

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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DR. KEEPER'S,

DENTIST.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide or laughing gas.

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Malaga, Monroe County, Ohio.

July 4, 1877.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Office on Main Street,

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Feb. 2, 1877.

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JOLLY, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO.

Will attend promptly to all calls during the day or night.

Feb. 2, 1877.

JOHN E. DILLON, M. D.

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WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office and residence in the Hooper property, west side of town, near Union School House.

Feb. 2, 1877.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office and residence in the Hooper property, west side of town, near Union School House.

Feb. 2, 1877.

DR. J. W. WAX,

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ELM COVE, Washington Tp, Monroe County, Ohio.

All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night.

Feb. 2, 1877.

J. P. FARQUHAR, M. D.

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Physician and Surgeon,

Office and residence in the Kirkbride property, WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Having located at the above place, offers his professional services, where he hopes by close attention to business to merit public confidence and patronage.

Chronic Diseases will receive special attention.

may4,75r.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JOHN JEFFERS,

Notary Public, would inform his friends, and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill Penitentiary Blanks, administer Oaths, take Depositions, acknowledge Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing.

JOHN JEFFERS,

april8,76r. Beallville, Monroe Co., Ohio.

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BELMONT BANK,

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Capital, \$50,000.

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with ALL PARTS of a share of the public patronage. Particular attention paid to the repairing of

Watches, Clocks and Jewels.

Watches, Clocks and Jewels for sale on reasonable terms. WORK WARRANTED.

april8,76r.

Address, JAMES C. JOHNSTON

Malaga, Monroe County, Ohio.

June 27, 1877.

FRITZ REEF

Poetry.

"GOD KNOWS."

[An emigrant ship foundered in a storm, and of the 230 who went down, only one—a little child—drifted ashore.

When the wail was laid at rest from her troubled baptism, the question was asked by somebody, "What name?"

And the reply was, "God knows." A gentleman present, touched by the words, caused a headstone to be erected, bearing only this: "God knows!"

Went down with a head on the Kenian coast,

No matter of bunting at half-mast lowered,

No cannon to toll for the creature lost,

Two hundred and twenty souls let slip,

Two hundred and twenty with speechless lip

Went staggering down in the foundered ship!

Nobody can tell it—not you nor I.

The frenzy of fright when lightning thought

Wove like a shuttle the far and the high,

Shot quivering gleams through the long for-

And lighted the years with a ghastly glare,

A second year, and a second to spare

Mid surges of water and gases of prayer.

The heavens were doom, and the Lord was dumb.

The cloud and the breaker were beat in one,

No angel in sight—not any to come!

God garden their sins for the Christ His Son!

The tempest died down, as the tempest will,

As tame as the moon on a window-sill.

The roses were red on the rugged hill—

The roses that blow in the early light

And die into gray with the mists of night.

Then drifted ashore a light-gown dressed

A waif of a girl with her hands behind

And hands like a prayer on her cold blue breast,

And a smile on her mouth that was not to

No stich on the garment even to tell

Who bore her, who lost her, who loved her well,

Unnamed as rose—was it Nora or Nell?

The coasters and wreckers around her stood,

And gazed on the treasure-trove landward

As when a dead robin the sturdy woad.

His plume all white and the whirling sand

They laid a white cross on her home-made vest,

The coffin was rude as a red-breast's nest,

And poor was the shroud, but a perfect rest

Fell down on the child like dew on the west.

A ripple of sad joy covered her over,

Nobody to bid her "good-night, my bird!"

Spring waiting to weave a quilt of red clover,

Nobody else had her pet name heard!

"What name?" asked the preacher. "God

knows!" she said.

Her waistline to her made her bed,

But wailed "God knows" on the slats at her head.

The legend he owns when the night runs wild,

The road out of sight and the stars gone

Lost hope or lost heart, lost Pined or child,

Remember the words at the drowned girl's tomb!

Beviled and blind the soul has repose

Whether express or laurel blossoms and bows,

Whatever betides for the good "God knows!"

God knows all the while—our blindness His sight.

Our darkness His day, our weakness His might.

—BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, in Examiner.

Select Story.

The Stone Cutter's Story.

BY ANNIE FROST.

He was whistling over his work, care-

less from long custom of the solemn sig-

nificance of the letters he was cutting in

the thin June sun. The June sun was

nearly at the end of the day's journey,

sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom

of the broad Atlantic, whose waves wash-

ed the shores of the little sea port town

of Monoton. A stranger, handsomely

dressed, middle-aged or more, with dark

hair thickly streaked with gray, and

large, lustrous brown eyes, came to the

fence that was around the yard where the

stone-cutter worked, and read the letter-

ing, almost completed, upon the tomb-

stone:

HIRAM GOLDSBY,

Aged 35.

Lost at Sea, January, 1866.

The last 6 was nearly completed. A

strange pallor gathered for a moment

upon the stranger's face, then he drew a

long deep breath and said:

"I am not ten years a long time to be

cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"

The stone-cutter looked up, shading

his eyes with his brown hand as he turned

to face the setting sun.

"This is 1876," he was the grave reply,

"and Hiram Goldsby must have been ten

years under the waves."

"Well, sir, that's the question—is he

there?"

"He has there your stone tells us he

is and has been for years."

"Yes, sir, so it does—so it does. And

yet she as ordered it not believe it."

She came over here a week or so back,

with a worried look on her sweet face,

that I never seen in less than ten years,

and she says to me: 'You may cut a stone, Davy,' says she, 'an'

'have it put up in the churchyard, an'

'I'll put it up in the churchyard, an'

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'I'll put it up in the churchyard, an'

'I'll put