

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Inch in space makes a Square.
1 sq. inch 100 times per year...

MILLINERY, ETC.

MEAN E. C. RECKARD, Millinery & Dress-
making. A choice list of all the latest styles...

HARNESS MAKER.

P. C. FOARD, Harness and Saddle Maker.
Principal, W. W. Ferry, Supt. Tannery...

MISCELLANEOUS.

137 BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE!
In the Water Line, S. W. Corner...

EDGAR HALL.

EDGAR HALL, Fire and Life Insurance.
Head Office, 110 Broadway, N. Y. City...

J. R. WATSON.

J. R. WATSON, Painter, Glazier, etc.
Paper Hangings, all work done with...

J. M. BLYTHE.

J. M. BLYTHE, Agent for the Liverpool.
London & Glasgow Steam Navigation Co...

W. H. WATSON.

W. H. WATSON, Photographer.
Photographs and Prints, in all the...

WALTON C. TALLENT.

WALTON C. TALLENT, Manufacturer of
all kinds of Sash, Blinds, and...

J. P. LOOMIS.

J. P. LOOMIS, Dealer in the Singer Sewing
Machine. Also, all kinds of Sewing...

J. H. REED & SON.

J. H. REED & SON, Station and Ornament-
al Job Printers. Also, all kinds of...

JOHN H. NIERMAN.

JOHN H. NIERMAN, Notary Public and
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office...

EDWARD C. PIERCE.

EDWARD C. PIERCE, Dealer in Clothing,
Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishings...

W. H. WATSON.

W. H. WATSON, Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in Ready Made Clothing...

ASHTABULA. YOUNGSTOWN & PETERSBURG.

ASHTABULA, YOUNGSTOWN & PETERSBURG.
CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1874.

Table with columns for Station, Time, and Direction. Includes Ashtabula, Youngstown, and Petersburg.

TRAFFIC STOPPED ON SUNDAY.
The Ashtabula and Youngstown R.R. Co.
announce that on Sunday, March 29, 1874,
the traffic will be stopped.

PULLMAN'S Best Drawing-room
and Sleeping Cars, combining all
the latest improvements...

Table with columns for Station, No. of Cars, and Time. Includes Ashtabula, Youngstown, and Petersburg.

W. H. REED & SON, Attorney and Counselor
at Law. Office in the City Building...

W. H. REED & SON, Attorney and Counselor
at Law. Office in the City Building...

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OLD AND BLIND.

Gallant Gray-beard, can't you see
You unbecomingly bal, you—
While you play the doo-vie,

You've been lame in your day,
You've been well-preserved and thrifty,
And your mother, one may say,

Are superb, but you are fifty!
Don't be foolish, now you're old,
Flirting in this forlorn fashion—
Trying on a heart's golden cold

To re-light a boyish passion.
You have had your day of youth,
With its tender joys and fancies;
You have known a woman's truth,

And have lived love's sweet romance.
Ay, I know your lips are red;
True, her curls are black and glossy;
Yes, she wears a dainty head,

And her eyes are sweet and saucy.
But—knows you set a part,
While you're sitting down and please her—
Knows, Old Mike-Bellevue, your heart

Is as dead as Julius Cæsar?
Knows, if, though a simple girl,
And is laughing while you linger—
Knows, if, though a simple girl,

Winds you round her jeweled finger?
But if you must set a part;
If you cannot find your signing,
If you have not in your heart

Such a thing as love remaining,
Come and stand with me my friend—
She'll permit you never doubt her!
Do it, do it, and please her!

Not to care a fig about her!
Scribblers for April.
A COUNTRY SABBATH.

Now stars the lark in Heaven's eyes;
Through leafy crypt now steals the
stream,

With swallow dimple, sword-blade
gleam,
And glimpses of divine surprise.

Heaven's golden air and fire are blue
And drooped about the beery world;
Which her body bosom turned,

The sun has drank the rose's dew.
The landscape all around is fair,
But this remains the heart and gem;

With stealing stream, and graceful
shrub,
And sunlit park and sweet parterre.

The vista fascinates my gaze;
I linger in a blessed trance,
See in a dream the waters glance,

And things that are the food of praise.
In many an English cottage rood,
Japan's a glory, glow,

Her ruby-colored sister flows;
And purple paries peak the ground.

The first laburnum droops her curls,
And mingles with the lilac locks;
Or o'er golden meadows browse the flocks,

The orchard blossoms types sweet girls.
The sweet-brier sheds its heavenly breath;
I pass the wall-flowers sweet perfume;

And greet with its that frocked
plume;
O world to banish dreams of death.

The scent of flower, the song of bird,
The face of leaf, the light of heaven,
Are vital with a mystic leave

We have a soul for, not a word.
Unless it be—the breath of God;
Which who breathes in your chest-bell;

It breaks on in with that a spell
Across the life-embroidered sod!

Earth clothed with Sabbath then are fair!
Ye two upon each other set!
The Sabbath steps the flowery track,

And drier seems to make the air.
Chambers' Journal.

I WED NOT IN WINTER.
I wed not die in winter,
When peach-blossoms bloom,
When quail and quail are seen,

Or birds of love and song;
When sickle-meet is playing
And sickle-meet is playing,

Or even getting sick?
I wed not die in spring time,
And miss the turnip greens,

And the poor souls of the little swags
And the shrike's early screams;
When birds begin with their chirping,

And tapers give to sprout,
When the turkie go a gobbling,
I wed not die in autumn,

When the corn is getting ripe,
When the corn is getting ripe,
When the corn is getting ripe,

Cousin Elizabeth.

Cousin Elizabeth was one of the loveliest
characters I ever knew; gentleness,
unselfishness, patience, were only a few

of the terms which might be used to
describe her. She was unassuming in her
daily life. She was unassuming in her

personal appearance, I am sorry to say,
for I know now that this fact will dim
the lustre of her fine qualities and lessen

the sympathy of the reader for her sorrow-
ful life. Besides being plain she was elderly—
just past forty, and looked much older.

Her hair was quite gray, her complexion
sallow, and her eyes lustreless. I am aware
that at every step in the progress of this

tale, I am losing ground with those readers
who see nothing to admire except in my
friend and beauty; but I thought it out

fair to describe my heroine at the outset,
that these persons need not feel themselves
wheeled into reading this passage in the

life of an old maid. An old maid! lovely!
her life worth recording! exclaims one of
this class. Yes, my friend, and let me ad-

vice you to stop reading at this point, for
you will not be interested in a further
description of the beauty of the soul is a thing

you cannot understand, and to be allig-
orous with, as Elizabeth, is to have a
hidden charm, your dull eyes could never

discover. I have said she was homely;
perhaps I ought to qualify that remark.
Her beautiful life had left its impress upon

her face in rare loveliness of expression.
No sweeter smile ever wreathed the lips
of beauty, no more gentle and loving

glance beamed from her eyes. She had
not, every day, an exceptional beauty which
our grandmothers described by the expres-

sion—“Handsome is that handsome
does.” And you could not know her long
without acknowledging the fascination of

this kind of loveliness. On this sultry August afternoon when
we introduce her to the reader, she sat
leaning back in her chair—her work had

slipped from her hands and her mind had
wandered away from the clouds and
gloom which surrounded the present, back

to the sunshine of her early womanhood;
and amidst park and sweet parterre.

The vista fascinates my gaze;
I linger in a blessed trance,
See in a dream the waters glance,

And things that are the food of praise.
In many an English cottage rood,
Japan's a glory, glow,

Her ruby-colored sister flows;
And purple paries peak the ground.

The first laburnum droops her curls,
And mingles with the lilac locks;
Or o'er golden meadows browse the flocks,

The orchard blossoms types sweet girls.
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When quail and quail are seen,
Or birds of love and song;
When sickle-meet is playing

And sickle-meet is playing,
Or even getting sick?
I wed not die in spring time,

And miss the turnip greens,
And the poor souls of the little swags
And the shrike's early screams;

AN INVINCIBLE HAND.

Five Jacks Beat Four Aces—Creek
Nation Amusement.

During the session of the United
States District grand jury, a witness
was called before them named Scipio

Choteau, a half-breed Creek Indian
negro, bright, sharp and intelligent.
He was the last witness to be called

before adjournment that day. After
the examination, some one of the
grand jury, who knew him, asked if

he was the man who had four aces
beaten. He answered: “Yes, sah; I so do
man.”

“Will you have any objection to
telling it?”
“Is afraid it will get me into
trouble; if I judge is willin’, (ap-
proaching to the foreman,) I will tell it.”

The judge consented; then Scipio
said:
“You see, I lives on the cattle
trail from Texas through the Creek

country to Kansas, and I was out in
de road one day, and I meets a gen-
tleman ahead of a big drove of cat-

tle. He says, ‘old man do you live in
dis country?’
“I says, ‘yes, sah.’
“He says, ‘It’s a mighty poor
country; how do you make a livin’?’

“I says, ‘sah, ‘tis a pretty good
country; we has plenty of meat and
bread, and I makes a good livin’—a’

“He says, ‘old man do you ever
play cards?’
“I says, ‘yes, sir; I does some-
times.’

“He says, ‘would you have any
objection to play a little draw?’
“I says, ‘no, sah.’

“So we gets off our horses along
side de road, and sat down, and pulls
out de keards. Well, in a short time

I de gentleman out of sixty-two
dollars and a half, and I tought I
had him; so I puts up a hand on him

—for I, if I do say it myself,
a mighty smart hand at keards—and I
know’d he would bat three jacks and

I would bat tree aces, and in de
draw I know’d he would git de oder
jack and I would git de oder ace.

So he raises a bit and raises on back,
till at last I put up all de money I had
winned from de gemmen and all de

change I had, and I know’d I had
him. Well, in de draw de gent got
de oder jack and I got de oder ace.

De gent wanted to bet, but I claimed
a sight for de money, and told him I
had an invincible hand dat couldn’t
be beat.

“He says, ‘Old man, dem is right
good briches you is got on; how
much did dey cost?’

“I says, ‘Yes, sir; dey cost me
\$10.’

“He says, ‘I puts up \$10 agin
dat.’

“I says, ‘werry well, sah; but I
tells you I has got an invincible
hand.’

“He puts up de money, and I holds
up my leg, and he pulls off de briches
and lays dem down.

“Now, sah, says I, I told you I
had an invincible hand what can’t be
beated. I’ve got fo’ aces.’

“De gent says, ‘old man, dat you
ever hear of five jacks beatin’ fo’
aces?’

“I says, ‘I’ve heard it, sah, but I’ve
never seed it, and if you convince
me ob it, de money’s yours.’

“Werry well,” he says, laying

out See—here is the draught!

Now the widdier, though she is as
proud as Lucifer, is nobler than

she was plain enough; there was
more than a common jack of a

carpenter in her boy; for she could
draw and paint in water colors her-
self, and was called a good hand at

down one keard; ain't dat de jack ob
clubs?

“Yes, sah,” I says, ‘dat am de jack
ob clubs.’

“He says, ‘dat am de keard; ain't
dat de jack ob spades?’

“Yes, sah, dat is de jack ob spades.”

“He says, ‘dat is de jack ob dia-

monds?’

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