

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch in space makes a Square. One week 2.00...

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MERCHANTS.

A. E. & E. W. SAVAGE dealers in Groceries...

DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary...

HOTELS.

ASHBURN HOUSE, Cor. Washington and...

DEPARTMENT.

W. E. WALLACE, Dentist, Ashabula, Ohio...

JEWELERS.

GEO. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler and Importer...

CABINET WARE.

JOHN DULCO, Manufacturer of and Dealer in...

FOUNDRIES.

TENK & SPRENGER, Manufacturers of...

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

W. H. HUBBARD, Attorney and Counselor...

PHYSICIANS.

DR. O. S. MERRITT, Homoeopathic Physician...

BANKS.

ASHTABULA NATIONAL BANK, Ashabula, Ohio...

MANUFACTURERS.

O. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Shingles...

MILLINERY, ETC.

MRS. E. C. RICHARD, Millinery & Dressmaking...

HARNESSEMAKER.

P. C. POED, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles...

MISCELLANEOUS.

157 BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE! Located in Water Line...

EDGAR HALL, Fire and Life Insurance and Real Estate Agent...

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE, at Austin, Ohio...

W. W. WATSON, Painter, Glazier, and Paper Hanger...

J. S. W. BRYAN, Agent for the Liverpool and London & Globe Insurance Co...

B. K. WELLS & CO., Photographers and Dealer in Pictures...

WALTON & TALBERT, Manufacturer of Sewing Machines...

J. M. ROBERTSON & SON, Dealers in every description of Groceries...

D. W. HASKELL, Corner Spring and Main Streets...

ROBERTSON & SNEDECOR, Dealers in Groceries...

DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary...

CELESTINE M. SWIFT, Ashabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs...

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries...

FRANK HUNN, Ashabula, Ohio, A. Field, Proprietor...

DENTISTS.

W. E. WALLACE, Dentist, Ashabula, Ohio...

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REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL POEM.

The following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Drake...

"I may write to you Alice, mayn't I?" Alice shook her head...

"But I shall write," said the young man, warmly...

"He would be angry," said Alice, shaking her head...

"I'm right," said the sailor, with a warm sunny smile...

"The kiss was given hurriedly and unexpectantly...

"Once before I found a mortal," waiting at the heavenly portal...

"I saw the angels, and they were all smiling and she made rapidly for a bay lying in the stream...

"Now I come more meekly woman, And the weak lips of woman Touch with fire from of the altar, not with the golden words of heaven...

"Where I drained the cup of sadness, And where my soul was to madness, And life's bitter, burning billows, swept my burdened being o'er..."

"Here the harp and the raven, Human vamps—sordid cravens, Preyed upon my soul and sense till I wrote in anguish sore..."

"Life and I seemed then mated, For I, I, I seemed and fated, Like a rose less, waiting in the air, wandering on the Stygian shore..."

"Tortured by a nameless yearning, Like a frost fire, freezing—burning, Did the purple, pulsing life—side through its fevered channels pour..."

"Till the golden bowl of life—taken— Into slinking shreds was broken, And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door..."

"But while living, striving, dying, Never did my soul cease crying, 'Ye who guide the fate and furies, give! Oh give me, I implore, From the myriad hosts of nations— One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!'"

"Through this fervent aspiration Found my fainting soul salvation, For, from out its blackened fire crypts, did I feel quickened and revived, And my beautiful ideal, And too saintly to be real— Burst more brightly on my vision than the incense-scented Leonard..."

"Mid the surging seas she found me, With the billows rolling round me, And my saddened, sinking spirit, in her arms of love upbore; Like a lone one, faint and weary, Wandering in the midnight dreary, On her serene, saintly bosom brought me to the heavenly shore..."

"Like the breath of blossoms blending, Like the prayers of saints ascending, Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, Brought our souls to the bright day..."

"Earthly love and lust enslaved me, But divinely love hath saved me, And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore..."

"Oh, my mortal friends and brothers, We are each and all another's, And the soul that gives most freely, from its treasure hath the more, 'Would you love your life, you find it, And in giving love, you find it, Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore..."

"By Fred Willie Black came home a long voyage, and one of the first to welcome him and to invite him to his house was Mr. Toft, the ship-owner..."

"Upon his burning sands, And woman like and human, waits For aid from other's hands..."

"By deserts ledged, by trackless wastes, By jungles dense and wild, By rivers played, by reckless beasts, By death on every side..."

"Broad rivers slow where no ships go, From robbers held to ransom and free, Without help or guide..."

"There came a champion, strong and true, Who braved these dangers led, Who without fear, for many a year, Wrought in her service well..."

"He showed the world the way, He called on men to follow in, To strive, as good men may, For the broad curbs of the gold, From pirate-hands the prey..."

"And pressing onward still the while, He almost won his way, To where the mystery of the Nile, Her desert secret lay..."

"His path was strewn with dangers quelled, That strong and dauntless will, Though age was on him, though health was gone..."

"His way was onward still, For the longing fire of his soul, No nearer aims could fill, Those wandering feet are stilled at last, That weary one has rest; His soul has reached a higher shore, His fate is longed for and quest..."

"And still those awful trackless wastes Their guarded secret keep, Still from a shrouded mystery, The Nile's broad curbs, the gold, Drop from the task of many years, Not vainly hastened on by woe, Thus brave and stainless one, And still we keep, in reverence deep, The name of Livingston..."

"For not for low or common aims These hero-deeds were wrought; Full was given, for Africa's sake, What was given could not have bought, No love of self, no greed of gold, That noble heart could e'er be bought, Such loves as his are shown in this— He gave his life for her..."

"It is stated that \$500,000 have been made out of the patent for making bodies. The process costs about two cents, and the patent owners charge twenty cents for the privilege of adopting it..."

CONFIDENCE IS RESTORED!

BUSINESS RESUMED

ITS WONDERFUL ACTIVITY!

BORTREE & BARNES

Late opened up a nice fresh stock of New Groceries and Provisions, which they propose to give to the public with a call for a reasonable profit...

CASH PAID FOR BUTTER.

25¢ per pound for the Ashabula New York Butter, Ohio, Ohio.

SERVED HER RIGHT.

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day might witness William Black striding up Lookout hill; any one of the white winged ships that dooped the horizon might be the ship that heart sore Alice was longing to see...

Mr. Toft was breaking a little, people said. He was no longer as active as he had been only a short year since. He rarely came down into the town now, and when he did it was pitiable to see him toiling up the hill, making believe that the ascent was not painful to him...

One summer evening—her husband had been poorly all day, and Alice had been constantly occupied in attending to him, but now he had gone off to sleep—she put on her things and went down into the town to make a few purchases, intending to spend half an hour with Mrs. Emlin, and to give a gossip with that lively, conversable lady...

Down the hill she went, the cool sea breeze fanning her parched cheeks. The evening was divine, and the sea was stretched before her in long golden swaths, the murmur of its sounding surf, the resounding waves heaving at their anchors, and the well remembered sailor's song came softly over the waters; some homeward bound were making for their anchoring grounds, with full-bellied sails. She strained her eyes and fancied that now this and now that might be the long expected vessel. But no, there could be no doubt then; her heart would tell her at once, "That is William's ship!"

The sun was getting low, and she hastened quickly down the hill. She met sundry townspeople she knew by sight, and nodded to them a good natured greeting; they turned and looked at her, and watched her as she went. "How rare people are getting," she thought. "There was a time when these would all have touched their hats to the wife of the ship-owner..."

At each shop she visited she noticed something strange about the people. Mr. Mesgre, the draper, came out of his little box and stared at her. "How rare people are getting," she thought. "There was a time when these would all have touched their hats to the wife of the ship-owner..."

But she turned round and made her way home. Her husband was awake and crying for help like a sick child. She could do nothing to night, but in the morning she would go down into the town and get to the bottom of this mystery, if it were a mystery, and all a delusion.

Next morning Mr. Toft was better—much better; cheerful and chirrupy. He had his breakfast in bed, however, and Alice took it up to him. He was quite affectionate over his feast, and loving over his egg, and by noon he was down stairs in the sitting-room, grumbling because the Times hadn't come.

"It is here now, Richard," said his wife, bringing him the paper. "The paper is here now, Richard," said his wife, bringing him the paper. "The paper is here now, Richard," said his wife, bringing him the paper...

"Let us stay here for a moment," said Mr. Toft, "and admire the pleasant view. Oh, I'm not tired—no, not at all; see the ship standing out to sea, she's a capital sailor, eh, ay, ay?"

Her sails were spread out far in the air, and she was the beams of the setting sun, but a chilly mist was creeping up, and presently the glow vanished and the white sails were blotted out, disappearing in the great vague world of mist and sea and shadow.

"Why, what's the matter, Alice?" said Mr. Toft, turning sharply round. "Ah, well, what's the matter, a little hysterical, eh? Don't excite yourself, dear. My dear poppet we will walk home very quietly, and then we will have tea in our nest."

She followed her lord and master slowly up the hill to his home on Lookout hill; it was a pleasant little villa with a fine garden, and she had been quiet enough at the moment of her husband's departure for another couple of years. Mrs. Toft had not been blessed by children, as Richard had hoped, and the old man was a good deal crestfallen there; still he lived in hope, and seemed fonder than ever of his young wife. By and by the rumor went about that he had sent for Lawyer Emlin to make his will, and he had always been very stubborn against his will; and presently, when Mrs. Toft—the Emlins had never visited before at that house—and sometimes after invited her to spend a quiet evening in the High Street, every body shrewly surmised how the will was made, and judged that the property disposed of was not inconsiderable.

Meantime, the Peruvia, the good ship that sailed away that fine summer's evening, had been heard of more than once. She had not been spoken, however, later than the last October, when she had left Kurrachee with the northeastern monsoon for the Red sea, intending to come home by Suez and the Mediterranean. Any day she might return to the harbor, and she would be seen...

watched in dull, bewildering expectation. Then she heard Mr. Emlin's voice: "Thomas, come up, and bring one of your fellow servants."

"There was a tramping up stairs, and then down; after that Mr. Emlin came out of her husband's room; he left the house forthwith, without speaking to Alice. Then the doctor came; he, too, was shown up stairs. Eye and eye he came down into the room where Alice was—looked at her kindly by the hand...

"My dear Mrs. Toft, prepare yourself for bad news." "Is he very ill?" gasped Alice. "Yes, very ill; he is dead."

After that the days passed like a dream till the day of the funeral. She wished to follow him to the grave—for he had been very good to her she thought; and now that he was gone, her mind misgave her that she had been faithless to him, not in deed, but in heart—but this was forbidden by those who had the management of affairs.

A relation of Mr. Toft had turned up, a nephew—a likely raw-boned fellow, with a long neck and a tuft of red hair on his chin; and this Ephraim Toft, was the chief mourner. Mr. Emlin also was at the funeral, and when they returned they went into the parlor and drank wine, and afterward sent for Mrs. Toft, to hear the will read.

It was a solemn, courteous man, this Emlin, with a full, resonating voice, and he read out the terms of the will distinctly and solemnly. It was difficult to repress a feeling of elation as he rolled over the list of Mr. Toft's possessions, and ended with the clause that left his wife sole legatee and executrix. How through the gloom of this day, had bright vistas of the future gleamed and shone!

"Ahem! there is a codicil," said Mr. Emlin; and bit by bit the codicil until all that had been done. The lanky nephew uncoiled himself and glowered and blinked with amazement and delight. There was but one bequest to Alice—a copy of the Times of June, of the day previous to the old man's death. They left her to herself for a while, and she tried to grasp what all this meant. The lawyer had politely handed to the widow her legacy, the copy of the Times. What could this mean?

Ah, yes, it was dreadful, this poverty, after wealth had seemed within her grasp. But still there was youth and hope; and William—yes, might think of him now, full and freely. She carried no burden of gratitude, she was free now, and perhaps William was at hand—Well, she would read this Times.

Presently she clasped her hands to her forehead, and with strained and horror-struck eyes read, this paragraph: "DERELICT AT SEA—A pathetic incident is narrated by the steamer Suez, which arrived at Liverpool. It appears that in the Indian ocean she met with a dismantled vessel, apparently abandoned by the crew. A boat was sent to board her, when the following sight met the eyes of the officers: The main and upper decks had been swept clean by the sea, the bulwarks were carried away, and every vestige of the spars and rigging. No living being was found on board, but in the captain's cabin was the body of a young man with golden hair and beard, much decomposed. A letter was lying on the table, which was brought to you at your sister's, as you desired me, No. 19 Bond Street, Melford Regis. How well I remember the happy hours we have spent there! I am in command of the ship now." The rest of the letter illegible, except the words, "Come to me, your loving William Black." The body was sunk in the sea, the vessel left to fate, and the steamer continued her course."

That night, as the sun was setting, lighting up with golden flames the broad estuary of Melford, the tide was in its full, the white-winged ships were floating in upon its bosom; a young girl appeared on the farthest extremity of the landing-stage, and, raising herself far above the crowd, she took a long look at all the beautiful scene around, cast herself into the waters, which closed round her with a sullen ripple. Once, and once again, a white arm was seen at the surface; boats put out, and men with ropes shouted and gesticulated from the shore; but it was of no use, she had claimed its own, and still hoards in its hidden treasury the bones of William and Alice.

TIRILLER'S PREJUDICES CURED. I came into command in Virginia in 1863. I then organized twenty-five regiments with which were still as my brother officers of the regular army said my colored soldiers would not fight; and I felt it was necessary that they should fight to show that their race were capable of the highest duties of citizens as to defend their country's flag and honor. On the 29th day of September, 1864, I was ordered by the commanding general of the armies to cross the James river at two points and attack the enemy's line of work; one in the center of their line, Fort Harrison, the other a strong work guarding their left flank at New Market Heights; and there are men on this floor who will remember that day. I doubt not, as I do myself. I gave the center of the line to the white troops, the Eighteenth corps, under Gen. Ord, and they attacked one very strong work and carried it gallantly. I went myself with the colored troops to attack the enemy at New Market Heights, which was the key to the enemy's flank on the north side of the James river. That work was redoubt built on the top of a hill of considerable elevation, then running down into a ravine, the...

"GENTLE SPRING."

Poetic Culture. From the Burlington Hawkeye. Every day brings us in the rest- less march of time nearer and nearer the dreaded days when poems of "Spring" will be in order. And yet it seems but yesterday that the waste baskets groined with their unwonted miles of "odes" and "idyls" and "greetings," and things to spring. But the great pendulum of the world has swung through another year, and the heart breaking accident, and the heart breaking grief, and the heart breaking sorrow, and the heart breaking joy, and the heart breaking love, and the heart breaking hope, and the heart breaking faith, and the heart breaking courage, and the heart breaking strength, and the heart breaking power, and the heart breaking wisdom, and the heart breaking knowledge, and the heart breaking truth, and the heart breaking beauty, and the heart breaking goodness, and the heart breaking holiness, and the heart breaking glory, and the heart breaking life, and the heart breaking death, and the heart breaking resurrection, and the heart breaking redemption, and the heart breaking salvation, and the heart breaking kingdom, and the heart breaking reign, and the heart breaking eternity, and the heart breaking forever, and the heart breaking amen, and the heart breaking praise, and the heart breaking glory, and the heart breaking 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