THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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THE BEAVER ARGUS

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TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Single copies of the paper will be furnished, wappers, 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 To insure attention, favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guaranty against imposition.

Letters and communications should be addressed to

J. WEYAND, Editor & Proprietor.

DR. J. R. LOCKHART,

FREEDOM, BEAVER COUNTY, PA.

All calls promptly attended. [sept9:3m.

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Attorney at Law,

BEAVER, PENN'A.

OFFICE IN THE NATIONAL HOTEL BUILDING. Collections, &c., promptly attended to sept9'68:1y.

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CIVIL ENGINEER & SURVEYOR

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

SURVEYS, MAPS AND PROFILES MADE ON short notice. [sep2'68.

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PRACTICING PHYSICIANS,

ROCHESTER, PA.

Office two doors east of Ankeny's Hotel. Prompt attention given to all calls. april9'68:1y.

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Atty's. at Law.

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april9'68:1y.

JOS. H. GREER,

ARCHITECT, MECHANICIAN, AND Engineer of Arts and Manufactures.

Office and Residence, ROCHESTER, PA.

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FALL SESSION OPENS SEPT. 8, 1868.

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(OVER THE LOCAL OFFICE)

Has just returned from Ohio, where he has been engaged in the practice of his profession, with one of the ablest dentists in the country.

All work executed in style and at prices defying competition. [sept23'68:1y

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Watch Maker and Jeweler,

Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.,

(In room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.)

Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order.

The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial. sept19'68:3m.

G. T. PARKER.

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.

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Office on the Diamond, two doors east of Conway's store, and nearly opposite Mr. Johnson's grocery, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa. sept2'68.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A LARGE LOT OF Pure Domestic Wine, manufactured by himself, while vineyard near Industry, Beaver county, Pa., which he will sell at moderate rates. This wine is made from the Concord and Catawba Grape, and will be sold by the bottle, gallon or keg.

Concord plants one year old, for sale at my vineyard. CHARLES ROEDEL. sept19'68:1f.

LAUGHING GAS!

COME ALL YE THAT HAVE BEEN SUFFERING untold miseries of toothache, and dread of extraction, and you will find that Dr. Chandler & Co. are ready to relieve you by the use of the great pain destroyer—LAUGHING GAS—and make their extraction a source of pleasure rather than of pain.

All dental operations performed in the best possible manner, and at reasonable terms as by any good Dentist in the country.

Office in Beaver Station, Rochester, Pa. T. J. CHANDLER & CO. ja30'67—1y.

DENTISTRY.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Beaver, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the profession, and flatters himself to be able to give general satisfaction in his business.

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INDUSTRY SALT CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

TABLE & COARSE SALT,

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All salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction.

All orders promptly attended to. sep16tf.

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THIS INSTITUTION WILL OPEN ON MONDAY, Oct. 12th, 1868.

REV. JOHN W. MARTIN, D. D.

has been chosen Principal. He was formerly Principal of the Ulster Institution for the deaf-dumb and the blind, Belfast; and Headmaster of the National Institution for the deaf and dumb of Ireland, Claremont, Dublin; and recently President of the Lincoln University.

We are assured that Dr. Martin is a ripe scholar, a successful instructor. He purposes to revive the school at Beaver with. The first term will be short, in consequence of the lateness of beginning. The tuition will correspond. A liberal discount will be allowed to the orphans of soldiers and children of clergymen.

D. L. DEMPSEY, D. P. LOWARY, } Committee. sept7tf.

Chas. B. Hurst,

Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent.

DEEDS AND AGREEMENTS WRITTEN AND acknowledgements taken, &c.

Having been duly commissioned as Agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live-Stock Departments, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms.

Also, Agent for the "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers. Tickets sold to and from all portions of England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France, in gold.

Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester, Pa. apr29'68.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PLACED THEIR Grist Mill in thorough repair with new Bolts, &c., and having secured the services of William Sodike, our old miller, and late of the Industry mill, we are prepared to warrant all work and give the largest turn out of any mill west of the mountains.

Come One, Come all and Try us!!

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH, as cheap as the cheapest.

J. & H. DARRAGH. Sharon Mills, Beaver county, Pa. oct7'68.

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THE UNDERSIGNED BEGS LEAVE TO INFORM his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for SPRING AND SUMMER wear, which he offers at very moderate rates.

GENTLEMENS FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest possible notice.

Thankful to the public for past favors, I hope by close attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

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Flag Manufactory,

CAMPAIGN GOODS!

SILK, BUNTING, AND PRINTED MUSLIN

FLAGS!

ALL SIZES—WITH OR WITHOUT NAMES OF CANDIDATES.

Also, Medals, Pins, Charms, Silk Badges, Banners, Transparencies, Rosettes, Badges, Portraits, and Card Photographs of Candidates.

Song-Books, Political Documents of all kinds, &c.

Send for a Descriptive Price List.

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Country Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Grant Tanner Clubs supplied with caps, capes and orches., send in your orders. ly8'68:16w.

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In the old extensive and reliable House of

Wm. Flemming,

No. 139 Wood Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

OUR GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT EASTERN PRICES, and will be found to compare in extent and variety with first class houses in New York. The stock consists of Men and Boys Fur and Wool Hats, Silk and Cassimere Hats, Men and Boys Caps, Men, Boys and Childrens Straw goods, Palm leaf Hats, Panama Hoods, Sundowns, Ladies and Misses Hats, trimmed and untrimmed. Country Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock. [aug26'68:1y.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after June 13th, 1868, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows. [Train leaving Chicago at 6:35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.15 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's
Pittsburgh	645AM	930AM	215PM	150AM
Rochester	815	1040	343	300
Salem	1031	1226PM	513	447
Alliance	1103	115	609	540
Canton	1218PM	153	650	626
Massillon	1240	216	707	647
Orrville	123	238	740	717
Wooster	207	330	808	845
Mansfield	400	500	938	915
Crestline	445	530	1015	945
	800	630	1015	1030
Bucyrus	837	700	1041	1125
Upper Sandusky	718	719	1114	1058
Forest	749	751	1147	1117
Lima	903	903	145AM	1237PM
Van Wert	1015	1015	207	125
Fort Wayne	1210PM	1150	320	300
Columbia	100	1237AM	356	337
Warsaw	155	132	442	422
Plymouth	330	323	555	510
Valparaiso	447	415	724	635
Chicago	700	620	910	530

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp
Chicago	820AM	920PM	535PM	450AM
Valparaiso	959	1106	710	557
Plymouth	1125	1237AM	900	910
Warsaw	1221PM	122	950	1020
Columbia	100	217	1030	1115
Fort Wayne	200	315	1115	1220PM
Van Wert	302	430	1215AM	208
Lima	400	535	115	319
Forest	509	653	218	443
Upper Sandusky	532	718	242	614
Bucyrus	609	801	316	557
	635	830	340	630
Crestline	635	910	325	590AM
	723	937	434	610
Mansfield	815	1100	550	810
Wooster	515	1127	615	841
Orrville	946	1157	647	920
Massillon	1002	1218PM	703	940
Canton	1045	1255	805	1040
Alliance	1114		833	1125
Salem	1255AM	302	1005	125PM
Rochester	135	410	1110	320
Pittsburgh				

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leave Youngstown at 2:30 p. m.; New Castle, 4:00 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 6:00 p.m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at Youngstown, 10:45. N. Castle, 2:40 a. m; Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:00 a. m; New Castle, 7:10 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:00 a. m. Returning, leaves Allegheny, 4:15 p. m; arrives New Castle, 7:05 p. m; Youngstown, 7:50 p. m.

F. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Sept. 14, 1868, trains will leave Station daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Mail.	Accom
Cleveland	835AM	1210PM	.....	520PM
Euclid Street	846	1221	.....	531
Hudson	950	108	.....	44
Ravenna	023	141	.....	51
Alliance	1120	220	.....	600
Bayard	1132	240	.....	....
Wellsville	1255PM	400	.....	....

GOING NORTH.

	Mail.	Exp's.	.....	Accom
Wellsville	850AM	400PM	.....	....
Bayard	1022	504	.....	....
Alliance	1120	627	.....	745AM
Ravenna	1200PM	604	.....	831
Hudson	1239	633	.....	910
Euclid Street	137	714	.....	7107
Cleveland	150	715	.....	1030

GOING EAST.

	Exp's	Exp's.	Mail.	Accom
Bellair	1055AM	610AM	2001 M	....
Bridgeport	1105	625	210	....
Steubenville	1213PM	743	307	....
Wellsville	145	850	430	605AM
Smith's Ferry	207	912	452	635
Beaver				
Rochester	215	930	535	730
Pittsburgh	355	1035	640	840

GOING WEST.

	Mail.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Acco
Pittsburgh	600AM	900PM	435AM	330PM
Rochester	710	805	550	440
Beaver		000	000	000
Smith's Ferry	757	835	633	535
Wellsville	835	405	715	605
Steubenville	925	500	808	....
Bridgeport	1035	610	923	....
Bellair	1045	620	925	....

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 650 a. m.	Bayard, 955, am
Bayard, 12:10, m.	N. Philadelph, 800p

F. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of old rosin soap, with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS 48 North Front Street, Philadelphia. sep16'68.

JOHN ENGLAND. JOHN BURNEY.

JOHN ENGLAND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

AND

File Manufacturers,

263 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Old Files Re-Cut. aug26'68:3mos.

House Furnishing Goods,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

CUTLERY, QUEENSWARE, LOOKING GLASSES and Glassware. Also, Japan, Tin, Wooden and Willow ware, Market and Fancy Baskets, Brushes, Mitchen Sets, Clothes Wringers, &c., &c. Also, FRUIT JARS AND CANS.

Country Merchants will find it to their advantage to give us a call and examine our stock before making their purchases.

J. & H. BEGGS & CO., No 124 Federal St., Allegheny City, Pa. aug29:tf.

G. W. PUSEY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and TEAS,

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC FRUIT,

Pickles, &c.

All kinds of Country Produce sold on commission, and prompt returns made.

NO. 49 FEDERAL STREET,

Allegheny City, Penn'a.

mar27,'68:1:1:f

T. O. MORGAN

SUCCESSOR TO

SHALLENBERGER BROS.

DEALER IN

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES

Queensware, Hardware,

NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Goods.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge in all the Villages.

BRIDGEWATER, PA., Aug. 19, 1868.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

S. J. Cross & Co's.

RETAIL PRICES REDUCED.

BEST WHITE WHEAT

WARRANTED.

25 lb sack,	$1,45
50 " "	2,90
Barrel,	11,50

Second Quality, "STARK COUNTY."

25 lb sack,	$1,22
50 " "	2,44
Barrel,	9,75

Rochester, Sept. 54, 1868:tf.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

MRS. E H BEACOM,

HAS JUST RECEIVED a select assortment of

Fall Goods

which she offers to the public at the lowest possible rates. The stock embraces every variety of

Ladies and Gentlemens Woolen Goods

Plain and Fancy Yarns,

ZEPHYRS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, HOOP SKIRTS, VEIL STUFFS, CORSETS, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES COLLARS, CUFFS, HOSIERY, COLORED CAMBRICS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES DRILLING, PAPER MUSLIN.

Also a good assortment of LADIES MISSES, AND BOYS

FALL HATS

which will be increased as the season advances.

She asks a continuation of the patronage of her friends and the public generally. Goods not on hand can be had at twenty-four hours' notice.

Call and Examine!

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

3d St. Opposite the U P Seminary.

Sep16tf.

NEW HARDWARE HOUSE.

Lindsay, Sterrit & Euwer,

Importers and Dealers in

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK HAVING BEEN BOUGHT during the late decline in prices, we are enabled to offer greater inducements than old houses who are carrying over stocks at old prices. Country Merchants should not fail to visit us when in the city.

Lindsay, Sterrit & Euwer, 337 LIBERTY STREET, NEAR UNION DEPOT, PITTSBURGH. aug26'68:1y.

A Word [illegible]

[illegible] Gibson, [illegible] The writer [illegible] and that has been [illegible] cratic Committee [illegible] they had circulated [illegible] among the poor [illegible] felt is a fac-simile [illegible] lowing [illegible] stituted for that of Mr. [illegible] of the note issued of the [illegible] holders," and on the back [illegible] also for the principal [illegible] Twenty bonds, are [illegible] that many of these notes [illegible] ine. He said Gen. [illegible] any remedy, and the [illegible] lows:

TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES } Washington, 1868. }

Sir: [illegible] inclosure as [illegible] has been received. [illegible] that the issuing or passing [illegible] which purports to be a note of the United States, [illegible] note of the United States. And [illegible] in your letter, [illegible] law declares it [illegible] and eleventh sections of [illegible] 1864. This [illegible] to make, issue, sell, utter, publish, or [illegible] note in "likeness or similitude" [illegible] ity of the United States. And any [illegible] thereof the party so offending [illegible] ished by a fine not exceeding $5,000, [illegible] imprisonment at hard labor not exceeding [illegible] years, or by both in the discretion of the [illegible]." This paper seems clearly to be of the kind that the law was intended to interdict, and it seems to be equally clear that any person who has done anything in the way of putting it into circulation is equally subject to the pains and penalties denounced by the statute. The law of Feb. 5, 1867, Section 2, enacts, "That it shall not be lawful to engrave, [illegible] print, or in any manner make or [illegible], or to utter, issue, distribute, circulate, or use any business or professional card, notice, placard, circular, handbill or advertisement in the nature of or in similitude of any bond, certificate of indebtedness, certificate of deposit, coupon, United States note, Treasury note, [illegible] circulating note, fractional note, postage [illegible] stamp note of the United States." "And any person or persons, offending against the provisions of this section, shall be subject to a penalty of $[illegible] to be recovered by an action of debt, one-half to the use of the informer. Now, there is any doubt about the application of the act of June 30, 1864, there certainly can be none as to the application of the act of [illegible] 1867, last quoted, to the case under consideration. Here now is a chance for [illegible] to do the country a good service [illegible] themselves as well at the same [illegible] vigorous action under this law [illegible] of this abominable nuisance [illegible] effectually and forever. You say [illegible] spurious notes are being circulated [illegible] throughout the country, [illegible] party for electioneering purposes [illegible] that it is really passing [illegible] hundreds of dollars of it is passed daily upon the ignorant classes at the represented value upon the face. Like information comes to me from all parts of the country, and I am told that the same kind of paper is being largely circulated among the colored people of the South. That the Freedmen are being told to hold it, and to vote for Seymour; that if they succeed in electing him these Democratic money issues, that bear his effigy, will be worth as much as the Federal Government's greenbacks. But these black men are nearly all Republicans, and have learned to read; it is therefore doubtful whether they will take it as readily as their more gullible opponents. Large hand-bills full of scurrilous falsities have been sent me, on which this same counterfeit note appears. This, like the other, is in violation of law. The Democratic party, has been presented by the grand inquest of the nation, as being guilty of other high crimes and misdemeanors, and is now in the criminal dock in the great court of the whole people to answer to the charges. There is little doubt what the verdict will be, when it is rendered and recorded on the 3d of November next.

Perhaps the lesser crime of forgery is merged in the greater ones, for which it is now on trial. But as this paper is a fraud, both politically and pecuniarily, so bold that one can scarcely see how any Republican can be deceived by it, it is perhaps hardly worth the while for us to protect the guilty ones from cheating each other with it. If we go into this business, we shall have our hands full of work that would never be finished. This is one of the least of the cheats and frauds which that effete party has put upon its followers. And then it is barely possible that this, as it touches their pockets, may become an eye-opener to some of the blind believers in the now empty name of Democracy.

If we succeed in the coming elections, and there is now every indication that God is still with us, and that we shall, these issues of spurious currency, with other like "properties" being the joint stock of the united Rebel and Copperhead Democracy, will go with the party, wherever that may be. Both will be branded "*Counterfeit*," and be nailed to the counter. But should the loyal Union men fail in electing their great chief, Gen. Grant, to the Presidency, and the Democrats succeed, and carry out their doctrines as announced in their platform, and in the letters and speeches of their candidates and principal supporters, North and South, it will go hard if this spurious note and its likes will not be on a par with the regular issues of the Government of the United States. The value of either, the genuine and the counterfeit alike, would then not unaptly be represented by the figure 1, with an indefinate number of 00s on the left hand of that unit.

It is noticeable that the rascals have followed the lead of their elder brothers in fraud of the New York Convention, and have in this case, as in that, taken off the head of Chief Justice Chase, and put in its stead a face that seems to be again prepared to say "My Friends."

That they have placed a tolerable exact fac simile of my signature, to certify to the truth of their infamously foul and dirty lies, is a personal indignity that will never be forgiven them. Although the general appearance of this counterfeit is much like the genuine, yet in order to incalculate their peculiarly dishonest doctrines upon their ignorant followers, they ingeniously changed the face of the note, so that it reads, "The people of the UNITED STATES promise to pay the Bondholders in Greenbacks, and they will enforce the contract; and to follow out the lie, they have added to the end of the legend on the back of the note the words, "including the 5-20 bonds." It is not at all certain that it is not seriously contemplated by the Democratic party, should it succeed in the election of Mr. Seymour to the Presidency, to pay the debt of the United States with this Democratic currency. Such a course would certainly be but one step in advance on the road to infamy of their present open declarations. These fellows have probably forgotten that their Southern allies have already a currency, equally valueless, and in sufficient quantity too, to suffice for that purpose, without this Northern issue. Or is it not possibly a part of the compact between them, that each of the high contracting parties to the Fourth of July treaty at New York shall contribute to all rascally schemes, there and share alike? Your letter, together with the delectable document received with it, has been referred to the Solicitor of the Treasury, who has by virtue of his office, this disgusting business of looking after rascals and their doings specially in charge. He will, no doubt, attend to the cases of the rogues who are "*shoving the queer*" in a way that will be nearly as unpalatable to them as the results of this year's elections. Very respectfully yours,

F. E. SPINNER, Treasurer United States.

S. A. Gibson, Esq., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

A Vigil.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

I am sitting up alone with the corpse of the only man I ever loved. He lies so still that the bloody uniform, the rigid head, with the calm, determined features, the stiff hands, and pressed over his heart where the note had been, all are terrifying to me. The note, soaked through with a drop of blood, that summoned me to this lonely vigil, reads:

"I wish Annette to sit up alone with my dead body, and read Southey's 'Thalaba.' She will care for Eveleen.

"HENRY PARKHILL."

It was a strange request. Eveleen was his wife and my sister—my darling, beautiful younger sister, just two years a wife and now a widow. Did coming death make him wiser? Did he then for the first time know that I had once loved him? Or was his mind leaving him? They said his last words were "Annette! Annette!"

And yet he had always been a devoted husband to Eva. She was young and beautiful, and every one had said, when they were married, that it was "a pure love match." Those last words, "Annette, Annette," set me dreaming strangely. I have stirred the fire brightly, that it may make no ghostly shadows, and reached down my old portfolio, and am writing to keep up my courage. I have turned my back to the corpse. "I remember a time, long ago, when I loved him as only a woman can who loves but once. It is all useless now to say how that was; how I looked up to him as my king, and down at him as my child; how I looked at him from every point of view; how my whole soul wrapped around and around him; how my heart was never alone, but always had him to think about and to croon over; how I laughed at him and loved him; how he suited me in my gay moods, and how the thought of him grasped and shook me in my earnest moods. He was all to me. This dead man was once all that the world contained for me—my light my future, almost my life. I look back on that former self with pity and commiseration, as I would on some one else. I have passed a chilling stream since then, that has washed the old identity away from me. I will turn back and dream again to-night.

I thought then that he loved me. His eyes haunted me, his thoughts and attentions were always mine, until one evening he gave me this same Thalaba. Then his manner changed. He was fitful, sometimes cold and constrained, and then as suddenly his eyes and tones would change to melting tenderness. [illegible] I asked, "Yes." It was spoken hastily and casually, "Yes." It was a sacred hood. I had intended to read it, but the strange alteration in his manner had so puzzled me that when I was alone I could do nothing but think over it.

When I had answered "Yes," his grey eyes gave a clear, searching look, and his deep voice seemed to tremble with eagerness as he said, "And what do you think?" I was surprised, and answered, "Why, you are wasting a good deal of feeling on the subject."

Instantly his face became cold, ashen.

I exclaimed, "Henry—Henry Parkhill! what is it?"

He rose and walked away without answering, and an hour afterward I saw him leaning heavily against a tree, like a man who had had a blow. It was all inexplicable to me. At dinner that day he was quiet and kind, and his manner never changed afterward. I was patient and waited. Sometimes the love that was in me cried out for food. I must have the old tender ways of performing trifling services. I must have the old kind glances and loving tones. Sometimes I would get up and walk half the night, with my hands clasped about my head, and a famishing cry ever repeating itself in my heart: "Give me Henry, or I die!" But I could not die.

A few weeks after that morning Eveleen came home from school. She was lovely. Let me think of her as she looked then: I need to remember her now. The slender, graceful figure, the light, floating curls, the good, trustful, charming face, with its infantine sweetness; the sweet, spoilt-child voice with its sauciness that was never saucy, and its fondness that was so witching. The butterfly wings have gone now. I loved her then, I love her now, with a greater love than sisters ordinarily bear for each other, but I never wanted to be like her. Strange to say I had always a curious fascination for myself. I never wished to change my dark-ringed, agate eyes, that seemed to have a white light burning in them when I looked at them in the mirror; I liked my large mouth, with its mobility; my short nose was piquant, and lighted my otherwise mournful cast of countenance. Then, too, my white forehead, with its straight, black brows, suited me; my complexion, which was neither fair nor dark, but a shadowed, wazen pallor, reminded me too strongly of Goethe's Mignon to be anything but beautiful. If I had been a painter, just such a face would have been my foundation for every picture intended for a display of the passions, and the difference of expression would have made the faces entirely unlike. Henry Parkhill used to say my one set of features held the whole range of human feeling, and—he would end with a laugh—could change sometimes even to beauty.

Eveleen's brightly tender look was sometimes very sweet to me, purifying and calming; and again it insensibly irritated me, it was so shallow and weak, and I would have changed it to anything else, even anger, if I could. But when those soft, uplifted eyes looked at Henry Parkhill, and I saw, as soon as he did, the love that lighted them, then I turned away—strong, resolute to forget, to harden myself, to deceive myself into thinking that I had never cared for him. There seemed to be a valve in my heart that closed down and smothered the love instantly. And I went on my way, acting, talking, smiling just as though the soul was not gone out of me, and I was not an empty hull. I was then a devoted hospital visitor, and many wondered that I could bear the constant rack on which my sympathy was stretched—how I could calmly watch the agonies of the dying, and quietly hear the last horrible cry for mercy when the torments of the condemned had already begun, and dead despair of the last groan, "Too late! too late!" Ah! blessed is the hospital visitor without a heart! I was gentle and soothing in my manner—a habit contracted in the days when a suffering worm was pain to me—but no sympathy, no blessed human feeling, was in me.

In the meantime, Eveleen was to be married to Henry Parkhill. The night of the wedding, just before the ceremony, I was leaving Eveleen's room, where I had been quieting and calming her, when I met Henry Parkhill on the stairs. I had my most cordial smile all ready for the occasion, and was passing him with a merry word, when his wistful look stopped me.

"Annette," he said, coming close to me and lying his hand on my head, "God bless you, and forgive me."

I look up in his face, and my lips "felt for a smile," but could not find it. He looked at me with a wondering gaze and turned away. I walked in a dark room just behind me and closing the door sat down to with my head against it, upon the floor. I sat in a blind dead, vacant way, without feeling, a good while, and then getting up, I crept down stairs, just in time to take my place as bridesmaid.

The time passed heavily enough, but still it passed. It was a comfort to me, and the only one I had, to see that the months were going, and that "horrible appetite for death," that unexpressed and inexpressible longing for the grave—the grave, the quiet and the darkness took firm hold upon me.

And yet who so constantly cheerful as I? Who so bright and active? I think I received more admiration than I ever remember to have had before. My face lost its dark shadows, and became lighter and brighter—a surface expression—though the old eyes would look terrifically at me at nights from the depths of the mirror. They had a famished look, but why was it? I felt nothing—how then could I need anything?

One night we were sitting around the fire in this very room about a year after Eveleen's marriage. She was sitting on that ottoman, sewing, just before the fire, which brightened the tint of her blue dress, that, contrasting with the light curls and peach-blossom complexion, made an effective picture. I was over there in the shadow by the mantel, telling them a long story that I was improvising. It was a common habit for me to improvise in that way for their amusement. Henry was standing opposite, leaning on the mantel and looking at me. At some point in my narrative he said,

"That's like Southey's Thalaba."

"I have never read it," I said.

"Not anything in it?" he asked, in a strange, unnatural voice.

"No. The clasp is a little difficult to unfasten, and I never opened it. You remember I said once that I had, but it was a fib."

Just then he sat down slowly, and as the light fell on his face I wondered I had not noticed before how old and worn he looked. I continued my story, and as I finished he raised his head, looked at me, helplessly, and gasped, "Water!"

Eveleen rushed to him, but putting her off with one hand and taking the glass of water I held, he drank it and leaned back in the chair. He did not seem weak or fainting, but his whole face was locked, as though in a mortal convulsion. After a little he smiled faintly and reassured Eveleen. "It was only a spasm of the heart," he said.

The effect of that never afterward seemed to leave him, and sometimes, when we were alone together, he would look just as he did then. I thought he was afraid of terrifying Eveleen. We recommended medical advice, but he steadily refused to see a physician; and when the war came he suddenly accepted a commission, and was ordered to the front almost immediately.

The night he was to leave he knocked at my door, and said, "Hurry—dress; I am going, [illegible] ments. He was standing [illegible] the door, his paper resting against the wall. He folded the slip of paper and put it in his pocket-book; then turning to me, held out his arms. Eveleen was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs. I did not move. He came to me, lifted me in his arms, and ran down the stairs with me. For one second his lips scorched mine, then he put me down on the lower step. Eveleen was waiting for him, and I walked quietly up stairs, undressed, went back to bed, and slept heavily until morning.

The first news from him was the published bulletin telling of his mortal wound, received in the first fight: "Brave to rashness," was the comment. He had made a hopeless charge, and half his men were killed or wounded. Next came the body and the note. Did I weep? Can the dead weep? I am even as he. Thalaba! Thalaba! I'll get it down and look at it. Strange that it should always have so affected him! Here is the book. It is beautifully bound—a fancy of his. I'll stop writing and read.

* * * * *

I have seen it. Let me write it, that I may preserve my reason. After the clasp was opened, there fell out this paper, bearing the date of the day he gave this book to me:

"ANNETTE WILDER: I love you—I have always loved you. No man could love you half so well. Will you be everything to me? I cannot write. Answer me if I may hope; if not, be silent. "Yours always.

"HENRY PARKHILL."

As I write these words the first human feeling that I have felt for two long years comes back to me. God grant that with the suffering may come some heavenly healing—that I may "know wherefore he hath afflicted me."

THE END.

GOV. GEARY returned late on Thursday evening from a campaign in the Western part of the State, from which he brings the most cheering accounts of splendid Republican organization and sure victory. He left Harrisburg last Saturday, and spoke that evening at a large Republican meeting at Johnstown. On Sunday he enjoyed the hospitalities of Hon. John Covode, and on Monday evening, in company with that gentleman, he spoke at Marion, Indiana county. On Tuesday a splendid Republican meeting was held at Indiana, which the Governor addressed; whence he proceeded to Beaver, where he arrived on Wednesday and addressed one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings he has attended in any part of the State. On Thursday the Governor was in Pittsburg, and was met there by an immense demonstration: but, as the weather was stormy and disagreeable, he declined making a speech, contenting himself with congratulating his Republican friends on the cheering prospects which met him in all parts of the West.

Governor Geary, after the observation and intercourse he made and had during this tour, is satisfied that Hartranft and Campbell will pass from the West, on the day of the election, over the mountains, with a majority of twenty to twenty-five thousand.—*State Guard*

THE London *Times* published a cable dispatch that the Republican majority in Maine was 78,000, or about 11,000 greater than last year, and the rest of the papers copied it without the slightest suspicion of its incorrectness. The truth is, the English press have no more actual knowledge of American affairs in detail than of the moon, and no statement is too absurd for them to swallow. As for taking the means of verifying figures sent by cable, that is quite out of the question.

GOD gives to little seeds wings, and they fly away on all the winds, where he sends them and wherever they alight, they go right to work to make a tree, and bear fruit. Shall not man be as faithful as they, and shoot forth branches, and bear fruit in any spot where God places him?

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.50 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to TEN lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged twenty-fiv ten cents a line for each insertion.

Marriages and deaths announced free of charge.

The publisher reserves the right to change advertisements from one place in the paper to another whenever it is desirable to do so.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday insure insertion in that week's paper.

A Remarkable Woman.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

In a low, tumbled down building in the old Faubourg St. Mary, reeking with perpetual damps, and with the moulds of nearly a century on its roof, lives an old woman whose career is one of the most remarkable in the history of New Orleans.

Once brilliant and beautiful, she yet retains traces, though dimmed and faded, of that exquisite loveliness which made her the belle and leader of fashion in her native city. An only child, born to immense wealth and education in every accomplishment which the most learned European seminary could supply, at eighteen she shone upon the world of fashion here without a rival. Courted and flattered, with innumerable suitors, she discarded the advances of men, and appeared only anxious to enjoy the society in which she moved so conspicuous and brilliant an ornament. But it was not destined for her to remain so. It is said that no woman can exist without loving, and she proved no exception to the generality of her sex. Her attachment was, however, unworthily bestowed and lamentable in its results. Passionate and jealous, she unfortunately found in her husband too much cause for their indulgence. Neglected, her love turned to hate—scorned, her resentment was implacable. In a moment of fiercely stimulated passion she abandoned her home and friends, and shortly afterwards appeared at a foreign court in that most disreputable of all characters, a female adventuress.

But if her calling was disgraceful her career was distinguished. She became the ruling spirit that guided and controlled the actions of monarchy. At her nod, brilliant meteors faded from the galaxy of fashion, armies swept over hostile borders. But a revolution arose in the land and she became the inmate of a prison. Escaping thence by the leniency of those who dashed the Bourbon Charles from power, she next appeared as the minion of an Indian Rajah. Her name is yet abhorred by the matrons of English India, and little children are taught to scorn the impious treason of her example. But as her years grow on apace her beauty waned, and then came loss of power. Spurned by the virtuous and hated by the court, a wanderer of many years she came back to her native land. Her friends were dead—the memory of her early triumphs had passed away. She stood a solitary wreck in the city of her birth amid the ruins of her life. None knew her—none would. Scorned by the good and feared by the bad, she has led a hermit's life. Sometimes old crones would come and gossip with her; at others youth would pause to wonder at the wreck that time has wrought. But recollection still stirs her heart, and from the shadowy aisles of memory com