who effected his nomination in 1884 are again active in his behalf, and are again desirous to take the chances of his election. This fact must therefore be explicitly recognized and considered. The Republican party must ask itself, would another nomination of Mr. Blaine be wise?

IT SEEMS TO US CLEAR

that the answer of the party, if it should look coolly at the subject and consider the grave consequences of a mistake, will be emphatically in the negative. Every Republican is able to judge for himself whether Mr. Blaine was now in 1884, like Mr. Clay in 1844, at the height of his strength. Is it possible to increase, or even maintain the enthusiasm of his admirers of two years ago? Is it possible to bring to him any new elements of support? Is there any quarter in which he is more popular now than in 1884? Is the confidence which he inspires in other public men and party leader greater? And, finally and most decisively, could he carry now, any better than in 1884, the State of Indiana, the State of New York, or the State of Connecticut? The party can not trust to the chapter of accidents; it can not be sent to clutch at straws of chances in this or that Southern State—the Virginias, or North Carolina, or Tennessee—in order to compensate for risks unnecessarily taken in the North.

We say frankly, and we know that we are speaking for many Republicans when we say that it would be a most desperate experiment, in view of the consequences of failure, to renominate Mr. Blaine. He has had his candidacy. He was loyally supported by every element that will have the right or the opportunity to consider the second proposal of his name. That he failed is not their fault but his misfortune. He can not justly ask a venture.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

is fairly united. Mr. Blaine and his friends are good party men. They will support, as the other elements supported him, loyally and heartily any fit and worthy candidate whom the National Convention may elect. The obvious course of wisdom and of duty is to choose one who has against him neither the personal enmities, the factional opposition nor the repute of failure presented by Mr. Blaine.

The strength of the party is well embodied and personified in Mr. Sherman. He could do better, we believe in both Indiana and New York, than Mr. Blaine—much better in the former State since some circumstances attending the 1884 contest there. Mr. Sherman is turned to now by many Republicans. He would be, in our judgement, a very strong candidate. His long public service has abundantly qualified him for the Presidency. He is such a man in mental stature and force of character as the United States might justly select for its Chief Magistrate.

For Mr. Harrison, of Indiana, we believe there is a growing regard. His apparent defeat in his own State has been a real victory. The false dealing in the arrangement of the legislative districts—his popularity and energy so nearly overcame that additional fraud had to be employed in order to stop his complete triumph. In no recent political contest have the qualities of intrepid and wise leadership been more displayed

THAN IN THAT OF MR. HARRISON

in his own State. That he did not, in its latest phase, meet his adversaries with their own weapons and methods by force and fraud marks him more clearly as an honorable leader, of men, and not a mere politician. Mr. Harrison's nomination would have many, if not all, elements of success from the very start. No Democratic candidate could take the State of Indiana from him, and the knowledge of this fact would go far to give him the prestige of success and win him not only one but both of the doubtful States in the East. He could rally every real friend of Mr. Blaine, and he would not repel any any of those who broke away from the party in 1884 who are not already joined with the Democratic organization. Why, then, would not Mr. Harrison be elected?

Other men may be named, no doubt. General Logan is dead, or he would certainly have been the choice of many. It is not that we mean here to insist on either Mr. Sherman or Mr. Harrison that we stop after suggesting them. It is simply that the necessities of the case for the Republicans of the Nation demand that they should be chosing, now, a man who will lead them in a return to power in 1888, and who will not land them in a second and permanent defeat.

Thirty-three years have passed since the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and it still stands unrivalled. Get the genuine. Price 25 cts.

HONEST PATRIOTISM.

You have seen something in the papers about the coast defenses. The idea has somehow got abroad that our coast ought to be lined with forts and guns as a warning to Europe against declaring war against us some morning before breakfast. Engineers have surveyed and reported, and the Congressional committees have sat and reported and for about $80,000,000 we can get things in such shape that when the enemy's first iron-clad heaves in sight she can be saluted in proper style.

A lot of us were sitting in the depot waiting room at Trenton, and the only man who had a newspaper was reading away for dear life, when a stranger entering with two satchels and a tall girl, chucked the baggage under a seat, waved the girl to another, and walked up to the man with the newspaper and asked:

"Mister, is there anything in the paper about our coast defenses?"

"No, sir!" was the gruff reply.

"That's singular. Have they given up the idea do you think?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"You don't? Why, they have been talking for the last year about building forts to protect our coasts. I live down near the mouth of Tom's river, and I rather expect they'll build a big fort there. The way things are now England, France or Germany could declare war against us and land a force at Tom's river before we had our eyes open. They'd land right on my farm, and nobody knows the damage they'd do. Don't we anything about a fort at Tom's river, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's singular. If this government expects me to go down behind a rock with my old shot-gun and keep Europe from landing at that point it's expecting a leetle too much of one man. I'd fight to the death, of course, but the chances are that a bull navy could lick one nigh-sighted man. So the paper don't say anything?"

"Didn't I tell you no in the first place?"

"Say! mebbe you don't care a copper about coast defenses!" exclaimed the two-satchel man as a red spot appeared on either cheek.

"Not a copper, sir!"

"I thought so from the start! You live out in Michigan or Indiana or Illinois, and are tucked away in some holler where the sheriff can't find ye, let alone an invader of our sacred sile! O, no, you, don't keer!"

"Father!" chided the tall girl, as she half rose; but he turned on her with:

"Mary, you keep shet! I've allus thought if Europe declared war agin us we'd have plenty of enemies right at home, and here's a case to prove it! Stranger, did you fit in the last war?"

"None o' your business, sir!"

"There's his open hand, gentlemen!" said the two-satchel man, as he turned to the crowd. "When you find a man who don't keer how soon the hull of Europe jumps on this country you have found a man who'd dig up the bones of Washington and sell 'em to a junk man for five dollars!"

The man with the newspaper laid it down, got on his feet, and asked the other if he would step out-doors a minute.

"No, sir, I won't!" was the prompt reply. "In the first place, I've got these two satchels to pertect; in the second place there's Mary; in the third place, I don't fight with no man who didn't fight in the last war. In the fust place I asked ye if there was anything in the paper about our coast defenses."

"And I said no you idiot!"

"And you said you didn't keer!"

"Neither do I!"

"There's his hand agin, gentlemen. While I'm lying behind a rock at Tom's river, waiting to sell my life in defense of my country, here's a feller from Coon Holler, State of Indiana, who don't keer a copper's copper how quick Europe kivers the site of New Jersey with the blood of our bravest men!"

"Father!" chided Mary again.

"Lemme alone, Mary! You know all about carpet rags and darning and housework, but you never heard the rumble of war. If Europe is going to jump into this country I want to know who's going to shoot me in the back as I face the enemy."

The man with the newspaper opened it and sat down with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, and there was a solemn silence for a few minutes. Then the Tom's river man edged over to Mary and they slid out doors together. Then he beckoned through the open window to three or four of us, and as we went out he surrounded us and whispered:

"Gentlemen, it's my solemn opinion that, that feller is a jannisary from Europe who has come over here to coax Uncle Sam not to put up any coast defenses. I want to say right here, and I want you to hear it and remember it, that if the enemy land at Tom's river it will be over my dead body. And I won't be to blame for it."—M. Quad, *in the Detroit Free Press*.

Making a Cabinet.

A lady in Chicago, a life-long friend of the Lincoln family, tells the following: "After Mr. Lincoln's election, and before his inauguration, he was so beset by office-seekers and interviewers that he had no leisure to form his Cabinet. He came for a little time to Chicago, hoping for a quiet interview with Mr. Hamlin, with whom he had no acquaintance. But, alas! the politicians were equally ubiquitous here.

"To escape these Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were invited to my father's house to spend the day. Among those whom Mr. Lincoln wished to consult were Judge Trumbull and Carl Schurz, who were therefore, invited to be at our house at the same time. Although the weather was very cold and the drive a long one, many came to call on Mr. Lincoln. In despair he was finally obliged to take refuge with Mr. Hamlin in my large sunny room, where for several hours they were closeted, while my father kept guard down stairs to protect them from intrusion.

"I talked much to Mr. Lincoln at that time. He never talked down to women. Young as I was, he addressed me as a friend and companion.

"The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was at a reception in the White House. As I passed with others in the procession he said:

"'Do remain until after the crowd has gone, and we can talk Illinois.'

"I remember just what he said to me, as he approached me after the crowd had dispersed. He said:

"'I have taken a severe cold from having my hair cut; this reminds me: Once when I was in Chicago, I was sitting in the office of the old Tremont House, when a newsboy in the street called out, "Here's Abe Lincoln's picture; he'll look better when his hair's cut." Now, do you think I look better when my hair's cut?'

"I replied: 'Mr. President, in the language of another, nothing could either add to or detract from your personal appearance to me.'"

The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

Too Much Money.

As I was saying, I knew a fellow who has acquaintance with these millionaires. His conversation soothed and consoled me to some extent. He deprecated the possession of too much money. So did I. He declared it did not contribute to human happiness to anything like the extent people imagined. I agreed with him. He said, indeed, that men of moderate means were the only contented men—the only men who enjoyed life. I grasped his hand.

"Yes," he said, "those men have all so much money that they can not derive any benefit from it. 'I dined,'" he went on, "with half a dozen millionaires. I have had a better dinner at the club or the restaurant—but that is no matter. After dinner they began talking of how much money a man could expend in having the most luxurious necessities of life, not speaking, of course, of pictures, or hobbies, or tastes that one could live without. One of them figured it out. He had a complete establishment in town, a wife and a child. He had in the establisment every thing that was in the finest degree necessary to perfect comfort. He had thirteen servants, six carriages and six horses; his wife was the most elegant dressed woman in town; his child had everything that money could buy. He had besides a place in the country, nonproductive, in which he entertained frequently, although not in the style of such places as Belmont. He had twenty-one employes on his country place, sixty breeding and racing horses, and a yacht which cost him about $2,000 a month, and for all these—house in town, place in country, his wife's dresses, his household expenses—he could not without waste expend more than $10,000 in a month.

Then I wept.

But the popular idea on the subject of what establishment costs is vague, and as a rule entirely beyond the mark. Several very rich men who stint themselves in nothing in their houses, who entertain as much as taste can possibly demand, who have every comfort and every luxury, concur in the statement that it is impossible to expend on the running of a household more than $10,000 a month. He can buy pictures and keep adding expensive articles and all that sort of thing, but you can not find luxuries and accessories that cost beyond that amount of money unless you go in for wanton waste, encumbering rather than bringing any return in comfort. So you see all you want is $120,000 a year and the capital, and don't you wish you may get it? One millionaire here, who has a most noted establishment and maintains the most luxurious style, admitted that he could not find any thing he could make any use of in his household over $8,000 a month. Perhaps that will suit you better. We have lower and cheaper classes of millionaire goods nodame. We have an article we can sell at $1,000 a month, and if that doesn't suit you we can offer you a millionaire's establishment that costs $17.50 a month. You wouldn't care to lower, surely.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A Chinese Official Dinner.

There were three Chinese entertainments at Nan King. I describe only the one at the general's yamen, as being the most distinctive.

Above the dais in the room was a quiver of paper cases varying in length. It was explained that when the general sent to a prisoner a long one it meant a death sentence; when he sent a short one it meant bastinadoing. In the center of the room a table without cover was set with bowls, chopsticks and the tiny Chinese cups. At the last moment it was found that knives and forks were forgotten, and Capt. Miller sent to the ship for some of his own. When they came the dinner—at which Capt. Miller, the general, the Taotai, the interpreter, and I were present—commenced. There were bowls for the captain and me, but only chopsticks and short porcelain spoons for the others.

A large bowl was put in the center of the table, into which the general put a spoon, and, rising as he did so, deposited some of the contents in our bowls. We rose to acknowledge the courtesy. After we were helped, the others helped themselves with their spoons and conveyed the contents to their mouths. This process continued through an innumerable number of dishes—birds' nests, sharks' fins, sharks' lips, bamboo shoots, etc., with chicken, duck, pork, mutton, etc. There were Chinese wines supplied by attendants who sedulously filled the cups. At intervals the attendant brought to the guest a damp cloth, with which the faces were moistened. Pipes and cigarettes were smoked between the courses. I noticed at the Union club in New York and the Bohemian in San Francisco the same custom prevailed. After a time the table became much disfigured with the various gravies which dropped from the spoons and chopsticks, and occasionally a servant wiped it with a cloth. The dinner went on through two hours, and new bowls of fresh meats and soups seemed never ending.

I finally suggested to the general that I could eat no more, but if he would keep the balance until I came back in two years from now I would do the best I could. This sally was received with laughter and ended the feast. Dishes were brought ad infinitum until your absolutely surrender. There were much jollity and fun at this dinner. I told Charles Lamb's story of the discovery of roast pig, which was received with shouts of laughter and the announcement by the Taotai that he had one house and a pig and that he was going home to burn the house that night.

At a recent convention of physicians it was proven by analysis that Red Star Cough Cure contained no dangerous narcotics. The test was so convincing that the most sceptical were satisfied, and physicians every where now recommend the remedy. Only 25 cents.

The Man About Town.

I fell to thinking of the rounders and men about town as I leaned over the edge of a box and saw them file past me in platoons. They go to pieces at a faster rate than any other set of men in the world. Many a head was gray that did not show a sign of age five years ago, and man after man passed by with a careless carriage and blase face who had not passed thirty, but who looked and acted the man of 50 years. Some of the men who were turning gray when I was a boy, and who were perhaps 40 or 45 years of age, are round-shouldered, bent and querulous, their faces white, and their heads bald and gray. They were admirably dressed, their manners easy and agreeable and everybody knew them but they were the oldest men in the world that night. The average man-about-town seems to go to pieces all at once. He is a suave, well-dressed, agreeable and apparently healthy for a few years, and then suddenly goes all to pot. It never changes his manner or his habit. It holds him up as an appalling example to younger men, but I doubt if it ever does any good.—*Cor.*

The frequent and painful disease, rheumatism, can be permanently cured by Salvation Oil.

The Country Boy.

The country lad who is trained to simple ways and homely virtues, and who learns what a dollar is worth by actually earning it, under the laws of imperative necessity, has a tremendous advantage over the town boy. The country schools are far inferior to the town or city schools but this is counterbalanced by the fact that the country boy is trained to work from the time he can pick up corn-cobs or to run the kitchen stove, till he goes out to his own home. The country boy has a mile or so to walk to and from school, which gives him vigorous appetite and health. The country boy or girl is face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm, he is taught from youth up the need of economy; he has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week; he is not exposed to the temptation of the saloon or ballroom; he is not tempted to be a ladies' man before he has occasion to use a razor on his downy cheeks. He may be a trifle rude, he may not feel easy in company; but in the long, closely-contested race of life it is the chap that trudges to school barefooted in summer and in stogas in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep shears, that leads the chap that goes to the city school with the starched shirt-front and fancy slippers, and whose head is shaved with the lawn mower in the barber shops.

Such has been our observation, and we think we know what we are talking about. Speaking from experience, we never read any books with such avidity as those we devoured while the horses were resting at the end of the plow land. The boys we envied forty years ago, because they wore cassimeres and laughed at our jeans, have dropped so far back in the race that we have almost forgotten them. The chaps who had plenty of money at college, and the city-bred fellows have not been, as a rule, heard from much since, while the country boys, who wore plain clothes and kept close to their books in the old college, are leading the thought of Iowa and other States to-day.

Ancient and Modern Oaths.

Quite a chapter might be written, writes Dan de Quille in the Salt Lake *Tribune*, upon the methods of taking oaths in various countries in both ancient and modern times. In some parts of China a witness is sworn upon a saucer at the moment he takes the oath.

In Egypt the custom prevailed of swearing by the goose. This is said to have been on account of the veneration in which the goose was held in that country.

In Madagascar the people swear either by their sovereign or by their mother, and there are two forms of witnessing the oath, one to "strike the water," and the other to "spear the calf."

According to Oldfield, in his "Expedition into the Interior of Africa, by the Niger," at Iddah, "placing a naked sword or knife to the throat is looked upon as the strongest proof of innocence, and the most solemn form of oath they can administer. In this manner the King is sworn, or sometimes at the point of a poisoned arrow."

We learn from from "Bruce's Travels" that in Abyssinia a much less savage form of swearing is in use. He says: "They took the two forefingers of my right hand, one after the other, and then kissed them—a form of swearing used there, at least among those who call themselves Christians."

The most ancient form of swearing of which we have any record is that mentioned in the Bible of Genesis, where Abraham, swearing his eldest servant, required him to place his hand under his (Abraham's) thigh. This form is mentioned in several places in the Old Testament. Anciently the Jews swore by Jerusalem, by the God of Israel, and also by broken glass, this last form being similar to the Chinese custom of breaking a saucer against the witness box.

The ancient Greeks and Romans swore by Jupiter, Minerva, Neptune and other gods and goddesses, laying their head upon the altar of the divinity sworn by in taking a particularly sacred oath; the ancient Germans by their gods, by their swords and by their beards; the Scandinavian, besides appealing to the gods, touched a bloody ring in the hands of a priest. The Hindoo swears by the Veda and a Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran.

The Same Man.

Did you ever, asks an exchange, meet with that unfortunate man who everybody who does not know him firmly believes to be married? The man to whom every married woman says: "Really, you ought to have a nice little wife and a little home. You would make such an admirably domestic husband!" When they know that he isn't, and isn't likely to be, they immediately put up a history for him and give it out confidentially that he has had an adventure; that he has loved and been jilted, or that the loved one has died and his heart is in the tomb of the Capulets with the beloved Juliet. And they pity him and are tender and gentle to him, and the young girls avoid him and the old maids flock around him and want to console him. If you'll investigate him you'll find he's perfectly sound, perfectly heart whole, has perhaps jilted a lot of girls, and is just as merry a bachelor as there is.

Never Saw The Desert.

Teacher (in geography class)—"What is a desert?"

Young Student—"Don't know, mum. I always eat at the second table."

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

The man who tries to please himself has an easier time than he who tries to please everybody.

A blind man in Iowa can tell the color of a red hot stove simply by touching it.

Beecher and His Cow.

Frank G. Carpenter tells the following story of Henry Ward Beecher:

He could tell a story well, and I remember seeing one he once told about a cow which he had received in payment for a debt. I think he told the story in one of his lectures. He said:

"It was a very bad debt, and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between a Jersey and the Durham. She looked as though she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoop-skirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one could appreciate the suffering I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next-door neighbor.

"She put her horns through my bath-tub and ate up all my geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed short just then and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen and upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out at a cost of five dollars, she took the colic, whooping-cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Next a green thing was left in my garden; my neighbor's peach trees, and the rope on which his underwear grew were as bare of fruit as a single-tree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to me and said:

"'Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery.'

"'And I want you,' my friend,' I said, 'to keep your shrubbery out of my cow.'"

What True Merit Will Do.

The unprecedented sale of *Boschee's German Syrup* within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price 75 cents, large bottles.

A Fleeing Cashier.

Pleasure-seeker *en route* to Montreal—"Look here, my friend, four dollars is a little steep."

Coachman—"You ain't payin' it out of yer own money, are yer?"

Why Need You Suffer?

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cures chronic diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery and all bowel complaints; female weakness, nervous debility, dyspepsia and loss of strength. It is the best tonic known for men, women and children.

Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir cures coughs colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, and is the best remedy ever produced for all diseases of the throat and lungs. One teaspoonful will relieve the worst case of asthma in one minute.

Gilmore's Neuralgia cure is a positive remedy for sick headache and neuralgia in all its forms.

Gilmore's Pile Specific is one of the best and most reliable special remedies ever introduced. It never fails to afford relief.

The Gilmore Remedies are for sale by Biesecker & Snyder.

A Sioux Indian bears the name of 'The-man-who-ran-so-fast-that-the-wind-was-left-behind.' It is believed he participated in the strategic move on Washington at the first battle of Bull Run.—*Norristown Herald*.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

When you go home fill the house with joy, so that the light of it will stream out of the window and doors and illuminate even the darkness.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

A Boston commission house handled two tons of cabbages so skilfully that the shipper had 95 cents left after all charges were paid. If he sends another lot his own head will go along with it.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

We are more than ever persuaded that as a weather indicator, the American groundhog is a liar and a villain.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Three courts have decided that a marriage by telegraph is illegal. If you want to make an absolute sure thing of it, get married by a minister.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A rich man who began life as a boot-black, having remarked that he had taken a box at the opera, some one meanly remarked if a brush went in with it.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

An anxious correspondent writes to inquire what would be the effect of a war in Europe. In our opinion there would be a marked increase in the death rate.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The man who would pick another man's pocket would write an anonymous communication to a newspaper.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A series of practical talks to girls has begun in Boston. With our girls the most practical talk is the proposal.

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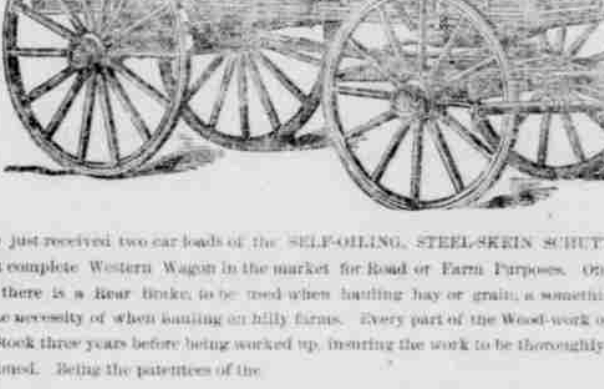

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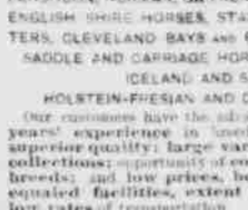

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