

The Jackson Daily Standard.

PUBLISHED DURING THE COUNTY FAIR.

VOL. II.—NO. 3.

JACKSON C. H., OHIO, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1874.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

JACKSON COUNTY DIRECTORY FOR 1874

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Commissioners—V. B. Johnson, Sam'l Gilliland, George W. Brown.
Auditor—J. R. Booth.
Probate Judge—John J. C. Evans.
Treasurer—Aaron Kirkendall.
Sherrif—R. W. Hubbard.
Clerk—John D. Mitchell.
Prosecuting Attorney—John L. Jones.
Recorder—Assa A. Farrar.
Surveyor—Beverly Keenan.
Coroner—Frank Motz.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.
 George W. Fry, James W. Longbon, A. W. Long.

MASTER COMMISSIONERS.
 J. W. Longbon, J. E. Ferree

NOTARIES PUBLIC.
 James Tripp, J. W. Laird, Irvine Dungan, J. Edward Jones, D. Mackley, R. H. Jones, Williamson Scarlock, J. L. Jones, H. C. Miller, E. B. Bingham, J. A. Aleshire, F. H. McCormick, Ben. H. Moore, I. H. McCormick.

POSTOFFICES AND POSTMASTERS.
 Jackson C. H., John M. Martin, Berlin X Road, Electa Erwin, Kings, I. H. McCormick, Weber, Henry Weber, Camba, B. B. Evans, Clay, S. J. Long, Oak Hill, W. W. Morgan, Bensonsville, George Reniger, Monroe Furnace, Samuel Stevenson, Mabees, Watson Marvin, Keystone, Jacob Pierce, Rocky Hill, Thomas Easterling, Grahamsville, Elcho Crabtree, Walnutree's Mill, James Scully, Rye, Joel Allen, Meadow Branch, G. H. Greene, Leo, J. E. Ferree, Wellston, Caleb H. Shires, James, Mrs. W. J. Kirkendall, Danwins Mills, Mrs. W. J. Kirkendall.

TOWN DIRECTORY.
Mayor—Jesse W. Laird
Marshal—Thomas Easterling
Treasurer—Horace L. Chapman
Clerk—Samuel Stevenson
Weigh Master—John C. Branson
Councilmen—C. F. Bertsch, C. C. James, Isaac Brown, Esckel T. Jones, T. S. Matthews, George Fugh.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Methodist Episcopal Church, Portsmouth St.—Rev. J. H. Acron, Pastor. Public preaching every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School and Bible Class every Sabbath at 9 o'clock A. M.
Presbyterian Church, on Church Street—Rev. J. K. Gibson, Pastor. Public preaching every Sabbath at 10½ A. M., and 7 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 9 o'clock A. M.
Christian Church, on Broadway Street—Elder R. T. Backus, Pastor. Public preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbaths in each month, at 10½ o'clock A. M., and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock, when there is not public preaching.

Methodist Protestant Church, corner Church and Pearl Sts.—No regular services.
Baptist Church, on Broadway Street—Service at the usual hours, in the Welsh language.
Free Will Baptist Church, Petrea—Rev. Thomas E. Peden, Pastor. Covenant meeting the 4th Saturday and Sabbath of every month. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 3 o'clock P. M.

TOWNSHIP DIRECTORY.
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
 Township, Name, P.O. Address.
 Lick, D. H. Varian, Jackson & H.
 " L. A. Candler, " " "
 " Samuel Baker, " " "
 Milton, Geo. W. Whitman, Dawkins Mill.
 " Newel Braley, Berlin X Roads.
 " Washington, John G. Ray, Byers.
 " Jacob A. Sell, Jackson.
 Jackson, Joseph Rowland, Richmondale.
 " I. H. McCormick, Ray's.
 Liberty, Albert Hartley, Jackson & H.
 " John McCartney, " " "
 Scioto, A. A. Hebb, Weber.
 " James Davis, Grahamsville.
 Hamilton, George Gilliland, Iron Furnace.
 " Harrison Center, Mabees.
 Franklin, Armstead Scarlock, Rocky Hill.
 " J. J. Spriggs, Camba.
 Jefferson, John Isaac Jones, Samsonville.
 " Edward J. Jenkins, Oak Hill.
 Madison, John P. Jones, Gallia Fur.
 " Jonathan Davis, Clay.
 " Jeremiah Roach, Oak Hill.
 Bloomfield, Grimsley Poor, Berlin X Roads.
 " William L. Perkins, Keystone.

BAKERY

— AND —
CONFECTIONERY

JOHN SNIDER,

Has recently opened a
First-Class Bakery and Confectionery

In his new building on Broadway, below Pearl, and keeps on hand Fresh bread, Cakes, Canned Fruits, Candies, &c., &c.

OLENDORF & ARNOLD, THE BARBERS,

Broadway street, near Pearl.
Shaving and Hair-cutting done in the Best Style.

JOHN SMITH

Has started a
MEAT MARKET,
 In I. T. Monahan's building on Broadway, next door to the drug store, where you can get everything in his line of business.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS,

And everything in this line, manufactured and sold, at reasonable prices, by
J. C. BRANSON,
 On Main street, opposite the Court House. Call and examine his goods, and learn the prices.

D. L. PICKREL,

— DEALER IN —
Iron, Steel, Nails,
DOORS, SASH, PUMPS,
 — AND A —

FULL LINE OF FARMING TOOLS.

MY GOODS ARE ALL FIRST-CLASS,
 And will be sold at reasonable prices.
 Call and see me, 2d door below the Bank.
 D. L. PICKREL.

F. M. HUDSON,

PROPRIETOR OF THE
ISHAM HOUSE,
 Beyond a doubt sets the
BEST TABLE IN SOUTHERN OHIO.

During the Fair, he proposes to have on exhibition in his dining-room
A NOVELTY,
 Which has been a mystery to all who have seen it, and they only cease to gaze when crowded back by others, anxious to see the same. Call, one and all, and see something that will be bright in memory through all generations to come.

F. M. HUDSON.

EVERY ARTICLE KEPT IN A FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.

B. F. HOLCOMB,

At his Drug Store on
MAIN STREET,
 In the room formerly occupied by Dr. R. E. G. Clewers. He keeps a fine stock of
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS,
TOILET & FANCY ARTICLES,
 &c., &c., &c.

PRICES VERY REASONABLE.

DAUBER & BRO.

Wish to inform the people that they manufacture and deal in

FURNITURE

OF ALL KINDS.

CORNER OF MAIN & RAILROAD STS.,

JACKSON, O.

GIVE US A CALL.

Why?

Why is it that friends we love,
 On fleeting pinions fly?
 And hopes we cherish in our youth,
 Wither so soon and die?
 Why is it that each joy of life
 Is but a passing breath—
 An evanescent foam that breaks
 Upon the sea of death?
 Why is it that the lovely rose,
 That blooms in fragrance sweet,
 Is scattered by the careless wind,
 And crushed beneath our feet?
 It's perfumes, which we first inhaled,
 From amidst the crimson leaves,
 Has disappeared; and on its stalk,
 His web the spider weaves?
 Why melts the winter's driven snow,
 Before sweet Spring's soft sun?
 Why are the dew-drops drawn away,
 When morn has just begun?
 Why bursts the bubbles which so bright,
 Sail through a vapory air?
 Why do the sweet flowers die,
 Though fed with tenderest care?
 Why 's it thus? O, blooming rose,
 And all life's magic spell!
 And dew-drop bright, and bubble frail,
 The reason, canst thou tell?
 Know then, that all that earth bedecks,
 Or on its breast doth lie,
 Was born for Time—and at His beck,
 Must fade away and die.

"Old Times."

There's a beautiful song on the slumb'rous air,
 That drifts through the valley of dreams;
 It came from a clime where the roses were,
 And a hopeful heart and bright brown hair
 That waved in the morning beams.
 Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
 And snow-white foreheads are there;
 A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
 A thorny bed and a couch of down,
 Lost hopes and leaflets of prayers,
 A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
 Sweet wafts from the quivering pines
 Blue violets' eyes beneath green hoods,
 A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
 Bird-warbles and clamb'ring vines.
 A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,
 A ring and a slighted vow—
 Three golden links of a broken band,
 A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
 A tear and a sinless brow.
 There's a thineure of grief in the beautiful song
 That sobb on the slumb'rous air,
 And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
 Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
 From a clime where the roses were.
 We heard it first at the dawn of day,
 And it mingled with matin chimes,
 But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
 And its melody floweth from far away,
 And we call it, "Old Times."

Stopped by Signal.

What station is this, Wilson?" cried an old gentleman, looking out of the window.
 His servant, a demure-looking man in black, touched his hat and replied, "I don't know, sir; I'll ask the guard. Yes, sir; Sloughton station, sir."
 "There ought to be a board with the name on it cried the old gentleman, testily. "Guard, why isn't there a board with this station?"
 "So there is, sir, at the other end of the platform."
 "Then why does'nt the train stop where people can read it? How am I to know when we get to Pugborough, Wilson?"
 "We shan't be at Pugborough for this hour, sir," cried the guard. "Come, jump in, sir," to Wilson, who resumed his seat. The whistle sounded, and the train went on.
 At the very next station they came to, the old gentleman put his head out of the window again. "Hi, Wilson."
 Wilson jumped out of his carriage, and came to his master, and touched his hat once more.
 "Is this Pugborough, Wilson?"
 "No, sir; this is Much Munkton."
 "Now, take your seat," cried the guard for only one passenger had alighted, and none had entered the train.
 At the next station the same scene was repeated.
 "Come, sir," said the guard, who was tired of hearing the old man's voice, don't trouble yourself any more. "I'll be sure and let you know when we come to Pugborough."
 "Will you?" cried the old gentleman, apparently much gratified. "Upon my word, you're very kind. I didn't like to ask you; I know how much you have to do."
 "It's only my duty sir," says the guard slamming the door.
 "Hi, guard!" cried the old gentleman. "Yes, sir!" replied the guard, impatiently, returning to the carriage door.
 "You're quite sure, now? You're quite sure, eh? You won't forget me at Pugborough?"
 "Oh, no, sir," said the guard; "that'll be all right."
 "And Wilson—where's Wilson? Oh,

here, Wilson, you won't forget my box, Wilson, when we get to Pugborough?"

"No, sir," says Wilson, scrambling into his seat once more.
 "Troublesome old chap that," said the guard, as he swung himself into his van, "I musn't forget him at Pugborough. There's no other passenger for there."
 Now, Pugborough was one of those mysterious places that are marked with a cross or dagger in Bradshaw, and if you succeed in unearthing a corresponding dagger in some obscure corner of the page, you will find "Stops at Pugborough to take up and set down first class London passengers only."
 Whether it was that the guard, in his excess of anxiety to remember, had blunted his faculties, or that some spiteful Puck had given his wits a bewildering shake, I know not, but somehow it happened that the guard forgot to warn the engine-driver, and when the man looked up from his parcels he found, to his dismay, that the train was flashing along some half mile past the little Pugborough station.
 To signal the driver and put on the brake was the work of an instant. The train was brought to a standstill, and then slowly backed to the station amidst the fierce denunciations of the through passengers.
 The guard was much out of temper, angry with himself for his forgetfulness, angry with the old gentleman for having given him so much trouble.
 "Now, then!" he shouted to the manservant. "Sharp! Look after your master's traps. Here you are, sir," he cried, opening the first-class carriage. "Here's Pugborough. Now, sir, if you please."
 The old gentleman was asleep and couldn't be roused to a sense of the situation for some time. He growled and grumbled. At last fully roused, he stared at the guard with lackluster eyes.
 "Pugborough? Is it Pugborough? Thank you, guard, I remember. Where's Wilson? Wilson, Wilson, where's my box?"
 "Never mind your box, sir—I'll see to the luggage. Jump out quick please."
 "Jump out!" cried the old gentleman; "jump out! Why should I jump out? Who said anything about getting out?"
 "What!" cried the guard, aggrieved to the very verge of desperation. "Haven't you been bothering about Pugborough ever since we left Euston?"
 "At your own request, guard," said the old gentleman calmly. "I intrusted you with the duty of warning me of my arrival at Pugborough. I should have preferred to leave the task to my own servant. Hi! here's the box. Thank you, Wilson," said the old gentleman, taking from his servant's hands a small pink box.
 "The fact is," said the old gentleman, calmly opening the box and looking benignly at the excited guard, "that my daughter gave me the most particular injunctions. 'Mind, papa,' she said, 'be sure you take a pill at Pugborough.'"
 The old gentleman could never understand why the carriage door was dashed to with such violence, the whistle sounded with such a fiendish yell, and Wilson whirled into his carriage without being permitted to take charge once more of his master's pill-box.

Sabbath School Celebration.

This was the fourth celebration, and was attended by a very large and deeply interested audience. The meeting was called to order by the President, Rev. J. K. Gibson, and the exercises were introduced by the congregation singing. "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and by prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Brown, of Lancaster, Ohio. "The Scholar's Greeting Song" was sung by the M. E. S. S., of Jackson, and was followed by the President, who formally opened the meeting in a neat and appropriate little speech.
 After the Pleasant Grove S. S. had sung, the President introduced as the first Speaker, Moses J. Morgan, Superintendent of the Jackson Schools, who delivered an able address upon "A more thorough and liberal study of the Bible." After Mr. Morgan's address, a pretty song was well rendered by the Madison

Furnace S. S., and the next speaker was Rev. Dr. Byers, of Columbus, who addressed the audience in his inimitable way upon the subject, "The Sabbath School, the Great Nursery of the State."

A hymn was well sung by the Pleasant Hill S. S., (Washington township) when the audience took a recess of an hour for dinner.
 The services were reopened in the afternoon by singing by the Morris Chapel S. S., after which Rev. Dr. Thompson, President of Otterbein University, delivered a scholarly and masterly address, in assertion of "The Rights of Children."
 On motion of A. W. Long, and seconded by several persons, the address of Dr. Thompson was ordered, with his consent, to be published in the Jackson Standard. Enthusiastically carried.
 The Beaver S. S., of Pike county, sang, and were followed by a fine speech by Rev. J. H. Acton, of Jackson, upon "The necessity of labor and enthusiasm in the Sabbath School."
 A beautiful Sunday School hymn, "Gather Them In," was beautifully sung by the Zoar S. S., when the President introduced Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, the veteran missionary in Sunday School work, who came before the audience on this occasion with a power which showed that years have only touched his spirit to temper it, if possible with stronger, steadier zeal. His form erect, his voice clear and resonant, his eye undimmed his speech quiet at first, but growing more burning and impassioned, he made a pleasing and memorable address.

After an Anthem by the Presbyterian Choir, of Jackson, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. D. Jenkins, and the vast congregation dispersed, leaving for their homes, highly pleased with all the exercises, as shown by excellent order and close attention, and inspired with renewed energy and purpose to work in the Sabbath-school cause.

The report of the Secretary of the Celebration is as follows:

Names.	Av. at.	Pres. at.	Col. for.
	Cel't'n.	Cel't'n.	Cel't'n.
Horeb.....	170	90	\$ 8 50
Salem.....	40	30	1 00
Winchester.....	60	50	1 00
Keystone.....	75	40	1 00
Rice.....	42	50	1 00
Washington.....	79	88	1 75
Hamilton.....	75	80	1 00
Pleasant Grove.....	105	90	1 00
Madison Furnace.....	80	80	2 00
Aten.....	58	75	2 70
Morris.....	45	70	2 00
Beaver (Pike Co.).....	35	35	1 50
Findley Chapel.....	60	100	2 85
Grahamsville.....	40	25	1 50
Oak Hill M. C.....	132	50	3 62
Jackson M. E.....	220	193	10 00
Vega.....	60	20	
Antioch.....	93	80	3 00
Mt. Zion.....	75	90	
Jackson Pres.....	145	140	7 00
Buckeye.....	40	35	2 00
Zoar.....	85	60	3 61
Ples. Hill of Ham.....	65	40	1 00
Ples. Hill of Wash.....	77	164	2 00
Total.....	1875	1785	\$61 03

A live business man—one who keeps up with the progress of the town in which he does business—any community may well be proud of. Such a man is James A. Starkey, the popular news-dealer of Jackson. He keeps constantly on hand a variety of stationery of all kinds, books, periodicals and every article in his line of trade. Give him a call at his store on Broadway, and be convinced of the truth of our assertion.

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