

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

The Sanguinary Vagary of a Dreamer.

He Dreamed He Killed a Man and Going to the Spot Found That His "son Was a Dreadful Reality."

[Connellsville (Pa.) Special.]

"I've had such an awful dream," was the frightful exclamation of Rice Orbin, son of Henry Orbin, who resides near Connellsville, Pa., as he entered the breakfast room last Monday morning.

This sanguinary story of the dreamer was laughed at by his relatives, but their merry jest did not drive away his haggard countenance. As soon as he had finished his breakfast he started for Connellsville. He succeeded in persuading a young man named Jones to accompany him, and the two started for the scene of Young Orbin's hunting, about five miles up the Youghiohony River.

Having found the corpse young Orbin and his companion returned to town and informed the authorities. Justice Richard Campbell impelled a jury of inquest, who visited the spot. The body was identified as that of Jacob Klink and removed to Connellsville. The inquest adjourned for a further hearing. The tragedy was the sole topic of conversation on the streets, and the popular opinion was that the supernatural dream of young Orbin was indeed based on previous knowledge.

At Home in a Tree.

A matronly cat with sleek, brown fur, and a kitten with a coal-black head and snow-white coat lay side by side against a crumbling headstone in St. Paul's graveyard Saturday afternoon.

"The old cat's been here for an age," said a car-starter afterward. "People in the neighborhood make pets of both the animals, and feed them regularly. The cats are perfectly at home in the graveyard, and they chase the rats and mice that come out of the warehouses 'round here at night and go scampering over the graves."

The Ruins of Fort Sumter.

Fort Sumter is now a very insignificant place compared to what it once was. It has been razed to one story, and looks quite dilapidated. It has on it a few guns, not more than half a dozen, and the foundation of the traverses of the best guns are rotten and unfit for even ten minutes of service.

An Impending Calamity.

The astronomers at the Greenwich Observatory have been making calculations as to the pace of the star Arcturus in his progress towards the earth. They find, as the result of twenty-one observations, that this beautiful, scintillating star is coming for us at the rate of fifty miles and seventy-eight one-hundredths per second.

SHOWMEN'S RIVALRY.

Lively Experiences of a Western Bill Poster With the Agents of Two Competing Great Moral Exhibitions.

[Indianapolis News.]

"Those flaming tri-colored posters remind me," said an old bill-sticker today, "of my experience with two circus agents in an Illinois town some years ago. I was the city bill-poster, and owned all the sign-boards and advantageous sights for posting. More than that, I was the only bill-poster in town. One night there was a loud knocking at my door, and upon answering it I at first thought that a stranger had mistaken my house for the Doctor's, for he was out of breath and talked very rapidly. I soon learned his mission, however, for he said: 'Excuse me for arousing you at an unseasonable hour, but it's a matter of necessity. I am the Advance Agent for F's circus. I want to engage every available inch of advertising space that you command. B's agent came on the same train with me, and I suppose will be here in five minutes. We show on the 10th, get on the 11th. Now name your price.' 'First come, first served,' I told him, and as he said money was no object, I agreed to stick his posters on every board I had the next day at double my usual price, and a pocketful of tickets for the show. I didn't get to bed that night at all, for the first agent hadn't turned the corner when the representative of B's great moral show brought me to the door again by loud knocking. I told him that he was too late, that F. had engaged all my space. 'But I must be posted if I paint the sky with my bills, and you must find something to stick them to,' I happened to think of several vacant lots in prominent parts of the town, and before morning the agent and I had awakened the owners and obtained the exclusive right of erecting boards on the lots. All next day I spent in fairly covering the town with paper advertising F's show. Meantime I had high fences built around the vacant lots, and the second day I spent in artistically daubing them for B's benefit. The town began to take an interest in the rival circuses. Every show window and half of the private houses displayed handbills of one or the other of them. Business began to flourish. I bought so much lumber for new sign-boards that the price ran up. Excitement became so general that the Town Council took the matter up, and I was granted the privilege of putting up posters in the Court-house yard. I divided the space between the two shows. Finally the agents had a second story added to each prominent sign, and even lanterns were hung out at night to make all the posters legible. F. bribed the janitor of the Court-house to display a streamer from the domes, and B. succeeded in having his colors displayed from the steeples of two prominent churches. F. plastered the roof of the railroad station with giraffes and Zulus, and B. rented a residence, which he caused to dazzle with pictures of the alligator and the Circassian woman. By the time the first circus was due there seemed to be nothing in the bill-posting line that had not been done. The very air was thick with the odor of colored inks and paints. But there was one great closing act. The morning of the 10th—F's day—was just the kind of a day for a big crowd; but for some unaccountable reason the country people didn't show up very numerously. One who came told why. He said that a few miles out on every road leading to town arches had been built across the roads and on them hung words: 'The circus has been postponed until to-morrow, the 11th. The tiger and the Zoolooos have broken loose; look out for your children and cattle.'

F. was so mad over the meanness of his rival that he actually postponed his show until the next day, when the people came by thousands. There were enough people to fill both tents, and before morning the crowds of both shows commingled in one fraternal drunk.

CRABMING ROMANCE.

The Place Where Life is Simple, and Where Brides Go Barefooted.

[Fair Haven (N. J.) Letter.]

The natives of the Shrewsbury River have many simple joys that the dwellers in cities know not and can not feel. In the lengthening shadow of the western bluff the gossiping fishwife points out the bridal couple returning from the crabbing grounds. The bride, with bare feet and abbreviated skirts, wades through the shallow water by her husband's side. The crabs in the basket which she carries plays the hide-and-go-seek with her shoes and stockings, the sun kisses her blushing cheeks, and the wind tosses her hair in fitful waves about well-rounded shoulders, whose graceful curves even an ill-fitting calico dress can not conceal. In the fading light the crabber's dip net takes to itself, the semblance of an ancient warrior's spear, the crab basket becomes the conquering shield of the happy bridegroom and bride and transformed into the gallant knight and his love of the days of long ago. As his shadows deepen and stretch out to meet the dim, dark outline of the distant hill looming up against the sky, the watcher on the bluff leans forward with the half-defined hope that the happy bridegroom will sing:

My love is young and fair; My love hath golden hair; With eyes so blue and heart so true; That none with her compare.

But there is no sound save the murmur of the water on the shore and the creak of a swinging sail as a schooner rides at anchor.

A Cynical Bachelor Discourse.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

There are women who know how to kill several birds with one stone. Two women will select a muddy day and plant themselves on the crossing, standing abreast so that nobody can pass, one way or the other, without going around in the mud. The blockaded people suppose that the "ladies" have stopped to get on the street car, which is half a square away. So does the driver think they have stopped to get on the street car, and he slacks up. The blockaded people and the car-driver have both made a mistake. The "ladies" have only stopped because they were afraid the car, half a square away, would run over them. The car having passed, and they having put everybody to as much trouble as possible, serenely move on to look for another crossing where a car may be coming. And still there are persons in this world who chatter about the brutality of a man who hits a woman.

A WEDDING BY TELEGRAPH.

A Novel Courtship and Marriage—A Pennsylvania Matron's Successful Scheme to Catch a Man, and She Lived to Regret It.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

A strange story, illustrating the surprising possibilities in the lottery of matrimony, was told by an incongruous-looking couple that was brought into the police station last evening. The incongruous-looking couple was Thomas G. Welch and his bride of little more than a year. The man's complexion is of a deeper brunette tinge than that of a pure Caucasian, and his darkly-shaded, but somewhat handsome features of face indicate a slight mongrel mixture of white and black blood. The woman was rather stylishly dressed and of a somewhat attractive appearance, of an apparent age indefinitely beyond thirty. Two years ago she was a widow living at Parker's Landing, in Pennsylvania, and was engaged in the millinery business. Her name was Mrs. Sarah Orton, and she was in rather prosperous circumstances. Still she was not satisfied. She was lonely and she sighed for the soothing and comforting companionship of a loved one. She advertised in the personal column of the Cincinnati Enquirer for a gentleman correspondent. Thomas Welch, an Indianapolis tonsorial artist, responded to the advertisement. He represented that he was a practicing physician, and before many letters passed he told Sarah that he loved her. Womanlike she believed him—doubtless because she did not want to disbelieve him—and she assured Thomas, the tonsorial artist, that she loved him. They both loved, and it was settled. Cupid's little arrows flew thick and fast across the miles between the yearning tonsorial artist in Indianapolis and his sighing sweetheart far away up in the Alleghenies trimming bonnets. They wanted to marry and nothing slower than lightning could do the splicing. The widow rushed down to the telegraph office in Pittsburgh, and the impatient bridegroom hurried to the Indianapolis end of the wire, in company with "Rev." Thomas Smith, who was called upon to perform the ceremony which was to wrap the lovers in the bonds of wedlock and electricity. The following message was flashed across the wire:

INDIANAPOLIS, July 5, 1884.—TO MISS SARAH ORTON:—Do you solemnly promise before Almighty God and these witnesses to receive Mr. Thomas Welch as your lawful wedded husband until the union in which you are now entered is dissolved by death.

REV. THOMAS SMITH.

The response came quickly: "I do," and in less than a jiffy the happy bride in Pittsburgh laid the following:

INDIANAPOLIS, July 5, 1884.—TO SARAH ORTON:—I now pronounce you man and wife. What God has put together let no man put asunder.

REV. THOMAS SMITH.

"Rev." Thomas Smith is a negro, who was engaged in the professional pursuit of shaving faces alongside Dr. Thomas Welch. After this novel marriage ceremony, which was contracted without the two parties having seen each other, the woman came out to Indianapolis. She found her husband in embarrassing pecuniary circumstances. She brought furniture with her, with which a home was furnished. The doctor had no patients and no practice. She opened a millinery store down on Virginia avenue, and with her earnings from trimming bonnets she paid all the living expenses, besides furnishing the doctor with money for many little extravagances which were required, he represented, to sustain the dignity of his professional pretensions. During the period of more than a year that they lived together she was compelled to pay all the living expenses.

A short time ago a spiteful spinster told Mrs. Welch that her husband was not a doctor, but that he was a negro barber. She claims that this was the first revelation to her of the deceptions that had been practiced upon her. She wanted to return to her home in Pennsylvania, but Welch was loath to lose his precious treasure, and strenuously objected. She made arrangements, however, to go, and yesterday had all her goods packed ready for her departure. Welch threatened to kill her if she attempted to take them with her, and she appealed to the police for protection. Both were brought to the police station, and the woman related the story of her deception to the Superintendent of Police substantially as here given. Welch's admissions corroborated the truthfulness of her statements. He was locked up on the charge of disturbing the peace, and his wife, who declares that she will apply for a divorce, will return to her former home, money having been furnished her for that purpose by her friends.

Regulations of the Opera-House.

[Waco Examiner.]

- 1. No smoking permitted in any part of the house.
2. Gentlemen are expected to remove their hats on entering either the balcony or dress circle.
3. No gentleman without a coat on will be admitted to any part of the house.
4. The first three rows in the balcony are always reserved.
5. Only those who deposit themselves as gentlemen will be permitted to remain in the house.
6. The management would suggest and request that the mode of applause be the clapping of hands, and not the stamping of feet and shrill whistling.
7. The management would further request that any gentleman finding it absolutely necessary to his happiness to use tobacco during a performance will please not expectorate on the floor or carpets. By notifying an usher he can secure the use of a cuspidor.

The Turkish Pasha.

[Every Other Saturday.]

The ancient Turkish title equivalent to that of the modern pasha was "begler-beg," a compound word signifying "chief of chiefs" which was formerly the title of Governors General of Turkish provinces. They stood next in rank to the vizier, and their external distinctions are three ensigns, consisting of staves trimmed with the tail of a horse. Originally, the title pasha was bestowed on princes of the blood. There are three grades, each distinguished by a number of horse-tails waving from a lance, the distinctive badge of a pasha. Three horses tails are allotted to the highest dignitaries, who have also the title of vizier; the pashas of two tails are generally governors of the more important provinces; and the lowest rank of one tail is filled by minor provincial Governors. The word is also spelled pacha, and is said to be derived from the Persian word pa, first of support, and chah, ruler.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

The Portrait of Captain Fairfield Found in the Indian Ocean.

[Portland (Me.) Argus.]

"There is a picture in the possession of Mr. George C. Carl, of Kennebunkport, Me., that has a strange history," said an ex-newspaper man recently. "Looking at it closely, you see that it is very rough and creased, the effect of salt water. It is a fine picture, simply regarding it as a work of art. The name of the painter is not known."

"What is the strange story connected with it?"

"Some fifty years ago there was no better man in command of a Maine ship than Captain Fairfield. He was every inch a sailor; not one of the kind we sometimes see now, but a man who knew no other business. Frank, manly and upright, he had won the confidence and respect of all. 'He was greatly attached to his sister, the wife of Mr. Tobias Lord, and when ashore made her frequent visits. It is a matter of tradition that he promised when he left home for the last time to have his portrait painted for her. As the old song goes, he 'sailed away on the fatal sea,' and months passed before he was heard from. Then news came that his ship went down in the Indian Ocean, and that all on board were lost."

"Again months passed by, and the second year after his death had come and gone when a Swedish bark sailed into Portland. Soon after, Mr. Lord, the brother-in-law of the dead Captain, was sent for, and on reaching Portland was invited on board the Swedish vessel. On entering the cabin he started back with surprise, for he found himself face to face with a fine life-size portrait of Captain Fairfield. It seemed to him that the Captain had arisen from his grave in the ocean to meet him."

"There was one peculiar thing about the painting. The Captain was represented as holding in his hand a folded letter with the address, 'Tobias Lord, Kennebunkport, Maine,' written across it in the Captain's well-remembered handwriting. As soon as Mr. Lord could recover from his surprise, he asked:

"Where did this come from?"

"It was explained to him that the portrait, neatly rolled up, had been found floating hundreds of miles from the spot where the ill-fated vessel commanded by Captain Fairfield went down. When opened, except for the seams and roughness, of which I have already spoken, it was found to be uninjured, despite the long time it had been in the water. The address written on the folded letter was the means of the picture at least reaching the sister of Captain Fairfield, for whom it was painted. Of course it was never discovered where the captain had it painted, and it must forever remain a mystery how it came in the water. Perhaps, finding that his vessel must go down, Captain Fairfield wrote the address, rolled up the picture, and threw it overboard in the hope that it might some time be found and sent to his sister. But this is only conjecture, and the real inwardness of the matter will probably never be revealed."

YELLOW VERMICELLI.

The Color Used to be Given by Eggs. Then Saffron, and Now a Poisonous Lead Salt is Used.

[N. Y. Sun.]

Angelo Ghiglioli, manufacturer of macaroni, was tried in Special Sessions yesterday for using chromate of lead, or chrome yellow, to color his vermicelli and macaroni. Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the Health Board, testified that Ghiglioli was duly notified that he must stop using the poisonous coloring matter, but that he paid no attention. Dr. Waller, Professor of Chemistry, at Columbia College, testified that he had received from Dr. Cyrus Edson a sample of vermicelli bought at Ghiglioli's.

"I treated it with the sulphide of hydrogen," continued the Professor, "and got the black precipitate of lead. I tried other tests for lead and chromic acid, and here are the results." Prof. Waller exhibited five bottles containing different colored fluids. "Chromate of lead," he said, "is a poison."

"Do you know of a case where chromate of lead introduced into vermicelli has made a person sick?" asked Lawyer E. Ellery Anderson, counsel for Ghiglioli.

"I do not," the Professor replied.

Prof. W. Martin testified that he prepared the vermicelli for analysis by Prof. Waller, and that it contained three or four grains of chromate of lead to the ounce of vermicelli.

"I use a certain yellow coloring matter that I do not know the name of," Ghiglioli testified. "I do not know if it is a poison or not. I have used it for six years, and never heard of anyone being made sick by it. I eat it. So do my wife and children. They are all healthy. Lots of people eat it. I sell 100,000 pounds of goods a year, and never heard a complaint until this from the Health Board. I am willing to conform to their regulations since they compel me to do so."

"I'll eat the whole sample I presented to the Court if the Court desires it," said Lawyer Anderson.

A workman at Ghiglioli's, Emanuel Messan, said he had eaten of the vermicelli for sixteen months. He was stout and healthy. So were his family, who also had eaten it. Dr. Edson said that eggs were supposed to be used to give vermicelli the yellow color. Sometimes saffron is used. Saffron is worth \$16 a pound. Eggs are high-priced. Chromate of lead is worth about six cents a pound.

The Court fined Ghiglioli \$50, which he paid. Three other macaroni manufacturers are under bail in similar proceedings.

The Fortunes of Athletes.

[N. Y. Graphic.]

The increase of interest in athletic sports has been the means of making small fortunes for their devotees. A well-known athlete has approximated for us the following: Charles E. Courtney, \$20,000 in rowing; Edward Hanlan, \$50,000, same; Wallace Ross, Hosmer, Plaisted and Teasdale, each \$5,000 to \$10,000, same; John L. Sullivan, \$15,000 in slugging; Billy Madden, \$15,000, same; Joe Coburn, \$20,000, same; John Morrissey and Jim Maco made several fortunes, which they lost in gambling; Weston made \$30,000, pioneer pedestrian of the world; other pedestrians—Rowell, \$60,000; Ennis and Fitzgerald, \$18,000 each; Harding, \$7,000; Harriman, \$10,000; Duncan C. Ross cleared \$30,000 in wrestling matches.

THE CENTURY.

In 1885. A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

PAPERS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The important feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year—indeed, perhaps the most important ever undertaken by the magazine—will be a series of separate papers on the great battles of the War for the Union, written by general officers high in command upon both the Federal and the Confederate sides,—General Grant (who writes of Vicksburg, Shiloh, and other battles), General Longstreet, McClellan, Beauregard, Rosecrans, Hill, Admiral Porter and others. The series opens in the November Century with a graphically illustrated article on

The Battle of Bull Run,

written by the Confederate general, G. T. Beauregard. Brief sketches, entitled "Recollections of a Private," papers chronicling special events, descriptions of various auxiliary branches of the service, etc., will supplement the more important series by the various generals.

A strict regard for accuracy will guide the preparation of the illustrations, for which the Century has at its disposal a very large quantity of photographs, drawings, maps, plans, etc., all of which will be preserved in the series, not only as records of the war, but as a historical value not easy to be calculated.

FICTION.

In this line the Century will maintain its prestige, and furnish the best stories by American writers that can be procured. In November begins

A New Novel by W. D. Howells.

Author of "Vestiges of a Modern Instance," etc. This story deals with the rise of an American business man. A novel by Henry James, a novelette by Grace Dumbo Lithfield, and short stories by "Uncle Remus," Frank B. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, H. H. Julian Hawthorne, and other equally well known writers will appear at various times.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES.

Under this heading may be included a series of papers on "Vestiges of a Modern Instance," etc. The illustrations being reproductions of etchings and drawings by Joseph Pennell; a series on The New North-West, being an interesting group of papers by E. V. Smalley, Lieut. Schiwaika, Principal Grant of Kingston, Ontario, and others, descriptive of little-known regions; papers on French and American art,—sculpture and painting, with some exquisite illustrations; papers on Astronomy, Architecture and History, the first being by Professor Langley and others. Under Architecture are included more of Mr. Van Rensselaer's articles on Churches, City and Country Houses, etc. Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., will describe

Progress in Sanitary Draining;

E. C. Steadman, Edmund Green, and others will furnish literary essays; George W. Cable will contribute in various ways; several papers on sport and adventure will soon be published, and

John Burroughs

will write from time to time on outdoor subjects.

Readers of THE CENTURY may feel sure of keeping abreast of the times on leading subjects that may properly come within the province of a monthly magazine. Its circulation is now about 140,000 monthly, the November number exceeding that figure. Subscriptions should date from this issue. The War Series and "Uncle Remus" are the Century's novelties. Price \$4.00 a year, 25 cents a number. All booksellers and newsdealers sell it and take subscriptions, or remittance may be made to the publishers.

A free specimen copy of The Century will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

THE CENTURY CO., New York, N. Y.

NEW CARRIAGE

AND

WAGON SHOPS.

We respectfully call the attention of the citizens and farmers of Wellington and neighboring townships, to the fact that we have started a new Carriage and Wagon shop at the corner of Liberty and Prospect streets. We manufacture CARRIAGES, WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLATFORM and SPRING WAGONS and WARRANT all work. We pay especial attention to repairs. We solicit a share of your patronage.

CHRISTIE & WILLARD.

4018.

To My Patrons.

Now is the time to order your

HARD COAL

and secure the lowest prices for the season

A full stock of the best Lackawanna Anthracite Coal, and Massillon, massillon Cannon, Blossburg and Jackson.

Soft coal always in stock, at prices as low as the lowest.

C. E. SUTLIFF.

TRUSSES

THE JONES HARD RUBBER TRUSS.

Have you seen the new Trusses recently put on the market by the CATALAN & HARD RUBBER TRUSS CO., of New York City? They require no lengthy consultation—any man of ordinary intelligence can see that they are the most scientific, as well as the most appropriate for the relief of the following ailments:

Relief and Cure of Hernia

yet relieved. Nothing can equal them for lightness, efficiency and comfort.

For Sale by J. W. HOUGHTON.

WELLINGTON OHIO

SOLID FACTS! SOLID FACTS!!

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Steam Heating and Plumbing

—OF—

PUBLIC and PRIVATE BUILDINGS.

Gas Machines of various sizes for churches, schools and private dwellings

Write for circular. Plans and specifications furnished on application.

TRIMBLE & LUTZ,

1412 & 1418 Market St.,

Wheeling, W. Va.

PHOTOGRAPHY!

A. S. Gilson has removed to

Crosier's new block, where he has fitted up rooms with all the new accessories and with a No. 1 light. He is now prepared to make Photographs in all the latest styles of the art. He works the Instantaneous Process. Special attention given to children, old and nervous people. Call and see him.

NEW RESTAURANT,

BAKERY and

GROCERY STORE.

R. J. Robinson takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous friends and customers that he is again at his old stand on Liberty St.; building new and everything in the latest style. Groceries of all kinds, fruits in their season.

The Restaurant and Dining Hall is complete for Ladies and Gentlemen. Hot Tea and Coffee, Bread and Cakes, fine Cakes made to order. Oysters in bulk, can and by the dish, Board by the day.

Please give me a call

OYSTERS

In Can or Bulk, 30 to 35 cts a qt.

R. J. ROBINSON.

Removal!

HOYT & WOOLLEY

Wish to inform the citizens of Wellington and vicinity that they have removed their stock of

FURNITURE

—AND—

UNDERTAKING

GOODS TO

E. S. TRIPP'S old Carriage Repository where they will be pleased to see their friends and patrons & all who may desire to look over their stock. They have the finest

FURNITURE ROOMS

in Lorain Co., and an unusually large and fine assortment of goods. Prices will be as low as the lowest and they will meet all legitimate competition. They will keep fully abreast of the times in styles and will have an assortment equal to any in Lorain County. No trouble to show goods.