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Tiffin, April 19th, 1868. no36 1y

The Tiffin Tribune.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF OUR LOVED, AND VALUED FRIEND, MRS. J. D. LOOMIS.

Oh, can it be thy funeral knell we've heard,
Friend true and kind;
How many cherished memories with thy name,
Are imaged o'er the mind.

The light of thy fair mansion—now we see
Thee move with bouyant tread,
And cannot realize the solemn truth,
That thou art with the dead.

For ever ready, on the the threshold, thou,
With a bright beaming smile,
Did'st greet, and cheer the welcome, entering guest,
And many hours beguile.

And too, when dire disease on thy lov'd form,
Had seized with cruel fangs,
A heavenly patience, beaming in thine eye,
Did'st bear the torturing pangs.

These memories make sad echoes in our hearts,
And yet the pain,
Is soothed when trusting in our Savior's words—
"The dead shall rise again."

And dwell in that bright land where pain and death,
And weeping never come,
There all is ecstacy and joy and praise,
Our blest eternal home.

But the sad partner of thy earlier days
Long, long, shall mourn.
For thou, with happy voice, and cheering smile
Will never more return.

We miss thee! Oh our cherished, loving friend
More, more, than pen can tell,
And yet we trust thee in the hands of Him,
"Who doeth all things well."

INAUGURATION ODE.

MARCH 4, 1869.

What song should hail the welcome hour
That sees the nation waiting stand
To place the emblems of its power
Within its hero's faithful hand?
Resounding notes of martial fame
Mix with the patriot's full acclaim,
Without surcease;
While gentler strains the breezes bear
On vernal wings, and everywhere
Rises the sentiment and prayer,
"Let us have Peace!"

Enough that War's fell rage is spent,
And freedom still survives secure;
Her stature loftier and unbent,
Her strength increased, her vesture pure.
The fame his country well bestows
Upon the chief who crushed her foes
All claims increases;
But nobler rings o'er land and main,
And nobler echoes back again,
The manly, Christian, sweet refrain,
"Let us have Peace!"

There, from New England's busy mills;
From where the Mississippi flows;
From where the bursting cotton fills
The golden air with mimic snows;
From where the gleaming nuggets shine
Close neighbors of the fruitful vine,—
They will not cease!
Ere countless voices raised to greet
The soldier in the ruler's seat,
This chorus ever to repeat,
"Let us have peace!"

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Widow's Troubles.

The widow Spencer was all ready to keep Thanksgiving in her cosy, little, wood-colored farm house. There was a huge turkey flat on his back in the brick oven, and there were cranberry tarts, and golden tinted pumpkin pies, and chicken pastries to bear him company, and the biggest red apples were polished till they shone like magnificent carbuncles, and the juiciest nuts were cracked, and the best china—white with red rose-bud painted in the centre of each piece—was brought out ready for use.

It was a snug little domicile, with low, mossy eaves, reaching nearly to the ground, and a little porch all in a tangle with leafless woodbine, and a monster maple spreading its protecting arms over the whole roof, and raining down the red and golden leaves in jeweled showers when the October blasts were reveling in its giant limbs. And there was an old-fashioned well behind the house, with a huge sweep and a bucket, whose dripping coolness made you thirsty only to look at it, and a fragrant barn standing a little way back behind a sentinel row of apple trees. Altogether, it was such a homestead as you meet a dozen times a day in Connecticut—a place where you would imagine perfect peace and rest to be found.

The widow sat before the fire in her snuff-colored bombazine, with cape and frill, solemnly watching the red shoots of flame dart in and out among the great resin-dripping logs on the hearth.

'For I do despise your new-fangled stoves to sit by!' said the widow with great emphasis.

Susan, her eldest child, a fair-haired girl of twenty, with soft wine-colored eyes, and a complexion to which the roses came and went at every breath, was arranging some gorgous white and crimson chrysanthemums in a handless pitcher; so that the starry flowers and dropping foliage should conceal the inartistic chalice. Susan was "help" at Farmer Wyllis's just across the river, and "earnin" her two dollars a week, said the widow, triumphantly, "with the best on 'em."

Charley was home for his Thanksgiving, too—home from his New York clerkship, where he had lost the red and brown of his rustic complexion, and gained that indescribable off-hand air of city ease that the widow marveled at, but could not explain. And even little Tom, who was errand-boy at 'Squire Parker's country store at seventy-five cents and his board, was prying surreptitiously into the oven, when his mother's back was turned, and grimacing joyfully at the big and distant dish of raisins on the top shelf of the pantry.

'I wish Thanksgiving came every day,' said Tom, who had a weakness for good things to eat and drink.

'Well, children,' groaned the widow, plaintively, 'it's real nice to have you all at home I do say for't; but then, to-morrow you've all got to go away again, and that spoils the whole enjoyment on't. Oh, dear, dear! life is a string o' troubles, the best you can make of it.'

'Mother grumbles as much as ever she did,' whispered Tom to his elder brother.

'Come, children, get ready for church,' said Mrs. Spencer; still in the same mournful, minor key, 'I'll have dinner on the table by the time you get back; but mind you remember the text and all that the minister said."

'But, mother,' said Susan, softly, 'before I go to church I want to tell you something that—'

'I know what 'tis,' groaned the widow, with uplifted hands and despairing eyes. 'Father Wyllis is going to discharge ye, and you'll be at home doin' nothin' all winter. It's Spencer luck, exactly! No need to tell me."

Susan stood abashed, but she did not venture upon a reply.

'I had a piece of news for you, too, mother,' said Charley, 'but as you snub Sue so unceremoniously, I'll keep it until after dinner.'

Mrs. Spencer shook her head.

'I have all my life been a poor, unfortunate creetur, children, that ill-luck chased from pillar to post.—Here I be, a poor misable widow, with my three children all away from me, and rheumatiz settlin' in the left shoulder, and the roof leakin' like all vexation."

'There ain't nobody so bad as I be; and somehow I don't see my way clear to bein' thankful to-day more'n any other day, let the minister say what he will.'

And the widow subsided into tears and a silk pocket handkerchief.

'Now, mother, that's nonsense,' said cheerful Charley; 'because—'

'O, yes, nonsense! that's nice, respectful talk to your poor old mother,' sobbed Mrs. Spencer; 'it's all I ought to expect, though; it's just like all the rest. I almost wish I was dead and buried.'

Susan began to cry. Charley looked unhappy and discomfited. Tom seized the opportunity to abstract the biggest red apple from the plate on the mantel, and deposit in his pocket, with an air of the utmost unconsciousness, where it bulged out like an enormous tumor.

'Sue, you're a fool, said Tom shortly, 'get on your things and let's go to church—anyhow,' he added in an audacious undertone, 'the parson's prosing is better than mother's grumbling. Don't you mind it—its only her way.'

So, the three children arrayed themselves in their simple best, and set out to walk the two miles and a half of frosty country roads that lay between them and the village church—a peaceful stretch of sylvan solitude, with pine woods skirting the way, and squirrels darting in bright-eyed haste over the mossy logs of the worn wayside fence.

'O, Charley,' said Susan, wistfully, as she stopped to gather a late purple aster, that glowed like a jewel by the roadside, 'if we could only persuade mother to take a bright view of life.'

'I think she grows worse and worse every day,' said Charley, thoughtfully. 'She is almost morbid. I wish we could hear of any way to cheer her up a little.'

'I know a plan,' said Tommy, planting his white teeth in the crimson side of his apple.

'What is it?'

'Why, when I first went to 'Squire Parker's store I had an all-fired hankering after——'

'Thomas,' said Susan, gravely, 'what language!'

'After raisins, and lemon balls and sugar, and such; so one day the 'Squire just made sit down and eat away at 'em from morning till night. Good Jacob? I never wanted to set eyes on 'em again.

'A very interesting piece of personal history,' said Charles, seriously, 'but I don't see what it has to do with the subject in hand.'

'Don't you see? If mother had trouble enough and to spare, just for once, she would be glad enough to give it a wide berth afteawards.

'Tom,' said Charley, stopping short in the middle of the road, you are certainly a little ne'er-do-well, but there may be something in this plan of yours after all.'

The turkey was smoking on the table, brown, crackling and odorous, when the three children returned from church—the tarts were perfect and the tumblers of pink apple-jelly, fringed with tissue paper, would have made a city confectioner mad with jealousy. Moreover, the widow had opened a bottle of nine-year-old currant wine to celebrate the close of the banquet, to say nothing of the stone pitcher of crystal clear cider that sparkled beside it.

"There, set up, children," said the widow, as she arranged the last pumpkin pie in its allotted corner.—'I haven't no appetite to eat anythin."

Tom dropped his knife and fork and Susan looked up dismayed.

'Mother,' cried Charley, 'we can't eat a mouthful unless you sit down to the table with us.'

'I'll sit down then—but I couldn't swallow, my troubles has clear taken away my appetite.'

So the widow sat down, like a raven in bombazine and clear-starched muslin, and brooded sorrowfully above the banquet.

'And now, mother,' said Susy, seriously, after the meal had been done ample justice to, 'are you ready to hear the news I wished to tell you?'

'Yes, I s'pose I am as ready as ever I shall be,' said Mrs. Spencer dolorously. 'There goes one of my best tumblers smash on the hearth—nothing but ill-luck comes to me.—Oh, dear, dear, I don't see much use in living.'

'Farmer Wyllis has turned me away,' said Susan soberly, "and he has kept back three month's wages for a fine set of glass I was unfortunate enough to break last week.'

'Turned you away? Then there'll be no use your tryin' to get another place anywhere around here," shrieked the widow. 'Oh, Susan, Susan—and I'd calculated on them wages to pay the taxes this year. What is to become of us?'

'I don't know,' said Susan, with a sort of obstinacy. "You always said we were hunted down by ill-luck, mother, and I believe you are right. And this is not the worst of it; Squire Parker has lost some money out of the store, and he believes that our Tom took it, and Tom is never to show his face there again.'

'It's a lie,' screamed Mrs. Spencer—"my Tom is as honest as the day is long. My Tom wouldn't touch a sixpence that don't belong to him.'

'That may be,' said Susan; "but appearances are against him, and Tom's character is just as much blasted as if he had in reality been the thief."

Mrs. Spencer wrung her hands.

'Come here, Tom, my poor, persecuted boy,' she sobbed. "I know you to be no thief, and your old mother'll stand by you, if all the rest of the world should turn away from you.'

'As for me,' now put in Charley, with a gloomy face, "I have left my place at Harker & Co.'s, and I have made up my mind to try my fortune at the silver mines in Nevada.'

'Left your place at Harker's?—Charley, are you crazy? And such a nice comfortable place as it was, with a fair chance of promotion.'

'Can't help that,' said Charley, shrugging his shoulders. "Who wants to spend his life in a plodding old hole like that? I want a little adventure, and Stocks and Merriman are going next week——"

'The worst characters in the village,' pleaded the widow, eagerly.—'Oh, Charley, my son, don't go with them—stay with your old mother, for pity's sake. I'd rather see you in your grave than mixed up with such a set, my boy.'

But Charley sat sullen and quiet, looking into the fire, and paying no heed to the piteous appeal.

'You would not talk so, mother, if you but knew how necessary it was for us to make money. The C—— Bank shut up last night.'

'The bank where all our savings were—oh, my son, what are we to do?'

'What other people do, of course, when troubles come upon them.'

"But I never had any trouble before, at least not since your poor dear father died. And now it has all come at once."

'Never had any trouble, mother," sain Charley, significantly—"why, it was only this morning you were complaining that you never had anything else."

'But I didn't realize what I was sayin',' wailed Mrs. Spencer, rocking herself backwards and forwards.

'I was temptin' Providence in my folly and ill-temper! Oh, dear, if I only see my way clear through this real trouble, I never would fancy any more trials!'

'Are you sure of that mother?'

'Yes, sure, but it's too late now. I've had a lesson! I've had a bitter lesson. Oh, why did I not know how well off I was before!'

Charles looked at Susy. Susy looked at Tom.

'Mother it's all a hoax!' cried the latter impulsive youth, burying his curly head in her bombazine lap.—'The bank did shut up last night, but it'll open again to-morrow morning; and 'Squire Parker hasn't turned me away, but he says he'll raise my wages to a dollar, the first of January!'

Mrs. Spencer stared.

'The blessed, everlasting, hope-I-may-die if it isn't truth!'

'And, mother,' murmured Susy, playing nervously with her mother's cap strings, 'it's nonsense about Farmer Wyllis turning me away, or stopping my wages. I did break the glass, but the kind farmer said it was no fault of mine, and—and, mother, I'm going to be married to Elnathan Wyllis next spring, and go to live at the farm house for good!'

'Well, I never!' was all the astounded widow could find breath to exclaim. 'Married to Elnathan Wyllis! why, he's the smartest fellow in the township.'

'I know it, mother,' fluttered Susy, 'and ah, I'm so happy!'

'And I, too, have been deceiving you, my poor little mother,' said Charley, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes. 'I've no idea whatever of going to Nevada, so long as Harker & Co. continue to be the kind patrons and friends they have hitherto proved!'

The widow looked from one to the other of her laughing children in a sort of happy bewilderment.

'Well, now,' she said slowly, 'will you inform me why on earth you told me those awful stories?'

'Why, mother,' said Tom, mischievously, 'we thought perhaps a dose of real trouble would cure you of the imaginary ones that have made you so miserable all your life long!'

'And you have solemnly promised us, mother, that after this you would conjure up no more fancied trials, to make yourself miserable! coaxed Susy.

'Well, I don't see but what you've got me tight,' said the widow, half disposed to laugh, half inclined to be vexed. 'Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, children, to go and play such a mean trick on your poor old mother? But I do say for't there be worse troubles in the world than I've got!'

The widow's Thanksgiving hoax proved an efficacious one. She never grumbled any more.

'Mother always sees the sunshiny side of things now,' said Tom. 'And ain't it jolly?'

Tom was right.

Why is Mechanical Labor Objectionable?

We copy the following from the Philadelphia *Ledger:*

A few days ago, a gentleman advertised for a clerk. By the close of the first day on which the advertisement appeared there were four hundred and eighteen applicants for the one clerkship. This afforded a very forcible illustration of the extent to which the occupations of clerking and bookkeeping are overstocked. But a few months since the head of a business establishment, who wished some help in the way of writing, but in which some literary ability was required, advertised for an assistant at a moderate salary, and having incidentally mentioned that the position might suit a lawyer or physician not in good practice, got more than a hundred applications, of which fifty-three were from young lawyers and doctors.

Here was another illustration of an over-supply of the professional or "genteel occupations." Another advertiser who wanted a person to take charge of the editorial work of a weekly paper, got fifty-seven applications, not more than half a dozen of the applicants being recognized newspaper writers, but nearly all of them being clerks, bookkeepers, and professional men. Still another advertised for two apprentices in a wheelwright and smith shop, in one of the semi rural wards of the city, requesting applicants to give their address and age. He got three applications, but in every case the applicant was too old, two of them being over eighteen, and one nearly twenty.—Still another advertised for an office boy, about fourteen years old, and had so many applicants that his place was crowded for more than five hours, and the applicants were of all ages, from mere children not more than twelve years old to full grown men of twenty-one.

These are not very cheerful or encouraging signs. The present generation of young men seem to have a strong aversion to every kind of trade, business, calling, or occupation that requires manual labor, and an equally strong tendency toward some so-called "genteel" employment or profession. The result is seen in such lamentable facts as those above stated—a surplus of bookkeepers and clerks of every kind who can get no employment, and are wasting their lives in the vain pursuit of what is not to be had, and a terrible over-stock of lawyers without practice and doctors without patients. The passion on the part of boys and young men to be clerks, office attendants, messengers, any thing, so that it is not work of the kind that will make them mechanics or tradesmen, is a deplorable sight to those who have full opportunities to see the distressing effects of it in the struggle for such employments by those unfortunates who have put it out of their power to do anything else, by neglecting to learn some permanent trade or business in which trained skill can always be turned to account.

The applications for clerkships and similar positions in large establishments, are numerous beyond anything that would be thought of by those who have no chance to witness it. Parents and relatives, as well as the boys and young men themselves, seem to be afflicted with the same infatuation. To all such we say, that the worst advice you can give to your boy is to encourage him to be a clerk or a bookkeeper. At the best it is not a well-paid occupation.—Very frequently it is among the poorest. This is the case when a clerk is fortunate enough to be employed, but if he should happen to be out of a place, then comes a weary scarcity, the fearful struggle with thousands of others looking for places; the never ending disappointments, the hope deferred that makes the heart sick, the humiliations that take all the manhood out of poor souls, the privations of those who depend upon his earnings, and who have no resource when he is earning nothing. No father, no mother, no relative should wish to see their boys or kindred wasting their young lives in striving after the genteel positions that bring such trials and privations upon them in after life.

A correspondent of the Fredonia *Advertiser* gives the following as a part of the proceedings at a donation party near Mayville, Chatauqua county: "After the close of the exercises of the evening two young ladies, who shall be nameless, went around and sold kisses for ten cents apiece; after they had been slobbered over awhile by all the old tobacco chewers present, they reduced the price to five cents. We did not hear, but presume after the meeting broke up they were to be had for nothing."

The debates at Hamilton College have decided that married life does not confer more happiness on mankind than single life. The debaters being single men, of course they know.

Stewarts Declination.

The following is Secretary Stewart's letter declining a position in the Cabinet:

WASHINGTON, March 9, '69.

To the President:

DEAR SIR—Appreciating the high honor conferred by your nomination, and the unanimous confirmation by the Senate of myself to the office of Secretary of the Treasury, I regret that circumstances beyond our control compels me to decline. Could the difficulties presented by the provisions of the act of 1789, which, in organizing the Department of the Treasury, prohibits the Secretary from being directly or indirectly concerned or interested in carrying on the business of trade or commerce, be overcome by any reasonable sacrifice personal to myself, I would willingly make it. I would promptly transfer to the hands of gentlemen, in whom the public have full confidence, every interest in the gains and profits that could possibly accrue to myself in the business of my house, during my official term, to be applied to such public charities as their judgment should dictate; and I have proposed and sought, by the execution of appropriate instruments, to accomplish that end; but serious differences of opinion have been expressed as to whether that course would satisfy the requirements of the law. Although I will not hesitate to make this appropriation, provided it would enable me to accept the office, and thus unite my efforts with your own and other members of your Cabinet in restoring economy and strict frugality in the administration of the Government, and lift, as rapidly as practicable, from the people the great burde is of taxation, debt and extravagance resting upon them; yet the business relations of my firm is in connection with others largely interested in their continuance, and, as such, they can not be severed summarily, nor can my interest in it be wholly and absolutely disposed of without producing great embarrassment and loss to those with whom I have been connected. I can not consent to enter upon the administration of laws by any action or course that can be construed into a disregard or violation of the law; and while, therefore, I regret the plan proposed is deemed inadequate to relieve from legal, and, as it seems to me, technical disabilities, I yield to the better judgment of others, rather than seem to be willing to accept a position in disrespect of law. In finally renewing the declination which was tendered at the outset of these objections, I repeat to you, Mr. President, my thanks for the honor done me in offering me this high position, and assure you that you will have my earnest efforts to sustain your administration in carrying out the wise and salutary measures indicated by you on entering upon your office.

Sincerely your friend.
ALEX. T. STEWART.

Every one will regret the necessity that caused Mr. Stewart to decline the office which he is so well qualified to fill. His appointment was fully endorsed by the people and gave renewed confidence that we were to have a new era in governmental matters. His offer to transfer his business to trustees, who were to appropriate the profits to public charities was manifest. To comprehend the greatness of the offer it is only necessary to state that if he had held the office four years *six millions of dollars* would have been used for charitable purposes. The people will honor Mr. Stewart for his good intentions, and he retires with their best wishes and veneration.

The Envelope Business.

Few persons are aware of the various results which have been consequent upon the introduction into extensive use of letter envelopes. Tons of paper and barrels of mucilage are used every month in the manufacture of the different kinds of envelopes. In New York four firms are extensively engaged in the business, and many others do something at it in a small way. The number of envelopes turned out weekly is not far from four millions. The gum used is a preparation of starch called *dextrine*, the value of which for sealing and stiffening purposes was accidently discovered in England some time since. During the conflagration of a large flour warehouse, a cotton spinner worked at carrying water and rolling out the partially charred flour. In the morning he found his cloths irremediably stiffened and glued together.

On investigation, he ascertained that the scorched flour would form, with water, a glutious matter much more adhesive than any known gum. Subsequent experiments revealed the fact that this preparation was better than gum arabic for stiffening cotton goods, and the discoverer kept his secret and made money out of the manufacture of "British gum" for cotton dresses. But his success was his ruin; He became a profligate, his secret was discovered, and *dextrine* came into notice. It is now used for all purposes where a cheap mucilage is required. For dressing cotton goods, for preparing the backs of postage stamps, the edges of envelopes, manufacturers' labels, &c., it has nearly ruined the gum arabic trade, as well as that in sealing wax and wafers.

Go to the TRIBUNE OFFICE for Job Work.

Mr. Gough and his Mother's Bible.

In one of his touching addresses in Exeter Hall, Mr. Gough said: "After a speech in Boston, a short time ago, a lady came to me, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Choules, and said, 'My father is dead, but he was always collecting curiosities, and he happened to light on your mother's Bible in Bristol." I had resided there twenty five years ago, and pleased was I to hear the Bible was found. I had it sent to me by express train. There were the names: 'Jane Gilbert,' that was my mother's name before marriage, 'born August 12th, 1776;'—'John Gough, a present from his mother, on his leaving England for America;' 'John Gough, born August 22d, 1817.' I held my Bible in my hand. I remembered how I had seen that mother with her lips white with hunger, and I recollect how she took her iron-rimmed spectacles from her eyes to wipe away the tears as she turned page after page. I saw her marks—"When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, then I the Lord will help them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them;' with hundreds of passages more, like that, all blessed promises, marked in that book. The mother's Bible brought her history before me. There remains no token to mark her last resting-place; no hearse and mourners followed her to the grave; she was followed by myself and sisters alone, and without a prayer she was consigned to the dust. But she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayers, and the Lord God Almighty as the executor of her last will and testament; and though that poor little body of a schoolmistress has gone before, and her spirit has taken its flight to its eternal home, I stand before you to-night to declare that if I have ever accomplished any thing in the world, if I have ever done aught of good, what I am and what I have done, by the grace of God, has been through the influence of that mother."

Life Lengthened.

1. Cultivate an equal temper; many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.

2. Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meals.

3. Go to bed at regular hours.—Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the day time, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.

4. Work always by the day, and not by the job.

5. Stop working just before you are "fagged out."

6. Cultivate a generous and an accommodating temper.

7. Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.

8. Never cross a bridge before you come to it, and you will save half the trouble of life.

9. Let your appetite always come uninvited.

10. Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness, and save millions of lives a year.

11. Never resist a call of nature for a single minute.

12. Never allow yourself to be chilled "through and through;" it is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days' sickness, from pneumonia, called by some lung fever, or inflammation of the lungs.

13. Whoever drinks no liquids at his meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess of eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.

14. After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day—in the morning and at about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to seven hours interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest; for every organ without adequate rest gives out prematurely.

15. Begin early to live under the benign influences of the Christian religion, for it 'has the promise of life that now is, and of that which is to come.'—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SUDDEN SICKNESS.—Another of the humorous incidents of the war comes to us from Jacksonville, Florida, from one whose duty it was, by aid of two honorable drum-sticks, to call the armed hosts together for battle:

"While stationed in Louisiana," says our rub-a-dub, "I went out one day, taking my drum, and returned to camp with it full of poultry, slung over my shoulder. Passing Major M——'s tent, where two or three officers were lounging, he said, 'Frank, beat the First Sergeant's call.' What could I do! While cogitating about it, the Major stepped out, evidently annoyed at my delay, and coming close to me, repeated, 'Do you hear, sir? beat the First Sergeant's call!' Being a pet of the Major's I thought I'd tell the truth; so leaning over, whispered: 'I've three or four hens in my drum, and one is for you.' The Major smiled, and said with a wink: 'Oh! you're sick, are you?—well, why didn't you say so? Call one of the other drummers!'—which I did. The Major had a pullet for dinner."

The State Board of Agriculture are in session at Columbus, making arrangements for the next State Fair.

GREAT
DRY GOODS!
EMPORIUM!

GRAND INAUGURATION
OF THE
SPRING TRADE
WITH
Styles Never Before Surpassed!
AND
SUPPLIES UNLIMITED!

The Newest, Finest and Gayest Store in the City is at
No. 5,
SHAWHAN'S COMMERCIAL BLOCK, TIFFIN, O.
WHERE
BROWN, SCHLOSSER & CO.

Are hard at work opening an IMMENSE STOCK of Spring Goods and feel satisfied that they can offer superior BARGAINS in all classes of goods purchased direct from the Importers and Manufacturers for CASH DOWN, at prices that will enable us to offer inducements to the public which cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction.—We keep no Auction Goods.

Our Goods are all New and Fresh, and Warranted to be as we Represent them.

Special attention is directed to our stock of
Boots and Shoes!
For the Spring Trade. We especially invite the attention of Ladies to CLOSING OUT SALE of
LADIES' FURS!
Which will be sold regardless of Cost, as we do not intend to keep a single Set over.

We extend a cordial invitation to the Public to visit and examine our stock, confident that by strict attention to the wants of our Patrons, by polite and gentlemanly attention to everybody, we may merit a goodly share of their patronage.
Very Respectfully,
BROWN, SCHLOSSER & CO.

OF COURSE YOU DO!

EVERY NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE IN Fences County will want a supply of Crockery to commence housekeeping with, and as I have one of the largest stocks of
QUEENSWARE,
Glassware, Silverware, Etc.
In Northern Ohio. I would respectfully invite attention to the fact. I am determined
NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD!
AND WILL SELL AS CHEAP,
IF NOT CHEAPER,
Than any establishment of the kind in Ohio. My stock consists of
QUEENSWARE!
Of every style, pattern and quality
GLASSWARE!
Of all shapes and sizes.
SILVERWARE!
Of all varieties.
KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS,
LAMPS, CROCKERY,
In fact, everything usually kept in my line.

GIVE ME A CALL!
And be convinced that what I say is true.
REMEMBER THE PLACE—GROSS' BLOCK, one door south of Sullivan's Hardware Store, Tiffin, O.
J. L. ALTENBAUGH.
Feb. 4, 1869-1y.

GO TO
NATIONAL RESORT!
Dining Rooms.
For Ladies and Gents, for your
WARM MEALS!
Oysters in all Styles,
Hot Tea, Coffee, and other Refreshments Hours.
Rooms to the Right, Second Floor National Hall Block.
Thankful for past favors, we invite a continuance of the same. A. J. HUGHS.
Tiffin, O., June 18, 1868—1y.