

# The Vinton Record.

VOL. 23---NO. 45.

MCARTHUR, OHIO JANUARY 23, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 1,189

**GEORGE W. HOLLAND,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
McARTHUR, O.

OFFICE—DAVIS' BUILDING OF SPRING.  
WILL attend promptly to all business en-  
trusted to his care. Special attention given  
to collections, and accounts collected re-  
mitted without delay. sept10

**O. T. CUNNING,**  
LAWYER,  
McARTHUR, O.

OFFICE—AT DRUG STORE, MAIN STREET.  
sept 1872

**EDWIN N. BARNHILL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

—AND—  
**NOTARY PUBLIC,**  
Office—McArthur, Ohio.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted  
to his care. nov11

**U. S. CLAYPOOLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

(PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.)  
**McARTHUR, O.**

Will practice in Vinton and adjoining coun-  
ties. Business entrusted to his care promptly  
attended to. Office in Court House.  
jan20 1873

**HOMER C. JONES,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MAIN STREET,  
McARTHUR, OHIO.

Office—One door west of Dan. Will & Bro.  
4010. jan20 71

**AMERICAN HOUSE,**  
OPPOSITE R. R. DEPOT,  
HAMDEN, OHIO.

R. FOX, PROPRIETOR.  
Livery Stables Attached.

MEALS READY FOR ALL TRAINS.  
The House has just been refurnished  
throughout. Rooms clean and comfortable.  
The table supplied with the best market  
foods, and no pains spared to accommodate  
guests. mar4 1869 by

**WILKESVILLE HOUSE,**  
ISAAC MILLER, Prop'r,  
WILKESVILLE, OHIO.

THIS HOUSE is new and newly furnished  
throughout. Every attention will be given  
for the comfort of guests, and the table  
will be supplied with the best the market af-  
fords. My friends and the public generally  
are invited to give me a call.  
July 1, 1872.

**Dr. J. L. DUNLAP,**

DENTIST,  
OFFICE south side of Second street, four  
doors from Walnut street,  
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

**HENRY MAULE,**  
Merchant Tailor,

FALL AND WINTER STOCK  
Of the latest styles of  
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.  
Which I will sell Very Low for Cash.  
CUSTOMER done in the most fashion-  
able and durable manner.  
Thankful for the liberal patronage extended  
to me heretofore, I solicit a continuance of  
the same. Remember the place—  
Second Street, Second Door from Lan-  
sling's Corner.  
dec3 H. MAULE.

**JOHN BIEGEL,**  
Formerly of Hamden.)  
ANNOUNCES to his friends in Vinton and  
adjoining counties that he has bought the  
Hotel Formerly kept by Chas. Smith  
Three doors west of Madison, on

**FRONT ST.**  
**PORTSMOUTH, O.**  
He has refitted it throughout, and is prepared  
to entertain the traveling public at reasonable  
rates. Jan5

**S. V. LORD**  
McARTHUR, O.  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Yellow Poplar Shingles.**  
A LARGE stock on hand, well seasoned, and  
offered at low prices.  
FACTORY—Rear of John Lord's  
Residence, McArthur, O.  
You are invited to call and examine quality  
and prices. mar7

**McARTHUR**  
North-east corner of Main and Jackson streets  
McARTHUR, OHIO

**GEO. W. BRUNTON, Proprietor**  
Manufactures  
Carriages, Buggies, Expresses, etc

ALSO, WAGONS AND ALL KINDS OF WAGON WORK  
done to order on short notice.

**Painting and Trimming**  
of all kinds executed in the neatest and most  
artistic style.  
ESTABLISHMENT of all kinds in my line will be  
promptly and neatly done.  
Work done at this establishment is war-  
ranted to be substantial, put up solid and ex-  
ecuted in the most workmanlike manner, not  
to be excelled in any respect by any other es-  
tablishment in the country.

**Important to those  
Who need Furni-  
ture.**

The extensive Furniture  
Ware Rooms of W. E.  
BUSER has just been well  
filled with an entire new  
stock of elegant styles and  
of the newest patterns.  
Call and see the Cottage  
Bedstead with very fine  
bracket rail that he is sell-  
ing at \$5.50. Also the  
quarter Marble Bureau  
with fine fruit carved han-  
dles at \$20.00. In fact all  
other goods are sold lower  
than the lowest.

**22 PAINT STREET,  
Bet. Second and Water,  
CHILLICOTHE, O.**

**BUY YOUR  
BOOTS AND SHOES  
OF  
J. W. WILSON,  
Hamden, Ohio.**

USE none but the best material, and em-  
ploy none but the best workmen.  
Special attention on paid to the manufacture of

**FINE DRESS BOOTS,**  
made to order of the best French stock. All  
work warranted.

**Perfect Fit Guaranteed.**  
J. W. WILSON.

**\$30,000.00**

**IN PREMIUMS!**

Are offered to Agents for procuring  
Clubs for the GININNATI  
WEEKLY GAZETTE

**THE GAZETTE**  
is a thirty six column paper, and contains  
thirty-four columns of reading matter. It is  
devoted to

News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture,  
Commerce, and all other objects  
of interest to the People.

As an agricultural paper the WEEKLY Ga-  
zette can not be surpassed. Thousands of  
farmers and housekeepers contributed to  
its department during the past year.

The Gazette is the Leading  
Republican Newspaper  
of the West,

And has the largest circulation of any Repub-  
lican paper west of the mountains.

**AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE**  
Send for Premium List, etc., to GIN-  
NATI CO., Cincinnati, O. 24oct11

**SPRING AND SUMMER  
CLOTHING**

**FRANK HELLMAN,**  
At his new place of business,  
**THE OLD HECHT STAND,**  
(Opposite Court House)  
**CHILLICOTHE, O.**  
HAS THE  
**Choicest Stock**

**Spring and Summer Clothing**  
EVERY brought to this market, embracing  
all the latest and most fashionable styles,  
cut in accordance with the latest fashions.  
When you want a noble suit don't fail to call  
on Frank. He also CUTS and

**MAKES GARMENTS TO ORDER**  
and has a full line of

**Gents' Underwear**  
**HATS AND CAPS, & C.**  
All clothing marked down to the LOW-  
EST FIGURES. Give me a call and I will  
warrant satisfaction. FRANK HELLMAN.  
52apr

**JOB WORK**

**EXECUTED**

**NEATLY & PROMPTLY**

**—AT**

**THIS OFFICE**

**HOW I FIRST MET MY  
WIFE.**

It is just five years ago this  
summer that I was granted ex-  
emption for one month from  
my desk and went down with  
my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his  
father's in old Monmouth, the  
garden of that much abused  
State, New Jersey. I should  
never have forgotten that visit,  
even though I had not met  
there with an adventure that  
had its influence on the whole  
future of my life. I should re-  
member it for the real true  
hospitality of the Hyatts, for  
the solid old-time comfort of  
the farm, and the quiet way in  
which within a couple of days  
after my arrival I was put into  
possession of it, and made to  
feel that it all belonged to me,  
to do just what I pleased with.  
There were plenty of horses,  
and we rode; plenty of fish, and  
we fished; plenty of woodcock,  
and we shot. All this shall be  
spoken with a proviso, I say,  
we, but let it be understood that  
I do not mean Horace's two sis-  
ters, Carrie and Nettie, as hav-  
ing participated in all these  
sports. They rode, to be sure,  
and charmingly they did it;  
they fished, and I am obliged to  
confess were much luckier than  
their guest; but they did not  
shoot—though I shall not exult  
over their lack of this accom-  
plishment, they were charming  
enough without it. I am sure  
I shall excite no jealousy by  
declaring that with one excep-  
tion, which I shall not mention  
here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt  
were the two most charming  
girls I had ever seen, and I was  
just hesitating as to which of  
them I should fall desperately  
in love with, when my calcula-  
tions were all disturbed by an  
accident, for so I suppose I  
must call it, though really  
seeming like a special providence.  
What this was I shall  
tell in the best way I know  
how.

For some days after my ar-  
rival at the farm my curiosity  
had been much excited by the  
occasional panegyrics lavished  
by the young ladies upon a  
once school-fellow of their own,  
May Stevens by name, who was  
according to their highly-col-  
ored account, the most perfect  
thing in the shape of woman  
then living. I tried to per-  
suade myself that nothing in  
that line could surpass Carrie  
and Nettie, but still the repeti-  
tion of this May Stevens haun-  
ted me, and came like a shadow  
across my new born passion. I  
formed at least an imaginary  
May Stevens, and do what I  
would the figure was still with  
me. At last I was worked into  
an agony of curiosity, and  
trembled with some great pur-  
pose which should bring before  
me the object of my thought  
and of the two sisters' contin-  
ual conversation. In what this  
would have ended it is impos-  
sible for me at this time to say,  
had not I heard one morning  
as I entered the breakfast room  
the startling words from Nettie:  
"And so she is coming at last.  
I'm so glad!"

Whether it was that the train  
of my thought was upon that  
point at the moment or what I  
can not say, but I knew direct-  
ly the whole matter. I saw  
Carrie with an open letter in  
her hand, and coupling it with  
Nettie's words I knew that the  
hitherto only heard of May Ste-  
vens was about to become a  
reality. I had no need to ask  
questions; all the information  
was proffered. May Stevens,  
the incomparable May, was to  
spend a month at Hyatt's, and  
they were to expect her at any  
moment, though, as the letter  
read, she might not be down  
for a week to come. A week  
it was an age, a century, and I  
was in a flutter of excitement.  
My long-standing passion of

nearly two weeks' duration for  
Nettie and Carrie was forgot-  
ten in an instant, and my  
whole mind was absorbed in  
making the best figure possi-  
ble before the new queen.  
With this idea I began to look  
into my wardrobe. I had come  
down with sufficient clothes to  
answer all ordinary purposes,  
including of course Nettie and  
Carrie, but the new goddess  
was certainly worthy of a new  
rig on my part, and certainly  
should have it. This resolution  
was made in fifteen minutes af-  
ter hearing the announcement  
of her intended coming, and be-  
fore two hours had gone by I  
was whizzing on my way to  
town to carry out my resolve.  
My choicest morsels of ward-  
robe should be offered at the  
shrine of May Stevens.

I had absented myself on the  
plea of a sudden memory of  
business neglected, and had  
faithfully promised Nettie and  
Carrie that the next day should  
see me down again at Hyatt's  
to stay out the month that May  
Stevens, the wonderful, was  
about to pass with them.

The racking of brain that  
day to create a grand ensemble  
of costume, something beyond  
all criticism, that should at the  
first glance strike the beholder  
silent with admiration, was  
indeed terrible. The labor of  
writing "Paradise Lost" was  
nothing to it. It was early in  
the day when I arrived at my  
city rooms, and for six hours I  
dressed and redressed, com-  
pared, rejected, and selected,  
and at the end of that time I  
had laid out those portions of  
my wearable goods, in which I  
had decided to make my first  
appearance before May Ste-  
vens. It wanted still several  
hours to sunset, and having got  
safely through the great object  
of my visit, I thought it would  
not be a bad idea for me to  
take the last train, and return  
the same night to Hyatt's, in-  
stead of waiting over until  
morning. No sooner said than  
done. I packed my habiliments,  
and away I went. Whizzing  
and puffing over an unin-  
teresting road is provocative  
of sleep, so I found it when the  
shades of evening fell, to the  
best of my recollection, I was  
in the midst of a dream in  
which May Stevens, attired in  
book-muslin and pale blue sat-  
in, sat on a purple cloud, and  
admirably inquired who my  
tailor was. Just as I was  
about to inform her there came  
a crash, and for a moment, I  
was not entirely certain wheth-  
er it was the cloud had ex-  
ploded or myself had torn some  
portion of my apparel that was  
overstrained. It required but  
a moment to awaken me to the  
fact that both presumptions  
were wrong. It was our train,  
the 6:26, that had run off the  
track, smashing things gener-  
ally, and spilling the contents  
of several baggage-cars along  
the road, to say nothing of  
frightening half a hundred pas-  
sengers into a condition bor-  
dering on lunacy. But most  
terrible of all mishaps, it spill-  
ed me, clothes and all, into a  
pool of mud and water, from  
which I escaped with my life,  
but utterly wrecked in the  
matter of good clothes. This  
was a pretty state of things;  
and to make it worse, I was ex-  
actly five miles from my des-  
tination.

I was disposed to make my-  
self agreeable, and would have  
willingly rendered all the as-  
sistance in my power to the  
unprotected females of the  
wrecked train, if I had been  
in any condition to be seen,  
but, heartily ashamed of my  
appearance, I rushed from the  
scene and started for Hyatt's,  
the determination strong in  
my breast to reach that haven  
before daylight and get into a

decent if not a stunning suit of  
clothes. It was a beautiful  
moonlight night, and verging  
close on toward eleven o'clock.  
That did not deter me. I was  
determined to walk over to  
Hyatt's. No sooner said than  
done. I set forth. Five miles  
is a trifle, particularly to a man  
in my condition, and just as  
my watch marked the quarter  
after midnight I marched up  
the lane to the house. There  
was a single light to be seen  
in the house, and that in my room;  
but as I approached near the  
house it disappeared, and the  
whole house was in darkness.  
My room mate, Horace, had  
evidently just gone to bed.—  
So much the better. I didn't  
want even him to see me in  
that plight. My bed room  
windows looked out upon the  
roof of the piazza. I would  
not disturb the house by knock-  
ing—oh no, not a bit of it—  
a climb would settle the busi-  
ness. The thing was execut-  
ed as soon as thought, and in a  
few seconds I stood on the pi-  
azza. What if Horace saw me  
in that plight, and I should be  
compelled to explain that my  
vanity had led me to walk five  
miles in the night, and scale a  
piazza to escape being seen? He  
would never get done jok-  
ing me. No, he should not see  
me thus. In a few seconds,  
standing on the piazza, I di-  
vested myself of coat, vest,  
pants, boots, hat—ay! even of  
my shirt, and stood confessed a  
blushing Hyperion in under-  
shirt and drawers! Leaving  
the muddy clothes on the pi-  
azza, I put my hand to the  
window, which yielded, and I  
sprang into my own room. By  
the moonlight which streamed  
in I saw a figure in white, half  
standing, half crouching by the  
bedside, with the covers of the  
bed drawn in front of it; and I  
laughed at the idea of Horace  
being frightened by my ap-  
pearance. Immediately after-  
ward I reflected that sealing  
the piazza of a farm house at  
midnight, and forcing an en-  
trance by a window in *dishabille*  
had rather an alarming aspect,  
not to say burglarious aspect,  
and I therefore spoke with the  
intention of re-assuring him,  
when a trembling and unmis-  
takable feminine voice half  
screamed, half faltered:  
"Who are you?"

There are such surprises as  
this, without a terror, absolute-  
ly deprive us of the power of  
speech until the brain has time  
to act and reason. Such sur-  
prises do not generate screams  
and faints. They are express-  
ly by open mouth and silent  
wonder. This was the case  
with myself and my room  
mate. Right by my side, with  
her face within three feet of  
my own, stood a young woman,  
not more than seventeen, with  
great, dark hazel eyes, and  
such great masses of brown  
curls tucked away under the  
neatest little nightcap that  
ever was. She had gathered  
the bed-clothes, with a spas-  
modic jerk, up about her throat  
and with the rigid, astonished  
look, as though doubting  
whether she was sleeping or  
waking, gazed steadily in  
my eyes, and repeated her  
question.  
"Who are you?"  
"I blurted out with—  
"How came you here?"  
The figure stared still in  
speechless astonishment; but  
in a moment, as though awak-  
ing from its stupefaction,  
spoke—  
"Are you Charles Morgan?"  
"Yes," was my rather sub-  
dued answer.  
"Well, then Mr. Morgan,"  
said the figure, by this time  
speaking as calmly, and quite  
as dignified as though in the  
drawing-room, "I am May Ste-  
vens, and I was put into this

room last evening after an un-  
expected arrival. Horace had  
gone over to a neighbor's a few  
miles off before I got here, and  
was not to return until morn-  
ing. That is how I was put in  
this room."

So here was I, vis-a-vis to  
May Stevens, that mythical la-  
dy, for the first meeting with  
whom I intended to have got  
up such a superlative toilet,  
and she in her night cap, and I  
in my drawers—a nice style of  
introduction, and a nice style  
of toilet! And she by this  
time was as cool as the 31st of  
December and stood looking  
me right in the eyes as I made  
some scrambling explanation  
of my being found in that  
most extraordinary situation  
and costume! It was a lame  
explanation, wonderfully mixed  
up with irrelevant matter,  
and stammered and stuttered  
through in a way that should  
have disgusted any sensible  
person. She seemed to be se-  
riously pondering and think-  
ing during the recital, and as  
its end, looking at me as  
though asking the most simple  
question in the world, said:  
"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the  
window, as I came in," I said,  
in a sickish tone of voice; and  
then reflecting that it would  
never do to put on these  
clothes again, nor to stroll  
about the farm as I was, hasti-  
ly exclaimed:  
"No! no! I won't go. I must  
have a decent suit of clothes.  
I won't go without them," and  
I began looking round for my  
trunk.

While I was doing so I heard  
a noise behind me, and turning  
quickly round saw she had  
sprang into bed and was drag-  
ging the clothes about her up  
to her neck.

"You must dress yourself  
and go away," she said. "I  
will be still with my head cov-  
ered until you are gone."

And so she did, burying her  
head in the bedclothes to sup-  
press her laughter. I hastily  
opened my trunk and got out  
another suit, and as hastily ar-  
rayed myself in it. Then I  
hastily departed, and I venture  
to say without the slightest  
fear of dispute that no man  
ever sneaked out of his own  
room more stealthily or more  
ignominiously than I did.

That morning we met, May  
Stevens and I, at the breakfast  
table. I in the character of  
the newly arrived, and were  
formally introduced, during the  
ceremony of which we aston-  
ished every one present, and  
planted a thorn of wood in  
the sides of Nettie and Carrie,  
by bursting simultaneously into  
a hearty laugh, which we  
have never failed to repeat  
whenever the memory of our  
first meeting comes up. And  
now you have the whole story  
of how I first met my wife. To  
my mind there hasn't been  
such another meeting since the  
memorable occasion of that  
first one in Eden.

**Curious Relic.**

A gentleman in Fairfield  
County presented a tax receipt  
given in 1816 for taxes paid on  
a tract of 1,033 acres. The total  
amount including a delinquen-  
cy of 150 acres for the year 1814  
amounted to \$19,074. Since  
that time the county has been  
under Democratic rule and the  
Eagle says that the present tax  
would be about \$250 without  
any delinquency! Such is De-  
mocracy. The Eagle well says  
that if the increase in taxation  
for the next 56 years is to  
equal that of the past, it will  
make the owners squirm to  
meet their yearly rents. The  
only remedy is the annihilation  
of the Democratic party.—  
*Logan Republican.*

**ADVERTISING TERMS.**

One square, per line, \$1 00

Each additional insertion . . . 60

Cards, per year, . . . 10 00

Local notices, per line, . . . 15

Yearly advertisements \$100 00

columns, and at proportionate rate per  
line space. Payable in advance.

The Record being the official  
paper of the town, and having the  
largest circulation of any paper in the  
county, offers superior inducements  
to advertisers.

Advertisements inserted at fair prices