Perrysburg Journal.

FRIDAY, - - DECEMBER 16, 1884

A Merry Christmas we trust will greet all our patrons before another JOURNAL is issued. Our stocking is hung on the outer wall of the fourth page.

Not unlike the wind storm of ten days ago the "cold wave,"(which is a mild term to explain it) passed across the continent in less than eighty days.

Major W. W. Armstrong has sold the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, which is accepted as a sure indication that he has a sure thing on a fat take under President Cleveland.

Cleveland's friends in Buffalo have been making it so disagreeable for Rev. Mr. Ball that he intends to leave the city. His premises have been pelted with boulders, and his family nearly scared to death.

By the simple touch of a button attached to a wire, the President of the United States, domiciled in the White House at Washington, set all the machinery in operation at the New Orleans Exposition, upon the signal being given on Tuesday. Whither are we drifting?

The stone and brick work on the new Government building at Toledo was completed yesterday. It makes a fine appearance and will be an ornament to the city. Not in the history of this class of work, we venture to say, has work been pushed along so rapidly.

A physician says he has known many men, and women, too, who from various causes had become so much affected by nervousness that when they stretch out their hands shook like aspen leaves on a windy day, and by a moderate daily use of celery as a salad they became as strong and steady as other people. He also recommends it for palpitation of the heart.

The story of "Crime and Romance" reproduced in another part of this paper is taken from a copy of the Chicago *Times*, which was forwarded to Dr. Rheinfrank by a brother-in-law at Ann Arbor, who wants to know if it is true. There is more truth than romance in it as can be verified by the old citizens who were on the sod at the dates named. Mr. C. W. Norton thinks there might be relics exhumed from the bottom of the old well at the brick hotel out the pike.

Columbus *Sunday Herald*: Won't there be fun next month? Several big canal schemes are now developing, and the gangs will be here in full force to explain the beauties of the different projects. Before proceeding too far with the merits of the individual schemes, it might be well for some of them to pause and reflect on the fate of Watson.

The New York *Medical Tribune* calls attention to the fact that since the production of cider in New England had almost ceased, there has been a marked increase of rheumatism and stone. European observers have called attention to similar facts abroad. M. Damont, while examining the statistics of a hospital in Normandy, found that in fifty nine years only four cases of stone had been admitted. The ordinary beverage in Normandy is cider.

Bob Burdette, the humorist, has severed his connection with the Burlington *Hawk-eye*, and taken up his residence at Ardmore, Pa. Referring to the event, he says: "There is no quarrel; we still speak as we pass by; but I have decided to make my home in Montgomery county. The *Hawk-eye* can't come down here to be edited, and I won't go to Burlington to edit it; hence, after twelve years of harmonious union, we separate amicably, and I go out peaceably."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* states the situation and tells how it happened in the following comprehensive way:

The result of the campaign is pretty conclusive in demonstrating that Mr. Blaine is the only Republican nominee we could have beaten. Either Mr Arthur or Mr Sherman or Mr Edmunds would practically have had a walk-over. The Lord of Hosts gave us Blaine, and threw in Burchard, and raised up St. John and sent down the rain on election day—the devil contributed Gould and inspired Conkling—and so among all hands, good Lord, good devil, we pulled through somehow, and there we are.

The Toledo *Post* artist evidently got hold of the wrong picture of the right man, or the right picture of the wrong man in making a portrait of John B. Hoffman who was hung in Cincinnati on Tuesday for the murder of two sons, one in 1875 and the other within the past year. There is evidently two John B. Hoffmans in Cincinnati or was prior to Tuesday. We recognize in the portrait produced by the *Post*, the present treasurer of the 5th O. V. I. Association, who in '62 drew a prize at Salsbury Prison, N. C., and was held for some months as a hostage, to be hung with eleven others should the Federal government hang twelve bridge burners held as prisoners in Missouri. The bright little son and daughter of this John B. Hoffman are not quite old enough to kill, at least in the estimation of the father and mother. We don't recognize the picture of John B. Hoffman as given by the Cincinnati *Post*.

He Thanks His Paper.

MR. EDITOR:—I was induced by reading your good paper to try Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic for debility, liver disorder and scrofula, and three bottles have cured me. Accept my thanks. Jos. C. Boggs.—*Ex.*

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan, Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The Beauty of Youth.

No matter how handsome or stalwart a young man may be otherwise, nothing can make up for a partially bald head. Shining talents are attractive, but a shining poll is not. The cause may be sickness or anything else, yet Parker's Hair Balsam will stop the loss of the hair and start a new growth of glossy and soft hair so quickly as to surprise you—restoring the original color at the same time. Not a dye, not oily, delicately perfumed. Only standard 50c. dressing.

C. W. Cleveland, of Jamestown, N. Y., says: By using only a sample box of The World Imperial Catarrh Cream cured him permanently of catarrh. Get a sample free of your druggist before they are all gone. Sold by Taylor & Miller and A. R. Champney.

Quinsy troubled me for twenty years Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conard, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, '83.

"Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted all my life with scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in blotches, ulcers, and mattery sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

Putting Cleveland on Record.

The editor of the Bucyrus *Journal*, whose head is nearly always level, is of the opinion that the announcement of Republican candidates for 1888 is premature; that the Republican press, most likely, will be called upon during the next four years to apologize for and defend the course likely to be pursued by President Cleveland, from the attacks of his own party, or a portion thereof. He proceeds to reproduce Mr. Cleveland's expressions on civil service measures, before and since the election, and follows these with comments which is liberal to an opponent. The first quotation from Mr. Cleveland reads as follows, and was written in answer to letters addressed to both Cleveland and Folger after they had received the nomination for Governor from their respective parties:

"I have no hesitation in saying that I fully approve of the principles embodied in the Pendleton bill relating to this subject, and that I should be glad to aid in any practical legislation which would give them a place in the management of the affairs of the State and of municipalities, so far as they can be made applicable thereto. I believe that the interests of the people demand that a reform in the national and state administrative service should speedily become an accomplished fact, and that the public should receive honest and faithful service at the hands of well fitted and competent servants. When contests between parties are waged for the purpose of securing places for professional politicians, of high or low degree, whose only recommendation for appointment is their supposed ability to do partisan service, the people are apt to be defrauded by the displacement of tried and faithful servants, well able to perform the duties for which they are paid with the people's money, and the substitution of those who are unfit and incompetent. In this way the interests of the party may be subserved, but the interests of the people are neglected and betrayed. This pernicious system gives rise to an office holding class, who in their partisan zeal, based upon the hope of personal advantage, arrogate to themselves an undue and mischievous interference with the will of the people in political action; this breeds the use of dishonest and reprehensible methods, which frequently result in the servants of the people dictating to their masters. If places in the public service are worth seeking, they should be the reward of merit and well doing, and the opportunity to secure them on that basis should be open to all. Those holding these places should be assured that their tenure depends upon their efficiency and fidelity to their trusts, and they should not be allowed to use them for partisan purposes. The money they earn they should recieve and be allowed to retain, and no part of it should be exacted from them by way of political assessments. It seems to me that very much or all of what we desire in the direction of civil service reform is included in the doctrine that the concerns of the State and Nation should be conducted on business principles, and as nearly as possible in the same manner that a prudent citizen conducts his private affairs. If this principle is kept constantly in mind, I believe the details of a plan by which its adoption may be secured will, without much difficulty, be suggested."

It is a significant and important fact, that during his career as Governor he has done nothing that was not in accord with the foregoing sentiments in his letter.

Mr. Cleveland is reliably reported as having said to some prominent Democrats who called upon him in August last:

"Gentlemen, if I am elected, I shall obey the spirit of the civil service reform bill, and I have a right to do so; it is the law of the land, and if it is a bad law let them repeal it; but so long as it is the law I shall obey it, and I am glad it is a law for I think it is right, and besides, it would be a misfortune to the country to change all the civil service officers. I intend to be the President of the people of the United States, just as I have been Governor of the people of New York, and both parties will be disappointed in me in that particular; but I shall be safe if I obey the law of the land, and I am going to do it and let the politicians howl."

The editor of the Washington *Sunday Capital* publishes the result of an interview with Governor Cleveland, from which the following is an extract:

"I remarked to the Governor that his election had been followed by something like a panic among the minor employes of the Government at Washington, who are supposed to hold their places in accordance with the new civil service regulations and I inquired of him whether it might not be worth while for him to indicate some way, if that were his purpose, that the spirit of the civil service regulation would be adhered to after the 4th of March next. To this the Governor briskly replied:

"I think I have said enough on that subject. It is in my letter. It is in the platform. There is no use trying to beat brains into people's heads. Let them attend to their own business—let them mind their own business," he said, repeating the words in a very decided manner, and with a gesture of the head that indicated more than the tone in which he spoke."

Here are three important utterances by Mr. Cleveland, one before he was elected Governor, one before he became President-elect, and one since, and it is still more important to remember that as Governor no official act has been in opposition to any of these expressions.

It is not venturing a mere surmise, therefore, to say that it is probable that Mr. Cleveland will not only endeavor to conduct his administration upon the principles of Civil Service Reform, but that he will be found to have such strength of character and such a determined constancy to his own opinions in this repect that he will disregard whatever clamor the spoils wing of the Democratic party may make against such a policy.

He and those to whom he will look for counsel will probably aim to strengthen the party by disregarding the red shirt, blood-stained and clamorous elements of it, and by purifying and strengthening it. Tersely he will probably realize that the support of the best elements of the party is preferable to the support of the worst, and if he succeeds in securing the former he can well afford to ignore the latter.

So little is known of Mr. Cleveland that this is at best but conjecture, but it is founded upon both his words and his acts.

Should he, however, act otherwise, and yield to the clamor of the ruffian element represented by Hendricks, so much the worse for him and for the Nation, however much it may ripen the expectation of a speedy return to power of the Republican party.

—Get your Holiday Goods at Finkbeiner's, and get a number on that Hand some $10 Music Box for each dollar's worth you buy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY TAYLOR & MILLER.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months.

Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Taylor & Miller's Drug Store. Large Bottles $1.00.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18th, 1884.

The class of people who will be more affected than any other by a change of administration at Washington, are the small shop-keepers who have been in the habit of giving unlimited credit to the Government clerks. Up to the very day of election; the continued ascendency of the Republican party was so assured, that one dealer here increased his outstanding accounts $5,000 in one week, and now he is trying to get a settlement for at least a part of the $75,000 marked "doubtful" on his ledger. The clerks, as a rule, are beginning to practice a little more prudence in the husbanding of their resources, and naturally enough they think that the payment of honest debts is a poor way to economize. They therefore laugh at their creditors and simply tell them that judgment day is a good day to settle up, and if that is too busy a day, the day following would do.

The last session of Congress adjourned leaving any number of appropriations for any number of public buildings to be erected here, there and everywhere. The general craze not only among Congressmen but among their constituents is for public buildings, and the more expensive the better. On the calander now at this session are bills for expending seventy millions for Government structures, the most of which there is not now, and will not be for many years, any earthly use for, but by the paternalistic tendencies of the Government, they must be expected whether they are needed or not. A town out in Texas wants a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar building for its postoffice, although the office falls by a considerable amount to be self sustaining, and what is true of the Texas town is true of almost every place that is now clamoring for a public building.

Two events that are calculated to cause a sort of social earthquake transpired here in one day last week. One was the suicide of Prof. De Wolowski, who had the musical tutelage of all of the best families of Washington, and who was also confronted by his own daughter with a charge of incest. And the other was the elopement of the affianced bride of a New York banker, with an office clerk. The last named event creates some sensation because the female partner in the elopement is of the upper strata in Washington society, and the circumstances of her flight peculiarly cruel, because fifteen hundred invitations had gone out for one of the swellest of the swell weddings of the capital, which was to have taken place on the 11th inst. The treachery of the girl in the case was brought about by the attempt of the old folks to saddle a husband upon her whom she did not and could not love, and the verdict of the jury is that she served 'em right.

One of the first things that the new Democratic administration should do upon its accession to power, is the unceremonious bouncing of the landscape architect around the capitol, whose abominations abound on every hand. In the outrageous devastation that has been wrought here under the name of improvement, the once beautiful plat of ground both east and west of the capitol have been transformed into an unsightly and uncongenious field of concrete walks with small patches of shrubbery here and there that have as little attraction as the burdock plants that line a country road. The large and magnificent trees whose foliage made the west entrance to the capitol a really superb resort for the stranger and an attraction to everybody, have all disappeared under the blighting edict of this taste-forsaken architect, and their places are supplied by walls walls, walls, some with a purpose, but more without any other purpose than the expenditure of money and a contribution to the inevitable contractor. If the dignified character of the capitol and its surroundings must be preserved, we must get rid of the landscape idiot who would reject the stately trees in these grounds as beneath his ideal of landscape beauty.

DOM PEDRO.

Warning to the Liquor Trade.

(The Champion, Chicago.)

Although the complete returns of the election are not yet at hand, this much we know that in every state of the union the Prohibition candidates have received thousands of votes, and with one or two exceptions—due allowance being made—the vote for the cranky St. John throws into the shade the self-styled workingmen's or people's candidate, the irrepressible Benjamin F. Butler. It reaches a total of over 200,000 votes. A similar strength of the prohibition element was developed by the votes cast for congressional, state, executive and legislative candidates. What of it? What is that to the liquor trade? It is exactly what the firing of the first cannon of Fort Sumpter, on the 12th of April, 1861, was to the United States government: a solemn, forcible, defiant declaration of war, by the simultaneous opening of hostilities. There is no backing out now for either side, The prohibitionists have sworn at this election that they now are enlisted for the war to the bitter end. They propose to crush the liquor traffic out of existence, by fair means or foul, and they have good reasons for being sanguine of success. Look at their sweeping victories in Kansas and Iowa, at their progress in Missouri, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois, where local option and high license prevail, and at their steady growing strength in a dozen other states, such as Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan Minnesota and others. Are you blind? Are you deaf? Are you the fools of whom the Latin poet said: *Quem Deus perdere volait, prius dementat.* Whom God wants to punish, he first makes mad (crazy). It would seem so indeed.

The prohibition flood is now sweeping over every state in the union, threatening some of them, ruining others. It undermines the very foundations of every distillery and brewery and shakes like an earthquake every liquor warehouse and every saloon in the land. Do you not hear and feel the prohibition waves beating against the very walls of your stores, your business places, your family dwellings.

When the Ohio or Missouri rivers rise and overflow their banks and cover the lands on both sides with debris and ruin, do the riparian inhabitants stand stupidly by to witness the falling down of their houses, barns, stables, the carrying off by the flood of their hens, cattle and grain? Do they smile, stick their hands into their breeches pockets and say to one another: "Well if my neighbors can stand it, I can."

Yet this is exactly the position of the liquor dealers and saloon keepers of almost every state of the Union to day—this is exactly how they act, how they speak. They can't help seeing the wave of prohibition rolling onto them, they can't help foreseeing the destruction and ruin which will follow, and yet: They quietly look on with their hands in their pockets, a cigar or pipe between their lips, placidly saying "Well, all we can do won't help us any. What's the use of throwing our money away for protective associations? If others can stand it I can." And the like.

Once more, we call your attention to your danger. There was mirth, rejoicing, carousing and revelry in the dining hall of the Babylonian Monarch Belshazzar where the mysterious hand traced on the wall in fiery characters the ominous words, Mene, Tekel, Euphrasin. Neither the king or the guests took notice of the warning, and before moving they were slaughtered, the royal palaces plundered and given a prey to the flames, and the Babylonian or Assyrian Empire obliterated from the face of the earth.

Saloon keepers, liquor dealers, brewers, distillers, beware! The master of the prohibition hosts, at the late election, is your "Mene, Tekel, Euphrasin." Rouse yourselves from your lethargy; from your protective phalanxes, fight for your rights, for your business, for your homes; but remember that while a child can easily brake a single twig or a small stick, the most powerful man cannot break a bunch of rods tied together. In union there is strength. United we stand, divided we fall!

CRIME AND ROMANCE.

Daring of Dan Brown, the Son of Old Jimmy Brown, the Ohio Counterfeiter.

The Means He Employed to Conceal and Perfect His Plans, and the Men He Used.

(Chicago Times, Nov. 29th.)

Referring to the sketch inclosed by old Isaiah Rynders, former marshal of the United States, of New York, writes a Denver correspondent of *The Cleveland Leader*, of the life and times of James Brown, who lived on and owned an island in the Cuyahoga river, at Akron, and there accumulated a large fortune by making counterfeit United States bank notes, and the place, too, where all the great counterfeiters of the west most did congregate, away back in 1833, and so on down to 1845 we take up the history of his son, Daniel Brown, alias Daniel West, who followed in his father's footsteps and continued his criminal business, and whose life and death constitute a romance in crime that far exceeds the stories of Mrs. Southworth or any of the red covered novels of this or past days.

Daniel Brown was the oldest son of old James Brown, and when I first saw him, in 1845, was about 26 or 28 years of age, and was nearly six feet high, very spare, dressed with exceeding neatness in black in the style of a young clergyman, with white neckie, and the whitest and most beautiful hands I ever saw on a man. Large blue eyes, a voluptuous mouth, and teeth like pearls, he was altogether one of those striking persons whom every observing man would stop, stare at, turn around, and say, "Who is this splendid young fellow? What is he?" This appearance of his was the more impressive on me because our meeting was in an old dilapidated brick tavern in the Black swamp, about six miles east from Perrysburg, O., about 7 A. M. of a dark, cold winter morning in 1848, under peculiar circumstances that will be developed ere we close this story of real life in the west 40 years ago.

During the October term of the United States circuit court, at Detroit, held by John McLean, in the year 1842, I was, as United States district attorney, notified that up in the borders of Oakland county, near what was known as the Oakland cottage, where a deputy United States marshal then lived and kept that tavern, counterfeit currency consisting of dollars, half dollars, and quarters had made their appearance, and were finely executed and were circulated freely all over that region Indeed, my informant told me "that they were just as good as genuine coin, no one would detect the difference." A few days after this by the Pontiac railroad a very large tierce or puncheon, which had once contained crockery, came to Detroit for shipment by the lake to Wellsville, at the mouth of the Ohio canal, on the Ohio River, via Cleveland, consigned to Daniel West and some one else. In unloading it at Gordon William's dock the tierce had started as if the devil was in it, and rolled over and over until it had nearly crushed the men who were handling it, and frightened them out of their wits. Taking a deputy marshal I went to the dock, opened the head of the huge tierce or puncheon, found therein a splendid screw press for cutting, stamping, and swedging coin, its lever some ten feet long, and immense balls, like cannon balls, fitted on to either end of the lever, and weighing six hundred pounds each. It was so packed in the cask that when it was rolled up to the center of gravity the barrel would start and roll on until it seemed to be propelled by some mysterious evil spirit or motor on the inner side.

We found also scraps of coin unfinished, the metal plates from which they were cut, a complete set of coiner's tools of beautiful patterns, excellent finish, and of the value of thousands of dollars. These articles were all repacked and sent, acompanied by a deputy marshal, to Cleveland, with instructions to closely watch the commission house there to which they were consigned, and with warrants to arrest Daniel West and his confederate in crime whenever they should call for the material, which furnished complete evidence of the crime of coinage against their owners. Daniel West was too sharp, however, for the dull detective. He got his tools away, and left the detective to return to Detroit and tell the marvelous stories there that Dan Brown was the Stephen Burroughs of Ohio and Michigan. About Christmas, 1842, taking my wife and young Alex Howard, the son of our United States marshal at Detroit, I went up to the Oakland cottage, and traveled all over that country, nominally in pursuit of game, deer, etc., but really to find when and by whom those coining tools had been used, and by diligence and silence I soon discovered that about $40,000 in counterfeit coin had been manufactured there by Daniel Brown and his accomplices, whom he had inveigled into it on the pretense that it was just as good as genuine coin, that nobody could detect it, and therefore it was no sin or crime to make or pass it. But Brown himself was a wholesale manufacturer and vender, and sold to the trade only, but never passed as genuine and true, a dollar; so he had taken with him his $40,000 to Wellsville, at the mouth of the Ohio canal, sold it to the retail dealers at 50 cents on the dollar as counterfeit coin, and thereby had made about $20,000 cash deal out of his Michigan manufactory. Before I returned to Detroit I arrested nine of his accessories all of whom wer honest ignorant farmers, members of the Methodist and Baptist churches, I took them down with me, called a special grand jury, and within one week indicted, tried, convicted and sent them to the penitentiary, where Alexander Memyn and one other died of broken hearts. The others I had pardoned in a year or two by the president. But Daniel Brown and his accessory were free, and I determined at all hazards and at any cost to secure their conviction and punishment, but I knew that I "must catch a hare before I could cook it," and so I sent deputy marshals to St. Louis, where I knew, by a letter I had intercepted in the postoffice at Detroit, that Brown would be on Christmas eve, as he was. But the stupid marshals went in, and entered their names in the register, and Brown who was inside the office, took the book, told them he would call Mr. West, whom they had inquired for, and, turning, went through the kitchen, and was off on a steamer. And while they were waiting his return with David West, he was steaming down the Mississippi to Little Rock, where he spent much of his time. I thus failed in all my efforts to catch Brown. My time expired as United States district attorney, and Senator John Norvell was appointed as my successor, and I ceased to owe allegiance to the United States, and was free to defend Daniel Brown and his confederates against the indictments still pending in Detroit, which I had drawn in December, 1842, provided he (Brown) saw fit to employ me as his counsel.

In this condition of things Brown sent his sister, a very beautiful and acomplished girl, to see me at Detroit and to retain me to end the troubles in which he was then placed. This was in the winter of 1845. She came, offered me $800 in gold, her watch and chain, and told me that her father, old James Brown, was then in the penitentiary; Dan, her brother, was married, and his wife was in delicate health; there was a chancery suit pending in the courts of Cuyahoga county about the 1,200 acre homestead farm at Akron; that her mother was old, and that if I would and could end the prosecution of her brother she would give me the $800 and the watch and chain, so as to make my fees $1,000. I explained to her that I could do nothing for Daniel unless he came to Detroit, surrendered himself to the court, and had his trial, and that if I could get rid of one witness, a lady, then being in Detroit, I could easily save him; but if the government got that witness, who was Dan's old sweetheart, he was gone up.

I finally agreed with her that I would take no retainer from Brown until I had met him within 150 miles of Detroit, in Ohio, where I would show him all the evidence taken before the grand jury, which I had, and then after studying it all over, if he concluded to take the risk and go to trial, I would then take the $1,000, and if he was cleared then he should pay me $1,000 more. She went home, and after a great number of missives back and forward, I finally agreed to go to Maumee at dawn of day, where some one would meet me, and "take me to the trysting spot, where Dan Brown and myself were to meet face to face." I reached Maumee at daylight a cold winter's morning, and there met his brother, who took me across the long bridge over to Perrysburg, and drove me about six miles east on the turnpike, to an old dismantled brick stage house, where I met this elegant and dashing criminal alone, with no one in the house save a horrid, toothless old hag, with her hair streaming in the wind. She kept house for all the mail robbers, coiners, highwaymen and murderers who made their headquarters there from time to time. A single room in the house was elegantly furnished with Turkish carpets, brass andirons and fender, a beautiful bookcase and small library, with a great hickory fire glowed in the hearth, while the gable end of the building had fallen in, and the snow drifted all over the chambers, and the winds howled and shrieked enough to make one tremble.

Brown received me with the grace and ease of a prince. He apologized for bringing me there alone by saying that I hunted him so closely, pursued him so vigorously, that he feared that I might still entrap him into custody, at which I at once told him that if that was his opinion of me I would leave him instantly and walk back to Maumee, as I was not that kind of a man. That so long as I was the attorney of the United States I would pursue any criminal unto death. But now I was ready, if he saw fit after reading all the evidence, to take his retainer and defend him if I could by and through the courts. He made a pitcher of whisky punch and offered it to me, but I declined to drink unless he did so. To which he replied with elegant grace: "Bites, gentlemen of our profession never drink. It won't do. Had not my father and his counsel been drunk at Columbus at his trial he would never have been convicted of passing a half-eagle gold coin, for we never pass spurious money. We are wholesale counterfeit coiners, and only sell to retail dealers, who buy from us, well knowing that the coin is false and spurious."

So I drank the punch in a silver goblet, out of a solid silver pitcher, and we went to work all that winter's day. I went over and over again all the written evidence, pointed out the danger of that lady witness, his old sweetheart, then living in Detroit, and now there, a religious old grandmother. I told him that if United States District Attorney Norvell did not hand her I would guarantee his acquittal, but if she came into court he was a convict beyond all hope. Finally he decided that the risk was too great, and he would not venture it. So he offered to pay me a large sum of money to retain me in the future, but I declined, saying to him: "Pay me for my time in coming here; that is all I can or will take, for it may happen that I shall be United States district attorney again, and if so I shall go after you again, and try and send you there where those poor fools and idiots whom you seduced are now, and I will not touch a dollar of your money." We parted then and there, but before leaving he took out his ivory flute and played "The Last Rose of Summer" with an exquisite taste that I never had heard, except once in San Francisco, when Ole Bull Max Strakosch, and Patti's eldest sister, Mrs. Thorn, united in its execution after dinner at Felix Argenti's in 1854, since when it rings in my ears and brings tears to my eyes. Truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction, for in 1848 Norvell died. I was appointed United States district attorney for Michigan, and at once I started again for Daniel Brown, the counterfeiter, and he, to escape me, fled to California in 1850, taking with him $80,000 of spurious and counterfeit bank bills of the State Bank of Missouri, that never suspended payments, and in the mountains of California he exchanged all his counterfeit bills for California gold slugs, and hurried back to Cleveland and Akron, paid off his counsel Hon. R. P. Spaulding, still living there, paid off the incumbrances on the twelve hundred acres of land on the island, gave his mother several thousands of dollars, and then died of consumption, to which he had always a strong tendency, and was buried. But that is not the end. The Missouri Pukes, as we call them in California, in almost three months found that their $100 Missouri bank bills were worthless, spurious, and counterfeit, and so they get together, appointed a committee of three to follow Dan Brown home to Cleveland, compell him to refund their $80,000 or kill him in his tracks. And home the committee came.

Going to Cleveland, they called on Judge Spaulding, who was amazed to see such a body on such an errand. He explained Brown's arrival, the disposition of his money and his death, but they were incredulous, and so they went to Akron, taking Judge Spaulding with them. There they found Brown's mother and his widow, but their money was gone, and Dan Brown was in his grave, as it was said, but they would not believe it. So they went to the cemetery, had the body disinterred, the coffin opened, when sure enough Daniel Brown was beyond the reach of courts, vigilance committees, and even Missouri goldiggers. They went back, resolved that henceforth, like old Thomas Benton, they would be bullionists only.

Now ask Judge Spaulding if this strange story is not literally true.

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A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

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WILLIAM CAPP, of W. I. Pepper & Bro., Franklin St., Richmond, Va., Jan. 5, 1883.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable."

J. T. HAYES, Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The Rev. FRANCIS D. HARLOWE, writing from *Atlanta, Ga.*, says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

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The Whole Community

Should talk this matter over, about paying high Dental fees. I can prove that you pay a double profit, when you pay more than I ask, by the cost of the very best material if need be. Do not get

EXCITED,

But think this matter over and what you need done in the Dental line, then call and see me last and I will do your work the cheapest, use the BEST MATERIAL and GUARANTEE FIRST CLASS WORK.

Having secured the services of Dr. J. P. Thompson of Perrysburg, to meet the increasing Dental practice established by me in Toledo, I feel confident that parties in and around this neighborhood will always receive skillful treatment and save ONE HALF IN MONEY by calling and having me do your work.

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Toledo & Lima Accommodation	5 39 P. M.
Detroit, Toledo & Cin. Express, (D)	10.12 P. M.
PASSING NORTH, (daily except Sunday.)	
Toledo & Detroit Express (Daily)	5.36 A. M.
Lima & Toledo Accomodation	8. 17 A. M
Toledo, Detroit & Cleveland Express (Sunday only)	9.22 A. M.
Toledo & Detroit Mail	3. 04 P. M.
Toledo, Detroit & Chicago Express	9.02 P. M.

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Fostoria	6 02	11 33	7 02
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Upper San	7 10	12 40	8 10
Marion	7 48	1 18	8 47
Prospect	8 08	1 40	9 07
Delaware	8 35	2 06	9 34
Ar Columbus	9 30	3 00	10 30
Lv Columbus	7 50 a m	3 05 p m	6 00 p m
Lancaster	9 17	4 32	7 21
Logan	10 02	5 18	8 12
Ar Athens	11 05 a m	6 20 p m	9 20 p m
Ar Gallipolis	1 37 p m	8 39 p m	.....
Pom