Poetry.

[illegible]

In quiet old Aqua it quietly stood
Standing [illegible] where it has stood
Through the storms of a hundred years.

The glory of Aqua has passed from its walls,
[illegible] Book [illegible] shed.

[illegible]

The traveler sees it afar,
On his rough and winding way;
[illegible] sees it, resting from [illegible]
In the heat of a summer day.

Around it the multitudes sleep
Who of old sought its altars in prayer;
A great congregation, they rest from their toils,
Unmoved by earth's tumult and care.

O, many the thoughts of the heart,
As we stand by the temple of God,
And think of the worshippers vanished and gone,
Who up to its courts have trod.

They came in the joy of their souls,
Or they came with their burdens to bear;
In the sunlight of youth, in the evening of age,
In hope, or in grief and despair.

Then peace to the church on the hill,
Where its rusty old forge it upreares;
Let it stand in its loniness, where it has stood
Through the storms of a hundred years.

EARNING A WIFE.

An Interesting Domestic Story.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man?" said farmer Bilkins, looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toes.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self possession; but he colored and grew confused under that sharp, scrutinizing gaze.

"Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last night, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air; "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my abilities to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you and not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away, as it is in thousands of instances, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains; do you know how to use them? What can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college; have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; I [illegible] thought that with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And you want to marry my daughter. Now, I have given Molly as good advantages as the average of my girls in town; and she knows how to earn them a away; but if she did not know how to work, I'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant. She can't, no more than I. Suppose I let my daughter should be a lazy, useless creature, full of dyspepsia and all sorts of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rose-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell you what I'll do: Go to work and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation, I don't care what, if it is honest—then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately rose from the settle of the porch and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfitted look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but he's about right; for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she said softly:

"Never mind, I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went he carried with him those words, which were like a tower of strength to his soul: "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Bilkins was propping up the grape vine in his front yard, that threatened to break with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic step, quite in contrast with his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Bilkins. I understand you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" asked the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride.

Mr. Bilkins examined them one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"

"What I asked for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after all," he cried. "Come in, lad, come in. I should not wonder if we made a trade after all."

"Nothing loth," Luke obeyed.

"Molly," bawled Mr. Bilkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron, but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did, wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke; and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Moll, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your father will ratify."

As Mr. Bilkins said this he consciately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke [illegible] the study of medicine, of which [illegible] on the death of his father-in-law with some modification of the handicraft by which he gives what he declares to be the handsome wife in the world.

HUSBANDS IN THE KITCHEN.

A NORSE LEGEND.

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross that he never thought his wife did anything right about the house. So one evening in haymaking time he came home, scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth, and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be angry, there's a good man," said his goody; "tomorrow let's change our work. I'll go with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house."

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So early next morning his goody took a scythe over her shoulder, and went into the hay field with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn butter, and when he had churned awhile he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask he heard the pig come into the kitchen overhead. Then off he ran up the cellar stairs, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn. But when he got up and saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting among the cream, which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered that he had the tap in his hand, and when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again; and so he began to churn for butter they must have for dinner. When he had churned a bit he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and had'nt had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought it was too far to take her to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house-top—for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back, he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he could'nt leave the churn for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and if he left it, he thought the child was sure to upset it. So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down at the well's brink all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner time, and he had not yet even got the butter yet; so he thought he had best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he tied fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney, and tied around his own thigh; and he began to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast, and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home to dinner; but never a call had they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there, and found the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

THE LATEST ROMANCE.

The gossips of Lynn, Massachusetts, have been quite busy of late over a romantic love chase and capture of "A Boy in Blue" by a Southern heiress. It appears that during the rebellion, while one of our State batteries with a portion of the Union army was encamped for a few days in a certain town in a Southern State, one of the drivers was in the habit of evading the pickets and doing a little foraging on his own account. While on one of his daily visits to one of the plantations in the vicinity of his camp, he was sumptuously entertained by a beautiful and wealthy young lady. Being fond of adventure, he made several calls upon his new acquaintance, but was considerably startled as he one day approached the house for the purpose of enjoying another tete-a-tete with his romantic friend, by her rushing out to meet and inform him that several rebels were skulking near by, and that his safety depended on a hasty return to his comrades. During their short acquaintance the lady had learned her gallant's christian name, and that he enlisted from Massachusetts, but further than this his history was to her a blank. A change of base by the Union force prevented further meetings of this romantic couple, which, according to the lady's own statement, caused her much sorrow and many sleepless nights, for she had learned to love the "Boy in Blue" with her whole soul. Almost frenzied at her loss, she cut her hair short, assumed male attire, made her way to the Union lines, and enlisted as quartermaster's clerk. She served until her regiment was mustered out of service, but failed to gain any tidings of her handsome, blue-eyed soldier. She returned home and found that during her absence her parents had died, leaving her alone, and heiress to a large amount of real estate and personal property. Having no home ties, she immediately started for this State, and for the past two years she has wandered from city to city and town to town, sometimes a guest at the best hotels, and frequently a transient inmate of ordinary but respectable boarding houses. As seen in the cars or on the streets, she was a tall, superbly dressed, graceful and exceedingly handsome lady, about eighteen years of age, who attracted considerable notice on account of a habit which she had of scrutinizing closely the face of every good-looking, brown-haired and blue-eyed gentleman whom she met.

The "Boy in Blue" is a resident of Lynn, and is a worthy and industrious mechanic. Happening to call a few days since at a boarding house, he mentioned while there that he was about to visit Boston, at which the lady of the house remarked that a young lady, a stranger, who was stopping at her house, was desirous of visiting that city, and that he would confer a favor by acting as escort. The young lady, upon being summoned to the parlor, immediately recognized and shocked at the gentleman, uttered his christian name, and fell to the floor in a swoon. Restoratives were applied, and she soon recovered, when mutual explanations followed, and she soon learned that while she was in search of her "Boy in Blue," he had become a husband, father and a widower. But loving him none the less for that, and seeing cupid in his eyes, she fell upon his shoulder and wept tears of joy. A sensational wedding is likely to occur soon.

THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

ROOSTERS.

There is not on the whole horizon ov live natur a more plezing and strengthening studdy than the Rooster. This remarkable package of feathers has bin for ages food for the philosophik as well as the simple mind. They belong tew the fethered sekt denominated poultry, and are the husbands of meny wives. In Utah it is considered a disgrace tew speak disrespekful of a rooster. Brigham Young's coat of arms is a rooster, in full blast, crowing till he is almost bent over double backward.

The flesh ov the rooster is very similar tew the flesh of the hen; it is hard to distinguish the difference, especially in yure soup. Roosters are the pugilists amung the domestic burds; they wear the belt, and having no shoulder tew strike from, they strike from the heel.

Roosters, according to profane history, if mi edukashun remembers me right, were formerly a man, who come suddenly upon one of the heathen gods, at a time when he wasn't prepared tew receive company, and was, for that offence, rebuilt over into the fust rooster, and waz forever afterward destined tew crow, as a kind of warning. This change from a man aksounts for their fightingabilities, and for their politeness tew the hens. There is nothing in a man that a woman admires more than his reddyness and ability tew smash another fellow, and it iz just so with a hen. When a rooster gits licked, the hens all march oph with the other rooster, if he aint haff so big or handsome.

It is pluck that wins a hen or woman.

There iz grate variety ov pedigree amung the rooster race, but for stiddy bizness give me the old fashion dominique rooster, shortlegged, and when they walk, they alwuz strut, and their buzums stick out like an aldermans abdominal cupboard. This biped is hawk-colored, and has a crooked tail on them, arched like a sickle, and az full ov feathers as a new duster.

But when you come right down to grit, and throw all outside influences overboard, there aint nothing on earth, nor under it, that can out style, out step, out brag, or out pluck a regular Bantum rooster.

They alwuz put me in mind ov a very small dandy, practicing before a looking-glass.

They don't weigh more than thirty ounces, but they make az much fus az a tun. I have seen them trying tew pick a quarrel with a two hoss wagon, and don't think they would hesitate tew fight a meeting house if it was the least sassy tew them.

It is more than fun tew hear one ov these little chevaliers crow; it iz like a four year old baby trying tew sing a line out ov the Star Spangled Banner.

The hen partner of this concern iz the must exquisite little boquet of neatness and feathers that the eye ever roosted on. They are az prim as a permature yung lady. It is a luxury to watch their daintyness, tew see them lay each feather with their bills, in its place, and preside over themselves with az much delicacy as a belle before her mirror.

But the consumation iz tew see the wife a mother, leading out six little chicks a bugging; six little chicks no bigger than bumblebees.

It seems tew be necessary that there should be sumthing outrageous in everything, tew show where propriety ends and impropriety begins. This iz melancholly, the case in the rooster affair, for we have the shanghai rooster the greatest outrage, in mi opinyun, ever committed in the annals of poultry.

These kritters are the kamels among fowls, they mope around the barnyard, tipping over the hay racks and steppin on the young goslins and every now and then they crow confusion.

If enny body should giv me a shanghi rooster I should halter him, and keep him in a box stall, and feed him on cut feed, and if he would work kind in harness, all right, if not, I would butcher him the fust wet day that cum, and salt him down tew give tew the poor.

But there aint noboddy a going tew give me one ov this breed, knot if I know it, I don't think there iz a man on earth mean enuff to do it.

Roosters do but very little household work, they won't lay enny eggs, nor try to hatch eny, nor see tew the young ones; this satisfys me that there is sum truth in the mythological akount ov the rooster's fust origin.

You kant git a rooster to pay enny attenshun tew a yung one, they spend their time in crowing, strutting, and occasionally they find a worm, which they make a remarkable fuss over, calling up their wifes from a distance, apparently tew treat them, just az the hens git thar, this elegant and elaborate cuss bends over and gobbles up the morsel.

Just like a man for all the World.

Dedicated and Organized,

During the year 1868 there were dedicated in the United States four hundred and seventy-four churches, and organized two hundred and ninety-five, as follows:

	Dedicated.	Organized.
Baptist	100	125
Presbyterian	100	80
Congregational	65	75
Methodist	120	—
Lutheran	43	7
German Reformed	14	2
Episcopal	13	3
Reformed	9	1
Moravian	1	2
Total	474	295

It will be noticed that no organizations of Methodist churches are mentioned. Many, however, of the houses of worship dedicated by our Methodist brethren were built by societies just formed, and it seems to be the rule with them to announce both events at the time of the dedicatory service.

RETIRING SUPREME JUDGES.—A bill introduced by Mr. Sherman in the Senate of the United States, on Monday, providing for the retiring of United States Judges after a certain age, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The bill is amendatory to the judiciary act of September 24, 1789. It provides that any judge of any court of the United States who is now seventy, or whenever he shall arrive at that age, on written application to the President, may be retired from active service on full pay; and further, that if any judge now seventy years of age, or who shall hereafter arrive at that age, shall continue to hold office for one year after the passage of this act, or after coming to the age of seventy years, the President shall appoint an additional judge for the same court, who shall have the same power, perform the same duties and receive the same compensation as the judge then acting in said district, &c.

THE London *Star* says of President Johnson's last message: "It is so easy to retire with dignity that no excuse can be accepted for a public man whose last deliverance is incoherent, indecorous and ludicrous. Mr. Andrew Johnson's message will go far to justify the hostility of Congress toward him, even in the opinion of those who have hitherto considered that it was pushed to an extreme."

The Girl with the Calico Dress.

A fit for your upper ten girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess;
But give me, in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume;
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom hunters hard press
And her eye is as soft and as bright,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort of a wife,
My girl with the calico dress.

[For the Argus.]

Leaves from Mother Hen's Diary.

Well, dear me, how fast time flies! I declare if this isn't the first day of April and I have been nothing but a bill of expense to this poor farmer all winter, only to think how hard he works to raise the corn that keeps this idle me.—I'll go right to work this very minute and search for a place to make my nest, and then I will lay some eggs, and thus try to make up for my past laziness.—Now, I wonder if in this old shop I could not find some nook where I could make a nice nest from these shavings? At any rate I will try under this old workbench. Well, here I have been working for some time, and now with the addition of one more shaving I think it will be real nice. But oh! there comes those bad boys, and I know they will see me. Yes, sure enough! But the naughty fellow has spoiled all my nice nest, and now chases me away from the shop.—Well, I will try some other place, but I feel almost heart-broken. I remember of once seeing up in the wagon-shed a box with some hog hair in it, and I know the boys won't find me there so easily; and it will be a nice place too, and old Dash can bark and jump at me as much as he pleases, but cannot harm me, for I will be out of his reach. Well at last after this long walk I have arrived at the wagon-shed, and now I must fly up on top of the corn-crib, for that is where I saw the box that I am going to have for mine is. I am so glad the wagon shed was built with a corn crib in the side of it, for I can have my food real handy. I have at last reached the box, and how nice and cozy it is, and a nest already made for me. I am so glad, and now I will just rest in it for awhile.

April 3d. Two nice white eggs in my nest. I feel encouraged, but I must take some exercise and see what other chickens are doing.

April 4th. Back at my nest again, and now somebody has been here, for one of my eggs is gone, and the one that is left looks smaller than mine were and feels smooth. After this I shall stay here, and not leave my precious property at all.

April 14. Dear me, how happy I am. Ten beautiful white eggs to set upon.—But I must go and get some water to drink, and something to eat and then to-morrow I will commence to set.

April 15th. Here at my old post once more, and there are three more eggs in my nest. I wonder what that means?—But I will keep them if they are not mine.

May 5th. La me! how funny it seems with a whole family about me; but how hard I must hunt and scratch, to get them enough to eat; they will starve if I keep them up here in this box. So I will just cluck and make a great fuss when the farmer comes this afternoon, and then he will take my family down to the ground for me.

May 7th. I wish I was dead; those naughty boys found me and chased me off and thought they would take my little darlings down; but they were so awkward they let some of them fall and two were killed—one of my pretty white chicks too. I did not care so much for the black one. And just a little while ago Dash seen me and run after me and bit two more of my poor little pets and they died, and then to vex me still more he chased the cows so that one of them stepped on my last little white darling and crushed it.

But I will never try to do any more good. This is a hard world for poor old hen.

Plan For A Postal Telegraph

The recent Special Report, from the Post-office Department, suggests a plan, the principle features of which are as follows:

1st. The establishment of postal telegraph offices in connection with the Postoffices in every city and village of five thousand inhabitants and over, at railroad stations and at such other places on the lines of the wires as the telegraph business of the country may *from time to time demand.*

2nd. The prepayment of all telegraphic messages by stamps, and their reception at every postal telegraph office, Post office and street letter box.

3rd. The transmission of messages by telegraph between postal telegraph offices by contract with a telegraph company; provided that no bid shall be received in which the rate of messages for twenty words or figures or less exceeds twenty cents for each message, and five cents for each added five words or figures or less, for each and every five hundred miles or fractional part thereof, to which is to be added five cents for postage and delivery.

4th. The special immediate free delivery of every message by carriers within the limits of free delivery of letters from any Postoffice, or within one mile of every postal telegraph office, and the delivery at special rates beyond such limits; provided, however, that messages directed to be transmitted by night shall not be delivered until the next morning.

5th. The transmission of these messages by mail without extra charge to or from the nearest postal telgraph office when received at or directed to any place not having such an office.

6th. The transmission by telegraph of postal money orders, the transmission of the original message in special cases by mail, priority in transmission, the repetition of messages and delivery to the sender. The transmission of messages where the whole amount of the rate has not been prepaid; and the transmission of messages between the largest cities by autograph instruments or in cipher.

7th. The forwarding the originals of all messages not transmitted by mail to the Dead Letter Office, and the delivery of all messages received through a recording instrument with the copy thereof, if any be made.

8th. Such other provisions as are from time to time required to carry out the objects of the act and to perfect the system.

A Charmed Life.

New Orleans boasts of a man who has gone through with adventures enough to satisfy the most horror-loving, and whose remarkable career is almost without parallel in the annals of romance. He was born in Indiana, and is now about forty years of age. Being engaged in a personal difficulty at Madison in the fall of 1846, he killed his antagonist and fled to the American army then entering Mexico. At the battle of Chaultepec he was taken prisoner, and lay for months in a Mexican dungeon; Being released at last, he married a Spanish girl and settled on the Rio Grande. Here, being attacked by the Indians, him self and family were carried into captivity, where he spent two years, Effecting his escape, he joined a ranger company, and was shot in a fight with the Camanches, scalped and left for dead. He, however, recovered and joined the Walker expedition to Nicaragua, where he was wounded, captured, and again imprisoned. But being again released, he sailed for the United States. The vessel he was in was wrecked and he barely escaped with his life. He was one of the passengers on the ill fated Evening Star, and again escaped death where so many perished.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

(Stand after Dec. 21st, 1868, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:) [Trains leaving Chicago at 4.30 P. M., leave Cal. y.] [Trains leaving Pittsburgh at 2.30 P. M. leave daily.]

MEASURE GOOD WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	645AM	955AM	230PM	700AM
Rochester	829	1305	440	859
Salem	1036	1307PM	530	850
Alliance	1120	145	625	945
Canton	1230PM	325	710	735
Massillon	1248	346	732	743
Orrville	123	379	800	813
Wooster	208	446	833	840
Mansfield	307	515	1010	1017
Crestline { A	445	545	1040	1050
Crestline { D	600AM	600	1105	1105
Bucyrus	622	640	1125	1130
Upper Sandusky	718	732	1159	1201PM
Forest	748	757	1230AM	1230
Lima	902	918	136	128
Van Wert	1015	1053	235	233
Fort Wayne	1205PM	1230AM	350	405
Columbia	200	110	430	440
Warsaw	327	215	525	540
Plymouth	405	320	540	635
Valparaiso	453	510	630	805
Chicago	710	730	1015	955

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP
Chicago	830AM	930PM	450PM	430AM
Valparaiso	955	1110	637	657
Plymouth	1123	1248AM	830	905
Warsaw	1231PM	142	925	1014
Columbia	100	235	1035	1110
Fort Wayne	300	330	1055	1230PM
Van Wert	304	433	1204AM	140
Lima	408	536	100	210
Forest	510	630	205	440
Upper Sandusky	538	718	230	510
Bucyrus	603	801	315	558
Crestline { A	633	830	345	620
Crestline { D	653	900	400	545AM
Mansfield	723	935	431	630
Wooster	851	1107	508	840
Orrville	915	1133	534	915
Massillon	946	1204PM	707	958
Canton	1002	1220	735	1021
Alliance	1045	105	825	1120
Salem	1115	137	856	1207
Rochester	100AM	230	1040	225
Pittsburgh	200	425	1145	340

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2.30 p. m; New Castle, 4.00 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 8.00 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 6.15 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, 10.20 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 4.40 p. m; arrives New Castle, 7.05 p.m; Youngstown, 9.50 p. m.

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

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Dec. 21st, 1868, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	ACCOM
Cleveland	830AM	1810PM	.....	335PM
Euclid Street	841	1821	.....	346
Hudson	945	114	.....	453
Ravenna	1019	146	.....	528
Alliance	1115	237	.....	627
Bayard	1152	251	.....	....
Wellsville	135PM	415	.....	....

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	ACCOM
Wellsville	850AM	415PM	.....	....
Bayard	1023	529	.....	....
Alliance	1115	556	.....	810
Ravenna	1204PM	634	.....	900
Hudson	1259	703	.....	945
Euclid Street	146	749	.....	1058
Cleveland	200	800	.....	1100

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S	EXP'S.	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	600AM	150PM	315AM	....
Bridgeport	610	200PM	1125	....
Steubenville	735	305	1230PM	....
Wellsville	835	410	150	700AM
Smith's Ferry	902	503	213	730
Beaver				
Rochester	950	540	250	830
Pittsburgh	1100	645	400	940

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	615AM	210PM	440PM	325PM
Rochester	733	310	555	435
Beaver		000	000	000
Smith's Ferry	812	349	630	535
Wellsville	845	430	730	605
Steubenville	945	530	813	....
Bridgeport	1055	640	917	....
Bellair	1105	650	930	....

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leave	Arrive
N. Philadelphia, 650 a. m.	Bayard 955 a. m.
Bayard, 12.10 m.	N. Philadelphia 300 am

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

Miscellaneous.

Beaver Ladies' Seminary.—Will open on the 6th of September next. Pupils received at every stage of advancement. In the Primary Department boys and girls received Young men will be taught by the Principal in his own room, but none taken as boarders.

Our purpose is to establish the reputation of the school on thorough scholarship in every branch studied. It is therefore important that pupils should be present at the opening of the school, and continue regular in their attendance.

Having had over one hundred enrolled during the past year, we hope for a large increase during the coming year.

D. H. A. M'LEAN, Principal.

aug19tSept.

E. GOLDSMIT,

Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

542 Liberty, opposite Wayne St., Pittsburgh.

☞ Persons purchasing Cigars of him can always be sure of getting the same article, as he manufactures them under his own supervision and can guarantee perfect satisfaction.

nov13tu

Lamps, Glassware and Carbon Oil,

J. P. SMITH & CO.,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers

IN

Fruit Jars and Fruit Wax in connection with Lamps, Chandeliers, Glassware and Carbon Oil trade, Manson Willoughby's and Newman's Self Sealers Union, O. K. and Cork Glass Jars, Rockingham and Tin of the very best in the Market, wholesale and retail. 5000 pounds TK. and XXX Fruit Wax just received, please call before purchasing.

J. P. SMITH & CO.,

187 *Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have just opened the largest and finest stock of

House-Furnishing and Fancy Goods,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

ever offered in this city, comprising a full line of Silver Ware, Cutlery,
Japanned Ware,
Wooden and Willow Ware,
Hand Screen, Gloves and Work Boxes,
Richly Inlaid Writing Desks, Parlor Vases and Spunes, All kinds of Wooden, Tin and Iron Toys, Hobby Horses, Sleds, Barrows, &c.

Call and examine our stock of Housekeepers' Novelties.

SANDS & BRINEMAN,
20 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Dec8

Farmers Take Notice.—The undersigned having placed their Grist Mill in thorough repair with new Bolts, &c., and having secured the services of William Sodaks, 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.

sett'ca

G. T. PARKER.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rochester and surrounding towns. He would say that he pays particular attention to Surgery. His new mode of distinguishing diseases enables him to offer great relief to persons suffering with chronic diseases. He will also sell other physicians a urgery ad the diagnoses of difficult cases by having their urine examined.

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

Decl4

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP

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

sept14.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Rochester, 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.

☞ Office in the old "Grimly Hotel" building, Third street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one year.

J. S. GOSHORN.

sett'68tfy.

Wine For Sale.—The undersigned has a large lot of Pure Domestic Wine, manufactured by himself, at his 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 grapes one year old, for sale at my vineyard.

CHARLES ROEDEL.

aprl9tf.

Miscellaneous.

Bailey Farrell & Co.,

Lead Pipe Sheet & Bar Lead

MANUFACTURERS, ALSO

Pig Lead, Iron Pipe, Rubber Hose, Steam Guages, Whistles & Valves, Iron Copper Sinks and Bath Tubs, Steam Pumps, Farm Pumps and Force Pumps.

and every description of goods for

Water, Gas and Steam,

NO. 107 SMITHFIELD STREET,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send for Price List.

aprl8.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF

DRY GOODS,

AT

J. M. BURCHFIELD & CO'S

FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Now is the time to get your Holiday Presents of useful articles cheap.

Poplins worth 50c worth 40c.
Amures for 25c. worth 37½c.
Cloaking Cloths for $3 75, worth $4 75.
Alpacas for 20c; worth 25c.
Paisley Shawls for $12, worth $20.
Velveteens for 87 50, worth $2 00.
Blankets for $4 50, worth $5 50.
Plaid Flannel for 37c, worth 40c.
44 Muslins for 18½c, worth 25c.
Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Bed Spreads, Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, Hem stitched Handkerchiefs, Evening Dress Silks, Black and colored Silks.

Call soon. Stock all new and best in city to prices.

No. 52 Sixth Street.

(Formerly St. Cla'r, near Liberty.)

Dec16

WALL PAPER.

WALL PAPER.

WALL PAPER.

The largest and cheapest stock of Wall Paper in Beaver County.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

A large assortment of Miscellaneous, School and Religious Books, constantly on hand at Publishers' Prices.

Gift Books Suitable for the Holidays,

ON HAND.

STATIONERY,
STATIONERY,
STATIONERY,

An extensive variety of Paper, Envelopes, Lead Pencils, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Ink Stands, &c., &c.

We are the exclusive Agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this County; those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

We are the Agent for this County for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as we can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwaters School Government for sale at Publishers' prices.

We have constantly on hand Floor Oil Cloth in large variety.

WINDOW SHADES,
WINDOW OIL CLOTH,
RUSTIC & PAPER SHADES.

—ALSO—

on hand Toys and Variety Goods suitable for the Holidays.

J. F. PRICE,

Decl Diamond, New Brighton

Organs.—A leading eastern paper speaks as follows of the great Koreka Organ: There is nothing so humanizing, so beautiful, so elevating as music, and nothing that we hard for many years comes so near the perfection of sweet sounds as the Koreka Organ, made by Shoninger & Co., New Haven, Conn. This instrument has the new Vox Humana Stop, which is such addition to the old organs as to enhance their worth fifty fold. This stop creates, by a fan, a trill like unto the warbling of the whole feathered tribe, doing away with the bellowing hoarseness so detrimental to wind instruments. The volume of music it grades forth is powerful, rich, and full of pleasing melody, such as entrances the senses and intoxicates the ear. No person would think of weariness, where a performer was touching the pearl keys of the Koreka.

These most excellent instruments are for sale only by the agents.

MESSRS. HOFFMAN, HOENE, & CO.

53 Fifth Avenue.

Also, agents for the celebrated MARSCHALL & MUTANER PIANOS.

oct28'68.

Bankruptcy.

U. S. MARSHALLS OFFICE.

W. D. of Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 24th, 1868.

This is to Give Notice: That on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1868, a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Ramsey Cannon of Brighton tp., in the county of Beaver and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Huron House, in New Brighton, Pa., before Joseph B. Donley, esq., Register, on the 7th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

THOS. A. ROWLEY,
U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.

Jan. 6, 1869.—4t

U. S. Marshal's Office,

W. D. OF PENNSYLVANIA,

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 29, 1868.

This is to give notice: That on the 26th day of December, A. D. 1868, a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of John H. Bishop of Rochester, in the county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him are