Gallipolis Journal.

NASH & HARPER, Proprietors. "Truth and Justice." $1 50 in Advance.

VOLUME XXXIX. GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1873. NUMBER 5.

BANKING.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
GALLIPOLIS.

EDWARD DELETOMBE, President.
JOS. HUNT, Vice President
J. A HAMILTON, Cashier.

Capital Stock, $100,000.

DIRECTORS:—

EDWARD DELETOMBE, REUBEN ALESHIRE, JOHN HUTSINPILLER, ROBERT BLACK, JOS. HUNT, J. S. BLACKALLER

Buys Gold, Silver, U. S. Bonds, Coupons and Government securities of all kinds.
Bank open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
J. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.

Jan. 20, 1872

OHIO VALLEY BANK,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Cash Capital, $100,000.
Individual Liability, $800,000.

A. HENKING, President.
J. T. HALLIDAY, Vice President.
W. T. MINTURN, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

A. HENKING, H. N. BAILEY, A. W. ALLEMONG, J. T. HALLIDAY, WM. SHOBER.

☞This Bank is prepared to transact a general Banking business, making collections on all points, and remitting as directed, promptly on day of payment. Interest allowed on all time deposits. No charge to regular depositors for New York or Cincinnati Exchange. Banking hours: From 9 A M to 3 P M. November 7, 1872.

MILLINERY.

MRS. J. HOWELL,
DEALER IN
MILLINERY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞Orders solicited and promptly and carefully filled.
Court Street, between Second and Third
Gallipolis, Jan. 26, '71.

Miss A. HILL,
CONTINUES THE
MILLINERY BUSINESS,
AT CREUZET'S CORNER,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO

HARDWARE.

J. N. Beard and Co.
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE,
Glass, Stoves, Tinware, Railroad Supplies,
AND
Agricultural Implements.
Also, Agents for the Champion Mower and Reaper.
VANDEN'S BLOCK, SECOND STREET,
GALLIPOLIS, O.
April 25, 1872—1y.

MILLING.

R. ALESHIRE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Flour, Wheat, Mill-Feed, &c.
CASH FOR WHEAT,
EUREKA MILLS,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
May 9, 1867.—tf.

DRY GOODS, &c.

C. H. M'Cormick
Keeps a well assorted stock of
DRY GOODS,
To which he calls the attention of the public generally.
My goods will be sold upon their merits entirely, and will not be misrepresented either in quality or color.
N. B. I also have a fine stock of the celebrated Trefousse Kid Gloves, which I think cannot be beaten.
C. H. McCORMICK.
Oct. 3, 1872.

PAINTING.

R. M. COCHRANE
ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Gallipolis and vicinity, that he is prepared to do
House Painting, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING,
AND GLAZING.
All work done in good style and with first-class materials.
R. M. COCHRANE.
April 3, 1873.—tf

PHYSICIANS.

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

MECHANICAL & OPERATIVE DENTISTRY!

DR. J. R. SAFFORD.
Those wishing Artificial work, on any base which Science approves, will do well to call where they can have it done in the most artistic style. OFFICE—SECOND STREET, OVER J. H. WEIL'S STORE.
P. S.—Preserving the Natural Teeth, a specialty; the best Tooth-Powder and Brushes always on hand! [May 1, 1873.

ATTORNEYS.

C. W. WHITE. C. M. HOLCOMB.
WHITE & HOLCOMB,
Attorneys at Law,
AND
NOTARIES PUBLIC.
☞Partition of Real Estate, Examination of Titles, Conveyancing and Business for Administrators, Executors and Guardians promptly attended to.
Special attention given to Collections.
OFFICE—IN THE COURT HOUSE.

E. N. HARPER,
Attorney at Law,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO,
Pensions obtained and Government Claims prosecuted.
Office on Second street, one door above Vanden & Son.
March 14, 1872.

Cushing & Aleshire.
THE undersigned, having formed a partnership in the practice of the law in Gallipolis, Ohio, offer their professional services to the public.
Office: Second floor of John C. Shepard's Block, on Second street, fronting Public Square.
ALONZO CUSHING,
CHARLES C. ALESHIRE.
May 29, 1873.

C. W. BIRD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Gallipolis, Ohio,
WILL attend to all business entrusted to his care in Gallia and adjoining counties, also in Mason county, West Va.
Special attention given to Collections, Probate business, etc.
Office in Shober's block, on Second street, fronting Public Square.
May 29, 1873.—tf

W. H. H. SISSON,
Attorney at Law,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Office—Near Court House.
Sept. 18, 1873.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

JAS. VANDEN & SON.
MANUFACTURERS
AND DEALERS IN
WAGONS AND CARRIAGES,
HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SHAFTS, POLES, BOWS, WHEELS, PLOW HANDLES, &c. IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPRINGS, AXLES, CARRIAGE BOLTS, AXLE OLIPS, THIMBLE SKEINS, WAGON BOXES, &c.
2d St., above Public Square,
GALLIPOLIS.
May 13, 1869.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY

A. A. LYONS,
THIRD ST., near WOOLEN MILLS,
Manufactures Carriages, Buggies, Farm and Spring Wagons, and dealer in Wagon and Carriage material.
Special attention given to
Carriage Painting and Trimming.
May 15, 1873.—1y

MARBLE WORKS.

MILES & KERR,
MARBLE CUTTERS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
MONUMENTS,
Tomb-Stones, &c.
SECOND STREET, ABOVE PUBLIC SQUARE,
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio.
WE do everything in the line of Marble Cutting on short notice, and refer those who desire reference as to our skill and ability, to our work.
Oct. 26, 1871.—tf.

R. H. OATES
Can be found at the old Langley stand as a WATCH REPAIRER.
August 22, 1872.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

HENKING, ALLEMONG & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS
AND
Commission Merchants,
—DEALERS IN—
Produce, Provisions, and Liquors.
GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.
Manufacturer's Agents
—FOR—
RIFLE & BLASTING POWDER,
Clifton Iron and Nail Co.,
HURT'S CELEBRATED VIRGINIA TOBACCO.
Jan. 7, 1872

GROCERIES, &C.

CHARLES SEMON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Groceries, Confectionaries, Provisions, &c.,
COURT ST., BET. SECOND & THIRD
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO,
Respectfully asks the citizens of Gallipolis to call at his establishment and examine his stock of
GROCERIES,
Consisting of all articles to be found in a
FAMILY GROCERY STORE.
My stock of CONFECTIONERIES are large and complete: such as
CANDIES, CAKES, NUTS, FRUITS. &c.
By strict attention to business, selling at small profits, I hope to merit a share of public patronage.

OYSTERS
by the can and half can—of the best quality, and warranted to be fresh.
COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid.
C. SEMON.
Jan. 26, 1872.—1y.

D. S. FORD,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Provisions, Produce, &c.,
DROUILLARD'S BLOCK,
COURT ST., - - - GALLIPOLIS, O.
Jan 18, 1872.

ORRIN HALL.
Boots, Shoes,
AND
GROCERIES,
REGNIER'S OLD STAND, PUBLIC SQUARE,
Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his well selected stock of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
To which he has added a stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
For Ladies, Men and Children's wear, for which he is ready to sell cheap for cash. He can suit the most fastidious in the Shoe line. Call and examine his stock, no charge made for exhibiting goods. He will sell as cheap as the cheapest.
Call and see him before purchasing elsewhere.
Oct. 3, 1872.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

JOHN J. MAXON,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather,
&C., &C..
ALESHIRE'S BLOCK,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
☞We have the best of workmen in our Mechanical department, and all orders for Ladies and Gents' wear will be promptly attended to.
Nov. 21, 1872.

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.-tf.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

Waiting.

Thou of the sunny head,
With lilies garlanded,
And bosom fairer than the blown sea-foam;
O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay,
Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold?
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.
Come, sweet Enchantress, come!

Though, in the sombre West,
Thy star hath lit his crest—
Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered moon—
Thy violets are sepultured in snow,
Thy daises twinkle never in the sun,
Rude winds throughout the ruined forest blow,
And silent is the dove's melodious moan;
Enchantress, hasten soon.

White are the country ways,
And white are the tangled maze,
Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme;
Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge
Cold glooms the spectral mill above the flood;
Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied bridge,
And lightnings strike the darkness of the wood:
Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn,
No freshly-blossomed thorn,
Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes;
The day wastes drearily, through cloud and sleet;
Over the watered meadows and stark vales
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,
And ships and cities shiver in the gales:
O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee
The rathe bud for the tree,
The healing sunshine for the trampled grass;
Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless the eaves,
And shield the swallows in the rainy hours,
The pendant flames which the laburnum heaves,
And faint scents for the wind-stirred lilac flowers.
Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and kissed, of old,
Thy garment's glittering fold—
Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste;
Earth kindled at thine advent—alters burned,
And ringing cymbals bade the hearths be gay:
But now, in sunless solitudes inurned,
Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day.
O haste Enchantress, haste!

The lark shall sing again,
Between the sun and rain,
The brown bee through the flowered pastures roam,
[illegible] woods,
A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,
An odor in the half-unbosomed bud,
And dancing fox-gloves in each forest nook:
Then come, Enchantress, come.

HOW?

Perhaps I *am* a little too hasty, a little too ready to light up at a moment's notice; but there are some words that seem to me to carry an especial grain of gunpowder in them, and the above is one o' the sort. To have a person, after you've been through a long explanation, put his fingers to his mental ears and query you thus, or worse still, "Haow?" is too exasperating for human nature to bear. But that is what John Stringer did to me, bending his head a little nearer, and speaking in an absent, aggravating manner that tantalized me beyond words.

You see, John Stringer and I were engaged; we'd been engaged for a long time, and had perhaps got to be a little too matter of course to each other.

We were sitting there over the fire, after the old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him about Sophia Mills' wedding—her white silk dress, her bride-cake, and her brides maids frosted all over to match it, and I ended this way:

"But it don't make any difference, John, to people that love each other; all that's o' no account than last year's snow-drift. *They* could be married in calico and home-spun, with their feet on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just as well."

"How?" said John, absently. He was watching the coals flicker up and die out again, and picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on the embers — a fashion he had when thinking.

Now, I had had the headache all day, and I guess I was more tindery than usual, though I didn't think so then; but when John bent his great, broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard a word I said, and, in fact had something better to occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then the blaze died down into sulks, and when we parted that night John and I had had our first and last quarrel.

My heart did not misgive me that when I saw John's great, tall figure going out of the door it was the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year; but so it was.

You see, I held my head pretty high in those days, and I wouldn't show that I was a bit cut up about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plumber's Jesse, a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more to be compared to John than a cockle-shell is to a brigantine.

Oh, well, mother sighed, and tried right hard to bring us together again, but it wasn't to be

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used to see him go up the road many a time when I was out in the shed milking, and, peeping out at him through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders stooped more than ever, and his figure was growing more stalky like. Such an awkward fellow as John was! I came near rushing out on him once, with my sun bonnet on and my sleeves rolled up, and flinging my arms right round his neck; but John liked to see folks tidy and I never did it.

Jesse Plumber was the beau o' the village—dapper, neat and dainty as you please; and all the girls thought I'd come to my senses when I ousted John for Jess. And by-and-by it was Jess that came sparking o' nights, and not o' winter evening over the embers, and he was so soft spoken and pleasant that even mother forgot her vexation. (She always set store by John, mother did.) Well, in the spring we were married, Jess and me, and I had a string o' pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and I felt kind o' lifted up like when the girls crowded round me and hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so too; I wasn't sure [illegible] the days that came after [illegible] recall one hard word I had spoken to Jess. We weren't near enough to each other to quarrel; we were just laid apart like two cold volumes; there wasn't any fire 'twixt us, nor any thing twixt us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I had always been bubbling over one way and another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace were all I had of riches; and I cut up the gown one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see, I couldn't give up my pride, and was just as high spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper, and Jess didn't prosper; and Mrs. Plumber came to live with us, to look after things, she said; and she got to pitying him every now and then for marrying a poor wife, and—oh, well, what's the use o' talking?—sometimes I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then when baby grew bigger I took to teaching an A B C class as I used to before I was married; but what little I knew had run wild since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight somehow; and the girls didn't care about samplers, for the sewing-machine had ridden right over everything. Then Jess fell ill o' the fever, and with all the fuming and fretting and nursing of his mother, and with all my watching day and night, somehow he slipped off between us. And I found myself a widow, with the ill fared, wasted farm on my hands, and mother Plumber drizzling and mandering after Jess in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirit up yet, and I advertised half the place for sale at the Court-House; for if I could sell it we should skin through somehow [illegible] the night.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny afternoon as I was sanding the kitchen? Who, to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little gray mayhap, and a little more angular, but keen and strong as ever. He'd a use for that bit o' land, it seemed, and had had his eye on it along back. "Always was wanting what wasn't his," Mother Plumber said. She owed him a grudge for being more forehanded than Jess.

It took a deal of looking after and lawyering and surveying to settle it; and I used to see John Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and again. But he scarce ever came near the door, till one day—I can't tell how it was—when the settlements were about to be made. I just took my baby up stairs and had a good cry; for that bit o' land had been Jess' favorite piece, and mother Plumber had been harrying me all day about it.

"The ways o' Providence so strange!" said Mother Plumber, laying her specs down atop o' the big Bible, and putting on that awfully patient air which was wearing me to skin and bone—"past finding out. Now, if Jess had married Sophie Mills that was, and you—"

But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say, I just caught up baby and went off to the garret. And while I sat by the cobwebbed window, Mrs. Barret—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by in their new spring wagon, she and her half dozen children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples. Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up the road; and looking along, I saw John Stringer walking, thoughtful like, right up to our gate, just as he used to come in courting days—for John never had any foolish ways about him. I saw Sophie look back at him as she and the children, with their fluttering ribbons and gay ginghams, disappeared at the turn o' the road. Then I smoothed my hair, washed my face and went down. The time of settlement had come, I knew.

"Mary Ann," said John, gravely, the "lawyer will be here presently; but I reckon we can make it all clear in our own minds without his help. And I've—I've settled it, in fact, that there are certain conditions on which I'll take the land—if you agree."

Then I flew into a passion. "You've been long enough making up your mind," says I. "I don't throw my land at anybody's feet, and I haven't asked any favors of you, leastways, John Stringer."

"Softly, there, softly!" says John, putting out his hand. "Don't be in a flurry, little woman."

"John Stringer," says I, all in a heat, "you're just the same man you was years ago when you thought I was always firing up every time you got out o' temper yourself."

"And weren't you little woman?" said John, quite gravely. "Don't women folks always like their own way better than anything else?"

"You don't know anything about women?" I cried, "any more than you did then. You thought I wanted silks and furbelows more than—than—"

"Than you did me," said John; "and right enough you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. I always said so, Mary Ann."

"Any man with half an eye would have known better," says I, hotly.

"How?" said John. His great hulking figure lifted itself up, and he looked at me with those sharp brown eyes that used to give me a start in the old times. "How?" he repeated, softly. "Do you mean to say I was mistaken years ago?" His big brown hand was all of a tremble as he held it out to me. "Little woman, little woman," say she, "let's ha' done with it all now, and let it be as if it never was"

Presently Mother Plumber put her head in the door. "'Pears to me that lawyer's making a long spell of it," says she. "Ben't you a'most tired o' waitin' for him, Mr. Stringer?"

"I guess we've settled it pretty much without the lawyer," says John, smiling; "and that's the condition I had to propose, Mary Ann—to take you and the meadow land together!"

And he did.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Prairie Fires.

[From the Atchison (Kan.,) Champion, November 25.]

Daily we are in receipt of the sickening details of the ravages of the unmerciful prairie fires that have crept like demons over our fair young State, licking up with their tongues of flame, in almost an instant, the labored toils of years. Hundreds have lost their all, and thousands have, in an hour, lost their whole year's work. What will be done during the winter to feed the stock and support the families of these settlers, is a solemn question that is staring our people in the face. "Destructive prairie fires" is the ominous heading that meets the eye in all our exchanges.

The Independence *Tribune* notes destructive prairie fires on Monday and Tuesday. Of the latter it says:

"Tuesday is a day that will long be remembered by many of our people on account of the destruction of a vast amount of accumulations of the past summer, and a fearful loss of property."

A correspondent of the Lawrence *Tribune*, from Anderson County, says a destructive prairie fire swept in from Coffey County upon the northwest corner of Anderson on Thursday, the 21st inst., doing much damage. The long-continued dry weather enabled it to move over ground where ordinarily there would have been nothing to feed it. It burned for Owen Grant a stable, harness, plows, a large pen of corn, a crib of oats, four large hay ricks [illegible] Mr. F. Murphy, J. Baird, and J. [illegible] are heavy losers. Neither hedge rows, back firing, nor plowed fields were a protection. It burned through Rev. A. K. Johnson's door yard, consuming his wood pile, heated the weather boarding on his house until the resin exuded, and passing into the hay about his stables and granary, burned to within three feet of the stables before it could be stopped

The Junction City *Union* says the fire broke out at or near the head of Black Hollow, on McDowell's Creek between 9 and 10 o'clock last Sunday morning, when, as our readers will remember, a tremendous gale was prevailing. The fire ran across the divide toward Humboldt Creek, passing within half a mile of Mr Eldridge Harris' place, and striking the valley of the creek at Jas L Wingfield's. In a very short time Mr. Wingfield's fences, 40 tons of Hungarian, his wheat, in fact everything of combustible nature that he owned, except his house and stables, which were saved with difficulty, had disappeared in smoke At this point the fire spread from Humboldt Creek to McDowell's and followed the course of those streams, sweeping everything before it After passing Wingfield's, passing up Humboldt Creek the fire made a clean sweep to the farm of Mrs. Hand, a widow lady. Mrs. H lost everything except her house. E N. Church was more fortunate, sustaining little damage except in fencing. Jesse Chase lost 30 tons of hay and considerable fencing, and 20 tons of hay belonging to Axom & Julian were also destroyed. F. J. Chase lost 450 bushels of corn, 40 tons of Hungarian and millet, five tons of prairie, and all his feed of every description. His wheat, fortunately, had been threshed and put near the creek, and was saved. Joseph Cummings suffered to the extent of 25 tons of hay, and his neighbor, Mr. Devinney, lost 26 tons of hay, and about 1,100 rails. Mr. Weston was suddenly deprived of 800 rails. The Johnson brothers all suffered more or less. Joseph Johnson lost 60 tons of hay; Henry Johnson lost 25 tons of hay, considerable fencing, all his corn, and part of a threshing machine; S. V Johnson lost a wagon and 10 or 12 tons of hay; Andrew Johnson lost 20 tons of hay. Wm Pettijohn lost 300 bushels of corn and about 35 tons of hay, and 500 posts and rails At this point the fire approached the place of Mr. Glisner, who, with his wife and eight children, lived in a dug out on the divide. Mr. Glisner had the wall of a stone house partially complete, and had collected some lumber for the building. Mr. Henry Jackson, by running his horse kept ahead of the fire, and warned the family of their danger (Mr. Glisner being absent from the house). Mrs. Glisner attempted to get to a piece of broken ground, but was headed off by the fire, and took refuge within the walls of the unfurnished house we have mentioned, and so escaped. Everything their family possessed except the clothes on their backs was destroyed. Of the other parties living on the east side of Humboldt, we learned the names of Jeremiah Malcom, who lost 30 tons of hay, with his fences; Philip Houts, who lost 20 tons of hay and 20 acres of fodder, and a large amount of fencing John Houts lost heavily in fencing, and saved but one stack of hay. The fire crossed Humboldt at E N. Church's, and did some damage to Henry Connor and Wm. Andrews, and then the sea of flames rolled over into Morris County.

The fire followed McDowell Creek, but was not so destructive in its effects as on Humboldt. Mr. Monfort lost some two thousand rails. Mr. Henry Carlton lost eight hogs, and, in fact, everything except his house Mr. Whitehurst lost fencing, as did Mr. Hess Mr. Martinson's stable was burned, with harness, etc

The scene is described by those who witnessed it as perfectly awful. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the sky seemed filled with fire three hundred feet from the ground, and the flames ran before the wind like a race horse. Guards which had been burned around farms proved perfectly useless, the flames flowing completely over them. The cattle on the prairies, warned by instinct, took refuge in the creeks, and we have heard of no losses of stock

Monday afternoon the fire had reached Crooked Creek, in Morris County, and was doing immense damage How far beyond that point it spread we have no means of ascertaining

The amount of damage done cannot be estimated by the value of the property actually burned. The farmers burned out are left without anything to feed their stock, and will be forced to sell at a great sacrifice

Allen, Nemans, Marshall, Brown, Riley, Pottawattomie, Dickinson, Davis, Wabausee and Morris Counties, and clear down to the State line, have been devasted, and the charred track of the fiend has left desolation and suffering indescribable.

It will be some days before the full extent of damage and suffering resulting from the recent terrible prairie fires in Kansas will be known. Meanwhile, every Kansas paper swells the list From the Council Grove *Democrat* we learn that the loss in that county alone will exceed $50,000. The *Democrat* narrates the following:

"Mr. Lindsay, besides losing everything he possessed, was nearly burned to death. In his endeavors to quench the flames that were enveloping his granaries, stables and other out-buildings, his well of water [illegible] his place, team, repaired to the creek and filled his barrels with water, and started to return only to find that he was cut off from his home by the encircling fire. He lashed his horses into a run, hoping to get through, but the animals in coming in contact with the flames, wheeled short about, throwing him from the wagon and prostrating him on the ground.

"Upon recovering his feet he was enveloped in the heat and smoke, and fire all around him He managed to struggle through the flames, but his clothing was on fire and he was badly burned. He attempted to tear off his burning garments, but owing to his hands being burned raw he was unable to do so. He took out his knife and cut from his body every vestige of clothing except his boots, which he wore until they began to char upon his feet. His cries brought assistance, when he was found in an exhausted condition, one boot nearly cut from his foot, with his knife clenched in his fleshless and bleeding hands. He was taken to his home, and Dr. Beach of this city summoned to his relief. He is dangerously burned, though the doctor thinks he will, with proper care, survive. In the meantime, Mr Lindsay's horses ran back to the creek, and fastened the wagon between two trees When found the wagon was on fire, the body burned in two, the running gear in a blaze, the trace chains too hot to handle, and the horses could not extricate themselves, nor could they be relieved by those present until they were whipped into breaking the well-nigh burnt single and double trees. When released from the wagon, the horses were badly scorched, and they may yet die.

☞Marshal Bazaine's wife sustains her husband pluckily and faithfully in his trouble. Why the women of this class are always some other fellows' wives is what most of us are trying to find out.

Josh Billings says: "What a blessed thing it is that we kant 'see ourselves as others see us'—the sight would take all the starch out of us."

For the Gallipolis Journal.

Buds.

BY MRS. SARA WOLVERTON.

I dreamed there was a garden fair, all full
Of fragrant flowers,
Where one could sit and wile away from life
Its lonesome hours,
A fountain sweet within it played, and birds
Sang thro' the trees;
Whilst else the sense might slumber long there came
The murmuring breeze.

I saw, in garments, such as earth affords
Her fruits who keep,
The forms that tilled and fed this soil, some wakeful
And some asleep.

I wandered thro' this royal round, some-[illegible]
A flower to kiss;
I drank the crystal from its cup, and felt
To own were bliss.

At last, from bending o'er his work, there turned
His gaze on me,
One, who within my longing soul, the boon
I craved could see.

With kindly tone he bade me on, and glean
The *buds* that grew,
The full-blown are for *other* heads but yours
Shall open too.

My buds I gathered one, by one, dipped oft
Within the spray;
When lo', the leaves unfold, the petals spring,
Flowers bloom straitway.

The sleeping guards awakened now, and gazed
With wonder bound;
For none, in all that garden wide, than mine
Are fairer found.

They were but Buds! but buds oft fold their life
That none may know,
The secret hid, until time is; God wills
That it is so.

DETROIT MICH., Nov. 1, 1873.

The Bitter End.

A passenger by the Australia tells of a married pair "appearing on shipboard at the moment the gangway plank was being pulled in at the dock in New York. A state-room had been procured in some mysterious manner, and some huge trunks followed, but the owners came last, and the captain [illegible] zled to find that the name on the passenger list and the occupants of the state-room were not the same. After the ship, however, lost sight of land, the captain was taken into the confidence of the gentleman and told of an elopement. The groom was a man about forty years of age, a foreigner and a count, with a coal-black mustache on his face and a castle on the Rhine. He had the hard, handsome face common to Mississippi gamblers, and dressed himself in the same gorgeous style. The bride, without being handsome, had large, winning blue eyes, that, in their helpless, confiding sort of expression, won the sympathy of all on board The Count treated his bride with elaborate courtesy, always getting out of the way when the poor thing suffered from seasickness and after expressing his concern for madam in the choicest phrase. He expressed himself ennuied terribly with the monotony of the sea, and tried hard to inveigle certain gentlemen into a game of chance, only to pass the time, however. He was strongly averse to gambling. At the end of the voyage the pair disappeared, and the two fugitives were heard of no more until several months after, when the Australia was on her way back to New York, when the kind-hearted captain learned that a woman, traveling alone, was very ill in the steerage. Seeking her with the ship's physician, he was astonished to find in the sick steerage passenger the Count's bride of a few months before. He vacated his state room to the poor woman in her faded finery, and little by little he learned her story. It was the old, old story of offended parents and a cruel husband, who, finding a helpless wife, without money, on his hands, first abused, and then deserted her. She had parted with the few bits of jewelry left her by the brute, and was now getting back as best she could, ruined and broken hearted, to her old home. The ship was approaching New York. The weary passengers collected on deck saw the poor creature, with little remaining of her former self but the wistful, confiding look over her large blue eyes, that from out the pale, sunken face seemed larger than ever. Those who watched her more closely saw at times a light gleam in them, as if for a second her poor, numbed faculties were unhinged and crazy. The vessel, aided by the wind and steam, was dashing on, nearing every second the entrance to the bay, when suddenly the startled passengers heard a wild scream, saw a flash of white garments, a splash, and then the wild cry of some one overboard. The steamer was stopped, the boats lowered, and after an hour's search the body of the poor woman was recovered and brought on board."

A Wheeling paper says that the Pittsburgh, Wheeling and Kentucky Railroad Company has "concluded to make what may be called an assignment to its creditors. The company is forced to this step for the lack of a sum not exceeding $30,000," which sum, owing to the financial troubles, can not at this time be got.