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DAILY LEADER.

UNDER SUSPICION.

CHAPTER I.—THE ARREST.

"Uncle Joseph, will you see to the luggage?"

"Certainly, madam," I replied. I always called my brother's second wife 'madam;' we never quarreled but each thought that the other was the most disagreeable person in the universe; and as we each knew what the other thought, it may be imagined our intercourse was not of a very cordial nature.

I did see to the luggage, and then took tickets for the party for the York Express by the Great Northern Railway.

Fortunately we had a compartment to ourselves, that is, Mrs. Webster, my niece Clara and myself.

"Clara, my dear, you look as ill as you can look; no one would ever think that to-morrow was your wedding-day."

"Do I look ill, mamma," said Clara, dreamily.

"Yes, my dear, and wretched too. I wonder you've not more sense at your age, a girl of twenty-five and breaking her heart for love of a man who for four years has taken not even the slightest notice of you."

"Why, it was one of the conditions, Mrs. Webster, that he should not write," I exclaimed.

Clara said nothing but locked her thanks at her old uncle.

"However, Uncle Joseph, he ought to have come back and taken his dismissal quietly. I have no patience with these poor men blighting a girl's chance of getting well settled in life in this way; however, thank goodness, it's all over now, the four years are gone this three months, and to-morrow you will be the happy wife of a man whose age will command your respect, and whose position will secure you every comfort."

"And one, mamma, whom nothing on earth but my solemn promise to my poor dear father would make me call husband."

"Well, my dear, it's fortunate for your future interests that you made that promise. I'm sure that Mr. Tredgar is a man after my own heart. If I hadn't other views for my children's sake, I should have sot my cap at him myself."

"I'm sure, madam, Mr. Tredgar would feel only too much honored if he knew your sentiments; the candid avowal of them is, I think, highly calculated to add to Clara's happiness under the existing circumstances."

"Well, you know, Uncle Joseph, I am candid to a fault."

"Decidedly, madam, most decidedly," I replied, a remark which caused Mrs. Webster to read a yellow covered novel for some time in silence, though shortly afterwards she dropped asleep.

Clara stole to my side of the carriage, and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, uncle, I wish I were dead; can it be so very wrong to die? I am so wretched, I dread to morrow. Oh! why will not God pity me, and take away my life?'

"My dear Clara, don't, there's a good child; it's sicked to talk in this way: life must be borne; I have felt as you feel, and yet I live, and am not positively unhappy, only a vague, shadowy regret for what might have been stands like a cloud between me and any happiness that might be mine. Yours are keen sufferings, but bear them patiently, and use will dull the pain."

"But, uncle, why, did he not let me hear from him, as mamma says?"

"Because he was a man of honor; the four years were up only last April, and this is but July; who can tell where he is? Wherever he is, he is faithful and true, I know."

"Oh! uncle, God bless you for those words, I know it too, but what can I do? I cannot delay longer: my poor father's dying words, my solemn promise to marry this man, my stepmother's persecutions, what can I do? Three months have I fought, and now I wish I could lie down and die. O, uncle, is there no escape? I have such a dread that he will come back after I am married, and then—oh! it would be worse than his death to see him! The temptation!—oh! why cannot I die?"

"Poor child! poor child!" was all I could utter.

Bound by a vow made at her father's death-bed, she was going the next day to marry a man who was old enough to be her father, and who, but for the fact of his persisting in his claim, spite of her openly expressed dislike of him, was esteemed a good kind of man.

True, Clara was beautiful and accomplished, beyond the average of women of her class, and it would be a struggle to any man to give up such a prize, backed as he was by the assurances of the stepmother that it was only a girlish fancy, and that love coming after marriage was more to be trusted and more lasting than if it came before. I confess I was but a poor counsellor under such circumstances; still I loved her very truly, she was almost as my own daughter, for I was a childless widower, and I would have given my life to save her. But it was impossible, and to-morrow would seal her fate.

It was not a pleasant journey, that. Mrs. Webster slept and read at intervals the whole time, and when she slept Clara nestled close up to me.

We arrived at York about 6 o'clock, and, just as the train was slackening speed into the station, a guard jumped on to the footboard, locked or unlocked the door, retaining his position there until the train stopped.

"Have you all your parcels, madam?"

"All, thank you, Uncle Joseph, except my umbrella—oh! that's under the seat," said Mrs. Webster.

"Now, guard, unlock the door."

"Are you with that young lady?" pointing to my niece.

"Certainly, unlock the door."

"Better not make a fuss, sir."

"Fuss! what do you mean?"

The man, who seemed to be looking out for somebody, now asked, "All right, sir?"

"All right," said the station master, coming to the door, and opening it, "this way, miss."

"What does this mean?"

"Step into my office. I suppose it is all right. Better not say too much out here, you know."

We followed him through the little crowd of passengers and porters, accompanied by a policeman in uniform. As we passed we heard fragmentary observations of a most pleasing kind.

"Which is it?" said some one.

"It's the girl, I think."

"No, it's the old woman, she looks as if she'd do any one a mischief if it suited her."

"Old man looks too soft for anything,' and so forth.

We went into the office, and I indignantly turned to the station-master.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?"

"Oh! it's very simple, sir:—a telegram has arrived from the police in London with orders to stop this young lady; here it is."

I took it, and read:—

"The young lady looking very ill, dressed in black silk mantle, white straw bonnet with white flowers, is to be detained at the station till the arrival of the officer by the afternoon mail. She is seated in the middle compartment of the third first-class carriage from the end of the train. Her present name is Clara Webster. To avoid the possibility of mistake, she has a diamond ring on the third finger of the left hand, with the words 'From Herbert' engraved on the inside."

It certainly was a correct description, and the name—there might be two Clara Websters, though.

"Let me see your left hand, dear."

She pulled off her glove, and there was the ring.

"Let me see that ring with the diamond on it."

"Uncle, what does this mean? is anything wrong at home?"

"I'll tell you presently, dear; give me the ring."

She took it off, and gave it me, and I read—"From Herbert!" on the inside.

"Why, that's the ring Mr. Langley gave you."

"What has he to do with this?" said Mrs. Webster. "Perhaps he——"

"He what, madam?"

"Perhaps it did not belong to him, I was going to say."

I saw it was no use to struggle; when the officer came down he would explain the mistake.

"Where can we wait?" I said.

"Wait, Uncle Joseph, what for?"

"Madam, this telegram orders the arrest of your daughter, and her detention here till the arrival of an officer from London."

"But what for?"

"I cannot tell you; it is useless to complain now, we must wait."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; I shall at once go and get my brother and Mr. Tredegar to come down."

"Pray don't, madam; there's no occasion to make more noise about this matter than can be helped."

"I shall remain with Clara; you had better go on and say we are coming very shortly."

"Your instructions don't include this lady or myself?" I asked.

"Not at all, sir; you are both free to go at any time, but the young lady must stay."

"Where?"

"Well, sir, I'm sure there's some mistake, and was so from the moment I saw the young lady, so if you'll give me your word not to go away, I'll take you into my house out of the bustle of the station."

Mrs. Webster went off, and Clara and I went out to the house

"What can it be, uncle?"

"Can't say, my dear! it will be something to laugh at by-and-by, though it's not pleasant now."

"But about the ring?—do you think it possible, that what mamma said?"

"Possible! my dear, it's ridiculous. It's a hundred years old, and I daresay belonged to his mother before he gave it to you."

"I can't think what it can be."

"Don't think about it. It's a mistake, that's all; it will be all cleared up in a few hours. We'll have some dinner, and pass the time as well as we can."

"Do you know, uncle, I feel almost glad of this, it seems like a break in the dullness, it puts off my wedding at least a week. Mamma herself could not press it for to-morrow after this."

"We had dined, and got to be quite cheerful and laughing over the blunder as we sat at the window, when a rap at the door startled us both.

"Come in."

A gentleman entered.

"Miss Webster?"

Clara bowed.

"Miss Clara Webster?" he said, reading the name from a letter.

Clara bowed again.

He handed her the letter, which she opened, read, and dropped on the floor, exclaiming—

"Thank God! thank God! O uncle! I am so happy!" and then fell into a chair fainting.

I picked up the letter, and, calling the people of the house, very soon brought her to, and we were once more alone with the bearer of the note, which ran as follows:

"TREDGAR HALL.

"Mr. Francis Tredgar presents his compliments to Miss Webster, and begs to state that he must decline the fulfilment of his promise to make her his wife. The unhappy circumstances of Miss Webster's public arrest, on the charge of being in possession of a diamond ring, stolen by her former lover, will at once account for this decision; Mr. Tredgar's wife must be above suspicion.

"Mr. Tredgar begs to inform Miss Webster, that the services of his solicitor, Mr. Blake, (the bearer,) are at her disposal."

"Well, Mr. Blake," said I, "you see we shall not require your services; I shall wait the event, and, if it is not cleared up, shall employ my own solicitor in the matter. Will you present my kind regards to Mr. Francis Tredgar, and express my own and my niece's admiration of his gentlemanly courtesy and kindness? I would write to him if I did not consider that a correspondence with such a miserable, cowardly scoundrel was too utterly degrading to be thought of."

"I shall faithfully convey your message, sir, and allow me to assure you that I was quite ignorant of the contents of the letter, and that it shall be the last time I ever bear one from him; and now, as you will not let me help you as his solicitor, allow me to proffer my services as a friend."

"With all my heart, Mr. Blake; come in here a few minutes before the train comes in, and we shall be glad of your help."

"Was I not right, uncle dear?" said Clara, as soon as we were alone. "Oh! you can't tell how happy I am; I can live now. O the glorious mistake! it's most fortunate thing that has happened to me in all my life. Now, you are glad, uncle, aren't you?" and she came up to me,

"With all Hope's torches lit in both her eyes,"

and kissed me, and would have me speak.

"Yes, darling, I am glad—more glad than I can find words to tell. Your fate, linked to such a man as this scoundrel, would have been living death. I am heartily glad, Clara."

CHAPTER II.—THE OFFICER.

"This way, sir. The young person is in my house; she gave her word not to attempt to leave; the old gentleman is with her."

This we heard through the door as the station-master came along the passage. Our friend Mr. Blake had arrived some time before.

The station master entered, and behind him a tall, broad-shouldered man, with bushy beard and moustaches concealing all the lower part of his face.

"Will you have a light sir?" said the station-master to the officer.

"Thank you, no."

Clara started at the sound of the voice, and laid her hand on mine.

"Now, my good man," began Mr. Blake, "perhaps you'll explain this matter; you telegraphed down from London to stop this lady, and here she is. Now, if you please, explain."

"This gentleman," I said to the officer, "is my niece's legal adviser. I assume that it is a mistake; still, we shall be glad of your explanation. You are a detective, I presume?"

"No, sir, I am not, my name is ——"

"Herbert! Herbert! my dear Herbert, it is you!"

Clara had gone to him, and he was clasping her in his strong arms, while her face was hidden in his great beard.

"My own, my darling, my own true darling!—she loves me still."

But why describe their meeting? Mr. Blake said to me once:

"My dear sir, I am not wanted here, and I doubt if you are," and we left them.

In half an hour we thought it possible we might be less in the way, and we went in. They sat on the same sofa at a most suspiciously great distance apart from each other, and looked as happy and foolish as possible.

"And now, my dear Herbert, please explain to us what has taken you at least half an hour to make clear to my niece."

"Well, my dear uncle,—may I call you uncle?"

"Oh, yes—a month sooner is not much consequence."

"Don't, uncle," said Clara.

"You know how I went away with just enough to pay for my tools and outfit and passage. I went to California, to the diggings, and was lucky; got a good claim, worked it, got a little money, took shares in a machine, worked the claim, improved the machinery, became manager, director, and got rich; started six months ago to come home for Clara, took the fever at Panama, was down for two months there, not able to raise hand or foot, and arrived only last night in Liverpool. There I met an old friend, and heard all the news—poor Webster's death, the promise, and the rest, and above all that to-morrow was the day. I started by the first train to get to London, thinking that the marriage would take place there, and that I should be in time. Looking out of the window of the carriage as the trains were passing each other at Peterborough I saw Clara with her mother; I did not see you. I was mad; the trains had both started, I could not get out. There was Clara going from me, and I going from her, as fast as express trains could take us. What could I do? I knew nothing of where she was going, and yet my information was positive that she was going to be married to-morrow, solely because she would keep her promise.

"Can you wonder at my doing as I did? The train did not stop till it reached London, and I found that by the time I had hunted up the address to which you had gone from the servants at home, I should have lost the last train, and not been able to get here till long past midnight. What to do I could not think.

"In the carriage in which I sat somebody had been talking about the murderer Tawell, and the telegraph, the police on the door step, and so on. It all flashed on my mind in an instant.

"I went to the telegraph office, and looking in, there was only a young lad there.

"I went in, and called him.

"'Can you telegraph to York for me?'

"'Certainly, sir.'

I wrote the telegram you saw.

"'You must sign this, sir.'

"'No, I must not, young man,' and I drew him towards me by the shoulder.

"'My name's Field, Inspector Field; you understand?'

"'Oh, certainly, sir. Did you catch that man the other day? I heard of it from one of our clerks.'

"On yes, caught him safe and sound; he's in Newgate now.'

"'Indeed, sir,' said the lad.

"'You'll send that at once, the train's due in less that an hour. I'll see you do it.'

"He did send it, and as I heard the click, click, click, it was like the throb of a new heart circulating fiery blood in my arteries, for I knew it would enable me to see you, Clara, dear, and then I came down, as you see, by this train, and feel disposed now to embrace all the telegraph clerks in the kingdom."

"Well, young man, it's a dangerous game; I suppose you're aware it's an offence not lightly punished to pretend you're an officer of police," said Mr. Blake.

"My dear Mr. Blake, if it was death on the instant of discovery and I was in the same strait, I should do the same thing over again."

"You must find a prosecutor, Mr. Blake," said Clara, "and as I the principal person concerned, am not going to prosecute the officer, I think he will escape."

"But why," said I, "did you not telegraph to Clara direct?"

"Because I feared that Mrs. Webster might possibly have prevented our meeting."

Mr. Blake left us with his eyes twinkling, and muttered something to me about "servitude for life."

A month after that I had the pleasure of giving away my niece to Herbert, and in two months more I had the pleasure of reading in the *Times* the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Webster to Francis Tredgar, Esq., of Tredgar Hall, to which ceremony I need scarcely say I was not invited.

Clara and Herbert and I live together, and to this day he is spoken of amongst his intimates as Herbert Langley, "that active and intelligent officer."—*Once a Week.*

The Great Flood at Leavenworth.

Three Mile Creek, running through the south part of the city of Leavenworth was flooded on the night of Thursday, July 20th, by one of the most terrible storms ever known in that vicinity. We extract from the Leavenworth *Conservative* of the 22d some facts in relation to the flood, and the loss of life and property caused by it:

The creek rose rapidly, and even the streets of the city were transformed into temporary river beds, under the descending deluge. At about nine o'clock, the stream began to threaten the houses situated nearest and lowest upon its banks, and the inmates began to remove their furniture. But so rapidly did the water accumulate, that many found themselves surrounded by water as the first indication of personal danger. At eleven o'clock the stream had risen full *thirty feet*. The scene, particularly about the Broadway bridge, soon became one surpassing the powers of description. Houses began to be dislodged from their foundations, and the inmates, unable to escape, were screaming for assistance.

The night was one of deep darkness, and the wild mingling of supplicating voices with the clash and roar of the elements, while hundreds of excited citizens lined the shores, eager but utterly unable to render assistance, conspired to render the spectacle one of awe and sickening horror. Nothing was to be seen save when the vivid flashes of lightning broke into the surrounding blackness as if in mockery to show the extent of the horror and desolation caused by the watery elements. One house was seen floating down with a family of four colored persons upon it, shrieking for assistance. A livid flash of lightning lit up the scene just as the wild torrents swept them beneath the arch of a bridge, and they were seen no more. By heroic efforts many of the unfortunate ones who were floating down upon drift-wood and wrecks of houses were rescued from their peril and brought to the shore. The water reached its height about eleven o'clock, when, the rain abating, the floods subsided as rapidly as they had risen.

The number of lives lost is unknown. Several are missing, and it is quite probable many are lost of which no cognizance can at present be taken. The bodies of eight persons, so far as we can learn, have been recovered. They were taken from the creek and gullies between the Broadway and Fifth street bridges. They were those of Pat Murphy, a freight contractor; Mr. Turner, an employee of Mr. M; Mr. Iwalt, proprietor of the Park Valley House; Mrs. Coles, (a colored woman,) and three children, and a colored boy. Mr. Turner was drowned while struggling to preserve the life of Murphy. Mr. Iwalt had taken his wife and child to the Grant House, and was returning to save some of his goods, when he waded into deep water and was drowned.

The loss of property to the city will probably reach hundreds of thousands of dollars. Second street bridge was washed away, and such was the force of the water that not a stone of the structure remained. Fifth street bridge was also swept away, and the culverts on Delaware and Shawnee streets badly damaged. Broadway bridge remains unharmed. The walks and pavements in various parts of the city, also yielded to the inroads of the destroying element.

The scene yesterday morning beggars all description. The flood had subsided, and the little stream was modestly pursuing its way into the Missouri, as if unconscious or regardless of the destruction and misery it had created in the night before. Its banks were strewn with the debris of ruined houses, broken wagons, barrels, timbers, etc, and here and there the lifeless corpse of some poor unfortunate victim.

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THE SECURITY
LIFE INSURANCE
—AND—
ANNUITY COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK,
Offers most reliable Life Assurance, as is evident from its ample guarantee capital deposited with the State; from the ratio of its assets to current liabilities; from the fact that its Directors are men of recognized probity and financial skill, and that its competent Board of Medical Examiners are scrupulously careful of the character of its risks.
These facts have secured for it the confidence of the community and a rapidly augmenting business.
Office of the Company in Cleveland,
No. 178 Superior Street,
Entrance at the sign of the "Sun Fire Ins. Co."
ROBINSON & HEATON,
jy27:236 General Agents.

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS of whatever kind, is made by the
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE CO.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
CASH CAPITAL, . $500,000.
A policy of Insurance against accidents of all kinds, paying $5,000 in case of fatal casualty or $25 per week in case of disabling injury. Costs but $25 to $30 a year. Any sum from $500 to $5,000 with $10 to $50 weekly compensation in proportion. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.
RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y.
J. G. BATTASON, Pres't.
THAYER & MUNSON, Agents,
Office—Park Building (next to Court House,) Cleveland, Ohio. jy26:281

SUN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF CLEVELAND.
OFFICE 178 SUPERIOR STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - $250,000.
DIRECTORS:
STILLMAN WITT, JAMES MASON,
E. T. BALDWIN, B. M. CHAPIN,
JNO. F. WARNER, GEO. WORTHINGTON,
HENRY HARVEY, O. A. BROOKS,
W. S. GUYLES.
STILLMAN WITT, President,
B. M. CHAPIN, Vice Pres't.
K. G. HODGE, Secretary. mh30:R3

STATE FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Of Cleveland, Ohio.
Capital.....$200,000 00.
Invested in or fully secured by first-class Mortgages, Bonds and Stocks.
DIRECTORS:
E. P. Morgan, W. W. Wright,
R. P. Myers, Dr. T. T. Scelys,
J. H. Underwood, Dr. W. S. Streator,
J. R. Merriam, Darius Adams,
Loren Prentiss, A. N. Batchelder,
H. K. Reynolds, J. P. Stanard,
T. S. Beckwith, G. O. Griswold.
OFFICERS:
E. P. MORGAN, President.
R. P. MYERS, Vice President.
J. H. UNDERWOOD, Secretary.
J. R. MERRIAM, Treasurer.
A. N. BATCHELDER, General Agent.
☞ Office in House's Block, corner of Superior st. and Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. my1:R4

1862. BUCKEYE. 1862.
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL, - - - - $200,000.
No Scrip Dividends. Profits divided in CASH among stock and Policy Holders.
Takes Marine Risards of all kinds, Fire Risks, Buildings Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port, and the better class of Risks generally.
DIRECTORS:
Wm. Hart, R Pelton, Amasa Stone,
P Chamberlin, L. D. Hudson, J. H. Chamberlin,
W. T. Walker, C. A. Gardner, C. M. Ortatt,
F. W. Pelton, Wm. Wellhouse.
OFFICE—Ortatt's Exchange, foot of Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Losses adjusted and promptly paid.
WM. HART, President.
L. D. HUDSON, Secretary.
Capt. C. A. GARDNER, Marine Inspector.
mh15:6m

L. D. HUDSON,
General Fire, Marine and Life Insurance Agent,
Office, Ortatt's Exchange, foot Superior Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES:

Cuyahoga Mutual Ins. Co., Cleveland,	Assets.
Ohio, (Fire and Marine).....	$ 235,143
Market Fire " "	414,729
Fulton Fire " "	294,991
Norwich Fire Ins. Co., Norwich, Ct.,	425,244
North Western " " Oswego, N. Y.	240,727
New York Life " New York.....	3,658,755
Phoenix Marine Ins. Co. of Brooklyn N. Y., cash capital.....	1,000,000

LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED AND PAID.
Particular attention given to the adjustment of Marine Losses. L. D. HUDSON, Agent and Adjuster.
Capt. C. A. GARDNER, Marine Inspector. feb18:R3

RAT EXTERMINATOR.

1865. 1865

"18 years established in N. Y. City."
"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c. Exters
Is a paste—used for *Rats, Mice, Roaches, Black and Red Ants, &c., &c., &c.*

"Costar's" Bed-bug Exterminator
Is a liquid or wash—used to destroy, and also as a preventive for Bed bugs, &c.

"Costar's" Electric Powder for Insects
Is for *Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Bed-bugs, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.*

☞ !!! BEWARE !!! of all worthless imitations. ☞ See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box, Bottle and Flask, before you buy.
☞ Address HENRY R. COSTAR,
☞ PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 482 BROADWAY, N. Y.
☞ Sold by SENTON & DUNHAM, STRONG & ARMSTRONG, CHURCHILL & BRO., and G. W. CLARK, Wholesale and Retail Agents at Cleveland, Ohio. feb22:246

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

GROCERIES.
A Full Assortment of
GROCERIES
Can always be found at
HOWER & POPE'S,
163.....Ontario Street.....163.
TEAS OF THE FINEST QUALITY
Selected with great care;
SUGARS, of every grade, COFFEE
SPICES, EXTRACTS,
And every variety of goods pertaining to that branch of business, sold by them at prices that will bear a favorable comparison with any other reliable house in the city. my12

CHEESE!
WE HAVE ESTABLISHED A House for the purchase and sale of CHEESE and general Produce. Orders solicited.
SCOTT BROTHERS.
my10:234 136 River street, Cleveland, O.

S. L. SHOTTER & CO.,
(Successors to G. R. Little,)
Wholesale and Retail Grocers,
PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
For the sale of Flour, Grain, Seeds, Potatoes, Beans, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Dried Apples, Fruit, &c., &c.
No. 40 Merwin street, Cleveland, O.
mch22:R3

BRADBURN, WILLIAMS & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
58 and 60 River, and 21 and 23 Meadow Streets,
Are now receiving from New York and New Orleans a large and choice supply of

Coffees,	Sugars,	Teas,
Rio,	N. Orleans,	Y. Hyson,
Java,	Muscovado,	O. Hyson,
Mocha,	Crushed,	Japan,
Brazos,	Granulated,	Imperial,
Maracaibo,	Powdered,	Oolong,
		Gofro, A, B, & C, Tobacco

TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
in great variety.
GROUND COFFEES, PEPPER AND SPICES, MOLASSES AND SYRUPS
which they offer to the trade at very low rates.
Cleveland manufactured articles at Manufacturers' prices.
feb28:R3 BRADBURN, WILLIAMS & CO.

CONSTITUTION WATER—FOR Diabetes and kindred complaints. Also, Constitution Life syrup for Diseases of impurities of the Blood. For sale by
CHURCHILL & BROTHER,
jy13 140 Ontario st.

CLOTHING.

CLOTHING!!
WILLIAMS BROTHERS,
Extensive manufacturers at the East, would respectfully announce to the public, that they have opened a FIRST CLASS
CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,
At No. 215 Superior street, MARBLE BLOCK. Their whole stock has just been manufactured in a superior style for the Fall and Winter Trade. It embraces many desirable novelties and will be sold at a small advance from cost.
Gents Furnishing Goods
of all descriptions. We most respectfully invite an examination of our stock. NO HOOKING. POSITIVELY ONE PRICE AND NO DEVIATION
jy17:R36

SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS.
NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED
We have the pleasure of announcing the receipt of an entirely new stock of
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,
ELEGANT CASSIMERE COATS, consisting of SACKS,
ENGLISH,
WALKING, AND
FROCK STYLES.
NEW STYLES OF
CASSIMERE AND SILK MIXED SUITS.
BEAUTIFUL STYLES OF
PANTS AND VESTS!
Also, a large assortment of
Furnishing Goods,
CONSISTING OF
Fancy Neglige Shirts,
Under Clothes, Socks,
Suspenders, Neck Ties,
Brown & White Linen,
Shirts, Collars, &c.
OUR STOCK OF
BOYS CLOTHING,
WILL BE SOLD LESS THAN COST, to make room for Fall and Winter Goods.
☞ Call and examine our stock.
DAVIS, PRIOTTO & CO.
OAK HALL CLOTHING EMPORIUM.
jy15 Cor. Water and superior sts.

JEFF. DAVIS HAS BEEN CAUGHT.
The war is now about played out,
Great changes have been wrought,
Our gallant boys are coming home;
Jeff Davis has been caught.
Hurrah! hurrah! now hang your banners out,
Hurrah! hurrah! let all the people shout.
The way the rebel chief was caught
Is laughable indeed;
He tried to run in petticoats,
But he did not succeed.
Hurrah! hurrah! hang all your banners out,
Jeff Davis has been caught, let every one now shout.
Our boys did think it very strange,
A woman should retreat
With a great bowie-knife in hand,
Until they saw his feet.
Hurrah! hurrah! our boys have got good sense;
'Twixt gaiter shoes and stogy boots they know the difference.
Oh, crinoline, we think you fine,
For you would not conceal
The flying rebel President,
When he did show his heel.
Hurrah! hurrah! there's nothing half so fine
To show a foot and ankle off, like well raised crinoline.
Your days are numbered now, old Jeff,
You surely cannot hope,
Or have a better end in view,
Than the end of a stout rope.
Hurrah! hurrah! Jeff Davis has no shoe;
In settling up all his accounts, just keep hi crinoline