CHOICE FAMILY

Groceries & Provisions

at the Grocery House of

A. H. & E. W. SAVAGE,

Goods sold as low as

ANY OTHER HOUSE

—IN—

ASHTABULA.

1913tf

FOR SALE!

A MODEL FARM

CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES

Situated five miles southeast of Ashtabula village. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, conveniently fenced, with a never failing supply of Pure water; an orchard of the best varieties of grafted fruit, also Plums, Peaches and Cherries; a large and commodious Dwelling House, all painted and finished; large Barns, Granaries and other buildings, all new. A most desirable country residence, convenient for Church going and School purposes; in fact this place must be seen to be appreciated. The cause of selling is failing health. Terms reasonable. A village lot will be taken in part payment. For further particulars, enquire at this office, or of

J. H. MILLS,

1278tf Cor. Chestnut and Sycamore Sts., Ashtabula.

ROBERTSON & BRO'S. for BOOTS & SHOES—CHEAP!

1975

Going home from Waite & Sill's Cash Sale.

WANTED! WANTED!! WANTED!

Things that we want more than Overcoats' Heavy Ready Made Clothing—

RUSH OF TRADE!

RAPID REDUCTION O STOCK!

READY CASH!!!

These are what we want, and therefore we off the above lines of CLOTHING

AT COST

for the next thirty days.

AT COST! AT COST!! AT COST!!!

We have marked these goods in plain figures, and shall not summer over any of them if we can sell them at cost.

New Goods! New Goods!!

These good are fresh and new, purchased for last fall and this winter's trade and goods that we can recommend. We include in the above sale a dozen or more Suits and pants to be made to order from the

FINEST GOODS IN THE MARKET.

This is a rare opportunity to buy Clothing cheap—Clothing that we will warrant in style, make, and color.

Don't let such an opportunity be lost!

Yours truly,

WAITE & SILL.

Next Store below Post Office building.

Ashtabula, Jan. 23d, 1874. 1955

TAKE NOTICE!

IF you desire to purchase Building Lots, well located, and on reasonable terms, or if you have any Real Estate to sell, call upon Edgar Hall, Real Estate Agent, Haskell's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Land Surveying and Plotting done promptly on call. EDGAR HALL.

Ashtabula, May 21st, 1874.

IN THE NIGHT.

Mr. Editor:—Again the day of departure has come, and again the reluctant "good-bye," is given. We get familiar with these parting scenes and forget the lessons they teach; yet how certain it is that there will soon be a last "good-bye" for each one of us. Hoping that this is not our last good-bye to these loved ones, we make our way to the Indianapolis depot, and find the Cleveland train in its place, waiting for 7:55; and so getting a good seat, we watch with deep interest and real enjoyment, the different exhibitions of feeling over the last good-bye. The business world has its own good-bye; it gives rather a formal hand shaking and says, "We shall be happy to have you call on us again." Of course it would. Here are two men smoking cigars, talking and laughing freely; they shake hands with good natured sincerity; one says, "Take care of yourself;" "Good for that," responds the other, laughing; "you look out for No. 1!" and they have parted. Right under our window is a crowd of girls—talking and laughing as only a crowd of girls can. What they are talking about it is impossible to tell, for they all talk and laugh at once. "Too many cooks spoil the broth;" but the parting moment has come, and there follows a round of kisses—none of the light, delicate sort, but good, honest smacks, that vividly brings to mind the time in the long ago, when in a happy crowd of country girls and boys, we marched round the room, singing—

"It's hailing, it's raining,
It's cold, stormy weather," &c.,

Some come to the train without friends; as they enter the depot, they raise their eyes to the train with a quick, inquiring glance, and read on the cars "Cincinnati, Indianapolis & Cleveland." One can see the expression "all right," on their faces as they come straight to the cars; no friend bids them good-bye, as one by one, like stragglers, they take their seats in the cars. There is a little company we have been watching some minutes; they stand by themselves, their conversation is subdued; but the character of the party is unmistakable—there is a bride and a bridegroom, a father and mother, and two younger people. The moment of parting comes for them, too; the good-byes and kisses are tender and quiet, until it comes to the mother—she passionately embraces her daughter and tries to speak, but her voice fails, her eyes are instantly flooded with tears and she loses all self-control. The others gently interfere and the mother and daughter are separated, almost by force; in the midst of this touching scene of home-love, the depot gong sounded, and precisely at the third stroke, the train, as if instinct with life, moved out of the depot at exactly 7:55, and we were on our way from Indianapolis to Cleveland.

How people can travel and not be both amused and instructed, is indeed marvelous; and how people can travel, and get the impression that the world is full of liars, knaves and hypocrites, as some do, is equally strange. Blessed are they who have eyes and can *see*, for they will come to no such conclusion. There is much good in the world if we can only see it; there is much love, kindness and good will manifested everywhere; but if there is no love or kindness, or good will in our own hearts, we shall not be likely to see it in others, and so we always understand it as a piece of severe self-condemnation when we hear people talk about the world being full of meanness. If a traveler will study the many amusing incidents and affectionate parting scenes, in a large depot, he will find enough to think about and fill his mind with troops of pleasant thoughts. And not in the depot, only. A full passenger car contains such a variety of tastes, tempers and dispositions, and there is such a continual exhibition of unguarded thought and feeling, that the car becomes a study of the choicest kind. It is so with this car we are riding in. Here is a man walking up and down the car; his careless, sauntering manner gives us the impression that he is walking for a little exercise; but after watching his queer motions a while, we get the impression that he is rather crazy; his pace increases, he mutters unintelligible sounds and begins to peep under the seats and so attracts the attention of all the passengers. The conductor comes in and asks him what is the matter. The man looks at him with a wild, painful expression and said, "the money, you know, the money!" "Well, what about the money?" "Lost, you know, lost!" "Where have you lost your money?" "In the car, you know, in the car.". The conductor let down his lamp and began the search; but a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "it's not necessary to search the car, he lost his money at the races; I was with him!" Several around begin to ask questions. The story was a short one. The man had been out to the Indianapolis horse races, the fourth of July, got excited with liquor, bet continually and lost heavily, and was now on his way home, ruined in pocket and shattered in mind. A man may do more in one hour than he can undo the remainder of his life. Fifteen minutes' sin may fasten disgrace on a person which fifteen years will not out live. At the next stop two persons get off with the crazy man under their care. Another queer character comes aboard. He walks with pompous step down the car, followed by his wife and baby, and seven children. He stopped about half way down the car, and looking around with indignation, he said, sharply and sternly, "I see not much rom! Veil, I vaits a leetle vile und den I sees de conductor, den I makes rom plenty. Shust vait a leetle," he continued, nodding to his children in a very knowing way; "shust vait a leetle; ven dat I sees de conductor, den I gets rom plenty." But the children were not disposed to wait, and soon seated themselves; and as "der fater und der mutter" had also seated themselves satisfactorily, the excitement for the want of "rom" soon died out. But our imperative friend did not favor us long with his company, for after a short ride the whole tribe left the car.

Attracted by the large number of lamps on the platform, we step to the car door and look out; from the next car ahead there are four or five men lifting a sick lady in a large arm chair, from the car to the platform; cautiously and carefully the work was done; then gentler hands lifted her on a lounge prepared for her, and then four men lifted the lounge and with steady pace they move away. And so do we, for the road is smooth and the speed good.

A boy comes through the car with tin cups and a water pail. He looks you right in the face and says confidentially and coaxingly, "Lemonade?" If you are wise you will resist the temptation, for in a few minutes he reappears and serves fine ice water to the passengers in their seats. Right across from our seat is a father, mother and baby. They have reversed the back of the next seat and fixed the seat as a bed for the baby. Papa, mamma and baby are all asleep; between their seats, on the floor, are two baskets and a valise. Baby begins to nestle; but papa a sound asleep and mamma sounder; baby wakes and kicks vigorously, and after a few efforts rolls off the seat and falls to the floor, striking its face on a basket. Up comes a baby scream which brings papa from the land of dreams at once, and with half open eyes, he gropes about for the child; but he fails to comfort it, and its cries at last wake up mamma; she hastily rubs her eyes and taking the crying child from her husband, she exclaimed, "Dear me, Charles, what *does* make this baby always wake up crying so?" Correct impressions are certainly worth having, they are such a comfort to people. A peep from the window reveals the gray streaks of morning. We look at our watch and find it is 2:45. As we are not always prepared to make observations on early daylight, we make record of this observation; others think it is morning. There are four ladies sitting viz-a-viz on two seats, and from a capacious basket they spread a solid lunch and bring forth a dark colored, long necked bottle. They eat and talk freely, and drink from the bottle, making wry faces after it. The bottle has gone twice round, and it starts round the third time, and it is so turned that the black and gilt letters on the label can be easily read—and they read thus: "Rhine Wien." One of the ladies, on being offered the bottle the third time, shook her head, raised her finger, loaded with cheap jewelry, and said, "Ven I trinks twice, I trinks enough!" The bottle was put away and the lunch ended.

Day-light reveals the country through which we are passing. Three weeks ago the harvest fields were all shocked in the Ohio valley—but on the lake shore we see the reaping machines are just beginning to cut the harvest, and all the cornfields have a backward look. Through the State the crops look well, and the wheat is an unusually good crop. But the fields are soon exchanged for the streets of Cleveland, and in closing this last letter, we will just remark that the Lake Shore railroad from Cleveland to Ashtabula is the smoothest, and makes the best time of any railroad we have traveled on.

Rock Creek, July 14, 1874. T. C.

Bismarck's Daughter.

In a number of the *Boersen Courier*, of Berlin, an incident is related of Prince Bismarck's domestic life, which is uncommonly interesting. Most people who read the newspapers have heard of the great Chancellor's daughter. The young lady, though not beautiful, is amiable and accomplished, and accustomed to the homage of the high society in which she moves. With her father she has been a great favorite ever since she grew up. When in Berlin he has been wont to spend with her whatever leisure moments he could snatch from his laborious occupations, and in the country his idle hours have been usually passed in her society. The Prince observed with concern that his daughter repelled all proposals of marriage made to her. Though woed by the most eligible suitors, among the heirs of the richest families, members of the most ancient nobility, gentlemen filling the highest official positions, even a prince—the young lady declined them all. After brooding for a long time over the possible reasons of his daughter's conduct, the Chancellor, believing at last that he had fathomed the secret of her severity, opened his heart to her on the subject. He told her that he felt sure that she must have become profoundly attached to some person inferior to herself in position and wealth. He then begged her to mention the name of the man to whom she had given her heart, as he, her father, was rich enough and powerful enough to change the conditions which might seem to render her lover an ineligible match. With flowing tears the young lady confessed that she did cherish such an affection as her father suspected—an affection that was returned, but that her lover was a simple lieutenant in the army. The next day the lieutenant appeared in the presence of the father. The Chancellor hardly gave him time to speak before saying, "I know why it seems impossible to you to become my son-in-law; notwithstanding the the difference in social position your wish shall be accomplished. Though I do not know you, the love of my daughter is to me sufficient guarantee of your worth." But, instead of the joyful thanks which the Prince naturally expected, he received a reply of the following tenor: "I thank you for your infinite goodness, but this union is impossible. I belong to an old Catholic family. I cannot take home as my wife the daughter of him whom my family regarded as an enemy of the church, whom I myself am almost compelled to look upon as such."

The officer then sadly took his departure, leaving the Chancellor utterly confounded, who had little anticipated such a rejection of his condescension. Having summoned his daughter, the Chancellor told her that the ocer wholly refused her hand and that she must forget him. The daughter becoming paler than ever, replied: "He is too honorable to deny his religious faith. I will not ask of him such a sacrifice, and if he desires it I—less believing than he—will adopt his religion, to render our marriage possible." The father saw his child become more inconsolable from day to day, and at length she was thrown into a state of fearful excitement, which was not without consequence. So things stand at present.

Slatterly's Ventriloquial Joke.

A man who plays practical jokes upon his wife, deserves to be punished, and Slatterly, or Muncy, was punished. His wife had a dread of cats, and, before retiring at night, she always looked carefully under the bed to see that no stray puss, and no man, n o robbery intent, were concealed there. A few nights ago after Mr. and Mrs. Slatterly had retired, Slatterly, who has been learning ventriloquism, thought he would amuse himself and scare his wife by gently yowling, and making the sound come from under the bed. Mrs. Slatterly instantly sat up and exclaimed;

"Josiah, I do believe there is a cat in this room."

"Oh, nonsense!" grunted Slatterly; and then he made the noise again.

"I tell you, Josiah," exclaimed Slatterly, "I hear a cat under this bed, I wish you'd get out and drive it away."

"Oh, go to sleep, Matilda," said Slatterly. "I don't hear anything. There's no cat about."

Then Josiah with his mouth beneath the covers, uttered a louder screech than before.

"Well, if you won't clear that cat out, you brute, I will," said Mrs. Slatterly.

So she reached over, picked up Josiah's boots, and put them on in bed, in order to protect her feet and ankles from the infuriated animal. Then she took Slatterly's cane, and stooped down to sweep it around beneath the bed. Just as she did so Josiah emitted a fearful yell, which might have come from a cat in the last paroxism of hydrophobia.

This startled Mrs. Slatterly so that she sprang backward and in doing so she stumbled against the baby's cradle, which was overturned, and she went headforemost against a twenty-five dollar looking-glass on the bureau, while the cane flew out of her hand and lighted with considerable force upon Slatterly's head.

The screams of Mrs. Slatterly aroused all the neighborhood, and even brought out the fire department so that by the time the baby was rescued from the wreck, and the broken glass picked up, two engines had streams playing upon the house, and the front door had been burst open by the police; and the firemen were engaged in dragging a wet hose over the entry carpet and up the front stairs, just as Slatterly came down to explain things.

The feline ventriloquism cost him just ninety dollars for carpets and looking-glasses, and a contusion on the head which the people to this hour believe he received in a pugilistic encounter with his wife.

Can You Afford It?

Can you afford to work hard all day, and read, study, or court the vagaries of society all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on premature disease decay, and old age?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study or business, with drawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia, in a few years at most, to scourge and haunt and make you miserable, for years or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich or highly seasonedfood, eat champagne suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia, appoplexy, in the middle of life almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide through the indulgence of appetite and passion adopting the fool's motto, "A short life and a merry one?"

Can you afford to indulge in fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving livery horses or keeping a horse youself, when your income is not adequate to such expense?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to twenty or thirty dollars a month, injuring your nervous system, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of acloholic liquors?

Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your health.

Can you afford even to gain the whole world, and thereby make yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford to rob your mind, to clothe your body with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love of display?

Can you afford to be tricky, and therefore defraud your employer of the just service you owe him, even though you get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Kite Flying in China.

One of the greatest holidays in China is kite day. This occurs on the ninth day of the ninth month, when the inhabitants of the cities go out upon the hills and spend the day in flying kites. Sometimes thirty or forty thousand people are assembled together on one hill, where they engage all day in this beautiful amusement. All classes engage in it, we believe, from the emperor down to the actor. Taking their kites and going to the hills to fly them on this day is called "ascending on high." The kites are of all sizes, and great variety of shapes. and colors. Some are in the shape of spectacles, others represent fish, or eels, or a kraken ten to thirty feet long; others are like birds, bugs, butterflies or quadrupeds; some represent men sailing through the air; others are eight sided, in imitation of the eight diagrams, invented by one of the Chinese emperors. To invent a kite is a sign of genius in a ruler or a statesman. On a fine day, when the air is full of these kites, gaudily colored, and in grotesque and beautiful forms, and in queer combinations, the effect is very pleasing. Some of them are adorned with the heads of dragons and tigers. The spectator sees in the air what appears to be an immense bird, or a group of hawks. The Chinese show great skill in keeping a half a dozen paper hawks going on one string. A very pretty appearance is made by a number of small kites so arranged in the air as to resemble the several blocks in a game of dominoes.

Sheep Dogs of California.

A traveller in Southern California gives the following account of the famous sheep dogs used there, and of the manner in which they are trained. He writes:

"You may go over the plains and hills there for miles and see thousands of sheep, but not a man to watch them. Around each flock or band of say a thousand sheep are half a dozen dogs of a peculiar breed—dogs whose progenitors were imported from the sheep pastures of the old world.

These dogs take the entire care of the sheep, drive them out to pasture in the morning, keep them from straying during the day, and bring them home at night. These dogs have inherited a talent for keeping sheep, but the shepherds do not depend wholly on that. They cultivate it in this way—so at least the shepherd says: When a lamb is born it is taken away from the mother sheep before she has seen it, and a puppy put in its place. The sheep suckles the puppy and learns to love it. When the puppy grows old enough to eat meat, it is fed in the morning and sent out with the sheep. It stays with them because it is accustomed to be with its mother, but it cannot be fed with them. As they get full the dog gets hungry. At length, impatient to return where it hopes to get another piece of meat, it begins to tease and worry its mother, and finally starts her towards home; the other sheep follow, and thus the whole flock is brought in. If the dog brings the sheep home too soon, or comes home without them, he gets no supper and is punished in some way. Hence he soon learns when to come, and to see to it that none of his charge are left behind.

Keep Working in the Corn.

A Bucks county Pennsylvania farmer describes in the *Practical Farmer* his method of cultivating his corn:

"The corn crop is my special favorite, and I have generally succeeded well in it, having on one occasion reached, by accurate measurement, one hundred bushels shelled corn per acre. It is the main crop on my dairy farm, and valued as much for its amount of leaf and stalk as for its grain. I attribute my uniform success with it to *constant and early working*. A horse cultivator of some kind is never allowed to be out of the cornfield, when the soil is not wet, from its first appearance above ground till four to five feet high. In my observations in riding around the country, the want of this early and constant working is most apparent.

"In some places it is not considered important to cultivate the earth between corn rows except to destroy weeds. This is a great mistake, the absorbsion of dews and gasses of the atmosphere, only to be obtained by an open and porous surface, being one important process of fertilizing the corn crop and hastening it to maturity. Our very late spring weather the present season, as in other years, prevents anything starting to grow till about the middle of May, limiting the growing period of the corn crop to about one hundred days, and perhaps much less, taking into view what is eaten by birds or destroyed by cut worms, &c., which makes it necessary to replant."

Opinions of the New Constitution.

The Ohio *Democrat* will support the new constitution with the clause in favor of license, believing, in the main, that it is an improvement on the old one.

The Shelby County *Democrat* claims that the new constitution is not a political document, and no political party should either advocate or oppose its adoption as a politcal measure. Let it stand or fall upon its own merits.

The Carroll *Chronicle* says that "For License" will carry in Corroll county by 600, to 1,500. That is strange; but, if true, there is not a saloon in Carroll county.

"Popular option" in the estimation of the Defiance *Democrat* "is much divided as to the merits of the new constitution, and therefore, it does not feel able to forecast" its fate, before the good people.

The Alliance *Sunday Telegraph* don't think the new constitution "deserving of any favorable consideration at all," and hopes it may be defeated entire."

The Norwalk *Reflector* says the new constitution is, in many respects superior to the old, and adds: "All in all, and as at present advised, we feel inclined to favor it.

The Fremont *Messenger* says: "The cumulative voting system, as adopted by the Constitutional Convention, is especially distasteful to the Democrats, for in the end it would, if its provisions were carried out, give to the party in the minority the control of the Legislature. We do not believe that the Democratic party desire to see this unfair and unjust system established in this State."

One of the ablest Cincinnati lawyers says that there are several good things in the new constitution and some *new things*, but the *new things* are *not good* and the *good things* are *not new*. Therefore is opposed to it.

The Salem *Republican* says: "In our judgment it will make but little difference whether the new constitution be adopted or not. It is true there are some "good points in it" but the present constitution has also some *excellent points*, which will be lost if the new one takes its place.

EFFECT OF CAMPHOR ON SEED.—Some curious and all but forgotten experiments, of much interest to agriculture and gardening, observes a London paper, have lately been revived by a German savant. Very many years ago it was discovered and recorded that water saturated with camphor had a remarkable influence upon the germination of seeds. Like many another useful hint, the stupid world took no notice of this intimation; but a Berlin professor came across the record of it, and he appears to have established the fact that a solution of camphor stimulates vegetables as alcohol does animals. He took seeds in various sorts of pulse, some of the samples being three or four years old, and therefore possessing a very slight degree of vitality. He divided these parcels, placing one moiety of them between sheets of blotting paper simply wetted, and the other under strictly similar conditions between sheets soaked in the camphorated water. In many cases the seeds did not swell at all under the influence of the simple moisture, but in every case they germinated where they were subjected to the camphor solution. The experiment was extended to different kinds of garden seeds, old and new, and always with the same result of showing a singular awakening of dormant vitalism and a wonderful quickening of growth. It also appears from the Professor's researches that the young plants thus set shooting continued to increase with a vigor and vivacity much beyond that of those which were not so treated. On the other hand, when pounded camphor was mixed with the soil it appeared to exercise a rather bad effect upon seeds. The dose in this latter case was possibly too strong. At all events, there is here a line of inquiry well worth following up by seedsmen and gardeners; and even farmers might try how far wheat and barley would profit from the strange property which seems to be possessed by this drug over the latent life of vegetable germs.

PLANTS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.—The question whether or not plants are unwholesome in sleeping rooms has called forth a curious diversity of opinion. It is agreed that by day they emit oxygen, and therefore eminently healthful; but it is generally believed that by night they give out carbonic acid, and are consequently prejudicial, to animal life. Recent experiments by Professor Kedzie, of Michigan Agricultural College, may perhaps be regarded as conclusive on the subject. The professors analyzed volumes of air taken about noon from different parts of the college greenhouse containing 6,000 plants, after it has been closed for twelve hours, and found that the carbonic acid amounted on an average to 1.39, in 10,000 parts.—He then did the same just before sunrise, and found the average to be 3.94 thus, he thinks, clearly demonstrating the accumulation of noxious gas was greater in darknes than in daylight. At the same time, however, out door air contains four parts of carbonic acid in 10,000. At the worst, therefore, the air in the greenhouse was actually better than "pure country air," and the emission of carbonic acid gas was barely sufficient to counterbalance the production of oyxgen during daylight. Professor Kedzie concludes that, these being the facts of the case where 6,000 plants are collected, a dozen or two in a bedroom cannot possibly be injurious.

The new President of Erie says the statement that his acceptance of the Presidency depends upon a favorable report being made by the English accountants, was without foundation. He entertained little doubt that the report in question would reveal many errors and abuses, but he, Jewett, had prepared himself for the worst and clung to the hope that by energy and organization, the fortunes of the road would be retrieved. He has not taken charge of the the road for the purpose of losing his reputation as a railway man, and he hoped his administration of the affairs of the Erie would be successful and satisfatory to the stockholders. Whether an attempt would be made to alter the guage of the road, he was not at present in a position to speak positively. Before any important movement of that kind was entered on, he was determined to acquaint himself thoroughly with the condition of the road and the state of its finances.

THE SALE OF PISTOLS.—The New York *Times* remarks that if it is impracticable to forbid the carrying of pistols outright, their sale should at least be so restricted as to furnish a guarantee against their getting into improper hands. It is preposterous to permit every irresponsible shopkeeper to sell loaded pistols to every drunken and murderous ruffian who applies for them. Our druggists are not allowed thus to vend poison to every applicant, the editor says, and somewhat the same restrictions should certainly be placed to the sale of pistols. The constituted right to carry arms does not imply the right of every drunken loafer to bear about in his pocket the implements of murder. Men whom it is safe to trust with firearms could, without unnecessary trouble, prove that fact to the proper authorities, and obtain a suitable license. The other sort would then evade the regulation at their own peril.

Rev. Geo. M. Grant, of Halifax, informs his readers in the June number of *Good Words*, that in the Dominion of Canada the half-civilized tribes of aboriginal Indians are rapidly increasing. In the old provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario, the red men, in 1871, numbered 23,035; while, according to the census of 1861, there were only 15,240. Thus, even allowing a margin for superior thoroughness in the census of 1871, a larger per centage of increase is apparent. In the United States, on the other hand, the civilized Indians, in the same period, dwindled from 44,021 to 25,731. Perhaps the difference may be attributed to paternal treatment on the part of the government of Canada, which forbids Indians to sell their lands, and withholds the privileges of voting, buying whisky, and other such rights of free citizens. In the Dominion, altogether, there are probably not more than 130,000 or 140,000 Indians, nearly half of these being on the Pacific slope, sea-coast, and Islands.

A story of a recent discomforture of Senator Carpenter is going through the papers. Wishing to enjoy a joke, he sent a page to the document room for a copy of the "Mortification bill," telling some of his companions to await the page's return and enjoy the discomfiture. At the direction of Senator Tipton, who was in the room when the page made his request, the boy was sent back with a copy of the Salary Repeal bill. The smile over the face of the witty senator was a ghastly one."

Some crusty old bachelor says: "I have noticed that when there is only one daughter in a family, and her parents are very anxious to keep her at home as long as possible, some chap coaxes her off before she is seventeen. I have also noticed that where there is a house full of girls, and the parents are praying daily for husbands for the same, the whole lot are apt to live and die old maids."

Phœnix Iron Works.

TINKER & GREGORY,

PROPRIETORS.

WE are now ready to solicit orders for the manufacture of STEAM ENGINES, SHAFTING, PULLEYS, PLOWS and other Farming Implements.

Every description of

IRON & BRASS CASTINGS

made as low as the market affords.

Pattern Making

of all kinds done to order with neatness and despatch.

We are also prepared to do all kinds of Engine, Machine and general Repairing promptly.

We would especially invite the attention of those interested in the manufacture or use of

BOLTS,

that we have now in operation a Power Bolt Cutter by which we are enabled to cut Bolts from ½ to 1¼ inches in diameter, at least 25 per cent. cheaper than can be done elsewhere in this vicinity.

We keep constantly on hand at our new shop the celebrated

CURTIS IRON BEAM PLOWS.

Also Points and Repairs for all the leading plows made in this section.

CALL AND SEE US.

Office and Works near Centre Street R. R. Crossing.

TINKER & GREGORY.

Ashtabula, Feb. 6th, 1874. 1957tf

Sawing, Planing & Matching.

THE undersigned having purchased the machinery formerly used by E. A. Hitchcock, can be found at the old stand, at Centre St. R. R. crossing.

ALL KINDS OF PLANING, MATCHING, SAWING, ETC.,

will be done with promptness, and at fair living rates. 1228tf H. L. WEBB.

255 SOLD BY DICKINSON.

BUY IN CLEVELAND,

Doors, Sash, Blinds and Lumber.

A TEACHOUT & CO., 64 Michigan street, keep constantly on hand a large stock. From 10 to 20 per cent. can be saved by purchasing of them, and also be sure of getting first quality goods. Remember the number, 64 Michigan street, Strihinger block 1391 tf.

MORE THAN A PANIC

—AT THE—

Erie Store

LOCKE & COMPANY,

HASKELL'S BLOCK, . . ASHTABULA, OHIO

Extraordinary Stock of Summer Dress Goods to be closed out.

Great Reductions in the Prices of other Goods.

COME EARLY.

Here are a few of the many Bargains:

Real Kid Gloves from ..... $1 50 to 1 00
Japanese Poplins, ... 20c
Japanese Silks, from ..... 37½c to 25c
Japanese Silks, from ..... 75c to 50c

BLACK GRENADINES.

Black Grenadines, from ..... 60 to 50
Black Grenadines, from ..... 75 to 60
Black Grenadines, silk figure, ... 15
30 pcs. Dress Good reduced from ..... 25 to 18
50 pcs. Dress Good reduced from ..... 50 and 62½ to 25c
50 pcs. Wash Poplin, from ..... 30 to 18

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN BLACK SILKS.

Black Silk at ..... $1, 1.37½, 1.75, 1.87, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00

These Silks are a Special Baragain.

Extraordinary Bargains in

Victoria Lawns and White Dress Goods.

A new and beautiful thing in Striped Victoria Lawns, reduced from 50 to 30c
Best Prints, only 9c
Scotch Ginghams, only 12½c
Fine yard wide Cotton 8c

Ribbons! Ribbons! Ribbons!

200 pcs. Black Gros Grain Ribbons. Plaid Sash Ribbon. Plain and Watered Sash Ribbon, at half the usual price. Don't fail to

LOOK AT THESE RIBBONS.

2,000 yards Remnant, merino Prints, ... 7c
2,000 yards Kentucky Jean, ... 15c
500 yards Remnant Table Linen, worth 60c for 45c
500 yards IrishL inen, slightly soiled, ... 37½

In Table Linens, Napkins, Damask and Huck

Towels, we have some Great Bargains.

Don't Fail to Come and See

The Great Bargains in all kinds of Goods.

Extraordinary Bargains in Black Alpacas.

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