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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1894.

REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

FOR MAYOR,
FRED C. BANDEL.

FOR TREASURER,
WILLIAM E. NICHOLSON.

FOR CLERK,
JOSEPH D. TRACY.

FOR MARSHAL,
JAMES P. GRIMES.

FOR COUNCILMEN.

First Ward—JOHN F. WILHITE.
Second Ward—GEORGE E. ROBINSON.
Third Ward—WM. N. MCAMPBELL.

THE MUNICIPAL TICKET.

Great interest was taken in the Republican primary election held yesterday to nominate a municipal ticket. The large vote polled indicates that the Republicans are thoroughly alive, and intend that they will be heard from not only at the approaching May election but at the election to be held in November. While much interest was manifested yesterday on the part of the different candidates and their respective friends, yet no ill feeling was engendered and the election passed off in the utmost good humor. When the result was announced it was acquiesced in cheerfully, but without any demonstration on the part of the victors, as all realized that it was not a contest with political opponents but among political friends. There was a wealth of good material from which to choose and it was difficult on the part of many voters just for whom they should cast their ballots. Upon the part of such it was merely a choice between personal friends determined by so slight an influence as the flip of a copper. The ticket nominated is one that will command the hearty and enthusiastic support, not only of every Republican, but of many Democrats.

Fred C. Bandel, the nominee for Mayor, has served one term and notwithstanding the difficulties surrounding the position he has filled it with an ability equal to any. He has discharged his duties with a conscientious regard for the law and the testimony. William E. Nicholson's vote for Treasurer indicated that he has not lost the confidence of the people in his official integrity. He has filled the office to the satisfaction of everybody. Joseph D. Tracy, the nominee for City Clerk, is well known to the people, having served as assistant postmaster under Mr. Bonnell during the last four years. He is a genial gentleman, popular with everybody and will make a capable and efficient clerk.

James P. Grimes, the nominee for Marshal, has served several years as patrolman and thoroughly understands the difficult and trying duties that devolve upon that officer. The majority of the voters indicated that they had faith to believe that he would discharge them fearlessly and without favor. John F. Wilhite, the candidate chosen for Councilman in the First ward, is an excellent citizen, a progressive and enterprising man, and will make a careful and painstaking City Father.

George E. Robinson, the nominee for Councilman in the Second ward, is thoroughly identified with the interests of the city, is a good business man, and possesses all the qualifications for a first class officer.

William N. McCampbell, who was nominated for Councilman in the First ward, is an active and thorough going gentleman, takes a deep and intelligent interest in the welfare of the city and will discharge the duties devolving upon him with a conscientious regard for all.

Such is the ticket that the Republicans present for the consideration of the voters. There it stands. Beat it if you can.

REFORMING THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Scandinavian system of regulating the liquor traffic, known as the Gothenburg system, is the next plan that will be vigorously attempted in the United States. Prohibition and high license have each been tried in different sections of the country, and for brief periods, without finally solving the liquor question. The Gothenburg system is now likely to be tried, first perhaps in Massachusetts. This system eliminates the possibility of personal profit from the sale of liquor, and throws many restrictions around it. The income is used for various public purposes, and the sale of liquor is under the direct supervision of responsible men of high character. Social reformers in every part of the country are giving it close study with reference to our American conditions. An ardent believer in this system is Dr. E. R. Gould, who is one of our foremost students of social subjects, and who last year went to Norway to make a personal study of this system. Dr. Gould writes in the March number of the *Forum* a definite explanation of how it would work when applied to American conditions.

During his first six months of his official duties Commissioner Loechen granted 53,000 pensions, as against 311,000 during the same period in the last year of Raum's occupancy of the Pension Bureau. In less than a year Loechen suspended 12,000 pensioners.

THE OLD MILL MYSTERY

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.

Author of "Miser Hoodley's Secret," "Madeline Power," "By Whose Hand," "Isa," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, looking at her steadily.

"Yes, I do. Of course, I do. When did I ever say a word to make you think I could marry you?"

"Then you won't marry me? And you mean to quarrel with me? You'd rather do that, eh?"

"I don't want to quarrel with you or with anyone, Gibeon. But I can't marry you."

"You mean to marry Tom Roylance, I suppose?" The words came very angrily, sounding like a threat.

"I don't mean to ask you who I am to marry, and if you weren't a coward you'd be ashamed to say such a thing."

"Yes, that's like a las. Trying to fence an awkward question with a bit of big talk. But see here, you won't marry him. So you may look out, both of you."

The girl smiled scornfully, but did not answer.

"Ah, you may smile. But if I chose to open my month he wouldn't carry his head half so high as he does at present, I can tell you. And as for the strike that's coming, he may look to himself. If he thinks, or you think, that he will be allowed to turn knobstick, you're both mistaken. I came to you to-day to try and make peace between us all. I didn't mean to let my tongue and my feelings run away with me, but you won't have peace, and so there's an end to it."

Mary said nothing while he was speaking, but the instant he had finished she went to the door and opened it.

"Go," she cried, pointing to the door. Gibeon Prawle looked at her, speechless with anger, his handsome face frowning and flushed with rage. Then, twisting his cap in his clenched hands, he exclaimed:

"Do you mean to turn me out like a dog, without even a kind word or a look?" he asked.

"I can have no kind words for any one who has said what you have, to-day," answered Mary resolutely. "But I bear no malice."

The man had to pass close to her on leaving the room, and as he was moving away a sudden temptation seemed to come over him, and he threw his arms round her and clasped her tightly to him as he exclaimed:

"You shall kiss me then, Mary, even if you won't throw me a kind word," and he drew her to him and strove to press his lips to hers.

She struggled with all her strength to escape from his grasp, and, finding she could not, called out loudly for help.

"You'd better yield to me," cried the coward, between his teeth, "for my blood's up, and I won't answer for the consequences."

"Help, help!" called Mary, renewing her struggles.

Then the door of the cottage was thrown open quickly, hurried steps passed along the passage, and Tom Roylance burst into the room.

In a moment he had thrown himself upon Gibeon Prawle, and, seizing him by the throat, a desperate struggle ensued, in the midst of which, Gibeon, suddenly breaking away from the other man, pushed him back on to a chair, and with muttered curses and threats rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER IV SAVANNAH MORRIS

The days that followed were days of trouble and doubt. Gibeon Prawle's influence with the men prevailed; the strike was determined upon, and the notices were given in.

After the scene in Mary's cottage there was no longer room for doubt in Tom's mind as to which side he would take, and he declared strongly and angrily against Gibeon.

This brought about much ill-feeling, and Tom was threatened more than once with what would happen if he turned "knobstick." Others, however, more cautious and friendly, urged him to leave the place and not fly in the face of the majority.

"We must obey the vote of the majority," said they, "no matter what the cause may be. This giving in by the majority is the very life-blood of all trades unions."

"Then I'll have no more to do with trades unions," answered Tom, resolutely. "What I say is that I'll never be a party to championing such a fellow as Gibeon."

"But it isn't championing him, but standing by the union, lad, that you've got to think of in this matter."

"Then let the union take a sensible line and act justly. D'ye think I haven't worked for the union? Nay, you know I have, and that there's no firmer believer than I in the right of the men to stand or fall together when the cause is just. But not to protect such fellows as Gibeon Prawle. If the cause were a good one, I'd starve till every blessed ounce of flesh wasted off my bones before I'd give in; but not for a skunk like that."

And they could not move him.

They went to Mary to see whether she would influence him; for after the time when he had rushed in to protect her, he had let it be known that they two were to be married; but Mary would not hear a word against Tom. She thought he was doing the right thing and said so.

Reuben Gorringe went to Tom some few days before the notices expired, and spoke to him.

"What are you going to do in this matter, Tom?" he asked.

"I'm going on with my work," he said.

"But you're local secretary of the union."

"I was. I've resigned. I've left the



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome it. I could not sleep at night, thinking that he had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an intermission of pain, feeling in my stomach. Physician said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to our universal custom, I had no remedy. Once it continues upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until such time as it reaches a vital part of the sufferer. Such was my case. I had to give up work a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement in Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine in my newspaper. I began to take it in small doses as it seems, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and I could now feel even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 70 to 57. For this I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation and it has been as satisfactory in its results as any other medicine I have used."

Sold by all druggists.

soociety—at least as good as turned me out, when I wouldn't strike."

"Come to the office, I want to speak to you," and when they were alone, he said: "Have you no influence to stop this folly?"

"No, none. I have tried, but the men are determined to stand by Gibeon," said Tom.

"They are fools, and that's the long and short of it. What about the women?"

"I don't think many of them will go out, if any do. I've heard one or two talk about giving in a notice, but I don't think they will. They know what strike pay means too well to quarrel with their victors for a shifty scoundrel like Gibeon Prawle."

"They can't beat me," said the manager, resolutely.

"What about Gibeon?" said Gorringe, after a pause. "What's your candid opinion about him?"

"I don't want to talk of him. He's a scoundrel and a cowardly frightener of women," said Tom, his eyes brightening with anger.

(To Be Continued.)

A Fascinating Tale.

Everyone that reads the novel called "An Eclipse of Virtue," by Champion Bissell, which appears in the March number of "Tales From Town Topics," will be struck by the graceful and breezy style of the author. Most people will be absorbed by the startling plot of the story, and while a few may fall at certain unconventional and dubious incidents introduced in the narrative, no great offense will be taken, for they are treated with a nice skill that relieves them of all inciency. "Town Topics" Publishing Co., 21 west 23d street, New York City.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

Three days is a very short time in which to cure a bad case of rheumatism; but it can be done, if the proper treatment is adopted, as will be seen by the following from James Lambert, of New Brunswick, Ill.: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism in the hips and legs, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cured me in three days. I am all right to-day, and would insist on every one who is afflicted with that terrible disease to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm and get well at once." 50 cent bottles for sale by Nye & Boe, 111 north Washington street, opposite the court house.

If you have any chronic disease that your home physicians cannot cure don't fail to consult the doctors of the Champaign Medical and Surgical Institute at the Nutt hotel, Saturday, March 10. This institute takes nothing but certain unconventional and dubious incidents introduced in the narrative, no great offense will be taken, for they are treated with a nice skill that relieves them of all inciency. "Town Topics" Publishing Co., 21 west 23d street, New York City.

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