[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

himself for the rest of the afternoon over his books.

On entering the bed-room, he found it still darkened; and he was struck by a smell of burnt paper in it. His wife, (who was now dressed in her wrapper, and lying on the sofa) accounted for the smell by telling him that she had fancied the room felt close, and that she had burnt some paper—being afraid of the cold air if she opened the window—to fumigate it. Her eyes were evidently still weak, for she kept her hand over them while she spoke. After remaining with her long enough to relate the few trivial events of his ride, Mr. Carling descended to his study, to occupy himself at last with the volume of the Times.

It lay on his table in the shape of a large, flat brown paper package. On proceeding to undo the covering, he observed that it had been very carelessly tied up. The strings were crooked and loosely knotted; and the direction bearing his name and address instead of being in the middle of the paper, was awkwardly folded over at the edge of the volume. However, his business was with the inside of the parcel; so he tossed away the covering and the string, and began at once to hunt through the volume for the particular number of the paper which he wished first to consult.

He soon found it, with the report of the speeches delivered by the members of the deputation, and the answer returned by the minister. After reading through the report, and putting a mark in the place where it occurred, he turned to the next day's number of the paper, to see what further hints on the subject the letters addressed to the Editor might happen to contain.

To his inexpressible vexation and amazement that one number of the paper was missing.

He bent the two sides of the volume back; looked closely between the leaves, and saw immediately that the missing number had been cut out.

A vague sense of something like alarm began to mingle with his first feeling of disappointment. He wrote at once to Mr. Rambert, mentioning the discovery he had just made, and sent the note off by his groom, with orders to the man to wait for an answer.

The reply which the servant returned was almost insolent in the shortness and coolness of its tone. Mr. Rambert had no books in his library which were not in perfect condition.—The entire volume of the Times had left his house perfect; and whatever blame might attach to the mutilation of it rested therefore on other shoulders than those of the owner.

Like many other weak men, Mr. Carling was secretly touchy on the subject of his dignity. After reading the note, and questioning his servants, who were certain that the volume had never been touched till he had opened it, he resolved that the missing number of the Times should be procured at any expense, and inserted in its place, that the volume should be sent back instantly without a word of comment; and that no more books from Mr. Rambert's library should ever enter his house. He walked up and down the study considering what first step he should take to effect the purpose in view. Under the quickening influence of his irritation, an idea occurred to him, which, if it had only entered his mind the day before, might probably have proved the means of saving him from placing himself under an obligation to Mr. Rambert. He resolved to write immediately to his book-seller and publisher in London (who knew him well as an old and excellent customer) mentioning the date of the back number of the Times that was required, and authorizing the publisher to offer any reward he judged necessary to any person who might have the means of procuring it at the office of the paper, or elsewhere. This letter he wrote and dispatched in good time for the London post; and then went up-stairs to see his wife and to tell her what had happened.

Her room was still darkened, and she was still on the sofa. On the subject of the missing number she said nothing; but of Mr. Rambert and his note, she spoke with the most sovereign contempt. Of course, the pompous old fool was mistaken, and the best thing to do was to send back the volume instantly, and take no more notice of him.

"It shall be sent back," said Mr. Carling, "but not till the missing number is replaced." And he then told her what he had done.

The effect of that simple piece of information on Mrs. Carling was so extraordinary and so unaccountable, that her husband fairly stood aghast. For the first time since their marriage, he saw her temper suddenly in a flame. She started up from the sofa, and walked about the room, as if she had lost her senses, upbraiding him for making the weakest of concession to Mr. Rambert's insolent assumption that the rector was to blame. If she could only have laid hands on that letter, she would have consulted her husband's dignity and independence, by putting it in the fire! She hoped and prayed the number of the paper might not be found! In fact, it was certain that the number, after all these years, could not be hunted up! The idea of his acknowledging himself to be in the wrong, in that way, when he knew himself to be in the right! It was almost ridiculous—no! it was *quite* ridiculous! And she threw herself back on the sofa, and suddenly burst out laughing. At the first word of remonstrance, however, which fell from her husband's lips, her mood changed again, in an instant. She sprang up once more, kissed him passionately, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and implored him to leave her alone to recover herself. He quitted the room so seriously alarmed about her, that heresolved, to go to the doctor privately, and question him on the spot.—There was an unspeakable dread in his mind, that the nervous attack from which she had been pronounced to be suffering, might be a mere phase to prepare him for the future disclosure of something infinitely and indescribably worse.

The doctor, on hearing Mr. Carling's report, exhibited no surprise, and held to his opinion. Her nervous system was out of order, and her husband had been needlessly frightened by a hysterical paroxysm. If she did not get better in a week, change of scene might then be tried. In the mean time, there was not the least cause for alarm.

On the next day she was quieter, but she hardly spoke at all. At night she slept well; and Mr. Carling's faith in the medical man revived again. The morning after, was the morning which would bring the answer from the publisher in London. The rector's study was on the ground-floor, and when he heard the postman's knock, being especially anxious that morning about his correspondence, he went out into the hall to take his letters the moment they were put on the table.

It was not the footman who had answered the door as usual, but Mrs. Carling's maid.—She had taken the letters from the postman, and was going away with them up-stairs. He stopped her, and asked why she did not put the letters on the hall table as usual. The maid, looking very much confused, said that her mistress had desired that whatever the postman brought that morning, should be carried up to her own room. He took the letters abruptly from the girl, without asking any more questions, and hrieduback into his study.

Up to this time, no shadow of a suspicion had fallen on his mind. Hitherto, there had been a simple, obvious explanation for every unusual event that had occurred during the last three or four days. But this last circumstance in connection with the letters was not to be accounted for. Nevertheless, even now, it was not distrust for his wife that was busy at his mind—he was too fond of her and too proud of her to feel it—the sensation was more like uneasy surprise. He longed to go and question her, and get a satisfactory answer, and have done with it. But there was a voice speaking within him that had never made itself heard before; a voice with a persistent warning in it, that said—Wait; and look at your letters first!

He spread them out on the table with hands that trembled he knew not why. Among them was the back number of the Times, for which he had written to London, with a letter from the publisher, explaining the means by which the copy had been procured.

He opened the newspaper, with a vague feeling of alarm, at finding that those letters to the Editor, which he had been so eager to read, and that perfecting of the multilated volume which he had been so anxious to accomplish, had become objects of secondary importance in his mind. An inexplicable curiosity about the general contents of the paper was now the one moving influence which asserted itself within him. He spread open the broad sheet on the table.

The first page on which his eye fell, was the page on the right-hand side. It contained those very letters—three in number—which he had once been so anxious to see. He tried to read them; but no effort could fix his wandering attention. He looked aside to the opposite page, on the left hand. It was the page that contained the leading-articles.

They were three in number. The first was on foreign politics; the second was a sarcastic commentary on a recent division in the House of Lords; the third was one of those articles on social subjects which have greatly and honorably helped to raise the reputation of the Times above all contest and all rivalry.

The lines in this third article which first caught his eye comprised the opening sentence of the second paragraph, and contained these words—

"It appears from the narrative, which will be found in another part of our columns, that this unfortunate woman married, in the spring of this year, 18—, one Mr. Fergus Duncan, of Glandarn, in the Highlands of Scotland."——

The letters swam and mingled together under his eyes, before he could go on to the next sentence. His wife exhibited as an object for public compassion in the Times newspaper! On the brink of the dreadful discovery that was advancing on him, his mind reeled back; and a dreadful faintness came over him. There was water on a side-table—he drank a deep draught of it—roused himself—seized on the newspaper with both hands, as if it had been a living thing that could feel the desperate resolution of his grasp—and read the article through, sentence by sentence, word by word.

The subject was the Law of Divorce; and the example quoted was the example of his wife.

At that time, England stood disgracefully alone as the one civilized country in the world having a divorce-law for the husband, which was not also a divorce-law for the wife. The writer in the Times boldly and eloquently exposed this discreditable anomaly in the administration of justice; hinted delicately at the unutterable wrongs suffered by Mrs. Duncan, and plainly showed that she was indebted to the accident of having been married in Scotland, and to her consequent right of appeal to the Scotch Tribunals, for a full and final release from the tie that bound her to the vilest husbands which the English law of that day would have mercilessly refused.

He read that. Other men might have gone on to the narrative extracted from the Scotch newspaper. But at the last word of the article HE stopped. The newspaper and the unread details which it contained, all lost their hold on his attention in an instant, and in their stead, living and burning on his mind, like the Letters of Doom on the wall of Belshazzar, there rose up in judgment against him the last words of a verse in the Gospel of St. Luke, "Whosoever marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery." He had preached from these words. He had warned his hearers, with the whole strength of the fanatical sincerity that was in him, to beware of prevaricating with the prohibition which that verse contained, and to accept it as literally, unreservedly, finally forbidding the marriage of a divorced woman. He had insisted on that plain interpretation of plain words in terms which had made his congregation tremble. And now he stood alone in the secrecy of his chamber, self-convicted of the deadly sin that he had denounced—he stood, as he had told the wicked among his hearers that they would stand at the Last Day, before the Judgment Seat.

He was unconscious of the lapse of time; he never knew whether it was many minutes or few, before the door of his room was suddenly and softly opened. It did open—and his wife came in.

In her white dress, with a white shawl thrown over her shoulders, her dark hair, so neat and glossy at other times, hanging tangled about her colorless cheeks, and heightening the glassy brightness of terror in her eyes—so he saw her, the woman put away from her husband, the woman whose love had made him happy and had stained his soul with a deadly sin.

She came on to within a few paces of him, without a word, or a tear, or shadow of change passing over the dreadful rigidity of her face. She looked at him with a strange look; she pointed to the newspaper crumpled in his hand with a strange gesture; she spoke to him in a strange voice.

"You know it!" she said.

His eyes met hers; the shrank from them—turned, and laid her arms and her head heavily against the wall.

"O, Alfred!" she said, "I was so lonely in the world, and I was so fond of you."

The woman's delicacy, the woman's trembling tenderness swelled up from her heart, and touched her voice with a tone of its old sweetness, as she murmured these simple words.—She said no more. Her confession of her fault, her appeal to their past love for pardon, were both poured forth in that one sentence. She left it to his own heart to tell him the rest.—How anxiously her vigilant love had followed his every word, and treasured up his every opinion, in the days when they first met. How weakly and falsely, and yet with how true an affection for him, she had shrank from the disclosure whichs he knew but too well would have seperated them even at the church door; how despraately she had fought against the coming discovery which threatened to tear her from the bosom she clung to, and to cast her out into the world with the shadow of her own shame to darken her lonely life to the end—all this she left him to feel, for the moment which might part them forever, was the moment when she knew best how truly, how passionately he had loved her.

His lips trembled as he stood looking at her in silence; and the slow, burning tears dropped heavily, one by one, down his cheeks. The natural human remembrance of the golden days of their companionship, of the nights and nights when that dear head, turned away from him now in unutterable misery and shame, had nestled itself so fondly and so happily on his breast, fought hard to silence his conscience, to root out his dreadful sense of guilt, to tear out the words of Judgment from their ruthless hold on his mind, to claim him in the sweet names of Pity and of Love. If she had turned and looked at him at that moment, their next words would have been spoken in each other's arms. But the oppression of her despair under his silence was too heavy for her, and she never moved.

He forced himself to look away from her; he struggled hard to break the silence between them.

"God forgive you, Emily!" he said.

As her name passed his lips, his voice failed him, and the torture at his heart burst its way out in sobs. He hurried to the door to spare her the terrible reproof of the grief that had now mastered him. When he passed her, she turned toward him with a faint cry.

He caught her as she sank forward, and saved her from dropping on the floor. For the last time his arms closed round her. For the last time, his lips touched hers—cold and insensible to him now. He laid her on the sofa, and then went out.

One of the female servants was crossing the hall. The girl started as she met him, and turned pale at the sight of his face. He could not speak to her, but he pointed to the study-door. He saw her go into the room, and then he left the house.

He never entered it more, and he and his wife never met again.

Later on that last day, a sister of Mr. Carling's—a married woman living in the town—came to the rectory, weeping bitterly. She brought an open note with her addressed to unhappy mistress of the house. It contained these few lines, blotted and stained with tears:

"May God grant us both the time for repentance. If I had loved you less, I might have trusted myself to see you again. Forgive me, and pity me, and remember me in your prayers, as I shall forgive and pity and remember you."

He had tried to write more, but the pen had dropped from his hand. His sister's entreaties had not moved him. After giving her the note to deliver, he had solemnly charged her to be gentle in communicating the tidings that she bore and had departed alone for London. He heard all remonstrances with patience.—He did not deny that the one deception of which his wife had been guilty (subsequent inquiry proved that she had deceived him in nothing else, and that her first husband had died little more than six months after her divorce) was the most pardonable of all concealment of the truth, because it sprang from her love for him. But he had the same hopeless answer for every one who tried to plead with him, the verse from the Gospel of St. Luke.

His purpose in travelling to London was to make the necessary arrangements for his wife's future existence, and then to get employment which would separate him from his home, and from all its associations. A missionary expedition to one of the Pacific Islands, accepted him as a volunteer. Broken in body and spirit, his last look at England, from the deck of the ship, was his last look at land. A fortnight afterward his brethren read the burial service over him on a calm, cloudless evening at sea. Before he was committed to the deep, his little pocket bible, which had been a present from his wife, was, in accordance with his dying wishes, placed open on his breast, so that the inscription, "To my dear husband," might rest over his heart.

I need say but little more. You have seen and spoken to the poor creature who was once his wife. When she was first placed under my care, I thought her case hopeless. The mental malady, after she had been with me little more than a month, was complicated by physical malady—by fever on the brain. To my surprise, and to the surprise of my professional brethren, whom I called in to help me, she lived through it, and she recovered, with the complete loss of one faculty, which, in her situation, poor thing, is a mercy and a gain to her—I mean, the utter loss of memory. She has not the faintest gleam of recollection of anything that happened before her illness; and in that happy oblivion she lives contentedly the life of a child. The veriest trifles are as new and as interesting to her as they are to your young children or to mine. So far as any necessity for restraint is concerned, she might leave my care to-morrow. But her friends know that my wife has grown to love her, as well as to pity her; and that my children would feel it to be a cruel loss if their poor grown playmate was taken away from them. I hope she will be left to live in their society, and die with nothing on her memory but the recollection of their kindness.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. PLUNDER.

The directory of this gigantic Land Plunder have published a statement of the condition of the Road, with special reference to the ways and means of raising about two millions of money that are needed. Among other things it is stated, that those who purchased land of them are in an unfortunate situation—being so heavily in debt to the company, and the scarce crops leaving them without money. Such is the wail of the working class everywhere, under the swindle of the Land Monopolists. The agent of the company tells the stockholders, that he had not deemed it advisable to oust the farmers along the line, because their improved fields would grow over with weeds, briers and bushes, and be of far less value than the untouched prairie! The inference is, that if the company could make money by thrusting these farmers into homelessness, there would be no hesitation in proceeding against them!—Of course! How often do we hear of cases of leniency and accommodation, where money can be made by sacrificing humanity?

These farmers purchased land of the company at from ten to twenty-five dollars per acre, on credit, and under the pledge of improving annually, one-tenth part of their purchase. A hard bargain which few will be able to carry out. Many will spend all they had in building, and otherwise improving under the tempting encouragement of the company in large statements about the yield per acre of the land, and the ease with which they could pay for a quarter section. The game is the same that has always been played by land speculators—making fabulous statements to the poor and those of small means, to stimulate their hopes and induce them to settle on the speculator's purchase that his lands may rise in value.—The sagacious, eloquent and dishonest, thus play upon the credulity and honesty of the less cunning, to get what little they have, and otherwise make money out of their sacrifices. We know a man in the north of Ohio, who played the same game with a man in Erie county, inducing him to exchange a valuable farm for sterile Tennessee lands. The speculator told him of the salubrity of the climate, the borderer between the temperate and torrid zones, uniting the productions of both, and thus, by his persuasive eloquence, got the working man's farm for nothing. This speculator is now rich, rolls in splendor, and fits out his family in good style on the plunder of the working class.

But it is said that the Rail Road is the vital power of the State, without which the land would not be settled. To some extent, under the monopoly system, this is true; but the sole reason why it is necessary to the development of the State is, because monopoly has prevented the natural and rightful settlement of the country in limited allotments. Under the actual free settlement system, every work of interal improvment would be carried along *pari passu*, with the steady advance of the tide of population. The Rail Road would be the people's improvement, and entirely free from the blighting curse of monopoly. Under the present system, however, it is a double monopoly—both of the land and the road.—Under this system, a few nabobs are built up, and half the people struck down; while under the true system, the working people would be built up in accordance with the law of God, that those who will work shall flourish, and those who will not work shall die. How different is it under the selfish robber-system!—Those who do not work get all that twenty men earn above the most limited support, while multitudes of the hardest workers suffer great privation in our country, and absolute starvation in other countries where there has been no Land Reform for centuries. The reason why we are so much better off than other people is, because Land Reform was carried by our fathers to a limited extent. The good that has resulted is a most encouraging augury of still greater good from another Land Reform. Where are you, laboring men and women, that you are not demanding this Justice to Labor?

RAVAGES OF THE SCARLET FEVER.—A fourth child of Judge Stanly Matthews, who, as is known, has already lost three by the disease, is now in a dangerous condition from the scarlet fever. Two children of a gentleman living at the corner of Fourth and John-street have died this week of the malady, and lay lifeless in the house at the same time. Had he had more, they would doubtless have been stricken down. A man of a family, residing in the upper part of Broadway, has seen four of his little girls, the elder seven years of age, perish by this juvenile plague during the last month. The fever has never committed such ravages in the city before, scores of families having been compelled of late to mourn for their departed offspring and feel their vacant places answered in their heart.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

ASTRONOMICAL.—There will be six eclipsse this year—two of the moon, and four of the sun—as follows: 1. A partial eclipse of the sun February 2, invisible in the United States. 2. A total eclipse of the moon, February 17, early in the morning, visible throughout the United States. 3. A partial eclipse of the sun, March 4, invisible in the United States. 4. A partial eclipse of the sun, July 29, in the afternoon. The eclipse will be very small, lasting only a few minutes and occurs about an hour before sunset. Visible in the Eastern, Northern, and Middle States. 5. A total eclipse of the moon, August 13, invisible in the United States. 6. A partial eclipse of the sun, August 28, invisible in the United States.

☞If any people in the world ever needed an apostle to cast their devils out, it is ours who live in this water-logged country. The miasmatic poison of our Swamps and Marshes becomes a veritable devil in the blood to revel in the Agues and Fevers which shake and scorch us all. Ayer's "AGUE CURE" is said to be the apostle we need, and some of our neighbors who have tried it, confirm the report.—*Journal, Plano, Ill.*

BUSINESS VIEW OF MATRIMONY.—A bookkeeper was "engaged" but could not get marraied at the specified time, owing to want of funds. "The time was fixed for yesterday," said a friend. "I know it," rejoined he.—"Then, why were you not married?" "Well," said he, looking very serious, and approaching his ear confidentially, "the fact is, *I have got an extension!*"

GOOD SKATING.—Tuesday, the first inst., H. K. W. Ayres, a printer of the *press* office, skated from this city across Lake Winnebago, and up the Fox river to Berlin, a distance of seventy two miles, performing the feat in just five hours and fifteen minutes, or at the rate of fourteen miles per hour.—*Fond du Lac Press.*

TOBACCO GROWING IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Many farmers in Fayette county, Virginia, who have never heretofore given their attention to the cultivation of tobacco, are now making arrangements to engage in it. Several patches were raised in the Dogwood Gap, in that county, last year, and were sold standing at $100 per acre.

☞The wealth of Gen. Cass is the result of the rise of real estate in Detroit. A portion of his original farm is now in the very heart of the city. Twenty years ago he offered to sell it for seven thousand and five hundred dollars; now it is valued at three millions of dollars.

☞The New Orleans *Delta* declares that, while New York is in a fair way to go to the dogs, New Orleans is on the high-road to prosperity. New York, if brought to the hammer at the present time, in the opinion of the editor would not pay the mortgages that cling to her, while New Orleans is entirely free of debt.

Ashland Co. Farmer.

OUR RECEIPT FOR CURING BEEF AND PORK.

This receipt, which originated with us and has now had many years of trial, we believe to be unsurpassed as pickle. Nearly all the modern receipts which have appeared in the different agricultural journals, and worth anything, partake, in some instances almost identically of the ingredients and proportions set forth in ours, which we first printed some fifteen or eighteen years ago. Some of the receipts lately published, required a large amount of labor, and are not to be recommended. At this period in the season, when farmers and others will soon be putting down their winter's and we may add, their next year's supply of meat, it may be of service to republish the receipt, which is as follows: To one gallon of water, take 1½ lbs. of salt, ½lb. brown sugar, ½ oz. saltpetre, ½ oz. potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired.

Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the salt and sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw the pickle into a large tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time; say from four to six weeks, according to the size of the pieces, and the kind of meat. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, and it should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre.

Several of our friends have omitted the boiling of the pickle, and found it to answer equally as well. It will not, however, answer *quite* so well. By boiling the pickle, it is *purified*—for the amount of dirt which is thrown off by the operation, from the salt and sugar is surprising.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

EARLY RIPPENING GRAPES.—To those of our readers who have *Isabella* or other grape-vines that do not ripen their fruit, we commend the experiment of F. ABORN, Esq., of Augusta, Maine, as given in the Maine Farmer:

"A few years since, a neighbor of mine had a vine in his garden. The ground was kept rich and it had the whole garden to gather nourishment from but it would not bear, and he told me, that if I would dig it up I might have it. I did so, and pulled it apart, and made four roots of it. I then dug holes snug to my cellar wall just large enough to put in an old barrel without heads, one in each hole, into which I put some leather scraps, a few bones, and rich earth, and then set a root into each barrel. The grapes on these vines have got ripe, while those having the advantage of a wide, rich border, are like those the fox couldn't reach."

NEW

Cabinet and Chair Shop.

CHARLES F. EPPLER,

HAVING permanently established himself in the above business in Ashland, will execute all orders in every department of his business, to the satisfaction of those who may favor him with their patronage. His goods are all manufactured by himself, in the old and honest way, and are warranted to prove what they seem and what they are recommended.

☞Ware-room and Shop in the building formerly owned and occupied by J. Musgrave.

Ashland, July 7, 1858. n5tf

BENJAMIN BONEBRIGHT,

Contractor and Builder!

WILL hold himself in readiness at all times to do any business in his line, in the best and most approved style, and at as low rates as the times will admit of. Material furnished if necessary.

BENJAMIN BONEBRIGHT.

Ashland, O., Jan. 19, 1859. 3m33

Sustain Home Enterprise.

Sustain those who Sustain You.

THE undersigned having purchased entirely new stock (except his Teams, which everybody who has ever traveled with him knows is "as good as new,") is prepared to transmit passengers to and from Ashland and Mansfield in as comfortable condition, and on as favorable terms, as they have ever been in the most "flush times."

His line connects at Mansfield with trains on the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Rail Road, and also with trains on the Mansfield, Sandusky City and Newark Rail Road.

Leave Sampsel House, Ashland at 7½ o'clock, A. M. arrive at Mansfield at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Leave North American House, Mansfield at 2½ o'clock, P. M., (after arrival of the Northern train from Sandusky,) and arrive at Ashland at 6 o'clock, P. M.

EXPRESS

And other packages carried, *as always heretofore*, at a reasonable recompence.

LEVI McCAULEY, Proprietor.

Ashland, Nov. 11, 1857. 23tf

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IRISH LINENS,

DAMASKS, DIAPERS, &c.

CONSUMERS of Richardson's Linens, and those desirous of obtaining the GENUINE GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are sealed with the full name of the firm,

RICHARDSON, SONS & OWDEN,

as a guarantee of the soundness and durability of the Goods This caution is rendered essentially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective Linens are prepared, season after season and sealed with the name of RICHARDSON, by Irish Houses, who, regardless of the injury thus inflicted alike on the American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business so profitable, while purchasers can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCKE & J. B. LOCKE,
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Sept. 22, 1858. 1y16

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Aug. 11, 1858. 6m10

Influenza and Common Cold.

LIKE thieves in the silence of the night, have carried many to the silent grove. They are caused by a sudden check of perspiration, by which the stomachs rendered inactive, and the lungs become loaded with corrupted matter, which enters the blood, and disease is the result. For all colds, coughs, and chills, succeeded by heat, and all fevers of every form, hoarseness and rawness of the throat, lungs and stomach, and for all weakness and sickness of every kind, from three to five of these Pills on going to bed, for a few days, will be all that you require to restore you to perfect health. It has been admitted and claimed all over Europe, that there never "was a medicine, that will extirpate all manner of disease from the system, equal to Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills;" that the more you take them, the stronger you grow. They are founded upon the principle that the human body is subject to but one disease, namely: corrupt humours. These Pills not only cleansed the bowels, but also follow the blood through every vein and artery, and so purify it from all morbid and corrupt humors, that disease of every name is driven from the body.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.—Females who value health should never be without these Pills. It has been admitted by a number of physicians, that females cannot too highly value them. They have given health and spirits to hundreds of females who without them would have been in their graves.—They purify the blood remove obstructions, and give skin a beautiful, the clear, healthy, and interesting appearance. A box of these Pills is a great medical companion at certain periods. From one in three should be taken every day until relief is abtained a deses occasionly, when well, keep the system in——healthy condition. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in Medicines.

For sale by n39 POTTER & KNOX.

Consumptives do not Despair!

CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED. CONSUMPTION CURED.

☞AN OLD INDIAN DOCTOR, UNCAS BRANT, while a Missionary among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, discovered a RARE PLANT, that proves to be a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaint, Nervous, Affections, Coughs, Colds, &c.—Having now made his fortune and retired from business, he will send the prescription and directions for preparing the medicine *free of charge* to all who desire it, and will send to his agent, enclosing two stamps (6 cents), to pay the return letter, with a description of their symptoms. The Old Doctor has cured more than 8000 *cases of Consumption* alone, and hopes all afflicted people will avail themselves of this opportunity, as the Doctor wishes to do all the good he can before he dies. Address all letters to

DANIEL ADEE,
Box 3531 P. O., New York, who is his sole agent.

Dec. 29 1858. 1y30

Sale of Real Estate by order of Probate Court.

ON the 10th day of March A. D., 1859, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and three o'clock, P. M., on the premises hereafter described, will be sold to the highest bidder, the following Real Estate as the property of Mary G. Woodruff deceased, to-wit: lot number thirty seven (37) in South Ashland, in the county of Ashland, and State of Ohio. Appraised at $850. Terms of sale—one half cash in hand; one fourth in one year and the residue in two years with interest from the day of sale; defered payments to be secured by a mortgage on said premises.

CYRUS S. MARTINDALE,
Adm'r of Mary G. Woodruff, deceased.

Feb. 9, 1859. 5w36

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. D. Willis and David Arter, was dissolved on the 14th of December, 1858, by mutual consent. The books and accounts due said firm, are in the hands of David Arter for settlement. All persons indebted to said firm, are called upon to make immediate settlement

N. B. The Tin and Stove Store business is continued at the Old Stand by J. D. WILLIS.

Ashland Feb. 23, 1859. 4w38

ATTACHMENT.

Z. Greenewald, Pl'ff, vs. Nathaniel Hoot, Defendant. | Before J. A. McClusky, J. P. of Montgomery Tp., Ashland County, Ohio.

ON the 21st day of February, A. D., 1859, said Justice issued an Order of Attachment in the above action, for the sum of twenty eight dollars and eighteen cents. Z. GREENEWALD.

Ashland Feb. 23, 1859. 3w38

House and Lot for Sale.

A HOUSE and lot pleasantly located, in the town of Ashland, will be sold at abargain, by immediate application at the Union Office.

Dec. 1, 1858.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice,

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and great Depression of Spirits.

The proprietors, in calling the attention of the public to this preparation, do so with a feeling of the utmost confidence in its virtues and adaptation to the diseases for which it is recommended.

It is no new and untried article, but one that has stood the test of a ten years' trial before the American people, and its reputation and sale are unrivalled by any similar preparation extent. The testimony in its favor given by prominent and well-known Physicians and individuals in all parts of the country is immense, and a careful perusal of the Almanac, published annually by the proprietor, and to be had gratis of any of his Agents, cannot but satisfy the most skeptical that this remedy is fearly deserving the great celebrity it has obtained.

DR HOOFLAND'S

BALSAMIC CORDIAL,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Diseases of the Bowels arising from Cold, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief and (if at all possible) cure of Patients in advanced stages of the latter disease.

This celebrated preparation, like the Bitters, may be confidently relisd on. It is designed for a class of diseases more general and more fatal than any other to which the people of this country are subject—those springing from a "slight cold." That eminent authority, Dr. Bell, says: "I will not say that Colds are to our inhabitants what the Plague and Yellow Fever are to those of other countries; but, I can aver confidently that they usher in disease of greater complicity and mortality than these latter."

A further proof of the terrible fatality of diseases resulting from a "common cold" may be seen by a glance of the following statistics taken from the records of the Board of Health of Philadelphia, confessedly one of the most healthy localities in the Union.—

1852.	Total deaths in Philadelphia,		10,261
	Died of Consumption,	1,912	
	" " all other diseases (250 in number,)	8,349	
			10,261
1853.	Total deaths,		9,749
	Died of Consumption,	1,895	
	" " all other diseases,	7,854	
			9,749
1854.	Total deaths,		11,814
	Died of Consumption,	2,178	
	" " all other diseases,	9,636	
			11,814

From these figures, it will be seen that nearly one fourth of the total deaths in the country are caused consumption, to say nothing of the numerous other diseases springing from a "slight cold."

Do not trifle with your health; but, if suffering from a cough, or cold on the lungs, buy a bottle of HOOFLAND'S BALSAMIC CORDIAL, and you may safely count on a cure. Thousands have done so, and have certified to its wonderful effects.

Coughs sometimes proceed from a disordered or dyspeptic state of the stomach in which case the German Bitters should be used. In cases of weakness, or general debility of the system, resulting from a protracted cough, the German Bitters will be found of great benefit.

Prepared only by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the United States and Canada. Price 75 cents per bottle. Dec. 1, '58.-1y36

NO HUMBUG!

NEW FURNITURE

Ware Room!

THE subscriber would say to the people of Ashland county that he has taken the well known

Cabinet Shop!

occupied by Jacob Grubb, where he is manufacturing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture, consisting in part of

SOFAS,
SIDEBOARDS,
TETE-A-TETES,
CARD,
PIER,
DINING, AND
BREAKFAST TABLES!
BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
CUPBOARDS,
STANDS,
&c., &c.,

And in fact, everything usually found in a Cabinet Ware Room, all of which ill be made by the best workmen, out of the best material, and will be sold VERY LOW FOR READY PAY! I will also keep a general assrtment of CHAIRS which shall be sold at small profits.

UNDERTAKING

Particular attention given to this branch of the business. Coffins constantly on hand and made to order. Funerals attended in any part of the country. Prices to suit the times and the people.

L. WERTMAN.

Ashland, March 25, 1857. 42tf.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as SPERMATORRŒA, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, IMPOTENCE, GONORRHŒA, GLEET, SYPHILIS, the Vice of ONANISM, or SELF ABUSE, &c.

The HOWARD ASSOCIATION, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self-Abse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEORGE R. CALHOUN, consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors,
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres't.
GEORGE FAIRCHILD, Secretary. 1y21

NEW CABINET SHOP

At Hayesville.

R. N. LEECH,

HAVING permanently established himself in the above business, he will execute all orders in every department of his business, to the full satisfaction of those who may favor him with their patronage. His goods are all Manufactured by himself, in the good and honest way. He warrants all work. Call and see them.

☞WAREROOM and SHOP, one door South of the Odd-Fellow's Hall, on North Street, opposite Dr. Glass's residence.

Hayesville, Jan. 12, 1859. 32tf

W. S. HANCOCK,

MERCHANT TAILOR, and dealer in Furnishing Goods, 45 Superior street, under the Wedell House Cleveland, Ohio.

July 5tf

HOSTETTER'S GERMAN BITTERS FOR SALE by POTTER & KNOX.

Feb. 16, 1859. 3w37

Baskets! Baskets!!

JUST opening—a new lot of Ladies' Baskets, by POTTER & KNOX. 30w

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

FOR RESPONSIBLE

INSURANCE!

APPLY TO THE

ASHLAND

Mutual Fire Ins. Company,

Capital, $100,000.

FARM PROPERTY INSURED

most favorable terms for five years. Encourage and patronize

HOME INSTITUTIONS

Remember that this Company HAS NEVER MADE AN ASSESSMENT on the Premium Notes; thus affording all the advantages of First Class Cash Co's and an absolute saving to Persons who have property to insure, of

50 PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Policies issued upon the

CASH PLAN,

at fair rate, such as are consistant with solvency. We would say to the people of

Ashland and Adjoining Counties

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By Insuring in this Company.

For promptness, liberality and fair dealing in settlement of losses, we refer to a few near by who can bear testimony to this statement.

John Myers, West Salem, Wayne Co., Ohio.
Myers,