

The Argus
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At \$2.00 per annum in Advance.
Letters and contributions, by mail,
shall have prompt attention.
J. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor.

RAILROADS.

PITTS. FT. W. & C. R. R.
On and after July 29, 1895. Trains will leave
Stations daily, Sundays excepted, as follows:
(Train leaving Chicago at 5:35 P. M.
leaves daily.)

TRAINS GOING WEST.			
Exp.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.
Pittsburg	10:00	6:45	11:00
Rockford	8:30	8:30	12:00
St. Louis	8:30	8:30	12:00
St. Paul	8:30	8:30	12:00
Chicago	8:30	8:30	12:00
St. Paul	8:30	8:30	12:00
St. Louis	8:30	8:30	12:00
Rockford	8:30	8:30	12:00
Pittsburg	8:30	8:30	12:00

TRAINS GOING EAST.			
Exp.	Exp.	Exp.	Exp.
Chicago	4:00	7:00	10:00
St. Paul	4:00	7:00	10:00
St. Louis	4:00	7:00	10:00
Rockford	4:00	7:00	10:00
Pittsburg	4:00	7:00	10:00

Chicago and Pittsburg Express Train leaves New
Castle at 4:00 p.m., arrives in Pittsburg at
6:30 p.m. Returning leaves Pittsburg at 6:30
a.m., arrives in New Castle at 8:30 a.m.
New Castle and Pittsburg Express Train leaves
New Castle at 7:00 a.m., arrives in
Allegheny at 9:45 a.m. Returning leaves
Allegheny at 2:25 p.m., arrives in New Castle
at 5:15 p.m.

F. R. MEYER, Gen. Ticket Agt.
CLEVE & PITTS. RR.
On and after July 30, 1895, trains will leave
Stations daily, Sundays excepted, as follows:

GOING SOUTH.			
Mail	Exp.	Mail	Accom.
Cleveland	8:00	2:40	3:40
Rockford	8:00	2:40	3:40
St. Louis	8:00	2:40	3:40
St. Paul	8:00	2:40	3:40
Chicago	8:00	2:40	3:40

GOING NORTH.			
Mail	Exp.	Mail	Accom.
Wellsville	6:45	4:15	5:15
Rockford	6:45	4:15	5:15
St. Louis	6:45	4:15	5:15
St. Paul	6:45	4:15	5:15
Chicago	6:45	4:15	5:15

GOING WEST.			
Exp.	Exp.	Mail	Accom.
Pittsburg	1:00	4:35	6:00
Rockford	1:00	4:35	6:00
St. Louis	1:00	4:35	6:00
St. Paul	1:00	4:35	6:00
Chicago	1:00	4:35	6:00

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.
Leaves New Castle at 5:00 a.m., arrives
Pittsburg at 7:30 a.m.
Returns from Pittsburg at 7:30 a.m., arrives
New Castle at 9:30 a.m.
F. R. MEYER, General Ticket Agent.

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Beaver, Pa.

BEAVER ARGUS.

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THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a little studio, quite at the top
of the house. Upon the easel that
occupied the post of honor in the mid-
dle of the room, a piece of canvas
glowed with the soft tints of a spring
landscape, and Frank Seymour stood
before it, palette in hand, his large
brown eyes dreamy with a sort of in-
spiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the
door sat a plump, rosy little female, in
a lace cap with plenty of narrow
white satin ribbon fluttering from it,
and a silver grey poplin dress—Mrs.
Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother,
who had just come up from the very
basement, to see how Frank was get-
ting along.

"Here, mother," said the young
man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in
his eyes, "just see the way that sun-
set light touches the topmost branch-
es of the old apple tree. I like the
brown, subdued gold of that tint; it
somewhat reminds me of Grace Tel-
ler's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneas-
ily in her chair.
"Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes
me, Frank, you are lately discovering
a good many similarities between Miss
Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good-humoredly.
"Well, mother, she is pretty."
"Yes, I don't deny that she's pret-
ty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning
of that ambiguous tone?" demanded
the young artist, pleasantly. "What
have you discovered about Miss Grace
Teller that isn't charming and woman-
ly and lovable?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"
"Yes, I know that she's a remark-
able pretty girl, with a voice that
sounds exactly like the low, soft riv-
ulet where I used to play when I
was a boy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour.
"Well, then, if you're not satisfied
with my description of her as she
is, would you like to know what she
will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.
"Mother, I think she will one day
be my wife."

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?"
"Not that I know of," said Frank,
composedly, squeezing a little deep
blue on his palette out of a dainty tin
tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," said
Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure, she is
visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs
to a very good family; if she does live
in a half a house, and take in fine em-
broidery for a living. But then she has
no style at all compared with
Cynthia Parker and Cynthia always
did fancy you Frank. Then, more-
over, she has five or six thousand dol-
lars of her own. But, dear me, a
young man in love is the most head-
strong creature alive!"

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer,
and then put on her mouse-colored
silk bonnet and gray shawl and
set out upon a tour of investigation.

"I'll find out something about Miss
Teller, or I'll know the reason why,"
thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller was "at home,"
helping Mary Elton in an elaborate
piece of fine embroidery. The room
where the two girls sat was very plain,
carpeted with the cheapest pink and
white chintz; yet it looked snug
and cheerful, for the fat blackbird was
chirping noisily in the window, and
a stand of magnolia and velvet
blossomed paniers gave a very delicate
refinement to the details of every
day life.

Mary Elton was pale thin, and not
at all pretty, though there was a trem-
ulous sweetness about her mouth that
seemed to whisper that she might
have been very different under differ-
ent circumstances. Grace Teller was
a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes,
rosy-lipped skin, and hair whose imma-
nable gold fell over her forehead like an
aureole.

Mrs. Seymour entered a deeper
shade of pink stole over Grace's beau-
tiful cheek, but otherwise she was
calm and self-possessed, and readily
parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm this morning," said the
old lady, fanning herself. "Do they
have as warm weather where you
come from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Fac-
torville," said Grace, composedly tak-
ing another needleful of white silk.

"Factorville? Is that your native
place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr.
Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—
who is superintendent in the great
cotton mills there?"

"Very well; I have often seen him."
"Are you acquainted with Cyn-
thia?"

"No—I believe Miss Parker spends
most of her time in this city."
"That's very true," said Mrs. Sey-
mour, sagely. "Cynthia often says
there's no society worth having in
Factorville—only the girls that work
in the factory; and Cynthia is very
genteel. But—excuse my curiosity,
Miss Teller—how did you become ac-
quainted with Mr. Parker, and not
with his daughter?"

Grace colored.
"Business brought me in contact fre-
quently with the gentleman of whom
you speak, but I never happened to
meet Miss Parker."

her chair—she was beginning to see
through the mystery.
"Perhaps you have something to do
with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace, with calm
dignity.
"A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Sey-
mour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?"
quietly asked Grace, although her own
cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace? Oh, no—certainly not;
there's no harm in earning one's liv-
ing in a honest way," returned Mrs.
Seymour, absently. The fact was, she
was thinking in her inmost mind,
"What will Frank say?" and antici-
pating the flag of triumph she was
about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went
on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full
in the eyes, "that to the calico factory
I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the
old lady, growing a little uneasy un-
der the blue, clear gaze. "Only
there are steps and gradations in
all society, you know, and—I am a
little surprised to find you so inti-
mate with Miss Elton, whose fam-
ily is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side, and
stepped to kiss her cheek.
"My dearest friend—my most pre-
cious companion," she murmured, "I
should be quite lost without her, Mrs.
Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly,
and did not ask Grace to return her
call, although she extended an invita-
tion to Mary, couched in the politest
and most distinct terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never
once stopping to remove shawl or
bonnet, and bursting into her son's
studio like an express messenger of
life and death news, "Miss Teller is
here!"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned
Frank, briefly and comprehensively.
"A factory girl," screamed the old
lady at the height of her lungs, "a
factory girl!"

"Well, what of that?"
"What of that?" Frank Seymour,
you never mean to say that you would
have anything to say to a common
factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very un-
common factory girl," said the young
man, with aggravating calmness.

"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded
the poor little woman, with tears in
her eyes. "Tell me at once that you
will give up this idle fancy for a girl
who is in no respect equal to you!"

"No—she is in no respect my equal,"
returned Frank, with reddening cheek
and sparkling eye, "but it is because
she is in every respect my superior."
Grace Teller is one of the noblest
women that ever breathed this ter-
restrial air, as well as one of the most
beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she
has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, life-
less and despairing.
"Frank, Frank, I never thought to
see my son marry a factory girl!"

And then a torrent of tears came to
her relief, while Frank went on quietly
touching up the scarlet foliage of a
splendid old maple in the foreground
of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry
me, Frank, spite of everything?"
Grace Teller had been crying, and
the dew was yet on her eyelashes, and
the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as
Frank Seymour came in, and Mary
Elton considerably slipped out "to
search for a missing pattern."

"I should rather think so," said
Frank, looking admiringly down on
the golden head that was stooping
among the paniers.

"But your mother thinks me far
below you in social position."
"Social position be—ignored! What
do I care for social position, so long
as my little Grace has consented to
make the sunshine of my home?"

"Yes, but, Frank?"
"Well, but, Grace?"
"Do you really love me?"

"For answer, I take both the fair,
delicate little hands in his, and looked
steadily into her eyes."

"Frank," said Grace Teller, demur-
ringly, "I'm afraid you'll make a dread-
fully strong-willed, obstinate sort of a
husband."

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."
And so the golden twilight faded
into a purple softer than the shadow
of eastern amethysts, and the stars
came out one by one, and still Frank
and Grace talked on, and still Mary
Elton didn't succeed in finding that
pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to
arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree
of the first Wednesday evening in
July; the fact was, she wanted a chance
to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's
sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes, of course I have
been crying, Mrs. Randall—I've done
nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall,
elevating her kid-gloved hands, "what
is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in
any sort of trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady, in a
mysterious whisper, "Frank has been
entrapped—involved into the most
dreadful entanglement. Did you ever
hear of a girl, the most fastidious and
particular of human beings, could be
particularly determined on marrying
a factory girl?"

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as
her hostess hurried away to welcome
the new comers, "will wonders never
cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's
soiree! But I suppose it is all on ac-
count of Mary Elton's unfeeling judge-
ment. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia
—dear me, what a curious mixture
our American society is; how they
will be shocked to meet Grace Teller!"

Involuntarily she advanced a step
or two to witness the meeting. Mr.
Parker looked quite as much astonish-
ed as she had expected, but somehow
it was not just the kind of astonish-
ment that was on the programme.

"Miss Grace? You here? Why,
when did you come from Factorville?"
"You are acquainted with Miss
Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with
some surprise.

"Quite well, in fact, I have had the
management of her property for some
years. Miss Teller is the young lady
who owns the extensive calico factories
from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Sey-
mour, turning pale, and sinking down
upon a divan near by. "Why, they
say the heiress of the old gentleman
who owned the Factorville property
is the richest girl in the county."

"Grace," said Frank, gravely and
almost sternly, "what does this mean?"
The blue eyes filled with tears as
she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico fac-
tories, Frank. Don't you love me
just as well as if I didn't?"

"My little deceiver! But why didn't
you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank? It
was so nice to leave the heiress be-
hind, and be plain Grace Teller for a
while. And when I saw how opposed
your mother was to our engagement,
a spark of woman's wilfulness rose up
within me, and I resolved I would
maintain my incognito, come what
might. Mrs. Seymour, she added,
turning archly round and holding out
her hand to the discomfited old lady,
"didn't I tell you that I owed my
daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in
her life, was at a loss for an answer.

A Hint for the Benefit of the
"Lost Cause."
There are still, if we may believe
Southern speakers and journals, a con-
siderable number of men who sincerely
desire to break up the Union, and
erect an independent nation out of the
Southern States. Our readers, very
well know that we think such men
are woefully mistaken in their views; but
that shall not hinder us from now of-
fering them some suggestions, which,
if they were heeded, would at least
make the present contest of the South
confer far more possible than it
has been in the last fifty years.

If any one in the South is consider-
ing the question, what is necessary to
make another attempt at revolt suc-
cessful, we advise him to take a lesson
from a struggle which has made some
important changes in the map of Eu-
rope. Let him inquire what were the
causes of the marvellous success of
Prussia against Austria.

How will be told by the people who
like easy answers, that the needle gun
decided the battle of Sadowa; but the
fact is that not half the Prussians were
armed with this clumsy breech-loader,
but with much more perfect arms.
He may be told that superior generalship gave victory to
the Prussians—but the fact is that the
Prussian generals are far unknown to
fame, and that the movements of their
armies were directed by telegraph from
Berlin. We need not tell a southern
man what is the usual fate of armies so
controlled.

Or, he may be told that the Prussian
strategy was the best. But it is not so.
The Prussians were pushed forward
contrary to all sound rules of military
science. "Main strength and stupi-
dity" seems to have been the animat-
ing principle of their strategy. They
ought to have been beaten at every
stage; and if they had even been check-
ed, they must have been destroyed.

Finally, he may think that the Fed-
erative was better equipped and fed,
and better trained; but here again,
the fact is that they were not so well
drilled; not so well dressed; not so rap-
id in their movements; and not so well
fed as the Austrians. They carried
no tents, and depended for their food
upon the country they marched
through.

How, then, did the Prussians in sev-
en days destroy the great empire of
Austria? If the "Confederate" will
look further he will discover that the
Prussians are a united and educated
nation, while the Austrian empire was
composed of a mass of heterogeneous
elements, a number of races, each
jealous of the other, and all ruled by
a power which denied equal rights,
held the fibers and education of the
masses to be dangerous to the state,
and preferred a system of repression
and force to one which would unite
all the people and races in one inter-
est.

In Prussia common schools for all
the people have been most carefully
fostered for many years. In Austria
the mass of the people have been kept
in ignorance. In Prussia intelligence
has been diffused through the whole
population; in Austria it has been so,
as far as possible, confined to a small
part of the people—to a class. Thus,
in Prussia the population has been grad-
ually moulded to a single character
and purpose, for in learning to read,
the children of a state learning inevit-
ably something else—a sentiment con-

veyed in that which they read. But in
Austria the state gave no education to
the children. It lost that held upon
them, which enabled the common
school system of Prussia to rule one
coherent nation.

Prussia was thus united; one so-
vereign interest bound together all
Prussians, no matter how they disagree
in minor questions. When the Prus-
sian army marched to battle, it left no
garrison behind; but when the Aus-
trians marched to meet it, the very earth
threatened to rise behind them; an un-
quiet population remained at home,
even large detachments to keep it in
subordination.

In short, Austria was defeated be-
cause half its population desired its de-
feat, because half its people were to be
benefitted by the Prussian victory; be-
cause the rulers of Austria had com-
mitted the monstrous blunder of so-
litting the heart of the nation was not
with them.

Let any candid "Confederate" say
if it was not with the Southern States
as it was with Austria? Nearly four
millions out of eight in the South, dur-
ing the war, prayed for the defeat
and ruin of the Confederacy. They
could not help but do so; their hearts,
all their hopes of the future, were
bound up with the victory of the Union.
Let the Confederacy be estab-
lished, and they would have been re-
ligated to another ignorance and sub-
jection. Was it not a monstrous blun-
der, in men attempting so difficult an
enterprise, to set half their people as
a rock against them?

If, then, any person in the Southern
States still labor for another attempt
to destroy the Union, we warn them
against repeating this blunder. Let
them begin by making their popula-
tion homogeneous; and that they can
do only by establishing schools for the
children of all; by making the same
laws for all; by caring equally for the
rights and privileges of all. It is
amazing to see men who profess to
desire to make a nation of the South-
ern States, opposing negro education,
and insisting that the blacks, one-half
their people, shall be an alien and sub-
ject race among them forever. Do
they imagine, with the Austrian rulers,
that that is the best way to prepare
for a life-and-death struggle? or that
to make a great cause strong it is well
to give its enemies at home as well as
abroad?

So long as the negro is abused, in
sulted, kept in ignorance and subjec-
tion, in the Southern States, we do
not fear a new insurrection. But if
with the present spirit we should
see the Southern leaders establishing
negro schools, fostering education for
all classes and races, asserting and
establishing equal civil and political
rights for the blacks, then we should
say to our own people, "Take care,
these men have learned something; if
they try it again they will be danger-
ous to us. They are making allies
more powerful than England or
France; they are gaining over the four
millions whose enmity in the late war
caused their defeat."—N. Y. Post.

Scene at the Death Bed of Mr.
Lincoln.
At Carlisle, Pa., recently the Presby-
terian Synods of the Old and New
Schools being in session at the same
place, the two bodies met in commu-
nion with great harmony. Rev. Dr.
Garley, pastor of the church in Wash-
ington which President Lincoln usually
attended, in a speech at the table,
gave the following narrative, which
has never before been made public:

"When summoned on that dread night
to the death bed of President Lincoln,
I entered the room fifteen or twenty
minutes before his departure. All
present were gathered anxiously a-
round him, waiting to catch his last
breath. The physician, with one hand
upon the pulse of the dying man, and
the other laid upon his heart, was in-
tensely watching for the moment when
life should cease.

"He lingered longer than we had ex-
pected. At last the physician said:
"He is gone; he is dead."
"Then I solemnly believe that for
four or five minutes there was not the
slightest noise or movement in that
awful presence. We all stood trans-
fixed in our positions, speechless,
breathless, around the dead body of
that great and good man."

"At length the Secretary of War,
who was standing at my left, broke
the silence and said, 'Doctor, will you
say anything?' I replied, 'I will
speak to God.' Said he, 'Do it just
now.'"

"And there, by the side of our fall-
en chief, God put it into my heart to
utter this petition, that from that hour
we and the whole nation might be
more than ever united in our
devotion to the cause of our beloved,
impulsed country."

"When I ceased, there arose from
the lips of the entire company a ferv-
id and spontaneous Amen."

"And has not the whole heart of the
loyal nation responded Amen?"

"Was not that prayer, there offered,
responded to in a most remarkable
manner? When in our history have
the people of this land been found
more closely bound together in pur-
pose and heart than when the tele-
graph wires bore all over the country
the sad tidings that President Lincoln
was dead?"

REMARKABLE CHANGE OF FRONT.

The Chicago Times Repudiates
Andrew Johnson and Comes
Out for Universal Suffrage.

[From the Chicago Times of November 12.]
SMALL THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OR THE
LARGE?

The present is a crisis in the Demo-
cratic party which has no precedent
in its history, as it is a crisis in the
progress of the country which is also
without precedent. Never before has
the Democratic party encountered
events so seriously affecting its future
vitality as now. Not that it beholds
itself diminished in the magnitude of
its numbers, for it is numerically
stronger than it has ever been before—
but that, having been beaten on a
great national issue, as to which it be-
lieved itself to be wholly right and
the opposition wholly wrong, and
still so believe, it must nevertheless
abandon that issue—for the decision
of it is final—and either sit down in
helpless and decaying inactivity, or
emerge boldly out upon a new line, ac-
companied with peculiar reference, not to
things as we would have them, but to
things as they actually are, and in
pursuing which line it shall cease to
be a bold-back or "conservative" party,
and become, what it was in its
palm days, a progressive and an ag-
gressive party. These are the alterna-
tives.

It will not sit down in helpless and
decaying inactivity.
What, then, shall the new line be?
In the first place, must we not cut
loose from the administration of An-
drew Johnson, and leave that hybrid
concern to float on the sea of public
contempt into which it is some time since
entered, and from which no power
can rescue it? Is not the late defeat
attributable more largely to this ad-
ministration than to all other causes
combined? What is there in its com-
position to command popular confi-
dence? Who, belonging to it, is en-
titled, by reason of his antecedents or
of his statesmanship, to the confidence
or the respect of the Democratic party?
Certainly it is not Andrew
Johnson, nor William H. Seward, nor
Edwin M. Stanton. True, this admin-
istration had a right policy, and the
Democratic party, in overlooking the
chief men comprising it, and thinking
only of the righteousness of the policy,
displayed a patriotism whose purity
was never excelled; but the policy
having failed, and having failed, too,
through the feebleness and folly and
offense against public propriety of
the administration—why should not
the Democratic party abandon the
dead body, longer adherence to which
is death only to itself?

What next? Can the Democratic
party succeed until the negro question
shall be gotten out of the way? It
cannot. What next? Is not negro
suffrage inevitable, and is not the
quickest way to get the negro ques-
tion out of the way to at once concede
the suffrage, making issue only on the
degree to which it shall be conceded?
We know that many Democrats have
not reached this advanced view of the
case, and that such still feel greatly
inclined to revolt at the proposition of
negro suffrage in any degree; but let
us tell them that it is always wise to
accept the inevitable, and the inevi-
table comes. Negro suffrage, we say,
is inevitable, and whether it shall be
qualified or unqualified depends upon
the promptness or otherwise with
which the Democratic party shall
move with reference to it. The South
will speedily yield qualified negro suf-
frage upon the motion of the Demo-
cratic party; because, if for no other
reason, she will soon see, if she does
not already see, that it she does
yield it, she will ultimately be com-
pelled to accept universal negro suf-
frage.

Qualified negro suffrage yielded by
the South—and by this we mean im-
partial suffrage, or suffrage dependent
upon the intelligence of the voter, irre-
spective of color, as is now the rule in
Massachusetts—the negro question will
have been disposed of, and the occupation
of the Northern Republican Radical party
will be gone forever. Not one inch of
ground will it have to stand upon; and
the country can once more turn to
those material questions of public pol-
icy the right disposition of which is
so essential to the public prosperity.
It will be upon these questions that
the Democratic party will triumph,
and it will be by this triumph that
constitutional government and our
federal system will be preserved.

If the South be wise, it will not
wait on this suffrage question, even
for the motion of the Democratic
party. If it be wise, it will lose no
time in putting in motion the recon-
struction machinery by which it will
at the same time save itself from humil-
iation, preserve its own self respect,
rid the country of the most vexatious
questions that ever distracted any
country, kill the worst political party
that ever existed on the globe, and
put the Union in the way of speedy
restoration. The machinery consists,
of course, in conventions to revise the
State Constitutions.

CAVE JOHNSON, a State Senator elect
in Tennessee, but not admitted to his
seat at the late session of the Legisla-
ture, has resigned on account of great
age and feeble health. A quarter of a
century ago he ranked among the
most prominent politicians of his
State.