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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF VINTON COUNTY

OFFICE—In Dodge's Building, over Susland's Store, corner Main and Locust Streets, East of the Court House.

[For Terms &c., see 4th Page]

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February 28, 1867-ly

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June 27, 1867-68

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January 24, 1867-ly

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WILL attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Vinton and Jackson counties. Office—In Dodge's Building, south-west corner Main and Market streets—up stairs. Mr. Mayo is in partnership with Porter Duffinsway of Jackson county, who can always be found, during vacation, at the Office in Jackson, Ohio.

May 20, 1867-ly

DANIEL S. DANA,
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WILL practice in the Courts of Vinton, Athens and Jackson Counties; also, in the United States Courts of the Southern District of Ohio. Office—Second story of Davis' Building, on Main Street.

January 24, 1867-ly

D. B. SHIVEL,
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No trouble heaves their breast,
No cares annoy;
In this most still retreat,
Where peace and beauty meet,
And holy joy.

Never a fear or pain
Can haunt their souls again,
Or any wrong.
An everlasting sleep!
Lapsed in a dream too deep
For sigh or song.

Would I might weep no more;
Would I—life's fever o'er—
Were well at rest;
Freedom from all life's foes,
An end to endless woes;
Here with the blest!

OCTOBER.

BY EMMA F. TRACY.

Time hath lain the glorious summer
In his golden urn;
Autumn's footsteps are around us,
Whence'er we turn:

In the woods, where breezes softly
Fading tress caress;
Where October robes the herbage
In her russet dress;

Golden gleams the squash and pumpkin,
'Mid the stubborn corn;
Plaintively the doves are cooing,
From the flowing barn;

And the songs of merry farmers,
Bringing home the hay,
Mingle with the piping quail and
Blackbird's roundelay.

And the squirrel, with timid footsteps,
Seeks among the leaves
For the chestnuts, and the spiders
Flimy lazes weave;

O'er the fading flowers hangs the
Pollen-dusted bee,
And the dreamy hum of locust
Floats from yonder tree.

Lofty rests the pearly vapor
Over hill and town;
And the crickets loud are calling
From the meadow brown.

Nature's voices are telling
How the summer died,
Usurping in the glorious Autumn,
As old Winter's bride.

JUST A FLIRTATION.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Just a flirtation; nothing more serious, I assure you. He amuses me, I seem to amuse him—there lies the whole affair in a nut-shell."

"Just a flirtation!"

The first speaker had uttered those words in a gay, careless tone, with a laugh that displayed the curves of a pretty mouth, two rows of pearly teeth, and the daintiest of dimples on a round chin and in rosy cheeks. She was standing before a mirror twisting flowers into her hair. Very winsome, graceful and beautiful she looked in her airy evening dress, with the myrtle twisted in her glossy curls.

But as the echo of her words fell upon her ear, the smile faded from her face, and she turned to her companion with a look of surprise that was almost terror. The measured, stern tone suited well the grave, sad face of the elderly lady who had spoken to them.

"Just a flirtation," she echoed, rising as she spoke. "Take heed, Eleanor Browning; flirts have been murdered before now. James Hill is not a man to flirt with. He is too noble, too good and true to be the plaything of a coquette. I shall tell him how you regard his attentions." And before Eleanor could reply, Mrs. Wilkins had left the room.

"I wonder who made her my judge and adviser?" said the young girl, pettishly. "She takes strange liberties for an acquaintance. Being James Hill's Aunt does not make her my dictatress. I wonder if she will tell him what I said? I don't care," and she tossed her head defiantly. "Only eight o'clock! I won't go in to hop yet. I wonder if she will tell him she thought again. 'Pshaw, why should I care?'"

And yet she did care. She sat down by the window and looked out upon a wide stretch of beach, and beyond that the tossing, gleaming waves of the broad Atlantic glittered in the soft moonlight. Here and there were groups of strollers, who had come out from the heated ball-room into the cool sea air. Gay laughter floated up to the window, low murmurs of distant voices crept there too, and Eleanor wondered if some of them bore the burden of the same dream she had had James Hill into.

Sitting there, half amusing, half mocking her own thoughts, she thought the summer over. She had come from her New York home tired of gaiety, and thinking she was weary of being a belle. Yet she had entered into all the pleasures of the fashionable watering place with the keenest zest. Feted and courted as the only child and heiress of a wealthy father; admired for her beauty and the sparkling talents she evinced in music and conversation, few had deemed it worth while to seek for any inner treasures of heart and soul. She had been the spoiled child of fortune from her infancy, and perhaps the keen blade of criticism had never cut one of her remarks till now.

"Flirts have been murderers before now," she said in her heart, and forthwith rose the memory of the list of cavaliers that had danced attendance upon her for the last two years. There was not one where her vanity could flatter herself with excretion to death. They could all flirt, flatter, pine, sentimentalize and recover; but—but James Hill was of different metal. He was in earnest. A self-made man, who had struggled up from ignorance to eminence in his profession—law. A man who had never been in the round of society, who had nothing of fashion's glitter and empty forms. A man who had lived a deep, true life, and who had come now for rest from mental labors, and to attend the wishes of his aunt, who was fast sinking under a fatal disease.

It was hard to say how such a man had come into the train of Eleanor's lovers, but there he was, and she singled him out for a special favor. Her conscience was not easy as she sat in the moonlight recalling the flirtation. She had let him see far into the recesses of her heart, half unconsciously opening to his earnest sincere nature all that was real and true in her own. Long walks and long talks came to her memory, and she became restless as she thought of how she had opened her soul's chambers to the eye of the man who she felt in her inmost heart loved her.

"Dreaming in the moonlight!" The voice roused her. "Aunt Edith," she said, looking up, "did you not tell me Mrs. Wilkins was an old school mate of yours?"

"Yes, but I have not seen her since we left school, until this summer." "She is very cross and disagreeable."

"Hush, Nellie—hush! She is broken hearted. She is dying of grief."

"Auntie!"

"I had a long talk with her this morning. Shall I tell you what she told me?"

"Yes. I like a story, you know." "This is a sad one. When I knew Ellen Wilkins, or, as she was then, Ellen Lawson, she was one of the brightest, happiest girls in our school, in full health, with beauty, talent and wealth, a favorite of fortune. Two years after leaving school she married a gentleman to whom she was devotedly attached; to this day she can not mention him without tears, and still wears weeds, though hedged thirty years ago. Perhaps this is morbid, but it is true. One year after her marriage she was a widow, and a little daughter of two weeks old lay in her arms, fatherless. This child became her idol. I cannot tell you all the love she manifested in the mention of her name. She watched her grow to womanhood, training every impulse of heart to bear the fruit of cultivation and education. No voice but her own taught her, and the fondest love existed between them, till at eighteen, Myra—her name was Myra—fell in love. She gave all the pure, true love of an untried heart to a man who was only flirting to pass away a summer. Her mother was ill with the seeds of the disease, that is now incurable, and Myra was under the care of a friend whose son thus violated the sacred charge. He flirted and she loved, and when the summer ended and they parted without one word of the love she had believed her own passing his lips, she drooped and died. Does this seem unnatural? It is true. Her mother in vain sought to check a low nervous fever that succeeded weeks of forced, feverish excitement, and when the last hours came, found the long sought clue to the change in her child. She died of a broken heart, and her mother is fast following her to the grave."

"But men do not die of love?"

The words sprang half unconsciously to Eleanor's lips.

"They may die a mental death that is worse. A man becomes cynical, hard and cold, may lose his trust and hope for happiness. Is not that death, Nellie? Death to the noblest, purest impulses of nature—death to hope, death to peace of mind, death to all that makes life dearest? Nay, worse; men have so died mentally from such a sorrow that they have become unbelievers in the faith of their childhood, and turned religious scoffers in the overwhelming bitterness of the anguish of such a blow."

A long silence fell upon the room. The moon threw long silvery rays upon Nellie's face and dress, and showed the cheeks pale, and the eyes growing earnest and deep.

After awhile she whispered: "Go down, auntie. I will join you in our parlor after a little while."

And when she was alone she knelt down by the chair and prayed. Softly, purely the moonlight mantled the little figure in its soft snowy robes of lace, with the flowers drooping among the curls. The uplifted face was pale, the raised eyes full of penitence and yet hopeful, the white hands clasped as if in pain, and the lips moved in whispered petitions for pardon and guidance.

She was in no mood for the ball-room, so she went to her aunt's private parlor. There was no one there, and again she sat by the window and looked out on the beach.

"Miss Browning."

She had not heard him come in, but he stood there before her, stern and pale. She looked on with a smile, but the lips quivered so that it was only an imitation, after all.

"I came to say farewell," said he, still standing there. "I am foolish, perhaps, to seek you again, knowing now the estimation in which I am held. I had believed you, Eleanor Browning, a true noble woman—one whom to win would make a man's life happy beyond expression." His voice broke here in spite of all efforts to be calm. "I had believed you—oh, Nellie! Nellie! say it is not true. You have not played with me. I have loved you so dearly—so truly. You are not so false—so fickle."

It was fearful to see the agony on that face so calm and grave by nature, to hear the cold voice broken and pleading as if for life. But he was shaken to the heart, and Eleanor was almost terrified to see how he loved her. He had half turned from her as

he finished his passionate appeal, and she rose to stand beside him.

"I have done very wrong," she said, humbly, "but if you will forgive me—"

"Nellie—my Nellie!" she said, in a whisper.

"Yours if you can forgive me—"

"Forgive is not the word between us two," he said, as he folded her closely in his arms. "I love you with all my heart. Do you love me, Nellie?"

She lifted her brown eyes to his face, and he read his answer there.

Time, in order to keep up with the progress of the age, is said to have abandoned the sythe and the hour-glass, and purchased a sewing machine and a watch.

Probably the reason that the way of transgressor is hard is, that it is so much travelled.

A storm in the conscience will always bring clouds in the countenance.

HOW HE HAD HIM.

A man named Wells kept a tavern in one of our Western villages, but though his house had a very good name, it was more than he had himself; for it was surmised by his neighbors that he used a great deal of fodder, corn, &c., for which he never gave an equivalent, though it had never been clearly proved upon him.

Early one morning he was met by an acquaintance, named Wilkes, as he was driving before him a heifer, which he had most probably borrowed from some farmer.

"Halloo, Wells! where did you get the heifer?" cried Wilkes.

"Bought her of Colonel Stevens," was the unhesitating reply.

"What did you pay for her?"

"Twenty dollars," said Wells, as he hurried on.

About an hour afterwards, as Wilkes was sitting in Wells' bar-room, Colonel Stevens entered. After a few minutes' conversation, Wilkes said:

"A fine animal that you sold Wells?"

"I don't understand your; I never sold Wells any animal."

"Didn't you? Why, I met him this morning with a heifer, which he said he bought of you for twenty dollars."

"He did, eh? Well, since he said so, he has got to pay me for her," said Stevens.

Wells entered soon after, and Stevens, stepping up to him, said:

"Come, Wells, I'll trouble you for the money for that heifer; it was a cash bargain, you know!"

"I never bought any heifer from you."

"Don't you remember you bought one of me for twenty dollars? Here's Wilkes can prove it?"

"No, he can't," said Wells.

"You told me so this morning," said Wilkes.

A curious expression passed over Wells' face; he felt himself concerned; he had either to tell where he got the animal, or lose twenty dollars; and thinking it not safe for him to do the first, he pulled out his wallet, counting out the money, and handing it to Stevens, said:

"So I did—so I did. I had forgotten all about it; you must excuse me."

ONLY ONCE.—Two men were disputing about a certain street in Chicago, when one of them impatiently asked:

"How many times have you been in Chicago?"

"Only once," admitted the other, modestly.

"Only once!" said the first, triumphantly. "I have been there half-a-dozen times, and therefore ought to know more of it than you."

"No, I claim that I should know most of it."

"How so?"

"Because I stayed eight years the time I was there."

A great cheese made at Ingersoll, Canada, last year, which weighed seven thousand pounds is still exhibited at the factory.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

To remove freckles cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a mustache, tie to it a strong cord, twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth story window.

To procure a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and no one will trust you.

To keep your name up, write it frequently on the dome of the Capitol, the State House steeple, and other high places.

To become a competent book keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To "raise the stamps," say a funny thing on the stage.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars, don't close them.

To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself.

To gain time, steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering, don't talk.

"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from the jail on a writ of habeas corpus."

"Well," said a fellow, in an under tone, who stood in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say any thing. I saw the man get out of a cab at the front door."

People neither acute nor profound often say the thing without effort which we want and have long been hunting for in vain.

DUTCH CAKE.—Six ounces of butter and lard mixed, four eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar; beat the butter and lard to a cream, mix it with the eggs well-beaten; then add the flour and sugar, both warmed, and a little nutmeg and cinnamon; when well-beaten, add a spoonful of brandy, and bake a full hour, in a battered mould, in a quick oven.

A retired English sea captain, who had made the tour of Continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem.

"Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

To CURE A FELON.—Insert the finger or thumb, whichever the case may be, into a lemon, in the first stages of the disease, and keep it on 12 to 24 hours, and it will relieve the pain and cure the felon without further trouble.

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

Silkworms fried in castor oil are considered a luxury in China.