

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MERCHANTS.

THOMAS N. BOOTH, General Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glassware...

DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary, and General Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Wines and Liquors...

MANUFACTURERS.

CULLEY MANUFACTURING CO., Manufacturers of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, etc.

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

D. H. HICKMAN, Attorney at Law & Notary Public, Office in the City of Ashtabula...

PHYSICIANS.

W. M. KAHN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

FOUNDRIES.

PHOENIX IRON WORKS CO., Manufacturers of all kinds of Cast and Malleable Iron and Steel...

CABINET WARE.

JOHN F. BURRO, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Furniture of the best descriptions...

JEWELERS.

A. J. BROWN & HARRIS, Will do all kinds of repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry...

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

BLAKESLEE & MOORE, Photographers and Dealers in Pictures, Engravings, Chromos, etc.

HARNESS MAKER.

FOUL & BROTHERS, Manufacturers and Dealers in Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, etc.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

W. H. BEAVER, Justice of the Peace, Office over Ashtabula Store, Ashtabula.

ARCHITECTS.

DAVID SLOAN, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, Architectural and Mechanical Draftsman...

DENTISTS.

D. E. KELLEY, D. D. S., New Street, Ashtabula, Ohio, Office Center street, between Main and Park.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. F. GOOD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Coal and Lumber...

THE BEST GUN

made in the United States for the money in the

BAKER GUN

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR

Warranted in every particular

Apply to the Ashtabula office and return

BOOTS AND SHOES!

I now have in Stock the Largest and Best Line of Kip and Calf Boots and Heavy Shoes, for Fall Wear, ever brought into the County, which I am selling Very Low. Please Call and examine my Goods and get my prices before buying.

N. S. SMITH 145 MAIN STREET. Rubber Boots a Specialty.

LOOK HERE! DORMAN DRY GOODS!

Cheaper than any other House. Call and compare Goods and Prices. Headquarters for Teas and Groceries Generally, at

DORMAN'S, Main St., ASHTABULA. THE ERIE STORE.

On Monday October 18th, we shall return to our OLD QUARTERS which have been enlarged, improved, renovated and put in the best possible shape for our large and constantly increasing trade.

All the new styles of Dress goods, Novelties, Plaids, Dress Flannels, Wool Serges, Black and Colored Cashmires, 2000 yards of 20ct. dress goods. All these goods are secured at lower prices than ever before.

Full line Cloaks and Dolmans in all the new styles. Prices range from \$5 to \$20, better goods for less money than last year.

Shawls are cheap, we show all kinds, Paisly and fine Cashmires Shawls are a speciality with us, and we make you lower figures than any where else in town.

Heavy Black Silks for Sacks and Dolmans, Black Silks for dresses. All prices from 75c. to \$2.50. Our \$2 Black Silk is a big drive.

Colored Silks in great variety. Gimps and Fringes, Buttons and Trimmings, every thing that is wanted. We are headquarters for Domestic. Brown and Bleached Cottons are selling very low some kinds are lower than ever before.

A splendid Brown Cotton for 8cts. and the very best is 7 1-2 and 8. Lonsdale bleached at 9c. or 8 3-4 by the piece. Langdon 10c. You never bought these goods as low before.

Pillow Cotton 9-4 and 10-4 Sheetings. Prints, 3 cases at 5c. Prints 6c. best 7c. Canton Flannels are selling at the lowest last year prices. We are wholesale agents for Clark's Spool Cotton. Shirting Flannels gray checks, blues, all kinds, and cheap underwear.

The best 50c. ladies Vest in the market—better ones at 65, 75, \$1, and all wool at 1.25 to \$2. Ladies and gents Scarlet Wool Underwear. We are selling our scarlet goods just 25c under others. Hosiery and Gloves of every description, 100 doz. heavy wool Socks at 25c.

Ladies Felt and Flannel Skirts, Braided, Embroidered and plain. Water-proofs, Repellants, Ladies Cloths. Finally, the complete and most attractive stock of Dry Goods ever opened up in Ashtabula County. They were bought in large quantities and low, and will be sold at closer profits than any of the old style stores dare offer. Call and look at our goods and don't buy unless you find every thing as represented and cheap.



POIAGING SWEET POTATOES.

HOW YANKEE PRISONERS CAPTURED REBEL YAMS AT LIBBY PRISON.

The recent sale at auction of the old Libby warehouse, in which so many northern soldiers were confined as prisoners of war, has brought out many new and interesting stories connected with the history of the building.

It was about '68, and Libby building was as crowded as it would hold any more prisoners, so they put a large lot of them in the second story of the building across the street. Soon after these prisoners came the prison officials got a large supply of sweet potatoes (regular yams) from North Carolina, and stored them on the first floor of the building in which these prisoners were confined.

Big sweet potatoes were luxuries in those days, and Turner and those fellows kept a strict watch over the building. I can tell you the third day after they had been stored away it was noticed that they were disappearing at the rate of about a bushel a day.

At first it was thought that the rats took them, but a second thought showed that the idea was absurd. Sentinels were posted all around the building with orders to shoot any man they caught stealing the yams, but they didn't see anybody to shoot, and although they were posted there day and night, and no one was allowed to enter the room where the potatoes were kept, they continued to disappear at the rate of a bushel a day.

The conspirators saw their yams disappearing in this way, and were furious. The thing was an unaccountable mystery. The doors and windows of the room were sealed, and private marks were put on the wax, so that if any one of them was opened it would be known. The next morning the officers went into the room. The wax was all right but another bushel of potatoes had vanished.

Well, sir, it was the maddest crowd you ever saw. They came after me and ordered me to take my stand in the room. They told me that I kept my eyes on the place at each end of the room so that I could see. I was ordered to shoot on sight anybody I saw stealing those yams. It was terribly lonesome in that room. Just as fast as I would light one candle and go to the top of the room to light the other the rats would eat the first one down. They were regular Confederate rats, and a candle was a godsend to them. After a lot of worry I got the rats out of the way and sat down near the door waiting for developments.

There I stayed till twelve o'clock, but though I kept my eyes on the potatoes all the time, I couldn't see any of them going. Shortly after twelve I heard a creaking, grating sound, which seemed to be all over the room at once. I coked my gun and held my breath, but still I couldn't see anything. I heard a noise creeping about the floor. "By George!" I thought, "this damned place is haunted, if there is any such a thing as a place being haunted." The sound stopped, but about ten minutes after it began again. I looked at the rats and saw them sneaking up something about the ceiling and fall on them. I saw it was a brick, and could distinguish a rope tied to it. I crept a little nearer to get a good look at the thing, but before I could examine it it was drawn slowly up and there was about a peck of yams sticking to it. I went up the hole which had been cut in the floor above, and presently came down again with a thump right among the potatoes. It was the most awful arrangement you ever saw. The brick had about fifty holes drilled in it, and through each hole was a copper penny nail had been driven, so that when the brick fell among the yams these nails stuck into every one they fell on. I couldn't help laughing at the smart dodge those Yankees had taken to get at the yams. I got up and lifted my gun to shoot something about the ceiling and fall on them. I saw it was a brick, and could distinguish a rope tied to it. I crept a little nearer to get a good look at the thing, but before I could examine it it was drawn slowly up and there was about a peck of yams sticking to it. I went up the hole which had been cut in the floor above, and presently came down again with a thump right among the potatoes. It was the most awful arrangement you ever saw.

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER

From a New Correspondent.

This is the week for the revival of paragraphs in newspapers—otherwise respectable and estimable—to the effect that the United States will take Turkey on Thursday, and other gastronomic observations equally foul. And speaking of turkey, have you any idea of the vast army of these birds sacrificed to grace one day's dinner in this city alone? A gentleman well informed in such matters says that not less than 500,000 turkeys are cooked in New York on Thanksgiving day. You can figure for yourself how much this single item of the feast costs by looking at the market quotations for poultry as given to-day.

In Truth on Monday morning was what purported to be a confession of Kenward Philip of his forgery of the Morey-Garfield Chinese letter. Now the fact is that Truth incontinently discharged Philip over a week ago, and this alleged confession, like the alleged autograph letter of Garfield, was a forgery! There is certainly a delicious sort of poetic justice in this forging of a forger's name by the original performance. Philip, who is a very bright fellow, in speaking of the original forgery, said to me: "I don't mind their accusing me of this job but I feel hurt that they should think me so stupid as to put Democratic spelling into what purports to be a Republican letter," referring, of course to the use of "company's" for "companies."

The man who took the job of photographing and electrotyping the letter for Truth is a Republican of the most pronounced description, and to-day I was told that Truth still owes him \$500 for his part of the work.

The detective who was responsible for bringing the forgery to light, as well as for the discovery and arrest of the forger, Thomas E. Lonergan, will receive his reward, so it is semi-officially informed, after General Garfield is inaugurated, by being made chief of the secret service. He is a man admirably fitted for the position, and would conduct that department in a way to make it the terror of evil-doers and all offenders against the laws of Uncle Sam.

Speaking of General Garfield calls to mind a conversation I had yesterday with John J. Davenport, or "Little Johnny," as he is more familiarly called. You will undoubtedly noticed that he and Marshall Jewell visited General Garfield at Mentor the other day, and the object of the visit was said to be the necessity for obtaining funds to settle up the expenses of the Republican campaign. Mr. Davenport assures me that this statement is not correct, and that the money was somewhat disconnected. "Well, you know me, then," he added, triumphantly.

"A Chinaman just west of Fifth street," the youngest man said with a hopeful light in his eyes.

The man glared at him and growled under his breath, but she came at him again with: "Proud worm, who cooks your vitenals?" The youngest man said truly that he didn't know the name of the cook at his restaurant, but he was a man about forty years old, and round as a barrel, with whiskers like the stuffing of a sofa.

"The woman looked as though she was going to strike him." "Well," she said, as one who was leading a forlorn hope, "who makes up your bed and takes care of your room?" The young man replied with an air of truth and frankness that he roomed with a railroad conductor, and an ex-Pullman sleeping car porter took care of the room.

She paused when she reached the door, and turned upon him with the face of a drowning man who is only five feet away from a life buoy.

"Miserable dependant," she cried, "who sees on your buttons?" The youngest man on the staff rose to his feet with a proud, happy look on his face.

"Haven't a sewed button on a single clothes," he cried, triumphantly, "patents, every one of 'em, fastened on like copper rivets and nothing but studs and collar buttons on my shirts. Haven't had a button last for three years. Patent buttons last for years after the garments have gone to decay."

And the woman laid down the winding passage and the labyrinthine stairs with a hollow groan, while the other members of the staff, breaking through their heroic reserve, clustered around the youngest man and congratulated him upon the emancipation of his sex.

NEW YORK, November 25, 1880.

WONDERFULLY INTERESTING.—"Briek" Pomeny has made a great hit with his new paper, The Great West, which he started in Denver last June, and which has sent to more than 25,000 subscribers to his old paper, Pomeny's Democrat, after it was closed, following the fortunes of his partners. The Great West is handsomely eight-page paper, illustrated each week with views of Colorado mountains, scenery, etc., and is all in all a wonderfully interesting paper; with its Saturday night chapters, its valuable editorial letters describing that rich country, its letters from the people, its red-hot editorials, crisp items, wit, ugliness, Home Corner, news, etc. It is now a red-hot, slab-dab, independent paper, snovs all party lines, and is doing a splendid business. It is sent one year for \$2, or six copies one year for \$10. "Briek" made his big strike in the mines he is making a paper more lively than ever. Address, M. M. Pomeny, Denver, Colorado, and send for the prospectus. Write something you will read from end to end.

Investigation. Every man should be willing and every thing should be anxious to investigate every thing that is likely to benefit all mankind as the discovery of Kendall's Spavin Cure, because it is now being used on human flesh with most remarkable beneficial results for rheumatism and deep seated pains, and it has proved by experience that it is equally as good for human flesh as for any animal. It is penetrating and powerful, and yet it can be used full strength with perfect safety on a child as well as a grown person. For all blemishes on horses, it never has had an equal. Read the advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure.

When I lived, down East, if a man found drunk he was taken to the...

It Don't Pay To be sick. But it does pay to be well—it pays to be bright and happy and free from disease. Farnley's Dyspepsia Compound is no quack; it has been tried and re-tried and has given entire satisfaction in thousands. Don't wait until you let...

The sun is the oldest settler in the west. Bloomington Eye.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR

THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN.

Burlington Hawkeye.

She looked just like that kind of a woman when she came into the sanctum, and all the century became instinctively very busy and so absorbed in their work that they did not see her, which left the youngest man on the staff as easy prey, for he looked at the visitor with a little natural politeness, and was even soft enough to offer her a chair.

"You are the editor?" she said in a deep bass voice. He tried to say "Yes," so that she could hear him, while his colleagues in the sanctum couldn't, but it was a failure, for the woman gave him dead away in a minute. "You are?" she shouted, "then listen to me; look at me; what am I?"

The foolish youngest man looked at her timidly and ventured to say, in a feeble voice, that she looked to be about forty years of age.

"Am I not a woman?" she said. The youngest man weakly tried to correct his former error, and said she seemed more like a girl.

But again she broke in upon him with a scornful hiss. "Girl—girl!" she said, "I am a woman; a woman with all the heaven-born aspirations, the faithless feelings, the aggressive courage and the indomitable will of a woman. What can you see on my face?"

"The position of the youngest man on the staff was pitiable, but none of the old heads appeared to observe it. At least, they didn't offer to help him out. So he looked at her face a second, and said timidly: "Brook!"

"Nursling," she shrieked, "had you the awful eyes of a free man you could see shining on my brow the rising light of a brighter dawn."

"Could I," asked the youngest man timidly. "Yes, you could I," the woman said in tones of unmeasurable scorn. "Now hear me, have you a—but I cannot bring myself to use the hateful expression in the style of masculine possession; are you anybody's husband?"

The youngest man blushed bitterly, and said that he wasn't as yet, but he had some hopes. "And you expect your—that is you expect the woman whose husband you will be to support you?"

The youngest man blushed more keenly than before, and tremblingly admitted that he had some expectations—that—that that the only daughter of his proposed father-in-law, if he might put it in that way.

"Ah!" started the woman; "now let me tell you the day of woman's emancipation is at hand. From this time we are free, free-free! You must look for other ways to bond and orange before your majesties, and wait upon you like slaves. You will feel the change in your affairs when we have our chains, and how will you live without the aid of women? Who makes your shirts now?" she added, fiercely.

The youngest man miserably said that a tailor on Jefferson street made his.

"Well," she said, "you are somewhat disconnected. Well, you washes 'em, then?" she added, triumphantly.

"A Chinaman just west of Fifth street," the youngest man said with a hopeful light in his eyes.

The man glared at him and growled under his breath, but she came at him again with: "Proud worm, who cooks your vitenals?" The youngest man said truly that he didn't know the name of the cook at his restaurant, but he was a man about forty years old, and round as a barrel, with whiskers like the stuffing of a sofa.

"The woman looked as though she was going to strike him." "Well," she said, as one who was leading a forlorn hope, "who makes up your bed and takes care of your room?" The young man replied with an air of truth and frankness that he roomed with a railroad conductor, and an ex-Pullman sleeping car porter took care of the room.

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got sought in that weakness the next time. But, dear me, how the times are changed. A man may live a life of virtue and temperance for three score years and there is no particular cause for rejoicing, but let him spend seven-eighths of that life in the foulest kind of intemperance and devote the other eighth to building up what he has before thrown down, and they will put it to it, with all their might, to see how big a nabob they can make of him. DUNCAN PARTRINGTON, North Kingsville, 1880.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

Henry W. French, of Boston, arrived in this city from Liverpool by the City of Brussels, bringing with him a troupe of dancing girls, musicians and jugglers from India. These girls perform the nautch dance, and in connection with the other members of the company are to appear at Daly's Theatre.

There are fifteen persons in the company—five women and ten men. The women are some of the principal performers of India, and belong to the only class of women in that country who are taught to read and write. The oldest is called Bhoo-rical, and is 26 years old. She is one of the principal dancers. The chief dancer is 15, and is one of the greatest performers in India. These two belong to the famous temple dancers. No Mahanagar ever entertains a guest without giving one of these dances. The nautch dance is a feature of all religious and holiday festivals. The youngest of these girls is 13 years old. They speak no English, and are the first Mahometans who ever came to this country from India. The native manager of this company is manager of the Bombay Theatre. Omerkan is one of the best of Indian jugglers, and one of his companions is a knife player, who juggles with long knives, keeping a large number circling about his head at one time. Another is a snake charmer, and brings with him two cobras, a scorpion, and a little animal called a "mongoo," which is used to stir up the snakes, it being very hostile to them. All food for the Indians and Mahometans must be cooked by one of their number. The men sing and play on their native instruments while the women go through their peculiar movements. The women also sing continuously while dancing.

The company left Bombay October 10th. The members of it were in excellent spirits during the trip, after their first uneasiness left them. They were much puffed by the passengers. The beauty of the women is a matter of fact. In India they are considered very handsome. Three of them are married. They are all very modest. They wear a sari vest which does not cover their throats and is fastened behind. They also wear sari trousers reaching nearly to the ankles, over all they throw a long gauze cloak. They wear rings on their fingers and toes, strings of beads about their ears, and anklets and bangles of solid silver. They wear no diamonds as these stones are not fashionable in India. It was very difficult to get these people together and to persuade them to leave their country. Mr. French says that a native friend of his had not consented to come to America on a visit the others would have been afraid to come. Just before starting they conceived the idea that they were coming to America to be sacrificed at a festival, and almost refused to come. Their chief duty at home is to participate in festivals. The first rank of these women is never permitted by the priests to leave the temple. They all reverence as their special patron and protectress, Holy Mother Bhawana, supposed by them to be the most beautiful dancer in the paradise of Hindoo religion. Their dances do not resemble what we call dances, and consist of lithe and graceful whirling, marvellous in its quickness, and also in mystic wailing and pantomimic gestures explained by their songs. Each dance has a meaning, and the sentiment is always made plain. They have one dance which represents a railway train, and the clatter of the engine is heard all through it.

The status of Alexander Hamilton, presented to the city by Colonel John C. Hamilton, son of the great statesman, was unveiled on Monday in Central Park in an appropriate manner. The cold weather did not prevent the attendance of many distinguished persons, but caused so much discomfort that the throng adjourned to the museum of art, where addresses were delivered by ex-Governor Bullock, Chauncey M. Depew and others.

The first snow of the season in New York put in its appearance promptly on a Thursday morning, in order to complete necessary preparations for Thanksgiving. The sun shown for a few moments at noon, but before night clouds again began to shake their white coats over the earth. Nov. 26, 1880. A. M. T.

Living Witnesses. The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and healthy looking men and women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parkes's Glycer Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community. Read of it in another column. 10-13

When an Ohio man goes into the woods for a couple of days, on a fishing or hunting excursion, the first question he asks on his return is, "Have I been nominated for any office while I was gone?"

You Can't. You can't do a great many things. But you can secure Farnley's Great Blood Purifier, a never failing remedy for all rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofula, boils, pimples, ulcers and all diseases of the skin. It is an impure and entirely Sold un-

ough that tuons