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- 127 BUILDING LOT ON BALDWIN Dealer in Water Lime, Sand, Cement, Brick, Slate and Lumber.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE—Nov. 2, 1883. Table with columns for Stations, Times, and Directions.

ASHTABULA, YOUNGSTOWN & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

Abstract of Time Table Adopted Nov. 2d, 1873.

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LUKE.

In the Colorado Park, 1873.

What's that you're reading? A novel—well, damn you!

That's my opinion of novels. And as to theirly'n' read 'em!

Yes, she was sweet on the Judge's daughter—the Judge who came up last year.

And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what she's better with her.

And she was sweet on the Judge, and stuck by him day and night.

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FRANK'S CORRESPONDENT TO THE CLEVELAND PRESS.

JAPAN.

YOKOHAMA, Oct. 21, 1873.

A whole month in Japan! It seems like a visit to the moon or some far-off place.

Everywhere, I see the same old faces, the same old customs, the same old ways.

And yet I have seen but little of Japan since our arrival. I have been so busy that as yet I have no opportunity to visit the country or see the sights.

Since my arrival I have been at the "Grand Hotel." I wish you could see this hotel at which I am stopping. It may, perhaps, seem to you that your correspondent is in a Heathen country.

Perhaps your dreams are disturbed by visions of the plights to which he has been reduced by lack of the conveniences of civilization.

You see him, no doubt, seated on the matted floor, eating his curry and rice, or chow-chow, with a couple of long sticks.

It may be even, that "long tailed rats," and juvenile cats and dogs mingle themselves with your ideas of his diet.

You wonder what he will do for the little comforts and luxuries of home. But don't let your conscience or imagination worry you into a fever.

The Grand Hotel is not exactly the grandest hotel in the universe, but it is nevertheless a good one.

A picture of my surroundings will give you some idea of how it is in Japan. First of all, the room is lit by gas.

At all like the dim candle light of ignorance in which Americans imagine Japan is still groping.

A good coal fire is the next object that speaks of modern comfort. Add to this a pretty Brussels carpet, tasteful furniture and a high-topped, electric lighting communicating brass-bound bed knob, and you will begin to get a faint glimmering of the fact that I am still in the nineteenth century.

If you don't believe me, come and see. I don't care to be called a Munchausen or to be compared to Marco Polo.

Five years ago Yokohama was a small fishing village; now its foreign population numbers two thousand five hundred, while from eighty to one hundred thousand Japanese crowd its streets and the rice fields immediately about it.

Foreign trade and foreign influences have made it what it is, and you cannot, therefore, gain from it a fair or comprehensive idea of Japanese life or character.

Still, it is unique in itself and presents to the observer many strange and new phases. Its people are more particular in their attire when they appear upon the streets and in public places than the people of Yeddo and the interior, and yet it is not infrequently that one comes across a Japanese gentleman in Yokohama who has in an abrupt mood, come out from the streets for a morning airing, sans hat, sans coat, sans everything else that is usually considered necessary to an American toilet, except that nondescript garment—similar to a wamus. But one soon gets accustomed to these little eccentricities.

I have not been long enough in Japan to express an intelligent opinion concerning its people or customs. I find that many of the ideas I once entertained were false and crude.

There is an interest attached to it that does not grow less on nearer acquaintance. In some few particulars the people have been overrated, but in others they equal and even excel my expectations.

There is one trait of character in all the highest as well as the lowest classes of its citizens that strikes me with peculiar force, and cannot be impressed every stranger most favorably. I refer to the politeness of the people. Go where you will, and do as you may, you will always be treated with politeness.

The Coolie that receives your hard words and harder blows, even will greet you with a kindly smile and a polite salutation. It is a wonderful sight to see two Japanese bow and greet each other. The bowing and scraping, the humming and awing, are truly wonderful. With a Japanese desires particularly to do you honor, and wishes to show his special and all-pervading interest in your temporal or spiritual welfare, he has a way of making a kind of supping noise, as though he were tasting hot soup, that is as laughable as it is odd to outsiders.

Two Japanese meeting and making this funny sound, remind one very much of two old-fashioned steam engines, in a very bad and wheezy condition. But it is not in outward show alone that the Japanese shows his politeness, for it proceeds with the same good nature, and he is as ready to act as he is to speak. I suspect, however, that he can, like some of his European cousins, be like the devil when the mood comes over him, but at the same time I am just as firmly convinced that he will lie for a good, natural desire to please, rather than from a malicious purpose to mislead and injure. If you ask a servant at the table to bring you a pudding, and there does not happen to be any pudding on the bill of fare, he will trot off quickly, and complacently bring back a nice hot steak or a mutton chop. If you venture to kindly hint that that is not exactly the kind of pudding you wanted, he immediately begins to protest that it is the best kind of pudding, and that the very best bit in the kitchen. Such an obliging disposition cannot be too attractive, even if it is at times liable to the charge of being occasionally a little out of the strict plumb line of verity.

While speaking of Japanese servants, I am reminded of another of their peculiarities, and that is the alarming mortality that sometimes prevails among their dear relatives. A Japanese boy not infrequently loses his father three or four times during the year, while a grandmother has been known to "pass in her checks" at the bank of death a half dozen times in a single season. The Japanese and Chinese are most devoted sons and yes-ome of them never hesitate to kill off a father or mother when he happens to want a holiday. Aunts and uncles, and brothers and such small fry relatives, don't count for much; or they would be most alarming to notice the way they disappear before grim death. A gentleman of this place, gives me a

frum a Correspondent to the Cleveland Herald.

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