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All work done under my supervision. North
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W. H. ANTHONY, Manufacturer and Dealer in
Boots and Shoes and all kinds of first class custom
made shoes. We also have the best stock of
Boots and Shoes in the city. Wellington, O.

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found at his office in Bank Building, Wellington, O.

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If you want a first-class shoe, visit our shop at
the corner of 21st St. and College Ave. We have
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WELLINGTON FLOURING MILL, Manufacture
and dealer in Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc. Office
in Bank Building, Wellington, O.

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of Cloths and Casimeres, which will be made
to order in the latest styles and at reasonable prices.
Bank Building, Wellington, O.

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H. G. WELLS, Dealer in Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hamburg and Pork. Also dealer in all kinds of
Meats. Office in Bank Building, Wellington, O.

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MORSE & WILSON, Dealer in all kinds of
Cut Glass, Tea and Salt, of a better quality than
any elsewhere in Wellington. We have a
very extensive stock of all the latest styles of
Glassware. Our prices are no higher than
elsewhere for inferior goods. Market North
Side Public Square.

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Cakes and Pastry, Office in Bank Building,
Wellington, O.

Druggists.

E. A. STRETT, Druggist, Office in Bank Building,
Wellington, O.

AN AUTUMN CHANSON.

The high hill landscape of gold and green
And crimson color is softly seen,
Through the hazy lights where the slopes stretch
To the leaf-fringed edge of the smoky town.
The fields are drenched with dew,
The peacock struts in a jolly way,
And down through the drooping grass,
The little white birds are at play.

Some strange dark beauty may well be his bride,
But in the flash like to your eyes,
I should fain like to see that sweet smile
Which is the light of the world to me.

"Ah, well," sighs the maiden, "the world is
Some strange dark beauty may well be his bride,
But in the flash like to your eyes,
I should fain like to see that sweet smile
Which is the light of the world to me."

Now comes an hour that is rare still,
An evening languor is on the hill;
The sun has set, and the stars are out,
The night is calm and the moon is bright.

What will the winter bring for thee?
Fireside dreaming and slight-side rife;
The snow is white and the ice is cold,
The wind is keen and the sun is old.

Do you not think that it is a little
To have a winter so cold and dreary?
The snow is white and the ice is cold,
The wind is keen and the sun is old.

"I am astonished, Eloise! after all
my instructions as to what society and
respectability demand of you. If you
must marry, marry a nobleman, a duke,
a prince, or a king. Do not marry a
poor fellow like Colonel Powell!"

"Because I do not like Colonel Powell,
and because I—like some one else,
Aunt Ethel."

"I do not hear of such a thing. Do
you know what you are saying, miss?
Such talk, I can tell you, is highly im-
proper; and as for not liking Colonel
Powell, that is a momentary fancy. Col-
onel Powell has everything necessary to win any
woman's approbation—very old family,
very fine manners, elegant residences,
and a high position in the government."

"No, I am not, if I should meet
him to-day, I do not think I should care
to speak to him."

"I suppose so. I heard of his mar-
riage ten years ago."

"Dear auntie, my child, I am to be
congratulated. If it had not been for
my dear father's opposition, I should
have married for love, given my for-
tune, and made a nobleman of myself. I
am a selfish, little man—in fact, made just
such a little fool of myself as you are
about to make."

"On the little bridge outside the
place."

"No, I don't want to know him par-
ticularly. Do you know him, Aunt
Ethel?"

"No, I dare say it would be im-
proper for me to know such a person.
When we first met him last summer,
he was a very handsome young man,
but he never named his family."

"That looks very bad, Eloise. If a
man makes such a confession, of course
he talks about them."

"I don't see that it makes any great
difference to me. I do not intend to
marry Harry's relations. I do care
much about him, but I don't remember
that he ever named his family."

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much about him, but I don't remember
that he ever named his family."

Miss Ethel rose with a proud air, but
a pitiful sad face, and attempted to
leave the room, but Eloise, with gentle
force and many tender kisses, made her
sit down again.

"One day toward spring—a bright,
warm day for the season—Eloise, who
had now ceased hoping for a letter,
was walking slowly up and down the
great hall dividing the large drawing-
room and the late Mr. Bruce's library
from the rest of the house. These
rooms were very seldom opened, and
still more seldom used. Eloise only re-
membered two or three grand occa-
sions on which they had been used for
great entertainments, the last being
that which introduced her into society
two years ago."

"I cannot. Yes—I will try; perhaps
it may show you what a waste of life it
is. Wait here a few moments."

She then left the room, but soon re-
turned with a little tortoise-shell box
in her hand. It opened with a spring,
and showed a few yellow letters, and
a small, faded vignette of a man's
face in a gold ring. She lifted the lat-
ter, and said:

"This is part of his dead mother's
wedding ring, which he broke in two, and
swore solemnly over it to be faithful to
the promises we had made each other.
Then he sailed away from me, and I
never heard from him again. For two
years I suffered all the agonies of hope
deferred and alighted loss, and at
length I had a fever that left me the
colorless little ghost I have been ever
since."

"Perhaps he was dead."

"Then he was a miserable creature,
and should have put him out of my
heart and memory."

"Yes, I think you would, Eloise. I
think, too, that it is likely you would
have let some other man make a fool
of you a second time. I have a differ-
ent nature. I did not cease to suffer for
James Early for five years, but having
conquered that weakness, I never per-
mitted myself to care for any other
man."

"But you were rich and handsome.
Did you not care for you?"

"I do not care for a kindness," was all
that she said.

All she grew very restless, and con-
tinually declared that she was sur-
rounded by a gloom, and that she was
coming events often cast long shadows
before, and it was full two months
afterward ere Miss Ethel's presentation
had been completed. She had suffered
all that which three her wild, feverish
excitement. "Eloise," she cried,
almost sobbing with joy, "he is come;
he is here! I have seen him! He is here
in an hour. How am I to bear it?"

Women seek each other's sympathy
in hours like this, and Eloise—perhaps
with just a little pang for her own
sorrow—did so. She opened her door,
and saw her aunt lingering with tender
cares by the handsome dark stranger at
the little Southern town, who was
would Aunt Ethel want sympathy, and
was easy to see her lover was still her
lover, and that they thoroughly un-
derstood the past. But Eloise was just
as she had been the night of her presen-
tation. She could not help blaming
her aunt in some measure for the loss
of her lover, but she remembered now
of any of her old opinions
about the folly of marrying for
love. Many women would have re-
joiced to see her lover, and she would
ill-natured; and when she saw the old
ladies wandering about the gardens so
happily together, she only hoped that
some such recompense might be for-
given her. She was just as she had
been, a little white, but not twenty-
two years old; that was too strong a
test of fidelity.

It was not asked of her. On the
morning of the 5th of June, when she
was yet on the grass, there was a
man in a blue coat, and a hat, who
him an exquisite basket of white roses,
and in their midst was a letter which
made Eloise Bruce the happiest girl in
the West. It was a letter from Harry,
delivered to her by a messenger who
delighted. "He must come here at
once," she said; "he would wait break-
fast for him—and he must never go
away again."

Then the ladies discovered that Harry
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friends. They had met at a hotel in
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"Harry! I should remember you
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married any one else, if you had stayed
with me. I should have been as true
to you as I was to Harry."

"And how about you sending me
away?"

"I don't ever do it again, Harry,
and I never really want you to go,
and you ought to have known that."

A few nights afterward, as they all
sat together on the moon-lit veranda,
Aunt Ethel said, very tenderly, "Children,
James and I will be married next
Thursday, and we shall sail for Cal-
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of you be married at the same time?"

"Yes, I think you would, Eloise. I
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she saw the sad face that had once
been so bright and pretty, she half re-
proached herself, and, if wondered
whether, where ignorance is bliss, if it
be not folly to be wise.

One day toward spring—a bright,
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two years, as Aunt Ethel did that lover
of yours."

rather proud of our good sense—oh, my
darling!"

Others, however, seemed to think
differently, for Lizzie Bruce, meeting
her friend Selina James one morning,
said, "Selina, do you think Harry
Torrens has come back, and Cousin
Eloise has actually forgiven him
everything, and is going to marry him?
I never would have done it. Would
you?"

"Certainly I would not; but then
Eloise Bruce was always—on that sub-
ject—a little fool."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Father's Sacrifice.

Not a great while since a prominent
physician of Denver, Col., was called
to attend a patient in the last stages of
what appeared to be consumption, but
which, it was ascertained, was to be
simply a wearing away of life—a de-
cay of the energies of mind and body.

Although well supplied with money,
the patient was seemingly without friends
or relatives. He wrote no letters and
received none. An alien to the
tenderness and charities which sanctify
the affections, he seemed to be drifting
out of the world, in which, for him,
all the flowers of the heart had perished—
a bleak and desolate old man, hastening
out of the sunshine into the winter of
darkness. John B. Ely, a young man
of the name of the patient, was called
to examine the case, the doctor told
him that although he could find no or-
ganized disease, yet he was dying.

"I am surprised myself. I did not
come here to see a man die, but to see
others do—in search of a longer lease
of life—but to die in peace, and alone."

"That have you no friends?" asked the
doctor.

"None that I can claim. My past is
sealed with the shadow of a crime, and
my nameless grave not even a
political capital. I have no friends, no
one who ever knew my name."

"You say you are a criminal?" pursued
the doctor.