THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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THE BEAVER ARGUS,
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Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention to every kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.
Letters and communications should be addressed to
J. WETZAND, Beaver Pa.

ADVERTISEMENTS
[illegible] of $1.00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 25 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.
Business Notices not under a head by themselves, immediately after the local news, will be charged invariably ten cents a line for each insertion.
Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Cards.

JOS. H. GREEN, Architect, Mechanics' and Engineer of Arts and Manufactures. Office and Residence, Rochester, Pa.

B. MULHEIN, dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Carpets, Toys, &c., Bridge Street, Bridgewater, Pa. Dec. 12, 1868.—1y

G. L. Eberhart, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, New Brighton, Pa. Surveys, Maps and Profiles made on short notice. [jel7'68.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law, Beaver, Pa., Office in the National Hotel building. Collections, &c., promptly attended to. sept9'68.1y.

Drs. Marquis & Cunningham, Practicing Physicians, Rochester, Pa. Office two doors east of Ankeny's Hotel. Prompt attention given to all calls. apr29'68.1y

Beaver Seminary and Institute. Fall session opened September 8, 1868. This school as long and successfully conducted by Prof Taylor and his wife, offers extensive courses in the Classics, English and Music. For catalogues address R. T. TAYLOR. 10:29:tf

T. J. CHANDLER & SONS, DENTISTS, Rochester, Pa., Office in Beaver Station building. All work warranted. Prices moderate. Give us a call. Nov 4, 1868.—1y.

Law Partnership. J. H. CUNNINGHAM, E. P. KUHN. CUNNINGHAM & KUHN. Attorneys at Law. Office Third street, Beaver, Pa. apr1'67.1y.

Miscellaneous.

Industry Salt Company. MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN TABLE & COARSE SALT, INDUSTRY, BEAVER CO., PA. All salt put up in good order and warranted to give satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to. S. S. BRIGGS, MANAGER. E. BLUNT, SEC. & TREAS. sept15'.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Reinman, Meyran & Seidle, No. 42 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 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 Fine Jewelry. Pure Solid Silver Ware, Bronze in Groups and Statuettes, Elegant Watches, Watches, Tea and Dinner Sets, Marble Clocks, 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 SHALLENBERGER BROS. DEALER IN Fine Family Groceries. Queensware, Hardware, NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME. COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Goods. Goods Delivered Free of Charge in all the Villages. Brighton, Pa., Nov. 19, 1868.

FARMERS! TRY THE ALTA VELA PHOSPHATE. IT IS COMPOSED PRINCIPALLY OF THE celebrated GUANO from ALTA VELA. Contains three per cent. 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 $50 per ton. Send for a pamphlet. Address—The Alta Vela Guano Company, 55 Broadway, New York.

New Hardware Store. LINDSAY, STERRITT & RUWER, Importers and dealers in HARDWARE & 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, PITTSBURGH, PA.

LAMPS, Glassware, and Chandeliers, all styles and qualities at the IRON CITY LAMP and GLASS WAREROOMS. Dealers supplied at lowest wholesale rates. Non-Explosive Carbon Oil. J. P. SMITH & CO. Dec18 181 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES COALE, HAS OPENED A STORE IN NEW BRIGHTON, With a full stock of DRY GOODS, To WHOLESALE and RETAIL, WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL, GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, NAILS, Mixed Paints, Colors, in Oil and Dry, Carbon Oil, Boiled Oil, Neat's Foot Oil, Lard Oil, Spirits Turpentine, COACH BODY VARNISH, COPAL VARNISH, FURNITURE VARNISH, DAMAR VARNISH, SHELLAC AND BLACK VARNISH. Coale's Patent Japan, ARTIST'S MATERIALS, PICTURE FRAMES, (to order,) LOOKING GLASSES, Looking Glass Plates, FRENCH AND PLATE WINDOW GLASS, FRENCH ZINC, ENGLISH AND GERMAN GLUE, SAND PAPER, &c., &c. His Terms are CASH on delivery of Goods. Jan 1, 1869.

The Last Great Success. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S IMPROVED 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.

E. W. CLARK & CO., BANKERS, No. 35, South Third Street, Philadelphia. GENERAL AGENTS FOR Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey OF THE NATIONAL 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. 35 South Third St. D. S. RUSSELL, Manager. jan13'69.1y.

NOTICE. NEW BAKERY IS OPENED IN 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.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Beaver and vicinity, that he has opened an office in Beaver, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry. He has had considerable experience in the profession, and flatters himself he is able to give general satisfaction in his business. Office in the "Dormer Hotel" building, Third street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one year. J. S. GOSHORN. jel7'68:1y.

Wine For Sale.—The undersigned has a large lot for sale, made 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 pints one year old. Call at my residence, Industry. CHARLES RODGER. apr15'68:tf.

Stoves, &c.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS. Car Factory Buildings, New Brighton, Pa. Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Enamel Pieces. CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THIS COUNTY. LOOK AT THE PRICES! FIRST PREM., COOK STOVE "RUBY." No. 7, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, $14.50. No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 16.00. No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 18.50. Franklin Parlor Stoves. No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy, 10.25. " 2, " " " 12.00. " 3, " " " 14.00. HEATING STOVES. No. 2, Ribbed Egg, very heavy, 8.00. " 3, " " " 10.00. " 4, " " " 15.00. Enameled Grate Fronts. No. 93, Grate 15½ inch, $3.00. " 92, " 17 " 3.25. " D, " 18 " 3.25. " 91, " 19 " 3.25. " 72, " 19 " 3.50. " C, " 20 " 3.50. " 121, " 21 " 4.00. " 120, " 21½ " 4.75. " 5, " 21½ " 4.75. " 125, " 22½ " 5.00. " 73, " 23½ " 5.00. Fenders. No. 73, Plain Rod, Wide, .75. " 73, " " Narrow, 2.75. " 14, Fancy " 2.75. " 14, " without Rod, 2.75. " 35, Plain Rod, 2.00. " 82, Box, without Rod, 1.75. " 28, " " 1.50. Pressed Sheet Iron Summer Pieces. Plain Enameled, $1.25. " " with Ornamental Centre, 1.50. All Work Warranted. Give us a Call. TERMS, CASH. MERRICKS & CO. oct14'68 FALLSTON FOUNDRY. ENGINE & REPAIR SHOP 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 too 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, and almost 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 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, M. T. Kennedy, Eli Heno, John Watson, Mrs. Geo. Fulton, Capt. J. S. Winans, William Sagers, Joseph Darling, William Smart, Robert McGowan, Joseph Blackmore, Mrs. Joseph Martin, Mrs. Major Wad, Dr. J. D. McCreary, Milo N. Miller, David Lesick, Capt. James Roney, Dr. C. R. Tuttle, William Reed, Kelly Hunter, John Mclaughlin, Samuel Taylor, Dr. Jas. E. Jackson, Thomas Bescom, John Dunlap, Milton Davis, Marcus Baldwin, David Lloyd, John M. Duncan, J. V. Winans, Mrs. Robt. Andrews, Mr. Lobley, Mr. Gass, Frederick Katurer, Benjamin Franklin, Capt. James Johnston, Samuel Kennedy, George Evans, John Jackson, Hatter Buchanon, Mrs. McPhilomy, N. T. Reeves, William Hoon, Jason Richardson, James McGehen, Capt. Woodson Glenn, Thomas H. Davis, Samuel Murphy, Miss Holdship, Hiram Stowe, Mrs. Patterson, James McDermitt, Samual Dunlap, Thompson Johnston, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Rev. Stephens, Jonathan McKenzie, Judge Kairns, Richard Knight, Solomon Pronk, James Knowles, David Calhoon, Richard Staley, Joseph McFerran, David Carr, George Wilson, James Thompson, Mrs. Quay, Harrison Reed, Milton Reed, Boston Grove, William Grove, Washington Engle, James Galley, Robert Graham, Thomas Bradshaw, Milo Bradshaw, Dixon Reed, Daniel Maxwell, J. W. Funkhouser, William Wagner, Mr. Chaney, Henry Bulhurst, Mr. Way, David Mitchell. JOHN THORNLEY. 18'68:1y.

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, buying and selling none but what are known 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.

Miscellaneous.

G. W. Martin, (SUCCESSOR TO E. A. WILSON,) DEALER IN 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 1854. The improvement upon these machines made within the last two years and their rapidly growing popularity attests the fact that they have reached the very acme of perfection and that they are not only the oldest established but the best in the world. These machines do perfect work upon all fabrics whether fine or coarse, making a stitch; also, the invention of Mr. Howe alike upon both of the fabric, sewed. The tensions, new, novel and unvarying, can be adjusted to any degree of tightness, and after being adjusted do not require changing, except for different threads. To those who have used the Howe Machine, it is not necessary for us to speak; and we would only add to others who wish perfect machine to be sure and see these machines before buying any other. Send for circular. Applications for agencies must be addressed to Elias Howe, jr., SIBLER & STOOPS, Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia. Office 23 South 8th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa. sept9'68.1y.

FALL GOODS. DRY GOODS. IMMENSE STOCK, AT J. W. BARKER & CO.'S, 59 Market Street, Pittsburg Pa. Silks, Linen, Clothes, 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. French Merinoes, 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 Paints, at 10½ Country Merchants supplied by dress patterns, 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 SHDES, 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. 102 and 104 Third street. PITTSBURGH, PA. Wholesale Agents for the West. For sale by JOHN MOORE, Beaver, Pa. jel7'69.y.

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 apr15'68:1y.

SELECT POETRY.

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

[illegible]
Bare feet white and [illegible]
Two eyes black and [illegible]
Little boys delights [illegible]
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were talking about [illegible]
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed his eyes, that [illegible]
Of good [illegible]
That is through [illegible]
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had [illegible] like [illegible]
He was tall [illegible]
She was [illegible]
Swung a [illegible]
As she listened, half in [illegible]
Chattering in Willie's ear.

"Pretty Katie," Willie [illegible]
And there came a [illegible]
Through the brown [illegible]
"Boys are strong and [illegible]
And I'm heavy, and I'm [illegible]
Katie's baby on the [illegible]
Katie answered, with a [illegible]
"You shall carry my [illegible]
And the Shepherd [illegible]
"Boys are weak to [illegible]
Do you think that Katie [illegible]
Half the wisdom she [illegible]
Men are only boys grown [illegible]
Hearts don't change much [illegible]
And when, long years [illegible]
Katie Lee and Willie Grey,
Stood again beside the [illegible]
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie [illegible]
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of [illegible]
"I am strong and you are [illegible]
Life is but a slippery [illegible]
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie [illegible]
Walk beside me without fear,
May I carry, if I will, your [illegible]
All your burden up the hill?
And she answered, [illegible]
"No, but you may carry [illegible]

Close beside the little [illegible]
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver [illegible]
Late and early at the [illegible]
In a cottage, where to-day,
Katie lives with Willy Grey.

In a porch she sits, and [illegible]
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long, and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

SELECT MISCELLANY

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Some forty years ago in the interior of my native state, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The latter named was winningly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a stranger observable for its serious and sun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for love. She was unmarried, but had been married in childhood for a [illegible] and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister, a "born beauty," whose prerogative of beauty was to have her own way in all things and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister who unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman.

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well-bred New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station in that then half-settled part of the country.

In those days many engaged in school teaching, from the honor and pleasure it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, after a few months previous to the commencement of our story, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle, to take charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some time her letters home were expressive only of the contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness—of receiving, while imparting good. But anon there came a change. Then were those records from home characterized by fitful gaiety or dreamy sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed struggling for supremacy in the writer's troubled heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved. So for a time, that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mist of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not be forgotten in the home of the absent, and a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but awaited her parent's approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of Edwin W—, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self, is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star-shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with interest upon her mortal sister, it is when she beholds her heart pass from its bud-like innocence and girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W— gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after her marriage, which, at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W— to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness; the busy hours had worn away, and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet, in her neat attire stood our Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was all ready in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal ornaments lay on the table by her side. Miss Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright eyed affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled and replied: "Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently." "Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen," replied the bridal maid, something has happened to detain them so while; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whispers, surmises and wonderings; and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.

"They have come!" cried many voices and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries all around him, Mr. W— muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping up to the side-board, tossed off a glass of wine, another and another. The company stood, silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed: "Better late than never, young man; so, lead out the bride to the altar." Mr. W— strode hastily across the room and placed himself by Ellen and took her hand in his. Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said: "I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity of—that—that I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I now hold by the hand is my wife!"

Then, smiling in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added: "I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter!"

And Lucy! She heard all with a strange calmness; then walking steadily forward, confronted her betrayers. Terrible, as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her looks pierced like a keen, cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold finger met hers, the unhappy wife gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly color of her cheek, the dilated nostril, the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hand on her forehead and first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could not but forever ring through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to a chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W—; but tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved.—The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love until, when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order to "save pain to Lucy," and prevent the opposition from her, and to secure her own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C—.

Lucy remained insensible for some time. When she revived and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—that she was hopelessly insane. But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity which all who knew her must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She seemed possessed of the spirit of unrest. She could not, she would not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this propensity; but when they died their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rosy summers, tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door on "Crazy Lucy," she often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle was worn or torn, until it was open work or fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left of the bloom and music of her existence. Yet, no; her meek and child-like piety still lingered.—Her God had not forsaken her; down in the dim chaos of her spirit the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her everywhere—a form and soiled volume, but as holy still; and it may be, as dearly cherished, my dear reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," with gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the town of C—. It stopped at the almshouse; an attenuated form was lifted up and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. This was Lucy Dutton, brought to her native town to die.

She had been in decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after moved to the Far West; so Lucy had no friends—no home but the alms-house.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time she slept tranquilly till morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bid the invalid "Good morning." Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to reassure her, and she exclaimed:—"Where am I; and who are you?—I do not know you."

A wild shriek shook the room, and the matron's pale face, and the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned. But the good woman replied calmly, and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends; and you will know me presently." "Then maybe you know Edwin and Ellen," replied the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! Strange is that I should dream that!"

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears; "that was not a dream; 'twas all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid; "then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me; we love each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them; I will go to them."

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"What does this mean?" said she; "what makes me so weak?"

Just then her eyes fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement. "Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hands look like an old woman's!"

"And so it is," said the matron, gently, "and so is mine; yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you know me? I am Maria Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid."

"I cannot say more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail that mournful revealing—to reduce to expressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the present and traitorous lover stood before her and made the terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say with fearful calmness: "Go on, go on," though the drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead. When she asked for her sister the matron replied:

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead twenty years."

"Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh, God, my cup of bitterness is full," and she only wept aloud.

Her friend bent over her, and mingled her tears with hers, said affectionately: "But you know who drank that cup before you?"

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression; and the matron added: "The Lord Jesus; you remember him."

A look like sunlight breaking thro' a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied:

"Oh, yes, I know Him and loved Him before I fell asleep."

This man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her earlier days, came also. There was much reverential feeling and some weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired youth. Those who gazed on that placid face, and remembering her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her "Night of Years."

HUNTED BY A JAGUAR.

A BRAZILIAN SMUGGLER'S TALE.

You must know that the jaguar is, generally, like other wild beasts in this respect—that he don't prey upon human flesh. He preys on animal and fish, and only fights a man when attacked himself. But though this is true of the jaguar in general, it is not true of some particular ones, you see. When one of them has once met a man and fought with him, he is not the same beast for the rest of his life; he is more ferocious and bloodthirsty. Even if the man escapes, this is true. But when he don't escape—when he is killed, and the jaguar eats him up—ah, that's a dreadful misfortune!

Of course it's always a misfortune for a human being to be killed, that's understood; but it is a misfortune in this case for this reason: that jaguar becomes from that day a hunter of men. He has tasted human flesh, and found out there is no other so sweet. He watches for men, night and day, and woe to the man that crosses his track.

Well, about that time I am speaking of, I got into trouble in San Blanco, and was obliged to take to the woods for safety till my companions could join me. It was not without a very uncomfortable feeling under my waistcoat that I struck into the woods, for I had no more deadly weapon than my knife—no gun, no pistol—nothing that I could even attempt to defend myself with, in case of attack.

The provincial justice had that very day issued a call for the huntsmen of the district to gather on the following day and set out in pursuit of this terrible man-eater. So, of course, my thoughts were full of the beast.

You must know that there is a broad desert between San Blanco and the woods—a vast waste without water or vegetation, and only here and there a tree. But it would not afford me a safe hiding place; and so I had to hurry across it as fast as possible, in order to get into the woods.

I had gone but a little distance into the dark forest, looking about cautiously, when I heard away off in the distance a noise which I knew at once was the jaguar's roar. My nerves were all of a tremble, owing to the excitement I was in, and this added to the fact that I was waiting every minute in fear of that very sound, made me hear it when the beast was a great distance off. My flesh almost crept as I heard that long, terrible shriek, a noise such as no other animal makes, and enough to set your teeth on edge, even if it did not mean death.

But it did mean death to me, and a horrible death, too.

How was I to escape? At first I thought of going up one of the great, solid trees which were around me; but I remembered that the jaguar is a skillful climber, and that, with their low, hanging branches, he could easily reach me. My only chance was to reach a cured tree, which stood all alone out on the desert toward the town. Perhaps the jaguar would not follow me there.

The screaming now was distinctly audible, and I was no longer in doubt. Throwing off everything that could encumber me, I began to run. I am a good runner; I never saw many men that could run with me; but, to outrun a jaguar! I never had any idea I could do it. Still, I thought I might reach the cured tree.

The roars became more frequent and louder as I ran, and at last looking back when I was about half way to the tree, I saw "the murderer" springing over the ground, gaining on me at every bound. Nevertheless I did reach the tree in time. It was tall and slim; therein lay its value, you comprehend? There was only a nest of branches at the top, and none but a good climber could have got up. It was far from a strong tree, and my climbing it made it shake and sway; but it was of tough wood, and I managed to get into the top.

Yonder the jaguar came, bounding along on my track, smelling the earth now and then, like a pointer dog, and then setting up that appalling roar that no living man can hear without his flesh creeping. That's a fact, whether a man is afraid or not. It is a curious and well known effect of the jaguar's roar, that it makes the nerves tingle in that quivering way that we call flesh creeping.

When he had got within about fifteen rods of the tree he seemed to lose the track. He got off to one side and paused, uncertain. He put his nose to the ground, sniffing eagerly, and thinking around at length in a fierce fury of rage at having lost my trail. He lashed his body with his long tail—he bounded about; he rent the air with his screams of anger; and, altogether, he would have been a splendid sight to look at if I could only have felt safe.

At last he got the trail again, and being by this time perfectly furious from being so long baffled of his prey, he set up a loud shriek that made me shiver, and no mistake. On he came with great bounds, by the side of which a runaway horse would not stand the least show. A minute more, and he saw me!

The next moment he had sprung forward, and grappled the tree with his huge paws, and was standing on his hind legs staring up at me with his fierce red eyes. The little tree trembled under the influence of the beast's weight, and I felt like fainting and falling out of the tree to be eaten up.

Finding he could not climb such a slender tree, the jagur got down, drew back a little, and gave one great leap at me. He couldn't jump to where I was, though. But he struck the tree high up, and for an instant clung to it, bearing it over with his weight till I thought, "Ah, may the saints save us, my time has come!"

But it was only for a moment. He fell down in a heap to the ground. Then began a scene which never till my dying day shall I forget. I lived years in the two hours of horrible suspense that followed.

Down under me the jaguar raged; he swept around and around the tree; his red eyes fixed on me with an unrelaxing vigilance. Tired at last with this, he crouched down under the tree, roaring with fury at being thus tantalized, fixed his eyes on mine and sat there, his red mouth gaping wide showing his jagged rows of teeth, and his tail beating the ground. My attitude in the tree was such a one that it began at last to tell on my overstrained muscles; I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. The jaguar's eyes were exerting a fascinating influence over me, you see, as a serpent does over a bird. I could not change my position without great danger of falling; and I began to mutter to myself like a man who is about to go crazy.

All of a sudden I began to pray; and as I prayed my strength seemed to return to me, and the film that was gathering over my eyes to break and pass off.

And all the time there sat the jaguar, his gaze rivitted on mine. His eyes seemed absolutely red with gore—blind to everything in the world but the man whose blood he thirsted for—deaf to every sound, conscious only of his prey, and his rage at being baffled so long.

"Ah, my prayer is heard!"

There came the swish of a lasso, which went over the beast's neck suddenly and was drawn tight. Swish! Another from the other side, drawn tight. Then, for the first time, I tore my gaze away from the jaguar's blood red eyes, and beheld my deliverers.

"Juan! Pedro!" I screamed aloud, and fell to laughing hinnicrazily.

"Saved!" came the answer—"Saved, comrade, saved. Climb down and slay your enemy!"

I slid out of the tree like a monkey; I whipped out my knife and approached the jaguar.

"Pull, Juan!" cried I, "pull, Pedro!"

Drawn thus at opposite sides by the lasso, the jaguar reared helpless on his hind legs. I took my knife and plunged it into his side, and bounded back out of the "murderer's" way. He fell dead at my feet.

GHOSTS AND SPIRITS.

The most gigantic superstition of all—"the last lingering fiction of the brain"—a belief which is common to every climate and to all peoples—is the belief in ghosts. Philologically the word "ghost" signifies a spirit. Nothing appears more simple at the first view of the subject than that human memory should recall and bring back to the eye of the imagination, in perfect similitude, even the very form and features of a person with whom we have been long conversant, or which have been imprinted in our minds with indelible strength by some striking circumstances touching our meeting in life. The son does not easily forget the aspect of an affectionate father; and, for reasons opposite, but equally powerful, the countenance of a murdered person is engraved upon the recollection of his slayer. A thousand additional circumstances, far too obvious to require recapitulation, render the supposed apparition of the dead the most ordinary spectral phenomenon which is ever believed to occur among the living.

Indigestion is a fertile cause of the appearance of ghosts during sleep, and it is very generally believed that a pressure upon the spine when unconscious such as is caused by lying upon the back, will cause the sleeper to dream, and in such cases, if his imagination be excited by any idea which haunts him, he will see a familiar vision.

But it may be urged that ghosts are generally seen in our waking hours, and this is true in so far as the ghost-seer is perhaps in a semi-conscious state, yet the large majority of cases of ghost-seeing occur when the senses of the beholder are lulled by quiet and darkness, while still more often they are the result of imposture.

THE WOODSTOCK GHOST.

The most celebrated instance in which human agency was made to arouse the fears of the tim