THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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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.
Letters and communications should be addressed to
J. WEYAND, Beaver Pa.

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Architect, Mechanician and Engineer of Arts and Manufactures. Office and Residence, Rochester, Pa.

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Dec. 12, 1868.—1y*

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sep19'68.1y.

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apr29'68.1y.

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Nov.4, 1868.—1y.

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apr8'67.1y.

Miscellaneous.

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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INDUSTRY, BEAVER CO., PA.,
All salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction.
All orders promptly attended to.
D. E. BRIGGS, MANAGER. E. BLURY, SEC. & TREAS.
Sep1'68.

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This firm beg leave to inform their patrons and the public generally that they have just opened an immense stock of Goods, especially imported for the coming Holidays—comprising the richest and rarest designs in Vase Jewelry,
Pure Solid Silver Ware, Chinese Groups and Statuettes, Diamonds, Watches, Watches, Tea and Dinner Setts, Musical Boxes, French Clocks in Marble, Bronze and Alabaster Cases, Parian Ware in Groups and Statuettes, Silver Plated Ware in great variety, Paris Fancy Goods, Jewel Boxes, Gold and Silver Headed Canes, &c., &c.
NOTE.—Our connections with Eastern and Western manufactures and our frequent visits to their markets enable us to sell goods in our line, either wholesale or retail at lower prices than any house west of New York.
Dec26

T. O. MORGAN,
SUCCESSOR TO
GUALLENBERGER BRO
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.
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FARMERS!
TRY THE
ALTA VELA PHOSPHATE.
IT IS COMPOSED PRINCIPALLY OF THE celebrated GUANO from
ALTA VELA.
Contains three per cent. of
AMMONIA!
An ample quantity to give activity (without injury) to the vegetation, and a large quantity of soluble
Bone Phosphate of Lime,
together with POTASH and SODA, the essential elements of a
COMPLETE MANURE.
The high estimation in which it is held by many thousand farmers who are using it in preference to other kinds, is a sure guarantee of its value. Price $45 per ton. Send for a pamphlet. Address The Alta Vela Guano Company, 57 Broadway, New York.

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LINDSAY, TERRITT & FLOWER
Importers and dealers in

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CUTLERY.
Entire New Stock just opened and will be offered to the trade at the
LOWEST EASTERN PRICES.
NEAR UNION DEPOT.
No. 337 LIBERTY STREET,
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Dec16 181 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ferry Boat Notice.—The public are hereby notified that the Ferry Boat running across the Ohio river at Vanport, is again making her regular trips, and will in the future, continue to do so. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. E. BARNES.
Jan. 20, 1869.—3t

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES CRAIG,
HAS OPENED A STORE IN
NEW BRIGHTON,
TO WHOLESALE and RETAIL
WHITE LEAD,
LINSEED OIL,
GLASS, PUTTY,
BRUSHES, NAILS,
Mixed Paints,
Colors, in Oil and Dry.
Carbon Oil,
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Neat's Foot Oil,
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Spirits Turpentine.
LOOK AT THE PRICES!
COACH BODY VARNISH,
COPAL VARNISH,
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DAMAR VARNISH,
SHELLAC AND
BLACK VARNISH.
FRENCH AND PLATE WINDOW GLASS.
FRENCH ZINC,
ENGLISH AND GERMAN GLUE,
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His Terms are CASH on delivery of Goods.
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Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey
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LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
of the United States of America.
The National Life Insurance Company is a corporation chartered by special Act of Congress, approved July 25, 1868, with a cash capital of $1,000,000, full paid.
Liberal terms offered to Agents and Solicitors, who are invited to apply at our office.
Full particulars to be had on application at our office, located in the second story of our Banking House, where circulars and pamphlets, fully describing the advantages offered by the Company may be had.
E. W. CLARK & CO.,
No. 33 South Third St.
B. S. RUSSELL, Manager.

NOTICE.
NEW BAKERY
IS
NOW OPEN
J. C. WILSON'S OLD STAND,
Third St., Beaver, Pa.
JOS. M. REED,
Takes pleasure to inform his old friends that he is established in business at the above stand, where he will be glad to meet and accommodate them.
FRESH BREAD,
CAKES,
CRACKERS,
NUTS.
Confectionaries of all kinds.
NO. 1 FLOUR,
made from fall wheat, by the barrel, sack or at retail.
Jan. 6, 1869.

EXTRAORDINARY.
GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION,
IN BEAVER,
could not be more astonishing than the fact that
SIMON SNITGER & CO.
keep the best, largest and freshest stock of
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, &c,
in Beaver county.
And although it takes gas to make a Balloon rise, you will find, if you visit their establishment that they don't have to resort to gas to make their Goods go. To all, we would say, "rush in" and examine our stock! We have on hand the finest and best
TEAS,
COFFEE,
SUGARS,
PURE SPICES,
Molasses, Syrups, Soaps,
also the best brands of
Tobacco & Cigars,
to be found in the place.
We make a specialty of
FLOUR & FEED,
Saying and selling none but what we know to be the very best varieties in use. Our establishment enjoys a well-earned reputation in this particular, and we intend in the future as in the past to maintain it.
WE DEFY COMPETITION.
Don't mistake the place. We are still at the "Old Stand" west end of 3d St., Beaver, Pa.—Come and see us.
Jan. 6, 1869.

Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Samuel Black, late of Brighton tp., Beaver county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the city of Pittsburgh, Allegheny county, Pa., all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of said decedent are requested to make known the same to the undersigned on or before the 21st day of February next, and those indebted to said estate are required to make payment on or before that time or leave their bills with Mrs. Margaret May, in Beaver, the last week in December. SAMUEL BLACK, Admr.
Dec26

Coal, Coal.—The undersigned is prepared to deliver good burning COAL, to all persons needing the article. Orders will receive prompt attention. S. P. CUMMINS.
Dec. 2, 1868.

Stoves, &c.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS.
Car Factory Buildings,
New Brighton, Pa.
Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Stamped Ware Pieces,
CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THIS COUNTY.
LOOK AT THE PRICES!
FIRST PREM. COOK STOVE
RUBY.

No. 7, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	$11.50
No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	12.50
No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	13.50

Franklin Parlor Stoves

No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy,	10.25
" 2, " " "	12.00
" 3, " " "	17.00

HEATING STOVES.

No. 2, Ribbed Egg, very heavy,	$ 9.00
" 3, " " "	10.00
" 4, " " "	15.00

Enameled Grate Fronts,

7—20, Grate 15½ inch,	$2.00
24, " 17 "	2.63
11, " 18 "	2.83
91, " 19 "	2.75
10, " 20 "	3.25
32, " 21 "	3.50
121, " 21 "	4.00
31½, " 21½ "	4.25
31½, " 22½ "	4.75
123, " 22½ "	5.00
78, " 23½ "	5.00

Fenders.

No. 73, Plain Rod, Wide,	.75
" 12, " " Narrow,	2.75
" 14, Fancy "	2.75
" 17, without Rod,	2.25
" 22, Plain Rod,	2.00
" 22, Box, without Rod,	1.75
" 81, " "	1.50

Pressed Sheet Iron Stamped Pieces.
Plain Enameled, per pound.
" with Ornamental Center, "
All Work Warranted. Give us a Call.
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Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia.
Office 22 South 5th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
apr28'68.1y.

FALL GOODS.
DRY GOODS.
J. W. BARKER & CO.'S,
59 Market Street,
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Silks,
Linen,
Cloths,
Dress Goods,
Cassimeres,
Sheetings,
Shirtings,
Hosiery,
Satinets,
Prints,
Jeans.
And HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
And Underwear, for Ladies, Gents and Children. Cloaks of all materials, on hand and made to order.
3-ply Linsey, all wool, full width, choice colors, 75 cents, formerly $1.00.
Water-Proofs, good quality, $1.00.
White Blankets, 10x4, all wool, $4.00.
Best Paisle, at 10½
Country Merchants supplied by dress pattern, piece or package at lowest eastern rates.

CARPETS.
CARPETS!
M'CALLUM BROS.
51 Fifth Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Are now opening a very large stock of
Velvets,
Brussels,
Three Ply,
Two Ply
—AND—
COMMON CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
MTTINGS,
WINDOW SHADES,
RUGS, &c., &c.,
And every thing belonging to the
CARPET TRADE.
M'CALLUM BROS.
Dec9 Pittsburgh, Pa.

ROHRER'S WILD CHERRY TONIC BITTERS,
ARE THE
BEST IN USE.
Use Rohrer's Tonic Bitters,
The very best in the Market.
R. E. SELLERS & CO.,
No. 45 Wood streets,
Opposite St. Charles Hotel, also entrance No. 128 and 194 Third street.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Wholesale Agents for the West.
For sale by JOHN MOORE, Beaver, Pa.
apr8'67.1y

PALMER & PHILLIPS,
AUCTIONEERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Opera House Auction Room,
No. 60 Fifth Street, Pittsburgh.
Boots, Shoes, Carpets, Dry Goods and Notions
AT PRIVATE SALE DAY AND EVENING.
apr8'67.1y.

Miscellaneous.

G. W. Martin,
(SUCCESSOR TO R. A. WILSON,)
DEALER
Boots, Shoes
&
Rubbers,
At the old stand, in the
DIAMOND,
Rochester, Pa.
WHERE HE OFFERS
GREAT BARGAINS,
ALL WORK
Warranted.
G. W. MARTIN.

THE Howe Sewing Machines
ARE THE
OLDEST ESTABLISHED
OF ANY IN THE WORLD!
They being the first SEWING MACHINES ever made, and have been manufactured continually under the supervision of the original inventor,
Elias Howe, jr.,
Since their first introduction 1846. The improvement upon these machines made within the last two years and their rapidly growing popularity among the sewing public have caused the very acme of perfection and that they are not only the oldest, established but the best in the world.
"Howe's Machines" do perfect work upon all kinds of sewing, fine or coarse, in silk or cotton; also, the invention of Mr. Howe differs upon hem, or the binder, hemmer, tucker, quilter, corder, and embroidering; can be adjusted to any degree of tightness and after being adjusted do not require any further attention for different threads.
Every Machine we have sold the Howe Machine, is warranted to be the best in operation, and we would refer to whoever may have purchased machines for any other, sent for circulars. Applications for agencies must be addressed to
SIBLER & STOOPS.
Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia.
Office 22 South 5th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
apr28'68.1y.

FALLSTON FOUNDRY.
IN FALLSTON,
BEAVER COUNTY, PA.
Having refitted and enlarged my stock of machinery and tools, and having secured the services of the best of mechanics, I am prepared to warrant all work done to give entire satisfaction. I have on hand different patterns and styles of Engines, Fire Clay Rolls, and am prepared to make or repair all descriptions of machinery, on reasonable terms.
PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.
I have all the best plow patterns that suit this market among which is the "Great Western," which has been the plow of the county for the last fifteen years. Also agent all other Plows now or previously in use.
STOVES! STOVES!!
I have on hand and will continue to manufacture a large assortment of
COOKING, FRANKLIN & HEATING STOVES,
Of the latest styles and with all the modern improvements, which I will sell at modern rates. Among these is the GREAT REPUBLIC. This Stove has an extension top, which gives it a large surface without taking up much room, and it is now looked upon as one of the best and most economical stoves as it takes less fuel and is more durable than other stoves in use. The following persons, after having used this stove for a considerable length of time, may be referred to in proof of what is here said:

Dr. Isaac Winans,	James Richardson,
M. T. Kennedy,	James McGehen,
Eli Heun,	Capt. Woodson Glenn,
John Watson,	Thomas R. Davis,
Mrs. Geo. Fulton,	Samuel Murphy,
Capt. J. S. Winans,	Miss Holdship,
William Sagers,	Hiram Stowe,
Joseph Darling,	Mrs. Patterson,
William Stuart,	James McDermitt,
Robert McGowan,	Samuel Dunlap,
Joseph Blackmore,	Thompson Johnston,
Mrs. Joseph Martin,	Mr. Crawford,
Mrs. Major Wad	Mrs. Rev. Stephens,
Dr. J. D. McCreary,	Jonathan McKenzie,
Milo N. Miller,	Judge Kalrns,
David Lesick,	Richard Knight,
Capt. James Rosser,	Solomon Frank,
Dr. C. R. Tuttle,	James Knowles,
William Reed,	David Calhoon,
Kelly Hunter,	Richard Staley,
John McGaughlin,	Joseph McFerran,
Samuel Taylor,	David Carr,
Dr. Jas. E. Jackson,	George Wilson,
Thomas Bescom,	James Thompson,
John Dunlap,	Mrs. Quay,
Milton Davis,	Harrison Reed,
Sigrera Baldwin,	Milton Reed,
David Lloyd,	Boston Grove,
John M. Beaven,	William Grove,
J. V. Winans,	Washington Eagle,
Mrs. Robt. Andrews,	James Galley,
Mr. Lobley,	Robert Graham,
Mr. Case,	Thomas Bradshaw,
Frederick Kataar,	Milo Bradshaw,
Benjamin Franklin,	Dixon Reed,
Capt. James Johnston,	Daniel Maxwell,
Samuel Kennedy,	J. W. Funkhouser,
George Evans,	William Wagner,
John Jackson,	Mr. Chaney,
Heller Buchanon,	Henry Sulburst,
Mrs. McPhillomy,	Mr. Wear,
W. T. Reeves,	David Mitchell.
William Hoon,	

JOHN THORNLEY.
18:23:1y

J. R. BARRETT & CO., Proprietors,
MANCHESTER, N. H.

BEAVER COUNTY, SS.—The Commonwealth of Pa. to Josiah Jones, sends Greeting:
Whereas Agnes Jones did on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1868, presents her petition to the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver County, praying that for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bond of matrimony entered into with you the said Josiah Jones. We therefore command you the said Josiah Jones, that setting aside all other business and excuse whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Beaver, at a Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the third Monday of March next, to answer the petition or libel of the said Agnes Jones, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Agnes Jones, your wife, should not be divorced from the bond of Matrimony, agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Hereof you are not to fail!
Witness, The Hon. Alex. W. Acheson, President of our said Court at Beaver, this nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1868.
AGNEW DUFF, A. J.
J. B. LITTLE, Sheriff.
Beaver, Jan. 2, 1869—3w

SELECT POETRY.

COUNTRY SLEIGHING.
BY MARGARET CRANDALL.
A New Story to an Old Tune.
In January, when down to the dairy
The cream and slapper from
When snow-drifts cover the
We farmers take our ease;
At night we fly the
And bring the rather out
Then sit it, sit it, sit it, sit it,
And keep the fires warm.
Girls, friends and cousins
Then take the sleigh
All sides with us before.
All down the village
We range as in a row.
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle
And over the crispy snow!
The windows glisten, the old folks listen,
To hear the sleigh bells ring;
The folds grow whiter, the stars are brighter,
The road is smooth as glass,
Our muffled faces blush,
The close north wind blows cold,
The girls all smile, nestle, nestle,
Each in her lover's hold.
Thro' bridge and gate-way, we go
Bring straightway
Their Toll-man was too slow
He'll listen after our song
As over the hill we go
The girls cry, "Fie! for shame!"
Their cheeks and lips are red
And so, with kisses, kisses,
They take the toll instead.
Still follow, follow! across the
The tavern fronts the road.
Whoa, now! all steady! the horses
He knows the country
The irons are in the fire,
The hissing flip is
So, pour and sip it, sip it, sip it,
And sip it while 'tis hot.
Push back the tables, and from the
Bring Tom, the fiddler, in;
All take your places, and
Fours,
And let the dance begin.
The girls are, beating time
To their the music sound;
Now foot it, foot it, foot it, foot it
And swing your partners round.
Last couple toward the left, all
Gallopade through, let's
First time the fiddle, then down
die,
In Old Virginia Reel.
Play Money Musk to close,
Then take the "long chasse,
While into supper, supper,
The landlord leads the way.
The bells are ringing, the
ing
The cutters up anew;
The beasts are neighing; too
staying,
The night is half-way through.
Wrap close the Buffalo-robes,
We're all aboard once more!
Now jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle
Away from the tavern door.
So follow, follow, by hill and
And swiftly homeward glide.
What midnight splendor!
"
The stations by your side!
The sleighs drop far apart,
Her words are soft and low;
Now, if you love her, love
Tis safe to tell her so.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

BROTHER VS. BROTHER.
AN EPISODE OF THE LATE
Twelve months before the fatal gun was fired at Fort Sumter had blood had begun to show itself in ominous signs, presaging events weakening the ties of affection in the family circle itself. Fathers were divided in opinion against their sons; brothers disputed in bitterness; and even sisters took sides on a question, among fashionable people hitherto unheard of. It was the question of Northern or Southern ascendancy, with the negro for its nucleus.

A dark shadow had come over the domestic hearths of the poor, that could not be kept out of the drawing-rooms of the rich; and into many a home, erst happy and cheerful, a grim skeleton was preparing to enter.

Places of fashionable resort were not free from the infection; and perhaps nowhere more than at Newport were those dread ideas prevailing—The peaceable isle of Aquidnec, for long years a sort of neutral ground, where the best society of North and South had been accustomed to meet in friendly intimacy, became an arena of bitterness. It was a sad change from the pleasant intercourse hitherto held between them.

The children of Boston bore it with a certain rational calmness; while the sons of the South too frequently exhibited a temper of the opposite kind. It is ever thus with those who are in the wrong!

* * * * * * *

"But you do not mean it, Walter Devereux? I'm sure you do not!"

"If ever I meant anything, Miss Winthrop, I do."

"And you would absolutely fight against the old Stars and Stripes?—That flag, which, if it hasn't waved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, WILL! I'm sure it will!"

"If borne much longer as it is now, I'd be the first to drag it down."

"O, mercy me! Where is your patriotism? Mr. Devereux, you offend me by saying that. Do you know, sir, that my ancestors were among the first to raise that flag; and he can never be friend of mine who talks about dragging it down!"

The two individuals thus differing in political opinions, were a young lady of Boston, and a young gentleman of Virginia, both of the best blood in their respective sections of the country: for both were descended from "Signers."

They were alone in the piazza of a pretty villa overlooking Narragansett Bay, where Miss Adeline Winthrop was at home, and Walter Devereux but a visitor. He was no stranger, for all this: as it was not the first season that their families had met in friendly reunion on the neutral ground of Newport—the young members of both walking, dining, and dancing together.

And it was far from being the first time that the handsome Virginian had held tete-a-tete with one of the most beautiful girls of Boston, a city famed for its "ayes faire."

It would have sorely grieved him to think it should be the last—aye, cut him to the heart of hearts: for this was in the keeping of Adeline Winthrop; as he supposed here was captive to him.

In this he might have been mistaken; but whether or not, he little dreamt, at that moment, how near he was to knowing the truth.

Fancying himself in full possession, the last speech of the young lady nettled him. The emphasis on the word "friend" was significant of a relation nearer and dearer; and pointed directly to himself. So thought he; and so thinking, his resolunder, instead of being conciliatory was tinged with defiance.

"Indeed!" he replied pettishly, "I believe my ancesters had also something to do with the raising of that flag. What matters, now that it is becoming soiled by rank abolitionism, and carried by your scum of Puritans——"

"Hold, Mr. Devereux!" The young girl blushed red as she interrupted him. "You forget that I have myself some of that blood in my veins; though we may have changed far from the simple Puritan standard. Their cause, at least, was a good one. And was it not the same as that of the Huguenots, from whom you claim descent?"

"Ah! the Huguenots were gentlemen."

"You do well to use the past tense, Walter Devereux, while thus speaking of our forefathers. I shall not be so severe upon you, as to say their sons have all degenerated. There are gentlemen among them still. Yonder comes one."

The Virginian turned quickly on his heel, with a black look upon his brow. He beheld a young officer, wearing the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant, and the uniform of the United States Artillery—a corps of which was at the time stationed in Newport. It was his own brother.

Strange to say the shadow upon Walter Devereux's brow did not disappear, even when his brother stepped into the piazza, and saluted the lady by his side.

It became darker as the conversation continued.

"I'm sure the lieutenant does not share your sentiments. Do you, Harry?"

"What sentiments?" asked the youth newly arrived.

"Oh! the old story between North and South. Walter says, if things go much further he'd take pleasure in pulling down our flag. Nay, he'd be the first to do it. You would be the last. Would you not, Harry?"

"Miss Winthrop, the button upon my coat should be a sufficient answer to your question. I'll stay true to that, if it should lose me every friend I've got."

"Bravo!" cried the Boston beauty, springing from her rocking-chair and stamping her little foot triumphantly on the planks of the piazza, "There's one you won't lose by it, and that's Adeline Winthrop."

"Since you're so well agreed," said the elder brother, biting his lips with chagrin, "I can't do better than leave you alone. It would spoil the sport of such a pair of negro-loving lambs were a Southern wolf to remain in your company. Good-day, Miss Winthrop! I hope you won't make my brother quite as 'black' as yourself."

A cry of indignation came from the girl.

"For shame, Walter. If you were not my brother——"

Walter did not want to hear the threat. With a sombre scowl he hurried down the steps, and on over the lawn, in the direction of the cliffs.

On reaching them, at the head of a sloping ravine, he did not go down; only so far as to conceal the lower part of his person. There, behind some bushes, with an opera-glass to his eyes, he remained watching those on the piazza from whom he had parted.

Still darker grew his face—still whiter his lips—as he saw his brother take hold of Adeline Winthrop's hand, and imprint upon it a kiss.

There was no sign of resistance. The soft tapering fingers had yielded; and, with black thoughts in his breast, and a curse upon his tongue, Walter Devereux strode back to his hotel.

* * * * * * *

"You have sent for me, General?"

"I have, Captain Devereux. I have reason to suspect that the enemy is not far off in our front; but it is necessary for me to be sure of it. It is of the utmost importance to ascertain his exact position; and I want you to discover it, if you can. I've been told, Captain, that you are well acquainted with the country around here. Is that so?"

"Sufficiently for your purpose, if duty," rejoined the General, with a significant smile, "but from what I've heard, I think I may trust you."

The young officer bowed, but without making other answer. Had the General known the sacrifices he had already sustained by fighting on the Northern side—a complete ostracism from friends, family, and home—he would have had no scruples about reposing confidence in him.

Nor had he: for, without requiring any promises, he proceeded:

"You will take twenty mounted men with you, your own artillerists, and ride up the main road. Steal quietly out of camp, and feel your way with caution. Do as far as you can with safety; and take care of being captured by a picket."

The young officer smiled assuringly.

"Not much danger of that, General," he answered. "I may be killed, but not captured. In my case death would be made preferable to being made prisoner."

"I understand you, Captain Devereux. No doubt you will act with due discretion. Get as near the enemy's lines as you can, and, when you have finished your reconnoissance, lose no time in reporting. Good-night, and God speed you."

It was at night the above dialogue occurred, in a tent—the marquee of a commander-in-chief, noted for great "strategy," and greater caution.—With less of the latter, he might have taken Richmond twelve months after the war commenced; and now been president, actual or elect, of the United States. Perhaps it is better as it is.

* * * * * * *

The night was not favorable for a stolen scout, such as that Captain Devereux had been commanded to make. There was a clear moonlight, to the advantage of a picket in ambush, and against a party making an approach. And the moon being in the zenith flung her beams upon the broad road, along which the artillery officer had been directed to make reconnissance. A little later and the tall trees growing on each side, would throw their shadows over it, making the passage safer.

Observing this, the young officer had halted his little troop at a corner; and was thinking, whether he should not stay till the moon was a little lower down; when a sound coming from the opposite side, broke abruptly on his reflections. It was the tramp of horses' hoofs, as a troop going at a trot; and that they were armed men, could be told by the clash of steel scabbards striking against the stirrups.

"A patrolling party of Confederate cavalry."

About this there could be no doubt. The direction from which they were coming made the thing certain.

Halted upon higher ground, the artillery officer commanded a view of the approaching horsemen. As near as he could tell, they numbered about fifty sabres. Though with only twenty men at his back, Devereux did not think of retreating. Instead of being surprised by a picket, he was himself the party in ambush; and this advantage encouraged him to keep his ground.

The Confederates came on without fear. Knowing themselves nearly three miles from the Federal lines, they had no expectation of encountering an enemy.

They were only made aware of it, when a horse "whighered" loudly in their front, his neigh being quickly followed by some half dozen others, and responded to by the horses they were riding. And then, before the shrill echoes had died away in the woods, they were taken up by sounds more indicative of deadly strife—by a volley from each side, continued in straggling shots.

Several Confederate saddles were emptied; and the "cavaliers" in gray were inclined to turn round and retreat; when one who appeared to be their leader, and whose actions proved him to have the right, drawing his sabre, and standing up in the stirrups, cried out:

"Cowards! would you dare to go back? I'll cut down the first man that turns tail on me. Don't you hear by their shots there's not more than a dozen of them? After me; and let your cry be 'death to all Yankee abolitionists.'"

"The same to traitors and rebels!" shouted Captain Devereux, as with sabre sloped and shining in the moonlight, he spurred boldly out into the road, closely followed by his artillerists.

In ten seconds' time the opposing parties were face to face; and after a rapid exchange of pistol-shots, came the clashing of their sabres.

It would have been an unequal contest—twenty against twice their number, and both equally brave. But the first volley from the artillerists, aimed with the advantage of an ambush, had thinned the ranks of the Confederates, and otherwise disconcerted them. When the strife came hand-to-hand, they fought feebly, and under a foreboding of defeat.

To this there was an exception—their chief who had shouted the defiant speech, and led them on to the encounter. Mounted upon a powerful horse, he had shot far in front of his followers, and looked for the leader of the opposing troop—as if he alone were worthy of his steel.

He had no difficulty in finding him: for at the moment Devereux, stirred by the same instinct, was searching for him.

Their horses, spurred to the charge, dashed against one another; recoiled from the shock; and then, at the second meeting, the sabres of their riders, striking together commenced their deadly play. And while sparks flew from both blades, that mocked the pale shimmer of the moon, their supporters closed alongside in a strife equally engrossing.

The combatants, at first clumped together, soon spread into a wider circle, extending along the road and the broad waste that bordered it. Each with his own antagonist had enough to do, and the leaders were left to themselves.

Between them, it was in truth a duel; only of a somewhat original kind: with sabres, and on horseback. And with death-like earnestness was it for some minutes kept up; each so striving to kill the other that not a word was spoken between them. They had neither time nor inclination for talk.

All at once came a pause in the combat. Captain Devereux, hitherto fighting with his face to the moon, and under a disadvantage, had spurred past his antagonist, and wheeling suddenly round, obtained the superior position. With his sabre drawn back for a stroke, he was about lounging down on the neck of the Confederate officer, when his blow was suddenly stayed, as if his arm had become stricken with a palsy.

The moonlight shining full upon his adversary's face, told a terrible tale. He was fighting with his own brother!

"My God!" he gasped, "Walter! Brother, is it you?"

"No!" cried the Confederate leader. "It is Walter Devereux; but not your brother, nor the brother of any man who wears the accursed blue. Dismount, and take it off; or I shall rip it from you with my sword!"

"O Walter, dear Walter! do not talk thus. I cannot do as you say—I will not! Send your blade through my breast—I cannot kill you!"

"Coward! will you not defend yourself? Dismount, or I will cut you down! Dismount, I say, and take off that accursed uniform!"

"I'm that same!" shouted a man on horseback, who had suddenly spurred out from among the trees; and simultaneously with his shout came the report of a pistol.

For a moment the combatants, with their horses, were shrouded in smoke. When it drifted away, the Confederate captain was seen lying lifeless in the road, his horse going in a scared gallop through the trees—along with a score of others that carried riders upon their backs.

The fall of their leader had completed the panic of the Confederates; and those still in the saddle, wheeling to the right, went off in retreat. Besides a dozen killed, ten of their number remained prisoners to the reconnoitering party.

Henry Devereux looked as if he had himself received the shot. Dropping down from his saddle, he staggered toward the spot where the body lay, and bent over it with a heart full of agony. He had no need touching it to tell him it was a corpse. A streak of moonlight, slanting through a break between two branches, fell upon glassed eyes, and teeth clenched in the set expression of death.

The Union soldiers, at the command of their beloved leader, gave the last rites of burial to the body of his erring brother; and as they followed him back to camp, with hearts full of sympathy for his suffering, they looked more like men returning from a defeat, than a victory.

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No doubt, reader, you wish to know more of Captain Devereux, and what became of him. I hope you do; and so hoping, I will tell you—not all that I know, but enough to satisfy your curiosity. Of course if I had given you his real name you could go to the army list, and find out everything, without thanking me for further information. And then you would look up that fine old chart, upon which are registered the names of those fine old worthies, the "Signers of the Declaration," who gave you your political independence—and along with it much of the independence of thought, and spirit, you are now possessed of.

And with that endeared document in your hands—a thousand times more important than the Magna Charta—you will seek for another name besides that of Devereux: for I know you will still be thinking of that beautiful Boston girl, who was not ashamed of having Puritan forefathers.

If I have also deceived you as to her name, it don't much matter. At all events she cared so little about it, that after the rebellion came to an end, she changed it for another—that other belonging to the man who had sworn to be true to the flag of her forefathers, and the emblem on the buttons of his coat.

There was then but a single row of them, with a shoulder-strap showing but one bar. Now the breast buttons are not only double, but more gorgeously gilt, while the chevron on the shoulder displays a trio of stars. It is his reward for being true to them and the Republic—a distinction his children will appreciate; more than crosses, garters, and other gifts from kingly hands, that so far from being badges of honor, are too often the sure stamps of a well-earned infamy.

—The hair is now usually dressed high, and a rich spray of flowers placed across the crown of the head, resting against the coil or plait of hair, which is never than the chignon. Dark hair is said to be the fashion now in Paris; therefore blondes are dying their golden tresses, and those brunetts who lately bleached their locks are restoring them to their early honors. All the processes are very foolish and destroy the hair.—When the ladies are nearly bald they will regret their vanity and want of sense too late.

—Forty school teachers of Bradford county have been married during the past year.

Fee Bill—Act of April 22, 1848.

CONSTABLES AND JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

SECTION 10. That fees of aldermen and justices of the peace, except in the city of Philadelphia, shall be as follows:

Information or complaint on behalf of the Commonwealth, for every ten words, two cents.

Docket entry on behalf of the commonwealth, twenty cents.

Warrant or *mittimus*, on behalf of the commonwealth, forty cents.

Writing an examination on complaint of defendant; or a deposition, for every ten words, two cents.

Administering an oath or affirmation, ten cents.

Taking recognizance in any criminal case, and returning the same to court, fifty cents.

Entering judgment on conviction for fine, twenty cents.

Recording conviction or copy thereof, for every ten words, two cents.

Warrant to levy fine or forfeiture, forty cents.

Bail piece and return, or *superseded*, twenty-five cents.

Discharge to jailor, twenty-five cents.

Entering discontinuance in case of assault and battery, forty cents.

Entering complaint of master, mistress or apprentice, twenty cents.

Notice to master, mistress or apprentice, twenty-five cents.

Hearing parties and discharging complaint, forty cents.

Holding inquisition under landlord and tenant act, or in case of forcible entry, each day, two dollars.

Precept to sheriff, fifty cents.

Recording proceedings, one dollar.

Writ of restitution, fifty cents.

Warrant to appraise damages, forty cents.

Warrant to sell strays, fifty cents.

Warrant to appraise swine, entering return, advertising, et cetera, one dollar and fifty cents.

Entering action in civil case, twenty cents.

Summons cap. or sub., each twenty cents.

Every additional name after the first, five cents.

Subpoena duces tecum, twenty-five cents.

Entering return of summons, and qualifying constable, fifteen cents.

Entering *capias* and bail bond, ten cents.

Every continuance of suit, ten cents.

Trial and judgment, fifty cents.

Entering judgment by confession or by default, twenty-five cents.

Taking special bail, twenty cents.

Entering satisfaction, ten cents.

Entering amicable suit, twenty cents.

Entry rule to take depositions of witnesses, ten cents.

Rule to take depositions of witnesses, ten cents.

Interrogatories, for every ten words two cents.

Entering return of rule, ten cents.

Entering rule to refer, ten cents.

Rule of reference, fifteen cents.

Notice to each referee, ten cents.

Notice to a party in any case, fifteen cents.

Entering a report of referee, and judgment thereon, fifteen cents.

Execution, twenty-five cents.

For each dollar above [illegible] dollars, four cents.

And half of the commission shall be allowed where the money is paid after levy without sale; but no commission shall, in any case, be taken on more than the real estate.

Advertising the same, fifty cents.

Executing attachment, thirty-five cents.

Copy of vendue paper, when demanded, each item, two cents.

Putting up notices of distress, at mansion house, or other public place on the premises, twenty cents.

Serving *scire facias* personally, twenty cents.

Serving by leaving a copy, twenty cents.

Executing a bail piece, thirty cents.

Travelling expenses in all cases, [illegible] each mile circular, six cents.

Making returns to court, one cent.

Attending general election, [illegible] to dollars.

Attending special, township or borough election, three dollars.

Same fees for services in cases specially provided for as if [illegible] services.

The fees to be received by [illegible] ness of the several counties, [illegible] the same as those received by [illegible]