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OPRENTISS, M. D., -Monroeville, Huron county, O.

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CHARLES BOOTH, -Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office at the corner of Main and Second streets.

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ERIK HOUSE, -Ashtabula, Ohio. -K. I. Hanson, Proprietor.

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PERIN & SMITH, General Grocers and Dealers in Groceries, Groceries, and other household articles.

S. R. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Colburn, Ohio.

Dr. T. McCUNE, Dentist, Office and Residence on Main street, Ashtabula, O.

O. A. AMSDEN, Jeweler, Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Jewelry, and other household articles.

A. W. STEELE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware, &c. Mechanic Row, Ashtabula.

BRIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishings, Groceries, &c. Ashtabula, Ohio.

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H. PASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, & Renting of Real Estate, in any part of the State of Ohio, and in any part of the United States.

C. G. DIBBLE, General Collector, and Loan and Real Estate Agent, East Ashtabula, Ohio.

ALEXANDER GARRETT, Land Agent No. 60 Water street, Cleveland, O. Land for sale in Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, and Minnesota, &c. \$1.50 per acre, and 250 acres.

GEORGE O. HUBBARD, Manufacturer of the Best First and Second Quality, and Dealer in Eastern Clothing, Fur, and other household articles.

R. TOWER & SON, Machinists, -builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, Saw and other Mill Work, and all kinds of Machinery, and in a workshop-like manner, South Side of Ashtabula.

C. C. GILLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Gypsum, &c. and Dealer in Building and other household articles.

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dealer, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Building Lumber, Pine, Spruce, &c. and in a workshop-like manner, South Side of Ashtabula.

J. B. CROSBY, -Iron Founder, and manufacturer of and Dealer in Castings, Iron, Steel, and other household articles.

W. W. SMITH, -Manufacturer of Sole, Up and Down Harness, and Dealer in French Calf and other household articles.

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LINUS SAYAGH, Furrier, Dealer and Manufacturer of various kinds of Furs, and other household articles.

Books and Stationery. D. PHILLIPS, Book and Shoe Store, 114 N. Main street, Ashtabula, O.

SPENCERIAN WRITING. A new sheet of paper, with a special method of writing, for use in schools and offices.

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W. H. ALLEN, -Book Binder, Books and Manuscripts bound in any style, blank books made and ruled to order.

H. A. MARSH, -Successor to E. Howell, Dealer in Groceries, Groceries, and other household articles.

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A. L. THURSTON, -Cartman, has taken the Establishment of David Clark, and will give his attention to Draying in and from the Depot, and to the hauling of heavy loads.

EMORY LUCK, -Dealer in Sweet Potatoes, and other household articles.

STANTON & BROTHER, -Livery and Sale Stable, in connection with the First House, Ashtabula, Ohio.

J. LIME, -We shall sell Lime at the Harborside, for the year of 1858, at 25 cents per bushel, and at the Depot on 1st.

HALL & SEYMOUR, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, 114 N. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

GRISWOLD & SHOES, Produce Commission Merchants, 114 N. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

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For the Young Traveller. Letter from Lake Superior. Session, Sept. 4, 1858.

Mr. Burton - Is the weather below really so warm as all our letters represent it to be? We, at the head of Lake Superior, find it hard to believe.

The summer here has thus far been the coolest known by the "oldest inhabitant," and the Capt. of the North Star says he has made but one trip, when it was not necessary to have fires in the saloon.

The ladies resident here, have scarcely had a chance to air their summer gowns, and since my arrival there has not been a day which I called hot, for the last three weeks of June in Ohio arose before me and forbade it.

Living as we do in the enjoyment of being just comfortable, you can form some idea of the pleasure we find in the excursions, which once or twice a week are made upon the little steamer Seneca, to the different points of interest in the vicinity.

This steamer has a saloon carpeted and furnished; warm meals are provided on board, and usually a band of musicians accompanies the party.

Sometimes these trips are for business as well as pleasure; and last week a stock of Indian goods, to the value of twenty thousand dollars, was taken to Grand Portage by one of our largest Fur traders.

This gentleman recently exported furs to the value of twenty thousand dollars. The most valuable skins obtained are those of the silver grey fox, which frequently bring from \$60 to \$70 each.

The scenery of the North Shore of the Lake is at some points very beautiful. A short time ago, I accompanied a party as far as Encampment, 80 miles from Superior. The land in most places ascends gradually from the water's edge, to the hills, a distance of five or six miles, from whence for a long distance back it is an elevated table land, very productive, with many little lakes well stocked with fish, and wild game abundant.

Bears, elk, deer, and caribou are numerous. Occasionally a beaver settlement is found; but these sagacious animals are rapidly retreating before "the march of civilization." Many small rivers course down the hillsides, forming beautiful cascades, and the silver trout here taken in great numbers, and of a large size.

The surface indications of copper and silver are very promising, and each pre-emptor of these lands has a store of "specimens" rich enough to excite the fancy of any speculator. The mineral resources of this shore are as yet undeveloped, but nobody doubts its hidden wealth.

The vegetables grown here in the little clearings around each pre-emptor's cabin, would bear comparison with any of our southern climes. Occasionally at the side of the water you see a "clearing," where some town site has gained two or three "local habitations and a name," but most of the country is covered with a dense growth of silver birch, spruce, norway pine, and groves of sugar maple.

I began telling you about our trip to Encampment. The first stopping place after leaving Superior and gaining the waters of the Lake, was at Portland. Here are a substantial wharf, a warehouse, and several private dwellings. I ought to enlarge upon the advantages of the investment of surplus capital in this newly incorporated city - inasmuch as my legs - I am one of the proprietors - but modest forbids. So merely saying that we here gained an accession to our numbers, we will pass on to the next city which boasts a wharf. This is Buchanan, 20 miles down the shore. Here are two log hotels, the U. S. Land office, and a few other buildings, and any number of prostrate tree-trunks and charred stumps. A little below the dock is a lovely little island, covered with flowers and red-raspberries, and lying opposite the mouth of Knife River, which is a famous resort for the followers of Izack Walton. Here we left many of our passengers, although below Buchanan, the scenery grows more beautiful continually. The bluffs are over six hundred feet in height, and rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge. The upper stratum is of trap rock, and looks as though it had been fused, and flowing onward had cooled where it lies. This is crowned with vegetation, but beneath is a half-baked clay, which is not sufficiently hard to resist the action of the waves, and here are worn deep caverns which sometimes contain ice until after mid-summer.

At Agate Bay, passengers are landed in small boats to gather agates and conchoids, which are found in great numbers. These are sold at Superior upon the arrival of steam-boats. They are usually placed in bottles, covered with alcohol and sealed.

These bottles are sold for prices varying from two to ten dollars, and sometimes a single agate is sold for so large a sum. Of course this value is fictitious, but every tourist wants an agate, just as much as "every house" at home must have at least "one peacock's feather."

Leaving Agate Bay we were soon at Encampment. This is a town on paper, but the plan is not carried out, as yet. An island of some extent lies before the harbor, forming a natural break-water, and a log house, and some being made are all the signs of human life, except for out on the waters was a boat containing the

inhabitants. Packing barrels lay along the beach, and the sand sent up an odor of fish-oil, which was anything but perfume.

Here we left my husband with boat, and crew, a tent, and provisions, and a goodly array of pick axes, and crowbars, for a two weeks' exploration of the country. How I did want to remain with the party!

But they frightened me with stories of sand flies, and mosquitoes, and mid-night thunder storms. On their return, they told of adventures, and of scenery which would have amply repaid for all discomforts.

For instance at Temperance River, which is a large stream, the water leaps into a chasm over fifty feet in depth, and striking on the rocks in its descent, is formed into a whirl pool at the bottom. Bilets of wood thrown into it, were on their return, three days afterward, still whirling there. As the top of this waterfall, the rocks projected over the abyss, and so nearly met, that a man could step across.

Then they amused us by a long account of their attempts to catch a precocious young duck. They were coasting, as sailing along the shore is termed, and came upon the mother duck, and several young ones. One of these ducklings they vainly pursued for over two hours, for it would fly, and double upon its track, and evade them in every way. A lady who listened to the story, said that in one of her coasting journeys, they saw a duck with a numerous family of little ones, and immediately started in pursuit. As they neared them, the mother swam in among them giving a peculiar call, and every duckling seized her feathers with its bill, and away she fluttered, using her wings, but remaining on the water, and herself and family were soon beyond the reach of harm.

On a later excursion, we left the boat to stroll along the shore, and emerging from a little thicket, came unawares upon an Indian burial ground. The graves were all covered with birch bark, and at the head of one of them, the scalp of a Sioux was fastened to a pole. It was decorated with strips of fur and red flannel, and feathers were attached to the strips. Probably the Chippewa warrior who slumbered here, had killed the foe whose matted hair adorned his tomb. Only a few nights ago, the Indians on the peninsula opposite, "made night" hideous by their drumming at a scalp-dance. A Sioux had been killed near the Mississippi River, and his scalp had been forwarded, and welcomed thus by every band upon the way.

We have a number of distinguished strangers in town at present, and several of the editorial fraternity have recently visited us. These are the men who come among us "takin' notes, and faith, they prent'en' too; so we are just now, on the qui vive to see their papers. Sometimes we are made to feel quite proud of our little city, and then sometimes we "are very wroth." One thing is sure, we form our estimate of the editor by the account he gives! If he lacks appreciation of the town, we lack the same of him, and so, should you come to Superior, ahem! you will know how to gain our "good graces!"

Adieu, M. C. V.

From the London Family Herald. The Secret of Success.

The shadows of life surround us on all sides, and the sweet sunshine of our existence only serves to render them more distinct. Indeed, life may be compared to a long avenue of trees, in the centre of which is a broad strip of glorious light, and on each side gloomy masses of darkness, that seem struggling to meet and devour that delicious tract of brilliancy.

So it is with man; on each side of him are shadows; but he may avoid them if he chooses, or make as much of them as the weary traveler does, when he shelters himself in their recess from the too scorching rays of the sun. Darkness has its uses as well as the light; it is the earth's couch, and as necessary to its healthy existence as light, for universal nature is made of friendly extremes.

Not so however, reasoned a young man, as he stood by the side of a sundial erected in one of those old churchyards so common in the rural districts of England, and which we all love for the quaintness of their sacred edifices and antique aspect.

He was evidently about twenty-two, and dressed in mourning, for he had just lost his only relation, and had to carve his way in the world alone and unaided. He was contemplating the sundial, and as he saw the shadow move, his reflections were rather of a sombre character.

"We are but shadows after all," he muttered half aloud. "We creep on like this shadow, and then vanish in the deeper darkness of night. Not so this shadow; round and round it goes for ages, marking the brief time which man has carved out of the infinite. But, ah me! I fear my lot will be a brief shadow, a stalling gloom, travelling through a few years, and then be swallowed up in the hideous night of the grave."

"Say not so, Frank!" exclaimed a gentle voice, as a hand light as the touch of a feather was laid on his shoulder. He started, and a gleam of joy shot over his features as he recognized the speaker.

"Say not so, Frank," repeated the maiden, for such she was, "this shadow teaches us our duty, and far from reminding us of our doom, it tells us how slowly but surely time travels, and that while we are here we should not be despondent. See! there is a shadow behind and sunshine before; so look upon the shadow as a monitor, a friend, and take a lesson from its unvarying industry."

"You have grown quite a philosopher," the young man said, sadly, as he fondly embraced the delicate being that was without any cynicism placed within his; "but you are

ways were placid and hopeful. I still try to find out Lucy. It is hard to part with those who love. Years may elapse before we meet again, and then - then -"

"Never, Frank Webster," replied the maiden earnestly. "Lucy Dixon's heart was not given away lightly, or to one unworthy of her love - she will refuse her hand when the proper occasion arrives, unless upon such provocation as a Christian girl could not overlook. Have the same faith in me, Frank, that I have in you. I trust you."

"Dear, dear Lucy," returned the young man earnestly. "May heaven shower every blessing on your head! I do trust you - I will."

Leaving them to their sweet though mournful conference - for they were about to part for an indefinite period - and what is sadder to young hearts than the parting of lovers - she will say something about their previous history.

Both were orphans, and each had been brought up by a relation. Lucy Dixon by an aunt, Frank Webster by an uncle. Lucy had received what is called a good education for a country girl in humble life, and fortunately for her it happened to have been a practical one. She could write English with propriety, knew a little of arithmetic, but she knew a good deal more about house-keeping. She was what is called a famous manager, and performed her work with such tact and delicacy that few noticed she was working until she had worked, and herd her.

She was a bee, without its buzzing or sting. Her industry, she found herself the possessor of a few pounds and a little furniture. Alone and unprotected, what was she to do?

Frank Webster had been educated in a different manner altogether, as it was only natural he should have been. His uncle, being childless, doted upon him, and being a thriving, although a small farmer, placed him in a neighboring grammar school, where he received a classical education, and the good old man even denied himself some indulgences to allow him three years' study at one of the universities. So that when Frank Webster had passed his twenty-first year he was a good scholar, knew Greek and Latin, was well up in mathematics, and had even taken to Grant and the German school of philosophy. His uncle was proud of him; but the farmer happened to die suddenly, a host of next-of-kin possessed on his property, and Frank turned his back on the home of his childhood with just one hundred pounds sterling in his pocket. What was he to do? He knew no business or profession. Having no friends, the Church was closed against him; and to the law, his pecuniary means forbade him to look to that as a resource.

What was he to do? After a short deliberation, to London he resolved to go, and try his fortune, as hundreds and thousands had done before him. And Lucy, his dearly betrothed, what was she to do with her scarce purse? We shall see.

To town Frank Webster came, with no settled aims no defined purpose. He tried to chance and his own abilities. Poor fellow, he was swayed up in his own shadow, the very moment he entered the metropolis. Being duly located at a coffee house, his first step was to make a tour of this wonder of the world, London; the second to visit some old college friends, who having selected professions, were laboriously pursuing them; his last to see what he could do for his own part, and felt confident that he could fill any position either in law, divinity, politics or literature. He had reconnoitred the papers - every young man similarly situated does the same - and day after day did he carefully peruse those advertising columns which are so eloquent an index to the splendor, business, wants, and miseries of the metropolis of the world.

At the end of a month he found nothing that would have suited him. He then advertised his own wants, with, at the end of a month, no better result. He began to be alarmed, and took to authorship, that tempting refuge for the friendless and embarrassed, who fancy they have talents. It is one of the leading peculiarities of a large class of the young men of the present day, that if they have received a tolerable education, they rush to the conclusion that they are geniuses. Some aspire to the stage - others to the press - others to the high art of writing books, and astonishing the world with new ideas. A few succeed, but they are very few, and their success is purchased by severe privations and the most humiliating mortifications. The rest, after a faint struggle, fall back on less ambitious pretensions, and seek a livelihood in more humble and profitable capacities.

Frank Webster, who really had ability, belonged to this aspiring class; but he had no genius. He possessed the machinery of thought, but not the tact, solid judgment and keenness of perception necessary to give it adequate motive power. He therefore wasted his time and abilities by not knowing, or earnestly striving to know what to do with them, to say nothing of any power to keep on doing when he had made the grand discovery. His continual querulous complaint was, "I am only a shadow, uselessly traveling round the dial of misfortune." However, he did write a book, full of Greek and Latin, and in his own opinion, a very learned composition. By the advice of an acquaintance he forwarded it to an eminent publisher, and in due course waited upon that worthy gentleman.

"Sir," said the latter, "your book is a very good book in its way, but it won't take. The public don't want such books. They would rather know something about California, or Australia, or Borneo, or even Kamachela, than ancient Rome, or Greece, or Greece."

"Three weary months wasted," Frank sighed, as he threw his manuscript into the fire.

But youth is ever hopeful, especially when it has a few pounds in its pocket. So Frank continued to write cheerful letters to Lucy, and in return received the most affectionate ones; but to his repeated inquiry "whether he had settled down," he always returned an evasive answer.

His second literary effort was a novel, which not the title alone, but the learned position. Thus he looked himself to be a second Frank, mastering his own fate, and possibly to secure a few pounds, which

inspired him with hope for a time; but at the end of a couple of years he was almost penniless. In despair he accepted an offer to be amanuensis to a blind author, but the latter suddenly dying, in a short time, he was thrown on the world homeless, tattered and destitute. He was soon more by any of his metropolitan acquaintances.

So much for the man who came to London without a profession of an aim, and not possessed of any experience or natural gift for his selected calling; for authorship not only requires a preparatory special training, but a large share of that commodity, which if not precisely talent, is a blending of ability with unshaken confidence. But Frank was only one among thousands who enter the metropolis with bright hopes and high aspirations, with the certainty of having them crowned and brightened. Success in any department of life requires capacity for it, and a pliant adaptability to circumstances as they rise. Genius will force its way any where; but mediocrity must be trained to follow some peculiar calling, and that alone. Like the shadow of the sundial, it must go its allotted round.

And what of Lucy all this while? The poor lonely girl had no very ambitious visions of the future. She was a practical little body; and instead of saying what she was to do, or what she should like to do, she asked herself, "What can I do?" We commend this wisdom to all young persons. It is one of the secrets of success in life.

"What can I do?" she thought, "I can teach children and I can sew - well, what better can I do than this? I can do it, and I will!"

So, smoothing her rich Auburn hair, and arranging herself in her modest attire, she waited upon the rector's wife, and to her lady was promised every assistance. The good lady went round among the villagers, and in less than a month Lucy had twenty clubby-faced little children for scholars, and a promise of more. She also took to plain needlework, and having diligently studied the higher branches of the art, soon began to have orders from ladies in the neighborhood, who admired her for her industry and propriety of conduct. In the course of a year her business increased, and at the end of two years more was so flourishing that she was obliged to have assistants, and transfer her school to a young woman, who, like herself, had been left to make her own way in the world.

"How rich I am getting!" she innocently exclaimed one summer evening. What a nice surprise for Frank! I wonder he don't write. I hope he is not ill; but he would have been sure to let me know if he was. Perhaps he is so busy that he has not time to write to me. I will send him a long, sweet letter, and post it myself."

Little did she know that at that moment Frank was approaching the village, weary, worn, haggard, hungry and almost shoeless.

In the morning, as usual with her, Lucy looked out of the window for the postman, and as the window commanded a view of the churchyard, she observed a newly-died person leaning on the sundial, apparently deeply absorbed. Surprised at such an occurrence, for the villagers were by no means addicted to such contemplation, she regarded him with great attention.

"Some poor highway pilgrim," she thought; "if he comes this way I will give him half a crown for Frank's sake, for it was there he parted. But I had better send it. And forthwith calling her maid or servant, she dispatched her with the coin.

Frank Webster - for, as the reader may have guessed, it was he - was leaning on the pillar in a sad reverie.

"My words were prophetic," he said to himself; "my destiny is but a destiny; it began and is ended; and there is an end to it. Shadows begin at nothing and end at nothing. Three times three hundred and sixty-five runs his dial, recorded, and yet there is the shadow still - silent, sombre - slowly moving as ever. So with myself, I have gone the round of the years, and have come back only to gaze on the symbol of my own fate. Roll on, shadowy time, and take me to thee as nothing. Thy dumb authority ends, where it began, and begins where it ended."

While he was thus morbidly meditating, a girl addressed him, saying, "Please, sir, missus sent you this," and she presented half-a-crown.

"Aims!" he cried, as the red blood mantled his forehead, "take it away!"

His look fringed the air; so, throwing down the coin, she scampered away.

"And has it come to this?" he groaned, "and on this spot, too, sacred to the memory of my happiest days! Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy, may you never know the misery that has fallen on me!"

He was about to hasten away when the girl returned, saying his mistress did not mean to affront the gentleman.

"Who is your mistress?" he asked.