

WELLINGTON ENTERPRISE.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Home Interests, Politics, Agriculture, Science, Art, Poetry, Etc.

VOL. XVIII.

WELLINGTON, LORAIN COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, 1885.

NO. 6.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—East side Public Sq. Rev. N. S. Abright, pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 10 a. m. Young People's Meeting, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Regular weekly Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Corner South Main and Myrtle Streets. Rev. E. D. Gammel, pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 10 a. m. Young People's Meeting, Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. Weekly Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening.

DISCIPLE CHURCH—Liberty Street. Rev. F. H. Moore, pastor. Services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 10 a. m. Regular weekly Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening.

DENTISTS.

J. J. HUBBARD, Dentist. Office over Hubbert's store, in Bank Building, Wellington, Ohio. Nitrous oxide gas administered for the extraction of teeth.

PHYSICIANS.

T. McCLAR, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office in Wellington, Ohio. Government medical bonds, etc. S. S. Warner, President; H. A. Horr, Cashier, William Cushman, Assistant Cashier.

DR. J. H. HUNT, Homoeopathist. Calls at all hours promptly attended. Office and residence, West side Public Square; telephone No. 15.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

R. N. GOODWIN, Insurance Agent and Notary Public. Insurance, deeds, mortgages, wills, leases, contracts, etc., written in a neat and legal manner. Office over Sorace's boot and shoe store.

BANK.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Wellington, Ohio. Does a general banking business. Buys and sells New York certificates, government bonds, etc. S. S. Warner, President; H. A. Horr, Cashier, William Cushman, Assistant Cashier.

TONSORIAL.

J. G. ROBINSON, the Barber, keeps one of the neatest, most convenient barber shops in town. Only first-class workmen employed. A full assortment of hair oils, pomades and hair restoratives. Fine bath-tubs in connection and furnished at all hours with hot and cold water and all necessary conveniences. Home, South side Liberty street.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

W. F. SAWYER, Photographer. Pictures in every style and fully adapted to all the latest improvements in the art. Engravings for altitudes should, whenever practicable, be made in advance. Gallery over Bowler & Hall's store; telephone No. 67.

PLANING MILL.

H. WADSWORTH & SON, Planing Mill. A full assortment of lumber, including pine, oak, maple, etc. Yard, near Hamilton's wood store, Wellington, O.

OPTICIAN.

J. W. HIGHTON, dealer in spectacles, eye glasses, reading glasses, opera glasses, telescopes, and a full line of optical goods. Gold, silver, steel, rubber and celluloid frames of the finest grades kept in stock. Refitting and repairing old frames made to order. Fitting difficult eyes a specialty. Office, west side Public Square.

HAMLIN POST.

NO. 219.

E. A. R.

WELLINGTON, OHIO.

Meets on the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month.

Post rooms in Yarnsen's Block.

J. J. THOMAS, Commander.

W. L. COOK, Adjutant.

Haldo Morandi Lodge

K. OF H.

NO. 1050.

Wellington, - Ohio.

Meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month. Rooms in Yarnsen's block.

D. P. STANLEY, Dictator.

F. M. VANDEK, Reporter.

C. B. RUSSELL,

Real Estate and Life Insurance AGENT.

Wellington, - Ohio.

Model Coffee House,

CADWELL & ROOT, Proprietors.

101 and 103 Seneca and 83 Franklin Streets, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Dinner Served from 11:30 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.

517

To the Public!

FRANKS, HOWK & CO.

Dealers in—

Anthracite, Canal, Jackson and

Massillon Coal, Lime, Cement.

Plaster and Plastering Hair at Lowest Prices. Office in Crozier's, New Block, north of Public Square.

T. DOLAND,

Manufacturer of

Carriages, Wagons and Sleighs,

North Main St., Wellington.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expenses and arrange time and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Rooms reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families a fine table for breakfast at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

HACK LINES.

OVERLIN.

Arrive daily, 9:00 a. m. Depart, 1:30 p. m.

HUNTINGTON, SULLIVAN and POLK.

Arrive daily, 11:30 a. m. Depart, 1:30 p. m.

PENFIELD.

Depart Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10:00 a. m.

Arrive, 1:30 p. m.

R. R. TIME TABLES.

BEE LINE

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway.

THE GREAT CENTRAL TRUNK ROUTE

BETWEEN THE

EAST AND WEST

Through cars with connections in Union Depots. Only direct line via Cleveland, Buffalo and Niagara Falls to NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND.

Direct connections for all Southern Southwestern, and Western points, either by way of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or St. Louis. Direct connection in Union Depot at St. Louis for all railway towns in Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Old Mexico, and the Pacific coast.

Fast Time, New Equipment—and running through the most opulent part of the country; possessing every appliance for speed and comfort known to be serviceable.

The Best Roadbed and the Safest Road in the West.

Tickets by this popular route for sale at all regular Ticket Offices.

From and after Jan. 17th, until further notice, trains on this road will pass Wellington as follows:

GOING WEST.

Standard Time

No. 81—Indpls & W. Express..... 8:25 a. m.

No. 8—Cin. & Col's Ex. (stop on signal)..... 8:15 a. m.

No. 5—N. Y. & C. Ex. (stop on signal)..... 1:41 p. m.

No. 27—Cleveland & Col's Ex. 4:28 p. m.

No. 25—Indpls & St. L. Ex. 6:28 p. m.

No. 8—Cin. & Col. Night Ex. 8:23 p. m.

No. 81—Local Freight..... 7:55 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Standard Time

No. 24—St. L. & Ind Ex. (stop on signal)..... 4:57 a. m.

No. 8—Cin. & Col. Night Ex. 8:15 a. m.

No. 22—Cleveland & Col's Ex. 7:25 a. m.

No. 12—St. Louis & N. Y. Ex. 12:41 p. m.

No. 3—Cincinnati & Cleveland Ex. 8:23 p. m.

No. 23—Local Freight..... 1:41 p. m.

E. B. THOMAS, O. B. SKINNER, Traffic Manager.

A. J. SMITH, Gen. Pass. Agt. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD

AND

Cleveland & Marietta R. R.

From and after Dec. 22, 1884, until further notice, trains on this road will pass Wellington as follows:

GOING EAST.

Standard Time

No. 1..... 8:27 a. m.

No. 3..... 11:15 a. m.

No. 5..... 6:52 p. m.

No. 17 Local..... 9:15 a. m.

GOING WEST.

Standard Time

No. 4..... 10:30 a. m.

No. 6..... 2:30 p. m.

No. 16 Local..... 11:30 p. m.

Trains 1 and 8 daily. 4 and 7 daily, except Sunday. 1 and 8 daily Pittsburg to Chicago. Take sleeper here.

CONNECTIONS.

Toledo—With all lines entering the city.

Freemont—With L. E. & W. R. R.

Clyde—With L. E. & W. R. R.

Bellevue—With N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.

Monroeville—With C. & O. R. R.

Wellington—With C. C. & I. R.

Creston—With N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.

Orrville—With C. A. & C. E. R. and P. F. W. & C. R. R.

Massillon—With P. F. W. & C. R. R. and C. T. V. & W. R. R.

Valley Junction—With Valley R. R.

Canal Dover—With C. & P. R. R. and C. T. V. & W. R. R.

Newcomerstown—With P. C. & St. L. R. R.

Cambridge—With O. R. R.

Point Pleasant—With W. C. & M. R. R.

Marietta—With M. & C. R. R.

M. D. WOODFORD, JAS. M. HALL, Gen. Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.

AS GOOD AS A FAIRY TALE.

In Which Hearts Are Trumped and Diamonds Take Some Tricks.

[Rocky Mountain News.]

A wee child stood rapt into the window of one of the large emerald stores on Larimer street just as the lamps were lighted the other evening. The ice incrustations on the glass gave her an imperfect view of the wonders within, but that was to her as glimpses of fairyland. An old woman hood covered her head and she was wrapped in a tattered shawl, yet the freezing cold had no terror for her and her eager blue eyes gazed with fascination at the floor as only a few feet distant, but, alas for her, so far away. So intently was she absorbed that she did not notice a couple of miners who came along the icy sidewalk with rather uncertain tread, having begun their celebration somewhat early. Not noticing the little atom standing there the taller of the two pushed against her and she fell on the treacherous ice. Instantly the cause of the accident picked her up, and, undisturbed by her fall, he carried her into the store. Removing her hood and wrap there was revealed a beautiful face, somewhat pinched by privation. Her head was covered by a glorious mass of flaxen hair, looking in the bright gaslight like threads of gold.

One look at the face, which now seemed very pale and wan, and the man who carried her uttered a cry, nearly letting her fall to the floor. Recovering himself in a moment restoratives were procured, and the blue eyes opened and looked around with a dazed stare. It was found that her injuries were slight, and as soon as she could talk she was questioned by the man and told him that her name was Annie Ross, and in her childish way said her mother lived in a humble cottage on the West side, and although not in good health did sew and light chores and eked out a living which at best must have been a poor one. She said her father had left home in the East to come to Colorado about two years ago, and as her mother did not hear from him she had sold the few things she had and had come to Denver to look for him, but not getting any tidings and not having any money to go further had sustained herself for a year as best she could, always hoping, but so far without result. When she had finished he said: "Take me to your mother at once," and first getting a goodly store of candy and delicacies he took her in his arms. Kissing her cheeks he placed her in a carriage and they were soon on the way to the East.

The story was soon told, being that of the child, with the explanation that George Ross, upon leaving home, had made a longer trip than he had anticipated, having gone to Washington Territory, thence to the Conar d'Alone country, attracted by the golden stories told there. Falling, as all others had, to find his fortune, and with impaired health, he had started on his return, being taken very ill at Salt Lake, where he lay helpless for weeks, part of the time unconscious. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered he wrote to his wife, but the letters were not returned to him with indorsements showing that she had gone no one knew where. Coming to Colorado with but little means left, he engaged in mining and had been more than usually successful during his first season and had come to Denver with an idea that he might learn something of the lost one.

HUNTING A BOOK-KEEPER.

Jones, the Merchant, Finds One He Thinks Will Suit Him.

[Cincinnati Star.]

"Say, I want a good book-keeper. Can't you recommend one to me?" remarked Jones the merchant, to Smith, the broker, the other evening.

"Why, certainly; but what's become of your man Thompson?"

"Oh, he has resigned, and is going out West to start a new bank. It was mighty hard on me, too, as I had to pay him \$1,000 I borrowed of him a few weeks ago and times are hard now. I need a good man, though, who won't demand too much money."

"Just come with me, then," said the broker.

Smith then conducted Jones to a place where many men were handling chips of different hues. Some were at a table where a man, with a box in front of him, said: "Call the turn, gentlemen—four for one."

Another was where they were talking about "going it blind," and a "winning a 'jack pot.'" At another place a man was turning a pretty wheel and people were putting chips on the "black and blue and piling them up on the 'double 00.'" The most interesting place of all, though, was where nearly two hundred people were busily engaged in putting buttons on some numbers on little boards, and a man was whirling a globe and yelling out numbers that dropped out of the globe's mouth.

"Just look around, Mr. Smith, and take your choice. These are all first-class men."

"But what are they doing here?"

"This is the great cashiers' and book-keepers' amusement resort. They come here nightly to keep from getting into bad habits, and work off their small change. But then, hurry up and take your choice. This place is a gem here is faro. You see there two bank cashiers, two city officers and eight book-keepers. Over there is a poker game. There are some good book-keepers in that lot. Here is 'roulette.' These men are mostly clerks, and I believe I see four bar-keepers. These men in the next room there are book-keepers playing 'kenns.' Now you can take your choice."

"They all seem good men, but what salary will they demand?"

"Well, the faro-players command \$2,500. You can get a jolly book-keeper out of that poker game for \$2,000 per year. You can hit one of the roulette boys there, for about \$1,500, and a kenn man in there you can get for \$1,200 per year and a

promise to give him an interest in the house at the end of the season."

"Which of those games is the cheapest?"

"Kenn. An economical book-keeper of good habits can play kenn all night on \$10 or \$15. On faro and the other games he can spend \$1,000 in short order."

"Well, as times are hard, I guess I'll take a kenn book-keeper. They seem to be apt to last longer on that, and, perhaps, if I treat him right I can keep him down to \$10 per night, and have him at the store every forenoon at ten o'clock. Much obliged, Mr. Smith, for your kindness. I'm sure you've got me just the kind of man I want. I have extravagance, you know."

A BUFFALO HUNT.

A Great Herd Chased Hundreds of Miles and Thousands of Animals Killed.

[Montana Cor. N. Y. Sun.]

People living near Glendive, Montana, were surprised the other day by hearing a loud tramping, and through the clouds of dust kicked up they discovered a herd of buffalo making at a mad pace for the river. The animals appeared to be well nigh run down, but many of them were furious. As they came to the bank of the Yellowstone they plunged in pell-mell one on top of the other, and for a time it looked as though many of them would be killed, but nearly all got out unharmed. They had hardly reached the other side when a yelling, swearing crowd of white men and Indians came up on foam-covered horses. They passed here long enough to get refreshed, and then resumed the chase.

There were four or five hundred buffalo in the herd, and they were making for British America as fast as their legs would carry them. From the hunters it was learned that the hunt began down in Dakota, on the Cannon Ball River, where not less than 5,000 of the animals were found grazing. A few of the men had followed them the entire distance, but although the party that passed here numbered only thirty, its members estimated that from first to last three or four hundred men had taken part in the slaughter. Some of the men who started out with the original party had remained behind at various points to secure the hides, and others, who only joined in for the sport had dropped out after satisfying themselves with the chase. The rapidity with which these magnificent animals are slaughtered is shown by the fact that the hunters passing through here said they would have the hides of the remnant of the herd before reaching the boundary line.

Probably this is one of the last big buffalo hunts that will ever occur in this country. The Indian, now that he is assured of enough to eat at the agencies, is as reckless in his slaughter of the bison as the white man. He seems to consider the game as nearly extinct, and he goes in recklessly with the idea of having all the sport he can before the end is reached. The wanton destruction of this herd has caused great indignation throughout the entire section traversed, but as it seems to be the policy to exterminate the bison nothing will be done about it.

UNCLE JERRY.

How "Old Trinity" Congregation Was Once Dispersed.

[N. Y. Telegram.]

Uncle Jerry—he would hardly forgive it if his full name were used, in view of what follows—carried leather for many years for the "swamp" people, his stand being in Jacob street, a busy little thoroughfare not much known to those outside the great center of the New York lettaber trade.

Just as honest as the day is long was Uncle Jerry and as truthful as need be; but as full of fun "as an egg is of meat." His boyish pranks have always stuck to him. One Sunday, when his horses and carts were cared for and at rest, he took it into his head to go into the country and hear the birds sing and watch the flowers grow, for he was born in the country and his old habits stuck to him. As he started for home he spied a hornet's nest; he had fought hornets often enough when a boy, and he immediately saw that this nest belonged to the yellow-tipped variety—the really fierce warriors of the family. The nest was large and of perfect form, and hung on a branch within reach.

Uncle Jerry waited until the hornets had settled down pretty well, most of them having gone inside through the only passage-way, the hole in the bottom. Then he plucked the hole, cut off the twig which laid the nest and started with it for his home in the lower part of the city. It is safe to say that a host of the people he met hadn't an idea as to what he was carrying. He got down by Trinity Church just as the evening service was over and the large congregation was coming out. The old spirit of fun got hold of him; he quietly unplugged that hornet's nest, gave it such a vigorous shake as would have maddened any set of hornets, dropped it right among the crowd and innocently walked. Well, boys, to cut it short, it is perfectly safe to bet that few church congregations have ever dispersed in a greater hurry.

BABY INSURANCE.

A New Business Springing Up in Ohio—How It Pays.

[Cleveland Leader.]

"You see, if I don't prove to be dead I won't get the insurance. It is necessary for me to get the certificate of the doctor who tended her." Thus spoke a plainly-dressed old lady who called at the Health Office yesterday. She was the proprietor of a baby boarding-house, and was in search of the certificate of the death of an infant that had been tender her charge. "The child's mother brought it to me," she said, "and I kept it a long time. The woman failed to pay the board until she had got into my debt about \$19. One day I went to the store after a loaf of bread, and while I was gone

the mother came and took the child away. It has since died, and she is trying to keep me from knowing where its death occurred in order to keep me out of the insurance. If I would get that, however, it would pay me for the child's board."

As she finished speaking the woman took on her lap a neatly-dressed little child which accompanied her, saying: "This is one of my boarders."

"How much do you charge a week to care for the babies?" was asked of her.

"Two dollars," was the reply, "and I do all their washing."

"Are they mostly the children of working women?"

"No, not all. The little one that died was the daughter of a woman that was never married, and she brought it to me to board."

"You spoke about insurance. Why do you insure them?"

"So that when they die on my hands I can give them a decent burial. Now, the little one that was taken away was about a year and a half old, and the insurance on it amounted to over \$18. It costs only five cents a week to insure a baby, and the amount to be realized on its death varies with the age of the child."

Further investigation showed that there is an agency in Cleveland at which baby insurance is one of the branches of the business. Circulars are issued by the agent showing the immense profits made on a small investment. Lists are published to the children insured in Cleveland, and other cities.

There can be no doubt that the insurance business combined with the boarding-house is a most profitable business.

A VANISHED FACE.

Photograph From the Laboratory of the Deep—Portrait in an Oyster Shell.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

At a stall in the California Market is to be seen an oyster shell in the center of which is the head of a woman, with a perfect bust and streaming hair flowing like that of Meg Merrilies. The picture is as clearly cut as a cameo, and bears some resemblance to the appearance of an etching.

"These oysters have just come from Guaymas," said the dealer, "and I opened them a particular ones myself. It was a monster to come from Guaymas, and I looked at it carefully, and the picture caught my eye in an instant."

"You do not mean to say that this picture was found just as it is in a living oyster