

JAMES REED & SON Publishers.

Independent in all things.

VOLUME XXIV--NO. 41

ASHTABULA, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

\$2 in Advance.

WHOLE NUMBER 1240.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars per annum--paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES: Twelve lines or less of Nonpareil make a square.

JOB PRINTING: of every description attended to on call, and done to order.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

MERCHANTS.

M. B. WELLS, Produce and Commission Merchant, for the purchase and sale of Western Horses.

W. L. GILKEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass-ware.

J. M. FALKNER & SONS, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Fertilizers, etc.

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish.

J. P. ROBERTSON & SON, Dealers in every description of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps.

D. W. WASKELL, Corner Spring and Main streets, Ashtabula, Ohio.

H. L. ROBERTSON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Cap, Hardware, Crockery, Books, Stationery, etc.

PHYSICIANS.

HENRY P. FRICKER, M. D., residence on Church Street, North of the South Park.

DR. L. K. WOOD, physician and Surgeon, office over Henry's drug store, residence near St. Peter's Church.

DR. RAYEN, would inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has removed his residence on Park Street, ready to attend to all professional calls.

DR. W. MOORE, Surgeon and Homoeopathic Physician, No. 1, Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

AMERICAN HOUSE, T. S. North Proprietor, south side of the S. E. Station.

THOMPSON HOUSE, Jefferson, Ohio.

PINK HOUSE, Ashtabula, Ohio.

ASHTABULA HOUSE, A. J. SARR, Proprietor, Main St., Ashtabula, Ohio.

DENTISTS.

P. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashtabula, O. Office corner Court street, between Main and Park.

G. W. NELSON, Dentist, Ashtabula, O. Office corner Court street, between Main and Park.

W. T. WALLACE, D. D. S., Kingville, Ohio, prepared to attend to all operations in his profession.

HARNESSEMAKER.

W. H. WILLIAMS, Saddler and Harness Maker, opposite the Court House, Ashtabula, Ohio.

F. C. FORD, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Collars, Trunks, Valises, etc.

JEWELERS.

GEO. W. DECKENBERG, Jeweler, repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

JAMES H. STEINBERG, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

J. S. BROWN, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc.

CABINET WARE.

JOHN DEWOLFE, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Furniture of the best descriptions.

J. S. BEACH, Manufacturer and Dealer in First Class Furniture.

FOUNDRIES.

SEYMOUR, BERRY & CO., Manufacturers of Brass, Copper, and Iron Castings.

W. H. BURBARD, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

SHERMAN, HALL & SHERMAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

EDWARD H. FITCH, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

A. O. FISHER, Justice of the Peace and Agent for the Land Office.

J. S. COOK, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

CHARLES BOGERT, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

HARDWARE, &c.

DRUGGISTS.

MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist and Apothecary, and general dealer in Drugs, Medicines, etc.

CHARLES S. SWIFT, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc.

Q. C. CULLY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, etc.

FRENCH & WHEELER, M. Manufacturers & Dealers in all kinds of Leather.

UDY & PERVES, Dealers in Granite and Marble Monuments.

BANKS.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, Ashtabula, Ohio.

THE ASHTABULA LOAN ASSOCIATION - CAPITAL \$10,000 - Office Main Street.

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

W. A. F. & S. L. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries.

MILLINERY, ETC.

MRS. E. C. RICKARD, Millinery & Dressmaker.

ASHTABULA YOUNGSTOWN & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE - SEPT. 22, 1863.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

STATIONS: Ashtabula, Youngstown, etc.

THE BOLTED DOOR.

God is knocking, Ever knocking, At the heart's three bolted door,

Which we're locking, Ever locking, As we oft have done before,

And we hear, yet hearing, heed not, While we faster bolt the door.

He is calling, Ever calling, In a soft and gentle tone,

To the weary and the lone, "Will they answer not the summons, Till the spirit voice has flown."

He's entreating, Ever entreating, By His mercy, by His care,

Knocking, knocking, And repeating, Calling, calling, His prayer:

"Let me enter! Hear it, mortal, Open wide the sin-locked portal; Hear it, mortal; open quickly, God is waiting at the door."

WON BY A KISS.

"Is she dead, doctor, or has she only fainted?"

Without answering the question of the frightened groom, "Doctor" Hugh Liscome bent down above the prostrate form upon the grass, and placed his hand over her heart, while his own was throbbing wildly.

Presently the look of terror faded from his face, and glancing up, he said: "Her heart is beating regularly. She is not dead, nor do I think she is injured seriously. Perhaps, however, you had better get a carriage, for she may be unable to reach the hall, by walking."

The groom hurried away, and Dr. Liscome resumed his examination. Pretty soon he uttered an exclamation, as he discovered a dislocated wrist.

"It's too bad," he muttered. "He was a very young man for a doctor, and it was no wonder he was deeply moved, for Mabel Ringwood, the daughter of his the hall, was very beautiful. Hugh Liscome thought he could gaze on such loveliness forever, without tiring of the enjoyment."

After a while she stooped and kissed her. He shrank back appalled, but the look of anguish upon her face, and the whiteness about her lips, recalled him to himself.

"Where am I and what has happened?" she feebly asked. "Your horse ran away, Miss Ringwood. You were finally thrown to the ground, and I think your wrist is dislocated."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Sulam got scared at the cars, and I tried to stop her. In the melee I was thrown to the ground. But were you not hurt, Dr. Liscome?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of. The horse came down on my boot once, but it is nothing."

"And you risked your life to save me? How can I ever thank you enough?" Mabel exclaimed gratefully.

"My never speaking of the matter again. It was merely an act of duty, and as it was your pleasure, I forget it, Miss Ringwood."

"Can you set my wrist," she demanded, changing the subject. "I can't if you wish; but the pain will be terrible during the operation."

"It will have to be set sometime, will it not?" "Certainly."

"And the pain will be no greater now than at another time. You may set it now if you please. And closing her pretty teeth tightly together, Mabel waited in silence."

Twice Hugh felt along her wrist before he could gain requisite courage, but at last he compressed his fingers, and the joint sprang into its place with a snap.

"Did it hurt you very severely?" he asked, when it was over. "But she did not open her eyes or answer, and he thought that she had fainted again. He could not resist the inclination to give her another kiss. The color flowed into her cheeks at once, and she opened her eyes rather suddenly. She questioned, rather mischievously."

Fortunately the carriage from the hall arrived at this particular juncture, with old Mr. Ringwood half-rigged to death by the groom.

On learning the exact state of the case, he proffered the doctor a hundred dollar bill.

"I cannot accept that," said Hugh. "My professional fee for setting Miss Ringwood's wrist is only five dollars."

"That or nothing," roared old Mr. Ringwood, excitedly. "You saved her life, and if you do not take the hundred dollars, I'll be your mortal enemy."

But the doctor drew back and sprang into his carriage with as much agility as his two hundred pounds would permit; the old gentleman gave orders to drive off. And Hugh went home to dream of Mabel's blue eyes.

Old Mr. Ringwood got over his huff in the morning, and before noon he had summoned his daughter's preserver to dine at the hall.

"Excuse me, doctor," he heartily said, "for my thoughtless boorishness in asking you to take the money for such an invaluable service. I had classed you with the common herd of humanity, but I see you are possessed of a different spirit. And you would have done the same had it been a poor girl instead of the lady of Ringwood. That is the spirit I like to see, Dr. Hugh. I honor you for it."

He spoke so earnestly that Hugh was charmed, and when the solicitations of Mabel had been added to his, the young man agreed to become a frequent visitor there.

And a frequent visitor he soon became. And not only a visitor, but a most welcome one, as was evidenced by the color that dawned on Mabel's beautiful cheek at his approach, and the constant smile by which her father greeted him. Altogether, everything appeared in a rosy light, and he was congratulating himself that his prospects were greatly

improving, when all of a sudden he found that he loved Mabel.

Then the silly young man, afraid of the wealth of the Ringwoods, allowed concealment to prey upon his frame, and grew as thin as a shadow.

After a time he ceased to visit his friends, and Mabel grew as thin as a shadow, too. But the doctor, whose practice had grown extensive, drove by each day, like Jehu the son of Nimshi, and never even looked towards the house.

And Mabel would sit by the window and cry. But when her father would ask her what troubled her she would not tell him.

Old Mr. Ringwood was sorely troubled. He liked the doctor, and wondered what ailment and why he stayed away so perseveringly. And he loved Mabel, and wondered why she was growing so terribly pale and thin. But for all his study the riddle remained unread.

One day a thought like an inspiration flashed into his mind. He would send for the doctor to come to Mabel.

No sooner decided upon than done, and Hugh came over in haste, believing she was very ill. The servant was explicit.

"Where is she?" he cried, "and how long has she been sick?"

The old gentleman said that he was intensely excited, and he got another inspiration.

"She isn't so very sick," he muttered. "I guess that she's only pining for you."

Poor Doctor Hugh! He turned all sorts of colors, and grasped a chair for support.

"If you love her, my boy, go in and win," said the old gentleman warmly. "I've not the slightest objection, provided your love is reciprocal, and shall feel proud to have you for my son-in-law. Don't mind the money, my boy, but only think that human nature is human nature, for all the tinsel of dollars."

And he slipped from the room just as Mabel entered it by another door.

"Hugh!" "Mabel!"

Do you think, kind reader, that we would intrude on a scene of private love-making? We shall not do it, so you will be disappointed, perhaps.

"But I did think," said Mabel, afterwards, "that if you had the courage to kiss me twice, the very first time you saw me, almost, you might have been brave enough to ask me whether I loved you or not, instead of running away from me."

"Then you were conscious?" said Dr. Hugh. "You might have rebuked me."

"I had seen your face, remember, and I rather liked to be kissed by you."

And that is all that needs to be said.

HEAT OUT OF \$7,000.

When a gambler scents a man with money, he will follow him if he needs but the gates of eternity, if he thinks he can get it. He will lay in wait at every street corner, and will plot seductive plans to catch him and will pursue him until the last shadow of a chance to get hold of the money disappears.

An illustration of this has recently occurred in Chicago where a man who was the possessor of \$7,000 was pursued, from place to place, and although aware that he was pursued and finally ensnared and beaten out of all his money.

A gambler recently arrived in Chicago, and registered himself at Kuhns' European Hotel as E. Gotier, of New York. His vocation was not known to the proprietor of the house.

On the same day, and by the train, a gentleman arrived from Milwaukee, who put up at the Sherman House. He also registered as hailing from New York. It has since been learned that Gotier had met the gentleman in Milwaukee, and had discovered that he had a large amount of money with him, and had enticed him into a faro bank there, where he had beat him out of \$7,000.

The gentleman who had been victimized was induced to keep the matter still, through fear that if given to the police of Milwaukee, his own name would be made public. The next day after his loss, he left for Chicago. Gotier had "piped" him, to use a gambler's expression, and arrived in this city, as before remarked, on the same train with his victim.

His object in following his victim, was to secure a large amount of money, of which he knew him to be possessed.

He succeeded in carrying out his plans for securing the rest of the money, with the assistance of another gambler, who he assumed the name of H. C. Gotier. The latter person found out where the object of their intrigues had put up, and with set about to get him into his clutches. It took but two days for him to do this. He did it by also stopping at the Sherman, and making the acquaintance of the victim at the dinner-table.

He met him whenever an opportunity presented itself, and finally told him that he knew how he had been used by Gotier in Milwaukee, and remarked that Gotier, was, at the time of his capture, at the Kuhns' Hotel, on Dearborne street, and that for a certain sum of money he would agree to beat him (Gotier) out of the \$7,000 he had won from him. In the event that the game was played, the gentleman who had taken a hand in it, and stake some money (a nominal amount), in order as the artful fellow said, to hide from Gotier's eyes, the real object of the game.

To this arrangement the gentleman assented, after some hesitation. The game was played in Kuhns' Hotel. It was a game of taro, and the result of it as might be anticipated, that gentleman had been the loser of \$1,000 in Milwaukee.

When it closed he was friended, on account of the loss, and rushed out of the hotel, and securing a police officer returned to effect the arrest of the gamblers.

Of course they had made their escape

and the poor victim of their villainy was reduced to the forlorn hope of catching them in a pursuit.

The matter was reported at Police Headquarters where it had been kept very quiet, the officials declaring they knew nothing of it, when it is well known, to a limited number, that they do. Gotier's baggage is still at Kuhns', which make it a possibility that they may yet be caught.

What do we know about things ten miles down in the stupendous valleys of the ocean? On land, here, the vegetation of the Alpine base is not that of its summit; the wild-goat skips upon the peaks of the Himalayas, but the rhinoceros has his lair miles below.

Our acquaintance with the mysteries of the deep must be absolutely and literally superficial, for we may assume that its mountain tops alone are revealed to us, and these dimly; and that to its valleys our senses can never penetrate.

All the creatures that disport themselves on or near its surface, the porpoises, and the sharks, that come tumbling over its undulations much in the same way that buffaloes come floundering over the waves of the prairie. The countless broods that feed on its shallow banks, and are taken therefrom to feed shallower mortals, are all within our grasp, and we grasp them. On the ledge of the iceberg's enthroned, the walrus, and we salute him as the elephant of the sea, and esteem him unspcakably for the commercial value of his ivory tusks.

The huge sea cow has no mystery for us. We wake the harmless creature up from his bed of seaweed on the ice-bergs, and having wished it good morning, we stick spears into it, and convert it to the noble purpose of gain.

The magnificent sea unicorn, King of the Arctic waters, is no stranger to us, which is just so much the worse for him. We have cognizance of all these sea creatures and many more, the range of which appears to be in the upper regions of the deep; but what can we aver of the mystic realms that lie far, far down about the bases of the great submarine mountain ranges—mountains compared with which our highest dry land peaks are possibly nothing but mere hillocks?

There is a sea monster known to fishermen as the Horned Ray—a monster most fearful in itself, but interesting as an illustration of that which is, and a suggestion of that which may be—a veritable dragon of the sea, whose laterals fins extend like wings, and frequently measure more than thirty ft. from tip to tip.

This voracious fish will sometimes make its appearance among the swimmers in the surf, and taking one under each arm, so to speak, descend with them to depths unknown.

Until ocean shall have been dried up, or drained off, no human being can ever explore the strange grottoes into which the hideous man-eater glides with his prey.

The great fishes and sea beasts that are known to us may be creatures of the upper deep alone, never descending below a certain depth, lest they encounter far more hideous and powerful monsters than themselves, which dwell at the bases of the marine mountains leagues farther down.

One can easily imagine a polypus anchored there below in some distracting valley, of which he is lord and tyrant—a stupent mass of bloated matter grasping at everything that comes within a creature's force of half a mile, and absorbent of all living creatures under the size of a whale.

In the China Sea there are animals—whether oyster or mussels I am not certain—the shell of which are large enough to contain a man properly doubled up. This monstrous thing inhabits comparative shallows, there is no limit to one's imaginings of the bivaluar enormities at the bottom ten miles farther down—Atlantic Monthly.

Enthusiasm Necessary to Success.

There was never, probably, a time in the world's history when high success in any profession demanded harder or more incessant labor than now. Men can no longer go at one leap into eminent position.

The world, as Emerson says, is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows.

Above all, a deep and burning enthusiasm is wanted in every one who would achieve great ends. No great faith, or can be done without it. It is a quality that is seen wherever there are earnest and determined workers—in the career of the study and amid the roar of cannon, in the painting of a picture, and in the carving of a statue.

Ability, learning, accomplishment, opportunity, a well, but they do not of themselves insure success. Thousands have all these, and live and die without benefitting themselves or others.

Men, on the other hand, of mediocre talents often scale the dizzy steeps of excellence and fame because they have firm faith and high resolve. It is this solid faith in one's mission—the rooted belief that it is the one to which he has been called—this enthusiasm, attracting an Agassiz to the Alps or Amazon, impelling a Piny to explore a volcano in which he is to lose his life, and nerving a Vermet, when tossing in a fierce tempest, to sketch the waste of water, and even the wave that is leaping to destroy him—that makes the heroic spirit; and wherever it is found, success, sooner or later, is almost inevitable.—Prof. Matthew.

The hornet is beautifully defined to be the red hot child of nature.

Miss Rachael Ford, of Missouri, was an active little girl who years ago used to jump the rope two hundred times without stopping.

Her gymnastics brought on a painful disease, which after some eight years, ended in her death.

A Maryland woman is shortly to be tried under the old English law as a common scold. Her counsel is confident of acquittal, however, as he can produce her husband to testify that she is a most uncommon scold.

Our Country.

Napoleon inspired his soldiers in Egypt by reminding them that from the pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them.

The eyes of all the ages, past and future, are upon us. The world's tyrants regard our power with jealous hate and incredulous wonder, eagerly waiting its overthrow.

The longing hearts of all the earth's oppressed and the waiting eyes of every friend of human liberty are turned upon our country in joyous faith or in approving admiration.

Fugitives from tyrannies crowd our shores and share our blessings. The continent and its islands wait to enlarge our empire, and our example is the world's evangel of liberty.

But best and holiest of all our country, our country is the hallowed asylum of the whole earth, sanctified by the prayers of the persecuted of every sect, and crowned by the blessings of the down-trodden of every nation.

Truly, ours is a land of refuge and benedictions—a goodly heritage, not only to enjoy, but to preserve and transmit. May we ever be worthy of a trust so sacred, a history so illustrious, a mission so grand.

By power without empire, and by justice without stain, by gratitude and trust in Him who "ruleth in the nations," and whose blessings have covered us, may we merit his continued guidance and care, that the regenerated nation, closing forever the ghastly pages of slavery, rebellion and war, may pass on to the loftier triumphs of freedom and of peace, pressing all its powers to the solution of the crowding problems of industrial development and moral progress, still holding worthily its unchanged first rank among the nations of the earth.

Novel Duck Hunting.

An ingenious Minnesota youth is to be credited with a novelty in the way of duck hunting.

He lives at a beautiful spot known as Rice Lake, from the wild rice growing on its margins as thick as wheat in fields. Ducks love this rice, and when they have partaken of sufficient quantity their flesh becomes of a nature to tempt the palate of an anchorite.

But the Rice Lake ducks, either from experience or an instinct which may be said to be wisdom intensified, do not like human company, and when they see a hunter approaching, generally hasten out of gunshot range.

Dieck, the youth before alluded to, was particularly fond of ducks and looked with contempt upon the efforts of his sire to provide the table with this delicacy.

He determined to have some ducks for dinner, if it took all the morning to accomplish the task. Proceeding to the corn field, he selected a large pumpkin, cut a hole in one end, removed its internal arrangements, carried it down to the shore, divested himself of his clothes, placed the pumpkin over his head, and waded in among the rice.

In a short time the fat and tender flocks of ducks approached, and, imagining the vegetable to be free from guile, encouraged the others to follow. They were partaking of their mutual meal, when astonishment struck them at the sight of the pioneer suddenly diving—not that there is anything astonishing in a duck diving—but this one dived feet foremost and neglected to come up.

A committee of one was appointed to investigate, and approaching the pumpkin, suddenly made a backward dive, and was gone. This was enough for the others. They fled in dismay, and henceforth numbered as among their deadliest terrors the innocent