

Republican State Ticket.

Secretary of State, ISAAC R. SHERWOOD, of Williams. Judge of Supreme Court, GEORGE W. McILVAINE, of Tuscarawas. Comptroller of the Treasury, WILLIAM T. WILSON, of Portage. Member Board of Public Works, PHILIP V. HEIZING, of Ashtabula. For Congress—JOHN T. WILSON.

Republican County Ticket.

For Prosecuting Attorney—JOHN L. JONES. For Coroner—ISAAC J. WHITE. For Recorder—THOMAS J. EDWARDS. For Commissioner—SAMUEL GILLILAND. For Sheriff—JOHNSON WADE.

Only 20 Cents.

The Standard will be sent to subscribers until after the election for 20 cents.

Appreciated.

We have been attacked all around during the present summer, and have been pretty extensively advertised. We feel awful bad about it. But then we are appreciated in one quarter. The Columbus Journal of Tuesday of last week advertised us to the tune of half a column or such a matter. If the Journal has no larger circulation in other counties than it has in this, it will not do us much good. We do not know of another copy of the Journal coming to Jackson county, except our copy. But no matter. We are satisfied that it has not attacked us with its wit, sarcasm or withering invective. It has a large grave-yard, pretty well filled. It has placed there, Senator Harlan. And Baber. And Gen. Cowan. And Jos. W. Dwyer. And pig-iron. And the Lord only knows who else. How happy we are, and how thankful we ought to be, that this terrible paper is on our side. For this, and all other blessings, make us truly thankful.

The Journal came to our rescue on Tuesday, as above stated, and it rested on Wednesday, and on Thursday it had this:

"We have no news from the Eleventh District Convention at Athens yesterday."

No. Nor we have none either. We were even so benighted down in this pig-iron region as not to know that such a convention was being held. We attended the convention which was held in Portsmouth on that day. But we were not aware that the Eleventh District was holding another convention up at Athens, in the Fifteenth District. Now maybe Mr. Bundy's friends met up there, and nominated him, after all. Could not our dear friend, the Journal, find out some way, and send us word?

The European War.

Victory is still on the side of the Prussians. The following, from the Cincinnati Commercial of Monday, is the latest and most authentic:

THE GREAT BATTLE OF GRAVELLOTTE. The following dispatch was received last evening from M. Halstead, the senior editor of this paper:

LUXEMBURG, Aug. 21.—I was present at the battle of Gravelotte on Thursday. The King of Prussia, Count Bismarck and General Sheridan were on the field. It was the third and great battle for the road from Metz to Paris. The French were outnumbered and beaten back to the walls of Metz. The slaughter on both sides was horrible. I walked seven miles over the fields strewn thick with dead, men and horses. The lines of battle are marked with dead in heaps. M. H.

The Latest.

By the Cincinnati Gazette of Tuesday we learn that The Crown Prince of Prussia is between Metz and Paris, with 200,000 men, and moving towards Paris. Bazaine is supposed to be near Metz, but his communications are cut off. It is thought that Paris must stand a siege.

No Danger.

Jim Aleshire thinks that we desire a revocation of his certificate as a school teacher. Not at all. Jim will not gamble any more. In the first place, he has perhaps ascertained that he has not sense enough to gamble. In the next place, no gambler will have anything to do with a man who has not honor enough to submit to his losses. He is beneath the contempt of all honorable gamblers, if such a word be not a solecism.

"W. P. Sprague of Morgan county is the Republican nominee for Congress in the 15th District. John T. Wilson, in the 13th, was renominated by acclamation."—Chillicothe Register.

There it is again. We saw the nomination of Mr. Wilson in the 11th District, at Portsmouth, and thought he would be the candidate here; but now the thirteenthers have gone and appropriated him. And then the Columbus Journal tells about the 11th District holding another convention up at Athens. We wish things could be straightened up some way. There must be "skulduggery," or "horswoggling," or something going on. Or is it whiskey.

The Eleventh Congressional District.

The Democrats, we suppose, nominated a candidate for Congress on yesterday, (Wednesday) at Portsmouth. We have not heard the result of their operations. The campaign may now be considered fairly opened. It is well now, before going into the fight, to look over the ground, and from that standpoint, judge of the work before us.

According to the Tribune Almanac, at the State election in 1868, the following were the majorities in each county in this District:

Table with 3 columns: Counties, Dem. Maj., Rep. Maj. Rows include Scioto, Lawrence, Gallia, Jackson, Adams, Vinton.

Total Majorities, 344

Total Republican maj. in Dist. 2197

According to the same authority, the vote stood one year after, or in 1869, the last State election, as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Counties, Dem. Maj., Rep. Maj. Rows include Scioto, Lawrence, Gallia, Jackson, Adams, Vinton.

Total Majorities, 816

Total Rep. Maj. in Dist. 936

The following shows the Republican losses and gains in the several counties in the District in one year:

Table with 3 columns: Counties, Rep. Loss, Rep. Gain. Rows include Adams, Scioto, Lawrence, Gallia, Vinton, Jackson.

Rep. Loss in one year, 1261

It will be seen that in one year the Democracy gained on us largely over one hundred per cent in the District, in all the counties did they gain more or less, save and except in glorious old Jackson. She stands out alone—true among the faltering and wavering.

It may be said that this is not a true comparison, as we take the year 1868—the Presidential year, when the vote is always large, and the majorities great. But we dare not go one year further back; because in the year 1867 the Democracy carried the District by a large majority, every single county in the District giving a Democratic majority, always excepting the always true and loyal and reliable county of Jackson.

Two weeks ago we called attention to the danger of losing the District. That warning was met by abuse, and vile epithets, and insinuations against Jackson county. Now we again caution the party in all the counties; that we cannot succeed by brag and bluster, and whistling to keep our courage up. It comes with a very bad grace indeed, from any of the counties, and especially so from Adams and Vinton—always Democratic, and where the Democratic majorities have been much more than doubled in one year—we say it comes with an exceedingly bad grace from them to make any charges of bad faith, or to throw out any insinuations against the STANDARD, or against the Republicans of Jackson county. Let them attend to their own business. They have a big work to do at home. Better be at it.

As we cannot carry this District by brag and bluster about our majorities, no neither can we carry it by quarreling among ourselves. If we succeed, it will only be done by harmony, and an amount of hard work never before performed in the District. The result may hang upon half a dozen votes. We cannot afford to repel a single Republican voter. Gentlemen may sit down and brag, and suffer their counties to treble their Democratic majorities, and when defeated, charge their defeat to Jackson county, which has never failed to do her whole duty, under the most discouraging circumstances. Go to work, and keep your mouths shut, unless you can say something which will aid the cause.

Ross County Fair.

We acknowledge the receipt of a card of invitation from P. G. Griffin, Secretary of the Ross County Agricultural Society, to attend their county Fair. It will be held in Chillicothe, Sept. 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1870. It would much improve the Fairs in the several counties, if the farmers would attend the Fairs in the surrounding counties. Mutual improvement would be the result. We hope as many of our farmers as can do so, will attend the Ross county Fair, as it will be quite convenient of access. We do not know, but we suppose half fair arrangements will be made with the railroads.

The following, which we take from the Marietta Register, is our answer to the combined attack upon us last week, by sundry "Danphools":

"What a gentleman should not say, a gentleman should not answer."

Another Card.

To JAMES A. ALESHIRE: Sir—I have no reply to make to you about your article in the Herald of last week, so far as I am concerned. I told you when you showed it to me, that it was a batch of lies. I say so now, but only choose to say:

"It was only last Fall, a short time before the election, that five prominent citizens of your town, closed themselves in some secret place, on Sunday, too, and there played cards for money, until some dissatisfaction occurred, after which one of the number brought suit before Esquire May, for the recovery of the money so lost. Among this number, was a candidate for a county office, who you supposed without the least reserve, or without so much as allowing the first word to be 'recorded' in your paper about his sinful practices, and 'fameously'."

Now I say that is false, so far as any candidate was concerned, and I demand the name of that candidate. Every man whom I supported last fall was elected, and that candidate must now be one of the county officers. Give me his name. I heard that report last fall, and I made inquiry, and the candidate convinced me by sworn testimony that on the Sunday in question he was in Portsmouth all day. Therefore I supported him. But give me his name, and he will prove you a liar to your teeth. Then the community will know what reliance to place in your other statements. You have made the above charge as a fact. Now you must give the name of that candidate, or stand before this community as a sneaking cowardly liar. If you make good your charge, I must go under.

Years, D. MACKLEY.

And Still Another Card.

Mr. J. A. ALESHIRE: Sir—In your article in the Herald last week, your principal grievance against me appears to be, that I did not expose others who gambled as well as yourself. And you say:

"There were other persons who committed the sin of gambling with those men, and among that number was a church member."

I never heard of any church member gambling with the shermen, or any other person except yourself. Now you must give me the name of that church member, and I will expose him to three thousand readers. It is due to the church to know who he is, that he may be expelled. It is due to every church member in the county, as all are implicated in the charge, even your now colleague, the Rev. Mr. Mann. He was in town that day.

Was this church member as green, and as big a fool as you, and did he lose his money? Was he, like you, devoid of that thing known as honor among thieves and gamblers, and did he plead the baby act and get his money back, like you did? Let me know all about him, and see if I do not expose him. There are too many canting hypocrites in the church. You and I can do a good work in this matter if you will come up to the scratch like a man. Again I demand the name of that church member, and you must give it, or stand convicted of slandering not only candidates for office, but also members of the church. Give me his name. Spit it out.

Years, D. MACKLEY.

One More Card.

To D. MANN. Sir—I have no answer to make to your extraordinary article which appeared in the Herald last week. The reason that I do not reply to you and several others is stated in a little item in another part of the paper. I will only state a few facts, and leave our case with the community.

The editor of the Herald says that your article which he published, is the same which was sent to me from Berlin, and which I denounced as a forgery. I have it in your own hand writing, and over your own signature, that it is not the same, and I ask any one who disputes this, to call at my office, and I will convince him.

On Saturday, August 13th, I went to the Court House to attend the Sabbath School convention. I saw you and four or five other men standing in the hall near the door of the Probate Office. I went up to you and reached you my hand. You shook hands with me in a cordial and friendly manner, and asked about my health. You then asked me to step aside with you, and you took me to the foot of the stairs, and in the most friendly manner urged me that we should have no bad feeling, and drop all past differences. I told you that I had nothing against you, and did not intend to have any newspaper controversy with you, as I did not think it would promote the cause of religion or morality.

You said you had written an article about me, but that you would not publish it. I did not ask you to publish it, because I did not care a straw what you might say. You volunteered to promise me that the matter should be ended. While warmly grasping my hand and smiling, and professing friendship, I supposed you to be acting in good faith toward me. We then went into the Probate Office, and sat down to gather, and acted in concert during the proceedings. You more than once consulted me in reference to the business before the convention.

Several members of the M. E. Church seeing us thus friendly, asked me if all was right. I told them that there was no trouble between us. They were

much pleased at this, as they exceedingly regretted that we should have any controversy. Judge of my astonishment when, on Friday morning last, Miss Mathews asked me to look at the Herald. (I do not exchange with it.) The first thing I saw was "DAVIS MACKLEY," in great display type, and then your article. Then there was the article of the gambler Aleshire, and it appeared as if he and you had been in consultation, and were acting in concert. Two or three others attacked me in the same paper. I hope you are satisfied now, that you have got into moral company.

I could not believe that your professions of friendship, and urgent request that we drop all past differences, were in bad faith, and through deceit. I thought the editor of the Herald must have betrayed you. So I asked Mr. Dungan if you had told him not to publish your article. He said you had not. That he saw you and me talking together in a friendly manner, and he supposed that it was all right between us, and he told the printer not to set the article up; but after you had gone home without saying anything about it, he supposed you wanted it published.

You told me that day, that if we kept up a controversy, you had your friends, and they would stand by you. Very well. If you have a friend who justifies you in your bad faith toward me, in violating your voluntary promise, I do not want his friendship. You appear to be extremely anxious to have a newspaper squabble. You cannot get it out of me. I have never done you any wrong, and if you think by such attacks as you made upon me in a nasty copperhead paper, you can further the cause of religion and morality, and win souls to Christ, you, as a minister must be the judge.

Years, D. MACKLEY.

A Card.

DEAR SIR—In the Herald of August 19th, I see that the Rev. D. Mann charges somebody with sending him a spelling-book, in which he says the following was written: "Please put in leisure (leisure) hours studying this instead of slandering people who attend to their own business. The End." "Hope you have benefitted yourself to such an extent that you are enabled to see yourself as others see you." He then says: "Why didn't he give me his name? Come out, and let us know who you are." He also says: "The above quotations are in different hand-writing. One I suppose is Mr. Rhodes'; and the other Mr. Mackley's." Further on he says: "As to the light in which others see me, I suppose you mean yourself Mr. —, and one or two more county officers." From the above I would infer that he charges me with writing the sentence which was intended to be read after he had leisurely studied the book through. But the Reverend David Mann, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the Berlin Circuit, in Jackson County, Ohio, did not even suppose, when he made the above charge, that I wrote a single word in the spelling-book above referred to; and I charge the Reverend D. M. & Co. with being a public, untruthful and malicious LIAR. Publicly, by publishing a lie. Willfully, because the Rev. D. M., P. M. E. C., B. C., J. C. O. has been in Jackson more than once since he says he received the spelling-book, and could have seen a specimen of my scribbling by calling at my office. Maliciously, by charging me with what he says is contemptible. Now, Mr. Editor, I never sent D. Mann nor "aney" other man, a spelling-book, and if I had, I would have given my name. I notice in Mr. Mann's communication the following sentence: "And then, type-setters sometimes make mistakes." I would suggest that the Rev. gentleman purchase a dictionary, (if some one has not been contemptible enough to send him one,) and study it before writing anything more for publication, so that he may not make himself ridiculous by using such a word as type-setters. More anon. CHARLES RHODES.

The Difference.

Barney O'Conner is an Irishman, and a Republican. He was a candidate for Marshal of the Village of Jackson on Monday last, and the Republicans and a few Democrats elected him, by 68 majority.

At the Corporation election last spring John Gorham was a candidate for Street Commissioner. He is also an Irishman, but a Democrat. He was badly defeated. And this must have been done by the Democrats, because that party, at that time, had a majority, electing their candidate for Mayor. No Irishman need apply for office in that party. An Irishman is good enough to vote the Democratic ticket; but when it comes to an Irishman applying for office in that party, the word is, "no d—d Irishman need apply."

State Fair.

Hon. John H. Klippart, Secretary, has sent us a kind invitation to attend the Ohio State Fair. We would surely attend, if it were not for the fact that our health will not permit us to travel in hot weather.

The Fair will be held at Springfield, commencing on Monday, September 12th, and continue until Friday evening, the 16th.

Among the railroad arrangements, we find the following, as to roads between this point and Springfield: All freights to the Fair, when returned to the original owner, at the same point from which they were shipped, will be carried free; or which will amount to the same thing, the money will be refunded. Most of the railroads will carry passengers at half fare.

Random Thoughts.

BY THE EDITOR.

Everything now is as subject to change as the fashions of bonnets, which change at least four times a year. Even the music is in a state of constant change. Let a young lady learn a piece well, and by that time, if you ask her to play or sing it, she will laugh at you, and say: "dear me. That is such an old piece." Sacred music changes almost as fast. Even good Old Hundred has been changed in modern books, and the semibreve is left off at the end of the lines, and a minim supplied, and the singers march right through it like a lot of militia men on a retreat.

Speaking of old tunes reminded me of some verses which I published in the Standard August 11, 1864. Here they are:

OLD TUNES. The good old tunes of other days, In which we sang our Maker's praise, When life with us was young and free, When music flowed from heart and tongue Oh how to memory now they rise, Like angel notes from heaven's skies; For oft we sang them with the best, Who now in heavenly mansions rest.

My father sang them: "When a boy, I heard their notes with glowing joy; And round his dying bed we raised The wondrous notes in which he praised The name of God, and sang of bliss In purer, brighter words than this.

My mother sang them soft and sweet, And oft her tones my spirit greet, When dreams beyond the upper air, Like angel notes from heaven's fair, To that bright world to which she rose, When leaving life with all its woes; Oppressed with grief, of joy bereft, An orphan I was early left.

I sang them with a brother flown When sin and sorrow are unknown, And with a sister, oh how dear! Whose notes now greet her mother's ear. I sang them with a youthful bride, Who early withered away her side. The clovered her when life's setting sun Shone on her heaven on earth begun; And when heavenly music met her ear, I sang them with a manly peer.

Whose rags on earth were early worn; And with a daughter bright and fair, Who knows in a heaven a mother's care.

I've sung them in the forest wild, Where nature lovingly favored and smiled; I've sung them on the rolling sea, Whose deep-toned surges joined with me In sounding forth the Maker's praise— Whose words can cheer, or wildly raise The surging billows to the skies, Or still them when to heaven they rise. I've sung them in far distant lands, Where roll the waves on classic strands; And sang of glory and of peace, At thoughts of distant friends and home, With whom, and where, I sang those lays, The good old tunes of other days.

I've sung them with the wise and good, As by Death's stream they joyfully stood, And saw, beyond the walls that rise, Where blissful mansions greet the eye.

How dear to me those noble lays, The good old tunes of other days, On earth I've sung them with the best; And when I reach the heavenly rest, I hope to sing them there with those Who know no more life's cares or woes— Where golden harps the notes shall raise, That fill all heaven with endless praise.

As long ago as I can remember, my father would sit in front of our humble cabin and sing these old tunes after the labors of the day were over. One of his favorite hymns was the following, which he sang to a tune which was called "Russia" in the old books:

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me! His loving kindness, O, how free!

2. He saw me reined by the fall, Yet loved me not without standing all; He saved me from my lost estate; His loving kindness, O, how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell, my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along; His loving kindness, O, how strong!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has stood; His loving kindness, O, how good!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart From folly's maze of sin depart; But though I have him oft forgot, His loving kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I mortal powers forsake, Soon all my inward powers must fail; O, may my last, expiring breath, His loving kindness sing in death.

7. Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day, And sing with angels and seraphim, His loving kindness in the skies.

I went to my library and hunted up the old family music book, which my dear mother and loving sister so often used. This old book was published in Pittsburg, in the year 1824. Here I see the old tunes so often sung by those whose voices on earth have been silent for a quarter of a century. My kind sister, who died November 6, 1853, often sang a tune, called "Enfield" in this old book. I cannot give the music, nor having the necessary type, but here are the words:

"Before the rays dawn of day To thee my God I'll sing, Awake my soul and tuneful lyre, Awake each chord and string, Awake and let thy flowing strains Glide thro' the midnight air, While high amidst her silent roar, The silver moon rolls clear."

Often and often, as I started to the sugar camp on a clear, frosty, moonlight morning before daylight, has my childish voice repeated these gleeful words to the good old tune of "Enfield."

I believe it is the almost universal belief, among all nations and tribes of people, that there is an existence beyond the present life. When those very near and dear to us leave here, we feel a kind of strange wonder about them. If we could only hear from them. Just one word of recognition. This common desire to hear from friends in the unknown land, is what gave rise to the foolery of spiritualism. I have no idea that there is any such communication now. But do our departed friends sing the same old tunes which they sang on earth? We shall all know soon.

President Grant has issued a proclamation of neutrality.

WAGON SHOP.

LOUIS BERDEL, Wagon & Carriage Maker.

Shop in the brick house formerly occupied by W. A. Gilliland as a gunsmith shop, on Portsmouth street, near the Gibson House. He carries on all kinds of wagon and buggy making business in all its branches.

REPAIRING done on short notice. FLEWS on hand and for sale. Aug 28, 1870

J. F. TOWELL'S COLUMN.

PORTSMOUTH, O., AUGUST 15th, 1870.

I desire to announce through the columns of the STANDARD, to my customers in Jackson and adjacent counties, that I have received already a considerable stock of DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS adapted to the early Fall Trade, and that by the first of September I will have in Store probably the largest and handsomest Stock of Goods ever opened in Portsmouth. Purchasers may expect to find the very best styles of the best goods,—such as will be creditable to my establishment. Having the Agency of several popular Woolen Mills, I will be prepared to offer their goods at factory prices.—Furnacemen will find large supplies of the goods best adapted to their wants. Long experience as a merchant, purchasing for cash, and economy in expenditures, enable me too meet successfully competition from any House in the West.

I am prepared to offer favorable terms to first class buyers, and confidently invite such to an examination of my stock.

J. F. TOWELL, WHOLESALE DEALER IN DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Has now in Store, and will be receiving daily throughout the entire season, LARGE SUPPLIES OF Brown Sheetings of all the celebrated brands. Bleached Mustins of the leading popular makes. Prints of every grade, and the very best styles. Tickings of well known makes and grades. Checks in large variety, not numbered up. Ginghams, Domestic and Foreign, of full styles. Delaines, ARMERIS ORIENTALS, newest production. Alpacos, Coburgs, Poplins, Merinos, all colors. Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Repellants, all grades. Jeans of every grade and color, in great variety. Plain Flannels of every grade and color. Linseys and Canton Flannels, in great variety. Corset Jeans, Colored Cambrics, Paper Muslins, &c. Notions, in large assortment, Staple and Fancy. Maysville Cotton Yarns and Batting. Southern Cotton Yarns and Wrapping Paper. Choppers' Blankets and German Coverlets.

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Has now in Store, and will be receiving daily throughout the entire season, LARGE SUPPLIES OF Brown Sheetings of all the celebrated brands. Bleached Mustins of the leading popular makes. Prints of every grade, and the very best styles. Tickings of well known makes and grades. Checks in large variety, not numbered up. Ginghams, Domestic and Foreign, of full styles. Delaines, ARMERIS ORIENTALS, newest production. Alpacos, Coburgs, Poplins, Merinos, all colors. Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Repellants, all grades. Jeans of every grade and color, in great variety. Plain Flannels of every grade and color. Linseys and Canton Flannels, in great variety. Corset Jeans, Colored Cambrics, Paper Muslins, &c. Notions, in large assortment, Staple and Fancy. Maysville Cotton Yarns and Batting. Southern Cotton Yarns and Wrapping Paper. Choppers' Blankets and German Coverlets.

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