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The McArthur Enquirer,

J. W. BOWEN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Feb. 26, 1873.

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Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Vinton and adjoining counties. OFFICE—In the Recorder's office.

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Will practice in Ross, Vinton and adjoining counties. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to.

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BOWEN HOUSE,
(Formerly Sands House,)
ZALESKI, OHIO.
EGBERT BOWEN, PROPRIETOR.
This House, which is convenient to the R. R. depot, since changing proprietors, has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and the present proprietor offers to travelers and boarders the best accommodations.
Good Stable on the premises.
TERMS MOST REASONABLE
[w&e]

MERCHANTS' HOTEL.
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J. W. VARNER - - - - - - Proprietor.
This Hotel is in the most convenient part of the city—on Front St., between Market and Jefferson.

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Corner High and State Sts., nearly opposite State House,
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This Hotel is furnished throughout with all the modern improvements. Guests can rely on the best treatment and very low bills. Stages are pass this Hotel to and from all Railroad Depots.

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This house, formerly the Isham House, has been thoroughly renovated and beautifully furnished. Having superior facilities, everything will be done to make guests comfortable. Table always supplied with the best the market affords. Nicely furnished rooms and cleanest beds. Good Stables. Every effort will be made for the comfort of patrons. All charges moderate.

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M. MERRIAM - - - - - - Proprietor.
This Hotel, a few rods from the Railroad Depot, and where all travelers on all trains can take meals, has just been greatly enlarged and thoroughly repaired, painted, &c., and is now in complete order for the reception of guests. Trains stop ten minutes for meals. Terms moderate.

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Corner Sixth and Walnut Streets,
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F. T. OAKES & J. T. FISHER, Proprietors.
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This house has been entirely Refitted, Refurnished and Remodeled, and is in all respects a
FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.
AND THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON. Table surpassed by none in the West. Ample and pleasant accommodations for travelers. Give us a call. OAKES & CO., Proprietors.

DRY GOODS.

J. GREENLEAF & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery, &c.
234 and 236 South High Street,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
C. M. SAGE, of McArthur, is the traveling agent for the above house, and all orders entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.
January 15, 1873.—tf.

ESTABLISHED 18 YEARS.
J. F. TOWELL,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, AND NOTIONS!
Front St., PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
J. F. Towell is agent for several Mills, and his house is headquarters for many desirable makes of Eastern Goods. All goods will be sold at the lowest possible price.
Close cash buyers, first-class time, trade. Wholesale peddlers and furnacemen are particularly invited to an examination of his stock.

Selected Poetry.

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose narrow tide,
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
Its sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at that bitter flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour was come:
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died,
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye, anon,
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan—
And there, alone,
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there, at length,
He saw life's bound;
He shrank, and raised the bitter prayer—
Too late!—his shriek of wild despair,
The waters drowned.

Next followed to that surgeless shore,
A being bowed with many a score
Of toilsome years;
With tottering steps he neared the bank—
Back turned his dimming eyes and sank,
Ah! full of tears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
Oh, death!—how hard a thing, Oh me,
It is to die—
I mused—when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal man,
With smiles drew nigh.

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said;
"For me, O death, thou hast no dread;
Saviour! I come!
show but Thy face on yonder shore;
I see!—ye waters bear me o'er,
There is my sweet home."

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE CONDUCTOR'S DREAM.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

He had been on the train all day, had met all kinds of people, received all sorts of treatment, punctured all kinds of tickets, shouted "All out!" and "All aboard!" till throat, and hand, and head, and foot were weary. It would be a long while before we would get to another depot, and so he sagged down in the corner of the car to sleep. He was in the most uncomfortable position. The wind blew in his neck, his arm was hung over the back of the seat, he had one foot under him, and his knee pressing hard against a brass hinge. In that twisted and convoluted position, he fell asleep, and soon began to dream.

It seemed to him, in his sleep, that the car was full of disagreeables. Here was a man who persisted in having a window up, while the rain and sleet drove in. There was a man who occupied the whole seat, and let the ladies stand. Here sat a man smoking three poor cigars at once, and expectorating into the beaver hat of the gentleman in front. Yonder was a burglar on his way to jail, and opposite a murderer on his way to the gallows. He thought that pickpockets took his watch, and ruffians refused to pay their fare.

A woman traveling alone, shot at him a volley of questions:

"Say, Conductor, how long before we will get to the Junction?"

"Are you sure we have not passed it?"

"Do you always stop there?"

"What time is it?"

Madam, do keep quiet!

"None of your impudence!"

"How far from here to the Junction?"

"Do you think that other train will wait?"

"Do you think we will get there in time?"

"Say, conductor, how many miles yet?"

"Are you looking out?"

"Now, you won't let me go past, will you?"

"Here! conductor, here! Help me out with my carpet-bag and bandbox and shawl and umbrella and this bundle of sausage and headcheese."

What was worse, the train got going 150 miles an hour, and pulling the connecting-rope it broke, and the cars got off the track, and leaped on again, and the stove changed places with the wood-box, and things seemed going to terrible split and unmitigated smash. The cities flew past. The brakes were powerless. The whistle grew into a fiend's shriek. Then the train began to slow up, and sheeted ghosts swung lanterns along the track, and the cars rolled into a white depot, which turned out to be a great marble tomb; and looking back to see his passengers, they were all stark dead, frozen in upright horror to the car-backs.

Hearing, by the man's snore, and seeing his painful look, he was having a painful dream, we tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Conductor! Turn over that seat, and take my shawl, and stretch yourself out, and have a comfortable nap."

"Thank you, sir," he said, and immediately sprawled himself out in the easiest way possible. He began his slumbers just as an express train glides gracefully out of Pittsburgh depot; then went at it more earnestly, lifted all the brakes, put on all the steam, and in five minutes was under splendid headway.

He began a second dream, but it was the opposite from the first.

He thought he had just stepped on the platform of his car, and a lady handed him a bouquet fresh from the hot-house. A long line of presidents and superintendents had come to the depot to see him off, and tipped their hats as he glided out into the open air. The car was an improvement on Pullman's best. Three golden goblets stood at the end, and every time he turned the spigot of the water cask, it foamed soda-water—vanilla, if you turned it one way, strawberry if you turned it the other. The spittoon was solid silver, and had never been used but once, when a child threw into it an orange peeling.

The car was filled with lords and duchesses, who rose and bowed as he passed through to collect the fare. They all insisted on paying twice as much as was demanded, telling him to give half to the company and keep the rest for himself.

Stopped a few moments at Jolly Town, Gleeville, and Velvet Junction, making connection with the Grand Trunk and Pan-Handle route for Paradise.

But when the train halted, there was no jolt, and when it started there was no jerk. The track was always clear, no freight train in the way, no snow bank to be shovelled—train always on time.

Banks of roses on either side, bridges with piers of bronze, and flagmen clad in cloth-of-gold. The train went 300 miles an hour, but without any risk, for all the passengers were insured against accident in a company that was willing to pay four times the price of what any neck was worth. The steam whistle breathed as sweetly as any church choir chanting its opening piece. Nobody asked the conductor to see his "time-table," for the only dread any passenger had was that of coming to the end of his journey.

As night came on, the self-adjusting couches spread themselves on either side; patent bootjacks rolled up and took your boots off; unseen fingers touched the damask covers all about you, and the porter took your pocket book to keep till morning, returning it then with twice what you had in it at nightfall.

After a while, the train slackens to 175 miles an hour, and the conductor, in his dream, announces that they are coming to the terminus.

More brakes are dropped, and they are running but 90 miles an hour; and some one, looking out of the window, says:

"How slow we go!"

"Yes," says the conductor, "we are holding up."

Now, they have almost stopped, going only 70 miles an hour.

The long line of depot lamps are flashing along the track.

On the platform of the station are the lovers who are waiting for their betrothed, and parents who have come down to greet their children, returned with a fortune, and wives, who have not been able to eat or drink since their spouse went away three weeks before.

As the cushioned train flashes into the depot and stops, wedding bells peal, and the gong of merry banquets sounds, and white arms are flung about necks, reckless of mistake, and innumerable percussions of affection echo through the depot, so crisp and loud that they wake the conductor, who thought that the boisterous smack was on his own cheek, but finds that he is nothing but a bachelor railroad man, with a lantern in his hand, at midnight, getting out into a snow-bank.

APPLICATION:—Get an easy position when you sleep, if you have any choice between angels and gorgons.

At midnight, seizing a chair, I ran into the next room, resolving to kill, at the first stroke, the ruffian who was murdering a member of my household. But there was no ruffian. The sweet girl had, during the day, been reading of St. Bartholomew's massacre, and was now lying on her back, dreaming it all over again.

When dreams find one lying flat on the back, they cry out, "Here's a flat surface on which to skate and play ball," and from scalp to toe they sport themselves.

The hardest nag in the world to ride is the nightmare. Many think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily effected by the style of your slumber. Sound asleep is the sister of wide awake.

Adam was the only man who ever lost a rib by sleeping too soundly; but when he woke up he found that, instead of the twelve ribs with which he started, he really had nigh two dozen. By this I prove that sleep is not subtractino, but addition.

This night may that angel put balm on both your eyelids five minutes after you touch the pillow!

Signs of Death.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris in 1870 offered a prize of twenty thousan francs for somed simple and sure signs of death, which any non-professional person could understand and apply. The most practical and satisfactory one given (says the *British Medical press and circular*) is mentioned in a late number of Virchow's *Archive* It depends upon the fact that no matter how profound the cyncobe or how deathlike the person may appear, if the circulation cotinues, however feebly the person is not dead. All that is necessary, therefore, is to tie a string firmly around the finger of the supposed corpse; if the blood circulates in the least, the whole finger, from the string to the tip, will swell and generally turn a bluish red. The test is exceedingly simple and conclusive.

THERE is a man at South Norwalk who understands the eternal fitness of things; and is not willing to interfere with the sublime order of the social universe. He was a witness in an assault and battery case lately, and testified that he "saw the woman clawing at the man's face and whiskers like a cat, while the man had her by the hair trying to hold her still, while she was screaming 'murder! murder!' at the top of her lungs." "It was an ugly fight," said the witness, "but I supposed it was a man and his wife having a bout, so I thought I wouldn't interfere." On being further interrogated, the witness said: "If I had known they were not man and wife I would have tried to separate them."

Western Washington Territory has not the rich soil of Iowa or Illinois, nor wood prairies like those localities, but some prairies are found in the timber.

"OUR MINISTER."

BY H. H.

"What a pleasant face your pastor has," said one lady to another, "and how cheery his voice! His coming is like a gleam of sunlight."

"And do you know," returned the lady, lifting a pleased face toward her friend, "that we call him Sunshine, because wherever he goes he seems to bring sunshine with him. If he visits a sick one of his flock, you can see the look of suffering pass away, and the glad smile take its place, for his coming does good like medicine. He has been a sufferer himself, and the sick are confident of his kindly sympathy. Then he always leaves precious seed-thoughts, that are sure to bring rest and peace.

"If any one has suffered loss or bereavement, or any trouble that leaves the heart sore, a visit from our minister is sure to bring healing."

"But how is it that he is always so cheerful?" was asked. "All christians are not so; has he been mercifully kept free from the losses and the crosses in which all seem to share?"

"Oh, no," said the lady and her voice grew soft with pity; "he has had heavy trials to bear, but he counts these trials as mercies. It is because he himself has suffered that those in sorrow are sure of his real sympathy. They feel that he knows how bitter is their grief, and when he speaks of comfort, they listen. They know that out of his great sorrow his own heart has been lifted, and they are willing to be led by him, to the source of true comfort."

Into every heart where Jesus comes a welcome guest, there is rest, there is peace. It is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee." And of Jesus, it is said, "For we have not a High Priest which can not be touched with the feelings of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are;" and again, "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted; he is able to succor them that are tempted." To be able to say, "My Lord and my God," is a dearer privilege than to count as ours, the choicest, earthly friendships.

Where the Nickel comes from.

Do you know where the nickel, from which our smaller coins are made, comes from? From one single mine, which is the only one now in the country now being worked. This mine is situated in Lancster Co., Pa. It has been worked for seventeen years, and developed to a depth of two hundred feet. The length of this iode is between two and three thousand feet, and it produces from four to six hundred tons per month, employing in the working of the mine a force of 175 men.

Nickel is rapidly growing into favor as a substitute for silver in plating steel, iron, and other metals. Its commercial demand is rapidly increasing; and as it is cheaper than silver, it will undoubtedly be adopted in the manufacture of many articles as a substitute for that more precious metal. One mine, the Minela Motte tract, Missouri, was worked from 1850 to 1855. The ore was the sulphuret, associated with lead and copper. About 100,000 were realized from the croppings of the vein. Croppings of nickel are also found in Madison, Iron, and Wayne counties, Missouri. The refined metal is worth three dollars per pound.

Among the articles from America to be exhibited at the Vienna exibition is a log of black walnut, the largest ever grown, six feet in diameter and 18 feet long, which was cut in Missouri, and weighs seven tons.

In some portions of the State of Kansas more is realized by the sale of husks to matress manufacturers than can be got for the corn the husk covered.

The Kansas Pacific is paying fifty cents for ties.

HIS WORD IS AT STAKE.

Grandly did the old Scottish believer, of whom Dr. Brown tells us in his "Horæ Subsecivæ," respond to the challenge of her pastor, regarding the ground of her confidence.

"Janet," said the minister, "what would you say if, after all God has done for you, he would let you drop into hell?"

"E'en's (even as) he likes," answered Janet. "If he does, he'll lose mair than I'll do."

At first sight Janet's reply looks irreverent, if not something worse. As we contemplate it, however, its sublimity grows upon us. Like the Psalmist, she could say, "I on thy word rely," (Ps. 119:114, metrical version.) If his words were broken, if his faithfulness should fail, if that foundation could be destroyed, truly he would lose more than his trusting child. But that could never be. "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Thy faithfulness is unto all generations." Well, then, might Janet encourage herself in the Lord her God, and say, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice."

All the promises of God, are absolutely sure and certain in Christ Jesus, who is freely offered to all in the gospel. Embracing Christ in the promises, or the promises in Christ, we hold the Almighty by an indissoluble bond. The two immutable things, God's oath confirming God's promise, are pledged to us; and if God has thus spoken, should not believers rejoice? How confidently men can rely on the word of each other! And if sinful men can be thus trusted, oh, how much more should we firmly embrace, and hopefully expect the fulfillment of the promises of God's loving kindess.

"He has power, and can fulfill;
He is truth, and therefore will."

CLIMATE CHANGES.

An interesting paper has recently been published by a southern writer attempting to account for the increased severity of the Gulf State's winters. It is pretty conclusively established that the cold of former years in the cotton belt and lower basin of the Mississippi was less rigorous than now, and the fact seems to clash with the known mitigation of climate noted in Europe, Asia and many other parts of the world, as apparantly due to the felling of the forests and clearing the soil. The writer in question accounts for the climate change by the felling of the Southern forests, affording a more unrestricted scope for the north-west winds, chilled by snow on the Rocky Mountains. He also very strikingly contrasts the effect of the winds which reach Southern Europe from the arid and sun-scorched wasts of Africa and the Great Desert and those which blow from the Gulf of Mexico over the Southern part of the United States. The African winds exert no inconsiderable influence on the climate of Southern Europe, producing higher temperatures than those which rule on the same parallels of latitude in this country, while the gales from the Gulf, impregnated with moisture, only increase the severity of the cold derived from the north-west winds.

In the early part of this century the average temperature of New Orleans was more than seventy degrees, and that of the winters about fifty-six degrees—figure undoubtedly too high for the present time. That the clearing away of the vast forests of lofty pines from the Southern States has opened new ways and channels for the cold winter winds from the plains east of the Rocky Mountains is highly probable and plausible; but it is equally probable that the rapid and wide-spread progress of emigration in the Upper Valley of the Missouri and throughout all the far Northwest has made a comparatively smooth plane over which the mountain winds may more freely and in greater volume descend upon the States of the Gulf.

Strange to say, the paper alluded to above has received a singular confirmation from an indepenent and very recent communication by Prof. Schiaparelli to one of the learned societies of France, in which are given many curious observations on the great cyclones which have deposited in Italy some of the sands uplifted ftom the Desert of Sahara.

If the observed increased severity in the Southern winters is confirmed by long experience, it will work very material changes in the agricultural and sanitary condition of the Gulf States. By increasing the winter rains it may accomplish much good, supplying the soil with stores of water against the usually destructive drouths of summer.

At Evening-Time it Shall be Light.

BY REV. W. I. BUDINGTON, D. D.

The evening will surely come. No morning ever broke so fair that it did not decline into evening shades. No life was ever given so dear that it was not taken away. No family circle was ever formed so peaceful and holy, but that it was not broken and passed away. But it shall come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light.

It may be said that this is an ordination of nature. God has made lesser lights to rule the night. Evening reveals to the eyes of men the far-off and beautiful light of stars, and the moon, pale empress of the night. They are lesser lights in that they are less effulgent than the sun, but that they are not lesser lights as revealers fo the breadth and majesty & beauty of the creation. Man had never known his Creator as His works disclose Him, had the sun always shone. The coming on of eveniog is the introduction to the world of a glory which the full light of day dies—the sun withdraws only to be succeeded by other lights dearer to the soul, and more declarative of the infinite power and goodness of God.

Evening has a beauty of its own, not less than the day; and and so there is in the passing away of our mortal years, in sorrows which quench our joys and in the death which swallows up our lives, a compensation which brings us nearer to God, and reveals his glory to us otherwise inconceivable.

The gospel of the grace of God makes the evening-time light. He who is the Resurrection and the Life, who Himself entered the domains of death and saw no corruptiou, delivers his people likewise from the power of the grave. As there is no death to the believer, so there is no coming on of the night of death, but at evening-time it shall be light. This is the absolute, the highest possible triumph of the gospel of Christ. Overcoming death, Christ overcomes everything that looks toward and has the power of death.

To the believer resting upon the gospel of Christ, there is no peradventure about the future. He knows it will not be dark to him. The light of other days shall go out but another light shall come in. That other light shall be of a different kind, come from a different source, subserve different purposes, but it shall be, and when it comes it shall be sweeter and more lasting than any light that ever gladened our eyes.

The grace of God in his gospel comes here, a light shining both ways—it sheds the light of forgiveness over all the past, of healing, and of hope over all the future. Christ's mediatorial work, putting his almightiness in place of our weakness, his perfect merits in place of our unworthiness, supplies every want, and leaves nothing to be desired.

So utterly is sin done away with by the love of Christ in dying for us, that as an enemy to condemn, a power to enthrall, it exists no more. The curse is removed; the blessing of God, of which it is a trophy, remains. The wounds of sin are healed by the same touch that restored Malchus, and now they are honorable scars, like the *stigmata* which the apostle bore in his body, and which he would not lose—proofs of the love of Jesus to us, and of our love to Jesus.

But the grace of Christ applies to our losses as well. To him, not in vain are afflictions; they become heavy with the glory they work out for us. Just as when we lose life for Christ's sake, we find it again, so what we loose on earth, we regain in heaven.

Death itself is swallowed up in victory! For evermore Jesus is saying to mourners going to the grave to weep there, "I am the Resurrection and the Life He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Renovation By Faith.

If you have failed for this life, do not fail for the other too. There is very much that may yet be done, even in the afternoon and twilight of men's lives, if they are hopeful and active. When one of my Norway spruces died from the rude handling of last winter, instead of rooting it up and throwing it away, I let the ampelopsis take possession of it, and it grew up rapidly through all the branches of the tree, and covered its top with leaves. And in the autumn, these leaves, which had been green before, were all changed to a brilliant crimson; and the tree in its own life was not half so beautiful as it was when covered by this vine, clad with all the colors of the setting sun.

Are you like an old tree that is dead, and has dropped all its foliage, and stands with its trunk and branches bare? let faith and love cover you over, and you will be more comely and more useful standing clothed in such garniture than you were clad in all your former strength.

Be patient old man. Be patient mother. Be patient, widow. Be patient, you that are impoverished. Be patient, men that are scarcely thought of, and are treading lower and lower. God thinks of you.

Cotton Mills in South Carolina.

A bill has been introduced in the South Carolina Legislature to incorporate the Newberry Cotton Mills. The capital stock of the company is fixed at $300,000, with authority to commence business when $100,000 shall have been subscribed and $20 per share paid in, and the business of the company is declared to be the manufacuring, dyeing, printing and finishing all goods of which cotton, wool, or any fibrous article may form a part, as well as all machinery used for such purposes, and for the transaction of such business as may be necessarily connected therewith, and the erection of such mills and other works as may be required to carry on such branches of manufacture. The bill also provides that the company shall be exempt from State and county taxation for ten years.

Albia, Iowa, has a $10,000 joint stock coal company, which has proceeded to business.

A California paper recounts a series of massacres by the Modoc Indians since 1846, in which one hundred and twenty white men were murdered.

A JACKSONVILLE despatch says a distinguished horticulturist who has had the amplest means of being advised upon the matter, reports that the intensley cold weather of this winter has made a total destruction of the peach buds throughout the Mississippi valley as far south as Memphis. The Osage orange hedges, with which a great many fields in Morgan and adjacent counties are enclosed, are also said to be killed.

—PHILADELPHIA proposes to make it a rule that all visitors to the centennial celebration in 1876 shall adopt the costumes and customs of 1776.