THE CHICAGO POLICE.

An Army of Twenty-One Hundred Able-Bodied Men.

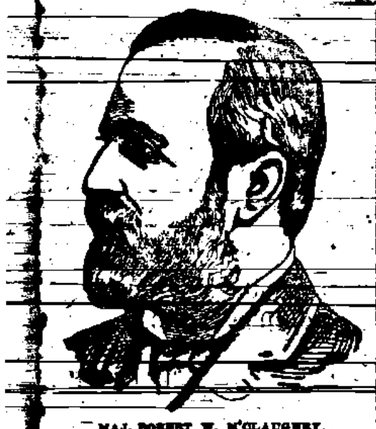
Personal Chat Regarding Maj. McClaughry, General Superintendent of the Force — Qualifications Essential to an Appointment as Patrolman.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

If there is one thing of which Chicago is prouder than of its sky-scraping buildings and its park system it is the police department. Everybody likes to see a large body of man who are physically perfect, even if they are a little weak mentally. Physical perfection has been highly esteemed in all ages and among all nations, and not until higher education shall have become universal will a change occur.

At the present time the police force of Chicago consists of 2,100 officers and patrolmen and 300 substitutes. This army is under the command of a general superintendent, who is appointed by the mayor. His word is supposed to be law in the police department. He issues orders to his assistants, is responsible for changes in the administrative offices, and controls all promotions and dismissals. To a certain extent these powers are indeed vested in him, but the mayor and the aldermen of the party in power never tire of suggesting appointments calculated to strengthen their political hold. No chief of police has yet been found who had enough courage to disregard the will of these meddlers with his privileges; but the present head of the department, Maj. Robert W. McClaughry, insists upon running the police force in his own way and may be able, in the course of time, to bring about reforms which will eventually divorce his department from the baneful influence of mere politics.

Maj. McClaughry is a unique character with a very interesting history. He was born at Fountain, Hancock county, Ill., July 23, 1839. When quite young he removed with his parents to Delaware county, N. Y., where he worked on a farm and attended district school. He was ambitious for a better education and took private lessons of a Presbyterian minister at odd hours, and in that way prepared for college, entering at Monmouth, Ill., in 1856, from where he graduated four years later. In 1861 he removed to Carthage, Ill., and during part of the war served as major of an Illinois regiment, participating in the expedition against Vicksburg. In 1864 he was appointed paymaster of the army and quartered at Springfield, Ill., until October, 1865, when he was honorably discharged. In 1874 he was appointed warden of the Illinois penitentiary at



MAJ. ROBERT W. M'CLAUGHRY.

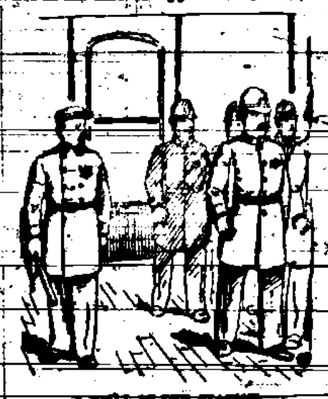
Joliet. He held this position until 1883, when he became general superintendent of the Pennsylvania industrial reformatory at Huntingdon, Pa. In May, 1891, Mayor Washburne tendered him the position of chief of police of Chicago, which he accepted after giving the offer thoughtful consideration and assuring the assurance that he would be permitted to organize and manage the police force without interference from any authority whatsoever.

The criminals of the country were not pleased with the appointment. They knew that while Maj. McClaughry was the kindest and most considerate of prison officials, he was also a firm believer in the majesty of law, and would consequently keep a close eye on their doings. Most of the dangerous lawbreakers of the United States are personally known to the major. While warden of the Joliet prison he introduced the famous Bertillon system of identifying criminals; and no crook who has ever been an inmate of the institutions managed by him has the slightest chance of escape should he be found at his old tricks.

At the present time Maj. McClaughry is perfecting arrangements for the protection of visitors to the world's fair. He has entered into correspondence with the heads of the police departments of every country in Europe for the purpose of securing photographs and personal descriptions of notorious crooks, pickpockets and confidence men, who are sure to find their way to Chicago in 1893. Detectives representing the various nations will be imported to keep an eye on their law-breaking countrymen. Other measures of equal importance have been laid before his superiors by the major, and have received official sanction. It is safe to say, therefore, that the interests of world's fair visitors will be amply protected, and that they will not be subjected to the annoyance experienced by many Americans who were robbed right and left while visiting the expositions at Paris and Vienna.

The regular force of officers under command of the chief of police consists of patrolmen in uniform and detectives. Fully two-thirds of the 2,100 men are on duty at night, the balance is detailed to guard the street crossings in the business district, attend to police court duties and assist special officers in the performance of more delicate work. To secure a more equal distribution of police protection the city has been divided into thirty-seven districts, each of which contains a station and is under the command of a captain or lieutenant. The various divisions of the city are in charge of inspectors, who receive the reports of commanding officers and attend to the general superintendence and miscellaneous. The detective force is under the direction of a lieutenant, with extensive powers.

To secure an appointment on the police force a man must be between the ages of 21 and 35. He must be not less than 5 feet 8 inches in height, and of weight proportioned to his height. He must be an American citizen—native or naturalized—able to read English fairly well, and must have a thorough knowledge of the city, its principal places of business, the various streetcar systems and all points of public interest. A medical examination—more rigid even than that required by the war office in the case of applicants for enlist-



A PATROL AT THE STATION.

ment in the army—keeps out scores of men who seemingly are pictures of health, but who, nevertheless, are afflicted with some organic weakness. Applicants who have met all the requirements of the service receive appointments to the substitute corps as soon as vacancies occur. Inasmuch, however, as there are constantly on file from two to three thousand applications, indorsed by the examining board, aldermanic or some other kind of influence is not to be despised by those who are very anxious for copship honors. The time was when corrupt aldermen—and Chicago has had more than its share of them—realized a snug sum every year by "pushing" the claims of individuals who were wise enough to grease the official wheel. This was one of the evils whose extirpation enlisted Maj. McClaughry's most earnest endeavors, and the good results of his efforts are already noticeable by an increased *esprit de corps*. The man are no longer afraid of being removed to please a city father who wants one of his constituents rewarded by a place on the force, to the detriment of the department and the city at large.

Police recruits are just about as raw as military recruits, and it requires hard work to convert them into martial-looking material. Years ago each captain or lieutenant was supposed to train the men in his command. The result was so unsatisfactory that a drill master was appointed whose duty it is to teach new men how to march and how to wield their clubs.

The hardest duty which a policeman is called upon to perform is guarding the crossings of down-town streets. He must protect the lives and limbs of thousands of pedestrians, control the movement of hundreds of wagons, carriages and street cars, and yet do justice to all. The task is one whose magnitude cannot be appreciated by anyone who has never seen with his own eyes the pandemonium which reigns in the principal thoroughfares of Chicago. The most experienced officers are detailed for this duty, which requires remarkable presence of mind and an even temper, as opportunities for using a club present themselves almost every minute.

The state legislature at its last session passed a law granting a pension, amounting to half pay, to all officers who have served the municipality twenty years, upon reaching the age of sixty years. Many of Chicago's best officers have availed themselves of this enactment and others have been requested to do so. A number of valuable men have been lost to the department in this way, but on the whole the law has proved of considerable benefit. Barnacles who clung to their positions long after passing the period of usefulness were removed and their places filled with younger blood.

It is doubtful if any other city in the union has a more perfect police force than Chicago. There are found among it men who are brutal and quick tempered, it is true, but they cannot hold their positions for any length of time. The maxim that policemen are paid to enforce laws, not to break them, is beginning to be practically employed, and one seldom hears of wanton assaults made by the guardians of the peace. Therein Chicago's force differs much from that of New York, whose members have according to newspaper reports, recognize no power above that of their own hickory clubs.

G. W. WEPFNER.

CHARIVARI A CHINESE CROSSING.

Brotherly Foresight.

Little Tom was involved in the difficulties of learning to dress himself, and regarded the buttons which had to be fastened behind his back as so many devices to torment small boys.

One morning he was informed of the arrival of a baby sister, and later in the day was allowed to steal into his mother's chamber to look at the baby as she lay asleep.

Tom regarded the small creature with much interest, and the nurse, wishing to know what his thoughts were, asked him, softly:

"Well, how do you like her? Isn't she a darling?"

"I don't think she looks much good," answered Tom, with uncompromising frankness. "How soon will she be big enough to fasten my back buttons?"—Youth's Companion.

His Beverages Had Always Been Plain.

Uncle Danforth (on a New York visit, from Portland, Me.)—This is grand, ain't it?

His Nephew—Would you like a cocktail before dinner, uncle?

Uncle Danforth (dubiously)—I dunno. Aunt Danforth—Take it, Ezra, take it. Martha might like it t' wear in her new bunnit, when we get back.—Once a Week.

An Accommodating Official.

"Say, how do I get to the Grand Central depot?" asked a Philadelphia man of a Third avenue elevated gateman.

"Say what?"

"Say, how do I get to the Grand Central depot?"

"How do I get to the Grand Central depot? Anything else you want me to say?"—Texas Siftings.

Not So Very Little.

Mrs. Clingwater (while the congregation is passing out)—Never mind it, Josiah. You make such a tremendous fuss about little things!

Mr. Clingwater (still clawing about under the seat for Mrs. Clingwater's parasol and getting madder every moment)—Do you call anything you wear on your feet little things, madam?—Chicago Tribune.

STILL SCRAPING AWAY.

"Ah, by the way, Mr. Brown, your house is in Cincinnati, I understand. Do you know Mr. De Smythe of that place—Mr. Algernon De Smythe? I had such a delightful time with him a few days last summer at Long Branch. Met him on the train and somehow we managed to scrape an acquaintance. What is the dear fellow doing now?"

"Well, he's still at it, I believe."

"What! Still flirting?"

"Oh, no; still scraping acquaintance."—Chicago Mail.

Hibernating in the Rockies.

Mr. Bruin—Wow-Bow! Roll over there!

Mrs. Bruin—Wow! What's the matter?

Mr. Bruin—How do you suppose I am going to sleep for six months with your cold feet in the small of my back?—Brooklyn Life.

A Detective Formula.

Jack—It's pretty hard to guess a girl's age correctly.

Tom—I can tell you a good way to find it out.

Jack—How?

Tom—Ask her, and then add one third.—Harper's Bazar.

A Dull Starter.

Mrs. Stone (before the milliner's window)—Oh, look, dear, what a love of a bonnet!

Kirby Stone (pulling her away)—But in your case, dear, it is going to be a case of unrequited affection.—Puck.

Gone to Their Destination.

Printer's Boy (to farmer)—Say! The end gate of yer wagon's dropped out!

Farmer—Gosh!

Printer's Boy—Yes, sir; you've shed all yer punkins!—Chicago Tribune.

A Conscientious Tippler.

Primus—You drink too much. Aren't you afraid you may transmit a craving for liquor to your children?

Secundus—Yes—and you see I don't want to transmit it unsatisfied.—Life.

In Boston.

"Mamma, I do not like my new photograph doll at all!"

"Why not, dear?"

"Oh, it speaks with such an offensive New York accent."—Life.

She Wasn't Pretty.

Dora—All is fair in love.

Cora—I don't think so.

Dora—Why don't you?

Cora—You're in love.—Philadelphia Press.

Shoe-Gross, Bred.

Boy (on the road)—Water your hoss, boss?

Rider—Go away, you young scamp this horse is from Kentucky.—Judge.

Only That.

She—There's one thing I like about you, Jack.

He—And that is—

She—Yourself.—Philadelphia Press.

A Great Record.

Clara—How did you get on at the church trimmings?

Meade—Very well. I got three engagement rings.—Judge.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

A TRAMP IN PORTUGAL.—II.

A Study of Lisbon Women, Men and Manners—Quaint Street Sights and Scenes—Lowly Types and Ways—The Water Carriers of Lisbon.

[Copyright, 1891, by Edgar L. Wakeman.]

LISBON, Dec. 21.—There is hardly another city in the world where neatness in attire is so general as in Lisbon. You cannot find an uncleanly or a slovenly person in the city outside of the beggars, who are numerous, licensed, and therefore professional, and who all affect both rags and filth. The middle classes and the aristocracy are faultlessly dressed, and spotless linen from nobleman to lighterman and fisherman is here in delightful a universality as in that other elysium of the lavandera, fair and brilliant Havana.

With men, throughout the various ranks of the aristocracy and among gentlemen of leisure, gallants, merchants, professional men and even with clerks, the normal condition seems to be one of faultless dressing. It is also observable that no one seems gotten up for any occasion, or as if only occasionally gotten up. You can never surprise these Portuguese gentlemen or discover them out of good form as to their attire. The men of Lisbon are the best served men in the world. More than 10,000 Spaniards are practically their slaves. These are my old friends, the Gallegans, from the north of Spain, among whom I wandered two winters ago. They are most docile of all servants and the best. For the value of an American five cent piece they will go anywhere and perform miracles of service. They are not unusually attached to a single individual or household. They are everywhere, and are any one's porter, servant or valet at a moment's warning. The magical hissing sound, "Sh-s-s-s," uttered anywhere in Lisbon, will bring one instantly to your side. And so the poorest clerk may have his valet, secretary—for he will mount your clothing with the dexterity of a tailor—and all in one, as much or little as he likes or can afford.

As much cannot be said for the women. Their street appearance is not so characteristic nor so graceful as that of the Spanish women. The beautiful mantilla is less worn here than seems fitting, or as one could wish. One feels when a group of fair senhoritas are met in the paseo or seen in costly equipages on the Campo Grande, that unlike all other women of the Latin races they possess no distinct air or style or presence of their own. In dress they are in fact composite; and, like Bayreuth in Wagnerian music, which is to Europe the universal simile for every manner of style incongruously composed, a Portuguese lady often presents startling combinations of date and style in her most prized and sumptuous attire. She still possesses a fine carriage and figure, and, as I have previously stated, a certain honesty and wholesomeness of face and look and particularly an everglowing radiance of eye and smile which [illegible] respect.

The artist and sentimentalist in general will not find the poetic and rhapsodic type so frequent here as in Spain, Italy and Algiers, but the compensation is at hand in a better type of womanhood. In what may be termed the middle classes there are few ravishingly beautiful women. They are oftener tall and angular or short and stout, in either of which cases the rather small and oval face has not the same attractiveness as with daintier women of petite and symmetric figure. Women of the latter type are oftener found in Lisbon in the two farthest removed classes, among the nobility and peasant and servant class. The latter are almost invariably beautiful in face and figure. So many of the female servants as may be seen upon the streets can always be readily observed at the fountains, where with the Gallegans they perform the duties of water carriers; while they often to the number of two or three accompany their mistresses for promenades or to the shops. Then the flower market is full of beautiful girls, the daily procession of fishwomen from Belem contains many extraordinary types, though painfully straight from always carrying their fish upon their heads; and the peasant women who come with flowers, butter, milk, eggs and cheese from the outlying farms are almost invariably wenches of graceful carriage, perfect figure and piquant and often lovely face.

No kinder hearted, more hospitable or polite people exist than those of Portugal. Among every manner of city serving men and women there is a chivalry and apparent earnestness in interchange of greeting and commonest civility which often reaches the ludicrous to brusque Americans. Their courtesy and dignity in this regard are really wonderful. The cumulative adjectives applied to intensifying the formal expression of mutual regard and leading up to those highest titles of respect, senhor and senhora, never are less expressive than "most adored," "truest regarded," "most heart thrillingly beloved" or "exceeding and most illustrious."

Even the beggars speak to each other in precisely these courtly terms, and if you should refuse them alms with the customary phrase, "Pardon—in the name of God"—they will follow you only to bless and shower benedictions upon you.

You can never tire of the street scenes of Lisbon. From Belem, heaped thereon, every morning come the processions of fishwomen. They are most picturesque in their blue kirtles, huge black felt hats, bare feet and legs, massive gold earrings, complexions brown and neat all plaiting black as Spanish gipsies, and their baskets of white and gleaming fish.

Over from Setuzi, Aldea Gallega and Alcochete every morning come boat loads of market stuff and peasantry, while down from the mountain villages behind the city stream the peasant men and women. The women among these bring along, with every manner of small produce, some of the prettiest feet and ankles, the barefooted habits of many, and the short skirted petticoats of all ever give unconscious display. The crates, casks, pouches, baskets, ewers and wheel-like and gigantic wooden platters these women bring with them, carrying nearly everything upon their heads, are of incredible size and weight. Thick, goiterlike necks are the result, but their grace and brightness as beasts of burden are winning surely. Intermingled with all these during the morning market hours are capote hidden women from the hills, smart city servants with their endless [illegible] clinking of wooden shoes upon the pavements, grim nuns from the fickle hunting upon their bags or goods, which in Portugal always become the traveling staffs; noisy youths hawking fighting cocklets in cages, country folk in costumes of [illegible] of women, many of which have fallen out of the mists of the aristocracy, and boys selling heaven knows what and eighths of lottery tickets, for ever in Lisbon is it a true saying that "Tomorrow the wheel goes round" importune and wrap wrinkled military attaches dancing hereand there in blue, buff and green; grave and comfortable padres, impervious to forgivable chaffing and badinage; half-naked urchins with wonderfully bright faces; beggars with pitcous though smiling looks, so cheery over refusal as reward, and a hundred other talk and features so touched with the semitarbaric and oriental that one awakens from the weird fancies conjured by sight and scene in a sort of half dismay that in this spot, where our own wondrous civilization had its very beginning, everything seems a thousand years behind even the drowsy progress of the Europe of to-day.

Here and there throughout the streets, bevies of giggling senhoritas, never alone and always conveyed by some bright eyed old duenna, pass from shop to shop, ever seeming to avoid, but ever in reality compelling most ludicrous antics on the part of all males from eighteen to eighty. Roaring and tearing down from the heights as if pursued comes one of the cocheiros of the town with his ramshackly barouche, to which are often harnessed three donkeys abreast. He has been nowhere. He is going nowhere. He lashes and screams and vents maledictions upon his beasts, suddenly the outlandish outfit comes to a halt, from instant the violent cocheiro is seen on his box and the donkeys' heads droop dolefully between their knees.

Now and then a strange horse and rider will be seen. The horse is a piebald. The rider is a gentleman farmer; a "morgado" he is called in Portugal. He sits upon his beast in a semimilitary, semicowboy style, holds his bridle reins high in air, wears a spur and mustachios of wonderous dimensions, and ambles through the changeful scene like a hesitant, humbled Quixote. Everywhere are little donkeys carrying fat people; burdened with furze, brushwood, charcoal, dried corn leaves and stalks, rushes and straw completely hiding them, packed with twice their own weight in merchandise going to or coming from the quays, or driven double with great timbers across their backs. "Ande! Ande!" their drivers shout, as they prod them with lances from pointed pikes as long and heavy as our own pitchfork handles.

Water is brought into Lisbon in one of the world's greatest aqueducts, the Aqueduct of Agoa Livres, from the mountain village of Belles, ten miles distant. It extends across the near valley of Alcantara upon a series of thirty arches, 107 feet from pier to pier, the point of the highest arch rising 264 feet above the valley bed. The water is poured from this aqueduct into an immense covered reservoir, and is from this conveyed to the many cisterns or public fountains of the city. From these fountains, since the time of Joao V., nearly all private houses, public buildings and shops have been supplied by water carriers—men and women. Most of these, particularly the men, are thus solely employed. Many of the women are simply house and shop servants of the peasant class, and probably the most interesting studies for tourist, writer or artist are to be found among these lowly folk beside the fountains.

At every one of these old moss covered jetties groups of barefooted men and women are constantly gathering. What manly fellows are the men, and what graceful attitudes and poses they unconsciously assume as they loiter a bit for chatter and gossip before they shoulder the huge wooden casks and trot gayly away with their mighty loads. "What splendid types of Portuguese are these!" you will exclaim. But they are not Portuguese. They are Gallegans, from the ancient sovereignty of Galicia, comprising the present four northwesternmost provinces of Spain, named Lugo, Coruna, Orense and Pontevedra, with a population of 2,000,000 souls. One-fourth of the entire number are continuously servants in Spain and Portugal; perhaps 100,000 in Portugal alone, and more than 5,000 are water carriers here in Lisbon. I know them well in their northern homes we choose and in their southern work and ways, and they are lovable for their matchless docility and fidelity, one and all.

When the Gallegan youth has arrived at the age of eighteen he goes to his destiny at sea, in the army, or as the city menial. He suffers every conceivable indignity without resentment. "Gallegan dog" is the mildest universal epithet applied to him. Kick him and he will not even cringe. No power can tempt him to resent insult or break law, but to deprive him of his earnings. He will not squander a dozen reis in a whole year. He will starve to save. He will do anything but rob or murder while at service to increase his hoard; and though his homesickness for his mountain fastness, perro and gaita are often despairing that he dies of heartache and longing, he never will return to his beloved Galicia until he has earned enough to possess his own chosa and patch of ground. This is his only earthly ambition, and he seldom fails of its realization. Thousands of others gain this accomplishment as agadors or reapers. When the southern fields are ripe whole armies of Gallegan reapers set out from their mountain homes armed with the short hoe or sickle, their wooden shoes slung over their shoulders, something as the west of Ireland men annually set forth for the English harvest fields, and carrying also their gaitas with them, pipe their way to the south, where they reap the grain for the indolent farmers of Castile and Portugal. Returning on foot as they went, they wake wild and barbaric echoes through the Sierra de la Culebre, Sierra de Bansderio and the fair Montanas de Leon. The Gallegan women meanwhile have cared for their own little harvests, and from autumn until springtime save for the occasional droning of the bag pipe, the crack of the reteco or blunder buss and the wolfish barking of the mountain dog, sudden silence and lifeless idleness seem to have knit all Galicia into a forgetting and gloomy web of leaden and oblivirate repose.

But see these maiden water carriers of Lisbon, prettiest of all women in the opulent city, with great dancing eyes, pouting lips ever parting from dazzling white teeth, their tongues ceaselessly running musical staccato, and their supple forms ever in irrepressible movement from the boundless life within them. Their short skirts disclose limbs which outrival the Venus of Cos in delicate symmetry. Their smart bodices vainly hide busts of marvelous roundness and amplitude, with full arching neck bared above, and crowning it such a dainty and dimpled chin as even Tuscany cannot match; while the line from tip of little finger up their brown, round arms to beyond the dimpled elbow is a marvelous study in nature's only perfect mobile bronze. But they have dallied and chatted long enough. With a white little pad of rushes or cloth is slapped on their dainty, shapely heads; in a twinkling the great cask, half as tall and quite as big as they, is resting on the pad, and with a song or roguish laugh they are away, tripping homeward as daintily and airily as in the measures of the contradanza of WALZ.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a personal laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 25c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

WANTED

WANTED—A good potato girl for general housework. Inquire at 24 West Bridge street. 9 Jan16tf

WANTED—A waitress at 178 West 9th street. 8 1.6d

WANTED—A girl for dining room and chamber work. References required. 74 East Mohawk street. 7 1.7.6t

TO RENT.

TO RENT—House with modern improvements No. 48 West Cayuga street, corner 5th. Inquire next door. 9 1.6.6t

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A handsome carriage in good condition. Apply at John J. Fisher's grocery in West First street. 5 1.7.6t

FOR SALE—Very milch cow, (all blooded Holstein) Will sell. Can be seen at DANIEL QUIGLEY'S, West Bridge Street First Farm. 999 1.6.6t

LOST—Small gold watch, with chain; gold pencil and silver cross attached. Reward in city of West Fifth and 24 Hours Sts. Thursday afternoon. Finder please leave at PALLADIUM office and receive reward. 8 Jan9dt

Undertaking Parlors

—O—

THE FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE ROOMS IN THE CITY.

A full line of funeral supplies constantly on hand to make selections from.

The finest Hearse in the county.

The latest and most improved methods of Embalming.

Forsyth & Lynch,

42 HOLBROOK BLOCK,

West Bridge St., Oswego.

Open day and night. 11.2.6dm

Insurance

AND COAL.

F. B LATHROP

Wicks Block

WEST FIRST CAYUGA BRIDGE ST

FOR SALE

FLOUR

SPRING WHEAT FLOUR, VIZ:

Pillsbury's Best, Schoellkopf, Mather's Superlative, Mill's Best and Duluth Imperial.

WINTER WHEAT, VIZ

All brands of Penfield, Lyon & Co., C. E. Hastings & Co., Hover Milling Co., and the famous Bankuss.

WRIGHT & FUNT.

THE NEW YEAR

—O—

THE PROPER THING

Start in Right

with the New Year is to get a dozen of

SMITH'S $2.00 a Dozen

Elegant Cabinets.

OVER BUTLER'S,

128 West First Street Oswego, N. Y

Plain and Ornamental Turning

—AND—

SCROLL SAWING,

Windows, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and the best assortment of Lumber, Pine or Hardwood; Lathes, Posts, Shingles, Cisterns and Sidewalks always on hand.

Also Hemlock and Spruce, at

Wright & Boyle's

Shade Cloths

OSWEGO SHADE CLOTH CO.,

Manufacturers of

Finest Grade of Shade Cloth,

Corner East First and Utica Streets,

OSWEGO, N. Y.

New York Office, 34 Thomas Street

MINETTO SHADE CLOTH CO

Manufacturers of

Minetto Window Shadings

OFFICE:

New York Salesrooms, OSWEGO N. Y

11 & 13 Franklin St.

EMPIRE MILLS.

Patent Roller Flour.

Buckwheat Flour,

Wheat, Feed, all kinds

Corn, Meal and Oats

Wheat, Buckwheat and Oats bought and exchanged.

H. DOOLITTLE, 66, 68, 70 East 1st St.

POST & HENDERSON.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Lumber and Shingles

Foot of East First Street.

OSWEGO N. Y

STRICTURE.

Dissolved and Removed by Medicine only

NO INSTRUMENTS.

Address PHYSICIAN,

Box 117 SYRACUSE N. Y.

Advertise in Two Publications.