Portage County

Rates of Advertising.

One square, one insertion,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	50
Business and Editorial Notices, per line,	10
One square, one year,	8 00
One column, one year,	65 00
One column, six months,	45 00
One column, three months,	25 00
Half column one year,	45 00
Half column, six months,	25 00
Half column, three months,	15 00
One-quarter column, one year,	25 00

☞ The space occupied by ten lines of this type (Nonpareil) shall constitute a square.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 3, No. 13. RAVENNA, O. THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1870. WHOLE No. 117.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY

S. D. HARRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Per year, in advance,	$2
If not paid in advance,	2 50
Six months, in advance,	1 00

☞ The PRESS circulates free of postage within the limits of Portage county.

Business Cards.

V. L. BIERCE. W. B. THOMAS.
BIERCE & THOMAS,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. 41-1y.

HENRY C. RANNEY. EDWARD P. HATFIELD
RANNEY & HATFIELD,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over the First National Bank. Sep3, '68, 1y.

R. B. TAYLOR. J. D. HORTON.
TAYLOR & HORTON.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank.
May 6, 1869, 36-1y.

M. MOWEN,
Jeweler and Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver, and Silver Plated Ware, No. 2, Etna Block. Repairing done to order.
Ravenna, Nov. 25, 1869, 68-1y.

EDGAR W. MAXSON,
Attorney at Law, Notary and Insurance Agent. Collections and all other business of the profession, promptly attended to. Office, east end of Buckeye Block, Garrettsville, Ohio. Septl7 1y.

PETER FLATH. WM. L. POE.
FLATH & POE,
Clothiers and Merchant Tailors, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio.
Oct. 15, 1868, 1y.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
F. W. Coffin, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Office on 2d floor, over the Second National Bank, Ravenna, Ohio.
Sept. 23, 1869, 56-1y.

A. BELDING, E. C. BELDING, J. F. ARMSTRONG.
BELDINGS & ARMSTRONG,
Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries and Notions, Wheeler's Block, Main Street, Ravenna, O.
Goods delivered to any part of the city.
Sept. 30, 1869, 57-1y.

A. BELDING, M. D. D. R. GREENLEE, M. D.
BELDING & GREENLEE,
Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Belding & Brother's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Dr. Belding's residence first dwelling north of Empire Building.
Nov. 19, 1868, 1y.

WEDDELL HOUSE,
Cleveland Ohio. $2.50 per day. R. A. GILLETTE & CO., Proprietors.
Dec. 3, 1868, 1y.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Ravenna, Ohio. S. STOUGH, Proprietor.—Good stabling attached. 91-1y.

T. L. PARSONS,
Dealer in Green and Dry Groceries, Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Canned Fruits of all kinds, Ham, Lard, Dried Beef, Salt, &c., &c. No. 5, Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.
June 10th, 1869, 41-1y.

M. STUART,
Counselor at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in East End of Phenix (Brick) Block.
Dec. 3, 1868, 1y.

S. D. NORTON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, will attend promptly to all business in his profession. Office in Swift's Block, over E. R. Waite's Jewelry Store, Ravenna, Ohio. Sep3 1868, 1y.

ANSON W. BEMAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary. Office, east end Phenix Block, (over Beckley's Stove and Tin Shop,) Ravenna, O. Collections promptly made. Sept3, 1868, 1y.

D. L. ROCKWELL,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio.
Dec. 10, 1868, 1y.

GEORGE SADLER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Ravenna, Ohio.—Office with W. B. Thomas, Esq., Empire Block. Residence on Walnut, second door south of Main Street. 36-tf.

ETNA HOUSE,
E. MUSSER, Proprietor, west side Public Square, Ravenna, Ohio. 56-tf.

CHARLES BROOK,
BREWER
Of Stock and Cream Ale. Brewery on Sycamore st., three doors north of the Catholic Church. Also, Builder of Wrought Iron Fence and Gates.
Ravenna, O. July 28, 1870. 100-1y.

DR. A. M. POWERS,
Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Rootstown, Portage County, Ohio. Chronic and Private diseases treated successfully. OFFICE—Next door south of Green & Barlow's Store.
Dec. 31 1868 1y.

LUMBER.
C. Sutherland & Co. DEALERS IN Michigan Lumber, Lath and Shingles.
YARD near the C. & P. R. R.
Ravenna, Aug. 31, 1869, 65-tf.

GEO. W. TIBBITTS,
United States Patent Office
AGENCY.
Designing and Engraving on Wood.
214 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

HAVING been engaged for the past ten years with great success in the business of obtaining Patents, I am prepared to guarantee most perfect satisfaction in the transaction of that business. Numerous references could be given to substantiate this.

In order to apply for a Patent, the law requires that a model shall be furnished not over a foot in any dimensions. Send the model by express, prepaid, to GEO. W. TIBBITTS, 214 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, with a description of its operation and merits, and send the post, Government, and stamp fees—$16—when the drawings and necessary papers will be prepared and sent to the inventor for examination, approval, and oath.

My charges for attending to the whole business will be $25 for all cases, without any extra charges. The average time required to procure a patent is thirty days (have had an examination in five days.) Examination of the Records free. A complete set of the Patent Office Reports is on file at my office, which may be examined by the public at their pleasure, free.

GEO. W. TIBBITTS,
214 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.
Jan. 6, 1869, 71-1y.

ATLANTIC MILLS.
Having discontinued our Store, we shall hereafter deliver our Flour and Feed from the Mill. We have made arrangements with Brainard & Son to receive orders. All orders left at their Drug Store will be promptly filled. Our price list may be found there.
KING, BRADFORD & CO.
March 14, 1870. 82-tf

Ravenna Summit Mill
AND
FLOUR and FEED STORE.
HAVING opened a Flour and Feed Store in the first "Shanty" south of the Exchange Hotel, on Chestnut street, I will keep on hand at both the Mill and the Feed Store, a full stock of everything pertaining to the Milling business.
Customers can buy at either establishment any thing in my line at the same price. On account of my advantage in rent, I can sell as low or lower than any other concern in Ravenna.
W. E. BRADLEY.
Ravenna, Dec. 15, 1869, 66-tf.

Singer Sewing Machine.
Hinkley Knitting Machine.
THE most perfect and simple machines of the kind ever invented. Both of the above popular machines have been lately improved until they stand without a rival. Price of the Singer Family Machine from $65 upward, according to finish. Hinkley Knitters $30. Circulars and samples mailed free on application.
Agents wanted for the Hinkley Machine everywhere, and for the Singer in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia, where there are none already established.
STRAW & MORTON,
General Agents,
No. 20, Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
June 16 1870, 65-1y.

Official Registry.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judges of Common Pleas—GEO. M. TUTTLE, PHILO B. CONANT.
Probate Judge—JACOB V. MELL.
Prosecuting Attorney—C. A. REED.
County Auditor—WILLIAM GRINNELL.
County Treasurer—GUSTAVUS P. REED.
Clerk of Courts—ANDREW JACKSON.
Sheriff—OTIS B. PAINE.
RECORDER—G. W. BARRETT.
County Commissioners—HENRY J. NOBLE, N B. JENKENS, JOS. C. CONRAD.
Coroner—HECELLUS ROOT.
Surveyor—JEDDIAH COLE.
Directors of County Infirmary—J. C. BEATTY, GUIAN CLEMENTS and OZIAS ALLEN.

MAYORS OF INCORPORATED TOWNS.
Ravenna—JOHN MEHARG.
Kent—S. P. WOLCOTT.
Garrettsville—O. L. HAWLEY.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
Atwater—J. R. Conrad and Sylvester A. Hinman.
Aurora—Reuben P. Cannon and Worthy Taylor.
Brimfield—Joseph L. Carrier and A. H. Lamphare.
Deerfield—C. S. Tibbals and John H. Hoffman.
Edinburgh—Smith Sanford and Asa Bingham.
Charlestown—Augustus Manyon and Nathan H. Smith.
Franklin—Issac Russel, Alvin Barton, I. Archer.
Freedom—Lyman Bryant and Arvillus C. Larkcom.
Hiram—Rufus Rutts and Frank Squire.
Mantua—A. N. Farr and Henry Cobb.
Nelson—James Ashald and A. F. Hannahs.
Palmyra—John J. Williams, David E. Wilson and Enoch Morgan.
Paris—A. B. Merrill and Brainard Selby, Jr.
Ravenna—JOHN MEHARG, George F. Robinson and Charles B. Stowe.
Randolph—James P. Coe and N. C. Sears.
Rootstown—A. H. Barlow and Gideon Seymour.
Shalersville—Samuel G. Elurldge and William Carlton.
Streetsboro—E. M. Stanton and Ebenezer Ward.
Suffield—H. K. Martin and Wm. Paulus.
Windham—E. S. Woodworth and Thomas O. Angel.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURG RAILROAD
On and after May 29th, 1870, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted,) as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIN LINE.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Cleveland....	8.15 A. M.	12.30 P. M.	3.45 P. M.
Euclid St....	8.26 "	12.41 "	3.56 "
Hudson.....	9.20 "	1.35 "	4.57 "
Ravenna.....	10.04 "	2.05 "	5.29 "
Alliance.....	11.00 "	2.44 "	6.20 "
Bayard.....	11.38 "	3.10 "	
Wellsville...	1.05 P. M.	4.27 "	

GOING NORTH—MAIN LINE.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.
Wellsville...	8.55 A. M.	4.50 P. M.	
Bayard.....	10.25 "	6.08 "	
Alliance.....	11.15 "	6.55 "	7.25 A. M
Ravenna.....	12.03 P. M.	7.40 "	8.15 "
Hudson.....	12.37 "	8.12 "	8.55 "
Euclid Street	1.41 "	9.08 "	9.56 "
Cleveland...	1.55 "	9.20 "	10.10 "

GOING EAST—RIVER DIVISION

STATIONS.	EXPRESS.	*	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Bellair.....	5.45 A. M.	7.25 A. M.	2 00 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
Bridgeport.	5.55 "	8.15 "	2.10 "	6.15 "
Steuben've.	7.00 "	11 00 "	3.16 "	7.30 "
Wellsville.	8.15 "	1.25 P. M.	4.45 "	
S Ferry....	8.40 "	1.46 "	5.08 "	
Rochester..	9.35 "	2.30 "	5.50 "	
Pittsburgh.	10.35 "	3.25 "	6.55 "	

GOING WEST—RIVER DIVISION.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPRESS.	ACCOM.	ACCOM
Pittsburgh.	6.25 A.M	2.45 P.M.	4.20 P.M.	
Rochester.	7.35 "	3.50 "	5.30 "	
S Ferry....	8.17 "	4.20 "	6.24 "	
Wellsville.	8.50 "	5.05 "	6.55 "	
Steuben've.	9.50 "	6.05 "		7.05 A. M.
Bridgeport.	11.00 "	7.10 "		8.15 "
Bellair....	11.10 "	7.20 "		8.30 "

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville, and Express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.
Leaves
New Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m.
Bayard, 11.50 a. m.
Arrives.
Bayard, 9.45a. m.
New Philadelphia, 2.40 p. m.
F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

A. & G. W. Ry—Change of Time.
The following are the times of the departure of trains at the points below. It took effect Monday, June 13:

GOING WEST.
EXPRESS—No. 1.
Leaves Calhoun.....4.10 a. m
" Freedom.....4.25 a. m
" Ravenna.....4.40 a. m
" Kent.....4.55 a. m

EXPRESS—No. 3.
Leaves Calhoun.....5.06 p.m
" Freedom.....5.23 p.m
" Ravenna.....5.38 p. m
" Kent.....5.55 p. m

MAIL—NO. 5.
Leaves Calhoun.....11.59 a.m
" Freedom.....12 15 p.m
" Ravenna.....12.30 p.m
" Kent.....12.45 p. m

ACCOMMODATION—NO. 33.
Leaves Calhoun.....9.25 a. m
" Freedom.....9.55 a. m
" Ravenna.....10.25 a. m
" Kent.....11.00 a. m

WAY FREIGHT—No. 37.
Leaves Calhoun.....3.45 p. m
" Freedom.....4.20 p. m
" Ravenna.....5.38 p. m
" Kent.....6.10 p. m

GOING EAST.
WAY FREIGHT—NUMBER 38.
Leaves Kent.....6.30 a.m
" Ravenna.....7.25 a.m
" Freedom.....8.00 a.m
" Calhoun.....8.30 a.m

MAIL—No. 39.
Leaves Kent.....6.20 a. m
" Ravenna.....6 55 a. m
" Freedom.....7.25 a. m
" Calhoun.....7.50 a. m

EXPRESS—No. 12.
Leaves Kent.....8.15 a. m
" Ravenna.....8.30 a. m
" Freedom.....no stop
" Calhoun.....no stop

EXPRESS—No. 8.
Leaves Kent.....4.55 p. m
" Ravenna.....5.10 p. m
" Freedom.....5.23 p. m
" Calhoun.....5.35 p. m

EXPRESS—No. 2.
Leaves Kent.....11.30 p. m
" Ravenna.....11.45 p. m
" Freedom.....no stop
" Calhoun.....no stop

Train 33 Accommodation to Kent only.

NEW GOODS
AT
No. 2, *ETNA BLOCK, (North Front.)*

I am now receiving one of the best Stocks of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
HATS,
CAPS AND
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS,
in Northern Ohio,
and I would say to my old customers and the public generally, that I will not be undersold, although I shall adhere strictly to the
ONE PRICE SYSTEM,
you can always rely upon buying your Goods as cheap as your neighbor at my Store and all Goods will be sold for just what they are, as I shall not misrepresent for the sake of making a sale to any one.
But by Fair Dealing,
I expect to receive a liberal patronage.
My Custom Department
can't be beaten, as I have in my emply one of the
Best Cutters in Northern Ohio,
and employ none but the best of Men Tailors to make up my work.
Cutting done for Ladies to make up on short notice, and in a workman-like manner.
E. MUSSER,
No. 2, Etna Block,
Sept. 30, 1869, 57-tf. Ravenna, Ohio.

BALL TICKETS printed with neatness and dispatch at this office.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWYN BARNBY.

Give me the hand that is kind, warm and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never;
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'er-laden;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the wine of the vines of the Summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

DID SHE DREAM IT?

"If I stand here, I saw it!" Such is the utterance of Macbeth's passionate, profound conviction that he saw, actually saw, with his own eyes, the awful shape none else could see, and the sight of which blanched his cheek with fear. "If I stand here, I saw it," innocent, suffering Julia Challoner might have said—mentally did say—as she stood at her window, and gazed with pale face startled, wondering, longing eyes out upon the grass and trees upon which the moonlight was shining. She trembled; but not with fear, nor yet with cold; only with excitement, wonder, bewilderment, and something almost like a feverish hope and joy. "I *did* see it!" She said to herself. "I am not dreaming, or deluding myself, or out of my senses. It was he; I saw him."

It was after midnight, and Julia had been lying in bed, not asleep but wide awake, and thinking earnestly and anxiously. The window of the room was opposite the foot of her bed; so that, as she lay awake, her eyes naturally rested on the window and the foliage which broke the rays of the room and darkened the chamber. Her mind was much disturbed by an agitating question, such as, perhaps, no woman ever ought to have to consider.

"Shall I marry him?" That was the question; and when I say a woman never ought to have to consider such a question, I mean that the mere existence of a doubt, the mere necessity of making the inquiry and thinking over it, ought to be a decisive and prompt reply. Where there is doubt enough to ask, there ought to be no doubt of the answer. Some thought of this was in poor Julia's mind, and disturbed her conscience.

"Can I—ought I marry him? Can I help myself? Can I avoid marrying him? I do not love him, I never can; and he knows it. But he loves me; and he has so long been faithful and true, and he is so good—and Lionel loved him. Oh, I dont see how I can draw back—and yet I feel so tortured. If Heaven would only send me some hint or guidance! I wish I were a Roman Catholic, that I might pray to the Virgin."

She tossed on her head and turned her face to the wall. At that moment the room seemed to grow dark and a cold air breathed over her, and she almost thought she heard a low, faint sound, like a sigh. She looked toward the window, and saw, or thought she saw, something which caused her to spring up in the bed and stretch out her arms—and she was about to utter a wild cry of surprise and joy, but with a strong effort she controlled herself, and was silent. She gazed at the window fixedly for some seconds; then she left the bed noislessly and crossed the floor, and stood at the window. and strove to follow with her eyes something that seemed to disappear as she looked. And it was then that she said to herself the words already given: "It was he; I saw him!"

What she saw, or thought she saw, was the figure of a young man with dark hair and bronzed cheeks, and a manly, open expression, genial despite the deep sadness that covered his face. The eyes rested on hers, and were full of love and pity and tenderness. After a few seconds the figure seemed to withdraw; and it was then that Julia rose from her bed and followed it with her eyes until it disappeared, or was lost to sight somehow, among the trees and shrubs.

One thing had amidst all her wonder and bewilderment, made a clear, distinct, and predominant impression upon her mind. She was indeed convinced that she had seen something which could neither have been created nor explained byany ordinary and familiar processes of nature; but yet the face which looked on her, the eyes which gazed into hers with such tenderness unspeakable, did not show like those of the dead. Not a ghost come from the grave seemed to have stood at her window, but the spiritual *eidolon* of a living man.

"Oh, Lionel," the girl murmured, falling on her knees and bursting into a passion of tears, "do not leave me in this fearful state of doubt! Send me some other sign! Come to me again! You are still living—I know it! Do not leave me to this distraction and misery, but make me some clear sign that I may know where you are, and if we are never to meet again!"

That night, however, she saw nothing more; and the dawn came before she fell asleep. For she had now more than ever cause to torture herself with doubts, and to weary her mind by thinking what she must do.

But although she had stept so little she arose early and promptly. For she had promised to take a ride that day with her affianced lover.

The story of the engagement between Julia Challoner and Ronald Levett was somewhat strange, and had much that was painful in it. Lionel Black and Ronald Levett were first school fellows, and college friends then fast friends in the outer world. Both were artists—painters—but with a considerable difference in the conditions under which they practiced art. Lionel Black was poor, and meant to live by his painting; Ronald Levett was the only son of a man who had made a large fortune in trade and was now in weakly health. Both young men were New Yorkers by birth; but there was in Levett's blood some leaven of the Cuban creole, and people said his mother had been a slave in one of the Havana hotels, and was thence bought, brought and married by the elder Levett. However that may be, Levett the younger was that rare creature, a "swell" artist. Like the late Augustus Egg, he used to ride to his studio on a magnificent horse, with a dashing groom behind him; or set the neighborhood in commotion by clattering up there four-in hand. In Paris and in Rome, Levett amazed the modest circles of art by his splendid displays and his lavish expenditure. It does not take much indeed, in the way of expense to dazzle the eyes of a Roman art-student; but Levett did certainly display a genuine Fifth Avenue prodigality of costly barbarism. Yet he and Lionel Black were as fast friends as ever. Black often laughed good humoredly at his comrade's magnificence, but, as he did not envy it, he made no pretense of despising it. All things went on well with them until an unlucky chance made them both fall in love with the same girl. This is a sort of fatality happening to a pair of friends so often in the drama and romance, that we are apt to forget that it occurs much more often still in real life.

The girl they fell in love with was a young American, who usually passed the winter with her father and mother in Rome. Julia Challoner was her name, and she was a girl who might fairly be called beautiful; but who was especially attractive because of the exquisite simplicity, sweetness and truthfulness of her nature, and the delicate refinement of her intellectual tastes. The two young artists were constant visitors at her father's house. "The wind and the beam loved the rose," in Lord Lytton's pretty, sentimental poem—"and the rose loved one." In this instance, the one whom the rose loved, was the moneyless artist, Lionel Black.

Ronald Levett was the first to speak. He proposed for the girl, and he had to back him all the influence her father and mother could give; but Julia frankly and firmly refused to marry him—and this was the first time in his life that Ronald Levett had been refused anything on which he had set his heart. He really loved the girl passionately; but in his disappointment there was mingled other bitterness than misprized love. Yet he put a good face upon the matter until it became only too evident that his old friend and comrade had only to ask for the love which was refused to him. Indeed, Julia's whole soul sometimes spoke out of her clear, candid eyes when she looked at Lionel Black; and Black must have been blind if he had not seen it. So he asked her one evening for her love—he had kept it back, poor fellow, thus far, only because he had no money, and she put her hand in his, and pledged herself to marry him. There was a good deal of opposition on the part of Julia's father and mother; not very unreasonable from their point of view; and at last they insisted on some delay. Lionel must win his way a little before they would consent that he should have their daughter. Lionel, who was actually beginning to make his way already, and was in every sense a manly fellow, was willing to wait and prove what was in him. Indeed, he would have accepted almost any conditions which promised him Julia in the end—and so they were to wait, and were not even to be bound, meanwhile, by anything which Julia's family would recognize as an engagement.

When Ronald Levett heard what had happened he gave way to a perfect tempest of passion. He attacked his old comrade with furious reproaches; and they might have had a fierce quarrel but that Lionel was too generous, and now too happy, not to make full allowance even for the most unreasonable expression of his friend's disappointed and frustrated love. In a few days Ronald returned to himself; became calm and reasonable; held out his hand to Lionel and begged for forgiveness which was cordially offered before he had time to ask explicitly for it. So the old comrades became comrades once more; and they presently set out together to make a tour through Sicily.

This tour was the occasion of an event which created at the time a wild and painful excitement. Both the young men were missing for several days from Palermo. At last Ronald dragged himself one day back to the hotel. He was haggard, wasted, exhausted, and with a gunshot wound in the left arm. His story was shocking. Black and he had wandered too far into the mountain region, and were attacked by brigands. The comrades had revolvers, and foolishly used them in a futile resistance. Levett received a wound in the arm—Black received several wounds. They were dragged away, faint and bleeding. The brigands proposed to send one of them back to Palermo to obtain ransom for both; but before any arrangement could be made, poor Lionel died. Levett was so much broken down by his wound, and by his horror and agony at the death of his friend, that he fell into a senseless state, and lay on the earth like a corpse. He assumed that the brigands looked on him as a dying man, and gave up any idea of recovering the ransom on which they had originally fixed. So they were content with plundering him of all the money he had—a considerable sum—and his watch and rings, and they left him, doubtless in the belief that they were leaving him to die. But he recovered his consciousness and found himself alone. What had become of the body of his helpless friend he did not know; but he assumed that the robbers must have flung it, to find a grave, down one of the precipices of the mountain. All that Ronald Levett knew was that he saw his friend die, that he himself became unconscious; that when he recovered he found himself plundered of everything valuable—and alone.

He dragged his wounded body and sad spirit back somehow, in weary marches, to Palermo, where his story created an appalling sensation. Troops were sent out to scour the country everywhere, in the hope of capturing the brigands, or even recovering the body of poor Lionel Black. The brigands were not captured; the body was not found. After a time the public mind lost its excitement—the sensation passed away—and the poor young American artist, who had perished so miserably, was forgotten.

Not forgotten by all. The friend who was by his side when he fell, the girl whom he loved—these did not forget him. Nothing could be more profound than the effect which the calamity seemed to have produced on Ronald Levett. His grief was made the more bitter by the fact, which he never failed to tell with self-reproach, that it was he who had suggested the fatal excursion to the mountains. His grief touched even the almost broken heart of Julia, and a common sorrow drew them much together.

For her, all the brightness and color and hope were gone out of her life.—She seldom talked much about her grief to her father, or even her mother; for she was painfully conscious that they had never favored her love, or looked on poor Lionel even with eyes of toleration. There was, in fact, no one now on earth in whose society she found any thing consoling or sympathetic, save Ronald Levett alone. His manner was always so tender and soothing, his tones and words so profound a sympathy, his grief for his best friend was so earnest, that Julia's heart opened and softened to him. She seldom spoke of Lionel to any one but Ronald; but they two talked long and often of the youth who was gone. So it came that, after they returned to New York, and Julia was in her father's house on Staten Island, Ronald at last ventured to revive the memory of his own love-suit; and gently, delicately pressing it again and again, succeeded in drawing from Julia a promise that she would yet become his wife.

It was in the stress of her doubts and agonies, after the promise had been given, that Julia, lying awake in her room, saw one night, or thought she saw, the sight that has been described.

She did not breathe a word of what she had seen to any one. But when riding with her now accepted lover next day, she suddenly said:

"Ronald, I have promised you that I will marry you. But that is because we believe poor Lionel to be dead."

"Believe it, dearest! Do we not know it?"

"Is it possible, quite possible, that he should be alive?"

"Julia, how can you ask such a question of me? Do you think I would have left him if there was any chance of saving him? I saw poor Lionel die."

The tears rushed into Julia's eyes, and she said no more.

That night she dreamed of Lionel—dreamed that she saw him alive in the midst of a group of bandits. The dream was so vivid, and her excitement became so great that she screamed, and awoke at the same scene, the same forms appeared—faint, indeed, and shadowy, but still distinct between her and the window. Yes, there it was; that was Lionel's form. He was alone among a brigand group. She saw all this distinctly for a moment, and then it was gone.

This kind of visitation, or dream, or whatever it might have been, seemed to have taken possession of the girl's senses and being with the return of every night.

One morning she flung herself upon her knees before her father, and implored him, in a wild outburst of tears, to take her to Sicily, that they might try and find Lionel—to take her there at once, if he would save her life or her reason.

"Father, he is not dead! he is alive! I know it! I have seen him! If we do not seek him out, I shall die—or go mad!"

Mr. Challoner had nothing of the stern parent of the drama about him. He would have gone round the world a dozen times to relieve his daughter's sorrow. And although he had no faith whatever in her supernatural admonitions, he had sense enough to see that for her sake, at least, they must be obeyed as promptly and strictly as if their genuineness were certain. Mrs. Challoner was a little vexed; but, perhaps, in her heart, was more inclined to attach importance to her daughter's nightly visitations than her husband. At all events they would sail for Europe at once; and nothing that money, perseverance and patience could do should be left undone to arrive at some certain knowledge of Lionel Black's fate.

But was it not certain? Had not his dearest friend seen him die?—That was the thought which racked poor Julia's breast as she lay awake on her bed the night of the day when she had induced her father to promise that he would take her to Sicily.—How could Lionel be alive? Ronald Levett had seen him die. Were her spiritual warnings only delusive dreams?

Even as she tortured herself with this question, and unaccountable inclination to sleep seemed to come over her. She sank away into a dreamy, almost unconscious state, and in a moment the now familiar group was before her again. But this time Lionel seemed to be earnestly arguing with his captors; and she thought she heard his voice, faint, distant, but distinct. What words did she seem to hear in her dreaming ears?

"I tell you it is true" (the words were in Indian); "he *will* return.—Something has interposed to keep him back; but he will come with the ransom. He is my dearest friend. Do you think he would desert me? Kill me, if you will, I cannot help myself, and I am not afraid to die. But you will only lose the ransom. For Ronald Levett will come back for me, unless he, too, is dead; and unless he died before he reach Palermo, some one sent by him will come for me."

She started up; and lo! there still was the scene before her, and the words distinctly sounded once more in her ears. And she gave a wild, agonized scream, which rang through the house, and before many seconds had passed her alarmed parents were beside her. But she did not tell them what new conviction had filled her soul. That she kept to herself, with an inflexible purpose which she was soon to fulfill.

Next morning came Ronald, and she saw him alone. He began by a gentle, tender remonstrance against the useless enterprise of the journey to Sicily. She listened to him calmly, and said:

"Ronald Levett, do you know why I am resolved to go to Sicily?"

"No, dearest; I cannot understand it. Of course I sympathize with your feelings—"

"Hush! Not a word more of that from your lips! I am going to Sicily to seek for the friend whom you deliberately abandoned to the brigands, falsely declaring that you saw him die—you, who had only been set at liberty in order that you might return with the ransom for both!"

"He has come back!" exclaimed Levett, wildly, and he sprang to his feet, a ghastly pallor on his face. "He is alive, and has come back, after all—and told you this?"

Then the wretched man fell on his knees before the girl, and made a full confession. He and Lionel had been captured by the brigands, they had used their revolvers; he had been wounded, and he alone; the brigands had released him, that he might raise the ransom for which they stipulated, and had selected him as the envoy, because of his wound, which would have made him at once the more troublesome and less valuable hostage.—When he found himself free, the fearful temptation came on him—the temptation to rid himself forever of a rival by leaving Lionel in the hands of men who would surely kill him the moment they found that the ransom was hopeless. He yielded to the temptation; and since that hour he declared that life had been to him a perpetual agony, a constant present hell. Groveling in the abasement of utter remorse, he begged to be allowed to devote himself, his fortune, his life, to the rescue of Lionel, should Lionel be still alive—provided only that Julia would consent not to expose his guilt, and would entreat of Lionel to forgive him.

His assurance was accepted so far that Julia received from him, and carefully noted down, every particular which could be of service in seeking Lionel. It was, for instance, of the uttermost importance to know what were the channels of underground communication by means of which negotiations were to be opened with the brigands, and the ransom conveyed. Every one knows that, in all the large towns of Sicily and Naples there are such channels of communication with brigandage. The whole business is very systematic in its arrangements, and its secrets are kept with a marvelous fidelity.

Strange as it may seem, Lionel Black was still alive, after a whole year of wandering and captivity with his brigand jailors, More than once they had nearly lost patience, and many of the band were for killing him; but, of course, while there was the faintest chance of their obtaining the ransom, his life was worth preserving; and his manly, fearless, truthful nature had won much of their confidence. So they kept him alive for a whole year, and at last they got their ransom; and there entered Palermo one day, a ragged, thin, bearded, sun-browned man, who was soon known to be the American artist so long believed to be dead. And it may be doubted whether the whole long history of love contains the story of a meeting more wild, more rapturous, than that between Julia Challoner and the lover who seemed to have come back to her from the dead.

Ronald Levett's hideous secret was concealed as well as might be. The world understood that he had been deceived when he supposed that his friend had received a death wound in the encounter with the brigands. The rest of his story, as he originally told it, was allowed to remain unchallenged.

But Lionel and Julia, now married, will not live in New York while *he* lives there. They are in Rome; and Lionel is likely to make a name in art. Julia has no more supernatural visitations; but the skeptic would find it hard indeed to convince her or her husband that her visions were but the offspring of a mind unhinged by a passionate grief, and by a secret, half-conscious, irrepressible, ever-present suspicion of Ronald Levett's truth.—She believes that Heaven sent her a special and supernatural intimation of her lover's existence, and of the purpose to betray him; and I do not know why any one should wish to reason her out of her belief.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A FEARFUL PICTURE.

There is one disease called the black death, the black plague, or the great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year 1348 entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Six others had made themselves famous during the preceeding eight and forty years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweeden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking filthy streets as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense, and morals were debased; little control was set upon the passions. To such men the pestilence came, which was said to have slain 13,000,000 of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. Those were exagerated statements, but they were credited, and terrified the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews floated about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded. In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many committed suicide in frenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasure to the churches and the monasteries, where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over the walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about and lived as the dead. Houses quited by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants, many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in Avignon, was forced, because all the church yards were full, to consecrate as a burial place the river Rhone, and insure to the faithful an interment if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carried out of town for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living every one knows; it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands, and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death, which began towards the close of the year 1348 to ravage England, and of which Anthony Wood says, extravagantly, that at the close of it scarcely a tenth part of the people of that country remained living.

A few months ago an ardent swain in Ohio, having made matters right with the object of his affections, applied, as in duty bound, to the Probate Judge of Lake county for the necessary document. The marriage license was duly issued, the wedding came off, and the course of true love was flowing smoothly in defiance of the proverb. But, a few days since, a startling and original missive reached the Probate Judge from the happy husband. It ran to this effect: "DEAR SIR: I got married about two months ago on the license you gave me. My wife and I get along first-rate, and are very well suited with each other.—But my father and mother have concluded that I had better not be married, and her father and mother think she had better not, too. Now, what I would like is for you to tell me how I can get free. There is no trouble between my wife and me; but the old folks think that on the whole we had better stay single. Please inform me if there is any way we can get shut of the arrangement. I am going out West, and my wife is going to stay at her father's. I shall be much obliged if you can give me the advice I want. Yours respectfully, ——."

FOR true kindness, commend us to your far Western towns. Thus, in Santa Fe the other day, a teamster had a fit of the "blues," and appealed to a companion to shoot him. He didn't suffer more than a minute more, and the coroner's jury not only agreed that it was the teamster's misfortune, but didn't say anything when the shooter rode away with the dead man's mule.

SOME clever fellow has manufactured handkerchiefs upon which a map of the seat of war in Europe is stamped. They have proved an immense success, everybody wishing to poke their nose into the scene of conflict without personal danger.

IN the United States just now there twenty-seven young women studying theology, with a view to becoming preachers; nineteen are studying law, and 67 are studying medicine.

A COWARD OF CONSCIENCE.

Cowardice, like jealousy (if, indeed, the latter is not a phase of the former), is ever alert to pervert the smallest ordinary circumstance to its own intensification; and the fact finds striking illustration in the affair reported by the New Haven *Register*. A conductor on one of the night trains passing through Boston was collecting tickets one evening last week, when he came to a genteelly dressed passenger, who, apologizing for not having procured the usual card before taking his seat, handed up what looked like a $100 greenback bill in payment of his fare. Rather impatient at having such a large note to change, the conductor gruffly remarked, "