

# The Republican.

Saturday Evening.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on; Rest—rest in peace—their rest is done; A new record of being, calmly think Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be. As one that trembles in eternity. For such as this now, and soon shall be. As one that trembles in eternity. For such as this now, and soon shall be. As one that trembles in eternity. For such as this now, and soon shall be.

Spirit of good on this week's verge I stand; Tracing the guiding influence of his hand; That hand which in a gentle, calmly still, To life, dark, stormy, thence, thence, thence, Then, then, in every storm that sheltered us Beneath the wings of his benignity. A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent, And I stand—thy mercy's monument; A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent, And I stand—thy mercy's monument; A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent, And I stand—thy mercy's monument.

How can I praise thee, Father, how express Thy debt of reverence and thankfulness? A debt that no intelligence can cancel. While every moment swells the vast amount. For a week's devotion that has grown a strength And brought me to this peaceful calm at length, And how my grateful heart would raise A thank-offering to thy glorious praise.

—Baltore.

A Circus Agent Meets his Match in a Frontiers Newspaper Office.

Yesterday afternoon a dapper little man with a two-ounce cane, and a half-pound cluster diamond pin, came into the Chronicle office, and asked if the amusement reporter was in. When the man he sought was pointed out, the stranger grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking:

"Delighted to meet you sir—really I am. I've heard of you at Reno and took a run up. But really I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if it didn't get ahead of anything else in the town."

"Ah," said the reporter, blushing to four colors, "I'm glad to see you. Might I inquire your name?"

"Well, here's my card," said the little man, handing out a piece of paste-board about five inches square. "You may have heard of me before—Clarence De Lacy Slocum, agent of the Sebastian Van Buena Vista Circus and Menagerie. This is by far the largest combination of gigantic circuses ever put on the road. We started out about five years ago in a small way, with not over 400,000 feet of canvas, only nine tents, and scarcely 1,500 animals; but we gradually absorbed all the small fry shows. They'd go into bankruptcy along the route, and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on earth. He'd buy their little shows and pay double price, just to help the poor devils along. Money is of no account to him. He's traveling simply for pleasure and a desire to see the great West."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the reporter.

"Oh, he knows you—that is, by reputation. He has your picture set in a frame that cost him over a hundred dollars. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull, he just took a look at that picture of yours, and it always made him feel as happy as if he was obliged to turn five hundred people away from the door."

"How came he to get hold of my picture?"

"Oh, he begged it of De Murska or Modjeska, or Clara Morris—I forget which. She hated like thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress \$10,000 once in Paris to buy a wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was never cancelled, she couldn't very well refuse. But I just came in to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to pump me, but I didn't propose to let a description of my show be mangled up by scrub writers. Besides, Sebastian telegraphed me from New York last night not to let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of cages containing wild beasts, with twelve new varieties of elephants, and a recently discovered monster from Africa, called the Jabberwock, which weighs 3,000 pounds."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir! and a man like you, with a fine descriptive ability and inexhaustible command of language, which has made you famous in two continents—"

"How many columns do you want?"

"Oh, as many as you please."

"When will the show be here?"

"Perhaps not for two months; it takes such a long time to move the animals that our progress across the country is slow."

"Just so. Well, your figures for big circuses like yours are \$150 a column cash down, and thirty per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success."

The circus agent seemed greatly affected.

"Isn't that rather steep?" he said.

"It would be, perhaps, for a small provincial journal like the New York Sun or the London Times, but we circulate such a mammoth edition that the price is comparatively trifling. Fourteen freight cars come out every day with paper for our edition, which is worked off on five big Walter presses, lightning speed. Our expense for steam alone, sir, is \$2,000 a day. We have more carriers than you could pack into your largest tent. Our Eastern circulation has been increasing at the rate of a thousand a day for the last two years. By simply cutting down the size of the paper a quarter of an inch, our proprietor has saved enough money to build four school houses worth \$40,000 each, and

endowed an orphan asylum in each county in the State. He doesn't run the paper for money, but just simply for his health and because he likes the country. Our mailing and folding machinery would remind you of the Rison Iron Works."

"Is it in this building?"

"Oh, no; this is simply a branch office—the place where we write up circuses. Our principal establishment—"

The circus agent groaned as if in agony and left the office.—Virginia City Chronicle.

How to Get Off With the Old Love Without Getting Into Trouble.

The other day a muscular young fellow, having an odor of the stables about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment, and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but learning the price he concluded to invest in a tin-type. After taking his seat in the chair he shut up one eye, drew his nose and partially worked up the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. He beat Sol Smith Russell all to pieces and was highly satisfactory to the sitter, who paid for it and said:

"You see, I had a sort of object in this. Come here from All-gan county six months ago—engaged to a gal there—found a girl here I like better—got to sever old ties, see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lots—heaps. I've written to her that I was bludgeoned here on a boat and disgraced for life. She's awful proud. When she gets this and sees how that explosion wrecked me, she'll hunt another lover quicker'n wink—see. How do you like the phiz?" Just gaze on this picture once and tell me that Mary Ann won't send back my love letters on the first train!"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief, but explained all. It said: "My ever dear girl—I inclose my picture that you may see how awful I was hurt, but I know you will love me just the same."

"Ever see that game worked afore?" he asked of the artist as he looked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Of course you never did. It's mine. It struck me the other day while I was greasing a wagon, and I think it's boss. Bludgeoned—see? Disgraced for life—see? Picture right here to prove it, and she'll write back that she has at last condescended to yield to her parents' wishes and marry a young man out there who owns eleven steers, a hundred sheep and an eighty acre lot."—Detroit Free Press.

Holidays of the Brain.

The masses who depend mainly upon their physical exertions for a livelihood are apt to fancy that mind-work is light labor. This is a great mistake. No species of toll more rapidly exhausts the bodily energies than intense, incessant thought. Happiest, healthiest, most likely to live long and to enjoy life, are they who judiciously blend intellectual with mechanical exercise. With that delicate ad wonder-working muscle, the brain, all the elements of the body—"marrow, bones and all"—directly sympathize. Twenty-four hours of hard thinking prostrates the system more completely than a day's mowing, or digging or plowing. We know that the brain works. In surgical cases, where it has been found necessary to expose a portion of the organ, it has been seen to think. The manufacture of ideas, under the influence of that invisible and immortal element of which the brain is the instrument, has been seen going on, and we are told that the perturbations of the thought-machine, are rapid, continuous, and sometimes violent. One scientific observer says that the surface of the brain undulates in such cases like the surface of the sea—that visible waves of thought pass over the cerebrum.

The master organ, therefore, is as well entitled to its holidays as the vassal area which it governs and directs, and needs them quite as much—perhaps more. Delicious are its seasons of perfect rest, when the cares and troubles of business are cast aside, and nothing is permitted to interfere with its heavenly trance. Sabbaths are the dream-land of the brain. Providence, who gave to intellect its progressive power, knew that it must live on the march. "Six days shalt thou labor," but on the seventh, "do no manner of work," applies to mind as well as muscle; and whoever disobeys the kindly mandate trifles with his health, mentally and bodily, and is guilty of the sin as folly as well as the basest ingratitude.—Chicago Ledger.

Prepare for a Change of Diet.

The Democratic stomach of Ohio may as well prepare for a change of diet. It will be Ewing and inflation in 1879, and Tilden and contraction in 1880. The Western Democratic man is becoming quite elastic. Indiana went through the same process in 1876—a Governor on a soft-money platform and a President on a hard-money platform. It shows how much the Democracy depend upon fundamental principles. Take away the Jacksonian principles from the Democracy, and—well, they would

go on voting for the party nominee just the same. There is just one vital principle left in the old bug, and that is Jackson's precious legacy, "To the victors belong the spoils." When you touch that you strike the Democracy where it lives. This Indian-rubber financial policy of the party doesn't embarrass them in the least. They are getting to enjoy it as a pleasant amusement.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Indian's California Ranch—A Splendid Home.

(San Francisco letter to Baltimore Sun.)

E. J. Baldwin, everywhere known as Lucky Baldwin, worked on his father's farm when young, in Indiana. After twenty-five years' trial at various pursuits he drifted into the bonanza district, Nevada, and in a few years, by well judged ventures in mining stocks, realized some millions. He became publicly known by building "the Baldwin," now so favorably known as a popular house on Market street, San Francisco, 275 by 219 feet. Included in the structure is Baldwin's theatre. The whole, including the furniture, cost 3,000,000. Traveling through Los Angeles county he

fancied and bought a Spanish grant of 60,000 acres of boundedly watered land, and laid out in princely style. Of this \$13,000 acres are moist bottom land, needing no irrigation. Outside of this he has artificially irrigated most of the property by means of six miles of eight-inch pipe, and beautiful lakes are formed here and there, with rustic bridges and other adornments. Some fifty rustic cottages are the homes of his army of working people. All sorts of farm buildings are tastefully arranged, and flowing artesian springs abound, of purest water. The orchard has 1,200 acres, with 18,000 orange and lemon trees, 2,000 almonds, 5,000 Italian chestnuts, eighty acres of English walnuts, 5,000 acres of choice grapes, innumerable apples, pears, plums, peaches and figs. He has 60,000 eucalyptus trees of twenty-seven varieties and 3,000 of the graceful pepper trees, our most ornate evergreen and drooping variety, bearing a profusion of pepper-looking spice berries. A broad avenue is laid out, three miles long by 120 feet wide, lined on each side by eucalyptus trees. In the center is a row of pepper trees, making a grateful shade in that sunny climate, and the air is cooled by innumerable fountains. Soon a mansion in keeping with the surroundings will be erected on a rising knoll overlooking the fairland, and some hundred tenantry, with gardens and cultivated fields, will enrich the landscape and make this charmed spot of paradise, where the proprietor can pass his declining years in peaceful contemplation of the romance of his creation.

Young Nihilism.

The first Nihilist societies were formed by Russian students about the year 1859, and the doctrines they adopted were chiefly derived from a book which is not generally supposed to have any Nihilist tendencies, Buchner's "Force and Matter." The circulation of this work in Russia was forbidden by the Government, but it was secretly introduced into the country, and read with avidity by the Russian youth, together with another German work, by Max Stirner, called "Prosperity and the Individual," which had also fallen under the ban of the Russian censors. Out of the two books, the former of which preached materialism and the latter Socialism, the Russians evolved the doctrine of Nihilism, which they also professed to find in other popular works, notably Buckle's "History of Civilization." The new Nihilist societies were formed among the students of the Agricultural College of Petrovsk, near Moscow. The Government treated the students with extreme severity; many innocent young men were confined in prison for many years without trial; and it was at this time that Vera Sassulitch, who was then 13 years old, was imprisoned with her brother for three years. After the Franco-German war the Nihilists adopted the Pan-Slavist cause, and thereby gained a certain amount of popularity; but the acquittal of Vera Sassulitch again directed their attention to home affairs. They turned round upon their persecutors and threatened them with death, believing that Russian society would hold them as the saviors if they should succeed in destroying the bureaucracy that fetters it.

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothes, more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.

A Liberal Offer.

No "dictionaries," no "chromos," no "solid silver spoons," but the invaluable boon of good health, is the matchless premium offered and guaranteed to all ladies that suffer with those aggravating diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex, if Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription be used as directed. Ladies, submit yourselves no longer to the knife and cauterizer. The Favorite Prescription has revolutionized that branch of medical practice, and wrought your complete emancipation from the protracted pain and suffering of the past.

KILLMORE, Ind., March 26th, 1878.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—Your Favorite Prescription has restored me to perfect health.

Yours truly, GRACE CHAPMAN.

422 Eutaw street, BALTIMORE, Md.

June 10th, 1878.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly 20 years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her.

Thankfully yours, B. T. McCAY.

Price 25 cents.

Never promise more than can be done. Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills have been successfully run on this principle. For sale by all druggists.

Price 25 cents.

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Took Him for Beecher.

Mr. Collyer's personal resemblance to Mr. Beecher is striking. The size, figure, and gait, the well-shaped, head, flowing gray hair, and smooth and florid face, are alike in both men.

In referring to this resemblance Mr. Collyer said: "On my way from Chicago East this time, I got off to walk about the platform at one of the stations. I noticed several persons put their hands to their mouth sideways and whisper to those next to them. A young man from Chicago, whom I knew, came up to me and said, 'Mr. Collyer, do you know what the people here are saying?' 'Oh yes,' I replied, 'they are saying that I am Beecher.'"

"Well," continued Mr. Collyer, with a hearty laugh, we are both from blacksmith stock. Beecher's grandfather, I believe, was a blacksmith, and my father was a blacksmith, and so was I."—Inter-Ocean.

The country people work themselves into the belief that the city folks are the happiest people on the globe, while the city folks would rejoice to be as free as the country yeomanry. The one thinks the other supremely happy. Now the fact is no one can be happy unemployed. Work of some kind is essential to true happiness. Idleness begets crime, and crime employs the time to escape the punishment due to crime. If each man and woman would labor enough to provide his or her necessities society would arise from its present corruption. Idle men sell for little women, and thus crime sets in. The birds and the animals labor for comfort in idleness and drag out miserable lives. It is honorable to work, it is dishonorable to be idle. The multiplied wants of a man make multiplied fields for labor. There are millions of rich acres of untouched land, and millions of unemployed workers. How shall the two come together is a serious question now before the world for answer.

"Man dieth not," where is he? is a question asked in, perhaps, the oldest book in the Bible, and the question itself is far older than any verbal expression of it in any book. There have been many answers to it; some definite and dramatic, some tentative and speculative; some cold and heartless; some bright with hope and faith.—Inter-Ocean.

Why should the orator spend his life in preaching his "God and heartless" doctrines and clouding the minds "bright with hope and faith"? Where is the reward? and how is the world made better. Mr. Ingalls offers nothing to cheer and make glad the heart of man in lieu of this "faith and hope." He consigns all to the grave, and piles in the earth; he dries no tear of sorrow, and adds no comfort, no good cheer, to heart-broken wife or children. He is dead—worms hold a feast—nothing more. If such were true, man, of all created things, is the most complete failure.—Inter-Ocean.

When William Lloyd Garrison went South to see the old flag lifted over Fort Sumter, he stopped at Savannah and went driving with a friend through the city and out into the suburbs. Presently they came, in a retired spot, upon a very old colored man, feebly resting in the sun. Mr. Garrison's friend drew rein and called out, "Uncle, do you ever hear of William Lloyd Garrison?" Intelligence and delight shone suddenly in the old face. "Oh, bress the Lord, Massa, yes, yia. 'Well, uncle, this is William Lloyd Garrison.'" The feeble old man sprang up, stumbling over his staff, and half climbing into the carriage, he seized Garrison's hand, covering it with tears and kisses, calling down blessings upon the New Englander, and half choking with emotion.—New York Tribune.

Co-incidental with the first outbreak at Mount Ararat, some weeks ago, Mount Hood, in Oregon, sent forth a column of smoke. This was the first eruption of unmistakable smoke from the old era since 1864. The cloud of smoke was described as black and sulphurous, and poured out of the south side of the mountain, half a mile from the summit.

It is said that Queen Victoria is in favor of the repeal of the law of England which prevents marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

OR

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; shiny or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; feeble pains in the stomach, occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constipated; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccupus, or cough, sometimes dry and convulsive, or uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temperature variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, and capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S

LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE.

No Change of Cars of any Class Between

Chicago, Kansas City & Denver Short Line.

These new lines are stocked with the finest Day Cars, Smoking Cars, sleeping Cars, Pullman Cars, ever placed in a railroad train.

The new Smoking Cars, especially for the first class cars, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Pullman Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Sleeping Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Dining Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Parlor Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Tourist Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Baggage Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Freight Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Stock Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Horse Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Cattle Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Sheep Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Pig Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

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The new Donkey Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

The new Mule Cars, also, are equal in every respect to the first class cars on any road.

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Buyer and Seller of

BANKRUPT STOCKS AND JOB LOTS,

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White and all desirable shades mixed ready for use. Established 1862. Send for Sample Card and Price List. Y. N. N.

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