

Gallipolis Journal.

WM. NASH, Editor.
VOLUME XL.

"Truth and Justice."

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1876.

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NUMBER 80

Parting Apples.

Out underneath the apple tree
A bonny maiden sat,
And by her side in drowsy state,
Reposed the old gray cat.
The sky above the fields below,
The little maiden sitting there,
Not having curls as soft as eyes,
All formed a picture sweet and fair.

And in her lap a dish she held
Of fruit—a tempting sight,
And in a cheery voice she sang,
"These must be parted ere night."
But mother's gone and I'm alone,
And now I'll try my luck and see
If Brown-eyed Robin—whom I love—
Has really given his heart to me.

"For I've often heard if I should pare
An apple whole and sound,
Without a break in one long strip,
And cast it on the ground,
That, falling, it would twine and take
The first initial of my name,
Who, some fine day—if it be true—
Will surely come my hand to claim."

Then, quick as thought, the deed was done,
And, lying at her feet,
The ruddy skin, with joy she saw,
Had formed an R complete.
She clasped her hands in child-like glee,
And, gazing on the merry form,
A tender song burst from her heart,
"Now, Robin is my own, I ween."

But why do sudden blushes rise,
And mantle cheek and brow?
And see the snowy, dimpled hand,
Why does it tremble so?
A step she hears, a manly form
She knows is close behind her chair,
And looking up with sky blue eyes,
She sees her lover standing there.

He lightly laughs and taps her cheek;
"Yes, little lassie, mine,
The apple-skin has told the true,
For Robin's heart is thine."
And now neglected in their dish,
Repose the apples, red and gold,
While in the summer afternoon
The old, sweet tale once more is told.
—Boston Transcript.

ONLY A SONG.

Monsieur Lafonte, who had a large family and a small income, hired the upper floor of a large building in Paris, and to reduce his rent, under-let a room to young Monsieur Fernande, the musical composer, of whose compositions no one yet had heard anything.

It was a little narrow room with one very high window, but it had this advantage: out of this window one could, at the risk of breaking one's neck, catch a glimpse of the beautiful prima donna, Mlle. La C., as she fanned herself on the balcony of the first floor. For this sensible reason had Monsieur Fernande hired the apartment.

He was dreadfully in love with her, though they had never spoken to each other, and he fondly and falsely believed that she knew that he had thrown her bouquets and had given him special thanks for them as she held them against her pretty chin, and bowed her pretty head for them, and smiled with the beaming smile of an actress down upon the audience.

Ever he made his name and fortune, then she should know, but not until then. So he loved in silence, and worked at his compositions and offered them to publishers and had them "declined with thanks."

Now and then, of course, he sold a song, but the songs did not become popular, and he must have starved to death, but that he now and then played on the piano for some dancing party. At the best he lived on bread, coffee, and a little soup.

In his room he had an old piano, a desk, chair, a merschaum, and a little charcoal furnace. When he had five francs in his pocket and it was not rent day he felt rich.

Mlle. La C. had every luxurious lounge and coach to be bought for money. She lavished gold on her friends, on her own, on her people, on the beggars who held out their crooked hands, and showed their distorted faces at the door of the house, as she tripped from it to the carriage.

They said she had been a peasant girl, whose sweet voice as she stood singing at the door of a little hut, had caught the ear of a wealthy music-worshiper, and on being encouraged in consequence. They tell strange stories of so many prima donnas. No one would have guessed from her manner now that she ever knew the value of a sou. Yet with all this extravagance she was growing rich, and could make a little fortune in a night.

Young, beautiful, adored, who could be happier? And yet, though she could sing so divinely, she could not have composed one of those little songs which were written in the garret over her head to save her bright young life. Each one was a gem, and probably young Fernande knew it, for genius ought to know its own work.

Still, rattling marches, waltzes that were the same thing over again, and bits from well-known operas twisted into gallops, and some little songs lay neglected on the counter, and others never reached the counter at all, being scorned from the first by publishers with no music in their souls, however much there may have been in their shops.

If indeed, some well-known singer would have sung one of them—Mademoiselle La C. for instance—then there might have been a change. The thought crept into poor Fernande's heart by degrees; at last it strengthened into a resolve; but it must be the best of all that he should lay before his idol, the very best—nothing less would do.

So he wrote in his attic room, the poor composer, and below, the happy poor-bird trilled her song, and laughed and chattered, and was especially generous, and never even knew of his existence, who, evening after evening, watched her, listened to her, envied the men who had a right to sit beside her, hold her fan, perhaps—who knew—her hand; also the men of whom might one day be

her favored lover. And she enjoyed her happy, butterfly existence and knew nothing about him.

At last, in a fit of romantic influence, our composer turned poet. He wrote the words of a song which he called "Love's Dying Dream," and he fitted it to an air so sweet, so gentle, that playing upon the old piano he knew it to be the best of all that he had ever done—the bright particular gem fit to lay before his lady.

He copied it out daintily; he wrote a note with the signature of "An Admirer," and resolved to leave it at her door and wait the result.

"If I should even hear her sing it I should be so happy," he said to himself, "I should be willing to die."

What strange things we say sometimes! Did you ever say anything, not quite meaning it, that afterward proved itself in a little conical heap. On this rather dreary-looking lot an old woman of the neighborhood has squatted, having been expelled from some unpretentious underground cellar for inability to pay rent. The present dwelling is a curiosity. It unites in the same apartment parlor, dormitory, and reception room for guests. Her dwelling in fine, consists of an old tool chest, such as is used by street conical tractors, in which to house their shovels and picks. The cover shuts down slantingly, and forms, when closed, the roof, to keep off the rain, dust, and snow. At night, the old lady descends into her house, and closing down the trap-door, disappears like "Jack-in-a-box." In the daytime, the cover is held open by a stake, and the apartment is ventilated. The furniture consists of a few utensils, and some spare fragments of old carpet spread out on a board, forming a seat and a shelf. The kitchen part consists of an iron pot, which was simmering over a few embers, with no roof over it except the canopy of heaven. The old woman was seen backing away at a refractory plank, to chip off some firewood, in the presence of a small crowd of boys and girls.

A Poor Woman Who Lives in a Tool Chest.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

About one square south of the School-marin's Home, and on the east side of Eighth street, opposite the mouth of the railroad tunnel, is an open lot, having a gentle slope toward the street. It seems to be covered by a cop of old ashes emptied from the neighboring dwellings and scattered about in a little conical heap. On this rather dreary-looking lot an old woman of the neighborhood has squatted, having been expelled from some unpretentious underground cellar for inability to pay rent. The present dwelling is a curiosity. It unites in the same apartment parlor, dormitory, and reception room for guests. Her dwelling in fine, consists of an old tool chest, such as is used by street conical tractors, in which to house their shovels and picks. The cover shuts down slantingly, and forms, when closed, the roof, to keep off the rain, dust, and snow. At night, the old lady descends into her house, and closing down the trap-door, disappears like "Jack-in-a-box." In the daytime, the cover is held open by a stake, and the apartment is ventilated. The furniture consists of a few utensils, and some spare fragments of old carpet spread out on a board, forming a seat and a shelf. The kitchen part consists of an iron pot, which was simmering over a few embers, with no roof over it except the canopy of heaven. The old woman was seen backing away at a refractory plank, to chip off some firewood, in the presence of a small crowd of boys and girls.

A New Cure for Rheumatism.

[From the Methodist.]

A minister afflicted with rheumatism mentioned his trouble to a Paddy employed on his premises: "Och, sure," replied Ireland, "an' if ye would carry a potato in yer pocket ye'd get well." A day or two after the minister sat in the elegant study of an uptown city church chatting with the pastor, a perfect gentleman, whose culture and good sense were the pride of his Conference. The visitor asked, "What can I do for my rheumatism?" The cultured pastor replied, "Easily cured, my dear brother. I had the rheumatism. A friend advised me to carry a potato in my pocket. It looked a foolish thing to do, but I tried it and it cured me."

New York Graphic: Last year there was a Democratic minority in the Vermont Senate. That Democratic minority was small. It was covered by one hat, and inserted only one nose at a time in a tumbler. It held its caucus in bed. It was forlorn and depressed minority, but grant and condemned to six months hard labor as a thief.

Mlle. La C. went home pointing and declaring that "she hated to go to such dreadful places." She ate a delight-lunch, and afterward finding a packet upon her table, opened it and read Fernande's anonymous note, at which she laughed and hummed over the song, pronounced it "very pretty." A few days after she practiced it, and on being encouraged one night, though he to sing it.

Poor Fernande! if he could have been there to have seen how the women wept over his pretty little lay of love and death, and to have heard how the applause rang.

After that the manager besought Mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream" every night, and the lady obeyed his request.

Amateur singers went mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mlle. La C.'s song, and by many was believed to be her own, and it sold as never a song sold before.

One day, with a party, she visited the prison where Fernande was confined.

She stood amid her little circle of cavaliers, and said to one in authority of the place:

"What do they like, these people? Shall I sing a love song?"

"As Mademoiselle pleases," said the man. "Every one understands that theme."

And Mademoiselle smiled, and tried her voice with a little trill, and began poor Fernande's song, "Love's Dying Dream."

"Oh, the eager glittering eyes that watched her.

"Oh, the flushed cheek—the hurried breath! Oh, the mad throbbings of the heart of number twenty-four as he whispered to himself:

"It is my song! It is my song!"

"What is the matter?" whispered number twenty-three to number twenty-four. "I say, mon ami, speak."

"What is the matter?" asked the singer of the superintendent, as the last notes of her song died upon her lips. "There seems to be some commotion."

"There is a little," said the superintendent, calmly; "number twenty-four has caused it."

"Has he escaped?" cried the lady, looking as though she had heard that a tiger had broken loose.

"After a manner, Mademoiselle," said the superintendent. "He is dead."

They buried Fernande in whatever spot of ground is given to pau-

Aerial Navigation.

[From the New York Sun.]

It seems as though Mr. Martin Farquhar Tappan's desire to see a box that will dip its wings and fly, is destined to be gratified. Not, indeed, by a Yankee, as he hoped, but by Mr. W. G. Lewis, a Southern gentleman, who has devoted many years of his life to the study of aerial navigation, and has at last succeeded in producing a model of a flying machine, which certainly does all that he claims for it.

He gave a private exhibition of his invention at his home, 27 Thirty first street, yesterday afternoon. The principle by which the motive power of the machine is obtained is to a great extent similar to that which propels a screw steamer. The model weighs three pounds, and the body is probably eighteen inches long. It contains a powerful clock spring, which communicates with two wings, one above the other and each having two fans precisely similar in shape to those of the screw of the propeller. When the spring is wound up, these wings or screws revolve at the rate of about fifteen revolutions a second, and the machine rises into the air. Of course with so rapid a motion the motive power is soon exhausted; but Mr. Lewis proposes to substitute steam for clock work.

By attaching another pair of wings he gets a horizontal motion, and yesterday the model rose to the ceiling of the room in which the experiment was made, and then darted swiftly to the opposite wall. Where the upward motion was obtained, the machine carried with it a dead weight of one pound, and Mr. Lewis says that the weight of the model itself could be materially reduced without decreasing the power.

The inventor estimates that for about \$2,500 a machine on the principle of his model could be produced which would travel from New York to San Francisco in twelve hours. For about \$250 he could make a machine in which he is prepared to sail off the spire of Trinity Church.

A Warning to Horsemen.

[From the Cecil Democrat.]

Alexander Scott, a farmer who lived near Scott's Hill, Maryland, excelled in horse and got an animal that was suffering from some disease of the head. About two weeks ago Mr. Scott's hand began to inflame from a slight wound on the back of it, and became in a few days a very ugly ulcer, giving him a great deal of pain. Last week Dr. Carter found him suffering from fever, and a day or two later Mr. Scott had a raging fever, and was covered with "boils." The disease was unmistakably "glanders," and had been communicated from the glandered horse through the break in the skin of the hand. Mr. Scott died on Sunday night. A horse may have chronic glanders and live a long time, keep fat, and work without difficulty, and yet inoculate man and beast with the deadly virus that is slowly sapping its existence.

The body of Charles Emory, a soldier who died in Washington, D. C., in 1863, was taken up last Monday for the purpose of rearranging the family lot in Jeffrey, N. H., and was found to be turned to stone. It was estimated that the weight was from 600 to 700 pounds. When alive his weight was 125 pounds. His features, clothing and the flower wreath around his face were all as perfect as the day when he was buried.

Oh, no, sire, Messrs. Republicans! You won't capture the House of Representatives yet awhile. The people won't forget that the present Democratic House scaled down the taxes some \$30,000,000.—(Boston Post, Dem.) The Democratic House cut down appropriations probably a few millions, disabled the public service, and laid the foundation of a big deficiency bill next winter, all for political effect. The claim that the Democratic House reduced taxes \$30,000,000 is insinuated by the Post, but is false.

Plymouth Church has adopted a line of action unprecedented in church history. It has sent out a circular to all holders of pews and seats requesting them to stay at home for a few Sundays and allow their pews to be occupied by strangers. A card is inclosed on which the pewholder is to give the number of Sundays and sittings that he will yield up. Plymouth Church seats less than 2,000 persons; 6,000 last Sunday tried to get within the doors. To urge folks to stay at home from church worship is a novel procedure.

A Remarkable Frog Story.

From the Toronto Globe.

A remarkable incident occurred at Brown & Hall's sawmill, in Acton, when a pine log was being sawed up into lumber. The outside slab and one board had been cut off, and while the workmen were turning over the log they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he had been imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut up by the saw. How the stranger got there was a mystery, as he was completely encased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and he had no doubt grown up with it from infancy, being probably hundreds of years old. The animal was quite fat, and nearly as large as a man's hand. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot of about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded. How did he get there, and what did he live on?

The South Carolina Plan.

The democratic plan of carrying the Solid South for Tilden is by intimidation, violence and murder. The plan performed so well in Mississippi, last year, that now it is being worked in other States. South Carolina is a Republican State on an honest, free ballot, but it has been promised to Tilden, and the White Liners seem determined to make good that promise, peacefully if they can, but forcibly if they must. How it is being done, the following extract from a letter in the New York Tribune, written by a white native of the State, who is not a Republican, abundantly testifies. It is worthy to be read and considered by every true American citizen:

"Never, since the passage of the Ordinance of Secession, have there been such scenes in the State. The whole white population is up in arms and drilling. Wade Hampton and his colleagues are canvassing the State. Everywhere they go there are mass meetings, and torchlight and military processions, recalling those of 1860-61. A wide-spread system of terrorism and intimidation reigns supreme. The negroes, now so long un molested that they have come to look upon freedom as the natural order of things, have been suddenly awakened from their dream. They see the military drilling all around them. Dark faces scowl at them when they go abroad. They hear of secret meetings and gatherings of their old-time owners. Whispers of the Hamburg butchery reach them. They hear the whites all around them saying that the bottom rail has been on top long enough; that the darkey has got to step down and out; that Hampton must be elected. In alarm they call a mass meeting of Republicans for consultation. Their prominent men are invited to be present and speak. The time comes. Thousands are present. They organize, and the speaking begins. They hold a communion again. The orator stops. The tap of the drum and the sound of the bugle are heard down the road. Two long columns of white soldiery, armed to the teeth, mounted on on foot, come filing around the corner, and march to the platform. They push aside the frightened negroes, and select the best seats. Their leaders, ex-Confederate, then mount the platform, and demand that the time for Democratic speakers be given. Generally accorded. A Confederate General arises, delivers a blood-and-thunder burlesque, telling the negroes they have been fools long enough, have got to discard their present leaders, and come back to their old masters, who intend to carry the election peacefully if they can, but forcibly if they resist. A Republican follows. He is greeted with a storm of hisses and a deafening yell of derision from the military. He mutters a few words, every sentence being drowned by the howlings. At last a sentiment is uttered loud enough to be heard. Forthwith an armed bully steps forward from the ranks and pronounces that assertion a lie. The speaker dares not resent the insult—may, he dares not notice or allude to the insult, and calls for a witness. But the insults, jeers, impertinent questions, &c., come faster and faster, and finally, in alarm for his life, he resumes his seat. When the hissing has subsided, another Confederate takes the floor. He goes over the rambling remarks of the poor Republican, pronounces each and every one of them an infamous, malicious, damnable lie, and dares him to arise and say they are not. There is wild cheering. The Republican, quivering with fear and indignation, is forced to swallow it at the point of the bayonet. The other speakers on his side are treated in the same way. The meeting breaks up with three times three and a tiger for Hampton and Tilden. And such of the negroes as have not already fled in alarm are followed to their homes by the jeers and curses of the riflemen."

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Banking.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, GALLIPOLIS.

EDWARD DELETONBE, President.
JOSEPH HUNT, Vice-President.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.

Capital Stock, - - \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:
Edward Deletonbe, Jno. A. Hamilton, Reuben Aleshire, Jos. Hunt, John Hutsinpiiler, 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.
JNO. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.
May 7, 1874.

OHIO VALLEY BANK, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

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

A. HENKING, President.
J. T. HALLDAY, Vice President.
W. T. MENTON, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
A. HENKING, C. D. BAILEY, A. W. ALLEMOND, J. T. HALLDAY, W. M. SHORER.

Buys Gold, Silver, U. S. Bonds, Coupons and Government Securities at highest prices. Makes collections on all points and issues Drafts on principal Cities in the United States and Europe free of charge to regular Depositors. Solicits deposits of private as well as corporate funds, and allows liberal interest on all monies left on specified time.
November 7, 1874.

National Bank

OF THURMAN, OHIO.
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$100,000.

BANK OF CIRCULATION, DISCOUNT and Exchange. Interest paid on Time Deposits. Good paper purchased. Drafts on New York, Cincinnati and other cities for sale.
Banking hours from 10 to 12 and from 1 to 3.

DIRECTORS:
L. M. DEMAN, S. G. KELLER, R. P. PORTER, Vice Pres't.

W. S. NEWTON, M. D., HAVING resigned the Post-office, will devote his whole time to the practice of

Medicine and Surgery.

Office, adjoining Post-office; residence, on 3d St., two doors above State, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
July 15, 1875.

DENTISTRY!

DR. J. R. SAFFOLD.
Office—21st, OVER J. H. WEIL'S STORE.
P. S. Preserving the Natural Teeth, a specialty.
March 19, 1874.

ATTORNEYS.

C. W. WHITE, H. C. HOLCOMB.
WHITE & HOLCOMB,
Attorneys at Law,
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS.
OFFICE—NEAR THE COURT HOUSE.

E. N. HARPER,

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

C. W. BRID, W. H. C. ECKER.
BIRD & ECKER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Gallipolis, - - - Ohio,
WILL attend to all business entrusted to their care in Gallia and adjoining counties, also in Mason county, West Va.
Special attention given to Collections, Probate business, etc.
Office on Second Street, five doors below Locust.
Nov. 12, 1874.—4

J. L. McLEAN, F. A. GUTHRIE.
McLEAN & GUTHRIE,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Winfield, Putnam County, West Va.
Practice in Putnam and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.
March 30, 1876.—1y

Cincinnati

CARRIAGE WORKS.

Wm. Aufderheide & Co., PROPRIETORS,
Manufacture for the Trade
Carriages, Spring Wagons, &c.
Nos. 407 and 409 John St., Cincinnati, O.
Feb. 10, 1876.—1y

HARDWARE.

J. M. Kerr & Co.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GENERAL
HARDWARE,
Upper corner Public Square
GALLIPOLIS, O.
J. M. KERR. J. W. CURRINGTON,
January 22, 1874.

SADDLES AND SADDLERY.

H. R. BELL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, BRIDLES,
Harness, Collars,
Trace-Chains, Curry-Combs
Horse-Brushes, &c.
COURT ST., GALLIPOLIS, O.
Repairing promptly attended to.
Prices to suit the times.—23
July 18, 1874.

MILLING.

R. ALESHIRE & CO.,

DEALERS IN
Flour, Wheat,
Mill-Feed, &c.
CASH FOR WHEAT,
EUREKA MILLS,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

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.—4f

1875.

FALL AND WINTER OPENING.

OF
Millinery and Fancy
GOODS.

MISS HATTIE A. ANDREWS
PUBLIC SQUARE, 3d door from Court Street, Gallipolis, Ohio.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Millinery Goods,
Corsets, Kid Gloves,
Dress Trimmings, Cloaks, Furs, Real and Imitation Hair Goods, Chemises, Embroideries and Laces, Brails, Zephyr Worsted, Floss and Canvas always on hand.
Stamping for Embroidery or Braiding, and Pinking done to order on short notice.
Agent, in Gallipolis, for the sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS OF GARMENTS, and their celebrated SHEARS AND SCISSORS.
Miss HATTIE A. ANDREWS,
Public Square, 3d door from Court St., Gallipolis, Ohio.

MILLINERY.

MRS. J. HOWELL,
DEALER IN
MILLINERY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Orders solicited and promptly and carefully filled.
COURT STREET,
Between 2d and 3d, - - - Gallipolis, O.
May 7th, 1874.

MILLINERY.

Miss ALICE HILL,
Has removed her MILLINERY establishment to
CREUZET BLOCK,
on SECOND STREET, a few doors east of Court, where her friends are invited to call.
October 22, 1874.

Dress-Making.

Miss A. L. FORD
HAS opened DRESS-MAKING Rooms in J. D. Bailey's Block, up stairs. She has had two years' experience in the best establishments in Cincinnati, and feels that she can give full satisfaction to the public.
Sept. 21, 1876.—4f

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—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.

OYSTERS!

FRESH OYSTERS just received, at
S. GOETZ,
CORNER OF GRAPE AND THIRD STREETS.
The very best quality of FRESH OYSTERS are received by Mr. Goetz every morning. This is the place.
Nov. 5, 1874.—4f S. GOETZ.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

HENKING, ALLEMOND & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers
AND DEALERS IN
Produce, Provisions and Liquors,
GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.
Jan. 13, 1876.—1y

A. B. Clark, A. E. Clark, J. C. Kerr.

A. B. & A. R. CLARK & CO.,

(Successors to A. B. CLARK & BRO.)
Wholesale Grocers
AND DEALERS IN
Produce, Provisions and Liquors,
GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.
Jan. 13, 1876.—1y

FURNITURE.

JAMES GATEWOOD, J. C. HUTSPINILLER,
W. G. FULLER, T. R. HATWARD,
WM. SHORER.

GATEWOOD, FULLER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF
FURNITURE,
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.
Jan. 20, 1875.

Crawford House,

COR. SIXTH AND WALNUT STREETS,
CINCINNATI.

FRANK J. OAKES, : : Proprietor
July 22, 1875.

Notice,

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
J. M. KERR & CO.,
OF GALLIPOLIS, O.,
Are our only authorized Agents for sale of
Victor Cane Mills
and Cook's Evaporators,
in Gallia Co., O., and Mason and Putnam Co's., W. Va.
BLYMYER MANUFACTG CO.,
CINCINNATI, O.
Aug. 9th, 1876. [Aug. 17, '76.—4f

Pittsburg and Cincinnati Regular Packet.

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