THE BEAVER ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY in the old Argus building, on Third Street, Beaver, Pa.,

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Single copies of the paper will be furnished to subscribers, at *five cents* each.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a security against imposition.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, *Editor & Proprietor.*

$60,000! $60,000!! $60,000!!!

CONTROLLER'S OFFICE,

City of Allegheny, December 12th, 1867.

THE CITY OF ALLEGHENY DESIRES TO EFFECT a LOAN OF $60,000. Bonds for which will be issued in sums of $1000 each, maturing 20 years from January 1st, 1868, with coupons attached for the payment of interest semi-annually in July and January, at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

For terms apply to or address

R. R. FRANCIS, City Controller.

dec18:6m.

BEAVER COUNTY, SS:

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF SAID COUNTY.

In the matter of the settlement of the estate of Hannah Jackson, dec'd. And now to wit: Nov. 19th, 1867, on motion of the Court appoint J. R. Harrah, Esq., an Auditor to make distribution of the proceeds of the estate in the hands of John Barlow, administrator of the personal estate of Hannah Jackson, dec'd.

JOHN A. FRAZIER, Cl'k.

Attest:

From the Record.

The Auditor above named will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment, at his office in the borough of Beaver, on Saturday the 4th day of January, 1868, at 1o'clock, P. M., at which time and place all persons interested in the distribution of said estate of Hanna Jackson, dec'd., are hereby notified to attend.

J. R. HARRAH, Audito.

dec18:3t.

Conversion of 7-30's.

HOLDERS OF JUNE AND JULY 7-30's CAN have them converted into the

New 5-20 Gold Coupon Bond,

on more advantageous terms than the government can pay, by sending or presenting their 7-30s to us, delivered immediately or sent by express.

Agents for sale of Pacific Railroad Bonds.—Highest price paid for Government securities in exchange for same. Six per cent. Interest paid on deposits. Money loaned on Government Bonds.

JAMES T. BRADY & CO.,

Dealers in Government Securities,

Cor. Fourth & Wood Sts.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Premium Trunk Factory

JOSEPH LIEBLER,

MANUFACTRER OF AND DEALER IN

TRUNKS, VALISES

AND

Traveling Bags,

NO. 104 WOOD STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed.

nov13:6m.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after Nov. 24th, 1867, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows. [Train leaving Chicago at 4:30, P. M., leaves daily.] [Trains leaving Pittsburgh at 2:45 P. M., leaves daily.]

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.
Pittsburgh	645AM	930AM	215PM	200AM
Rochester	815	1040	335	310
Allen	1003	1230PM	535	458
Akron	1140	105	630	550
Crestline	1275PM	145	778	623
Galion	1257	203	736	652
Mansfield	146	210	813	728
Crestline	210	312	840	788
Wooster	305	500	1024	940
Mansfield	415	530	1055	1010
Galion	540AM	610	1120	1015
Crestline	630	640	1150	1030
Leipsic	755	722	1228AM	1115
Ottawa	749	755	1258	1142
Lima	850	910	211	1251PM
Ft. Wayne	1003	1020	320	155
Ft. Wayne	1250PM	1150	455	320
Columbia	117	1225AM	538	401
Warsaw	200	130	631	449
Plymouth	305	235	755	603
Valparaiso	442	425	926	735
Chicago	700	620	1120	920

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.
Chicago	700AM	1020PM	350PM	430AM
Valparaiso	903	1238AM	625AM	650
Plymouth	1021	235	810	813
Warsaw	1125	346	901	950
Columbia	1211PM	414	911	1038
Fort Wayne	115	610	1030	1140
Fort Wayne	223	723	1120	1 115PM
Lima	320	837	1251AM	237
Forest	429	905	141	405
Upper Sandusky	503	1000	206	438
Bucyrus	538	1053	244	525
Crestline	605	1125	310	600
Galion	625	1150	330	630AM
Mansfield	657	1223PM	348	635
Wooster	770	141	516	822
Orrville	807	205	540	855
Massillon	843	235	613	929
Akron	1004	252	633	1000
Alliance	1100	337	730	1115
Salem	1132	404	759	1149
Rochester	125AM	540	900	215AM
Pittsburgh	230	645	1045	340

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leave Youngstown at 2:40 p. m; New Castle, 3:05 p. m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 6:00 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh at 9 a. m; arr. at N. Castle, 8:25 a. m; Youngstown, 9:30.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:40 a. m; New Castle, 7:20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:00 a. m. Returning, leaves Allegheny, 1:30 p. m; arrives New Castle, 6:20 p. m; Youngstown, 7:20 p. m.

Pittsburgh and Cleveland Express, via. Youngstown, leaves Pittsburgh, 9:30 a. m; Homewood, 11:10 a. m; Laurence Junction, 11:30 a. m. Arrives at Youngstown, 12:50 p. m.

Returning, leaves Youngstown 5:20 p. m; Laurence Junction, 6:22 p. m; Homewood, 7:00 p. m. Arrives at Pittsburgh, 9:15 p. m.

F. R. MYERS, *General Ticket Agent.*

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Nov. 25, 1867, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Mail.	Accom
Cleveland	820AM	12 01PM	.....	315PM
Euclid Street	831	1221	.....	324
Hudson	955	108	.....	510
Ravenna	1010	141	.....	545
Alliance	1110	223	.....	640
Bayard	1144	252	.....	.....
Wellsville	120PM	415	.....	.....

GOING NORTH.

	Mail.	Exp's.	.....	Accom
Wellsville	850AM	410PM	.....	.....
Bayard	1022	535	.....	.....
Alliance	1115	615	.....	715AM
Ravenna	1201PM	632	.....	810
Hudson	1224	718	.....	850
Euclid Street	137	801	.....	100
Cleveland	150	815	.....	1015

GOING EAST.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Accom
Bayard	150PM	610AM	1010AM	.....
Bell Airport	220	625	1050	.....
Steubenville	308	743	1158	.....
Wellsville	415	845	140PM	700
Smith's Ferry	507	907	202	735
Orrville	000	000	000	000
Rochester	550	920	240	830
Pittsburgh	655	1035	350	945

GOING WEST.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Accom
Pittsburgh	615AM	200PM	420PM	330PM
Rochester	725	305	530	440
Smith's Ferry	000	000	000	000
Wellsville	812	343	615	547
Steubenville	840	429	655	625
Bell Airport	950	520	753	.....
Bridgeport	1115	630	857	.....
Bellaire	1125	640	910	.....

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 650 a. m.	Bayard, 935 am
Bayard, 12:00 m.	N. Philadelphia 230pm.

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 50—No. 1. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, January 8, 1868. Established 1818

HOW BOOTH WAS KILLED.

The Testimony of Lieut. L. B. Baker.

[Extract from the Report of the Impeachment Committee.]

Lieutenant L. B. Baker sworn May 22d, 1867: A. The cavalry surrounded the barn and I had one of the Garrett boys in charge, whom I supposed to be an accomplice of Booth's; he told me he had locked them in, for he supposed they were desperate cases, and did not know what crimes they had been guilty of; I told him he must go into the barn and demand their surrender and the surrender of their arms; he protested that he knew nothing of them, and that he was afraid to go in, and I shoved him in; then I heard a low conversation in the barn, and heard some one, whom I supposed to Booth be say, "Damn you for you have betrayed me." Then he said, "Get out of here," Garrett came back to the door and said "let me out, he is going to shoot me. "You cannot come out until you bring out the arms." He said he will not let me have them; let me out quick.

I opened the door and he dodged out as though he was afraid Booth was going to shoot him. I shut the door very quickly, fearing that Booth might make a break from the door. Then young Garrett said, "Captain, I will do anything for you except to go in there again. He is desperate and will shoot me." Colonel Conger came up, and we decided to dismount our men. We had decided to fire the barn, and therefore we had to dismount the men because the horses would not stand the fire. That occupied half an hour, for we had to dismount the men two by two, so as not to leave the line unguarded. I remarked to Conger that I would make the proposition for Booth to surrender. That being agreed upon, I addressed those in the barn—told them we had fifty men around the barn, all armed, and demanded their surrender. We were but twenty-five, but I made the number larger in order to intimidate them.

The first that I heard said was: "Well Captain that is damned hard. This man is an innocent man, and it is hard to burn his barn. Give a lame man a chance. Draw up your men before the door, and I will come out and fight the whole command." I said we did not come here to fight him, but to take him prisoner—that we had him, and that he had better surrender like a man. He then said "Give me five minutes to consider." I said "Very well;" I waited for what I thought was five minutes; then I said I could wait no longer, and that the time for action had come; then he said, "Captain, there is a man here who wants very much to surrender;" I said, "Very well, let him hand out his arms that he brought across the river"—I had ascertained that Harold had carried a carbine.

I then unlocked the door—keeping the lock in the hasp—and told Booth that the man could come out, provided he brought a carbine and one pistol; then I heard a conversation between the parties inside, and Booth cursing Harold, telling him to go, that he did not want him to remain, and calling him a damned coward; then Harold came to the door and rapped, and said, "Let me out quick; I do not know anything about this man; he is a rebel to the Navy, and is going to shoot me." "Give your arms," he said, "he will not shoot you." then Booth said, "Captain, the arms are mine and I shall keep them; this man is guilty of no crime." Conger came up and said I had better let him out, that he would be one less to fight; I opened the door and Harold came out; Captain Doherty, who had charge of the cavalry, soon came up and took him in charge; I put my back against the door again and put the lock on.

Then Conger said, "Let us fire the barn immediately;" then I addressed the person in the barn, and told him we should fire the barn in two minutes if he did not come out, he again made the proposition to come out and fight the whole command, and then said, "Captain, I consider you to be a brave and honorable man; I have had a half dozen opportunities to shoot you, but I did not do it;" he called me Captain supposing I had charge of the party; there was no names mentioned at all; I repeated that we did not come to fight him, but to take him, and that we should take him; I had been holding a candle in my hand until Harold came out, when Conger said it was presumptuous in me to hold a candle, as Booth might shoot me; I set the candle down about twenty feet from the door, we failed to make any soldiers stand in the light of the candle, but Garrett and I were there all the time.

I knew that Booth intended to shoot any one who made any approach to the barn to fire it, but we did not expect to do it there. Finally I told him we should wait no longer, then he said, "Well my brave boys, you can prepare a stretcher for me." Conger came up to me and said, "We will fire the barn." I said, "Yes, the quicker the better." When Conger was firing the barn the last words that Booth said were, "One more stain on the old banner." I opened the door quickly, and the first I saw of Booth he was leaning against a hay-mow, with a crutch under each arm, and a carbine resting in this way at his hip; he was in the act of getting up from the hay; he did get up, and dropped one crutch and started toward the fire.

He got within six or eight feet of the side of the barn and peered all about as though he should like to see who fired the barn, having the carbine poised. Then he seemed to give it up. It was an old tobacco house, and there was a table there lying bottom side up. He turned to throw the table on the fire, but he dropped it, and turned to look around the barn. The fire was rolling over the roof. He saw the door open, and he turned and dropped the other crutch and started toward the door with a kind of limping; halting jump.—He used his leg, instead of the crutch. The last two or three steps he took were on his leg. He came within twelve feet of the door when I heard the report of a shot. I was then standing outside the door, waiting for him to come out.

Q.—Where was he shot?

A.—Through the neck; the bullet perforated both sides of his collar; he gave a spring when he was shot and fell down; I jumped in, and while I was getting to him he partly turned over and appeared as though he was going to get up again; I caught him by his arms and went down on him; I did not know that he was mortally wounded, and I thought I would secure him, but I soon saw that he was powerless; Conger came in I turned up the wounded man's head and said, "It is Booth certainly;" I supposed, at the time, that Conger shot him, and said, "What on earth did you shoot him for?" Said he, "I did not shoot him;" then the idea flashed on my mind that if he did, it had better not be known, turned again and said, "All right;" said he, "I did not shoot him," "Well," said I "the man who did goes back under arrest;" all this took place very quickly.

I picked up the carbine which Booth had dropped; the pistol he grasped in one hand so tightly that I had to twist to get it out; I took the pistol; Captain Doherty came in and took the carbine and knife out of Booth's belt; at that time Garrett rushed in and said "Boys, let us extinguish this fire;" the soldiers ran and threw furniture and stuff on the fire, but it was too late; then Col. Conger, myself and two soldiers carried Booth out of the barn and laid him by a tree; I had a cup in my pocket, and I took it out and called for some water; I took Booth's head upon my knee and threw some water in his face; his mouth being open, I poured some in his mouth; he blew it out and opened his eyes; I gave him some more water, and he made his lips go, as though he would say something; Conger was there and put his ear to to Booth's lips; he said "Tell mother," and then he swooned away again; I was washing his face all the time; he said, in a whisper, "Tell mother I die for my country."

Then I saw his wound; that was the first time I saw it; I saw that he was shot in the neck; the wound did not bleed, and I did not know the nature of it; the fire was then burning rapidly, and it became so warm that we had to take him away; we carried him to the piazza of the house and called for some water; the Garrett girls got some water and ice in a cup, and some cloths; Col. Conger tore open Booth's collar and took a diamond pin out of his undershirt, and fixed him so that I could wash him; I then saw that the ball had passed through his neck; I washed the wound and washed his face; he opened his eyes and seemed to realize what was going on; the first words he uttered were, "Kill me, oh kill me." I said, "No Booth;" when I said "Booth," he seemed surprised, opened his eyes and looked about; It had begun to be day light then.

The sun was rising. I said, "No Booth, we do not wish to kill you;" that we hoped his wound was not mortal, and that he might yet live. He repeated the request that I should kill him. Then Conger came. He was kneeling down on one side of him, and I on the other side. I spoke to Conger in reference to Captain Jett, from whom we got the information at Howling Green, fifteen miles beyond, that he had piloted Booth and Harold over the river. When I mentioned Jett's name, Booth opened his eyes and said, "Did Jett betray me?" Then I saw that I was making unnecessary developments, and I said "Oh never mind anything about Jett." He seemed to be paralyzed below the wound. His hands lay by his side. He said, "My hands." I took up one of his hands and washed it in ice water. He looked at it and said, "Useless, useless," and dropped it.

The first thing he said after we got him on the piazza was to repeat the request that we should tell his mother he died for his country, and that he had done what he thought was the best. This he said in a low whisper—Booth died leaning against a mattress, which the girls at the Garrett House got and laid on the piazza. I was not sworn on the trial. My testimony has never been taken, except before Judge Holt, and that has been disposed of; it cannot be found. I was summoned after I got here but I was not wanted. In regard to one leaf of the diary that was absent, I found it in Virginia about ten days after the capture.

The Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of the rose white satin for the pale brow, no smooth ribbons about the course shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was the crimped cap, with the heat-tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she

"I want to see my mother."

child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't—get out of the way boy; why don,t somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the hopeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into the rough face, anguished tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was pitiful to hear him cry, "Only once, let me see my mother only once."

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittered through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I am a man, I'll kill you for that."

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument, much stronger than granite, built in his boy-heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

The Court House was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was silence when he finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye, to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence, there was a silence.—The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that poor boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child!"

The man bowed his head in shame and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul forever after.

THE Hon. Cornelius Hamilton, Representative in Congress from the Doleware District, Ohio, was killed at his home in Marysville, Union county, on Sunday morning, by an insane son. Mr. Homilton was elected to the Fortieth Congress as the successor of Hon. James R. Hubbell. He was one of the most wealthy and influential men in the county in which he lived, and was especially known and loved for his deep intetest in all benevolent enterprises, and his kindness toward the poor of his neighborhood. Politically he was a very thorough Radical, a man of strong convictions, and firm in his adherence thereto.

THE Democracy of Pennsylvania are flattering themselves on the prospect of securing a majority in the Legislature of 1869, and an active canvass has been going on among the party for a successor to Senator Buckalew.—Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, the State Senator from the Clearfield district, finds the most favor for the position. Our opponents, however, are over sanguine. The Legislature of 1869 will be more strongly Republican than that of 1868.

The People Our Saviour Mingled with When on Earth.

"Mark Twain," who is travelling in Palestine, with the large company of tourists who chartered a vessel and went from the United States on a trip to the "Holy Land" some months ago, writes the following graphic and interesting letter descriptive of the people of that country:

It seems strange enough to us to be standing on ground that was once actually pressed by the feet of our Saviour. The situation is suggestive of a reality and tangibility that seems at variance with the vagueness, and mystery, and ghostliness that one naturally attaches to the character of God. I cannot comprehend yet that I am standing where a God has stood, and looking upon the brook and the mountains that that God looked upon, and am surrounded by dusky men and women whose ancestors saw him, and even talked to him, face to face, and carelessly, just as they would have done with any other stranger. I cannot comprehend this; the gods of my understanding have been always hidden in clouds and very far away.

This morning, during breakfast, the usual assemblage of squalid humanity sat patiently without the charmed circle of the camp and waited for such crumbs as they might bestow upon their misery. They were old and young, brown-skinned and yellow. Some of the men were tall and stalwart (for one sees nowhere such splendid looking men as here in the East) but all the women and children looked worn and sad, and distressed with hunger. They reminded me much of Indians, did these people. They had but little clothing but such as they had was fanciful in its arrangement. Any little shard gewgaw or jimcrack they had disposed in such a way as to make it attract attention most readily.—They sat in silence, and with tireless patience watched our every motion, with that vile un complaining impoliteness which is so truly Indian, and which makes a white man so nervous, and uncomfortable and savage that he wants to exterminate the whole tribe.

These people about us had other peculiarities, which I have noticed in the noble red man too; they carried passengers in their hair, they were infested with fleas, and the dirt had caked on them till it amounted to bark.

The little children were in a pitiable condition—they all had sore eyes and were otherwise afflicted in various ways. They say that hardly a native child in all the East is free from sore eyes, and that thousands of them go blind of one eye or both every year. I think this must be so, for I see plenty of blind people every day, and I don't remember of seeing any children that hadn't sore eyes. And would you suppose that an American mother could sit for an hour, with her child in her arms, and let a thousand flies roost upon its eyes all that time undisturbed? I see that every day. It makes my flesh creep. Yesterday we met a women riding on a little jackass and she had a child in her arms; honestly, I thought the child had gone to sleep as we approached, and I wondered how its mother could afford so much style. But when we drew near, we saw that the eyelids were nothing but a camp-meeting of flies assembled around each of the child's eyes, and at the same time there was a demonstration of prospecting its nose. The flies were happy, the child was contented, and so the mother did not interfere.

As soon as the people found out that we had a doctor in our crowd, they began to flock in [illegible] upon its diseased eyes. That women went off and started the whole nation, and you ought to have seen them swarm! The lame, the halt, the blind, the leprous—all the distempers that are bred of dirt and iniquity, were represented in the congress in ten minutes, and still they came! Every women that had a sick baby brought it along, and every women that hadn't borrowed one. What reverent and what worshiping looks they bent upon that dread mysterious Power, the Doctor! They watched him take his phials out; they watched him measure the particles of white powder; they watched him add drops of one precious liquid, and drops of another; they lost not the slighest movement; their eyes were rivited upon him with a fascination that nothing could distract. I believe they thought he was gifted like a god. When each individual got his portion of medicine, his eyes were radient with joy—notwithstanding by nature they are a thankless and impassive race—and upon his face was written the unquestioning faith that nothing on earth could prevent the patient from getting well now.

Christ knew how to preach to these simple, childish, ignorant, superstitious, disease-tortured vagabonds: *He healed the sick.* They flocked to our poor human doctor this morning when the fame of what he had done to the sick child went abroad in the land, and they worshiped him with their eyes while they did not know as yet whether there was virtue in his samples or not. The ancestors of these —people precisely like them in color, dress, manners, customs, ignorance, simplicity—flocked in vast multitudes after Christ and when they saw him make the afflicted whole with a word, it is no wonder they worshiped him. No wonder his deeds were the talk of the nation; no wonder the multitudes that followed Him were so great that at one time—30 miles from here—they had to let a sick man down through the roof because no approach could be made to the door; no wonder His audience were so great at Galilee that He had to preach from a ship removed a little distance from the shore; no wonder that even in the desert place about Bethsaida 5,000 invaded His solitude and he had to feed them by a miracle or else see them suffer for their confiding faith and devotion; no wonder when there was a great commotion in a city in those days one neighbor explained it to another in words to this effect: They say that Jesus of Nazareth is come."

He healed the sick. If a man would have crowds to attend him all the day long, let him come to Palestine and do likewise.

Well, as I was saying, the doctor distributed medicine as long as he had any to distribute, and his reputation is mighty in Galilee this day. Among his patients was the child of the Shiek's daughter—for even this poor, ragged handful of sores and sin has its royal Shiek—a poor old devil that looked as if he would be more at home in a poor-house than in the Chief Magistracy of this tribe of hopeless, shirtless savages. The princess—I mean the Shiek's daughter—was only 13 or 14 years old, and had a very sweet face and a pretty one. She was the only Syrian female we have seen yet who was not so sinfully ugly that she couldn't smile after 10 o'clock Saturday night without breaking the Sabbath.—Her child was a hard lot, though—there was not enough of it to make a pie, and the poor little thing looked so pleadingly up all who came near it (as if it had an idea that now was its chance or never,) that we were filled with compassion which was genuine and not put on.

A CONNETICUT doctor claims that cancers can be cured by burning them with a sunglass, the heat of the sun having a peculiar affect.

There are 85,000 miles of printed calico made in Fall River, Mass., every year. This would go around the earth three breadths wide.

My Lottery Tickets.

It was Saturday night, and the little woman who bears my name and mends my stockings, was sitting in her low chair by the fire, zealously putting a patch upon the knee of little Tommy's trowsers, turning the piece of cloth this way and that, and holding her head on one side to watch the effect. But the stripes would run all the wrong way, while the colors were provokingly bright, compared with the faded garment.

"Now mind that Mary," said I, "here's a chance to throw away your patches. Hurrah for a lovely country seat on the Hudson, fifty shares of bank stock, a house in town, or anything else you wish, and all for a dollar!"

"Now, Thomas," said she, and when she wishes to be particularly severe she always calls me Thomas, "what are you talking about?"

"A gift enterprise, Mollie, tickets only a dollar, and sure to draw a prize." I read the heading and displayed the long list of prizes. "What do you think of that?" shouted I triumphantly.

"I think," she said laughing, "that if you make so much noise you will wake the baby." Then seeing that I looked annoyed she added:—"But I do not think that lotteries are just right, especially for church members. Do you."

"O, nonsense! I never saw a church fair in my life that did not have grab-boxes and lotteries." I shouldn't dare to say how many dollars I have spent on them and, never drew anything either."

She looked roguishly at me. "Don't you think, then that you are almost too old to begin.

"It may as well be I, as any one, and it is no great matter—only a dollar."

"I know, Tom," and the wise little woman looked grave, "but we haven't many dollars to throw away;" and she held up baby's socks with a good-sized hole in each heel. And little Tom's school bill comes in next week."

I laid down my paper and tried to speak very convincingly. "Now Mollie, it is all very well for a man to jog on day after day earning and spending just so much, but he likes to make a venture once in a while just for the excitement of the thing, if nothing more."

"Yes; but Tom don't you remember the share in the oil well?"

"Y-e-s," said I slowly, for it was rather an unpleasant topic of conversation to me.—I had invested the little sum left me by a maiden aunt in an oil company, against Mary's good judgment. Capital a million of dollars, more or less; oil wells flowing day and night on the land of the next company, just over the fence. I was very much elated, and promised Mary among other things, a new black silk dress we had seen displayed in some show window. Well they bored and bored, throwing up a great deal of dirt, and a great deal of water, but not a drop of oil; and just as they were about to begin in a new spot, the treasurer, or some one else ran away with the funds, and that ended the whole affair. Mary like a good little women never reproached me, but when I came home one day and found her turning her old merino inside out and upside down, I felt—well I can't tell just how; but I thought of that black silk dress,

"And oh!" she continued, "don't you remember the patent for the flour-sitter?" and she laughed outright. So did I when I thought of the spectacle I presented when I went to turn the crank the wind to buy one of those flour in every barrel. My way down town Monday morning, and thought, while I was about it, I might as well buy one for Mary and one for little Tom, too. I showed them to her when I went home to dinner at noon.

"Not three! O Tom, how could you?" and she looked really grieved. While I thinking it a pity if I must account for every penny I spent, assumed the dignified air which the occasion seemed to demand, and the meal passed in silence. I went home at night to find her sewing as usual. My conscience gave an uncomfortable twinge as she looked up pleasantly, and then turned to the great basket of work. If she only had a sewing machine! Perhaps I should draw one, and I grew happy over the thought, imagining her surprise when I sent it home quite unexpectedly. She would not think me unwise then in having bought the tickets.

Little Tom interrupted my reverie with—"O father, old Susan who used to work for us, has been here to-day. She has burned her hand so she can't do anything. Mrs. Briggs gave her a dollar. Mother said she couldn't give her any money, but she put some salve on her hand and gave her something to eat." I did not look at Mary, but contrived to turn Tom's thoughts into another channel.

For was I any more comfortable, on passing through the hall the next day, to overhear her conversation with a friend. 'No,' she was saying, "I shall not subscribe to the reading club this Winter. I can't well spare the two dollars."

Well, the days went by, without our saying anything more about it. I grew a little nervous as the time drew near, and opened my morning paper with some trepidation. At length my eyes were greeted with a long list of the fortunate numbers which had drawn the largest prizes. I read them all over carefully still, from first to last, and then more carefully still, from last to first. But in vain, my numbers were not there.

In a day or two another list appeared, which I read with the same result. At last, among those that drew a prize worth less than a dollar, I found my own.

"Tom," said a friend, whose office was next to mine, "don't you think Jones was fool enough to buy a ticket in that gift enterprise?"

I winced but said nothing, and he went on. "What do you think he drew? A dauby print of Washington, and a pair of eighteen carat brass sleeve buttons! He consoles himself with the adage, 'live and learn,' but I think 'a fool and his money,' etc., more appropriate.

I made some reply and left him. I thought I would not carry home the newspaper that night. I was ashamed to have Mary see it. But as we sat before the fire after tea:—

"Why, Tom," said she, where's your paper?" I had intended to say that I forgot it. But I defy any one to look into Mary's clear brown eyes and tell a lie. So I just told her the whole truth.

I believe if she had scolded, or said, "I told you so," I should have put on my hat and left the house; but her only remark was—"Never mind, Tom, we'll know better next time." Do you wonder that I think her a wonderful woman? I made a great resolve that night, and I have not bought a lunch down town nor smoked a cigar for a month. Even my pipe and paper of Killikinick are laid away on a high shelf out of the way of temptation. And when Mary asks what has become of my pipe, I look sober and reply that I think smoking disagrees with me, but I laugh to myself as I think of the sewing machine that will stand in the corner by the window before many months, and the rest that will come to those busy fingers. I even stepped into Brown & Smith's to inquire the price of their best black silks; but that I dare not think of at present.

It has been, after all, a good lesson; but I think it will be my last, as it was my first experience with lottery tickets.

Gen. Harney as a Runner.

Gen. Harney, who is now sixty-seven years of age, is six feet three inches in height, and is as straight as an arrow, and in his younger days used to excel every Indian on the Plains with whom he came in contact in running, jumping, and wrestling. He is known universally among the Indians as the "fastest runner." He tells us that he was never badly pressed but once, and that was many years ago, when he was encamped at the Maridan village, on the Missouri river. The Indians had brought in their fastest runner, and challenged the General to run. All the tribes in that part of the country were present, and all were in high glee, thinking they had a sure thing. Gen. Harney prepared himself, and went about a half a mile from camp across a ravine, which was as near as the Indians were allowed to come to his camp, and met them. The Indians were so confident of winning the race, that they bet everything they possessed on the result, and the officers of Harney's command also backed their favorite to the fullest extent. The Indians would bet a buffalo robe against a plug of tobacco, or a pony against a few pounds of sugar or coffee. The distance ran was 800 yards and one from each side chosen to start them, and as judges of the race. The Indian got almost 15 feet the advantage of the General on the start, but supposing that he could beat the Indian easily he did not mind it at first; but it was a long distance to gain, and by putting forth his utmost efforts and starting every nerve, he only beat the Indian three feet.—The Indian dropped upon the ground at the end of the race, exhausted, and was so much chagrined at his defeat that he would, under no circumstances, come near the General again. The General would only accept a few trifling things for his winnings, but gave the best back to the Indian. From that time he has been known among the Indians as "the fastest runner," and his influence is in proportion to his popularity.

Mark Twain's Turkish Lunch.

I never want another one. The cooking apparatus was in the little lunch room near the bazar, and it was all open to the street.—The cook was dirty, and so was the table, and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mass of sausage meat and coated it round a wire and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done he laid it aside, and a dog walked sadly in and nipped it. He smelt it first, and probably recognized the remains of a friend. The cook took it away from him and laid it before us. Brown said, "I pass." He plays euchre sometimes; and we all pass it in turn. Then the cook baked a broad, flat wheaten cake, greased it well with the sausage and started to bring it to us. It dropped in the dirt, and he picked it up and polished it on the seat of his breeches and laid it before us. Brown said, "I pass." We all passed and called a new deal. He put some eggs in a frying pan and stood passively prying slabs of meat from between his teeth with a fork. Then he used the fork to turn the eggs with, and brought them along.—Brown said, "I pass." All followed suit. We did not know what to do, and so we ordered a new ration of sausage. The cook got out his wire, apportioned a proper amount of sausage meat, spit on his hands, and fell to work. This time, with one accord, we all passed out. We paid and left. That is all. I

How to Promote Peace in a Family.

1. Remember that our will is more than likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer to 'overcome evil with good.'

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

9. To watch the little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, even of the weather, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly to all the servants—and to praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all pleasures which may occur to put yourself last.

13. To try for 'the soft answer that turneth away wrath.'

The Boston Girl.

The Boston girl is of medium height, somewhat cottony, pale, intellectual face, light hair, blue eyes, wears spectacles, squints a little, rather *dishabille* in dress, slight traces of ink on her right second finger, blue as to her stockings, and larue as to her feet. Of physical beauty she is no boaster, but of intellectual beauty she is the "paragon of animals." Gather a dandelion by the roadside, she will only recognize it as the *Leontodon taraxacum*, and discourses to you learnedly of its fructification by winged seeds.

* * * * * * * *

The Boston girl is a shell. She never ripens into matured flesh and blood woman. She is cold, hard, dry, and juiceless—an intellectual mummy. Gail Hamilton is a type of the Boston girl at maturity. Abby Kelly Foster was a type of the Boston girl gone to seed. If Gail Hamilton will live as long as did Abby Kelly, she will carry a blue cotton umbrella, wear a Bowell calico, and make speeches on the wrongs of woman and the abuses of the tyrant man. If the Boston girl ever marries, she gives birth either to a dictionary or to a melancholy looking young intellect, who is fed exclusively on vegetables, and at the age of six has mastered logarithms and zoology, is well up in the carboniferous and fossiliferous periods, falls into the frog pond a few times, dies when he is eight years of age, and sleeps beneath a learned epitaph and the *Leontodon taraxacum.*

"That's How."

After a great snow storm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snowbank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with.

"How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man passing along.

"By keeping *at it,*" said the boy cheerfully; "that's how!"

That is the secret of mastering almost every difficulty under the sun. If a hard task lies before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or hard it is; but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller, until it is done.

The fence of a grave yard in Richmond, Ind., bears an inscription in large white letters "Use ——'s Bitters if you would keep out of here."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements [illegible] square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 10 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to nine lines of this type measured as a square.

Business Notices set under a head [illegible] immediately after the local news, will be charged *twenty* ten cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths announced free of charge.

The publisher reserves the right to change, [illegible] cancel from one place [illegible] to another whenever it is deemed [illegible]

Advertisements should be handed in before [illegible] noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Peep Into Brigham's Seraglio.

But let us seek a field of interest. Here on our right are the private grounds of himself, ruleth in Zion, Brigham Young. Twenty acres he owns in the heart of the city, where are pleasant walks and floral beauties, surrounded by a wall of stone. Within this enclosure are three princely mansions, where live his thirty wives and numberless progeny. Each of these houses carries a name, that disorder and confusion may not arise in the camp of Israel. There are the Bee Hive House, Lion House, and White House on the Hill. This mighty wall is designed to shut out the world to exclude inquisitive sight, but we shall venture to describe the scene within. It is the hour of sunset, gilding the mountains with rapturous light. We approach the massive iron gates, and unlike Moore's disconsolate Peri, we are permit