Select Poetry.

[illegible] AND HOME.

Hearth and home! what a [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]
The thought of one coming is [illegible]
to the mind,
[illegible] recollections [illegible]
and restive,
To return to the fond ones so long left
behind.
Hearth and home! they are [illegible]
full of [illegible]
They come o'er the soul like a calm on
the [illegible]
They inspire the brave with heroic devo-
tion,
They serve as a watchword to rally the
free.
They call up bright visions of fond recol-
lections,
Where the household [illegible] and
happy is seen;
Where the parents reign, throned with
filial affections,
With heads that are hoary, but hearts
that are green.
Where the voices of children [illegible]
merrily ringing,
Sound glad on the ear like a musical
peal;
Where the old and the young, to no fear
[illegible]
Unknown [illegible] as they think
and they feel.
When the [illegible] of his rage round us
and rattle,
When the stoutest of hearts would be
fain to succumb,
What is it that nerves the most timid for
battle?
The blessed remembrance of hearth
and of home.
For alas! alas! wo! a correction is need-
ed,
Some heart-broken mortals are destin-
ed to roam
Through this wide dreary world, their
sorrows unheeded,
And strangers forever to hearth and
to home.
Kind fathers and mothers, your loved
ones caressing,
Under straw-thatched roof or magnifi-
cent dome,
O! think, at this season of vigor distress-
ing,
Of those who have neither a hearth nor a
home.

MARY J. POWER.

SCANDAL LANE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

It is not on the sign-board, sir,
Go search both far and wide,
Or to the town directory,
The map or railroad guide,
And if you pump your neighbor, sir,
You pump, alas! in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
He lived in Scandal Lane.

It is a fearful neighborhood,
So secret and so sly,
Although the tenants oftentimes
Include the rich and high.
I'm told they're even cannibals,
And when they dine or sup,
By way of change they'll turn about,
And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, sir,
The beautiful and rare,
They grind up character and all,
And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain—
These very bloody cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them
Pray never be deceived,
When they seem most like bosom
friends,
They're least to be believed,
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, sir,
Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
Who fall beneath their wiles.

When they have singled out their prey,
They make a cat-like spring,
Or hiss them like a serpent, ere
They plant the fatal sting.
And then they wash their guilty hands,
But don't efface the stain,
These very greedy cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

Select Miscellany.

TIED UP BY THE THUMBS.

BY T. A. DODGE.

There I hung, breathing fast and hard through my clenched teeth almost exhausted by my useless struggles to avoid the humiliating punishment, but with enough of animal fury about me to have ground him under my heel—he was my Lieutenant—what right had he to put this ignominy upon me, a free American citizen—what right to inflict so infamous a punishment? Though he had more brains, was he more of a man—that puny, pale-faced youngster, not twenty years old? In my rankling ire, I spat as if I had him before me, where he could feel my wrath.

My feet were touching the ground, so that by standing on extreme tiptoe, I could take all the weight from my hands; for although this was called tying up by the thumbs, the cord was really about the wrists; or, by grasping the cord with my hands, I could accomplish the same end. I didn't mind it if it didn't give me pain; I could stand that all day, and curse the low stripling; yet; but the disgrace of being out-faced, subdued, and punished by a whipster not half my size! I—Bill Ogden, the best wrestler and boxer of our village, six feet two in my stockings, and weighing a hundred and eighty pounds, to be actually mastered, and then tied up by that boy! Ah, what a heart-burning swelled my throat, what a flush tingled round my ears and up into the roots of my hair.

This is how it was. And I will tell the whole story from the beginning, for this was not the first time I had braved that boy, and came out second best. I can tell it calmly and without prejudice now, in the light of subsequent events, and seven years flown by since then. Davis was not a regularly elected Lieutenant in our company. We had been recruited up in Delaware county, New York, by our fellow-townsman, Hecker by name, whom we had elected Captain, and who received his commission from Governor Morgan. But the man we had elected First Lieutenant failed to pass examination, and somehow, through the influence of the Colonel, who was a foreigner, this boy, only nineteen then, was put in his place. This set all us men against him any how; and he was a city-bred fellow, with white hands and a pale face, like a girl's almost, which made us stout and brown country lads dislike him still more. But I will do him the justice to say that he was smart, for he talked French and German with the foreign fellows who had enlisted with the Colonel, and as to drill, he knew it all by rote. He could handle a musket like a machine [illegible] and was very spry and active on drill. He could keep his wind on the double-quick long after most of the company were blowing like a lot of porpoises, and always asked us to do anything he was not willing to do himself. He was good natured, too, but very strict, and we hadn't been used to ask leave of anybody when we wanted to go out and in at home, and we did not like it. Somehow, too, our Captain [illegible] always off, and Davis constantly in command. If he had been, our own choice we should liked him and been proud of him, but we could not get over his being put in the company without our consent being asked; and everything seemed to conspire to make him obnoxious to me.

My first quarrel was the result of my attempt to aid an unoffending comrade in his resistance against confinement in the guard house, in which I came out with a sore head having been knocked off my pins with the hilt of Lieutenant Davis' sword.

After this fracas, Company G. seemed entirely to have lost their old dislike the Lieutenant Davis; nor would I ever get a chance to join with [illegible] his authority. [illegible] their first [illegible], and I could never [illegible] him believe that it was for him I had enlisted. So much He would always answer to my [illegible] of this [illegible] was not so [illegible] as my enmity to Lieutenant Davis that got me into trouble, and though I used to deny it then, I now admit the force of his command. Company G became the best drilled, best behaved company in the regiment, as it was really of the best material, and none was more devoted to its commanding officer.

I was the only black sheep among them—and a real black sheep I was. Naturally of an amiable disposition I was, nevertheless, morbidly sensitive and once piqued, I was not apt to get over it, unless [illegible] opponent made the first advances; and that Lieutenant Davis would gratify me in this particular, was not likely to be expected. I never considered that he had been very lenient in my case, that I had deserved a much more severe punishment—I only remembered that he had told me to hold my tongue, and had struck me. The provocation on my part, sank into nothingness beside the glaring insult of the blow, and the difference of rank at that stage of my military career never entered my head. And so I became the only utterly worthless member of the company. If I could shirk duty at any time, I did it; if I could get on the sick list, I kept my quarters, such as I liked fresh air and exercise, rather than drill or do duty under that boy, as I called him. I didn't mind guard duty, in fact was glad to be put on when Lieutenant Davis was not officer of the guard or of the day; but would resort to almost any measures to escape obeying his command.

So matters went on for many months, during which we had been ordered to Washington, and stationed at Fort Lyon, Va. Thoughts of desertion had not unfrequently crossed my mind, but fear of the name coward, invariably coupled with that of deserter, deterred me from so shameful an act. But nothing kept me from my equally dishonorable course of contumacy and defiance of my superior. No advice, no urgings on the part of my comrades and sergeants had any effect upon me; set in my way, I was bound to fight it out on that line to the bitter end. And, for my own good it was, that finally the bitter end came.

It was thus. I had been put in the guard-house the previous day, (no rare thing with me at that time) and in the morning had been sent out with some other prisoners to work under guard. I had done this often before. In fact I did more work under such circumstances than in my regular line of duty. But the lurking devil within me was chafing for a casus belli, and the work being such as to offend my sense of right, seemed to offer the desired opportunity. It was cleaning the regimental sinks. This is, thought I, more than I can stand, all my senses revolted at it; and while the rest of the prisoners set to work with spade and pick, I threw down my implement with an oath, determined not to move a hand in such menial, and as I thought, degrading labor.

As it happened, Lieutenant Davis was again commander of the day, and shortly after came on his rounds to inspect the progress we were making.

"Lieutenant, Private Ogden, G Company, won't do his work," reported the corporal in charge of the party.

Ogden again! Why, what's the matter now, Ogden?" said he, turning on me a look of half annoyance, half severity.

I spoke no word, but curled my lip and folded my arms in mute defiance.

"Ogden, this won't do. Take up your spade, and set to work."

Still neither word nor motion from me. Lieutenant Davis watched me a moment, while all hands stopped work to look on; my bad reputation and present attitude exciting a lively interest in the proceedings, and one or two loiterers from camp joined the bystanders.

"Ogden, you tried this once before and got no good from it. Don't try it again. Pick up that spade and set to work."

"I'll do neither one nor t'other!—I muttered between my teeth, settling myself firmly down, resolved not to be beaten this time, for Lieutenant Davis' words were an unpleasant reminder of my last affray with him. But I did not look at him. Somehow I knew I could not look into his steady blue eye, as calmly as he could into mine, and I did not try. I felt an uncertainty, too, about the result of this contumacy, but I drove it fiercely away, determined to do or die.

"Corporal, send one of your men for the sergeant and a file of the guard, and a pair of handcuffs," was the only answer to my disobedient outbreak, in a voice, according to his wont, lower as he grew more angry.

"Handcuffs? You'll not put handcuffs on me, Lieutenant Davis?" I said, with an effort to be calm and determined.

"We'll see."

"We will see!"

The sergeant came with the men, and handcuffs, stepped up, and touched his cap to Lieutenant Davis.

"Put those irons on private Ogden there!"

"Don't you try it, sergeant! Lieutenant Davis, I give you fair warning that I won't have those handcuffs put on me. If you try it, you'll regret it."

"Sergeant, put on those irons!" ordered Davis, curtly.

The sergeant stepped up to me in obedience to this command. Maddened by the attempt, and especially by the coolness of the Lieutenant I dashed the sergeant with a blow to one side, and strode upon my tormentor. But I had not observed that Lieutenant Davis, well knowing my temper, and anticipating some such upshot, had placed his hand upon his revolver; and before I had taken two steps toward him, I heard the click of the hammer as he cocked it, and found myself confronted by its muzzle, not three feet from my eyes.

So unexpected a sight instantly checked me. I had had not a few personal encounters before, and from my last with Lieutenant Davis, I inferred that if he intended to curb me by force, he would use means similar to those he had practiced before, in which case I made up my mind that come what might, I would not take a blow without returning a deadly one. But the sight of a pistol yawning upon me for the first time completely unmanned me. It seems an exaggeration to describe the quarter-inch muzzle of a pistol as "yawning," but who that has had such a weapon presented within three feet of his face can use a less forcible expression? The mouth of the piece looked as large as a twenty-four pounder.

Seeing my irresolution, Lieutenant Davis said: "Put on those irons, sergeant. Ogden hold your hands."

I held them out mechanically, just from sheer indecision, was ironed and led off. Half an hour later, Lieutenant Davis came down to the guard-house, asked if I was prepared to go to work, and receiving an emphatic oath in the negative, ordered me tied up.

This roused me again. Tied up!—I would die rather! But this time, Lieutenant Davis was fully provided for the emergency, and merely stood by and [illegible] it took four of the strongest tie my hands together, and my feet at the ankles, carry me out to the tree-shot horse, and string me up, heeding not in the least the oaths and vile epithets I launched at him with his customary cessation; and when I was fairly tied up, he turned on his heel and went about his business, ordering that no one should be allowed to loiter about me.

There were two men in the same stocks, one ridden into poltroon, the other still holding out in his obduracy. For the benefit of those of my readers who are not familiar with this mode of equitation, I would say that the "Mount" in question is a rail horizontally poised on four legs varying in height from six to twelve feet, with another rail above it, to which the hands of the horsemen are tied to prevent their dismounting till the dry-ride has induced a change of heart; which, no saddle being allowed, and the animal's back sharp, is generally effected in from ten minutes to a couple of hours. But the man who can ride an hour without sincere contrition, must have an equally callous heart and seat. Between these two modes of punishment (the ride and the tying-up) there is little choice, unless the victim has some physical peculiarity or complaint which renders one of them specially painful in his case. Either is generally effective.

Nor did the remedy fail in my case. My oaths subsided as my muscles began to weary, and I devoted more of my attention to keep in the least uncomfortable position, alternating the weight of my body in spells between my hands and toes. Gradually each became tired after a short period.—I could not sustain my weight by my wrists for more than a minute without the blood becoming so stagnant as to cause insupportable swelling and tingling; nor on tip-toe for a longer period without my feet giving way from sheer exhaustion. These periods speedily grew less, till even a few seconds seemed interminable; my head swam, and I became faint and feverish. Still my resolution not to give in held out firmly, nor did it succumb till I was completely prostrated. But some half-hour, more or less, after the obdurate horseman above me had joined his comrade in the cry of peccavi; and had been released from his unwilling equestrianism though my spirit was willing my flesh was weak; and when, the sergeant of the guard, and steady-going old fellow-townsman, who had been my best adviser, though I had rarely done his good counsel credit, came to me and said, "William my boy, best be taken down and go to work; 'tis better for you, my lad; this conduct is neither manly nor Christian." I burst into tears, and said I would do anything rather than endure such pain. The sergeant reported the state of the case to Lieutenant Davis, who ordered me at once taken down and sent out to the fatigue party. This was done, and I took to my work, ashamed of my punishment, but yet still hard hearted enough to be more ashamed of my having given in.

This time I was thoroughly subdued. I had succumbed to a stronger will than my own, had suffered a degrading punishment for my contempt of authority, and had no thought of resistance left. I was too crest-fallen ever again to attempt the slightest antagonism to duty or the orders of my superiors, but I became reticent, moody, and very unhappy. I avoided all intercourse with my companions—though now that I had given up my evil courses, they were once more most generous in friendly offices—and wandered about alone, in a deplorable state of mental dejection. No advice, no offers of assistance, or cordial treatment could wean me from my dismal gloom. I was completely humiliated in my own eyes, and felt that every one ought to shun me.

But I was not reconciled to Lieutenant Davis, and I felt that until I had received his pardon for my many contempts, I could never again hold up my head as a man and a good soldier. And yet I had not the courage to go and tell him I had been a sorry member of the company, but that I would try to mend; though I knew he would receive me frankly and with good will.

And so matters went on for many weary months, during which I longed with an eagerness I can not describe for reconciliation to Lieutenant Davis and my own good opinion. We had been ordered to join the army of the Potomac on the Peninsula; and I hoped that more active duties would bring about a release from my hypochondria. But neither heavy work on entrenchments nor the sleepless nights of picket duty induced the desired change.

But at last came the terrible battle of Fair Oaks. No sooner did the booming of artillery and the rattle of small arms in front tell us that a general engagement was imminent, than I felt the shackles of dejection fall from my heart." My chance had come. I would *show* my captain (for such Lieutenant Davis had now become) that which I could not *speak*. For the first time in months I felt happy again, elate at my prospects of recovering my lost honor.

And as I hoped it happened. I need not tell of the awful shudder with which I began to see my companions fall about me; for my dread wearing off in the excitement of a first exposure to a scathing fire of musketry; of all my energies roused, and my senses cheered into enthusiasm in the glorious danger of a charge; suffice it to say that on the eve of the memorable day—when we had driven out at first successful foe, baffled and decimated, back to his fortifications, at roll call when only fortythree out of over ninty seven answered to their names—Captain Davis after congratulating the company upon its bravery and endurance, said and I could see a real satisfaction lightnig up his eye:

"Men, there is one of your number upon whom I wish to bestow especial commendation. Private Ogden, you have done yourself honor, and I feel that in the future I can rely upon you as one of the best men of Company G."

My heart was almost too full for words; but I stepped to the front, and touching my cap, asked permission to speak. Captain Davis nodded assent, and, choking down my rising emotion, I acknowledged that I had been the worst man in the company, that I was sincerely contrite and only asked Captain Davis to forget the past and judge me by the future.

My story is ended. But I am proud to say that when I was discharged as orderly sergeant for wounds received at Gettysburg a year and over later Captain Davis; then newly promoted major of the regiment, endorsed on my discharge-papers, under the head of character.

"Excellent in every particular—the best man I ever had in my company."

And there it hangs upon the walls in a rich gilt frame, where all who wish may see it, a constant reminder to me of the man than whom I love and honor none more highly in the world.

A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE.

Condemned to death! Condemned to perish ignominously on the scaffold! Condemned to bid a disgraceful adieu to wife, mother, children and friends.

The poor man wept aloud in the extremity of his anguish. His trembling lips could frame no prayer, and thus the last avenue of comfort was closed against him. The most direct and unequivocal circumstantial evidence surrounded the doomed man—Lloyd Fletcher by name—and the jury, in bringing in their verdict of "Guilty in the first degree," had only acted upon their own sober conviction of the man's guilt, drawn from overwhelming evidence.

Charles Lancaster, an Englishman, and a neighbor of Fletcher's, had been found brutally murdered at a lone spot in the suburbs of London.—Fletcher's pistol was picked up near him, thrown aside as he found himself pursued.

Footprints in the mud corresponded exactly to the boots the prisoner wore, and, to crown all, they had been the most bitter and inveterate enemies for months previous. Fletcher asserted that nothing but the merest chance would make him innocent; such vengeance; and then again he could produce no one to assist in establishing an alibi. Lloyd was a man very domestic in his habits, and very devotedly attached to his family. He was never known to be absent from home in the evening, and yet on this particular night Mrs. Fletcher watched up until daylight for his return, expecting every moment, on account of the circumstances being so unprecedented, to have him brought home to her a corpse.

He seemed to be recovering from the deep stupor of intoxication as he entered his wife's presence on the morning described, and only knew just enough to find the bed and sleep profoundly.

At the time of his arrest his hands were found lame and bruised; so this with the rest made a sum total too crushing for the skilful counsel he had employed, and the result was, "Hanged by the neck, Fletcher, till you are dead; and God have mercy on your soul."

It lacked now only three days to the time of execution, and here he sat, in his lonely, comfortless, whitewashed cell, with head bowed in his hands.

"Can nothing be done? Must I die thus, poor miserable dog that I am? Oh, God! where art Thou? Will omnipotence allow an innocent man to perish? Out upon such a God as that!" and the poor fellow struck wildly at his prison-house, gnashing so fiercely that he arrested the attention of the turnkey, who was passing the cell.

The iron door swung back upon its creaking hinges and the stalwart form of the keeper appeared before him.

"Come, come, Fletcher, less noise here! Be a man! You ain't the first fellow that's had to swing—not by a long shot. You won't get much sympathy here if you act like a nursling infant, I can tell you. Die game, Fletcher, die game."

"But I am innocent, I tell you, you old wretch! as innocent of the crime as my little girl-baby at home. Oh, my God! my wife! my children!"

"Oh, shut up! here's your old woman now."

The hardened turnkey waited a moment to witness the meeting of this suffering couple, and then muttering curses withdrew.

But the condemned man and his loving, faithful wife took no notice of his departure, but clasped in each others arms waited for calmness to speak.

"Oh, Sarah!"

"Oh, Lloyd! God have mercy on us all, my husband! And now listen. Lie down here; place your head on my lap. I have something to say to you."

"Tell me Sarah, did they search you this time?" he asked, grasping her hands eagerly.

"Yes Lloyd, and they found nothing. I repented my rash premise to you before I reached home. Come what may suicide must not be your fate. But listen: You see that I am calm and comparatively happy. And let me tell you what has produced the change. A sweet little dream, in which I saw you Lloyd, and our dear [illegible], altogether, comfortable and happy."

"Oh, Sarah! talk not of dreams to a doomed man like me! Perhaps we may be happy in another existence; but no, that cannot be, for surely if there is a God he will not allow an innocent man to die the death of the guilty. Oh, no Sarah—oh, no!"

"Keep up your courage, my dear husband; a certain strange, mysterious something assures me that all will yet be well—how or in what manner, heaven alone knows."

"I wish I could see it; I wish I could feel it Sarah. Do not mislead me with false hopes. Oh, my God! if there could be found a way to escape from this ignominious death."

"Come, madam, time's up," and the turnkey again made his appearance. "Hate to disturb such a pair of cooing doves; but orders are orders, ma'am, and must be obeyed. Always obey orders if you break crowns. You ought to persuade your husband here to less sniveling."

Sarah, with a gesture of scorn and impatience, prepared to leave.

"Mark what I tell you, ma'am, you'll be looking for another husband in three month's time," continued the wretch, as he walked out by her side.

Sarah hurried through the corridor, endeavoring to hear as little as possible of the unfeeling brute's conversation, and reached her home and children, there to pray and hope.

The hours sped on, and it lacked but one day more of the execution.—Fletcher had given up all hopes of a reprieve, and listened to the building of the scaffold with a sullen feeling, born of despair.

"I've brought another gal to see you, this time, Fletcher. It's very probable she won't be quite so agreeable like, as 'tother one, but'll do you as much good, I reckon."

A woman in black stood before the bed on which Fletcher reclined.

He recognized Mrs. Lancaster, wife of the murdered man.

"Ah, this does me good," said she advancing a step nearer, and shaking her clenched fist in his face. "It don't pay to take a fellow-creature's life, does it? Don't you speak to me, you villian; don't dare to open your muth. I come here to gloat over your misery, to see how the prospect of leaving your wife and babies affected you.—Oh, you tremble! I have found the tender chord. My husband's wife and children were nothing,—oh, no!—Wretch! villian! may the law be fully justified."

And the woman, to all appearance exasperated beyond the power of further utterance, stepped a little closer, and, with a sly movement, hid one of her gloves under the pillow of the bewildered man.

"Have you finished, ma'am?" inquired the turnkey, with his hand on the door. "now, really, Fletcher, don't you rather prefer an interview of this kind to one of those lallygagging sort you've had so many of lately? 'Twill do you more good—ten to one. What are you doing now?"

"Giving him one more last look, that is all. Murderer! robber! wretch! I want to engrave his picture on my brain so indelibly that I can never forget a single feature."

"By the crown, your old man must have had a Tartar. Oh, oh, oh!" and the turnkey shook his fat sides with laughter. "I don't believe he's got it much hotter where he's staying now than he had it with you. It takes women to use up the king's English. I always said so, now, I know it."

Mrs. Lancaster drew her veil over her face, and quietly left the prison.

As soon as he dared, with trembling fingers, Lloyd drew forth the glove. In it was a vial containing a mixture of chloroform, or ether, a small, sharp instrument to file the shackles, and a note. It read, thus:

"You are not the man, and I can not allow you to be hung. Overpower the keeper, take his clothes, and leave. Go to the old rookery, No. — first floor, where a disguise awaits you: and then, God help you, for you must conceal yourself."

Lloyd, with a wildly-beating heart, concealed the articles and tried to think. The keeper did not enter his cell after he brought his tea, and how could he accomplish it then? There would be too many astir in the prison then, and he might be detected.

"Defeated now, with the weapons of deliverance in my hands! No, indeed, Lloyd Fletcher!"

"Fletcher, I suppose you know that, according to the prison rules, you are not allowed to stay at home to-night. It would be barbarous to leave a feller without good company, his last night on earth," said the turnkey, an hour or two after Mrs. Lancaster's visit. "You'll have to take your pick between old Father Walsh and myself; but I suppose you will take me, bad as you hate me, afore that old hypocrite."

"Why can't I have my wife?" asked Lloyd with a voice full of bitterness.

"Who are you going to turn to, Fletcher? I'm as tired as an Elm [illegible] digger. Pinguy afraid I shan't be much company to-night; better had the priest. You wrote all your letters yesterday, didn't you?" and the keeper yawned deeply, turned over once or twice, and in five minutes was snoring profoundly.

"Now is my time, thought Fletcher, "it won't do to wait. Heaven help me."

Noiselessly he stepped from his couch, and drew off the torturing handcuffs. It was but the work of a moment to saturate his handkerchief with the mixture and in less time than it has taken to tell it, Lloyd had stripped the hardened wretch. There was but a trifling difference in their height, but Lloyd lacked the alderman proportions of the jailor. However, he managed, that quickly and easily, unlocked the door of the cell, stepped into the corridor, locked it again carefully, withdrew the key, and imitated as nearly as possible the heavy tread of the keeper.

The jail-physician was just leaving the building, and Lloyd walked along with him, as if to see him safe out. Only one subordinate guarded the entrance, and so Lloyd and the doctor walked out together, without exciting the slightest suspicion.

He reached the old rookery, donned the disguise, which proved to be a soldier's uniform, removed the black wig of the keeper, and substituted a light curly one, and, before twelve o'clock, had reached the house of a friend two or three miles from the city, told his story, and was warmly received and promised protection.

Lloyd felt sure that he had left no clue by which he could be traced to this spot, and almost overcome by his present happiness, he fell on his knees and thanked the God he had previously forsworn, for his miraculous escape.

The next morning all was early astir in the prison, but the turnkey did not make his appearance; what could it mean? A key was produced to open the cell door, and the inanimate figure of the fat keeper was presented to their astonished view. In the middle of the cell was the prisoner's wardrobe—all that he had taken from the make-up of the keeper's burly proportions.

The cold water and fresh air revived him, but he could throw no light upon Fletcher's mysterious disappearance. He had seen nothing, know nothing and remembered nothing.

Mrs. Fletcher was arrested on suspicion of assisting her husband to escape; but nothing could be proven, and a few days saw her at liberty. She was confident that her darling was safe, but could form no idea of the modus operandi, or where he was concealed.

However now that so much had been gained, she felt that she could well afford to wait for the rest.

Large rewards were offered for the apprehension of the prisoner; huge posters were placarded everywhere, and detectives were set to work to ferret out his hiding place, but all in vain.

When the excitement was at its height, the ante-mortem statements and confessions of a dying man were laid before the court, which entirely exonerated Loyd Fletcher from all complicity in the murder. The man was Mrs. Lancaster's foster-brother. He had drugged and beaten poor Fletcher on the night of the perpetration of the crime, stolen his pistol and committed the fatal deed.

Mrs. Lancaster had been from the first exceedingly suspicious of him, but proofs were not in her power, so she had used every means possible to restore Lloyd his liberty, trusting to time and a merciful God for the rest. How well she acted her part, and succeeded in her endeavors the reader is already aware.

Fletcher was immediately pardoned and driven by the excited Londoners to his residence.

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MAYOR'S OFFICE.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 13, 1868.

Personally appeared before me, Horace S. Snowden a Public Notary, in and for Allegheny county, Pa., Peter Geilchsheimer, President, and Nicholas Schneider, Vice President, J. Weister, Treasurer, Jacob Dietz, Secretary, and Joseph Lang, a Committee of the German Orphan Asylum, each of whom being by me duly sworn according to law, deposed and said that Josephine Richard, aged fifteen, an inmate in the German Orphan Asylum, Troy Hill had been deaf and dumb from her infancy. She has lately been operated upon by Dr. Lighthill, 296 Penn Street, for the cure of her Deafness, which resulted in marked success. She can now hear and distinguish the human voice sufficiently to imitate it; and consequently she speaks already a few words and is daily improving both in hearing and speech. She is still under the Doctor's care, who hopes to accomplish a complete cure in time.

PETER GEILCHSHEIMER, President.
NICHOLAS SCHNEIDER, Vice do
JACOB DIETS, Treasurer.
J. WEISTER, Secretary.
JOSEPH LANG, Committee.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this 13th day of October, 1868.

[L. S.] HORACE S. SNOWDEN. Notary Public.

An Autograph Letter from George D. Prentice, esq., Editor of the Louisville Journal.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 5, 1868.

DR. LIGHTHILL—Dear Sir:—I am very sorry to learn that you contemplate leaving Louisville at the end of the present week. I earnestly wish that your engagements elsewhere might permit you to remain here for a longer time.

Your sojourn among us, Dr. Lighthill will be long remembered by our people. It has been a blessing to many. You have treated me and a female member of my family with great success. You seem to me to understand, as by intuition, the character of a malady and its best remedy. You have a multitude of patients in this city, and I have not seen or heard of one to whom you held out the promise of relief without rendering it. Your entire practice among us has been a brilliant success, and I cheerfully recommend you to my friends and the public at large as a physician deserving the utmost confidence.

Hoping that you may live long to be a blessing to additional thousands of the afflicted, I am, very truly yours,

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

A well Attested Cure of Catarrh.

DR. A. P. LIGHTHILL—Dear Sir:—Your treatment in the cure of my Catarrh has had the desired effect, and resulted in permanent good to me although my case has frequently been pronounced incurable, and I had exhausted all other modes of treatment, without the least benefit. My case was so chronic and troublesome that by giving a few of the symptoms the value of your treatment can be more readily estimated. For years I had been afflicted with a constant cold in the head, obstructing my breathing so as to necessitate me to keep my mouth open during sleep; latterly the discharges became solidified and impacted in my nose to such an extent that it required the greatest exertion to expel them. Sometimes the hardened lumps would get in my throat causing me to hawk and scrape even by the hour to relieve myself. My breath was offensive, my memory became impaired. Dizziness and light headiness made their appearance, and of late symptoms of paralysis stepped in, and when I placed myself under your care one side of my face was badly affected by this dread disease. My general health suffered alike; there was a constant tired, drowsy and debilitated feeling, with no energy to move or act; I felt as tired on rising in the morning as I did on going to bed, my appetite was capricious and my disposition morose. In that condition I placed myself under care, and am happy to state that all those disagreeable and dangerous symptoms have entirely left me, and I once more enjoy the benefits of good health.

By giving this publicity you will benefit others similarly affected and oblige me. Yours truly,

JAMES SOMMERVILLE.

I have known Mr. James Sommerville, from Brookville, Jefferson county, for many years, and can testify to his statement as one of truth and veracity.

LEOPOLD MELLERSON,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer on High street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

The Last Great Success.

MRS. A. ALLEN'S
[illegible]
HAIR RESTORER
FAVORITE
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle

will quickly restore Gray Hair to its natural color and beauty, and produce luxuriant growth. It is perfectly harmless, and is preferred over every other preparation by those who have a fine head of hair, as well as those who wish to restore it. The beautiful gloss and perfume imparted to the Hair make it desirable for old and young.

For sale by all Druggists.

DEPOT, 198 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.

PRICE ONE Dollar.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Beaver, for the practice of Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the profession, and is [illegible] to be able to give general satisfaction in his business.

Office in the old "Gormly Hotel" building, Third Street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted.

J. S. GOSHORN.

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. The wine is made from the Concord and Catawba grape, and will be sold by the bottle, gallon or barrel.

Concord grape one year old, for sale at my vineyard.

CHARLES ROEDEL.

J. C. Frank } In the Court of Common Pleas vs. } of Beaver County, No. 38, November D. B. Jennings } Term, 1867, Foreign Attachment in debt.

October 10, 1868, on motion the Court give judgment against defendant. Same day Mary and Affidavit of Statement filed in the Prothonotary to assess the damages in the above case.

Notice is therefore hereby given, that said damages will be assessed at the Prothonotary's office, on the 28th day of December, 1868, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro.

Nov. 18—4w

SHINGLES! Shingles!!

The undersigned is manufacturing and will always keep on hand a large stock of No. 1 and No. 2, 18 and 20 inch SHINGLES, which he will dispose of at moderate rates. The mill is located near Beaver Station, on the C. & P. Railroad.

D. SHUMAKER.

Jan 11, 1868.

Miscellaneous.

NEW GOODS.

NEW GOODS!

MRS. E. H. DEACON.

Has just received a choice assortment of Fall Goods, which she offers to the public at the lowest possible rates. The stock consists in part of

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Woolen Goods.

Plain and Fancy Yarns,
ZEPHYRS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
HOOP SKIRTS, VEIL STUFFS,
CORSETS, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS, GLOVES, CUFFS, HOSIERY, EMBROIDERIES,
COLORED CAMBRICS,
LACES, 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 Street, Oposite the U. P. Seminary
Sept16.

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 wanting a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

We are the Agents for this County for Kidder'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 Publishers. Atwood's School Government for sale at Publisher's 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,

Dec21 Broadway, New Brighton

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. 167 SMITHFIELD STREET,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send for Price List.
apr28.

BEAVER ACADEMY.—The Beaver Academy has been re-opened by

REV. JOHN WYNNE MARTIN, D. D.

Ex-President of Lincoln University, known as a successful educator of the deaf and the blind. The next term will commence, D. V.,

MONDAY, JANUARY 4TH, 1869.

at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Students of both sexes, may here learn, thoroughly, the Common School Course, under strict discipline. Should adequate classes apply, instruction will be given in most parts of the University course. Composition, elocution, rhetoric and astronomy, the Hebrew, Greek and Latin Languages; logic with philosophy, natural, mental and moral, will be diligently taught by the Principal.

We purpose to use Willson's Spellers and Readers; Mitchell's Geographies with Pelton's outline Maps, Greenleaf's Mathematical Series and Bullion's Grammars. For additional particulars please address J. W. MARTIN,
Box 114, Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.

ORGANS.—A leading eastern paper speaks as follows of the great Eureka Organ: There is nothing so bewitching, so beautiful, so elevating as music, and nothing that we heard for many years can come near the perfection of sweet sounds as the Eureka Organ, made by Sheninger & 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 gushes 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 Eureka.

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

MESSRS. HOFFMAN, HORNE, & CO.

53 Fifth Avenue.

Also, agents for the celebrated MARSCHALL & MITTAUER PIANOS.
oct28'68.

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 Wares, Handkerchief, Glove and Work Boxes, Richly Inlaid Writing Desks, Parian Vases and figures. All kinds of Wooden, Tin and Iron Toys, Hobby Horses, Sleds, Barrows, &c.

Call and examine our stock of Housekeepers' Novelties.

SANDS & REINEMAN,
Dec9 80 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh.

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, Mason 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. 2000 pounds IXL and XXX Fruit Wax just received, please call before purchasing.

J. P. SMITH & CO.,

187 *Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Chas. R. Moore,

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 ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France.

Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester, apr16'68.

Dry Goods.

WINTER OPENING,

J. H. BENCE'S,

Third Street, Beaver, Pa.

Now Opening a fine Stock of

SHAWLS. SHAWLS.

Blankets,
Blankets,
Flannels,
Flannels

VERY CHEAP.

Ladies' Sack Cloth and Dress Cloths, Waterproofs, Chinchilla Cloths for Sacks, Opera Flannels, Plain and Fancy Colors, Yarns, plain and fancy colors, German Wool, Zephyr knit Goods.

Hoods, Infants' Cloaks, Sontags, &c., &c. &c.

Gloves and Handkerchiefs,

a very good variety.

HATS AND BONNETS ALTERED AND DONE OVER.

Special attention paid to KID GLOVES.

Balmoral and Seamless Skirts.

Including the very stylish

New Felt Skirts.

Veil Stuffs, Crape Veils, &c., &c.

TRIMMINGS

Of every description,

Ladies' Underwear, Mens' Shirts, Drawers and Suspenders, &c.

MILLINERY GOODS,

Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Plumes, Velvets, Frames, Silks, &c., &c.

By far the largest stock of Millinery Goods ever brought to this county and cheaper than you can buy them at any other place.

Ribbons, Ribbons, Ribbons.

a large stock.

EMBROIDERY AND LACES

A good assortment always on hand.

TAMPING AND PINKING DONE TO ORDER.

We invite our friends and the public to call and examine our new stock of

FANCY GOODS!

WE CANNOT BE UNDER-SOLD.

Now is the time to buy cheap. Don't forget the place.

J. H. BENCE,
april'68tf. Beaver, Pa.

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 34c worth 40s,
Aurores for 25c, worth 37½c.
Cloaking Cloths for $3 75, worth $4 75.
Alpacas for 50c, worth 65c.
Paisley Shawls for $12, worth $20.
Velveteens for $[illegible], worth $3 00.
Blankets for $4 50, worth $5 50.
Plaid Flannel for 50c, worth 65c.
4-4 Muslins for 12½c, worth 15c.
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. Clair, near Liberty.)

Dec16

Bankruptcy.

U. S. MARSHALL'S OFFICE,

W. D. of Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH, Dec. 24th, 1868.

This is to Give Notice: That on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1868 a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Samuel Cameron 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 Jos. B. Donley, Esq., Register, on the 17th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

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

U. S. Marshall's Office,

W. D. of Pennsylvania,

PITTSBURGH, December 18th, 1868.

This is to give Notice: That on the 10th day of November, 1868, a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Samuel Bailey of New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa., and William G. McCandless of the city of Pittsburgh, in the county of Allegheny and State of Pennsylvania, partners as Bailey & McCandless, who have been adjudged Bankrupts on their own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupts to them or for their use, and the transfer of any property by them 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 their estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at No. 116 Federal St., Allegheny City, Allegheny Co., Penna., before John N. Purviance Esq., Register, on the 2d day of February A. D., 1869, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

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

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

W. D. OF PENNSYLVANIA,

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 2, 1869.

This is to give notice: That on the 4th day of January, A. D., 1869, a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of William P. Alcorn, of Bridgewater, 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 17th day of February A. D., 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

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

Jan14:3

U. S. Marshall's Office,

W. D. OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 4, 1869.

This is to give notice: That on the 31st day of December A. D. 1868, a warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of Francis W. Walker of New Brighton, 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 17th day of February, A. D. 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

THOMAS A. ROWLEY.
Jan. 6, 1869—4t U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.

U. S. Marshall'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 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 Jos. B. Donley, esq., Register, on the 17th day of February, A. D., 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

THOMAS A. ROWLEY,
Jan 6—4t U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.

Take Notice—The public are respectfully invited to call at the Foundry of the undersigned in Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pa., and examine the largest and best assorted lot of Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves in the County. We sell them low, and warrant them to be all we claim them.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

Dec, 23, 1868—3m.

Dry Goods.

GRAND OPENING

CLOSING OUT SALE

OF

Fall and Winter Goods,

—AT—

Jas. A. Fortune's

IN THE DIAMOND,

ROCHESTER, PENN'A.

DRY GOODS

of every description.

The best assortment and the Cheapest in Beaver County.

Ladies Zephyr knit Shawls

Fancy Goods at less than cost.

BLANKETS!

all kinds at cost.

Country Flannels,

all kinds at less than manufacturers' prices. Call and be convinced.

FURS, FURS,

at less than cost.

Men's Underwear

a large lot at cost.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., &c.

Call early to secure bargains as we are bound to sell as advertised. Stamping, Pinking and Machine Stitching done to order.

No trouble to show Goods.

Remember the place, room formerly occupied by Nelson & Brother.

IN THE DIAMOND

ROCHESTER, PA.

JAMES. A. FORTUNE.

P. S.—I have secured the services of W. GEALY, formerly of Bridgewater.
dec9tf.

NEW Goods for the Holidays.

S. S. RANGER,

BRIDGEWATER, PA.

IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

DRY GOODS.

Steubenville Jeans, White Wool Blankets, Army Blankets, Bradley's Barred Flannels, Merinos, Alpacas, Delaines, Plaids, Bleached, Brown and gold-mixed water Proofs, Chinchilla Cloths, Woolen Shawls, Brown and bleached Muslins, Drillings, Tickings, Prints, Canton Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Buckskin mitts, &c.

Groceries,

Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat.

Hardware, Nails, Glass,

Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Boxes, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass.

WOODENWARE.

Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Butter Prints and Ladles.

Linseed Oil & White Lead

Boots and Shoes

FOR MEN LADIES AND CHILDREN

Rifle Powder and Shot

Blasting Powder and Fuse.

Flour Feed & Queensware

All heavy goods delivered free of charge.

By close attention to business, and by keeping constantly on hand a well assorted stock of goods of all the different kinds usually kept in a country store, the undersigned hopes in the future as in the past to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

S. S. RANGER.

dec23'68tf.

J. L. R. DAWSON,

Beaver Falls, Pa.

HAVING JUST OPENED A LARGE STOCK OF GROCERIES.

NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
NAILS,
DRUGS, &C.

Window Glass all sizes and double strength. Special attention paid to filling orders for large size window glass, &c.

Also,
LINSEED OIL,
CRUDE BURNING OIL,
BENZINE,
COALE'S PATENT DRYER.

Paints of all Colors, Ground, Dry and in Oil.

Purchasers will do well to call and examine our stock of Paints before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, Choice Brands of Flour in Barrel and Sacks. All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Remember the place, first door above the Cross Keys Opposite side of street.
nov19'68.