The Sentinel.

LEWIS GREEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS PER YEAR, 2.00.

Thursday, June 19, 1884.

Democratic District Ticket.

For Common Pleas Judge,
JOHN S. FRIESNER.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Clerk of Court
Arthur McCourtney

For Probate Judge
William T Acker

For County Treasurer
John Notestone

For County Commissioner
John T Nutter

For County Surveyor
James W Davis

For Infirmary Director
Andrew Wright

TILDEN DECLINES.

On the Fourth page we publish the letter of Mr. Tilden declining to be a candidate for President. This declination will be an occasion of profound regret to the Democracy, who almost to a man felt that the great fraud and wrong of '76 should be righted, and that Tilden should again be our candidate.

The letter is an able document and deserves a lasting place in the political literature of our country.

Judge Thurman comes next to Tilden as the choice of the people for their President.

The Republicans are proposing to organize 'Plumed Knights' Clubs. The title of Plumed Knight was given to Blaine, by the infidel, Ingersoll, for the reason that he once succeeded in obtaining his own damaging letters back from Mulligan to whom he had written them, then throwing them in the grate and marching into the halls of Congress and defying Mulligan or anybody else to produce proofs that he was corrupt. 'Plumed Knights' is good. It is the title given by an infidel to a man who defied his accusers after he had meanly obtained and destroyed his own furnished evidences of official corruption.

Delegate at Large.

The Hocking Democracy will insist on the selection of Congressman Converse as a Delegate at large from the State of Ohio in the Democratic National Convention.

Mr. Converse represents and is the acknowledged leader of an idea which is an Ohio and a Hocking Valley idea.

He is not only our Congressman, but he is the representative of the best and foremost industrial interests of Ohio.

We shall insist in behalf of our farmers and our manufactories that Converse be a State delegate to the National Convention.

Hon. A. T. Walling, of Circleville, was in this city Tuesday looking after his fences in the Congressional pasture field.

Mr. Walling is a candidate for Congress in this district. He is one of the straight Democrats and one of the most reputable public men of the state. He was defeated for his second term, by a Greenback hurrah for Tom. Ewing, but notwithstanding this injustice, distinguished himself in the close of the memorable session when Hayes was installed, by fighting to the bitter-end the outrage of the electoral commission. He originated the expression which has became a Democratic pass word, "When fraud is law filibustering is patriotism."

Mr. Walling has many friends in Hocking, and he will find no prejudice here against him.

Mr. John C. S. Harrison, of Indianapolis, a prominent Republican and formerly a director of the Union Pacific railroad, in which position he claims to have come across certain actions involving Mr. Blaine, has openly expressed his intention not to vote for him. Mr. Harrison discovered several irregular transactions in lands whereby the sums of $94000 were unaccounted for, and which seemed to him to implicate the "Plumed Knight." He demanded an investigation of the matter, but was baffled by those higher in authority, who told him he would impair Blaine's chances of re-election to Congress from Maine. Mr. Harrison's confidence in Blaine's integrity was never restored, and he opposed him bitterly for the nomination for President in 1876 and again in 1880. In 1880 he declined to be a candidate for district delegate, because he said if Blaine were nominated he would not support him.

Roscoe Conkling has joined the Manhattan Club. He was elected a member early last week and qualified on Monday. The New York Herald says: "Mr. Conkling has been asked to join Republican clubs, but has refused. The Manhattan Club aims to be the Democratic party of this city what the Union League Club is to the Republican party. Its constitution declares that the object of the club is to promulgate the principles of the Democratic party and promote social intercourse."

A Picture of Logan.

Some years ago, when there was a debate in the Senate on Finance, General John A. Logan held the floor for several hours, and illustrated the subject, which he declared he had been mastering for a few days. The New York Tribune, which now vouches for Logan as a statesman of the Jeffersonian mould and an orator of the Websterian build, caught the war horse of the prairies in the act, and photographed him as follows, as he rampaged the Senate chamber, June 15, 1875. The article had a run at the time, and is well worth reprinting:

Pranced in upon the arena of the great debate, like a trick mule in a circus, or a spavined nightmare up on the track of a beautiful dream —Logan, of Illinois. There was a vision of moustaches, eyebrows, and hair piled on each other in arches; a large brandishing of arms, a pose and stridulous war-whoop; and much as though a picture of the Deerfield massacre had stepped out from the pages of our early history. Logan took the American Senate by its large capacious ear. And then he went for his mother tongue. He smote at right and left, hip and thigh, and showed no mercy. Swinging the great bread axe of his high logic in air, he turned it ere it fell, and with the hammer side struck the language of 50,000,000 of people fairly in the face, and mashed it beyond recognition. Under his stroke the floor of the American Senate was spattered with the remnants of a once proud vocabulary, and messengers, doorkeepers, and pages were covered from head to foot with the spray. In the fearful two hours that followed the first roar of his oration, all the parts of speech were routed and put to flight. There were orphaned adjectives and widowed nouns, bachelor verbs driven to polygamy, and polygamous verbs left lonely; conjunctions dissevered, prepositions scattered, adverbs disheveled and distorted, and syntax flung into wild disorder. It was a great day for Logan.

He set his teeth into the language as the untamed tiger of the jugles takes between his mouth and paw the wearing apparel of the wayfarer, and the ripping of it through forest depths. It reverberated to the other end of the Capitol, and sluggish Representatives lifted up their ears and listened to the roar with terrific awe. Some started for the scene, but upon being told the cause of the disturbance in the brief communication, "Logan's up," turned back, with full assurance that they could hear from the other end of the Capitol all that was worth hearing. So through two hours Logan swung his beautiful arms over the heads of the Senate like the booms of a government derrick, while his chin churned the language like a pile driver in a heavy sea, and the baffled reporters made wild plunges with their pencils to gather up his regurgitations for the printer.

Ah! Logan is a great man; a statesman. When he throws his intellect into a question whether it is finance or self-government, or of sticking to the ship, something has to come. And you may always know where to find him—to wit, where he has always been, drawing pay from the Government in some capacity. He lacks only fifteen or twenty things of being an orator. He has lungs.

There are many readers of the present do not remember how it came to pass that Hon. John A. Logan, now Republican candidate for Vice President, came to be known as "Dirty Work Logan." The cognomen was given to him by the Republicans themselves. In 1860 Mr. Logan said:

Every fugiative slave that has been arrested in Illinois, or any of the Western States—and I call Illigois a Western State, for I am ashamed longer to call it a Northern State—has been made by Democrats. In Illinois the Democrats have all that work to do. You call it the dirty work of the Democratic party to catch the fugitive slaves for the Southern people. We are willing to perform that dirty work. I do not consider it disgaceful to perform any work, dirty or not dirty, which is in accordance with the laws of the land and the Constitution of the country, and calculated to assist men in recovering that which is their right, guaranteed to them under the constitution and the laws of the land

The Illinois rampant pro slavery champion was then christened and stigmatized by Republicans as "Dirty Work Logan."

Blaine was nominated on Friday; the coat of arms of the State of Maine fell from the wall of the hall during the excitement over the mention of his name, and the nominating speech was made by a blind man who, being almost as weak as his candidate, was obliged to remain seated during its delivery. Somebody will doubtless look upon the incident as unpleasant omens for the Plumed Knight.

Harper's Weekly, with the pen of Curtis and the pencil of Nast, it is announced, will oppose the election of Mr. Blaine. This will add to the satisfaction with which that bounding gentleman received news of the defection of the New York Times, Post, Boston Advertiser and other Republican journals.

Where's Crosbie.

On last Monday night the New Lexington jail was opened by keyes obtained from the turnkey, and a prisoner under conviction of murder in the second degree was liberated.

The escaped prisoner, a man named Clifford was convicted of being a party in the Hicky lynching case at Corning, and had been found guilty of murder in the second degree, and was kept for months in jail, that wholesome place, awaiting the royal convenience of the Court to sentence him.

The Irishman imprisoned for the McDivitt affair, although demanding in eloquent petition by the best men of the county, a release from the pestilential prison, refused to go out when the doors stood open for their escape.

Crosbie, the political traitor and figure head Sheriff will now write an advertisement for the Republican paper and Governor Hoadley may be expected to issue a proclamation in favor of more rights and more privileges to the niggers.

The decent men in jail at New Lexington seem to be unable to get relief. The convicted criminal has the doors opened for him by an officer of the law.

There is a curious state of affairs up on that New Lexington hill top, and some of these days Cincinnati will be to pay.

Sheriff Crosbie is the responsible man. When he selects a republican paper as his organ, and chooses a drunken man as his turnkey he developes a spirit of treachery to his party and a degree of incompetency as an officer that should burn blushes of shame and humiliation upon the faces of the good people of Perry county.

There ought to be a door opened for Crosbie and his staff to escape from.

ANNUAL ADDRESS,

By Prof. Rathmell,

AT THE LOGAN HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 30TH, 1884.

There is no external evidence to my certain knowledge that Solomon was ever a school master; but he had a most excellent qualification for that profession in this: It is observed of him that he gave much good advice which he never followed. There is, however, a strong conviction in my mind that that voluptuous Prince must, somewhere in that world-wide experience to which he confesses, have been master of some Hebraic school; and perhaps he was soundly influenced by that experience when he wrote those significant words: "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning."

Set over against this oriental sage is a more modern wiseacre, known in Eng. circles as Ursa Major—the great Bear; but more familiarly recognized to us as Samuel Johnson. Now it is a well authenticated fact and can be historically proved that Samuel was a BONA FIDE pedagogue. This man, a well minded, honest, sour, crotchety old fellow that he was, must have been closing this particular period of his life when he wrote: "We never do a thing consciously for the last time, without regret." However conflicting on first hearing, the sayings of these sages may seem, to one who may be finishing this particular phase of life, it is not difficult to comprehend a truth in both. To say one regrets a thing done consciously for the last time, is not, necessarily, to say that he would wish always to do that thing, or that he would always regret. Neither is saying "the end of a thing is better than the beginning," equivalent to declaring you have made a failure, or are glad to have done with it. The end of a thing ought to be better than the beginning, and in every successful enterprise will be. This occasion represents the patient labor of twelve years.—It would be humiliating to say this effort were not better than that untaught beginning; it would indeed be a hopeless, cheerless prophecy to predict, this were superior to that effort which twelve talented persons will be able to make in mature life.

The responsibility of living is altogether so great as to warrant on the one hand as little guessing as may be, and demand on the other as much calculation as possible. Perhaps we have learned one of our best lessons, necessary to efficiency, when we can make a happy estimate of our ability. 'Happy is the man,' says Goethe, 'who perceives the chosen betwixt his wishes and his powers,' in other words, happy is the man that knows what he can do; and thrice happy is the man who can pitch in and do it.

The world's workmen can be divided into two general classes —genius and talent. About the greatest complaint that has ever been brought against the first class is that they are too stupid to know they are geniuses; and the greatest ever brought against the second, is that they are too stupid to know that they are not.

James Russel Lowell says:—"No man of mere talent ever threw his inkstand at the devil." Perhaps the greater question might be whether there be not a more effective way of using ink than that of throwing it at the devil wholesale. The explosive character of this tantrum of Martin Luther accords very well with the common temper of genius.—Genius is unfettered and erratic; talent is bound and regular. We have no quarrel to make with genius. It is that which lifts the world up. It might be likened unto those great movements of nature that occasionally break up the surface preparatory to a new formation. If we could count up the ruptures of the social and intellectual formations that have taken place in the 18 centuries past, we could count up genius on our fingers.

But genius is not all; though it is great in construction, it is accurate to say, that the largest part of the solid, homely, useful fabric of the world's every-day life, is wrought in the looms of talent. It is a low estimste, perhaps, that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand, sooner or later will learn, if they are left to themselves and their friends do not deceive them, that they belong to the ranks of talent rather than to genius; and if they be sensible persons, the first dawn of this consciousness will make them tractable enough to work well. Whatever pranks and irregularities may be allowed to genius, talent must work. We are under law, the most rigid, the most imperious; not a mean one; a grand law without excuse, without exceptions. If we will not abide by the conditions of sedulous industry and self effort, we shall no more unfold the powers that be wrapt in every child, than a dry seed will develop which refuses to be subject to moisture and sunshine.

Solomon had the whole philosphy of life. We who have plans and purposes live, not so much from day to day as by periods.—Every great life has climaxes which mount up like steps. The class of '84 have finished their first. All tha lines of their movements for twelve years have been converging till they meet in this first centre. What has cost their time; what has taxed their patience and left them perplexed; where they have often succeeded and sometimes failed—all the sun and shadow of these years, they review and sum up as contributing, in some way, to the glory of this occasion. We no sooner finish one period than we begin to plan for a succeeding.—Each triumph must transcend the last, else no credit. We are so peculiarly constructed as soon to tire of similars—which acts like an ever recoiling spring to push us on.

Of two sins to which the comonality are given, it is difficult to judge which is the more common: overtaxity, indifference, or impatience. We are not overstocked with patience. When those aggressive geologists began first to interpret the "days" in Genesis as involving long periods of time, the pious churchmen were shocked, and with some ill-humor said: "Ha! it is much more up to the nature of the Divine and business like to do it up in a week's time." Impatience! About the only controversy now between the churchmen and geologists on that question, is just how many millions of years.—We are all addicted to impatience. I fancy if we could have witnessed the tumult of earth and air, in that long dark period of the earth's history—could have seen the upheaval and depression —the strife of fire and water contending like demons over the infant earth; with our paltry notions of time and practicability, we had said, "what's the use of all this?" And those wild spirits, with some rebuke, might have answered, "wait a little." And a long time after, when the fires were quieted, and the waters were flowing down, accumulating the soils, and frost with myriad fingers was crumbling the mountain tops, again we might have looked on and asked, "what's the use of all this?" And those patient, never tiring forces might have answered. "we are fitting up the green earth for you!"

It is so hard to eliminate the unmodified notion of practicability. Children grow impatient of their school days; parents grow impatient that they are so long children, and must be in school. They see them come and go so often without visible change—so gradual is the growth of the soul —that they too begin to wonder whether, after all it is practicable, if it will pay. Whenever we expect to reduce everything to practice, which we learn in the schools, we are missing one of the fundamental notions of education. It is not exactly that I may know just so much at the end of a course; but that I may know more. It is preparatory to self-help. You might as well ask the husbandman why he plows and pulverizes the soil—the only question with the farmer would seem to be, to get the seed there with a little ground over it.

You might as well go into the forest and ask the axman, "why all this lining and hewing of timbers?" He would answer you, "It is for the king's palace!"—This is to make you a man or woman—a nobler object than any palace. This is the summit of living. What sort of living is it, never to have a thought that reaches beyond yourself! What sort of living is it to look into the faces of men and women and see the strife of good and evil that goes on there, fiercer than war ever fought on any field, and see nothing of interest because it does not concern yourself!—What sort of living is it, to look on Earth and Sky touched by the Divine, and see no particular good or beauty in these things because you cannot bring them into your households and make them your own! I ask, what sort of living is it not to feel the god-like powers that each one possesses, and in the reach of such splendid possibility not desire to grow into a broader and purer life!

Some poetess musing on that vagueness of futurity that stands out to each one, thus addressed the Zephyrs:

"Fanned by the breezes that from the South
sweep up,
That first hath kissed the ocean, then the
lily's waxen cup,
Then the sweet magnolia blossoms dotting
all the sunny South,
And the gently murmuring waters of many
a river's mouth—
Methinks it comes with promise as it gently lifts the leaves,
And like gayly playing children, rustles
'moong the golden sheaves.
Then it gambols on in gladness- on toward
the chilly North,
And the flocks do chill and shudder as it
wildly rushes forth.
Dost thou hold the life before me, sunny
South, all joy and bloom?
Or is my future northward, silent in its
cold and gloom?
Ah! me, I ask the question many times
the summer day,
So I ask these gentle zephyrs, 'wither doth
my future lay?'
But they laughing, only kiss me, as they
lightly pass me by.
Still I ask the gentle zephyrs, 'whither doth
my future lie?'"

To every thoughtful person, sooner or later, comes the question, "when?" Futurity is like an impenetrable mist; it can be transgressed by hope and faith, but not by sight—and there is such a longing to know. In the Greek myth, Lachesis spun out the events of each man's life and assigned his lot; Atropas snapped the thread. If we were to approach this powerful goddess with this question, and be not over curious, but in earnest, we might press this answer:

Wonder not WHERE thou may'st labor,
Wonder most HOW thou may'st do
In life's tenement.
Work has oft a bitter savor
And needs condiment.
Be not given o'er much to doubting,
Cherish most a trusting mind
That thou can'st do.
Faith avails far more than sighing,
And will rescue you.
"For honored life an honored close,"
Is both good and true.

Charles Butler, the young Columbus blood, who, because of his father's wealth, terrorized Columbus for years, crowning his infamous career by killing his wife, has finally came to the end of his string. An Indiana Jury, after nearly a month's trial found him guilty of murder in the first degree, the penalty death.

The sympathy of the public is for his old father, who has spent a fortune of nearly a million in trying to save his only son. But justice has at last asserted itself as against money, and the human hyena, Butler, will hang, as devils like him should.

Gov. Hoadly appointed a Cincinnati negro as one of the Trustees of the Ohio Agricultural College—The College for the farmer boys of the State.

He gave the Republicans a majority of years as Directors of the penitentiary. His first inaugral was a plea for negroes, and in no State paper following has he uttered a word of sympathy for white workingmen of mine, factory and furnace, oppressed by the corporations for whom he is attorney, and for which position he largely owes his importance. He wants to be a delegate at large to our National Convention. If Alex. Sands can not go with him and tell him how to act, he had better stay at home and hunt up more colored men to appoint to positions.

The Supreme Court on last Tuday gave a decision in the case under the Scott law, in which it is held that the provision of the law making the property liable is unconstitutional. The question of the constitutionality of the law, was not before the Court, and no decision on this was rendered.

The Law of course will be enforced.

Nast starts off with a little cartoon in Harpers Weekly this week representing the Republican Elephant as broken down, as prostrate under the Blaine nomination, Blaine being represented by a horeshoe magnet on the back of the beast. The inscription beneath the picture is, "Too Heavy to Carry."

SOMETHING
WORTHY OF NOTICE

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN LADIES
Dress Goods
TRITSCH & STIRES

We have a large Line to select from in Plain and Fancy Dress Goods recently opened, to which we can properly apply the word Bargain. In Black and Colored Cashmeres from 20 to 85 cents, 36 and 44 inches wide. A line of Albatress Goods in light shades 44 inches wide, at 68 cents. Summer Silks 45, 50, 60, and 75. Black Silks 85, 100, 1.25 and 1.60. We make mention of the above goods because we think them cheaper than any other House in the city will sell them, and a larger line to select from.

May 15, 1884—2w TRITSCH & STIRES.

VIC. H. TEUSCHER,
UNDERTAKER.

The Finest and most complete Stock of all kinds of Undertaking Goods ever brought to Logan. Prices Low and guaranteed ☞ To Give Satisfaction. ☜ All calls promptly attended to Day or Night. Also Manufacturers of all kinds of

Upholstered Furniture,
Bed and Single Loung
Parlor Suits, &c., &c.

And Dealer in all Kinds of

Bed Springs, Matrasses and Parlor Stands.

☞ I Guarantee my Work and Prices. Salesroom in Roller Building, three doors west of Opera House. [May 1—tf]

The Logan Woolen Mills
—ARE NOW READY—
TO RECEIVE WOOL
—TO MANUFACTURE INTO—
Doeskins, Jeans, Satins
FLANNELS, BLANKETS,
STOCKING YARN.

We would call special attention to our full line of new
Plain and Fancy Cassimeres,
☞ Also ready to receive Wool to Card in Rolls or Card and Spin for Customers. Fulling and Dressing done in a workmanlike manner. A full stock of Goods suitable for Farmers, Merchants or men of any profession, which we will sell ☞ Cheap for Cash or Exchange for Wool.
JACOB E. TRITSCH.
Logan, May 1, 1884—3m.

The great events of history in a single volume
FAMOUS and DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.
By CAPT. KING, U. S. A. HISTORY FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD. Shows how Nations have been made or destroyed in a day.—How Fame or Disaster has turned on a single Contest. A Grand Book for Old and Young.—Saves Time. Aids the Memory.—Gives Pleasure and Instruction. Maps and Fine Illustrations. Agents Wanted Everywhere. ☞ Write at once for full description and terms. Address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Cincinnati, O.

Sheriff's Sale.

Mary E. Williams
vs
Frank Williams.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Hocking county, Ohio.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, Sheriff of Hocking county, Ohio by virtue of an execution issued out of said Court in the above entitled cause, and to him directed as Sheriff of said county will at the door of the Court House in Logan, on Saturday, June 28th, A. D. 1884, at 1 o'clock pm of said day, offer for sale at public auction, subject to the dower estate of Nancy Palmer, the following goods and chattles situate in Hocking county, O., to-wit:

One Organ and Stool.
Two Clocks.
One Motto and Eleven Pictures.
One Bureau.
One Bedspread.
One Wash Stand.
One Center Table.
One Lounge.
One Pitcher and Bowl.
One Mirror.
Two Lamps.
One Carpet.
One Book (The Golden Gems of Life.)
One Mustache Cup.
One Pair of Vases.

Terms of Sale cash in hand.

Given under my hand at Logan, Ohio this 9th day of June, 1884.

T. F. McCARTHY, Sheriff.
W. E. Hamblin, Deputy.
O. W. H. Wright, Attorney.
June12-1d.

Estate of Morrison H. Ambrose.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Morrison H. Ambrose, late of Hocking Co, deceased.

A. H. BROOKE.
May 22, 1884—3w

SHERIFF'S SALE.

John M. Floyd, et. al.
vs
Elijah Swackhammer, et. al.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Hocking county, Ohio.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Sheriff of Hocking county, Ohio, by virtue of an ordr of sale issued out of said Court in the above entitled cause, and to him directed as Sheriff of said county, will at the door of the Court House, in Logan, on Saturday, July 12th, A. D., 1884, at 1 o'clock, p.m. of said day offer for sale at public auction, the following lands and tenements situate in Hocking county, Ohio, to-wit:

Being the south half of the south half of section number (33) thirty-three, containing (172) one hundred and, seventy-two acres. Also the north-west quarter of section number (32) thirty-two, containing (171 35-100) one hundred and seventy-one and thirty-five one hundredth acres, and all in township number (13) thirteen range number (15 fifteen.

Appraised at $22,027.25,
Terms of sale cash in hand.

Given under my hand at Logan, O., this 9th day of June, 1884.

T. F. McCARTHY, Sheriff.
W. E. Hamblin, Deputy.
S. Welsly, Attorney for Plaintiff.
June12-5t.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of William H. Kanode, Deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Executor of the Estate of William H. Kanode, late of Hocking county deceased.

Dated this 12th day of June, A D. 1884.

LAFAYETTE WARNER, Executor.
June 12, 3w.

Chas. Rose & Co
STILL IN THE LEAD
WITH AN UNUSUALLY
LARGE STOCK
OF SEASONABLE
CLOTHING
—FOR—
Men, Boys & Children

SHIRT WAISTS,
Pearl Shirts, and a full Line of Fine
COLORED SHIRTS

Sweet, Orr & Co.
PANTS, OVERALLS & JACKETS
WARRANTED NOT TO RIP.

SUMMER UNDER-WEAR
—OF ALL KINDS AND—
STRAW HATS
IN ALL GRADES AT LOW PRICES.
May 29, 1884—1y.

NOTICE TO HEIRS.

The State of Ohio, Hocking county, ss.
In Probate Court. In the matter of the last will and testament of Susannah Withrow, deceased.

To John P. Withrow and Gordon Withrow of Madison county, Ohio, and Cary Larrick of Hocking county, Ohio, Effie Larrick and May Larrick of Ross county, Ohio.

You are hereby notified that on the 17th day of June, 1884, an instrument of writing purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Susannah Withrow, late of Salt Creek township, in said county, deceased, was produced in open Court, and an application to admit the same to Probate, was on the same day made in said Court. Said application will be for hearing before this Court on the 30th day of June, 1884, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

W. T. ACKER,
June 19—1w Pro. Judge.

PROBATE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the following accounts and vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking county, Ohio, for first final settlement,

Deabold Hainburger, guardian of John Hainburger, George Hainburger & Samuel Hainbarger.

And the same will come on for hearing on the 14th day of July, 1884, at 10 o'clock, a. m., or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

WM. T. ACKER, Probate Judge.
June 19—3w

DENTISTRY.

DR. Z. V. RANEY

Gives prompt attention to Repairing and Extracting Teeth. Special attention given to

Preserving Natural Teeth.

The best of Artificial Teeth warranted to give satisfaction.
☞ Office over Rochester's Store.
June 5, 1884—6m

Nicholas Fox's Estate.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as executor of the will of Nicholas Fox, late of Hocking county, deceased.

JOHN FOX, Executor
June 5—3w of Nicholas Fox, dec'd.

PROBATE NOTICE

Notice is here given, that the following accounts and vouchers have been filed in the Probate Court of Hocking county, O., for settlement.

Isom Finley Assignee of the Inbody Brothers.

And the same will come on for hearing on 7th day of July, 1884, at 10 o'clock, a m, or as soon thereafter as may be convenient.

W. T. ACKER,
June 12—3w Probate Judge.