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Zenas Kent's Estate.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned were on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1865, duly appointed and qualified as Administrators on the Estate of Zenas Kent, late of the village of Kent, in the county of Portage and State of Ohio, deceased. HENRY A. KENT, MARVIN KENT.
By J. L. & H. C. RANNEY, their Attys. oct23:258

DAILY LEADER.

MY MARRIAGE, OR THE DREADFUL WIDOW.

I was making my way through a crowd in a by street, which I supposed had been collected for the contemplation and enjoyment of some trifling and contemptible disturbance, but into which at the time I was not in the mood to inquire, when my course was arrested by a pair of beautiful large black eyes under a lady's veil, which met mine with a mute appeal that I could not for a moment resist.

"What is the matter?" I demanded of the possessor of the black eyes.

A remarkably sweet voice replied: "I have ventured to interfere in behalf of a child I saw the people abusing, but I am afraid that without some assistance my efforts will be unavailing."

"We wasn't abusing it," cried several rough voices together. "She was only fighting with little Mike, and she'd got the best of it, now if you'd let her alone."

"It is quite enough," said the lady with spirit, her splendid eyes flashing as she spoke, "that your sex should disgrace itself in this way. I shall not allow mine, especially such a little creature as this, to make a brute of itself, if I can help it."

"You are right, madam," I said. The man who would see your sex dragged into the prize ring must have little respect for his own mother. You are Quixotic, however, to assume the duties of this child's natural protector. Where are the child's parents?"

"Dead," cried three other little children in chorus.

"Where—how does she live, my little girls?"

"She lives with Miss Fanny Fink and does errands for her."

"What sort of a person is this?" inquired the dark eyed lady.

"She dresses finer than you do, ma'am," replied one of the female by-standers, "but she is not exactly the person to bring up a child in the way it should go, as she has strayed a long way out herself."

The pointed truthfulness of this remark raised a laugh among the acquaintances of Miss Fanny Fink.

The lady, in the meantime, had not let go her hold on a half clad, sturdy little girl, whose face was flushed with passion, and discolored with blood, dirt and tears. She stooped down to her, raising her veil, and said, "Little one, if you will go with me, I will find you a good home. You shall have nice clothes, enough to eat, and be taught to read and write. What do you say to this?"

The sweetness and beauty of the lady's face surprised me; the child seemed overpowered by her gentle influence, and replied, "Yes, ma'am, I will go with you anywhere."

At this conjuncture a policeman arrived on the spot, and the lady at once addressed herself to him, explaining the case, and shortly afterward she walked away, leading her little charge, escorted by the guardian of the peace. Although much pressed for time, I lingered to look after her till she turned the corner, for never had I seen a face which seemed to me half so lovely as hers, and it haunted me ever after.

I had, however, at that time, too many troubles of my own to afford to look after those of others. A very long and expensive law suit had exhausted the once handsome fortune that had long kept my family in an enviable position and left me nothing but fallacious hopes and illusive expectations. My father died during the slow progress of the litigation; the lawyer who commenced and so long conducted it also died before its conclusion, and it appeared too probable that my mother, too, would pass away without the satisfaction of knowing that so much money, thought, anxiety and suspense had been entirely thrown away. She was very ill; and I foresaw with certainty that the slender thread which held her life would snap, if the final decision in our cause, which it was believed would be rendered, should be against us; for it would necessitate the sale of all that that remained to us, and leave us all little better than beggars. It was our last stake, upon which all our hopes and confidence had gradually concentrated; and if that were lost we had nothing more to lose—nothing but blank despair to encounter, which we durst not anticipate.

The lawyer who at the time conducted our suit was an old friend of my father's—successful, rich, independent and surly; and, as he had undertaken the case more from friendly than pecuniary motives, did not undertake to disguise the truth and probabilities from me. But I could not, would not, look forward to anything but triumph, and chose rather to disregard his discouraging tone as one of the means he employed to enhance the value of his services in achieving success. He was a good man at heart, that old lawyer, and his penetration was wonderful, but he was no apt to spoil his medicine by oversweetening it, and my pampered palate rebelled not a little against its disgusting but wholesale bitterness.

I had a long hunt after an important female witness, whom I found at last in a garret, dying of consumption. And whom should I find, sitting like a ministering angel at her bedside, but the beautiful black-eyed lady whom I had lately met; the companion of the little orphan girl.

"It is in such places as this where a good angel is most needed, and not in the circle of gayety and fashion, that I must seek you. I see," exclaimed I, gazing upon her with irrepressible admiration.

The lady blushed deeply; and as soon as she had recovered from her momentary confusion, quietly observed that she was simply performing a duty to which an old friend of her mother's was fully entitled.

While obtaining the deposition of her patient, I had several opportunities of conversing with this excellent beauty, and her modest elegance and graceful ease captivated my soul.

One evening I was permitted to accompany her in search of a conveyance; and, as I had resolved to express my sentiments freely to her on the first available occasion, I was, as usual in such cases, much embarrassed when it presented itself.

"Your patient is dying, I fear."

"She is conscious of the approach of her deliverance; and as such she regards it."

"It is an angel's office you fill in soothing her path to the grave."

"Do not flatter me, sir. It is but little I can do, and flattery seems to make that little less than nothing."

"I assure you I express my admiration in most stinted terms; were I to tell you all I think and I feel I might indeed surprise you."

"Then let me entreat your forbearance."

"It is unkind, not to say harsh, in you, to forbid the utterance of a heart so sincere and full as mine."

"It is my kindness, my consideration for you that induces me to check this excessive language, because I know you will repent it."

"Impossible! I not only admire you more than any being I ever saw, but I feel that you are worthy of my worship, and that I love you."

"Say no more, I entreat. If you knew who and what I am, you would confess the folly of which you are guilty. You tell me you are so unfortunate and unhappy. I pity you, but there is a gulf between us, and you would only render yourself more wretched by attempting, blindly and rashly, to cross it."

"Are you married?"

"Do not ask. Here let our acquaintance cease; You have no more occasion to visit my patient; and you surely would not deprive her of the presence of her last remaining friend, as you will do if you persist in intruding upon her. Here then let us part, and forever."

She stopped a cab and allowed me to help her into it, and left me in my mystery and gloom. She had crossed my dark path like a heavenly apparition; and her disappearance rendered everything about me hopeless and dreary as despair.

* * * * * * *

The treacherous law, after luring us on to ruin, decided against our claims, and extorted the last remnant of our pr perty to pay the costs. To communicate this fact to my mother would have been like inflicting her death-blow; and after meditating long upon the subject, I found myself unequal to the painful task, and went once more to our old lawyer, to ascertain whether there was any possibility of compromising the matter so as to postpone the evil day and leave my mother awhile in possession of her home and comforts.

I met a lady descending the stairs, who had just come out of his office, whose physiognomy was of that unusually repulsive character which imprints itself indelibly on the memory, and ever after, in dreams and reveries, in sleep and wakefulness, rises from time to time to our mental vision with horrible distinctness, shocking us with the fullest sense of the dread ugliness of human malformation. I thought of the wonderful contrast between this creature and the delicate beauty I loved in vain.

The old lawyer was in, and grasped my hand with sympathetic cordiality. I stated the object of my visit.

"Well my young friend," he said, "I have anticipated you wishes, and have just been talking with the successful party.—She is in no means inexorable, but, to tell you the truth, there is no ground of compromise left. You have lost all—the widow has won all. If she accords you anything it will simply be a donation—nothing more nor less."

"Is there no resources left by which I can, for a time, ward off this final, and to my mother, I fear, fatal blow."

"None in law."

"In what then?"

"In yourself."

"How in myself?"

"In your person. You are young and handsome. I don't say so to flatter you, but to make my meaning clear."

"Well?"

"Well, marry the widow."

"Marry her? I would rather hang myself at once."

"You should know best how fit you are to die. I am afraid your education and habits have totally unfitted you for business and usefulness."

"But this marriage is absurd and impossible."

"I am not in the habit of proposing absurdities and impossibilities. If you will authorize me to act you will find it no such thing. Will you do so?"

"Not for the world."

"Understand that I have not urged this matter on your behalf, but for the sake of your mother and sister—and especially on account of your mother, for whose life you pretended a moment ago to feel an amount of solicitude that would enable you to make any sacrifice."

"For the moment I did not think of them."

"It is time you did. Since my counsel is so very unpalatable, perhaps you will condescend to inform me what you propose to do?"

The old lawyer turned his chair around and commenced writing at his desk as coolly as if he had been an ingenious machine invented for no other purpose. I thought on his proposition till I grew sick and faint. The recollection of the consummate charms of her I loved added an aspect of hate to such as she wore when I was invited to make my own, and I could not bring my lips and heart to say yes to such a destiny. At last I rose and said: "I will call to-morrow and give you my decision."

"Very well," replied the old man, without turning his head or ceasing to write.

I went home and attempted to prepare my mother for the ruin that had befallen us, but in approaching the subject, found it was more than she could endure, and I relinquished the effort in despair. To my sister I ventured to tell the truth, and she wept bitterly, not for herself, but for our only parent, who she assured me would inevitably expire on hearing the news.

"Is there nothing on earth that you can do, Edward, to prevent it?"

"Yes."

"And won't you do it?"

"I cannot bring my mind to it.'

"Is it dishonest?"

"N—o, I don't know that it is, but very repugnant to my feelings."

"I am sure I would do anything for mama."

"Would you marry the man you abhor?"

"To save ma's life—yes."

"Well, then, I will not be outdone by you in filial affection."

"What do you mean, Edward?"

"I will tell you to-morrow; in the meantime cheer up. I'll save my mother and you, but at a great sacrifice—Heaven only knows how great."

My sister flung her arms around my neck, kissed me affectionately, called me by many endearing names, and I felt as if I almost deserved them, exaggerated as they were.

I communicated my decision to my lawyer the next day, telling him that since I could not marry for love, I would marry for hate.

He uttered a sort of grunt and replied:

Few marriages begin in that way, but with too many love is verged into antipathy as soon as soon as the honeymoon is well over. Your prospect of connubial happiness is brighter, as it cannot change but for the better. If you knew the lady as well as I do, you would entertain no misgivings on the subject.

On the second day after the interview I received Mrs. Barrington's card, with a written request from the lawyer that I would call upon her without delay, as he had settled the preliminaries in the most satisfactory manner. I did not fly on the wings of love to the mathood of my bride elect, as there had been but little choice in the matter, but walked thither like a man who had volunteered to be hung.

On my arrival I was ushered into a handsome drawing room, in which I was kept waiting for about a quarter of an hour, when, at last, the lady appeared. She did not look handsomer than when I met her on the stair leading to my lawyer's office. On the contrary, the relation in which she now stood with respect to myself, and the finery which she piled upon her person rendered her in my eyes more hideous than ever.

I responded to her salutation and remained silent for a few moments. She appeared desirous of manifesting a certain measure of maidenly coyishness, and I was not indisposed to allow her all the leisure she required for the performance of her part. When she had enacted the role to her satisfaction, and lost all patience, she opened upon me with the voice of a dying screech owl, that made me shudder:

"Well, Mr. Ingleton, the object of your visit is, I presume—"

"Yes, madam, it is as you say, to propose for your hand and heart; they are conventionally supposed to go together."

"My hand and heart?" she exclaimed laughing.

What a laugh it was! A ruined hurdy-gurdy, a maniac's scream, and the serenade of a starving cat combined were music to it.

"Yes, madam; and does this appear so absurd to you?"

"Extravagantly so."

"My lawyer has been authorized by me to make a proposition, which he informed me had been favorably received. Has he deceived me?"

"No, not at all, but you have made a great mistake in the person."

"Are not you Mrs, Barrington?"

"That is my name, but I persume you refer to my niece."

"This is very ridiculous. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing the right lady?"

"In a moment. She sent me to prepare you for her coming."

"I do not see the necessity."

"I persume not. I will explain, although the subject is a delicate one to handle. A better hearted girl than my niece Clara never lived, but she has some personal defects which, perhaps only the eyes of perfection can overlook. I mean to say, for instance, that she does not enjoy the same personal advantages as myself."

I looked at the speaker for a moment in amazement, and an involuntary groan escaped my lips.

"It cannot be possible! Is she deformed?"

"Oh, no; she is as perfectly shaped as I am."

"Indeed! What is it then?"

"A slight obliquity of vision, which adds a puzzling and peculiar expression to the eyes. Her hair is of that color of which there is a very unmerited prejudice, but, for myself, I never saw a finer or more brilliant red. With these exceptions, there is a strong family likeness between us, especially as respects the width of the mouth, the roundness and height of the shoulders, and the size of the feet.

What an image of horror was conjured up before me.

"Say no more!" I exclaimed wildly. "This suspense is too dreadful. Let me see the woman herself, though the sight of her kills me!"

"Then turn and look upon your death!" cried a sweet voice behind in a mock tragic voice, followed by a silvery peal of laughter.

I turned, and, to my inexpressible delight beheld my adored, black eyed beauty.

"And you—you are—"

"Not Mrs. Eastburn. That was my maiden name; but Clara Barrington, widow."

I fell at her feet, half disposed to worship her, covered her hand with kisses, and finding no resistance offered, sprang to my feet and clasped her in my arms.

"Clara Barrington, will you become Clara Ingleton?"

"In what excellent practice you are. We shall have you proposing for the whole family. You have begun bravely, first to the aunt and then to the niece within five minutes. Aunt has fled, as well she may, from so dangerous a creature. What would become of her had I not rushed to the rescue, heaven only knows. I promise you I shall be dreadfully jealous of her and the personal advantages she enjoys."

"Oh, you have been playing a rare game with me."

"A fair one. I have won pour love fairly, and learnt at the same time that there was right on your side as well as on mine, and I will be my own court of inquiry, and do justice more even-handed than the law."

"May I praise you now?"

"No, but you may—"

"Do what?"

"Love me just as much as you please."

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"It was early in the spring of 1855 that this compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the case alluded to I compounded a small quantity of the medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this, I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks from a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it and got well. J. R. Clarke, Esq., editor of the Manchester Daily Mirror, made a trial of the same preparation in the case of a severe cold, and was cured immediately. He was so highly pleased with the results, and so confident of success attending its sale if placed before the public, that he finally persuaded me to give it a name and send it abroad to relieve the suffering. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of White Pound Compound. In two years from that time there had been wholesaled in Manchester alone *six hundred dollars' worth*, where it took the lead of all the cough remedies in the market, and it still maintains that position. There is good reason for all this; it is very soothing and healing in its nature, is warming to the stomach, and pleasant without to the taste, and is exceedingly cheap.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints, the White Pine Compound stands unrivalled. It was not originated for that purpose, but a person using it for a cough, was not only cured of the cough, but was also cured of a kidney difficulty of ten years' standing. Since that accidental discovery, many thousands have used it for the same complaint, and have been completely cured."

The above was written by Dr. Polland in 1860. Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead of all Cough remedies, as well as preparations for the cure of Kidney difficulties, in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the New England States.

The past year has given great opportunity to test the virtue of the White Pound Compound. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine, and the people where it is prepared are high in its praise.

One bottle of this Compound is generally sufficient to remove a bad cough, and frequently I have a cold entirely removed in two days, by using less than half a bottle. From one to two teaspoonfuls is a large dose. I sometimes put a little white sugar and hot water with it, when taken on going to bed.

The limits to which I purposely confine myself in this circular, will not allow of that full expression which I would like to give in favor of the White Pine Compound. It is universally admired by all who use it—it has attained to such a popularity among those whose opinion is valuable indeed, that nearly may possibly in part prompt me to record more here than hurried people will have patience to read; so I will stop, by merely recommending to all who need a cough or kidney remedy to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed, from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Compound to be very efficacious, not only in coughs and other Pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy; I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pound, I was prepared on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties, with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand."

REV. H. D. HODGE, Of West Randolph, Vt., who is a practicing physician, as well as preacher, in a letter to Dr. P., dated May 21, 1864, says: "I find it an excellent medicine in kidney disease."

FROM A BOSTON PASTOR.

Boston, January 16, 1862.

Rev. J. W. Polland, M. D.: Dear Sir—Your White Pine Compound has been used in my own family, and I know of others who have used it, always with a good effect, and I feel fully justified, and it is with pleasure that I say that I regard it (unlike most preparations of the day) as wholly deserving of the entire confidence of the public. Not only do I consider it a safe, but an efficient remedy for all diseases of the throat.

FROM JAMES J. HOYT.

BRADFORD, N. H., September, 1860.

Dr. Poland:—In the fall of 1857, I took a very cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in the side and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease, the Kidney Complaint. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense sight, with a loud cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. In the spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. But to my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I could rest nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am feeling like a well man.

I would add that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother and two sisters having died of it.

[Several other clergymen and physicians have also written to Dr. P., highly approving of his White Pine Compound.]

FROM ELERY E. CAHOON.

BREWSTER, Mass., March 19, 1863.

Dr. Poland:—I feel it my duty to inform you of the very great benefits I have received from the use of your White Pine Compound. In August, 1861, I took a very severe cold, which continued to afflict me, increasing in severity, attended with a very hard cough, night sweats, and some bleeding, probably from the throat. Through the fall and winter my cough was very distressing, reducing my flesh and strength, and rendering me unfit for labor. I tried medicines of various kinds, but none of them, however valuable, gave me any relief. In March, 1862, as you may remember, I wrote to you, stating my difficulties and asking advice. You sent me some of the White Pine Compound. I commenced taking it, and immediately began to amend. At the time of writing to you, my weight was only 135 pounds. In five weeks I was out in active labor, and in a few months had gained up to a 160 pounds. I know that it was the White Pine Compound which did all this for me. I soon began to have persons apply to me for the medicine, and, as you know, I ordered it for sale. In eight months, though without making much exertion, I disposed of 540 bottles of the Compound here on the Cape.

I would add that several persons of my acquaintance, whose condition was as hopeless as my own, have been cured by the White Pine Compound.

The White Pine Compound advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of the many who know him, a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—[Boston Watchman and Reflector.

The editor of the Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror, in a leader of the Daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

"The White Pine Compound is advertised at much length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we know of, and no family that has once used it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge, it is sure to kill a cold, and pleasant as sure. The greatest invention come by accident, and it is singular that the White Pine Compound, made for Colds and Coughs, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is; we cannot doubt it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Besides, the character of Dr. Poland is such that we know he will not countenance wrong. For years a Baptist clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate constitution to look standing with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has saved himself and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and never knew a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and we are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound.

Should you think favorably of this medicine, be careful when purchasing, that it is the WHITE PINE COMPOUND that is offered you, as we know that other preparations have been palmed off for it by unprincipled dealers.

The White Pine Compound, Is Manufactured at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, 106 Hanover Street, Boston, GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Under the supervision of REV. J. W. POLAND, M. D.

Dr. SWETT will attend to the business department to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

BURNHAMS AND VAN SCHAACK, CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN D. PARK, CINCINNATI, O., GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST. oct14:3ider3at:3tw

MEDICAL.

MEDICAL SUCCESS EXTRAORDINARY. 100 DOLLARS PREMIUM! SEMINAL WEAKNESS, OR SPERMATORRHŒA, GLEET, &C., —AND— Impotency Cured, AFTER ALL OTHER TREATMENT FAILS. DR. A. GIBSON, Formerly of New York City, will pay one hundred dollars for the proof that he ever failed to cure the above named disease. He will pay the same sum for the proof that any other Physician in the United States treats the same disease with equal success.

After many years of laborious study and experience Dr Gibson is happy in being able to announce to the unfortunate, that he has perfected a system of treatment for

THE SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE of the above, and also all contagious diseases of the Reproductive Organs, with all bad effects arising therefrom, including General

DEBILITY OR NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

He has succeeded in curing cases in this city, some of whom had expended hundreds of dollars with selected physicians, who profess to treat all private maladies with success, and without receiving the least portion of benefit.

Dr. Gibson does not boast that he is a member of some College in London or Paris, as perhaps some others do for the purpose of enamoring the innocent, and who hold out great secrecy, which, never to be realized. But what Dr. G. might boast of is this, that he is able to divulge astonishing to those who repose confidence in his ability and integrity, and that he has perfected an American system of treatment which challenges any Physician of London or Paris, or any patent medicine, to equal for the radical cure of seminal weakness, and all diseases or derangement, both mental and physical, resulting from sexual or secret abuse.

Dr Gibson also claims for his new treatment the following advantages over all others yet discovered. And, first, the agents used are in no respects disagreeable; he does not reduce the dark agent, such as Mercury, or any other deleterious drug; secondly, no restriction in their use in business is required; third, his treatment is positive and certain in all cases. He stands prepared to go into any public or private hospital in the United States, and demonstrate the immense superiority of his new treatment over any other now known in the world, in point of promptness, permanency, mildness, safety and convenience to the patient.

Dr Gibson is permanently located in Cleveland, and has during the past five years performed many cures of diseases which had for years resisted all other modes of treatment. References can be given to individuals of the best respectability in Cleveland, Boston, New York and other cities, in regard to skill and integrity in all professional transactions. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, all diseases of the Urinary Organs, and all Chronic Diseases treated with superior success.

Medicines sent to any part of the country, on receipt of ten dollars.

Dr. Gibson's new work on Physiology for sale at his office.

DR. GIBSON, PROFESSOR OF ELECTROPATHY AND MEDICINE. Office 119 Seneca street, a few doors from Superior, up stairs, opposite Hotel Cuyahoga.

Office hours from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5 o'clock Daily (Sundays excepted). jan17

PERFUMERY.

NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF. PHALON'S "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS" A Most Exquisite, Delicate and Fragrant Perfume, Distilled from the Rare and Beautiful Flower from which it takes its name. Manufactured only by PHALON & SON. Beware of Counterfeits. *Ask for Phalon's—Take no other.* Sold by druggists generally. June2 7:274aw

COLUMBIAN GIN.

W. T. SHUFFELDT & Co., [SUCCESSORS TO A. F. CROSKEY.] Sole Distillers of the Celebrated COLUMBIAN GIN. A. F. CROSKEY'S COLUMBIAN GIN CHICAGO, ILL. ALSO, DISTILLERS OF ALCOHOL, PURE SPIRITS, Whiskies of all Grades, DOMESTIC LIQUORS AND DEALERS IN HIGHWINES. OFFICE: 51 SOUTH WATER STREET, P. O. Drawer 6526. CHICAGO, ILL. This being the cheapest Spirit market in the world, we invite the attention of Dealers in Domestic Liquors to our goods, feeling assured that we can offer them special inducements. We would call the particular attention of the trade to our COLUMBIAN GIN, which is a distillation of Rye, Malt, Wine and Italian Juniper Berries, and has all the properties and flavor of the imported articles. sep12:R4eow1y

HOOP SKIRTS.

REMOVAL NOTICE. KAUFMAN & BRO. Respectfully call the attention of their customers and the public generally, to the fact that they have removed from No. 19 Public Square, to their large and commodious

Hoop Skirt Manufactory, 250 SUPERIOR STREET, UP STAIRS.

No connection with any other place in the city. We now work on better advantages—low rents, not one-quarter the rents that others have to pay. No profits to manufacturers. All these inducements we offer to our customers, whether

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL. We can assure bargains in every style and shape. We make the Real French Style of Corsets and the Latest Style of Skirts.

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS. REMEMBER THE PLACE, 250 SUPERIOR STREET, UP STAIRS. Orders filled at short notice. aug30 KAUFMAN & BRO.

Go Buy Your HOOP SKIRTS! AND CORSETS! AT THE MANUFACTORY OF JACOB FRANK, 128 Superior St., under the American, And save a Second Profit. 15y17

PLANTS.

SOMETHING NEW. LADIES and GENTLEMEN:—We invite your attention to the LINNÆUS MYATT VINE PLANT. This Vine is attracting the attention of the American people, as an article of commerce as well as for domestic use, and is likely to supersede the most kinds of grape wine or drugged imitations now in use. Directions for cultivation and for the making of the wine, with the delivery of the plants. The best time for planting them is in the fall, September till November. The