

Gallipolis Journal.

W.M. H. NASH, Proprietor.

"Truth and Justice."

\$2.00 In Advance

Volume XXXIII.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, DECEMBER 19, 1867.

Number 5.

ROBINSON & BAILEY,
Wholesale Grocers,
LOWER SIDE
Public Square,
Gallipolis, Ohio.
Jan. 1, 1867.

CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR,
Constantly on Hand.
FLOUR—all grades, in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Best wheat Flour, Corn-meal, &c.
D. S. FORD,
Feb. 14, 1867.

C. J. MENAGER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GALLIPOLIS, O.
PROSECUTES Penalties and Bonds Money Claims with diligence, promptness, and fidelity.
Office, west side of the Public Square.
Nov. 25, 1864.

1867.
Spring Trade!
1867.

GROCERIES,
which we are selling cheap for Cash.
D. S. FORD,
Feb. 14, 1867.

JONATHAN HAMILTON,
FORWARDING
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WHARF BOAT,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Having purchased of Messrs. Patten & Sharwood, the Wharf Boat at Gallipolis, O., would inform the public that he will continue the Forwarding and Commission business as of liberal rates.
Oct. 4, 1866.

Come and See!!
Groceries and Provisions,
SUGAR CURED AND FLAIN HAMS,
SHOULDERS AND SIDES,
DRIED BEEF, BOLOGNAS, & C.
ALESHIRE'S BUILDING,
D. S. FORD.
Feb. 14, 1867

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
GALLIPOLIS.
EDWARD DELEMONTE, President,
L. PERRY, Vice President,
GEO. W. JACKSON, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$100,000.

Livery and Feed STABLES!
SADDLE AND DRIVING HORSES—With a good line of Carriages and Buggies on hand at all times.
Farmers Stock of all kinds, cared for on reasonable terms. Have a good lot in readiness on the corner of
Court and Fourth Streets.
W. H. McCOORMICK,
April 18, '67.-4f.

ROSS F. STEWART,
General Insurance
AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT;
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
CONVEYANCER.
Office—One door west of "Bank."
Sales, Purchases or Transfers of Property made, Taxes Paid, Rents Collected and Property Cared for—on small Commission, with Prompt Return of Money made.
April 11, '67.

NATIONAL HOUSE,
Corner of Third and Grays Streets,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
THIS neat and commodious House having been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, is now open for the reception and accommodation of the public under the charge of
JOHN DUNN, late of the Remington House, Pomeroy, O.
Who from his long experience in the business feels assured that he will be able to satisfy the most fastidious.
The Stage leaves this House daily for the Railroad.
June 21, 1866.

HENKING, ALLEMON & CO.
(SUCCESSORS TO)
C. & A. HENKING,
GROCERS AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Dealers in Produce, Provisions and Buggies, Lower side Public Square, Gallipolis, Ohio.

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Dealers in Produce, Provisions and Buggies, Lower side Public Square, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Choice and Extra FAMILY FLOUR,
N.Y. and B.M. Sacks, by WHOLESALE SALES for GROCERS and PRODUCE DEALERS or RETAIL for Family use, at
R. ALESHIRE & Co's.,
EUREKA MILLS, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Nov. 29, 18

CITY GROCERY,
JOSEPH MORRISON,
(SUCCESSOR TO)
MORRISON & DALE,
WHOLESALE and retail dealer in
GROCERIES
—AND—
PROVISIONS,
On 2d Street, West side of Public Square,
GALLIPOLIS OHIO.

WHERE he will be pleased to see all the old and as many new customers as may call. He has secured the latest and improved goods in his line, to which he invites the attention of dealers and consumers.
Aug. 9, 1866—4f.

Dr. J. A. VAN VLECK,
THANKFUL for past patronage in the Dental Profession, for the past fourteen years in Gallipolis, takes pleasure in informing his numerous friends and patients that he has secured the latest and improved appliances for extracting Teeth without the slightest pain.
All kinds of Dentistry executed on the shortest notice. Terms reasonable.
Office at his residence on Front Street, opposite the Methodist Church.
Dec. 30, 1866—4f.

Medical Notice.
JOHN MORGAN, M. D., tenders his professional services to the people of Gallipolis and vicinity, hoping by faithful attention to business, to merit a share of this patronage.
OFFICE—2d street, above Yanden's new building, back room, entrance door on upper side.
Aug. 9, 1866—4f.

MOLLOHAN & NASH,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLESTON, WEST VA.
WILL PRACTICE IN KANAWHA, AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
(OFFICE OVER SHIELDS).
Feb. 15, 1866—4f.

Simeon Nash & Son,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS
AT LAW,
Gallipolis, Ohio.
OFFICE—At Residence on Front Street above "Dufour House."
May 16, 1867.

D. S. FORD,
SUCCESSOR TO
D. S. Ford & Bro.
DEALER IN
GROCERIES and
PROVISIONS,
Aleshire's Block,
COURT ST., BET. 3d and 3d STS.
Jan. 10, 1867.

DUFOUR HOUSE,
FT ST., NEAR STEAMBOAT LANDING.
I HAVE taken this new and commodious House, and have it fitted up and furnished in a style unequalled in the country, arrangement for calling persons at night is good on board.
Persons stopping here will be satisfactorily accommodated. Horses and buggies furnished at any point.
Garnett House is closed.
JAS. E. RICHARDSON,
Proprietor.
July 12, 1866.

NEW STORE
AND
NEW GOODS,
C. C. WEIBERT & CO.
HAVE OPENED IN THE BUILDING
Corner 2d and Court Sts.
(MERRICK'S OLD STAND)
A Large and Complete Stock
of
Dry Goods,
Groceries, &c.,
Which will be sold as low as the lowest.
Our country friends especially, are invited to call and see us.
Aug. 1, 1867.—4f.

CREAM, BOSTON, OYSTER, SODA,
Sugar, and Butter Cracker
at MORRISON'S,
Nov. 14, 1867.

WM. S. NEWTON, M. D.,
Attends Calls in the City,
AT ALL HOURS.
Particular Attention given to Surgery.
OFFICE—IN POST-OFFICE.
Gallipolis, Nov. 7, 1867.

Dr. BLAGG'S
CONSTITUTIONAL RESTORATIVE!
CURES—
DYSPEPSIA, DISEASES OF THE DIGESTION, KIDNEY AND BLADDER.
Will remove pimples and blotches from the face, beautifies the complexion, builds up and invigorates the broken-down constitution, and is the cheapest cure of Syphilis ever presented to the public; and, I will give fifty dollars (\$50) for a single case that it will not cure and entirely eradicate from the system. Try it and see. Sold by Mail.—4f.
Single Bottle, \$1.00 Postage 6 Cts.
Six " 5.00 " 25 "
Twelve " 9.00 " 45 "
Direct—Box 126, Gallipolis, Ohio.
Nov. 7, 1867—5m

Authorized Claim Agency.
LEWIS NEWSOM,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Continues to prosecute all descriptions of claims for pensions, back pay and bounty due to heirs of deceased soldiers. Claims for all descriptions of Quartermaster and Commissary stores taken, and used by the army of the United States, whether receipts were given or not. Claims which withheld from soldiers on being discharged, for back pay or bounty, for all claims for naval services and prize money, and all other claims growing out of the military in any of the wars in which the United States has been engaged.
LEWIS NEWSOM,
Authorized Claim Agent.
Oct. 11, 1866.—4f

Wanted!
WHEAT, CORN AND OATS;
FOR which we will pay the highest market prices—delivered at our Mill or Warehouse.
Best Family Flour
For Sale at our Mill.
H. H. & E. H. NEAL.
June 6, '67.—4f.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
AND
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!
In large quantities, better assortment and at as low or lower prices than can be found elsewhere. May always be found at Hayward & Fuller's extensive Ware-rooms.
OUR Building constructed expressly for this business, is kept full of goods by receipts from almost every boat that lands at our wharf.
We have the goods and will not be undersold. Do not be persuaded to purchase without examining our stock. Corner of Third and State Streets.
HAYWARD & FULLER.
May 30, 1867.

WAGONS! WAGONS! WAGONS!!!
TO BE HAD AT
MEIKLE'S WAGON SHOP,
NEAR THE WOOLEN FACTORY,
ALWAYS READY TO HITCH TO.
Prince's Metallic Paint
STILL ON HAND.
Sept. 5, 1867.

Late! but not Least.
Miss Mary E. Bryan,
DEALER IN
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY,
STRAW
AND FANCY GOODS,
Ribbons and Laces.
SECOND ST., ABOVE SHERMAN HOUSE,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Florence Sewing Machine
—AND—
LAMB KNITTING MACHINE;
Each the best of its kind in use. Instructions and information given on all points of the above Machines—Which with the other merits of my Establishment, the Ladies of Gallipolis and vicinity are respectfully invited to call and test for themselves.
May 2, 1867.

Flour, Wheat,
Mill-Feed, &c.
CASH FOR WHEAT!
EUREKA MILLS,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
May 9, 1867.-4f.

HENRY HOUSE,
BOOK AGENT,
—AND DEALER IN—
CINCINNATI Dailies, Weekly and Monthly Periodicals, School Books, Stationery and Notions.
SECOND STREET, ABOVE STATE.
GALLIPOLIS OHIO.
Dec. 14, 1868.

Confidential Information
FOR THE MARRIED!
Best in sealed envelopes on receipt of 10 cents. Address—Dr. E. B. FOOTY,
No. 110 Lexington Avenue,
Cor. of East 28th st., N. Y.
Nov. 14, 1867.—3m

THE SKELIN.
BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Slip, slip your skin, my Kitty,
Over my hands, and wind, and wind,
And the world with little play,
Tangling, tangling, heart and mind;
Kitty! eyes upon the world!
Not on me, my beautiful!

Now you drop your eyes completely,
Winking, winking, drowsily,
Kitty! eyes upon the world!
On a thing that cannot see!
If you must smile, smile this way!
I will bear it as I may!

Ah! the rosy-fingered fitting
How my heart beats time while sitting;
Still, I try to bear it all;
Kitty! my heart you're winking there!

Kitty, I am in a vision;
All the world to me is dust and die;
Only in my eyes, my eyes,
Little fairy fingers try;
Smile, if I may kiss them, dear!
I shall catch and kiss them, dear!

Tangled! point not, from now, Kitty,
How my heart beats time while sitting;
Wind and wind, I do not care!
Smile or frown, and I will bear!

Ah! so fast and quick you wind it,
Do you wonder that you find it?
How my heart beats time while sitting;
Tangled, tangled are the twine;
Kitty, if I kiss them free again!

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.
A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith is more than Norman blood."
Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great organist who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church he saw a stranger sitting at the cradle-shaped organ.

He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great blue melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing gloss and color, sweeping like dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the instrument seemed to have grown human—that it walked and talked and clattered, as if a tortured human heart was throbbing through its pipes.

When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said, "Pray, who are you, sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard you are in want of an organist, and I have come here on trial."
"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone sir."

"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned off and began to play again. A new music changed from sorrowful strain to a grand old psalm, and the mysterious organist, "Looking upwards full of grace,
Prayed, till from a happy place,
God's glory smote him in the face."

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, and as his far-seeing eyes fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl with a veil of golden hair, eyes like the violet's hue, and lips like the ripe cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eyes on her, and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ear than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path—The blood faded from her cheek, her lip quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. And now the organist, in a long, yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed and clattered.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye! he shall play at your wedding."
The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice.

"Aye, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out agony of a tortured heart."
When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he had gone. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in and knelt near a shrine. There she remained till the worshippers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:
"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."
"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the instrument.
"Bertram," she murmured.
Quick as thought, the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling upon her, stood

the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a green serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girl's face.

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sunk at her feet and gazed wishfully into her eyes.
"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess.
"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not to venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

"A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:
"You are to be married on the morrow!"
"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rendering soul and body and spirit to the power of the world," said the girl; "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin!—Go, go, and God bless you!"

She waived him from her, as if she would banish him while yet she had the power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and then with a half smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Fine colored flowers added by the way-side—flame colored leaves came rushing down from the trees, and lay in light heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was to be a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms from stately heads, and the vestal robes that streamed down over hangings of the superb steels. But the princess, mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looking pale and sad, and when, on nearing the church she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few minutes afterward she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the king, to whom she had been betrothed for motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt by his side at the altar stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!"
Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did these dark eyes thrill her? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheek? Ah! though the king were the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag you to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

"White tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made queen reeled, and she would have fallen for once, two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage."

The Chicago Tribune, of Monday, says: "The pork packing business in this city is making gigantic strides, and many operators have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the season will practically terminate about New Year's day. The receipts of hogs for the week just closed were 138,881 live, and 7,168 dressed; total, 141,049 head. This is the largest receipt in any one week, in this or any other city in the world. The receipts two weeks ago were 111,250—an increase of 28,800 live of the week just closed. The St. Louis packers took some 1,500 head during the week, and large purchases of green hams and shoulders were made on Cincinnati account."

Freddy, a fair-haired youngster of four summers, sat on the sofa after being for some time lost in thought after broke out thus: "Pa, can God do anything?" "Yes, dear," "Can He make a two year old child in two minutes?" "Why, he would not wish to do that, Freddy." "But if he did wish to, could he?" "Yes, certainly if he wished to." "What would he do with it?" "What would he do with it?" "Yes, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

Mount Vesuvius—Some Account of the Eruption.
(Naples Nov. 30 Correspondence of London Times.)
As yet I have done scarcely more than note the fact of the eruption of Vesuvius, but so much has increased since last Wednesday, and so marvelously beautiful is the spectacle, that it merits a more detailed account. Unlike these terrific displays which we have had at times, and which cease with one great effort, this is the lava eruption increasing ever in force and beauty, and promising a duration of some weeks, if not months. If so—and it is the opinion of those most experienced in these matters—all the world may see it as soon as the groundless fears as to the state of Naples have vanished.

For the first one or two nights the mountain was modest enough in its demonstrations, tongues of fire shot up to announce its internal agitation, and a thin stream of lava trickled down behind in the direction of Ottajano, which lies on the southeast side of Vesuvius. Some friends who went up there early, gave a vague idea of the scene, and spoke of some eight or ten new craters, being no more than so many fissures opened by the explosive force of the mountain, and which change in number and character from day to day.

For the last two or three nights, however, the scene has been as grand as can well be conceived; but before giving details, let me describe the actual state and appearance of the mountain. Since December, 1861, it has been almost quiet, with the exception of one or two small and uncertain puffs, and our clear blue atmosphere has ceased to be marked with the spiral columns of smoke. On the very summit has gapped a huge crater, measuring nearly 700 feet in circumference, around which even children might have walked, being careful only to avoid certain sulphurous exhalations which were emitted at intervals.

During the last two years a small cone has been formed by the matter gradually ejected from this sulphurous hole. We could scarcely see its head above the walls of the large crater, but within the last week, like some presumptuous stripling, it has shot up above its venerable parent, and this in what has been fuming, and spluttering and storming with the arrogant impatience of youth since last Wednesday. It has sent forth an immense quantity of lava, converting the surrounding crater into a lake of fire. At first the high circling walls kept it within bounds; but gradually it has risen, until it is now about to burst through the public walls which surround the mountain, and which are the result of an earthquake at every effort to disgorge the liquid fire.

Ascending by the usual road, we were compelled on approaching the summit, to skirt a little round to the southeast, for two reasons—first, to get to the third side of the wind, which might have brought down upon us an inconvenient shower of stones; and secondly, to obtain a better view of the main stream, which was fed, not only by the great crater, but by another effort opened outside, about twenty feet in diameter. From this point the stream of living fire, full 20 to 30 feet in width, poured down to the bottom of the mountain rapidly, where it met with no obstacles, and where it did drag everything energetically until it carried everything before it. To the edge of the crater it was impossible to approach, the heat was scorching, and what would have been the consequences had the lava boiled over and come down upon us? It was difficult therefore, to form any fair estimate of its size, but one might have supposed that it was not more than 70 feet in diameter. It was not a moment, however, for figures when nature was exhibiting her power in one of its grandest forms. There was a roar and a shock, and then shot forth flames and stones full 1,000 feet in height, at intervals of from one to five seconds, according to the watch of one of the party; these tremendous convulsions were repeated, and then came the descending shower, composed of stones of various sizes, some certainly half a ton in weight, judging by the bulk. We could mark their course by the eye as long as they retained their red heat, but on approaching the earth they blackened, and then the ear could tell what was spotting and pitting the earth around. By the same person who had already acted as calculator it was declared that the descent occupied five seconds—much in excess, I should imagine, of the actual time. Precision, of course, was impossible in the excitement of such a scene, and if we any one thousand feet was the height attained, we shall not be wide of the mark. It was a nervous proximity to danger on which to stand, so the whole party soon decamped, and got back to Naples shortly after midnight, awestruck by a scene which never can be forgotten. Yet without the faintest of an ascent, any one can from the city enjoy a spectacle of marvel-

ous beauty, only diminished in proportion as compared with that which I have just described. There is no sound, but there are those everlasting flames, across the center of which is sometimes drawn a swathe of dark clouds, giving to their summit the appearance of greater height; and the sky is glazing with a deep-red color, and mighty stones, reduced by distance, are falling like myriads of stars on the summit of the mountain, the foot of which is wrapped in darkness. What a gorgeous scene! And how much more gorgeous it promises to be!

The Swinesnaught and Ironical Grand Trunk Muleway.
It now takes a week to get to Cincinnati and back. Wouldn't it be well if our people would establish relays of mules between here and the city, in order to be certain of a line of travel and transportation? A system of this kind could be made prodigiously successful. About seven relays, with twenty mules intervening, would make this mode of travel perfectly reliable and safe. There would be no danger from explosions, collisions, running aground—the only objection is that a person would be too safe. But this difficulty could be avoided, by procuring mules of fractious temperaments and establishing additional relays of whiskey. It does not require much fertility of genius to concoct the appliances for a successful through line on this basis. It could be called, for instance, Swinesnaught and Ironical Grand Trunk Muleway. That would sound. It would draw the train could start out simultaneously with that of the Iron Railway, and thereby, for the start, take advantage of the steam whistle and bell.

After that, a good merchantable horn would be sufficient to apprise the people along the route that a train on the "Swinesnaught and Ironical Grand Trunk Muleway" was now about to approach. In that way the concern would blow its own horn. In this it would be with the spirit of the age. The M. & C. R. R. might connect with it at Sciotoville, the Ohio Canal at Portsmouth, and the Hillsboro turnpike at West Union. There could be, for instance, fifteen minutes for dinner at Portsmouth, and while the locomotives were being fed, watered and carried down, the travellers might take advantage of the time to examine the public buildings and the market house. All these things, you see, could be spread out in flaming posters, in red and blue letters, as inducements for travellers to take passage on the Swinesnaught and Ironical Grand Trunk Muleway.

Tickets could be sold at all the groceries, bookstores and banks; time tables to be furnished from a public standpoint, it would be a success. Notice our statement. Put the capital at \$5,000 in this way:
Seventy locomotives at \$100.....\$7 000.00
Pack Saddles, &c..... 899.14
Printing tickets, &c..... 87
Total capital stock.....\$80 000.00
The receipts could be anticipated in this way:
For Passengers.....\$15 000.00
For Freight..... 37 000.00
For motive power..... 13 000.00
Other receipts nameless here..... 174.17

Total receipts.....\$73 174.17
The disbursements could be easily rendered as follows:
Seven masters of Transportation.....\$7 000.00
Seventy drivers..... 35 000.00
Oats, hay, &c..... 10 000.00
Lime..... 400.00
Repairs for horses..... 1.40
Shoeing locomotives..... 142.00
Fines for blowing whistles..... 125.00
Mouth..... 50.00
Incidentals..... 500.00
Total expenses.....\$52 112.65
Net profits.....\$21 061.52

Now, in our hurry to make this calculation, it passes our recollection whether or not the 250 per cent. profit is for a month or a year. But there are the figures to show for themselves. Can any one doubt the soundness of this view from a speculative point? Not one.

Let the enterprise then be ventilated. It is one way of getting on the inside of the outside world. Forward then. In the modified language of Horace Greely: On to Swinesnaught; and in the more classical words of the military chief in West Virginia, "Marching up de Shackassee."
—Frontier Register.

Advertisement.—A merchant on Paint street, who, our most liberal advertising patrons, told us the other day that his sales in the year ending Sept. 1, 1867, were ten thousand dollars greater than in the year previous—that he attributes this increase solely to advertising. And this the face of the fact that people have been buying out that the times were hard and trade dull the past year.—So it is dull times and hard times with old fossils who have not enterprise and sagacity enough to advertise. The times will get duller and harder with them year after year, while the live men who know how to keep their business before the public will gradually take away from them the few customers they now have.—
Chil. Cassette.

Human Courage.
Gen. Jackson bequeathed a gold snuff-box to the bravest soldier who served in Mexico. The gift was boxed about the country for a long time, and finally donated in a way not universally satisfactory. This was, perhaps, because the bravest man had not the courage—was too modest—to come forward and claim it; or it may be because the executor could not decide what the extreme of human courage consisted in.

During the Russian war the English Government promoted a Captain for leading a column of troops on a field battery; and a Midshipman for pitching an ignited shell out of a launch. This was landed as very brave work; but in each case the parties had more than an even chance for life, and the Midshipman had the choice of going overboard himself or throwing the shell over.

Far more courageous than this, in fact the most daring achievement of the late war, was the action of our brave sailors in capturing the steamer Calhoun at the mouth of the Mississippi. This vessel had been run ashore by the St. Jago de Cuba; she contained 500 barrels of gunpowder; the captain fired her and cried jump for your lives or you'll be in hell in three minutes; and the rebels did jump; but our men boarded her and coolly put her on the flames. There was no chance there of escaping two shots out of three, or of losing but an arm or a leg; our brave sailors all walked up to possible annihilation. Still a more higher than this, was that of Winkler, the Swiss, who led his countrymen through the long impenetrable wall of Austrian spears by gathering an armful of lance into his own bosom.

These men went to sure, but still almost painless death. The extreme point is not yet reached; there are two examples beyond these, one of the Paris physician, who shut himself up alone in a room, and saved himself by perishing, dissected the bodies of those who had died of the plague, all the while writing out a diagnosis of the disease, in hopes that the faculty might discover a remedy for it; the other, that of the German blacksmith, who, when a powerful mauling reeking with hydrophobia, rushing into a tavern, seized the animal with his naked hands, and while the furious beast was mauling him, shouted to the assembled guests, "Shut the doors; save yourselves, you cannot save me." Here was a voluntary acceptance of agonizing death, for the sake of humanity; these two cases present the "non plus ultra" of human courage; the nearest approach to the Cross man has yet made.—
Boston Transcript.

A SENSIBLE WIFE.—"Pray, tell me, what is the cause of those tears?"
"Oh, such disgrace! I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"
"But the contents!—such disgrace!"
"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit for my wife to read?"
"Oh, no—it is couched in the most chaste language. But the disgrace!"
"Disgrace!" Here the husband caught up the letter, and commenced reading the epistle that had given so much uneasiness to his wife.

Readers, you couldn't guess the cause in a coil's age. It was no other than a bill from the printer for nine years subscription.
The "disgrace" was wiped out almost immediately.

"We take it that President Johnson was not impeached because a majority of the House were of opinion that it could not be done in accordance with the Constitution. It seems a little out of place therefore, to be a gentleman for funkyness and overpowering deference to official station, because they voted against impeachment. Many of those who so voted are sufficiently alive to the irreparable character of the man Johnson, and would gladly have relieved the country from such an incubus. The difficulty in this case was, not that the person or office is sacred, nor that it was too troublesome or required too much nerve or was not worth doing, but that it could not be done constitutionally.—The argument of those who oppose this view seems to be, that it would be desirable to impeach Johnson; a desirable thing is also constitutional; ergo, it is constitutional to impeach Johnson.—
State Journal.

"We clip this as being better than anything we could write, and because it suits some persons about our village:
"If you wish to keep your town from thriving, turn a cold shoulder to every young mechanic or beginner in business—kill him off if possible. Look upon every new comer with a scowl, and discourage him all you can; if that won't do, decry his work, and rather go abroad for wares of his kind, than give him your money. Last, though not least, refuse to patronize the local papers. Then go to seed! There is no more effectual way to retard the growth of a town than this."

"Ain't I a Burster?" as the boiler said to the steamboat captain, when it blew him sky-high.

"He who receives a good turn, should never forget it, he who does one should never remember it."