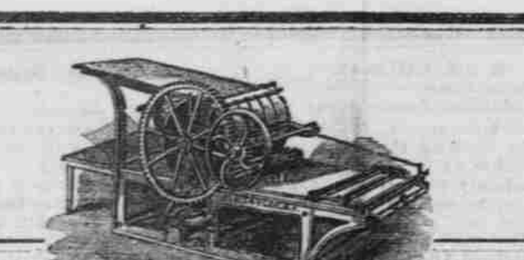
TIFFIN  TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 22, 1875. VOLUME 27—NUMBER 42.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS

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WILLIAM LANG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Fiege & Co's. Furniture Store, East Market St., Tiffin, O. n14-'75

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Singer's Block Tiffin, Ohio. n21-'73-1y.

J. F. BUNN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over Neligh's Clothing Store, Tiffin, Ohio. n24-'73-1y.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office corner Main and Perry streets. May 8.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House. June 18.

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BACHMAN & KEPPEL.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over National Exchange Bank, corner of Washington and Market streets, Tiffin, O. Nov. 12, '74-n6

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JOHN GWYNN & SON.
JOHN GWYNN & SON, Attorneys at Law. Legal business of all kinds, Conveyancing, Examination of Titles, and collections promptly attended to. Patents obtained direct from the Patent Office.
We, the undersigned, having had our business in the Patent Office done by John Gwynn, and being fully satisfied therewith, would recommend him to other Inventors who wish to secure to themselves all that rightfully belongs to them:
Henry Crook, David A. Boyle, W. Burns, H. Cromer, J. Fishbaugh, Chas. Fishbaugh, Lemuel Lee, Jas. Selslove, D. M. Barrier, E. Gwynn, H. K. Hoffman, D. C. Baughman, Anth. Wreisin, John Neligh, W. H. Strong. James McKenzie, Wm. Strode, J. Williams Edwin Quadling, and Wm. May, all of London, England, by E. Gwynn, their Assignee. Office—Over Neligh's Clothing Store.
Rejected applications solicited. 1y.

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DRS. KINNAMAN & HERSHISER
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W. SAMPSON, M.D. W. A. YINGLING, M.D.
SAMPSON & YINGLING,
PHYSICIANS and Surgeons, McCutchensville, O. All calls promptly attended to at all hours. n6-

H. B. MARTIN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office Empire Block, Main street, Tiffin, O. n25-'74.

H. C. WELLS.
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in Kirchner's Block, over Wolf's Shoe Store. Mch28-1y.

W. H. STOVER,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tiffin, Ohio. Office hours from 9 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M. Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Office over Buskirk's Grocery Store. [April 11.

GEO. E. LONG, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Green Spring, Ohio, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Green Spring and vicinity, and will give strict attention to all professional calls. Office over Stinchcomb's Store.

J. J. MORY, M. D. L. H. COOPER, M. D.
MORY & COOPER.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, has opened an office in Prof. Rust's Block, on the corner of Washington and Madison streets and are ready at all hours day and night to attend to professional calls. May be consulted in German or English. n14-

WILLIAM J. CRAWFORD, M. D.,
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DR. P. J. KINNAMAN.
DENTIST, TIFFIN, OHIO. OFFICE over Vollmer & Kirchner's Clothing Store. Dec. 3, 1874.

Dr. C. C. SEILHARZ,
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J. W. HAYFORD,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. Office on Washington St., over Buskirk's Grocery Store, 1st door leading to Tunison & Son's Photograph Gallery, Tiffin, Ohio.

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WANTED Agents for the best selling Prize packages in the world. Single package, with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cents. For other novelties send stamp. Address, F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass. B&L n51-1y.

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ORGANIZED AS A NATIONAL BANK IN 1865.

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CARRIAGES, WAGONS!

TOP BUGGIES,

OPEN BUGGIES,

And every kind of Road Vehicles on hand, or made to order.

We Use the Best Material

And our Work is equal to the Best in the Market.

SARVEN'S PATENT WHEEL,

And all other late and valuable improvements, are used in the manufacture of our Vehicles. We purpose always to manufacture

Latest Styles of Carriages

And defy competition, both in Cheapness and Durability.

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John Kirchner

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES

No. 62, Market St., Tiffin.

I HAVE on hand at all times a complete stock of the

Best Eastern Work

Of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters of every description, and I can sell cheaper than any house in Tiffin.
Particular attention given to CUSTOM WORK.
May 25, 1871 JOHN KIRCHNER

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

O. T. LOCKE. C. N. LOCKE.

LOCKE & BROTHER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE
FIRST FLOOR, WEST MARKET STREET

PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING.

TO ADVERTISERS—The Tribune has a larger circulation than the combined number of paying subscribers to any TWO papers in the county.

BONA FIDE CIRCULATION, - - 2304

TERMS—One year, in advance, $2 00; Six months, $1 00; Three months, 50 cents.

ADVERTISING—The TRIBUNE as an advertising medium has no superior. It has a large circulation, and is read by a thrifty, energetic class of people. Advertisements inserted as low as in any first-class paper.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently. Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child;
It's love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through the world as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; though
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently! He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce in strife,
Said to them, "Peace be still!"

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

A WOMAN'S PRIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was a fair, sunny day in August. They were out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea, at play. She, a dark-eyed, haughty-faced young beauty of thirteen; he, a tall, stalwart boy a year her junior.

There was a wide difference in their stations of life. You had only to note the richness of her silken robes, the coarseness and threadbare scantiness of his, to feel assured of that. No gentleman's son wore a blue blouse and a tattered cap like Duke Rutherford's.

The children were gathering mosses from the rocks and chatting gayly together, forgetful of rank or station. They had met often thus for the last six years.

Duke's father was day laborer on the estate of Hortense Delmaine's high-bred mother.

The Rutherfords had not always been hirelings. Generations back there were titled noblemen in the family, but political differences had taken the title out of the name; and, early in life, Hugh Rutherford, Duke's father, had emigrated to this country, and married, soon after, the blooming daughter of a small farmer. The young couple had nothing but health and true love; and after a few years even this last sweet boon was taken away. Mrs. Rutherford died, and her husband had only his six months old boy to toil for.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Duke Rutherford and Hortense Delmaine by the proud lady mother of the young heiress. If she thought of the matter at all, she trusted to the inborn pride of her daughter and to the cold contempt she had tried so faithfully to imbue her with—contempt for all that was low or ill-bred.

Mrs. Delmaine read her favorite novels, entertained her chosen company, and reigned queen at the balls, and Hortense enjoyed the wild freedom of the cliffs.

The young girl was almost reckless in her daring at times. This afternoon she was in her most dangerous mood. A cluster of purple flowers growing in a cleft in the rocks below the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprang towards them. Duke waved her back.

Before he could prevent her, she had swung herself over the precipice; and resting one foot on a narrow shelf of rocks, her left hand clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the coveted blossoms.

Duke, white and rigid, stood above her looking down. She shook the flowers above her head. "I dare do what a boy trembles seeing done!"

She stopped hastily in the gay, taunting speech she was making. The treacherous rock under her foot crumbled and fell—there was only a little swaying shrub to hold her back from eternity.

Duke threw himself upon his face, reached over, caught her uplifted hand in his, and drew her up slowly, laboriously—for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his strength. He rose to his feet, lifting her up with him. For one moment, breathless and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leaned against him, then turning coldly away she seated herself on a rock.

"Well," she said, haughtily. "You have saved my life, I suppose. What is it worth? My mother will—"

She stopped abruptly. Duke's face had grown crimson; his lips were compressed. She understood him and forebore the insulting speech she was about to make. Her voice was softer when next she spoke, for being proud herself, she respected the pride of others.

"Forgive me, Duke. What shall I give you to show you how grateful I am?" and she began to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle. He put it back when she offered it.

"Give me the bunch of heliotrope in your hair."

She pulled it out and laid it in his hand.

"Good by, Duke, I am going home; I may not see you again. To-morrow I am going away to Wilbraham to school. Don't you wish you could go to school?

That night Mr. Rutherford called Duke into his bed chamber, where he kept his private desk and his meager store of books. He took from an ebony casket a ring set with a diamond orbitone.

"There, my son," he said, "is the only thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in my veins. That ring belonged to my great grandfather, the Duke of Somerset. It cost five thousand dollars. It will bring readily more than half the sum. I bequeath it to you. Will you keep it to show the world that your ancestors were nobles—or—" He paused and looked eagerly into the face of the boy.

"Or what, father?" Duke's face was eager, hopeful; already he had half divined his father's meaning.

"You love books. I had thought you might desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school—maybe through college. But you can keep it if you choose. Which shall it be?"

"Oh, father! knowledge before anything else in this world! What care I if my body starve, so that my soul be fed?"

So it was decided, and a fortnight afterward Duke left Romney and entered the preparatory school at C——.

Six years passed. Duke had been six months at college, and was home on a brief vacation.

Miss Delmaine had just graduated at a fashionable finishing school and returned to the Hall, a wondrously beautiful and accomplished young lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers.

One still July night she stole away from the revelry of the Hall, and went, as of old, to the cliffs. Duke was there before her, sitting silent in the moonlight, looking out to the sea. He heard her step—perhaps the thrill at his heart told him who was coming. The heliotrope had lain there all these six years. He rose and turned toward her, waiting her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, just as she chose.

She passed him with a haughty glance. He did not flinch, but stood with folded arms—his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young moon. A faint flush rose to her white forehead.

"Is it Duke Rutherford?"

"Miss Delmaine! Allow me to welcome you home."

She gave him her hand. After all, old memories still held their sway in her heart.

Some secret audacity moved him to say it. He bent over her and whispered: "I have got the heliotrope, yet, Hortense."

Her eyes blazed; she snatched her hand from his as if his touch stung her. "Remember to whom you are speaking!" she said sharply.

"I do remember."

"I have other business than listening to the silly talk of a love-sick boy So good-night."

* * * * * * *

Six years have passed again. Duke Rutherford had a name in the land. On his graduation he had studied law, been admitted to the bar in due time, and after two years' successful practice his talent had won him the appointment of judge for the district.

One day, late in November, he found himself on board a ocean steamer, bound to New York. He had been on a business tour to Europe, and was returning home. There were a gay party of ladies and gentlemen among the passengers, wealthy aristocrats who had been 'doing' the wonders of the world.

The second day of the voyage they were all on deck at sunset—promenading, laughing, chatting—enjoying the fresh breezes. Duke was there also. Hortense Delmaine face to face—a proud, beautiful woman now. Her youth had not made false prophesies of the glory of her womanhood. He had heard of her fame in the gay Parisian capital; and, looking at her now, he was free to confess that she had not worn undeserved laurels.

She was leaning on the arm of a tall, Spanish-looking man; but, though she smiled at his soft nothings, she was gazing out, over and beyond him and his range of thought, to the sea stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet the twilight glory.

Duke Rutherford stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion.

"It is the same old ocean upon which we used to look from the cliffs, Miss Delmaine," he said, quickly.

She was leaning over the side of the vessel, looking down at the water. She lifted her eyes, shuddered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Duke assisted her.

"Mr. Rutherford, you turn up once in six years, it seems."

He smiled to himself. So she remembered how long it was since she had seen him.

"It is like going back to my lost boyhood to see you, Miss Delmaine. I—"

He did not finish the sentence. Her late companion approached, and drew her arm within his. She mentioned the gentlemen's name to each other—"Mr. Trevanon, Mr. Rutherford." They bowed coldly.

Afterward, Miss Delmaine and Duke never met alone; sometimes surrounded by her friends she came upon him, and acknowledged him by a distant bow—but there was nothing more between them.

The voyage was drawing to a close. They were nearing the harbor. A great storm arose; the vessel was driven out of her track and drifted down to the capes. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks of an ice shore and parted.

A little moment to realize the dreaded horror of their situation, only, was left those on board. Miss Delmaine, pale, but calm, was holding the arm of Mr. Trevanon; her friends, shrieking and terrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatened destruction before her, but over her shoulder, with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw not. The expression died out as Duke Rutherford appeared. For an instant their eyes met.

Then!—the ship lurched violently—there was a dull plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with struggling human beings. The world had grown dark to Hortense, but she felt herself borne up by some power beyond her own strength—upward and onward through the billows, till her feet touched the firm shore of the cape. Then, into the light and warmth of a fisher's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude settee she opened her eyes and saw—Duke Rutherford.

"You saved me?" she asked.

"I had that honor."

The door opened and Mr. Trevanon appeared. Whatever Hortense might have said by way of thanks was checked by his entrance, and directly afterward Duke went out. Three weeks passed before they met again, and then it was in the old place on the cliffs, at Rodney.

Mrs. Delmaine was dead; Hortense had been to visit her grave, and on her return, sat, for a moment, on the gray, familiar rock to look out on a wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet; she had been weeping over the dead.

Duke found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head down on his shoulder.

"Hortense," he said, "I love you. I defy your contempt; I dare repeat it to you. I love you!"

For a moment it seemed to him that she clung to him, then cast him away, and rose to her feet. And when she spoke her voice was cold and unmoved: "On New Year's eve I am to be married to Eugene Trevanon."

Duke started up—seemed about to make some impetuous speech, checked himself, bowed and left her.

And she threw herself down where he had stood, moaning out—"Oh! pride! pride! it will be my death!"

* * * * * * *

It is the last day of the old year.

Duke Rutherford, a stern and gloomy man, was about to bid adieu to his native land for a long season.

Almost unconsciously, he turned his steps toward Delmaine Hall. It rose up, a gloomy, massive pile, lighted only by the red firelight, at a single window. To-morrow night, it would blaze with the lamps lit to shine upon her bridal.

He paused to turn back, but something led him on. Through the deserted garden, up to the broad door, which stood ajar. All was quiet within. The guests were in bed. Only some tardy servant was up—it would do no harm to glance within.

He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen light, and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great lounging chair before the warm blaze.

Some one rose up from a sofa at the other end of the fire-place. He started up, an apology on his lips for his audacious intrusion. She—it was Hortense—clad, not in bridal robes, but in sable vestments, and destitute of ornament, came toward him, looked up into his eyes, and let her white hand rest upon his shoulder.

"Duke," said she, her eyelids drooping, her cheeks crimson, "have I offended past forgiveness?"

He did not answer. Only looked at her. She went on persistently: "I will let the truth speak, Duke Rutherford. I love you. I have loved you all along; but pride came nigh to being my ruin. Thank God, at last I have clean hands and a pure heart. I have dismissed Eugene Trevanon, and true to myself, true to you, I cast aside all womanly modesty and shame, and tell you that I love you."

"Hortense," she said, "is this thing true? Are you done with that man?"

"I have done with him," she said, softly.

He gathered her into his arms. "And whose are you now?"

"Yours if you will take me."

And Duke Rutherford did not sail for Europe.

We see that Attorney General Little has announced an opinion on the new jury law of last winter, presenting the following conclusions: First, in a case tried by a Justice of the Peace, where either party recover as much as one hundred dollars, exclusive of costs, an appeal will lie, but not otherwise; second, in a case tried by a jury, where either party claims more than one hundred dollars, without regard to the amount recovered, an appeal will lie, but where the claim of neither exceeds one hundred dollars, there is no appeal.

Romance of a Poor Girl.

BY DONN PIATT.

We rode over from Washington with the heroine. She is a lovely, facinating woman, with a quiet force in her that is covered by a charming modesty, like an iron hand hid under a silk velvet glove.

She is nothing but a clerk under the Government, and scarcely worth reading about.

After all, her story is interesting, for it illustrates the social life of our National Capital.

To this city came, in a carriage, a wealthy gentleman, accompanied by his family. We call him Bullion, because his name was not Bullion, but something else. He had retired from business on an immense fortune, all safely invested in North Pacific, Erie, and other first-class securities. After doing Europe for three years he came to Washington; that his eldest, Maud—we say Maud, for that is a beautiful name and reminds us of one who came into the garden, as our heroine came to Washington. Mr. Bullion had other children, but he wished his eldest daughter to see our national capital, that she might compare it to those of Europe. We felt sorry for the capitals of Europe when we heard that. Taking a handsome, superbly furnished house, he and his excellent lady entertained in a way to win the hearts—we should say stomachs, but it means the same thing—of Washington.

Maud was a belle. A lovely girl, with such an author of her being, reigned a queen, and had bouquets and offers of marriage every night.

Among the crowd of suitors one found favor. He was rather a handsome gentleman, and considered a rising man. The end of the season found the two engaged.

One fine summer day Jay Cook & Co. failed. Old Bullion was not very remote, and one morning he waked up to find himself knocked over.

Then came the old, old struggle, with the old result of bad going to worse, and in this case aggravated by the sudden death of the victim. Mr. Bullion succumbed to the crash of '73 and the apoplexy. Maud found herself with a helpless mother, four helpless younger sisters and brothers, with nothing but a life insurance policy settled on her mother, amounting to just $5,000. She collected this money, put it in a bank to her mother's account, wrote her future husband a sad letter releasing him from his engagement, and then took the train for Washington to secure a place under the Government.

Washington looked at through the bay window of an elegant mansion is not the same city looked at through the dingy panes of a cheap boarding house. Poor Maud found the atmosphere of our city strangely chilled. The members of the Cabinet and the Senators, once her admirers, anxious to oblige, were difficult of access, and when seen were too sympathetic and polite. Since she secured places so easily for her dependents, she found they had become strangely crowded.

Her trials, heartbreakings and disappointments would fill a volume. We have not the space to tell now her little sum of money disappeared until she dare not even ride in the cars. But her high courage, her indomitable will kept her up and at work. One hope disappeared in disappointment only to give place to another. From time to time she received loving letters from her proposed and accepted husband.

One morning she called, according to appointment, on Senator Bogan—he will be recognized by all under that name—and was shown into the parlor. Being told that the Senator would be down soon, Miss Maud seated herself in a chair.

Next to waiting in the ante-chamber of a Cabinet magnate, where a crowd of humanity sit in gloomy silence with eyes fixed on the door that covers official greatness, the dreariest business is to wait in the overdone parlor of a wealthy Senator. Maud gave twenty minutes to an interview of the furniture—then she studied for twenty minutes her slender form, white face and faded dress, in the huge mirror that seemed to duplicate the room. Then she went through the Senator's picture gallery, which consisted of a photograph album. Afterward she read the costly books scattered over the table. Senator Bogan being a christian statesman, the literature was of a pious sort and very depressing.

An hour went and no Senator appeared, and at last Maud softly opened the door that led into the conservatory, that she might breathe the scent of rare flowers with their taste of Paradise. Whilst standing thus, drawing in great breaths, she heard voices in earnest conversation and was about closing the door and her ears when she caught the sound of her own name. It was very improper for Miss Maud to listen, but nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand would be guilty of a like impropriety under like circumstances.

Said a sweet voice that Maud recognized as that of Miss Bogan:

"You never loved till now?"

"Never," responded a bass voice that made Maud start, for it was the voice of her intended.

"And that affair of yours with Maud Bullion?"

"Nothing, I assure you, but a flirtation," continued the bass. "O Emma, don't trifle with the earnest affection my heart feels!" And then came a succession of explosive sounds so indicative of close quarters. Maud threw wide the door and strode into the conservatory. There was an ugly look in her large brown eyes, and some confusion on the part of the two people so suddenly called upon to extricate themselves.

"I beg your pardon," cried Maud, in a low measured tone, as if she were reading somebody's death sentence, "but I gathered from what I heard that you were about engaging yourselves. I like it. I never saw two people so fitted for each other. You need an engagement ring. Let me give you one," and she drew from her slender finger a diamond. "Fate kept me from pawning this for bread that it might serve so grave a purpose. It will bind admirably a very shallow heart to a very selfish one. Good morning."

And she was gone from the astonished gaze of the disturbed lovers. They were grave words she uttered, but they did not keep her from crying like a child on her reaching her miserable apartment, where it seemed as if the world, once so fair and bright, had deserted her. But the world had not. The next morning the Christian statesman, Senator Bogan himself, called in his carriage and carried Maud to the—well, we will say the State Department, for it was not State Department—where she was duly installed as a translator and clerk at $1,200 a year, where she is yet.

To this the venerable Bogan was moved solely by an Ishmaelitish Bohemian of the press, who, taking a sudden interest in Maud, said "Look here, Bogan it's got to be done," and it was.

This little romance, that created some stir at the time, and is here so hastily told, would serve a good purpose in the hands of some playwright or tale-writer anxious to portray the real life at our national capital.

Two Days Married and then a Corpse.

Wyandotte county (Kansas) now contributes a bloody and fatal *rencontre*, which, for romance and sanguinary results, entitles her to more than passing mention. Last Sunday night an energetic lover absconded, taking with him a daughter of Colonel Dronning, with whom he had been associated as an employe on the farm. While away the lovers were married and Monday night they returned, stopping at the house of a neighbor. The newly-made husband sent word to his wife's father, informing him where they were. An invitation was returned for them to return to the girl's home, which they did on Tuesday. When arriving there they were cordially received, and the son-in-law supposed that all differences had been amicably settled. While there he met Henry Ferrier, who resides on a farm near Tonganoxie, and who had formerly been paying his attentions to the daughter of Colonel Dronning. After leaving the house, it is reported that these two men met and became involved in a quarrel which resulted in a fight. The dead body of the young husband was afterward found with two bullets holes in his head.

[From the N. Y. Staats-Zeitung, July 8.]

Necessity of a Defeat of the Ohio Democracy in the Interest of Democratic Principles.

We have devoted undivided attention to the comments of the Democratic press since the Ohio Democrats have held their State Convention, and we have found that, as compared with the condemnation by the largest and most influential portion of that press of the submission of the Ohio Democracy to the dictation of the Pendletonians, the approval of that policy by a few—and almost exclusively obscure—papers, can hardly be taken in consideration. This proves that Pendletonism is actually much weaker than we were inclined to regard it after its victory at Columbus. On the other hand, we find that the anti-inflation Democratic press is quite disinclined to unite with their condemnation of the action of the Ohio Democracy the desire that the Democracy may be beaten in the contest. On the contrary, they are not wanting in finding reasons—weak as they are—for the gratuitous advice that the opposition in Ohio must stand by the Democratic ticket.

The Pendletonians, probably, will care nothing for all the opposition notwithstanding—they will vote the Democratic ticket. If they should be victorious under such circumstances, their triumph will be so much greater.

The *Tribune*, of yesterday, makes the following very pertinent remarks on this subject:

"Very likely the men that counted themselves in favor of honest currency, and in a vague and flabby way thought they had views upon the subject of finance, have during the past two or three years, given unstinted praise and admiration to the honest Republicans and sincere patriots who would not sacrifice principle for party but have come out from under the tyranny of caucus and voted independently. That kind of thing, when done by Republicans, excites the average Democrat to enthusiasm. He talks about it feelingly as the encouraging feature in politics—the sign of better days coming. But when his own party is guilty of worse things than any that dissatisfied Republicans protested against in theirs, he fails to see the principle involved in it. Then he believes in harmony, and success, even when a gang of conspirators has bagged the party convention and saddled it with resolutions running counter to all the traditions of Democracy, and opposed to its most cardinal doctrines."

Of such material, indeed is the average Democrat, and in this regard he is not better and not worse than the average Republicans. It is an old truism that the average man has no principles which he understands to defend against bad company. In fact there is so marked a degradation among our party organizations that principles are no longer involved, even as the dividing line between the parties is no longer based upon principle.

The Democrats in Ohio who are not only nominally members of that party organization, but also, adhere to Democratic doctrines, can not, it would seem, for a moment entertain the idea to vote for candidates nominated by a convention which put itself on such an anti-Democratic platform. The Democracy pretends to confine the Federal Government strictly to its constitutional powers and privileges, and thus to be the guardian of our Republican from of government. The founders of the Republic were well aware of the necessity of limiting the powers and functions of the Federal Government in regard to the issuing of money values, and for the reason they have only granted it the right to coin money. The Democracy, at the time of its greatest power, has strenuously opposed every attempt of the Federal Government to enlarge this Constitutional right and to convert the Treasury Department into a means for controlling the money market. There is certainly no public issue in which more can be done for enlarging the powers of the National Government than in this matter of the currency. If the Federal Government, without limit of law, can issue money value (Werth-Zeichen), then such Government is the lord and master of the people and its property organization which makes it a plank in its platform to battle against the tendency of the centralization of a power dangerous to the development of liberty—a natural tendency which must be thought ever present—and then with its own hands attempts to abolish the Constitutional safeguards against this very tendency, such a party organization, we say utters its own condemnation.

If the Democratic Republic shall continue to exist, then, assuredly, there must be a party which contends against the centralization of power, and if the Democratic party does not come up to this requirement, the duty will be fulfilled by another party. But if the Democracy shall continue to exist as an anti-centralization party, every endeavor and attempt to the contrary which may be made by Democratic organizations, by persons who pretend to act in the name of the Democracy, must be discountenanced and voted down. Hence, there is only one course the true Democrats of Ohio can pursue in this case—they must bolt. This they could best accomplish if they would convene and disavow the results of the Columbus Convention. But if such a course should be found impossible, they will admit that they can not indorse these results at the polls.

By such a course of those citizens who adhere to principle, only is it possible to preserve parties for their legitimate purposes and to make them again honorable and worthy of confidence. There is no sound argument which can be produced by any adherent of Democratic principles in favor of supporting the Democratic ticket in Ohio. The triumph of that ticket would be a victory over Democratic principles, in the same measure as its defeat would be proof positive that the Democrats of Ohio keep in honor the principles of the Democracy, and are not inclined to sacrifice them for the sake of politicians, who, by a miserable convention system, were enabled to speak and to act in the name of the Democratic party.

CHOICE WORDS FROM WILLIAM ALLEN.

A Specimen of the Democratic Governor's War Speeches—Vallandigham Outrivalled.

The following choice outbursts of patriotism are taken from a speech made by William Allen on the 10th of September, 1863, ten days before the brave boys in blue went in to the death on the bloody field of Chickamauga:

These abolitionists say slavery is the cause of war. They say it ought to be exterminated. I say it ought not.

The Chicago platform was a declaration of war and hostility to the people of the South, as being the owners of slaves. That platform was the true origin of the war.

We put down South Carolina nullification, and how? By calling out 75,000 men? No, *By murdering seven or eight hundred men! By making a million and a half of orphans in this country!* That's not the work that Democrats have done. These bloody scenes were reserved for the abolitionists to produce.

Lincoln *had shed enough blood to float the Great Eastern*, and how much nearer the end does he get? His cry is still for blood. The Administration stands on tip toe every day, with its eyes distended, and its arms stretched forth calling on the American people for more blood and more money. And these preachers—those Chicago priests that went to Detroit to get Lincoln to bite the forbidden fruit, to try the first act, *the initial sin, by the publication of an act emancipating the slaves.* These priests, I would not like to have met these fellows; they went down canting and whining, their mouths all the way watering for the blood of the people. Every one of them thought that God had made it his special business to go and beg *Lincoln to commence the business of murdering the American people.* If the Abolition party succeeds, all we will have to do will be to make our *preparations to go where the breadstuffs are cheap*, and go from the region toward which the negro gravitates. These negroes will come flocking over our river by the hundred thousand. Now what do you want with them? They will occupy the place left vacant *by the murdered white man; men who have been murdered in order* that these negroes should get a chance of settling here.

American Women at the Centennial.

"Olivia," a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Washington under date of July 10th, gives her views of "woman's feature" of the Centennial in the following sarcastic and pointed style, characteristic of one who is an advocate of "woman's rights":

The Philadelphia *Press*, the organ under contract to work for the Centennial, in its date of June 28th, says: "That the building for the display of women's work will be a feature of the Centennial Exhibition may now certainly be counted upon, more than half the sum requisite to pay for its construction having been collected."

In a few other paragraphs in the same twisted English, the *Press*, in its usual whine, has just enough strength to pass around the hat.

The stranger to our shore, as well as the citizen from the different States, will walk through miles of exhibition building, which has cost the nation millions of dollars. He will then be shown the "*woman's feature*," in the shape of a microscopical side-show, which will bear the same relation to the Centennial landscape as a pimple to the face of youthful adolescence. Side by side we work with man; hand in hand we walk together. Let all our statuary, pictures and books be commingled. Let his huge printing press be garlanded with our offerings, and our needle work nestle close to his ruder implements of work. Let our loaves of bread, in the mighty store, be typical of the staff of life upon which he must lean when the fierce storms gather; and our golden butter represent the smoothness of the way we would pave for his tired feet. If the President of the Woman's National Executive Committee has been divorced, is that a reason she should permit a centennial divorce of the work in which every woman of the American republic has a voice?

If the women are to be forced to an outbuilding, why plant the puny abortion in the shadow of the enchanted palace, where the world can take in at a glance our degradation and shame? If we must go, why not retire to the glorious old island of Manhattan, sacred to a purged municipality, or to Washington? Millions are wanted to complete the main structure. Down with the feature, and put the money in the right place! It is true if this is done the Woman's National Executive Committee will lose the chance of harvesting the pennies, but in opposition the humblest American woman can hold up her forehead free from spot or blemish, sought to be flung upon it by this centennial stain.

Will every journalist, who has wife, sweetheart or mother, publish the fact—the palatial exhibition doors which are open to celebrate our centennial birth, are closed in the face of the superb woman of the nineteenth century. Chronicle in words of fire this step backward which leads to the time not so very far remote, when the savage fisherman shall steal out of his tattered tent on the shore of the shallow Schuylkill; when the gaunt herdsman with elongated nails will picket his semi-starved cattle in the scant underbrush of Fairmount Park; when the pink-lipped, velvet-voiced Quakeress shall be replaced by the half-human hag of the heath, whilst the filthy streets of Philadelphia shall be buried beyond finding, and her miles of home-like houses be scattered to the four winds. Woman uplifted in the nation means "Nearer my God to Thee." Woman trammeled and divorced is telegraphic speed toward hell! Woman outside the Exhibition Palace! Ring the bells! Light the bonfires! Fling the blood-stained star spangled to the breeze! The huge centennial marks the highest attitude of national progress and glory. Ever after insidious dismemberment, languishing decline, and final decay.

[N. Y. Tribune, July 6—Editorial.

The Tremendous Issues Involved in Our State Campaign.

The star of the empire moves westward and Ohio becomes the Keystone State, *vice* Pennsylvania, resigned. Still voting in October, Ohio and Indiana will have a powerful influence upon the result of a Presidential contest in other States, and that influence will be the greater, in the contest now approaching, because of the peculiar attitude of elements and forces in Ohio. Thus the struggle in that State this year, because it will indicate which party may carry Ohio in October, 1876, and by what methods, is everywhere recognized as one of extraordinary importance. Democratic defeat, following the majority of nearly 1,000 for that party last year, will strongly encourage the reform element of the Republican party, and admonish the Democrats that they cannot afford to countenance inflation or repudiation. Republican defeat in a State once so strong in its attachment to that party, and by a Democracy so little deserving of confidence, would not only give strength to the most dangerous Democratic element, but might cause such demoralization and disheartenment among its opponents as to make the national contest one of great peril.

* * * * * * *

The Liberals and Independents of Ohio are neither tricky demagogues nor slaves of party, but sincere men who have shown themselves ready to fight for their convictions. They did not mean to cheat the country when they uttered the pledges of 1872, and they will not give aid or encouragement to a new warfare upon the public credit, and the public creditors. Other questions can be settled when the Presidential election comes. Fortunately the Republicans of Ohio have had the good sense to put the third term issue out of the way. *The immediate danger is that, in a time of industrial disorder and financial embarrassment, reckless demagogues may be encouraged to appeal to the Communistic spirit, to shake the very foundations of industry by a crusade against invested capital, to start the country once more on that downward road of inflation which ends in the gulf of bankruptcy, and to make the next Presidential election a struggle involving the greatest peril to our commerce and industry for many years to come.* That terrible spirit, which arrays labor in arms against capital and excites Ignorance and Want to tear down those pillars which sustain the whole structure of modern civilization and industry, in other lands it has more than once been necessary to crush out with shot and slaughter. In this land it may always be put down with peaceful ballots, if we are but wise and prompt. *Never has it shown itself more clearly in this country than in the Democratic Convention of Ohio. If the people of that State are wise, their rebuke will be so stern that hereafter no demagogue will be mad enough to make war upon the public credit or guarantees of property.*

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Discovery of Gov. Allen's Comb, Lost During the Trojan War.

A beautiful antique fine-tooth comb has been unearthed by Dr. Schlieman from the ashes of Troy, (Asia Minor, not New York.) It is worn, and bears the marks of having been freely used. On the middle, or "backbone" of it, are inscribed the words, in strange characters, "Billiostris Allenobes." The relic was promptly forwarded to Governor Allen, who instantly recognized and identified it as his own, "though," said he, "I swan, I'd 'most forgot 'bout it. You see, it's a long time ago now, even for me, sence I seen it last, and I never see one sence I lost it. I'd 'most forgot what a flea comb wus, but I'm glad I got one now. I know'd ther was suthin' I stud in powerful need of, but I couldn't recollect what it wuz."

[From the Toledo Commercial.]

Extraordinary Condescension.

With the spirit and style of a demagogue, Gov. Allen at Findlay made boast before the assembled crowd of his extraordinary condescension in consenting to speak after Gov. Hayes, the only soldier on the list of speakers. Does he deem the Governor of Ohio so far above his fellow-citizens, that he must be expected to take precedence over them all? Is that the style of his "Democracy?" What has become of the equal respect for the "poor hod-carrier," of which he boasted of at Dayton? But he is destined to give precedence to Gov. Hayes next January, in a way that he will not be likely to boast of.

ADDRESSING LETTERS.

Carelessness in addressing letters is almost universal, and the following points out wherein mistakes so frequently occur, which it would be well to observe:

Mr. Plimley kindly informed the writer that there were, including the British, German and Swiss departments, 5,000 money-order offices in the United States; that letters should go astray he did not think surprising, when it is considered that there are 15 Buffalos, 12 Bostons, 18 Buena Vistas, 12 New Havens, 12 Newarks, 14 Albanys, 12 Oranges, 18 Highlands, 8 Hyde Parks, 15 Bradfords, 5 Cincinnatis, and 3 Chicagos, to say nothing of the almost innumerable Johnstowns, Jamestowns and Smithtowns. Then, too, there are States that are thus abbreviated: Me., Md., Mo., Mon., Mass., Mich. and Miss. Now, said the Superintendent, a letter posted without bearing the name of the county, is not properly addressed; and to find one properly addressed passing through the mails would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack. For instance, a letter addressed to Newark, Wayne county, N. Y., which by the way is a large place, would not get to Newark, N. J., if so directed, if it had the county on. The clerk would see that it was intended for New York, because New York and and Wayne county correspond, nor would Orange, Sullivan county, N. Y., get to New Jersey if the Y did resemble a J, because there is no Sullivan county in New Jersey. A. T. Stewart & Co. have a postal guide and money-order directory. Their money-order applications have the county, whether it is Albany or Chicago. That is the secret.—*New York Herald.*

Ice 80,000 Years Old.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan is 12,506 feet. At the depth of front 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range; it has the form of a horse-shoe, with a bold escarpment of feltsphatic rock nearly 2,000 feet high which in some places is nearly perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurred until a distance of some 80 or 90 feet had been made; then the frozen territory was reached, and it has continued for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw, summer or winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and massive as the rock.

The miners being unable to excavate the frozen material with picks or drills, found that the only way was to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This has been the mode of mining for more than two years. The tunnel is over 290 feet deep, and there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. There are other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state. The theory is that the rock was laid down in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In that case the mine is an ice house whose stores have remained unthawed for the last 80,000 years! The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Brandon frozen well and the Stevens mine, show no way for air currents, are still referred to, imbedded in icebergs and the glacial period.—*Alma (Col.) News.*

[From the St. Joseph Gazette.]

Acting in Character.

"I say, girls," said a little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy on Second street yesterday, "Let me take your candy and we'll all play chicken."

"Is it nice?" inquired half a dozen six-year-olds in chorus.

"Nice! you bet it is. Let me show you. Now, I'll lay the candy down here on the step, and you all go down there and come up when you hear me call like a rooster."

The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen feet off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to call and strut and flap his arms like a rooster's wings.

"Cluck, cluck, rat, tat, rap, cluck," and all the girls came running up and bent to pick up the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took it in at one gulp.

"Oh, you mean boy," they cried, "you have taken all our candy!"

"That's cause I played rooster," said the boy; "roosters always call the hens up when he finds a grain of corn, and then picks it up himself."

An Outlook.

The whole country, pretty much, is against the Ohio repudiation platform, adopted by the Democratic party.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The "whole country" is the country which can be seen from the steeple of Trinity Church, in Wall street. Beyond it the people are for it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A considerable territory, "can be seen from the steeple of Trinity Church." The eye will range over New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, most of Long Island, about a third of New Jersey, and an equal part of Connecticut, and some portions of Southern New York, beyond the city limits—the whole containing about 3,000,000 inhabitants, or more than the State of Ohio. With the States of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey against any Democratic candidate on a repudiation or inflation platform, it will puzzle the *Enquirer* to tell how he is to be elected.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Old Dog Tray Ever Faithful."

A quiet game of draw, quarter ante, was in progress the other evening at Chico. One of the party managed to get heart flush, ace at the head, out of the deck, and laid it in his lap, waiting a chance to play it. Presently a chance came. The guileless gentleman counted out $40 better with one hand, and went down with the other for the flush.

It wasn't there. He had to play his hand. Two of of the party called his $40 better, and one of them in the show-down produced the identical heart flush that he had been at such pains to secure. He knew it was the same, for the ace was crimped, just as he had done it. The secret was that Ira Weatherbee's dog. 'Patsey,' had quietly put his nose in, picked up the flush, carried it around to his friend, wagged his tail knowingly and walked off.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hopeful Lookout.

The Chicago *Tribune* looks upon the business situation of the country as richer to-day, in its freedom from debt, than it was in the fabulous expectations which exploded in 1873. Production—the annual addition to the aggregate wealth of the nation—has gone on steadily, and to-day there is more real, substantial wealth in the country than there was when the bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad were counted among the assets. So long as this production goes on, so long as credit rests upon substance and not upon wind and water, so long as men live within their incomes and do not consume as much as they produce, their prosperity will continue, and storms like that of 1873 will not be possible."

[From the State Journal.]

That Crusade Story.

The Democratic papers are determined after all to hang on that story about Hayes having subscribed for the crusade. They say now that the sum may not have been exactly $500, but anyhow Hayes let the crusaders have Birchard Hall, which he owns in Fremont, free of expenses. We haven't a doubt of it. Hayes always had a weakness for women in distress. We would be willing to risk $100 on it, that the Democratic sisters of Fremont can go to Hayes and get the use of his hall free, for the purpose of holding an Allen prayer meeting. And Hayes will take all his boys and attend the meeting.

Reduction of Rates.

Chicago, July 10.—The Pittsburgh & Fort Wayne and Baltimore & Ohio roads to-day signified their intention of reducing the passenger rates from Chicago to New York, to that of the Michigan Central Road—$15.

THE BEST IN MARKET!

CARRIAGES BUGGIES.

H. S. WENNER,

Jefferson St., Tiffin, Ohio,

Has on hand a large and fine stock of

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.

—THREE-SPRING—

WAGONS. Democrat WAGONS, Etc., Etc.,

All manufactured of Good Material and warranted equal to any other. His work has stood the test of years of service and cannot be excelled anywhere. Call on him and get good work at the lowest living prices. H. S. WENNER, Tiffin, O.
May 27, '75.

GEO. R. HUSS'

BULLETIN

I am now receiving a fine line of

MISCELLANEOUS

Goods.

Do not fail to call before making your purchases. In my stock of

BOOKS

You will find a splendid stock of STANDARD POETS, POPULAR NOVELS, MARK TWAIN'S and JULES VERN'S BOOKS, JUVENILE and TOY BOOKS, BIBLES, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, GIFT BOOKS, Etc., for the young.

An endless variety of GAMES, PANORAMAS, PUZZLES, TOPS, TOY WATCHES. I also have a nice display of fine

CHROMOS.

BRACKETS and FANCY WALNUT GOODS. Call and see them whether you buy or not.

Store on Washington Street, opposite Court House, Tiffin, Ohio.
n11-71 GEO. R. HUSS.

PRICE J. WILSON. S. C. LAMBERSON.

CROCKERY,

GROCERIES And

GLASSWARE

In great abundance, and No. 1 quality can be found at

LOWEST PRICES

—FOR—

GOOD GOODS

—AT—

Wilson & Lamberson's

Highest price paid for all kinds of

FARM PRODUCE.

Grateful for the very liberal patronage given us in the past, we hope to merit and receive as much and still more in the future.

Wilson & Lamberson.

No. 4 Empire Block.

n11-tf

REMOVED! REMOVED!

D. M. BIBB

Has Removed his Barber Shop

TO KAULL'S NEW ROOM, TWO DOORS EAST OF THE POSTOFFICE,

Where he does Shampooing, Hair Cutting and Shaving in the best style. He also has a new Bath Room, the only one in the city, where you can get a warm or cold bath at any time. All persons wanting a good bath please call in.
n39-tf D. M. BIBB.

BAKER & FLUMMERFELT,

Would announce to the citizens of Seneca County that they are now prepared to

Move All Kinds of Buildings!

As they have had considerable experience the business our citizens should give them a trial. They would also announce that they do

Carpenter Work,

Of all kinds, on short notice, and at reasonable rates.

HENRY ADAMS. FRANCIS ADAMS.

H. & F. ADAMS,

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Lath and Shingles,

And Manufacturers and Dealers in

Sash, Doors, Worked Flooring, Blinds, etc.

Shop on Market St., near Wooden Bridge, TIFFIN, OHIO
25-21-tf

SMOKERS, ATTENTION!

—x—

—GO TO—

Brown & McClary's

—FOR FINE—

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

National Hall Block.

n38-21-tf

JESSE BOGART.

UNDERTAKER, NORTH OF THE College, Tiffin, O. Caskets, Coffins, Robes, &c., constantly on hand and furnished at very low rates. n38-1y.

Ayer's Ague Cure

For Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, &c., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.

Rx

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance, founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "CURE" expels the miasmatic poison of FEVER AND AGUE from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of everybody; and in bilious districts, where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, everybody should have it, and use it freely, both for cure and protection. It is hoped this price will place it within the reach of all—the poor as well as the rich. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains no Quinine or mineral; consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "CURE" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excreted from the system, and cannot accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure; and few will ever suffer from Intermittents if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

For *Liver Complaints*, arising from torpidity of the Liver, it is an excellent remedy, stimulating the Liver into healthy activity, and producing many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines fail.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
AND SOLD ALL ROUND THE WORLD.
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WE OFFER the following property for sale:
Two Fine Dwellings on Jefferson street.
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Prices and terms easy. TOMB & COLE,
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The Highest Price Paid in Cash For Wool.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the estate of Elias W. Reeme, late of Seneca County, O., deceased. All claims against the estate must be presented at once for adjustment.
JOHN M. KAULL,
Administrator of Elias W. Reeme, deceased.
n 31-33.

A FARM AT PRIVATE SALE

Containing 108 3-10 Acres,

In Pleasant Township, on the East bank of Sandusky River. For particulars, call on J. P. Baker, North end of Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. n50-tf

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Lot No. 1, in Davis' Addition, containing two Acres, well improved. For better information call on J. P. Baker, north end Washington St., Tiffin. n50-tf