

HINMAN'S BLOCK. Hinman & Showers.

The Iowa City Republican.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

MAHER'S CASH STORE FOR FINE GOODS!

Just received, 10 chests of those Fine Uncolored JAPAN TEAS, all of which will sell for 30c per pound.

D. MAHER.

WANT COLUMN.

BILLS POSTED.—Oirenlara, etc. distributed at reasonable prices, J. H. Fox, Iowa City, Iowa.

Wood picnic plates. Lee, Welch & Co. Another Saturday night again.

One hundred and ninety-five years ago, to-day, July 27, 1694, the Bank of England was chartered.

A number of farmers were in the city to-day. Many of them came quite early and returned to their friends again.

The fire department will meet Monday, 7:30 p. m., sharp. Everybody be sure to attend.

Mrs. Enoch Davis is slowly but surely recovering from her recent sickness, now being no longer bed-ridden, at which she and her friends rejoice.

The scholars of Miss Lloyd's summer school, some two score in number, are regaling themselves on the Heinrichs' farm north of the city, to-day.

Mr. Frank Tanner has very generously donated a first class farm wagon to Thos. Fraenkel, whose barn and implements were destroyed by fire the other night.

Greatest bargains ever offered at Lightner & Co's. Do not wait but come at once. Best assortment of white goods, and embroidery in the city at lowest cash prices.

Ladies' Marie Antoinette vest chains at Startsmen's jewelry emporium.

Speaking of a certain patent medicine "reading notice," now running through the state papers, isn't it about time the State Register had about driven that nail to its final resting place?

In the recent death of Mrs. Peter Long, of North, Liberty Johnson county has lost one her oldest and most esteemed pioneers. For many long years has this county been her home, and her sudden demise, even at her advanced age, came like a shock to her wide circle of friends.

There promises to be another live musical evening in a few hours. The Athens Band, swelled in numbers to 14, and with especially fine music, will take its wondrous corner, and, it is rumored, the Union Band has been engaged by rival corners to furnish the choicest music in their power. Let the band begin to play. Music bath ch—

Garnet goods, at Startsmen's jewelry emporium.

Death and the dead are sacred to man. He has a holy reverence for all that pertains to the "undiscovered country." The grave is sacred to him—to man, we say—but to the swindling, sneaking, contemptible land shark, who goes around seeking whom he may devour, nothing is holy, nothing is sacred.

Gas supplied to Private Families, Stores and for all other Purposes.

FAVORITE.

Favorite Soap.

A Pound for 5c.

A BARGAIN.

Hinman & Showers.

THE FINEST LINE OF BUGGIES OF Carriages, Phaetons Surreys Road Park AND SPRING WAGONS in the City CALL AND GET PRICES T.C. CARSON & SONS 11 13 & 23 WASHINGTON ST. IOWA CITY, IOWA

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA

EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES Rescued from the horrors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Intemperance, &c., may be cured at home without fail by exposure, infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 500 pages, only \$1 by mail, sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address: The Fishbody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bullfinch St., Boston, Mass.

Iowa City Gas Light Co. J. K. GRAVES, President. E. SWITZER, Secretary and Treasurer. D. D. PAVIS, Superintendent. Gas Supplied to Private Families, Stores and for all other Purposes.

BONANZA AGENTS SAMPLES FREE GEO. A. BROWN, New York City

PERSONAL MENTION.

Editor Doty and Capt. Wolf of Oxford were in town to-day.

Miss Carrie Wienke has returned from a brief visit in West Liberty.

Hon. E. Clark is again in our midst, after an invigorating tour through Iowa.

Mrs. M. M. Stewart is enjoying a visit with friends in Minneapolis and Muscatine.

Miss Nettie Bolton has gone to Solon, to visit friends and enjoy a deserved rest.

Mrs. C. D. Close and son have returned from a short visit to Postville, Iowa.

Dr. Lizzie Hess has gone to Des Moines to spend a few days on a recreative trip.

Mrs. T. E. Britton has left for Spirit Lake, to spend Sunday with her husband at that resort.

Ed. Lower, of Muscatine and P. W. Glover, of Chicago, are registered at the Chicago Hotel.

Miss Jennie Osborne, is enjoying a short visit in Cedar Rapids, the guest of Miss Lillie Metcalf.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Coughlan have gone to Solon to spend the day, as has also Mr. Ray Cannon.

Mrs. W. S. Jones, accompanied by her daughter, Alta, of Manchester, Iowa, is visiting Prof. Hastings and family.

Mrs. Campbell, of Hazleton, Iowa, is here to spend a week with her sister, Mrs. W. D. Cannon, on the West side.

Mr. Carl Stutsman, the new manager of the Vidette-Reporter, is in the city. He is still connected with the Burlington Hawkeye.

A number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Thornberry spent last evening at their pleasant home and were delightfully entertained.

G. W. Cook, of Homestead, H. E. Colburn, of Lansing, Michigan, Joe Kenses, of Burlington, and S. N. Lantz, of Grinnell, are registered at Buerckle House.

After a five month's absence, Frank Grady is again home, called by the illness of his mother. He has been in Creston, a faithful employe in the trainyards.

Fred Cochran has left for an extended trip through Iowa and the North. Even the cold waves of Manitoba will not debar him from his pursuit 'mid the realms of ice.

Irving Cowperthwaite is visiting in Ft. Dodge, the guest of the Hon. L. S. Coffin. He will be joined by Curtis Dey, with whom he will visit in that city for a month.

Among the many popular students of the S. U. I., none were better liked than Guido H. Stempel and he now receives a hearty greeting from every one whom he meets. He is here from Ft. Madison, on a short visit.

Walter Pratt is back from Winfield, Iowa, where he has been successfully practicing photography during the past five months. He will remain here till the middle of August, skillfully conducting the Elite, in the absence of D. Rad Coover, who leaves next week for an extended trip.

A Brilliant Success. If there is one thing in life more than another which is calculated to produce a feeling of satisfaction; and contentment within one's self; it is the knowledge of having made; a success of the enterprise or undertaking you enter into. Such has proved the character of the great Red Letter sale of which so much has been said during the past two weeks. This sale was entered into; with one determination, namely; that of clearing out all summer goods to make room for our Fall stock which will soon be coming in; on us. We are, therefore, going to make this coming week, if possible; more interesting than any preceding one. Let every lady come at her earliest convenience and see what bargains are in store for her. The most enticing prices ever offered at

After Bryant (A Long Way.) The melon-cholic days have come. The saddest of the year. With sweating boys and naked vines And stomachs out of gear.

The weather has grown steadily hotter during the past twenty-four hours, the cooling effects of the severe storm apparently being but ephemeral. The mounting mercury spoke thus: 10 a. m.—83 1/2 degrees. 12 m.—87 1/2 degrees. 2 p. m.—89 degrees.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, overcomes That Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by G. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

JAPANESE HOTELS.

[BY ISHIKAWA KIKO.]

Not only American but also European travellers have given an unanimous opinion that the Japanese hotel system is unique in administering towards the comfort of the guests. Perhaps the accidental idea of comfort might differ from our own in certain subtleties. Now let us see. The Japanese are very fond of travelling. In the days when there was no other means of conveyance than the two legs, they still travelled far and wide. And even now they are indisposed to take to steamers or railroads when they mean to travel. The country, as it is well-known, is full of antique that have smiled upon the gaps of ten centuries, and of the ruins of Citadels, and shrines that witnessed the pomp and grandeur of the court of Yoritomo, the elder brother of great Gen Gi Khan (according to a pamphlet published at the London Times, six years ago) also, the country is rich of picturesque scenery which attracts so many foreigners every year, and besides, every hill and every stream has the honor of having been a battle-field either old or new. From such physical causes the most of later day Japanese have evolved to be poets. Even the most prosaic of men, when on their travel, awaken the lazy birds by six o'clock in the morning at some mountain pass, whose tender dew wet the feet of the travellers so they can not proceed further without ransacking their brains for a verse or two; and when they see the moon shining through the roof of ruined temple in which they take their short rest, the music comes uninvoked. I can not, however, tell whether our institutions of hotels proceeded or succeeded this universal love of travel and poetry.

As a country as large as the State of Dakota, is inhabited by 30,000,000 of travel-loving people, you can readily imagine that Japan is not wilderness, but instead, it is full of hotels. A hotel is generally a two-story building of a huge dimension. In its architecture you don't see anything worth a while. But let you be a traveller and enter it as such, at say, about 7 o'clock p. m. All the employes of the hotel would jointly, but not mechanically, scream "welcome", at your entrance. One takes your baggage, if any. The hostess bows on the mat and expresses audibly the thanks for your advent and smilingly asserts that you might have been tired. You need not discuss against her assertion at this moment, but you may follow the other servant who leads you to your room. Now come the tea and sweet meats and a couple of salted plums, which, tradition says, counteracts on any bad effect caused by the change of either water or air. It is generally a girl who attends your room, pours tea into your cup, helps you to the sweet meats, brings in some greasy novels and old newspapers. Suppose that you have taken an interest in this girl about 16 years of age and as sweet as everything, you tip her 20 cents; and "oh my!" you would discover that the money did not go to her, but it was metamorphosed into a card of thanks with a big seal of the hotel.

Then you may talk her to death, if you can, or let her enjoy her life by dismissing her, of course, or, if you are inexperienced, occupy yourself in putting in some nonsense to your journal—until the announcement for bath comes to you. In the meantime if you want anything you clap your hands. The girl will answer to the call and you can have what you want. After the bath you will be surely asked of your convenient supper time. You may order special dishes or unusual kind of drinks. But let us study the usual course of a meal. It consists of three small tables on each of which is arrayed five dishes. Those tables are brought into your own room waited by the same girl. And if there is any game or fowl in the course the raw flesh will be carried in, accompanied with a fire-box and other utensils of cooking. The Japanese guests are very particular in regard to their food. The fish they can easily discern if it be one day old. But as to other flesh it is hard to distinguish good from bad if it was cooked; and they, unlike the refined Americans, do not refrain from asking the age of a chicken, even though they know it is a female; hence the caution.

A bath, and bottles after it is the necessary of the Japanese life. For the sake of description let us think you belonging to that class. You are not under any circumstances given such a big glass as is familiar to the Goettingen students, but a small cup which contains about as much as ordinary American tablespoon. At this stage you invariably cross your legs, hold your pipe in your left hand and the cup in the other while your tongue talks to the waitress. Then you are decidedly the master of the whole house and of yourself. If you are a married man your wife's garrulous information of the latest fashion does not reach you here. If a single, no paternal-familias is exercised over you for the time being.

You may now float out doors buoyant with a moderate fluid and attack theatre or dime show, or write a poetry in your bed. As everybody goes barefooted in the Japanese house, the dreamless sleep soon overtakes you. In the morning the breakfast will be served at anytime you choose, even after dinner if you insist. You may eat at this pleasure, and leave for another hotel followed by many "thanks, come again."

I can not, my kind readers, help recalling in this connection, my military tour of two years ago. Considering that I am more than half the world away from something usually known as "home," you will grant me this privilege. One morning my old man, this is, my Spartan father said, "My son, don't forget war in peace." "All right, sir," I rejoined. The same afternoon I started with my two older friends to study the camps at the Gettysburg of Japan. And what a nice time we had at those hotels! I got all the fun,

but one of my companions got all the military side of the travel to himself, inspired by the historic grounds on our way he returned home a changed revolutionist while I went back to my school full of stories. A short time later this man took part in a mob of 200 strong. He was arrested and his dynamite snatched from him. Six other chiefs were also caught at several places. Best attorneys were obtained for them but the law was altogether against their side. As they were hanged—my friend at age of but 25! Whether the life of Cobespierre, which he led, or the pleasures of travel, in which he indulged, caused him to die a death of disgrace, I am not prepared to tell. I only feel a deadly cold in this July sun when I think of this catastrophe. In any way, however, there is nothing for the Japanese hotels to blame for this particular tragedy. Still, it is true, such hotels as we have can influence young men to be away from their paternal roof.

A few days ago I saw by the American paper an account of certain ladies and gentlemen of New York who used to pay enormous sums of money to the agents of different hotels on both sides of the Atlantic on the stipulation that their (ladies and gentlemen) names be registered in the hotel books and reported in the different papers—while they themselves remained comfortably at their respective homes. The paper commented upon this as a human vanity. Whatever it may be called there is much wisdom in it, reasoning upon the premises found, not upon my personal observation, but upon more intelligent experience of others. In America, many European travellers remarked, there is one institution where the spirit of Democracy is not displayed. It is in her hotels. "You have to pay \$5 or \$3 a day to conform to the regulation of my house"—that is the spirit of American hotels toward the customers. Indeed, when we, in the morning, divide our mind between the enjoyment of the sweet embrace of our beds and the apprehension of losing breakfast at all; and when at meals we are assaulted by beauty-affecting waitress with that one word long enough to reach the milky-way without a hyphen (when there is no printed menu) certainly it will be right and wise for those ladies and gentlemen above alluded to, to pay money to the hotel agents but remain themselves at home.

What a Pity. that the otherwise beautiful girl should have such bad teeth. And all because she did not use SOZODONT. It costs so little to buy it considering the good it does, and its benefits stretch out into her future life. Poor girl!

SOUP FOR SEGAR-MAKERS Iowa City Printers Win an Exciting Game.

With blood in their eye and cigars in their mouth, the Cigar-does came to the ground. They swore they'd bat balls from north to south—to far distant regions where they'd never be found. Rousseau stood in the box, like a king of great twirlers and fondled the ball with great glee, and he chuckled aloud, as he waxed his sweet curlers, "the Cigar-does are puddin'—they can't touch me." Though printer he was, he spoke but the truth, and fiercely they pounded the air; but Roxy sawed wood with no semblance of ruth, and in sorrow and woe they tore out their hair. They may have been pounders, like Brouthers or Denny, but of base hits or grounders, (being Cigar-does) they couldn't Hav-ana. But hard luck of printers, proverbially fearful, hung o'er typos and pressmen, so mournfully tearful. Dark clouds of distress hovered over each cranium, and of parsous, (fine unpre), they cried, "Let us brain him." 'Twas madness, you know, induced by the score, so awfully bleak on their side—the smokers had three, nice tallies and wide—we had what we started with, not a point more. Thus it ran for three innings, nothing to three, the cigar-makers o'er bubbling with joy, hitting tip-ups quite easy and free, while our people made errors like a Sioux Indian boy. But then came a brace—and a few cracking hits—hoopla—how wildly we yelled; a metamorphosis came over our face; tear drops of joy to our brimming eyes welled. To Elysium, our spirits immediately rose, to the flowery regions of Heaven. We howled to our men "get on to your toes"; "they've got four scores and we've got seven." Fizz! boom! bang! that sphere hustled around, burning great holes in the air; like exploding Krupp cannons, the noise it did sound, as our boys slung it 'round by its sizzling back hair. Moresadness anon and visions of soup, while Lisch madly paved with Ansonian skill, and uttered a woe-begone dismal Dutch "whoop," in his own peculiar, musical trill. The battle was fierce, though blood never flowed, and the light wasn't won till the last; four times the score tied, while evil did bode, and Printers' hearts beat wondrously fast. But the battle is over and the printers have won—they're the greatest ball players in town; if Anson and Ewing want any fun—somebody just send 'em aroun'.

The reasons of success—the whole thing in a pith, we couldn't help winning with "two niggers" so many, while excepting Nick Smith, the Cigar-does didn't have any. Then twice, when two eager runners, anxiously toyed with their bases, Rousseau pounded out two, beautiful bags and cleared every runners' traces. Billy Shields held his third with ineffable grace, and one-handed or two just as you willed, he rilled down red-hot ones, saving the race, and many a runner he killed. Burger at second, gobbled up hits, as though they were his favorite diet and Datcher and Turner—such playing—if he works till he dies—Bennett or Williamson can't try it. The Cigar-does did well, but couldn't quite win, and Gracky, Smithy, and Bom—No use of trying, one can't begin to tell how they all played ball in a manner "not run." 'Twas hard luck for them all, with such a close game, and they have high hopes of future glory. If they meet again on the gory field of battle, will the score tell a different story?

Printers..... 0 0 2 2 1 1 4 2—15 Cigar-Makers..... 0 3 0 1 0 1 4 4—14

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder MOST PERFECT MADE Contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum.

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL STATE COLLEGE

I have several times examined baking powders market to determine their purity, raising power and its effect on the health of those using them. I have uniformly found DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER to be all respects. In raising power it stands at the head.

While other baking Powders give an ALKALINE reaction LEADS TO DYSPEPSIA. Price's is a pure, clean, elegant and safe preparation.

I have used "PRICES" in my family for years. PROF. R. C. KEDZOR, Late President Michigan State Board

A. B. CRE... Undertaker and Embalmer OPERA HOUSE BLOCK ROOMS: OPEN: D.V.Y.: AND: I Keep Folding Chairs and Tables For Moulding and Picture Framing All Kinds of Furniture Repaired IN: THE: BEST: POSSIBLE: MANNER

IT MAY BE Worth your while knowing that during the next 30 days in order to make room for our Fall Stock, we will Make LOW PRICES ON FURNITURE That will be very interesting to you. We have everything from medium grades up to the Finest Quality including all the Latest Novelties. SCHNEIDER BROTHERS

W. P. HOHENSCHUH, FURNITURE UNDERTAKING.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA. The Several Departments Will Begin the Year 1889-90 on September 11. Each Department is thoroughly equipped for efficient work, and no pains will be spared to afford students the best possible opportunity to pursue their chosen lines of study. For particular information as to the respective Departments, address as follows: Collegiate—Charles A. Schaeffer, President, Iowa City. Law—Edwin McClain, Vice-Chancellor, Iowa City. Medical—W. F. Pock, M. D., Dean of Faculty, Des Moines. Homopathic Medical—A. C. Cowperthwaite, M. D., Dean of Faculty, Iowa City. Dental—A. O. Hunt, D. D. S., Dean of Faculty, Iowa City. Pharmaceutical—E. L. Boerner, Ph. G., Dean of Faculty, Iowa City. Expenses in all Departments are reasonable. Cost of board in private families, \$3 to \$5 per week; in clubs, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per week. For catalogues, or for general information address CHARLES A. SCHAEFFER, President.

C. R. I. & P. TIME CARD. According to "Time Table No. 1, taking effect Sunday, May 12, 1889, trains will arrive in Iowa City as follows: WESTWARD TRAINS. No. 16—Passenger..... 10:02 p. m. No. 38—Passenger..... 9:32 a. m. No. 17—Passenger..... 10:17 p. m. No. 19—Accommodation..... 1:12 p. m. No. 10—Accommodation..... 8:15 a. m. No. 21—Accommodation..... 6:49 a. m. No. 23—Accommodation..... 11:59 a. m. No. 22—Accommodation..... 7:11 a. m. EASTWARD TRAINS. No. 2—Passenger..... 4:45 a. m. No. 4—Passenger..... 8:40 p. m. No. 14—Passenger..... 6:50 a. m. No. 18—Accommodation..... 8:15 a. m. No. 25—Accommodation..... 9:53 a. m. No. 24—Accommodation..... 6:53 a. m. No. 20—Accommodation..... 6:20 p. m. No. 26—Accommodation..... 1:30 p. m. *Trains run daily. †Trains run daily, except Sunday. ‡Trains run daily, except Monday.

IOWA CENTRAL BY TIME CARD AT GRINNELL GOING NORTH. No. 1—St. Paul and Minneapolis Mail, 9:25 a. m. No. 5—Freight..... 9:25 p. m. No. 7—Freight..... 9:42 p. m. GOING SOUTH. No. 2—St. Louis & Kansas City Mail, 8:25 p. m. No. 6—Freight..... 10:15 a. m. No. 12—Freight..... 2:45 p. m. No. 18—Freight..... 3:45 p. m. *Daily; all other trains daily except Sunday. †Trains run daily, except Monday.

C. R. C. & N. TIME CARD. Time table goes into effect May 12, 1889. Train leaves Iowa City as follows: GOING NORTH. No. 3—Mail..... 11:35 a. m. No. 4—Express..... 8:45 a. m. No. 47—Freight..... 8:20 p. m. GOING SOUTH. No. 4—Mail..... 4:15 p. m. No. 41—Express..... 10:20 p. m. No. 48—Freight..... 10:29 a. m. C. H. ACKERT, Gen'l Mgr. A. F. BANKS, G. R. A. A Perfect Face For FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER. W. A. Morrison's Wholesale & Retailer, 125 College Street. THE LATEST PERFUMES. PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST. Sold by W. A. MORRISON.