

J. M. LANDIS & BRO

Office—Opposite the Bank, Up-Stairs

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THE ASHLAND UNION

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

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Business Directory

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

WM. OSBORN, Common Pleas Judge. T. C. BURNELL, Probate Judge. R. T. DRAYTON, C. C. P. & Dist. Cr. A. L. CURTIS, Prosecuting Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

R. M. CAMPBELL, Auditor. WILLIAM G. HELTMAN, Treasurer. L. H. KIPPLING, Sheriff. GEORGE W. CURTIS, Recorder. JOHN KENNEDY, Surveyor. JOSEPH M. MARSH, Coroner. WM. COWAN, Commissioners. JOHN VAN NEST, HENRY WIGES, W. G. GALLOWAY, WM. CRAIG, MOSKES LATTA, Inds'ry Directors.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

R. M. ZEVER, Ashland. R. M. CAMPBELL, " ELIAS FRAUNFELTER, Savannah.

BANKERS.

J. O. JENNINGS, Cash. H. LUTHER, Prgsl. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ASHLAND, OHIO.

Directors.

H. Hubert Luther, J. O. Jennings, J. W. GATE, J. O. JENNINGS, JAMES PURDY, H. H. TOPPING, J. O. JENNINGS.

Do exclusively a banking business—buy and sell Eastern Exchange and Coin; Discount upon individual security. Salt Revenue stamps.

BAKER, BATTLES & CO. BANKERS.

Dealers in Gold, Silver, Exchange U. S. Bonds, Uncurrent money, Revenue Stamps, Ac. Discount approved paper, pay interest on time deposits, and do a General Banking Business.

HOTELS.

MILLER HOUSE, North side Main street, Ashland, Ohio, M. Miller, Proprietor. Good accommodations and reasonable bills.

McNULTY HOUSE, Wm. McNulty, Proprietor, South side Main street, Ashland, Ohio.

LAWYERS.

R. M. CAMPBELL, Attorney at Law, Ashland, O., will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. Bankrupt cases U. S. Court will receive special attention.

JOHN J. JACOBS, Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. All kinds of business belonging to the profession promptly attended to. Office, opposite First National Bank, up stairs.

F. Y. McCRAY, Attorney at Law, West Salem, Wayne county, Ohio, will attend promptly to all business in his profession.

JOHN D. JONES, Attorney at Law, Ashland. Particular attention paid to collecting, and business in Probate court. Office on Church street, between Main and Sandusky.

WM. T. JOHNSTON, Attorney at Law, Ashland. Office—the one lately occupied by Osborn & Curtis, on Church street, near Main. Also authorized by the Government to procure Pension Certificates and collect Bounty and back pay.

McCORMACK & CURTIS, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office in Bank building, over Beer's Hardware store.

H. S. SEB, Attorney at Law, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Notary Public. Particular attention paid to collecting, Probate business, partition cases and execution of deeds, mortgages and Contracts. Office in Miller's Block, second story, Main street, Ashland, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

P. H. CLARK, M. D. T. S. HUNTER, M. D. CLARK & HUNTER, Have associated themselves for the practice of Medicine and Surgery in the Village of Ashland. Special attention given to the treatment of Chronic cases. Office on Church street, near Main.

GEORGE W. HILL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. Particular attention will be paid to the treatment of the following special diseases: Dyspepsia, Disease of the Liver, the Kidneys, Scrofula and Epithelial Cancer.

J. P. COWAN, M. D. W. S. BATTLES, M. D. DR. COWAN & BATTLES, Having formed a Co-partnership, will give prompt attention to all cases in the practice of Medicine and Surgery. Ashland, July 8, 1867-21

Miscellaneous.

RALSTON & VANTILBURG, Jewellers and Silversmiths, three doors west of Miller House, Ashland, Ohio. Gold and Silver Ware and a choice variety of Jewelry kept constantly on hand. Highest price paid for old gold and silver. Repairing done to order and on reasonable terms.

ATTACHMENT.

D. D. SWOPE, Before Jacob East, J. W. of Jackson Twp. John Crimmons, Ashland County, O. SAID Judgment issued an order of Attachment in the above action for the sum of eight dollars and ten cents the probable costs. D. D. SWOPE. July 17, 1867-343

Ask Me Not to Drink.

Fair lady, ask me not to drink A toast to thee to-night— For broken vows and blasted hopes Expose the demon's blight; Put back the wine, I dare not taste— Put back the sparkling bowl— For who hath quaffed a draught so deep, And speared a blissful goal? Oh! ask me not, these lies within A poison deep and dire! And every drop but serves the more To fan the angry fire; Each draught will quench my senses of guilt, And blast youth's budding hope, Each drop will slink me deeper still In moral night to grope. Oh! press me not to touch the cup, Within are glaring eyes, And staring widows, hungry babes, And freezing orphans' cries; Whom the Gods destroy they first make drunk To fan the angry fire; Oh, tempt me not, bid spare my soul From death's eternal drink.

I have three sisters mildly fair, Like angels around my way— Whose love is like the stars that shine With undiminished ray— Shall they be doomed to see me fail, A prey to maddening drink— And sundered be the love that binds, Or snaps the golden link? Another sleaze where sadly wags The willows in the vale— And midnight whispers in the sky Come on the sighing gale— She passed away as summer's breath, In life's incipient bloom— Then tempt me not, I would not mar Her slumbers in the tomb.

Racy Speech from George F. Train.

The following is a report from George Francis Train's Madison Mo., Speech on female suffrage and on the National Debt. He says: "What about woman's suffrage," asked a Senator. "I am for it." Like Senator Wade, I go for them.— [Applause.] It is the only self-hedge we can have on the negro's voting. [Ob, and hiss.] I believe with these distinguished Senators that woman is a man and a brother. [Loud cheers and applause.] Women are more virtuous than men, more moral and less brutal. Besides, women rear their homes—why not help save the nation? [Applause.] Give us woman's suffrage and I will organize a million of my Irish girls to vote down Fifth Avenue and vote your speaker into the White House. [Loud cheers and some dissent.] Women should vote. Why should the plantation boss—the unlettered, ignorant African, whose hair grows up like the Banyan tree—whose leg is set in the middle of his foot [laughter]; who has nine cubic inches less brain inside his thick skull [hisses]; who has only one hundred and fifty pores to the outside, which accounts for his being able to smell him a half mile [laughter and hisses]; why should this half savage of the backwoods plantations make laws for Anna Dickinson or Harriet Beecher Stowe? legislate for your wives, honorable Senators or mine? [Applause.] What man dare say his soul's his own at his table? I am the best managed husband on the continent. [Laughter.] I say I am ready to take the stamp for woman's suffrage. [Applause.] It will purify the polls; they will vote down houses of bad repute; vote down faro banks; vote down groggeries; shut up rum shops, and close out the gin palaces. [Loud applause.] They will vote for men for whom who are willing to preach this sermon and practice it. "Don't drink; don't smoke; don't chew; don't swear; don't gamble; don't have but one wife; don't be a David or a Solomon; [Oh!] don't steal jewels, like Moses. [Applause.] Don't cheat Esau like Jacob. Love God; but don't love God so much that you have no time to love your fellow man. [Sensation.] Love truth, love virtue, and be happy." [Loud applause.] Woman will vote every time for that platform. Again in our day, the moment a man can borrow enough money to settle it on his wife, he goes in for the Bankrupt Law. Hence, the woman needs votes to protect the property that belongs to her husband's creditors. [Applause and laughter.] A Senator—What about the debt? Mr. Train—Do you want to know? Well, you shall have what you probably have never seen before—a debit and credit account of the war, a profit and loss account. You know that we have had a grand exhibition of fireworks and mortgaged our farm to pay for it. [Oh!] The so-called wealth of the farmer consists in having his son in the graveyard, and a seven-thirty in his pocket in exchange. [Sensation.] But here is the account: \$5,000,000,000 of national debt a national curse to every body but J. Jay Cooke. 2. \$1,000,000,000 State, city and county debt; born of the war. 3. 500,000 able bodied farmers, mechanics and other white men dead, worth \$10,000 a piece, \$50,000,000,000. 4. 500,000 black laborers, worth \$1,000 each \$500,000,000. [Hisses.] 5. 4,000,000 black laborers, men, women and children, that it took three generations of white civilization to utilize into profitable labor—totally demoralized for the time being. [Applause and considerable dissent, the Radicals getting uneasy, and endeavoring to stop Train's "exposition" of the National affairs.—Train talked them all down made fun of their hisses, and carried his point, to the evident disgust of many present.] 6. \$5,000,000 of shipping, it took us fifty years of American industry, since Waterloo, to whiten every ocean with our commerce, completely wiped out by England's neutrality. [Applause, and "too true."] 7. \$4,000,000,000 worth of plantations, houses, farms, real estate, personal property, wasted, burned, wiped out, completely destroyed the industry of a hundred years. 8. And lastly. An amount of swearing, gambling, drunkenness, prostitution, demoralization that can not be enumerated by figures. "This will do for the debit; and when fanaticism sleeps for a moment, the nation's eyes will open and a reaction will set in that will emancipate my constituency, the people of the land. [Applause and dissent.] So much for the debit; what for credit? Gentlemen, I have no figures. You must be content with ideas.

A Masonic Incident.

I will relate a circumstance which I obtained on the very spot where it occurred, and which I think will clearly illustrate now a Mason's heart can be made to thrill at the recollection of a Brother. At the battle of Fort Meigs, one of the noble Kentucky volunteers who crossed the Maumee river for the purpose of spiking the enemy's cannon, received a severe wound on the plain where Maumee City now stands, which rendered him helpless.— An athletic Indian warrior approached him with his tomahawk "high raised in air," when the wounded soldier begged for quarters—for mercy—but to no effect. In his last extremity he made a gesture which caught the eagle eye of Tecumseh who seized the warrior's arm, and commanded him to hold, to spare him—that he was his friend! The warrior—pained for a moment as if to gather new strength, and cast a withering look at the chief, gave the fatal blow! Tecumseh, quick as lightning, struck the full blade of his tomahawk into his skull, and he fell a lifeless corpse.—Samuel Reed.

Negro Assassinations.

The horrible account of the butchery of an entire family in Wake county, N. C. just received, reminds us that atrocities of this description, perpetrated by negroes, are coming from the Southern States with alarming frequency. We can remember nothing like it in former years. In every instance, so far as we have observed, the crime is instigated by a desire for plunder or the gratification of beastly passions. Nowhere do these outrages partake of a political character. They do not proceed from a spirit of retaliation or revenge, and can only be attributed to a growing demoralization among the negro population, consisting in a large degree of those who lately were slaves, but now are released from almost every form of restraint. Not only this, but the negroes are often the dupes of mischief makers, itinerant lecturers and political orators, who fill their weak minds with crude notions concerning their personal rights, the laws of property, &c. The influences thus exerted are incidental to the change suddenly brought about in their social condition, and are inevitable. As all must have foreseen, the transition state, while the simple freedmen are being qualified for the duties of citizens, is fraught with peril, not only to themselves, but to the entire social fabric in which they move. None can predict the end.

A Very Destructive Freshet.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 22. The great freshet exceeds any other since 1850. The volume of water is terrific. The wreck of the old North Minneapolis bridge has been swept away; one span is ashore. The abutment of the Pacific Railroad bridge across the Mississippi at this point has fallen; damage \$20,000. The Suspension bridge was struck by the floating pier, but no damage was done. The St. Anthony bridge is impassable; a jam of logs has started the span one foot. The boom at Corn Creek broke at 10 o'clock Monday night, and twenty two million feet of logs went over the falls. Casey's boom broke on Saturday afternoon and eight million feet were lost. Five million feet besides were lost on Friday and Saturday, a total of thirty-five millions feet of logs. They were worth \$350,000. Most of these logs will be picked up below during the season, but their recovery will be so late that it is doubtful if they are put in the market before next season. The damage to the pier and booms is \$20,000. The great spur built by the Minneapolis Mill company is damaged \$6,000. "Poor Carlotta!" were the last words of Maximilian. Never thought of the world he was leaving. Sought of his history, gladness or grieving. Only of her whom the stroke was burning. "Poor Carlotta!"

Annoying and Laughable Accident—A Young Lady Falls Through a Buggy.

[From the Louisville Courier, July 23d.] One of those annoying, yet ludicrous accidents, which will happen in the best of families, occurred on Sunday, not over a thousand miles from this city. A dry goods clerk had an engagement to take his love out buggy riding. Early in the morning he appeared before her father's door with one of those spider like vehicles which are probably constructed with a view of ascertaining how light a buggy can be made, and at the same time be serviceable. The lady is sweet 16, beautiful, and just a little bit of what is termed "fast." She is full of life, fun and frolic, and is decidedly embonpoint, weighing about 140 pounds. As the young gentleman drove up, his lady love was standing on the top step at the front door with her venerable father, who had his gold specs elevated on his forehead, in order to get a distant view of his future son-in-law. Adonis jumped out of the buggy preparatory to assisting the young lady in, but she suddenly took one of those strange freaks to which the dear sex are all subject. The buggy was standing about four feet from the steps, and considerably below the step upon which stood the young lady. She probably wanted to convince her lover that she was not clumsy if she was fat, and thought that this would be a good time to show him her agility. Be this as it may, she gave a jump and landed in the center of the buggy. If she had stopped there, all would have been well, but alas! the thin boards of the bottom of the buggy, unable to stand the pressure, gave way, and the young lady continued her descent. There was a piercing scream; a plunging horse with a young man holding to him; a bundle of muslin in the buggy, and two little gaiter boots pointing to within six inches of the ground under it. Paterfamilias rushed to the rescue and detached the horse from the buggy.— He then got up on one side, and the young man on the other, and they attempted to raise young lady up. "O, stop, stop! you are killing me," she cried. The boards had broken in the center, and the long, sharp splinters extended downwards, and when they attempted to raise the young lady out of her predicament these sharp splinters would catch in her le—pshaw! "Did you ever see a wire mousie trap? If not, go and get one, stick your finger through the entrance funnel and try to pull it out. You will then understand the sad fix that our young lady was in on Sunday morning. The old man comprehended the situation in a moment. He told the young man to get down and break the splinters off. Young lady screamed, "O, don't," and young man wouldn't. At this stage of the proceedings a practical neighbor came up with a hatchet, and the young lady was soon extricated from her unpleasant situation, and disappeared behind the front door. We don't know whether the young lady sustained any serious injury or not, and we are not going to ask any questions of that young man.

The Latest from the Song Writers.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR." [Written for the Cincinnati Times.] The man who "Drempt I dwell in Marble Halls," has opened a marble quarry there, and is doing a thriving business in getting out grave stones. The author of "Carry me back to old Virginia," has opened a livery stable and is carried back in his own conveyance wherever he wants to be. The man who sang "I am Lonely since my Mother Died" isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his stepmother makes it lively enough for him. The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending saw-mill. He will be on the water now. The one who gave "Old Folks at Home" to the world has recently taken them to the poor house, as they were getting troublesome. The author of "Shells of the Ocean" is in the clam business. The man that wanted to "Kiss him for his Mother" attempted to kiss his mother for him the other day, and him gave him a wallop "for his mother." The one who wailed so plaintively, "Do they miss me at home?" was missed the other day, together with a neighbor's wife. He is missed by a wife and seven children. The author of "Three blind mice" has started a menagerie with them. The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the morning," found that no patrons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitterns, so he lies abed rather late now. "Give me a cot in the valley I love" has got a cot in the Infirmary. Mein cot. The man that sighed, "Take me home to die," took Dr. Kerr's System Renovator, and is now a "Fine old Irish gentleman." "Meet me by moonlight alone" has left off meat, and taken to drinking. The author of "Roll on, silver moon" has opened a ball alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it. The disconsolate one who sings—"Have you seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another letter informs him, through the mousie trap, that "Maggie's by my side." "I'd offer thee this hand of mine" has been sued for breach of promise. "Oh! Susanna," has settled with her at length, and don't owe Susanna any more. The author of "Old Arm-chair" is still in the furniture business. The one who pleaded "Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep," has at length been gratified. His mother, yielding to his repeated solicitation, picked up a rock and rocked him to sleep.— He hasn't woken up yet. The one who asked, "Who will care for mother now?" has finally concluded to take care of the old woman himself, as no one else seems inclined to.

Josh Billings on the Goose.

The goose is a grass animal, but don't show her eye. They are good flyers, about one aker to a goose is enough, altho' there is seven folks who think one goose tew 175 akers, is neerer right. These two calculations are so far apart, it is difficult tew tell now, which will finally win. But I don't think if I had a farm of 175 akers, awd paid for, that I would sell if for half what it was worth, just because it didn't hav but one goose on it. Geese stay well, some of our best biographers see 70 years, and prout tuff tew the last. This is one egg at once, altho' the six or a goose egg, in which the goselins lies hid. The goselin is the gosle's babe. The goselins don't suckle his young, but turg him out tew pasture on somebody's rakked lot. This seem to lack wisdom, but ar generally considered sound on the goose. This ar good eating, but not good chawin, the reason of this remains a profound secret tew the present day. When the femal geese is at work hatchin, she is a hard bird to please, she riles clear up from the bottom in a minit, and will fit a yoke or oxen, if she sho her the least bit of sass. The goose is excellent for feathers, which she sheds every year by the handful. Thar ar ambitious, besides several other kinds or cuss. But thar ar mostly curious about one thing, thar can haul up one leg into their body, and stand on tuther awd day, and not touch anything with their hands. I take no is tair ain't but daw fue men that can dew this.

Sabbath Evening Reflections.

It is the eve of the holy, holy Sabbath all around is hushed, and the dead hour of night is silently but surely approaching. Darkness has thrown its sable mantle over all nature. How appropriate the season in which to meditate on the closing hour of life! Yes; fit emblem, indeed, of the end of our short journey through this fleeting and transitory existence. If we would but give our imagination stretch, and let it pass beyond the narrow limits of time into the illimitable future, how different would be our reflections—how much more pure, elevated, and spiritual affections! Yet in view of all this, how little do we reflect upon and realize the high destiny for which we were created! We live in the world as if there were no future, no reward for the righteous, no punishment for those who will not serve the great end of their creation. We place our affections on earthly objects, forgetful, too often, of the great and glorious Being, who should receive our first and best reflections; who will not change, "and whose love falters not, neither is weary." Earthly friends may be taken away from us, and consigned to the silent tomb; and those on whom we may place our warmest and purest affections may change; and where now are the eye kindles and brightens at our reproach, may be seen the averted look; or where now are terms of the tenderest endearments, may succeed indifference or chilling neglect. True, there are some bright spots on this earth, and here we may form many pure and lasting friendships; and may also find congenial spirits whom our may mingle, and with whom we may together be preparing for that glorious Sabbath that shall never end, where we may forever sing the praises of redeeming love; yet while indulging in such reflections as these, are we not led to exclaim, "There's potting true but heartless." E. F. C.

Good Advice.

If your lips Would keep from slips, Five things observe with care: Of whom you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

There are thirty pounds of blood in the human frame, and two hundred and forty eight bones. Women have the same number, not including whalebones. Reader, three years ago, when you charged the Republican party with being in favor of negro suffrage, you were met with an indignant denial. Two years ago, Gov. Cox published a letter against it. This year you are to vote on it! A Brooklyn Presbyterian, who has great faith in Catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting the youngest of four through a course one day, when the question came up, "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence, exclaimed, "The gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name." S. P. Chase is taxed on an income of \$700,000 per year. When he went to Washington, in 1861, he was not worth \$10,000. He has been a lucky financier for himself, if not for the country. He and Jay Cooke have made loyalty pay—eh? "Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the rat said when he saw the cat watching him. Charge it home on them that the Republican party is responsible for the war. Fortune-tellers and tilting hoops operate differently. The former reveal what a lady will be in the future—the latter reveal what she is at present. John Van Buren once sauntered into one of the New York City Courts, and seated himself beside a friend who was conducting an important suit. After several questions had been put and exceptions taken, Mr. Van Buren, thinking that the ruling of the bench was a little odd, asked, in his peculiar, quiet way,—"Who is on the other side in this case, besides the Judge?" The Radicals say negro suffrage will be adopted in this country sooner or later. That will not be the case till the whites become too degraded to be worthy of living under a free government. Then, and then only, when the Radicals have succeeded, in completing the degradation and ruin of the country, will negro suffrage become universal. Men are like bugles, the more brass they contain, the more noise they make, and the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear the better you like them. A printer not long since, having been "bung" by his sweetheart, went to the office to commit suicide with the "shooting stick." The thing wouldn't go off.— "The devil," wishing to pacify him, told him to go into the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He says the picture of despair reconciled him to his fate. The Radical leaders call their party the "Union party." That's flat burglary of an honest name. The Radical party is the Division party—it prevents reunion, and keeps ten States anxious to get in, out of the Union—makes them pay taxes, but denies them representation. Lawyer C—, entering his friend's, Dr. M—'s office, speaking in a hoarse whisper, "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning, I can't speak the truth." Dr. M.: "Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business." C. bolts off to meet an engagement. Put it at them, that the Democratic party is a party of the people, while the Radical party is a party of the bondholders. Don't forget the record proves that it is the so-called Union party which prevents Union and peace. A western paper in answer to the inquiry—"What has become of the Government of the United States?" says: "Why, sir, do you forget history so soon? The Government was shot in the private box of a Theater on a Good Friday night, more than two years ago. It is as dead as a herring." Congress still keeps Kentucky out of the Union. Kentucky was so obstinate that she wouldn't go out, during the rebellion, so the Union Party turns her out!

PREMIUM LIST

ASHLAND COUNTY

Independent Agricultural Society,

(Incorporated A. D. 1865.)

TO BE HELD

AT HAYESVILLE,

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, '67.

COMPETITION OPEN TO ALL!

CATTLE

Table with columns for Cattle premiums: Best bull 3 years and over \$5.00, Second best 4.00, Third best 3.00, Best bull 2 yrs and under 3.00, Second best 2.00, Best yearling bull 2.00, Second best 1.00, Best bull under 1 year 1.00, Best cow 4 years and over 4.00, Second best 3.00, Best cow 3 yrs 2.00, Second best 1.00, Best heifer 2 yrs 2.00, Second best 1.00, Best yearling heifer 2.00, Second best 1.50, Best heifer under 1 year 1.00. Committee—John Glenn, James Chapman, and Ephraim Bloomen.

Working Oxen.

Table with columns for Working Oxen premiums: Best pair working oxen 3 yrs and over 3.00, Second best 2.00, Best fat steer or ox 3.00, Second best 2.00. Committee—Luther Potter, Archibald Gillis and John Grabbil.

Horses—All Work.

Table with columns for Horses premiums: Best Stallion over 4 yrs 5.00, Second best 4.00, Best stallion 3 yrs old 4.00, Second best 3.00, Best stallion 2 yrs old 2.00, Second best 2.00, Best yearling stallion 2.00, Best mare or gelding over 4 yrs 4.00, Second best 3.00, Best mare or gelding 3 years old 3.00, Second best 2.00, Best mare or gelding 2 yrs old 2.00, Second best 1.00, Best brood mare and suckling colt, 5.00, Second best 3.00, Best 3 colts from same horse diploma and 3.00. Committee—Thomas Smith, W. Glenn, and Wm H Humphrey.

Saddle, Buggy and Matched Horses.

Table with columns for Saddle, Buggy and Matched Horses premiums: Best saddle horse or mare 3.00, Best buggy horse or mare 3.00, Do pair of matched horses 5.00, Second best 3.00. Committee—D B Gray, H Ruth, and Wm Jarvis, Mohican.

Thorough-bred Horses.

Table with columns for Thorough-bred Horses premiums: Best thorough bred stallion 5.00, Second best 4.00, Best thorough bred mare 4.00, Second best 3.00. Committee—Dr John Cowan, Dr D S Sampson and Wall Purdy.

TROTTER.

Table with columns for Trotter premiums: Best trotter 50.00, Second best 20.00. An additional entrance fee of \$6.00, 5 to make a field and 3 to go. Green Trot—Horses that never went for money before this fall. Best trotter 10.00, Second best 5.00. Additional entrance fee of \$3.00, and 3 to make a field.

COLT TROT.

Table with columns for Colt Trot premiums: Best trotter 3 years old 8.00, Additional entrance fee of \$1.50, and 3, to make a field.

JACKS & MULES.

Table with columns for Jacks & Mules premiums: Best jack 3 years and over 4.00, Do jenny 3 yrs and over 3.00, Do pair of mules 2 yrs and over 3.00, Do single 3 do do do 2.00, Do mule under 3 years 1.50, Do 3 mule colts from same jack, diploma and 3.00. Sheep—Spanish, French, and Saxons.

Table with columns for Sheep premiums: Best buck 2 yrs and over 5.00, Second best 4.00, Best buck under 2 yrs 4.00, Second best 3.00, Best buck lamb 3.00, Second best 2.00, Best pen of 4 ewes 3 yrs and over 5.00, Second best 4.00, Best pen of 4 yearling ewes 4.00, Second best 3.00, Best 4 ewe lambs 4.00, Second best before a year 3.00, Best 4 lambs from same buck, regardless of sex 5.00, Best fleece of wool 2.00. Committee—Dr S Glass, Joseph Roy, Richland County, and R M Stonaker.

SHEEP—Long Wool.

Table with columns for Sheep—Long Wool premiums: Best buck 2 yrs and over 4.00, Second best 3.00, Best buck lamb 1.00, Do 4 ewe lambs 2.00, Do fat sheep 2.00. Committee—Danl Poocok, Jacob Reed and M V Eddy.

(Continued on Second Page.)