

Weekly Review

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in All Things—Neutral in Nothing."

T. A. PLANTS, A. E. McLAUGHLIN, Publishers.

VOLUME III.

POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1890.

NUMBER 29

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.
PLANTS & PAINE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomero, O.
Office in Edward's Building.

BURNAP & STANBERRY.
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular
attention paid to the collection of claims. Of-
fice on Front street, at the head of Steamboat
Landing, a few doors east of the Gibson House,
Pomero, O. 2-28-ly.

SIMPSON & LASLEY.
Attorneys & Counselors at Law, and general
collecting agents, Pomero, O. Office in the
Court House. 2-5-ly.

KNOWLES & GROSVENOR.
Attorneys at Law, Athens, Adams County, O.
will attend the western part of Meigs County,
on the first day of each term. Office at the
"Gibson House." 2-16-ly.

MARTIN HAYS.
Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O.,
will promptly attend to all business that may
be entrusted to his care, in the several State
Courts of Ohio and in the U. S. Court for the
Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 2-2-ly.

W. A. AICHELE.
Watchmaker & Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jew-
elry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below
the new Banking House, Pomero, O. Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short
notice. 1-1.

W. A. AICHELE.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jew-
elry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Remington
House," Pomero, O. Particular attention
paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1.

T. WHITEHEAD.
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, three
doors above the Bank, and opposite Branch's
Store, Pomero, O. 1-1.

MEQUIG & SMITH.
Leather Dealers and Binders, Court street, three
doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch's
Store, Pomero, O. 1-1.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY.
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near
the Furnace. [1-1] C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY.
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel.
Country trade. G. W. COOPER, Secy.

ISAAC FALLER.
Clothing, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer, First
street above C. E. Dennally's, near the Rolling
Mill, Pomero, O. Merchandise bought and
sold at the lowest prices. Call and examine my
stock of groceries, as I am confident that I
cannot be undersold. 1-1.

PAINTER & GLYNN.
Painter and Glazier, back room of J. Lam-
berson's Jewelry Store, west side Court street,
Pomero, O. 1-1.

JOHN EISELSTEIN.
Saddlery, Harness and Saddlery, Court street,
Front street, three doors below
Court, Pomero, will execute all work en-
trusted to his care with neatness and dispatch.
Saddles gotten up in the latest style. 1-22.

M. BLANKET.
Carrriage & Harness Maker, Court street,
Front street, first corner below the
Rolling Mill, Pomero, O. All articles in his
line of business made to order at reasonable
rates, and they are especially recommended for
durability. 2-5-ly.

F. E. HUMPHREY.
Blacksmith, back of the Bank Building,
Court street, Pomero, O. Repairs all kinds of
wheeled machinery, and is especially recom-
mended for the repair of all kinds of
agricultural machinery. 2-5-ly.

M. A. HUDSON.
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Court street, Pomero, O. Repairs all kinds of
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agricultural machinery. 2-5-ly.

PILCHER HOUSE.
Racine, Ohio. This new and commodious
building has recently been furnished in the
best style, for the purpose of entertaining the
public. The undersigned will use every
effort to make his guests comfortable, and
respectfully solicits a liberal patronage.
April 10, 1890. W. C. PILCHER.

S. W. ROSS.
Paper Hanger, Glazier, &c., Pomero, Ohio.
Paper put on from 12 1/2 to 15 cts per bolt,
according to quality. Orders left at Tel-
egraph Office promptly attended to. 17-22.

W. M. RUST.
Tailor, Front street, a few doors west of Court,
Pomero, O. Men and Boy's clothes made to
order, also cutting done. As I have a No. 1
sewing machine, my facilities for doing work
are complete. [2-20-ly]

FRANK COOPER.
Stone Mason & Bricklayer. Residence in
John Lane's Building, near the Catholic Church.
Resident and Backbone work executed in
the best manner; also, Bricklaying, Cementing,
&c., done at reasonable prices. Work war-
ranted. [2-24-ly]

A. KOHL.
Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrel-
las. He holds himself in readiness to re-
make Umbrellas in order, or repair old
ones in the most substantial manner. He will
also buy worn-out Umbrellas at liberal prices.
Shop on Linn street, north of Smith's Shoe
Store.

He would also inform the public that he pre-
pares a SALVE, which he will warrant to cure
to any use, for the cure of Felons, Catarrhs,
Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, Salt Rheum,
Ring Worm, Itch, Ringworm, Scabies, and
many other diseases of the kind. Price
25 cents per Box. Jan. 2, 1890.—3-11-ly.

TO TEACHERS.—The Board of School Ex-
aminers for Meigs County will meet on the
first Saturday of each month, at the Court
house in Pomero, for the examination of
Teachers.

Examination to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.,
and continue till 4 P. M.

Notice to Salt Manufacturers.
The subscriber, from a long experience in
the business, would inform salt manu-
facturers that he is prepared to make Auger, Joints,
Boring Tools, &c. (10c) P. E. HUMPHREY

APPRENTICES.
Those wishing to take boys or girls at an
age from infancy to 14 years, to live with
them till of legal age, would be doing a public
benefit by making known their wishes to Mr.
Scott, Superintendent of the Infirmary, near
Chester, or to either of the Infirmary Directors.
Ref. 4, 60.—1f.

DENTISTRY.
S. T. BOGESS, DENTIST.
Is located at
RUTLAND, OHIO.
WHERE he may at all times be found ready
to wait upon those who may favor him
with a call, unless he is professionally absent.
All calls from a distance promptly attended to.
Feb. 14, 1890.—7-6-ly.

Pomero Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS & Co.
Office in first story of "Edwards' Building," near
the "Sugar Run Stone Bridge," Pomero, Ohio.

All Business of the Firm Transacted by
A. E. McLAUGHLIN, Business Manager.
To whom all applications for Subscription, Adver-
tising or other business should be made, at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
In advance, 1 year, \$1.00
If paid within the year, 2.00
One-half yearly, 1.00
If the paper will be discontinued until all arrear-
ages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square 20 lines, 1 week, 50c
Two squares, 1 week, 1.00
One-fourth column, 1 week, 75c
One-half column, 1 week, 1.00
Three-fourths do., 1 week, 1.25
One column, 1 week, 1.50
One square, 1 month, 1.75
One square, 3 months, 5.00
One square, 6 months, 9.00
One square, 1 year, 15.00

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed by
law, from which 15 per cent. will be deducted for
advance payment.

Canal or transient advertisements must be paid
for in advance.

Advertisements not having the number of inser-
tions specified will be continued until for-
bidden, and charged accordingly.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to
the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue
their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their
papers, the publishers can continue to send them
until the order is received.

3. If subscribers refuse to take their papers
from the office to which they are directed, they
will be considered as continuing their subscrip-
tion.

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Poetry.

For the Pomero Weekly Telegraph.
SEA-SHORE MUSINGS.
Gloomy storm clouds far away,
Whither will you roam to-day?
Will you far off thirty mile
With your yearly blessing smile?
Or upon our beach shore,
Wilt thou thy rich treasure pour?
Dropping bud, and fading flower,
Court now thy gem-like shower.

Thunders murmur in thy breast,
Lightnings glance at thy beheld,
Robes of night and brow of fire,
They who fear thee, must admire.

Like some mist-fair Genii, thou
Through the azure mooriest now,
Type of doom, yet blessings free
And unnumbered, rest in thee.

Go! 'tis the Divine command,
Roam o'er every sea and land,
Make the desert, drear and wild,
Bliss with Eden's beauty mild,
Cher the stream, the forest breeze,
Exile famine, soothe distress,
Banish pestilence, and death,
With thy cool refreshing breath.

Thou, Oh, cloud an emblem art,
Of the sorrows of the heart,
'Tis the soul baptised in tears
That the voice of Jesus hears,
'Live by faith, O, faithful man,
Canst thou read the Almighty's plan?
With each cloud a gem is given
For the diadem of Heaven.

Each wild storm that rends my heart,
Leaves for Heaven a larger part,
Sweeps away some cherished sin,
Lets some heavenly influence in;
And amid the rains wild,
Where thy earth-born idol smiled,
Bloom, unknown perchance to thee,
Flowers of immortality.

I will take the scarlet bunch, and these red
camellias, and this white cluster,"
said Laura.

"But sister, you cannot afford it."
"Yes I can. Godfrey Horton is rich,"
the old man bit his lip.

"Think, said Jenny, in a low tone,
"if you love him how much it would
grieve him should he discover this de-
ceit."

"Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how
to remedy it. Lend me some money out
of the house-keeping funds."

"So," thought the old man, "she is
house-keeper. Miss Laura always gave
me understand that was her post."

"Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which
is it?"

"I do not know, I am sure."
"Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey;
you know you are a most constant visi-
tor, and all our set" are talking about
the match. Don't pretend you have not
selected one of the sisters."

"How do you know either of them
will have my son?"

"Don't be absurd, old boy. You
young, handsome, talented, and with a
large fortune, need not be over bashful.
Come, be frank, which is the favorite
sister?"

"Well, frankly then, Henry, I cannot
tell you. I have visited the family for
several months, as you know, but I can-
not decide. Laura is certainly the
handsomest, with her flashing black eyes
and queenly manner; but Jenny seems
more the youngest, to be the most
womanly and useful of the two. Yet I
cannot be sure of that. My entrance is
the signal for cordial welcome and smiles,
and let me catch you, as when I will, they
are always well dressed and apparently
disengaged. To be sure I always, in
the morning, have to wait some time be-
fore Laura is visible."

"Pop in unexpectedly and noticed
the internal economy."

"How can I? A card at the door
will put an lady on her guard, or even
the notice of a gentleman visitor."

"Go there in disguise. As a washer-
woman, for instance."

"Good? I will!"

"Go there as a washer-woman!" cried
Clayton.

"Not exactly, but I will obtain admis-
sion to a morning's privacy."

"Well, let me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the
only children of a widower, who, al-
though in moderate circumstances,
moved in a very fashionable society.—
At the period of my short sketch, he
was about to supply the lamented Mrs.
Somers' place, after nearly ten years'
mourning, and although a kind, indul-
gent parent, had no objection to his
daughter's marrying, and, indeed, had
told them so. Laura, whose high spirit
resisted the probable supremacy of a
step-mother, had already selected God-
frey Horton as her husband; and Jenny,
who was younger, and gentler in spirit,
preferred to conquer a carefully concealed
preference for the same person. All his
intentions were ascribed by her to a
brotherly regard, though every act of
kindness or courtesy touched her heart.

It was the morning after a large ball,
and the sisters were in the breakfast
room together. Laura, her glossy hair
brushed negligently off her face, with
round brilliant braids of last evening's
elaborate coiffure gathered loosely into a
comb—wearing a soiled wrapper, torn
stockings, and presenting rather an
alarmsome contrast to the brilliant ball
room bell, was lounging on a sofa. Jen-
ny in a neat morning dress, with a large
gingham apron, little white collar, and
hair brushed into a neat knot, was wash-
ing the breakfast dishes.

"There is an old man at the door with
some artificial flowers," said the servant,
opening the dining room, "will you see
him?"

"No," said Jenny.

"Yes," said Laura, "send him up."
The servant departed to obey the last
order.

In a few moments the old man came
in. He was poorly clad, with a coarse
blue cloak, which was much too large
for him. His hair was white, and he
wore a beard and moustache of the same
snowy hue. Making a low bow, he
placed the large basket he carried on a
table and opened it.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT—ORIGIN OF THE JAPANESE NATION.

The following is an extract from an
article in the last *Atlantic Monthly*, on
Japan:

The origin of the Japanese is still in-
volved in obscurity, and the date of the
settlement of the island is unknown.—
The boldest theory is, that a tribe pro-
ceeded thither directly from the land of
Shinarump, the division of the races. In
support of this, the purity of the Japa-
nese language, which, in primitive form,
bears very slight affinity to any other
tongue, and the evident dissimilarity of
the people to those of any other Asiatic
country, are adduced. The more gene-
ral belief is that the Japanese are an off-
shoot of the Mongol family, and that
their emigration to those islands was at
some remote period that tradition has
no recollection of. The favorite idea
is that the first settlements were by Chi-
nese themselves, whose custom is to
claim the origin of everything, and who
still assume to consider Japan as a sort
of province under their dominion.

The fact is, that, to the Japanese, a
Chinaman is the most worthless and con-
temptible object in Nature. The Chi-
nese have, however, a fanciful legend in
which they find an irresistible argu-
ment upon their side of the question.

They were becoming, mixing with the
glossy golden hair, and setting of
Jenny's dazzling complexion.

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura,
"I should like to wear blue. Godfrey
Horton said last night, that forget-me-
nots were his favorite flower."

"Jenny colored, and placing the bunch
again in the basket, said:

"Come, Laura, decide. You are keep-
ing one waiting whose time probably is
valuable," then passing a chair, she ad-
ded, "be seated, sir, you looked tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply.
"I will take the scarlet bunch, and these
red camellias, and this white cluster,"
said Laura.

"But sister, you cannot afford it."
"Yes I can. Godfrey Horton is rich,"
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order.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Benjamin Franklin attributed his
success as a public man, not to his talents
or his powers of speaking—for these were
but his moderators—but his known integrity
of character. "Hence it was," he says,
"that I had so much weight with my
fellows citizens. I was but a bad speaker,
never eloquent, subject to much hesita-
tion in my choice of words, hardly cor-
rect in my language, and yet I generally
carried my point." Character creates
confidence in men of high station as
well as in humble life. It was said of
the first Emperor Alexander of Russia,
that his personal character was equiva-
lent to a constitution. During the wars
of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only
man among the French gentry who kept
his castle gates unbarred; and it was
said of him that his personal character
was worth more to him than a regiment
of horse. That character is power, is true
in a much higher sense than that knowl-
edge is power. Mind without knowl-
edge is power without conduct, cleverness
without goodness, are powers in their
way; but they may be powers only for
mischiefs. We may be instructed or
amused by them, but it is sometimes as
difficult to admire them as it would be
to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket,
or the horsemanship of a highwayman.

Truthfulness, integrity and goodness
qualities that hang not on any man's
breath—from the essence of manly char-
acter, or, as one of old writers has it,
"the unbroken loyalty unto Virtue which
can serve without a livery." When
Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands
of his base assailants, and they asked
him, "Where is your God?" he replied,
"Here," was his bold reply,
placing his hand upon his heart. It is
misfortune that the character of the up-
right man shines forth with the greatest
lustre—and when all else fails, he takes
a stand upon his integrity and his cour-
age.

Remedy for Short Pastures.

Those who have but a limited range
of pasture and keep stock enough to
crop it well are almost at the mercy of
the weather. If there chance to be fa-
voring rains, and good season for the
growth of grass and clover, all is well,
but if as frequently occurs, there comes
a long period of drought, the browned
fields already closely cropped, suffer se-
verely, having little to protect, the roots
of the full power of the sun, and the
cattle suffer yet more. The milk pails
show serious diminution, the dairying
profits shrink, and the stock fall off
when they should be gaining.

The recent tragedy near Vicksburg,
Mississippi, is regarded by the *New York
Times* as a curious illustration of
"Southern Life." It thus relates the in-
cident:

Mr. Lee and Mrs. Lee are on a visit
with Mr. Flowers, and do not agree very
well. Mrs. Lee is playing chess with
Mr. Flowers, and Mr. Lee is sitting be-
hind him looking on. He suddenly
comes to the determination to shoot Mrs.
Lee, and draws a revolver and fires.—
Mr. Flowers rushes to the fallen lady,
supports her with his left arm, and with
the other, instead of stanching the wound
or administering stimulants, as a cool
blooded Yankee might have done, draws
another revolver and opens fire over his
left shoulder, on the guilty husband,
lodging five balls in the gentleman's face.
The bodies were then removed, the blood
washed up, and we presume Mr. Flowers
reloaded his weapons to be ready for fresh
occurrences. The beauty of this story lies
in the manner in which it illustrates the
place which the revolver has taken in
Mississippi families as a domestic utensil.
Hosts and guests carry it in their bosoms
at all hours of the day and night, just as
beaux of the olden time used to carry the
gold snuff-box, or a modern belle car-
ries her smelling-bottle. If anything
goes wrong, out it comes, and a few
bars remove differences, quench ani-
mosities, put an end to strife and heart-
burning, and restore calm to everybody.
Dining at a friend's table, with the full
knowledge that he carries a "six-shooter"
in his pocket, and that a number of cir-
cumstances may occur which would lead
to the great National Democracy. Per-
sonal ambition, factions have at work.
The spoils of office have been at work. The
old giant that has so often crushed out
opposition, teters and reels like a
drunken man. Disagreement, strife,
hatred and revenge sit in the holy seats
of the great National Democracy. Per-
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The spoils of office have been at work. The
old giant that has so often crushed out
opposition, teters and reels like a
drunken man. Disagreement, strife,
hatred and revenge sit in the holy seats
of the great National Democracy. Per-
sonal ambition, factions have at work.
The spo