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Independent in all things.

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DRUGGISTS.

JAMES REED & SON, Druggists and Apothecaries, 101 N. Main St., Ashtabula, Ohio.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, and Medicines.

Prescriptions filled with accuracy and promptness.

Business Cards not overvalued—per year, \$3.00.

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SELECT POETRY.

For the Golden Republic.

BY A. V. STODOLSKY.

By and by, though tears drop glistening,

And the soul in sorrow groans,

To the soft, enchanting tone,

Though the storm-clouds wildly gather,

Shutting sunlight from the eaves,

Hope in life's despondent wailers,

Softly whispers life and by.

By and by, though life be wasted,

Earth's joys and sorrows dim,

Right will conquer by and by.

Though a storm of fury rages,

On the dark, sur-battered shore,

By and by, though life be wasted,

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MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY A. V. STODOLSKY.

"Don't be afraid," he continued, with

a sad smile, "it is not on me now. I

should not have come if it had been. I

have been nearly starved once or twice,

not daring to leave my room. I can

conquer my madness now; the question

is, how long I can continue to do so. I

feel that it is growing upon me. I feel

my power of resistance becoming weaker

and weaker—the craving for blood

getting stronger and stronger. I am

like a man who has slipped over a precipice,

and feels the earth and air about him,

surely, giving way with him. I have

brought wretched curses out of the street.

I must have human life."

"Any human life?" I inquired, "or

some one in particular?"

"Why do you ask me this, Doctor?"

he cried, getting suddenly excited.

"Nonsense!" he said.

"Sometimes," he resumed, "it seems

that any life would do; and sometimes—

Doctor, four days before I saw you I met,

upon a New Jersey ferry-boat, a young

girl. So pretty, so refined, and meet I

followed her to her home—the devil,

that had taken possession of me led me.

She went in, and soon came out again

into her little garden, and tended her

flowers—poor child! Doctor, if I had

had a pistol with me I should have shot

her. You may smile; but some day soon

I shall take a pistol for purpose, and shoot

her."

"It was clearly no use arguing with

him. The best way with such people is

to admit their facts and try to work

round them."

"Then," said I, "the only thing that

you can do is to submit to the restriction

of an asylum, till this feeling is passed."

"It will not pass. If I were to go to

a madhouse I should soon sane. Soon-

er or later their vigilance over me would

be relaxed. Then I should murder my

keeper, and go straight for that innocent

girl."

"Then leave the country."

"Well, that would save her, but

Doctor, one life is as dear to its holder as

another. If I don't kill her, I shall kill

some one else."

"My dear fellow," I replied, in as

light a tone as I could assume, "these

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"The Major is a capital fellow, Doctor."

I said, as we sauntered out to smoke our

cigars in the garden after an early din-

ner; "but he ought to be more merciful

to his wretched henchmen. What with

his charming wife and that exemplary

baby, he makes it difficult to respect the

tenth commandment."

"You admire Mrs. Layton?"

"Admire her? If she were not Char-

lie's wife, I should call her over every

in love with her. I have seen fairer faces,

but for dear, pretty, delicate womanly

ways I never met her equal."

"You couldn't understand a man's

thirsting for her blood?"

"Good gracious! A wretch who could

touch one of her golden hairs roughly

deserves to be crucified."

"And yet for many days she was in

the death peril of her life."

"For her fortune?"

"She had none."

"Don't tell me, Doctor, that an in-

nocent creature like that could give any

one cause for revenge."

"No, I wouldn't tell you anything of the

sort."

"I think I see. Some one was madly

in love with her?"

"If you were to guess till this day out

you would not find the cause," said my

friend. "Let us sit down here, and I

will explain. It's no secret; I wonder

the Major has not told you."

"Down here?" was on a rustic seat at

the end of his garden, close to where a little

willow tree stood in the blue shadow,

stinked its way through the grass.

"During the war," began the Doctor,

"I served in the army, in the same reg-

iment with an old schoolmate. He was

as fine a soldier as ever drew sword.

Hale, hearty, and sound in mind and

body; paper to see service; and he saw

plenty. A thought that he bore a char-

acter, and no probing could find out. We

knelt, and he recovered, went north to regain his

strength, and for nearly three years I

lost sight of him. When the war was

over, and I had begun to practice as a

civilian in New York, I met him again.

But how changed! He was a living

skeleton, and I saw in a moment that he

had become habituated to opium. Do

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY A. V. STODOLSKY.

"The Red Cent." As the old "red

cent" has now passed out of use, and ex-

cept rarely out of sight, like the "old

cent bucket," its history is a matter of

sufficient interest for preservation. The

cent was first proposed by Robert Mor-

ris, the great financier of the Revolution,

and was named by Jefferson two years

after. It began to make its appearance

from the Mint in 1792. It bore the head

of Washington on one side and thirteen

stars on the other. The French revolu-

tion soon created a rage for French

ideas in America, which put on the

head of the Goddess of Liberty—a

French liberty with flowing locks. The

chain on the reverse was replaced by the

olive wreath of peace. But the French

liberty was short-lived in 1803 was her