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TIFFIN, O., May 21, 1868.

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Jan. 22, 1868.

THE TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOLUME 21.

TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1868.

NUMBER 6.

The Tiffin Tribune.

OLD MEMOIRS.

The moss was springing at my feet,
The branches budding overhead,
The brook was in a purring, low and sweet,
I stepped to fast to that it said:
For, ah! it murmured in my ears
Full many a word of import deep,
That brought me back from early years—
Memories that made me pause and weep.
It told of olden days in youth,
And bursting from its long confine,
Memory came forth to do its part
In torturing this poor heart of mine,
It brought me shining locks and fair,
Brown locks, and raven, each a gem,
Each found a tongue and through the air
Long silent voices breathed again.
Ah! springing moss and bursting bud,
Twin moss and bud that long I long,
When hand in hand through this old wood
We wandered cutting all the day,
The woodland flowers which softly grew
To graceful garlands skillful made,
And bending o'er the brook to view
Our laurels, sighed that they must fade.
Ah! murmuring stream, thy voice was then
The sweetest music to my ears;
Why art thou silent now, my friend,
The melody of other years?
Or if thou wilt, thy sad refrain
Oh give me from thy mirror face
The loved ones' features back again,
Redeemed there in other days.

Written for the Commercial Printing Gazette.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY.

BY T. J. P. RINTER.

"Mr. C—, the Captain wishes you to step into the cabin for a moment, before you retire."
These words, addressed to me by the Captain's messenger boy, aroused me from the dreamy reverie into which I had fallen as I leisurely paced the narrow hurricane deck of the trim little gunboat Grapeshot, which place I had sought for the purpose of enjoying my cigar, and in hopes of catching whatever faint breeze might fan the surface of the limp waters of Albemarle Sound. All day long the fierce Southern sun had shone down upon them and been reflected from the mirror-like face with an intensity and scorching influence known only to those who have passed a day on a southern sea during a calm.

Weeks had passed since our successful bombardment and capture of Fort Hatteras and Clark, during which time we had been stationed inside the Inlet, to guard the port, and assist the garrison in case the rebels should attempt to recapture the position after the departure of the large vessels and main body of troops. But nothing had transpired to break the monotony of our every day life, except it might be an occasional glimpse of one of the fleet-footed rebel gunboats, the run down from Newbern once in a while to see if we still retained our position, and waste a little ammunition by firing a shot or two at us from so long a range that the balls fell short about half a mile. One old "salt" congratulated himself upon the fact that we would soon have to trip our anchor and move or we would ground on our own reef bones. Another declared it as his belief that we had gone into the "coolie trade," and were waiting until our anchor had sunk through the quick sands to China, where they would look on a whole string, which we would haul up with the windlows.

As for myself, the effects of this long continued inactivity were plainly evident. Instead of the light hearted, buoyant spirits and genial good nature, for which I was noted when I first donned my uniform as an officer in the volunteer navy of the United States, I had become peevish and ill-natured, and was fast losing the love and respect of the men under my command, who had been drilled and worked almost incessantly, in the vain endeavor to drive away the terrible coast which weighed me down like a nightmare.

As I walked the deck this evening, my thoughts had unconsciously gone back to the little room of my boarding house in New York city, and to that particular evening, over two years ago, which had witnessed the last meeting of the T. J. P. club; and I wondered when and where the club would meet again—whether all its members would be present, or would some of the places be made vacant by the chances of war—for all had joined in the struggle, either on one side or the other, each as his activity or inclination prompted. And I recalled the pale, sorrowful face of Harry S—, who remained after the rest had departed, in order to reveal to at least one friendly, sympathizing heart the history of the past year, and the seemingly utter wreck of his hopes for the future.

Harry was the only son of a Boston merchant; had been kept at the best schools, his father intending to give him a thorough mercantile education, so that he might be competent to take charge of his business when he became too old to attend to it himself. But Harry had scarcely reached his seventeenth birthday, when the failure of his father in business, followed by his sudden death, forced him to leave the college he had just entered, and seek for some employment by which to lighten the load of poverty so rudely thrust upon his mother. For, upon the settling of the affairs of the deceased husband and father, the widow found herself reduced to absolute penury. Harry was of too noble a disposition to allow him to add anything to his mother's burdens. Therefore, throwing aside the bright aspirations of his youth, he sought and obtained a situation in a printing office, where by his assiduity and quickness he soon gained the good will of his employer, who gave him

many opportunities of working "overtime," by which means he was enabled to support his mother until the time of her death, some four years after the death of her husband. After completing his apprenticeship he came to New York, where I became acquainted with, and introduced him to the club. And since that time our acquaintance had ripened into the closest friendship. Hence it was, that to me only he revealed his present sorrow.

It was the same old story. A fair, rosy-lipped, dark-eyed and bewitching daughter of mother Eve, whom chance and a run-a-way horse had thrown in his way during a brief sojourn in the "Old North State," had completely captivated his heart. And as the attachment was reciprocated, the lovers had pictured to themselves a second paradise on earth, with no other inmates but their own dear selves.

But alas! for human calculations, more especially those of lovers. The return of the young lady's father from Charleston—where he had been to attend the convention held there for the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency—put an abrupt end to the dreams of our lovers.

Mr. Rodman—"Judge" Rodman as he was styled by his neighbors—the father of our heroine, was a man of wealth and influence, an ardent politician, and a warm advocate of the secession doctrines that so agitated the South at this time. He was generally conceded to be an honorable man, honest and upright in all his dealings. There were a few, however, who hinted at one page in his history which he carefully concealed from public view. They claimed that the greater portion of his immense wealth was the fruits of a cashery to, and the ruin of, a man with whom he had been connected in some large business transactions. But such stories were looked upon as mere political falsehoods, invented by his enemies to impair his influence.

On his arrival at Newbern, Harry was introduced to him by the happy Florence, who recounted in glowing terms the bravery displayed by the young man in resisting her from almost certain death when naughty Selim ran away with her.

The old gentleman received Harry with great cordiality, and when his daughter had left the room, he turned to the young man and said: "Although you have rendered me your debt by saving my daughter's life, still I do not feel obliged to give her to you in order to cancel that indebtedness. I have other views in regard to her. The time is fast approaching when the South will sever the ties which binds her to the North, and I intend to bestow her hand on one whose interests are identified with those of the South—her old institutions, and her new destiny."

Vainly did Harry plead the strength of his love for the beautiful girl, and hers for him. The old man closed the interview by sternly dismissing the young lover, forbidding his entering the house again, even denying him the privilege of bidding adieu to his love.

Harry remained about a month longer at Newbern, striving to obtain an interview with Florence, but without success. And finally, upon hearing that Mr. Rodman had left the place, taking his daughter with him, he gave up his fruitless endeavors, and came north, arriving in time to be with us at our last meeting, as before described.

The harsh cries of the milkmen, and fish peddlers, together with the low, but gradually increasing, rumbling sound of many wheels on the stone pavements, warned us that the great city was throwing off its brief lethargy, and was again commencing the hurry and bustle of another day. Harry had finished his story, the interest we both felt causing us to forget how quickly time sped. After breakfast, Harry bade me good-by, as he intended visiting his native city. Since that time I had heard nothing of him, except that he had enlisted.

"That promises to give us something else to do besides swinging by our anchor. Do you think you can furnish the desired knowledge—Which one of the officers will accept the risk for the promised reward?"

While reading the letter, I had fully made up my mind as to my course in the matter. So, when the captain had ceased speaking, I said: "I will take the risk, if permitted to work my own counsel, and allowed to depart from the vessel without the knowledge of any person except yourself."

The captain tried to dissuade me from my purpose, but without success; as rising from my seat, I said, "I know my duty too well, Capt. M—: You cannot leave the vessel; but I, as your chief officer, am expected to head all expeditions leaving the vessel. It is my duty, and I accept it."

And telling him that I would be ready to start in half an hour, I proceeded to my room to prepare for my mission. I knew that my chances of success were greater than those of either of my fellow officers. Naturally quick at picking up the idioms and accent of a language, I felt confident that, disguised as a fisherman, I could undergo a pretty close scrutiny, if necessary, without fear of detection. An old suit of gray hunting clothes, which luckily remained in my trunk, furnished my disguise. And in less time than I had named, I was again in the cabin. The captain started up when I presented myself, demanding by what right I was there, and it was only when I spoke in my natural voice that he recognized me. A large "dugout" was floating astern of us, held only by a small cord. It was fitted with a sail, and would, if rightly managed, with a fair wind, outlast a steamer. Into this I got, the captain clasping my hand and bidding me God speed, as I swung myself over the taffrail.

The sea breeze had increased considerably during the last hour, so stepping into the light boat and setting the "leg-o'-mutton" sail, I soon had the sight of my vessel in the darkness. Taking the stars for a guide, I steered in the direction of Roanoke Island. The first gray streaks of morning found me opposite Chincocomo, near where the steamer Fanny was afterward captured by the rebels. Sweeping the shore with a powerful pair of lunettes, and seeing no signs of life, I headed my boat toward a large clump of bushes about two miles off, reaching which I drew up the boat and disposed myself for the day, having determined to proceed only during the night.

It is unnecessary for me to detail the minor incidents of my trip. Suffice it to say, that I visited Roanoke Island, Elizabeth City and Washington without exciting any suspicion. I had, for a special reason, made Newburg the last place to be visited. My reason for so doing was, that I proposed to find out all I could about Florence Rodman, and if she still entertained the same feeling for Harry that she once professed, and was in any immediate danger, to offer her my assistance in my power. A presentiment had haunted me for more than a week, that my friend Harry was in great personal danger, and whenever I closed my eyelids, I seemed to see his large blue eyes fixed upon me with an imploring look that said as plainly as words—"Help me!" So strong had this impression become, that on reaching the mouth of the Neuse river, it was with difficulty I could curb my impatience long enough to confiscate a boat load of fish from some of the nets already set in the river. Having secured enough to suit my purpose, I pushed on boldly up the river, reaching the city just as the morning sun began to show above the tree tops. Running my boat up to the bank in front of the building afterwards used as a naval hospital by our gunboats, I soon had a crowd of negroes about my fish, chaffering and bargaining for my fish. I had sold nearly all my small fish, and was about to take a basket of the large ones, and go up in the streets with the apparent purpose of disposing of them, but in reality to see and hear all I could, when I was addressed by a portly negro, whose glossy black skin and extensive white apron, proclaimed him to be a cook for some rich citizen, with "Hab you done sole all dem fish dar?" I answered him in the negative. "Den I spects I see take 'em all. Dis passer done got to cook right smart ob fish for dinner." Out of curiosity I inquired if his master was to have a party.

I could have laughed heartily at the important airs he put on, as he informed me that his "young Miss Florence" was to be married, and that "Mussa Rodman her's" desired all de gey'plum an' ladies to come to de wedding." By skillful questioning I learned that Harry was prisoner in the city; that Florence had been reported sick and unable to leave the house, but she was to be married that night; and that Harry was to be shot as a spy, on the morrow.

After learning all I could from the negro, I let him have the fish and he departed. Keeping him in sight, I discovered where Judge Rodman lived. My next step was to discover where Harry was confined. I soon found the jail, and entering into conversation with the sentinel, a raw recruit, found out all that was necessary for me to know. Retracing my steps, I reached my boat, and while eating my breakfast, matured a plan of operations. First, I must see Florence, as it was confident that she still

loved, and might assist me in getting word to Harry.

It was dinner time before an opportunity presented of entering the Rodman mansion. Then, while the family and guests were at the table I slipped in and hurriedly sought a safe place of concealment. Opening a door of the main hall of the second story, I found myself in the presence of a young lady, whose eyes were red with weeping. She started up at my sudden entrance, and was about to scream. Speaking quickly, I asked her if her name was Florence Rodman. With a wondering look, she answered "Yes." I then stated the object of my visit, and asked if she was willing and able to assist me. I read my answer in the beaming face, ere she was fairly put.

Hastily inquiring what preparations I had made, she told me that she had, since the imprisonment of Harry, sent him a basket of provisions by the hands of a favorite slave, and she could send a note in the same way. Upon hearing this, I determined to play the negro part, "for one night only," being convinced that by this means only could I effect the liberation of my friend. Stepping to the fire place, I soon darkened my face and hands with soot, and taking the basket which Florence had prepared, I watched my opportunity and gained the street without being seen. Fortunately for my disguise, it was the dinner hour, and the streets were nearly deserted. With a bold front, but a quaking heart, I marched up to the sentinel and presented the pass which with Florence had provided me. Without looking at me he opened the door and muttered a few words and told me to enter. My heart gave a quick, glad bound, as a hasty glance assured me that the only man was on duty in the hall. He motioned me to follow him, as he led the way toward the farther end, where, unlocking one of the cells he said, "You 'un, yer's some meat for yer." Before leaving my boat, I had made a rude slung-shot out of some net twine and a round stone. With this I struck the turnkey a terrible blow on the head as he ceased speaking, and he sank to the floor without a groan. Snatching the bunch of keys from his hand, it took but a moment to release Harry's feet from the heavy shackles which confined him. Then grasping his hand, I hurriedly dragged him into the hall, where, after making myself known to him, I gave directions how to proceed to the boat, and putting one of my revolvers in his hand, we started for the door.

So far, everything had succeeded better than I had deemed possible. The only hindrance to our perfect freedom, was the single sentinel outside. How to dispose of him, without creating an alarm, was what staggered us. After a whispered consultation, it was determined to endeavor to persuade him to enter the prison, on some pretext, and then settling him with the slung-shot. Opening the door a little way, I cried: "Come in yer quick, the cussed Yankee is loose!" The man, completely deceived by my imitation of his comrade's voice, sprang into the hall without hesitation. Harry dealt him a blow on the temple that would have killed an ox. Pushing the senseless body into one corner, we stepped into the street and started toward the landing.

We had nearly reached it, and were congratulating ourselves upon the ease with which we had surmounted our difficulties, when, on turning the last corner, we ran into a squad of soldiers, who were coming from the opposite direction. The corporal in charge of the squad immediately recognized Harry, and with an oath, called upon him to halt and surrender. A blow was his answer, as we both sprang toward the boat. A volley of bullets went whizzing past us, and the shouts of the soldiers as they started in pursuit, added wings to our feet. The surprise and headlong speed with which we approached the shore, had prevented our noticing the boat until we were occupied, until we were within ten yards of it. An exclamation from Harry called my attention to the fact that sitting near the bow, and holding the boat all ready for shoving out into the stream, was Florence Rodman. Springing aboard, and hauling aft the sheet, the broad sail filled with a loud flap, sending us bounding over the waters with the speed of a race horse.

The disappointed soldiers, seeing us thus gliding from their grasp, hastily reloaded their guns, and were about to fire on us again, with a sullen aim, when Florence springing to her feet, stood in such a position that it would have been impossible to hit either Harry or myself without hitting her also. Judge Rodman's daughter was well known to the soldiers stationed at Newbern, she having often visited the camps in company with her father, and her many acts of kindness to those sick in hospitals, had, notwithstanding her known Union proclivities, won their love and gratitude. And on beholding her thus standing as a living barrier between them and their enemies, they dropped the muzzles of their guns, unwilling to risk a shot that might injure one whom they all loved. Unheeding our remonstrances the brave girl retained her position until we had passed the casemated battery, opposite the row of sunken vessels and spiles, about a mile below the city.

A steamer started in pursuit, but being obliged to follow the turnings of the channel, while we made a straight wake over the shoals, she rapidly lost ground, and darkness coming on, gave up the chase. The shrill whistle of the boat-sweeper's mate, piping all hands to dinner, was sounding through the ship as our little boat rounded the point under her stern, the next day. The hearty welcome extended to me by the officers and crew, assured me of the anxiety that all had felt as to my fate; and in spite of my stipulation for secrecy, the cause of my absence was well known, and an absence of ten days caused the most sanguine to give me up as dead. Capt. M— lost no time in forwarding the information I had obtained to headquarters. The arrival of the Burnside expedition soon after, relieved our inactivity so that no more complaints were heard of "Nothing to do."

An angry wound received during the bombardment of Fort Mason, caused me to be sent North. About a week after my arrival, Harry and his wife entered my little room in the hospital to which I had been assigned. I was speedily removed to their home in the upper part of the city, where gentle nursing by unwearied hands soon placed me on my feet.

One day, after I became able to take my place at the table, we were surprised by the sudden entrance of Mr. Rodman. He had become disheartened by the success of the Union armies, and gathering together the remnants of his large fortune, had come North, determined to make what amends he could for the "some great crimes of his life." Placing a package in Harry's hand, he said: "There is all that remains of the large sum I cheated your father out of—for it was me that caused his ruin—take it, but grant me your forgiveness, to comfort me as I once more battle with the world for my daily bread."

Forgiveness was freely accorded, on condition that the old man should thenceforth make his home with the one once stern old man bowed his head and wept, as the young couple kissed him, thus assuring him of their complete abnegation of the past, and joyful hope for the future.

A Negro Discussion about Eggs.

In the fairest village of Western New York, the "cuddled pussens," in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed the duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was, "Which am de mudder ob de chicken—de hen wat de egg, or de hen wat hatches de chicken?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and boldly stated a proposition to the effect that "Spose, said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, was well put, and nupressed the other side, even the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few minutes, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: "Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule out de ducks!" and he did, to the complete overthrow of the opponents.

A REAL RELIEVER OF A JOKE.—A man lately received twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping post, in an English town. The culprit, instead of bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on with more force. On giving him the twentieth blow, the angry officer could stand it no longer. "Well, here, mister," said he, "I've done my duty, and can lick you no more, but I'd like to know what it is that's so funny?" "Funny!" roared the other, "why it's excellent glories!—You've got the wrong Smith! I ain't the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one! And now you'll 'ave to go it all over again! Really it's too good! You must lick the other man! Ha, ha! ha!"

ORIGIN OF ALMANACS.—Vestegian, alluding to our ancient Saxon ancestors, says, "They used to engrave upon certain squared sticks, about a foot in length, the course of the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moons, the full moons, and the change should happen, as also their festival days; and such a carved stick they called an *almond*—that is to say, 'al-moon-head'—to wit, the regard or observation of the moons; and hence is derived the name of almanac." After the invention of printing, almanacs became generally in use. The first recorded account in England of an almanac is in the Year Book of Henry VII.

A WISE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.—John Wesley said, "When I was young I was sure of everything. In a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before. At present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

"I DON'T CARE IF I DO."—In olden times, before Maine laws were invented, Wins kept a hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished "accommodations to man and beast." He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar room. Wins was behind the counter waiting for the next customer; while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wins's deejesters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said: "Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some;" at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstand me," says the stranger, "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wins. "Will you take sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and tully-sifter.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish. "The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!" The stranger treated and fled.

How well educated they are in England! A country parson one day met one of his parishioners, by name John Cox, and remonstrated with him because his wife never came to church. "Well, parson," says John, "fact be, her be not Christian, never was a Christian, and never will be a Christian, but her says a prayer every night her gets into bed." What prayer does she say; is it the Lord's Prayer?" "Well, parson, can't I ever 'ord it called by that name, but her deus say: "Matheu, Mark, Leuk and John, Bless the bed that I lie on; Four corners to my bed, Four angels lying a-sprawl [asleep] Two feet and two toe head [two feet to foot and two toe head] Four to carry me when I be dard." Good night! John Cox.

A negro preacher, who like some other preachers, was in the habit of using big words, but did not always succeed in getting hold of the right ones, made a funny mistake once. His text was, "Broad is the road that leadeth to death, and many there be who go there; but narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be who take it." He loved brudders, ther be two roads, ebbery body goes in one or udder ob 'em; ther's one road and dat am de broad road, and dat leads right on to damnation, and a great many goes in it; but dar am anudder road, and dat am de narrow road, dat leads straight up to perdition. "If dat's de case," said an excited colored brother in the congregation, "dis nigga coten for de woods."

A bridal party from Galveston were passing the draw in the railroad bridge on the route to Huston, when the fair bride leaped out of the window to catch a fawrel glance of the Island City. Her affectionate and newly made husband, trembling with anxiety for her safety, tenderly encircled her slender waist with his coat-sleeve, and softly whispered, "Pray, take care of yourself—don't fall overboard, darling!" Scarcely were these words out of his mouth ere the blushing young beauty uttered a faint but audible scream, and sinking back in the cushioned seat, pressed her embroidered handkerchief to her face. "Poor darling is frightened." "For darling" howed her husband would not be consoled. To tell the truth, she had lost a set of new teeth.

As a polite omnibus agent of the Lexington and Louisville Railroad was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to the hotel? She replied, "No, sir." The agent then asked her if she desired a "bus? She instantly gave him a very sweet smile and replied, "No, sir, I am not in a bustling humor this evening."

The agent dropped his memorandum book, hastily retired to the baggage car, and said he felt unwell.

MATRIMONY VS. SINGLE-BLESSEDNESS.—Matrimony is: Hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts, buttoning in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

Single-blessedness is: Sheet iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heel-less socks, coffee sweetened with ice-cream, cutis-percha biscuits, flabby steak, dull razors, corns, coughs, colic, rhubarb, misery, etc. Ugh!

Good.—There are many kinds of "good." To the trading community, any man who can pay his debts is "good." To a moral person is undoubtedly "good;" but then, a very immoral one is often esteemed a "good fellow." With commercial people goodness consists in money; with the "fancy" muscle. In short every where, and with all sorts of folks, "good" expresses simply what is much liked or desired.

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NOTARY PUBLIC, REAL ESTATE
CLAIM AGENT
Office in Commercial Block, opposite the First
Tiffin, Ohio, June 11, 1868. No. 17.

RIGBY & JONES,