

operation of saw and planing mills. The local market could be much more fully supplied than at present, thus keeping at home much money now paid to lumbermen in other localities, as well as increasing the wealth and products of the county.

The people of Pomeroy are intelligent, hospitable and enterprising, and stand ready to give substantial encouragement to any enterprise that promises to be

of general benefit to the community. A hearty welcome will be extended to everyone who decides to cast his lot with them in that growing region whose development means wealth, comfort and honor. Those who thus accept the invitation of the citizens of Pomeroy will have reason to congratulate themselves that they have chosen a place to make their home where all the conditions of success are so favorable.

#### KANAWHA FALLS.

At eve I stood  
In dreadful mood  
Where rolls Kanawha's mighty flood,  
Enraptured, gazed,  
Lost and amazed,  
While Gauley's peaks above me blazed.

Fold after fold  
The sunset roll'd  
Its wealth of crimson and of gold,  
O'er foam and spray,  
And rocks of gray  
Around whose base fierce eddies play.

The mist clouds lift  
And slowly drift  
Along the wild and beetling cliff,  
And gleam and shine  
And cling and twine  
Around the dark and odorous pine.

With wrathful might  
The wild waves smite  
The rocks, and break, foamy and white,  
And up and o'er  
The craggy shore  
Their great echoes ceaseless pour.

On rocks that stand,  
When wildly grand  
The torrents rave on every hand,  
Apart from care,  
One moment there  
I worshiped God in thoughtful prayer.

I heard and saw,  
With breathless awe,  
The unguessed harmony of law.  
To my wrapt soul  
Did here unroll  
Great nature's God his mystic scroll.

A fairy boat  
The bubbles float  
To rocky ports in pools remote,  
And laugh and leap,  
And dancing, keep  
The time of rhythmic murmurs deep.

Oh, Nature's child,  
Thou torrent wild,  
Ne'er with thy boundaries reconciled,  
I mourn for thee;  
Thy liberty  
Life's prototype; thou slave—yet free.

Oh, stream, no more  
Upon thy shore  
I listen to thy torrents roar;  
But in my brain  
Do hear again  
The echoes of thy wild refrain.—Erouk.