THE BEAVER ARGUS is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 00 per year in advance.
Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.
Letters and communications should be addressed to J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa.

THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 51—No. 14. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, April 7, 1869. Established 1818.

Business Cards.

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

B. RULHEIM, dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Carpets, Toys, &c. Store on 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.

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Beaver Seminary and Institute. Fall session opened September 8, 1868. This school so long and successfully conducted by Prof. Taylor and able assistants, offers extensive courses in the Classics, English and Music. For Catalogues address R. T. TAYLOR. ly28:tf

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

DR. H. S. HIBBARD, 3d Street, Beaver, Pa. Especial attention given to diseases of Woman and Children. OFFICE CONSULTATIONS AND PRESCRIPTIONS FREE. The Doctor can always be found at his office except when attending to professional duties. Jan 6, 1869.—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. R. BRIGGS, MANAGER. E. BLUNT, SEC. & TREAS. sep16tf.

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DENTISTRY.—DR. J. MURRAY, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Right" to use the genuine GOODYEAR HARD RUBBER; consequently he does not use the "Dry Rubber," or Soap-stone, as a base for teeth. Gold and Silver Fillings put in of the best material, and all work warranted. feb3,1869—1y

Miscellaneous.

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THE GREAT Zingari Bitters. A Safe Blood Purifyer, A Splendid Tonic, A Pleasant Beverage, A CERTAIN CURE AND PREVENTIVE OF DISEASES. The ZINGARI BITTERS are compounded from a prescription of the celebrated Egyptian Physician Dr. CUROPSUS who, after years of trial and experiment, discovered the ZINGARI HERB—the most remarkable vegetable production the earth, perhaps, has ever yielded—certainly the most effective in the cure of disease. It, in combination with the other valuable properties of which the ZINGARI BITTERS are composed, will cure Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Billious Fever, Cholic, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, in its first stage, Flatulency, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Acute & Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Cholera, Typhoid and Typhus Fever, Scrofula, Diseases of the Kidneys, Habitual Costiveness, &c. &c. In the prevention and cure of the above diseases, it has never been known to fail, as thousands of our most prominent citizens throughout all parts of the country, will testify. Let the afflicted send for circular containing testimonials and certificates of those who have been cured after their cases had been pronounced hopeless by our best physicians. Principal Depot. F. Rahter & Co., No. 6 N. Front Street, Philadelphia. Recommended by Ex. Governor David R. Porter, of Pennsylvania. Hon. Robert J. Fisher, of " Hon. Edward McPherson, " Hon. Joel B. Danner, " Hon. William McSherry, and others, " SEND FOR CIRCULARS. feb10;tf

DR. H. S. HIBBARD, W. A. SMITH. TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION It is a positive fact that DR. H. S. HIBBARD & CO. H. B. Anderson's Old Store BEAVER, PA., have Drugs and Groceries, Which they sell as cheap as can be bought in Pittsburgh. They have on hand and are daily receiving PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, Patent Medicines, of all kinds, Legal, Cap, Letter, and Note Paper, Pens, Pencils, Ink, Fancy and Domestic Soaps, Pure Wines and Liquors, for Medical purposes ONLY. Burning Oils, and other articles usually kept in first class Drug Stores. The Doctor having had a practice of ten years, feels confident of his ability to give satisfaction in the prescription department, which is under his special charge. He charges nothing for advice and prescriptions. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours Day and Night. We also have an assortment of Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Canned Fruits, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Jellies, Candies, RAISINS, CHEESE, CRACKERS, &c. Our goods have been bought low for cash, selected with great care, and will be sold at the very lowest prices. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Jan. 6, 1869. H. S. HIBBARD & CO.

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Stoves, &c.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS. Car Factory Buildings, New Brighton, Pa. Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Summer 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
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Enameled Grate Fronts,

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D,	" 18	"	3.25
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C,	" 20	"	3.50
121,	" 21	"	4.00
120,	" 21½	"	4.75
5,	" 21½	"	4.75
127,	" 22½	"	5.40
74,	" 23½	"	6.00

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No. 73,	Plain Rod, Wide,	.73
" 73,	" " Narrow,	2.73
" 14,	Fancy,	3.75
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Pressed Sheet Iron Summer Pieces.

Plain Enameled, $1.25
" " with Ornamental Centre, 1.50

All Work Warranted. Give us a Call. TERMS, CASH MERRICK & CO. oct14'68

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.

New Spring Dry-Goods J. W. BARKER & CO., 59 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Are now opening a Large stock of New Spring Goods They wish particularly to call attention to their large and complete stock of Silks and Dress Goods, in which will be found all the latest styles adapted to the season. Cloaks, Eastern and of their own Manufacture. Ladies' Suits made to order. Shawls in endless variety. Housekeeping Goods of Every Description. Purchasers can rely on finding every article in this establishment at the very lowest prices. Ministers and their families allowed a liberal discount. J. W. BARKER & CO. 59 Market st., bt. 3th & 4th avenues. mr10tf

NOTICE.; NEW BAKERY —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 to be able to give general satisfaction in his business. Office in the old "Gormly Hotel" building, Third street, Beaver, Pa. All work warranted for one year. J. S. GOSHORN. oct7'68:1y.

Miscellaneous.

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 1844. The improvement upon these machines made within the last two years and their rapidly growing popularity attests the facts 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, using a stitch; also, the invention of Mr. Howe alike upon both of the fabric, Sewed. The tension, 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 a perfect machine to be sure and see these machines before buying any other. Send for circular. Applications for agencies must be addressed to SIBLER & STOOPS, Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and West Virginia. Office 22 South 8th st., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa. sept9'68:1y.

J. C. HAMMOND, —DEALER IN— Flour, Feed, and Grain, ROCHESTER, (ON THE HILL.) Flour at prices to suit all, in regard to PRICE and QUALITY. Mill Feed, of all kinds. CORN MEAL, RYE FLOUR BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, CORN AND OATS, constantly on hand. Also, a cheap and convenient Wooden Pump, the cheapest in use. A quantity of the celebrated Alta Vela GUANO OR PHOSPHATE on hand, which will be sold cheap, in order to introduce it. I buy for CASH, and sell for the same. Cash buyers will find it to their advantage to call. All Goods Delivered Free. Jan 20-'69 J. C. HAMMOND.

SPRING STOCK. CARPETS Oil Cloths, Etc., Etc. M'CALLUM BROTH'S, 51 Fifth Avenue, above Wood street, PITTSBURGH, PA. Have on hand THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARKET. From the Finest Qualities to the Very Lowest Grades. Window Shades, Fine and Common Table Covers, &c. &c. Prices uniform to all, and the lowest. mar24:1y M'CALLUM BROS.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! WM. BUECHLING, In the Diamond, ROCHESRER, Beaver Co. Pa. Keeps constantly on hand, and has now, the largest assortment of Drugs, chemicals, &c, in Beaver county. PURE DRUGS, Patent Medicines of all kinds, Paints, Oils Dye-Stuffs, Perfumeries, Toilet and Fancy Articles, TOBACCO AND CIGARS by the box or in less quantities. Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded at all hours—day or night. ALSO, SOLE AGENT OF BEAVER COUNTY Dr. Betzel's Patent TRUSSES. All other kinds of Trusses will be delivered in a short time, when called for. REMEMBER THE PLACE, Next Door to James A. Fortunes, Dry Goods Store, On the Diamond, Rochester Penn'a. Formerly Buechling & Brehm. Feb 17:3m

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. je17:1y.

SHINGLES! Shingles!! The undersigned is manufacturing and will always keep on hand a large stock of No. 1 and No. 2, 16 and 18 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, 1869.

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

SELECT POETRY.

(From the Christian Standard.)

THE GRECIAN BEND.

Let's have the old bend, and not have the new,
Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew,
Over the wash-tub and over the churn,
That is the bend that our daughters should learn.
Let's have the bend that our grandmothers knew,
Over the cradle like good mothers true,
Over the table, the family around,
Reading the good book 'mid silence profound.
Let's have the bend that at church they did wear,
Bowing them lowly in meek humble prayer,
Not sitting erect with the modern miss air,
With a love of a bonnet just perched on one hair.
Leave the camel his hump, he wears it for use;
Leave the donkey his pannier, and cut yourself loose
From fashions that lower, deform and degrade—
To hide some deformity most of them made.
Let our heads of false hair and hot yarn-skein be shorn,
Let our garments be easy and light to be worn,
Don't shake in December and swelter in June,
And appear like unfortunates struck by the moon.
Let's spend the time in things higher than dress—
Time that was given us to aid and to bless;
Time that is fleeting and passes away,
Oh, let us work while we call it to-day.
Let's have the old bend instead of the new,
Let's have the old habits so faithful and true.
Away with all fashions that lower and degrade,
To hide some deformity most of them made.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

CARRERA, THE PIRATE.

I once had the misfortune, while yet a "middy," to fall into the clutches of Carreba, the pirate chief, who at that time was known from the Canary Islands to the capes of Florida, as being one of the most daring as well as one of the most successful freebooters that ever floated over the broad Atlantic. I had been appointed to a berth in the old Constitution, then cruising in the West India Islands, and was forced to take passage in a small merchantman trading between Charleston and Porto Rico, in order the more speedily to join my ship.

Our captain was a hale, bluff old sea dog, who had weathered more gales than I had counted years, and who was fond of spinning long yarns. I was much entertained by this quality in him, as we walked the deck together, while nearing the lower latitudes, where we found light breezes and pleasant weather. He was apt to speak of his personal exploits with a braggadocio air that to me, in innocence, seemed to me not only marvelous, but true. It is difficult for me now to recall the number of battles he had been engaged in, the names of the pirates he had slain, and the names of the vessels in which he had distinguished himself. After one of these confidential conversations, I said to him:

'But those times have passed, captain Willis. There are no pirates now.'

He looked at me some time in silence, with a view to detect on my countenance some expression that would belie my words. But as I really thought as I had said, his glance went for nothing.

'Why, bless your land lubber's heart,' he replied, when satisfied, 'In course there are pirates now, and powerful nasty ones, too! May I lose the number of my mess if I don't expect to fall in with some of the sharks this cruise.'

'Fall in with pirates, and this trip too!' I exclaimed in surprise.

'Aye, my lad; but I hope you arn't afraid, be you?'

'Afraid, oh no, I am anxious to see a real pirate.'

'Oh, you be, eh; well youngster you'll haul in your stun sails if you ever do come athwart the bows of one of them free traders. You like to see one, eh? There's one cruising all the way from the Canaries to the Gulf—up and down the coast—that would shiver your toplights to see.'

'Who is he? What do you call him?' I asked.

'He is known to us as Carreba, the Antigua bucaneer. He's a dare devil and wouldn't show his heels—no, not to one of Uncle Sam's frigates. He commands a taut little craft, and handles her as I would a marlin spike.'

'And have you ever chanced to meet him?'

'Meet him, youngster! In course I have. I recollect some three years ago, when I had the 'Bouncing Fanny,' and on a voyage to the Azores and market, while lazily creeping along on the edge of the trade winds, falling in with this same pest of the sea. May I never splice the main brace again if I wasn't allowed to meet him face to face!'

'And what did you do? Made all sail? Hauled up your bow lines and run, eh?'

'No, sir! Hauled back and waited for him to run down, just as I should do now if he should appear. Run?—You don't know captain Willis. He runs from no man.'

'Would you then face him if he should appear now?'

'Of course I would. Haven't we got a 'longtom' in the bows, and a 'stern chaser' to boot? Then look at our armament—cutlasses, pistols, and boarding pikes enough for any emergency.'

'Sail, ho!' cried the man aloft.

The fussy, bragging captain turned pale with fright, as he enquired:

'Where away?'

'Three points off the weather bow.'

'What does she look like?'

'A low, long black schooner, a slaver, I reckon, bound to Cuba.'

'It is Carreba, I know it,' cried the excited captain. 'Square the yards. Keep her away, you man at the wheel. Quick, put her before the wind.'

'Why captain,' I remonstrated, 'where is your bravery? You were anxious to meet him.'

'Aye, lad, but not on this tack.—We will come about soon.'

I saw at once that he was a coward. His orders were obeyed, and soon we were sailing with a flowing sheet directly before the wind. I took a seat upon the main topsail yard, and with the ship's glass watched the motions of the stranger, who had by this time come fully in sight.

'Captain Willis,' I said, 'now is the time for you to haul aft your sheets and lay to for him. The vessel is coming down upon us.'

He did not answer me, but shouted at the top of his voice:

'Lay aloft there and rig out them stun sail booms. Quick, men, or we are lost.'

Then turning to me he said, apologetically:

'I have too valuable a cargo to risk the chances with him. Besides I must not, as a faithful commander, run my crew, small as it is, into any danger. But we shall meet him on our return; then, if he is cruising here, let him beware of me!'

I was disgusted with his evasion, and almost boy as I was, determined to take command by appealing to the men, and fight Carreba myself should it indeed be he.

Meanwhile it became evident that the schooner was nearing us, and it was a mere matter of time and the relative qualities of the two vessels, whether or not we should be overhauled. Again I urged the captain to reconsider his act, but with dignity ill becoming his trembling accents, he then replied—

'My reasons have been given—how dare I basely betray my trust? The owners of this vessel have a right to demand that I should use every effort to save her, and I shall do so.'

'Then, sir, you will not only have the credit of having attempted an escape, but you will also have to give up the ship; for see, this craft is close aboard of us, even now. Come, sir Valiant, haul down your flag and surrender at discretion.'

I was not prepared for the readiness displayed by the saltwater in acting upon my remark. What I had uttered in badinage, he seized upon as advice.

'Well, sir, if you think we had better yield without imperiling the lives of the crew, I am forced to follow your advice. Haul back the mainyard.'

'You mistake me,' I said, 'do not, I beg of you, give up so meanly.'

But it was useless. The sails flapped against the mainmast, and the vessel came to the wind. I hereupon determined to appeal to the men, who were now grouping to windward, looking anxiously at the fast approaching schooner.

'There goes the black flag,' cried the man on the lookout.

I immediately sprang upon the main hatch, and with a loud voice appealed to the men.

'Will you thus allow yourselves to be made prisoners, and not strike one blow in defence of the flag under which you sail? Are you willing to have your names desecrated and hooted by the noble tars that float over this ocean? Come, lads, you do not mean to skulk now. Go to the steward and he will give you arms for defence. If your captain will not, I will be your leader, and we will not yield an inch, even though death stares us in the face. It is better to die fighting, than to live to be a pirate's slave.'

'Ay, ay, we'll fight the pirates,' cried the crew to a man.

Willis, seeing perfectly how matters stood, now stepped forward, and with an eye on the advancing foe, and another on the men, said:

'Certainly, we'll stand by you—You, as a naval officer, sir, must have command and act as you please.—Meanwhile, I will go below and provide arms for you all.'

He went down and we did not see him again till he was a prisoner.

The pirate neared us fast, and deeming that there would be no resistance offered, a boat was lowered which soon came under our larboard quarter. The reception they met with was warmer than they had anticipated. Being unprepared for defence, every one, the mate at their head, was secured and bound. The captain of the schooner, which was now lying alongside, giving appropriate orders, ... alongside.

Then came the hand-to-hand struggle. Our men fought with desperation, but at great odds in favor of the attacking party. By some fatality, Carreba and myself were combatants. His superior power and skill soon disarmed me, and I stood at his mercy. But he did not strike, but sheathed his sword calmly, and calling to our sailors, said:

'Whoever of you strikes another blow shall die. Lay down your arms and Carreba promises upon his honor that your lives shall be spared.'

'Captain,' said the pirate chief, now striding toward me.

'I am not captain, sir,' I replied.

'You are not? Where is he?'

'He went below some time since, to arm himself, and has not yet appeared.'

'Here, Belpont, go below and hoist out the grampus from his cabin.—What, did he leave you to fight his battle for him?'

'He did.'

The chief eyed me narrowly for a few moments—I returned his gaze unwaveringly.

'What is your name youngster?' he finally inquired.

I told him.

Again he regarded me fixedly.

'Are you the son of a former captain of the Old Constitution?'

'I am, sir, his only son.'

'I was once a boatswain under his command. He was a generous, brave and just man. I should have been still in the service were I not—Carreba, the pirate.'

'I am surprised to hear——'

'What,' he interrupted, sharply, 'that I was once an honest man?'

'That you know my father,' I replied.

Captain Willis was now brought on deck. He was trembling with fear and livid with the same cause. He almost sank with apprehension as he confronted his captor.

'So, sir, you take good care to keep out of the way when danger comes! What a brave boy you must be to resign your vessel to the care of a stripling.'

'Why, sir, I have an affection of the——'

'Heart, Coward!' thundered the pirate. 'An affection of the heart, and absence of courage, that prompted you to take care of yourself, let what may come to your crew or ship.—Pitch him overboard, boys.'

The captain fell upon his knees and begged of him for mercy.

'I have a wife and six children,' he urged.

'What a pity, six more poltroons to grow up and disgrace their humanity. Why, you're the meanest man I ever saw. Not fight, bah!'

He then turned to his own men and motioned them to go on board of their own vessel. Then again coming to me, he offered me his hand, saying:

'You will not refuse to give me your hand in parting. Your presence on board of this vessel has saved her to her owners, and saved the lives of all with you. The name you bear is one which I must ever respect. Farewell, sir.—Bear to your father my kindest regards.'

He touched his cap in salute, and jumped on the rail, and in a little while his vessel was close hauled on the wind far ahead of us.

As soon as the captains' fright was over, he resumed all the pompousness of his usual manner. He ordered the men to duty, then turning to me, exclaimed:

'I think we fought those rascals finely.'

I arrived at the island in due time and joined my ship. This was the last I ever saw of Carreba the pirate.

A workman in Illinois who was made the spokesman of his fellows in presenting a watch to the time keeper of the works made this very happy speech: "Bedad, boss, we thrust the watch will keep as good time for yies as yies have kept for us this many a year."

CARLETTA'S GRIEF.

BY HELENA DIXON.

They were sitting alone, those two girls in Squire Cleveland's snug parlor. Carletta Cleveland tall, dark and regally beautiful, and Fanny Willard delicate, pretty and timid. Carletta was the daughter of Squire Cleveland the most influential man of the village. Fanny was Carletta's cousin, poor and an orphan, and the servant of the whole family.

"Put down that book Fan, and come and smooth my hair," commanded Carletta. "Arthur Gray will be here soon. I want to fasten this rose in my hair too."

"I thought you did not care for Mr. Gray," said Fanny, timidly.

'Care for Arthur Gray! Carletta Cleveland care for a poor unknown school master! Fanny Willard, are you crazy? Because I don't care to look like a fright even in his presence, you insult me in this manner. There, you can go now and get tea, and mind you never mention his name to me again.'

And Fanny went out, leaving Carletta to await the coming of the village school master.

Squire Cleveland was school director, and the teacher always boarded at his house.

Carletta had told the truth, she did not and had determined she never would care for Mr. Gray. She despised him, handsome and well bred though he was, because he worked for his living, but she was vain and wanted to be admired by everybody, and felt piqued because Arthur Gray did not seem inclined to break his heart for her; true he had seemed facinated by her beauty and wit when he first became an inmate of her father's house, but she had repulsed him coldly and scornfully, and now though she smiled on him in her most bewitching way, he seemed utterly indifferent.

When he came in this afternoon she was uncommonly brilliant, while he was reserved, almost cold toward her.

In the belief that he loved her, and with a coquettish desire to make him jealous, Carletta drew from her pocket a small gold locket. She touched the spring and it flew open, revealing a handsome boyish face, destitute of beard, though decidedly manly in expression. She handed it to the school master, saying:

'Did you ever know the original of that?'

Mr. Gray took the locket, saying quietly:

'Yes, it is Arthur Kingsley, your boy lover.'

Carletta wondered where he had seen him and how he knew that Arthur Kingsley had ever been her lover, but she did not ask him.

'He is not a boy now. It is eight years since that likeness was taken, and he has been away all the time. Do you think he will be much changed, Mr. Gray?'

'He may be changed in heart as well as personal appearance. In eight years a man may stray far from the narrow road he delighted to tread in youth,' replied he, watching her face narrowly.

'He is rich. Years havn't taken away his wealth,' was her only answer.

'So,' thought he, 'riches is all she considers worth having.'

'Mr. Kingsley may find you me changed too,' said he after a pause. 'He left you a young, artless, affectionate girl; he will return to find you an accomplished, cold hearted woman of the world.' This was said more in sorrow than reproach and Carletta was wounded, for she imagined baffled love had prompted them. She took an enameled case from her pocket and handed it to Mr. Gray. It contained a miniature of herself, taken before the departure of Arthur Kingsley for Europe.

'You have changed, Miss Cleveland, and the change in your looks is for the better,' said he, as he gazed at the picture in an abstracted, sad sort of a way.

'When is Mr. Kingsley expected?'

'In the early part of next month,' replied Carletta, and then she added, as if to herself—

'It is strange he doesn't write any more. I haven't had a letter in three months. It must be because he is coming home so soon.'

'Carletta—Miss Cleveland.' Arthur Gray's dark eyes were fixed on her as if he would read the secrets of her very soul. 'I wish you to tell me as your friend, and as one who is personally interested, whether or not you love this young man. This Arthur Kingsley?'

'And if I do or do not what matters it to you Arthur Gray?'

'It matters everything to me.—More, much more than you imagine.'

A miserable spirit of coquetry took possession of Carletta, and she answered gaily yet truly.

'No I do not, not a particle—are you satisfied?'

Arthur Gray, still watching her, answered:

'Yes, I am convinced that you have spoken the truth.'

But he did not declare his own love for her as Carletta expected him to, but sat silently toying with the picture case. Then Fanny came in to summon them to tea. She had exchanged her calico dress for one of white muslin, dotted over with violets, and a blue ribbon was knotted in her hair.

'What in the world have you been dressing up in this style for? Oh, I know, Mr. Gray, its all because you told her you liked to see her with a blue ribbon. How silly you are Fanny Willard! Just because Mr. Gray notices you once in a while you will bore us to death with your fineries. Don't you know that you have the dishes to wash, and the milk to skim, and the cows to milk, and you can't do it in that dress, either. But since you have taken such pains to make Mr. Gray notice you, you may pour his tea in that dress, and then off with it, and don't let me see you with it on again before Sunday.'

After these cruel words were uttered Carletta led the way to the tea table, while poor Fanny, instead of going in to pour the tea, and stand in servile silence, ready to do any of the family bidding, went round to the kitchen and sat down on the doorstep and cried. There Arthur Gray found her after he had finished tea. All through the meal Carletta had complained of the trial she had with that vain girl, and what a good-for-nothing thing she was, adding that as she was a relative they had to tolerate her.

'Don't mind her Fanny, I love you and I want you to love me.'

And Arthur Gray wound his arm around her waist and lifted her up, stroking the soft hair caressingly, and even kissing the blue ribbon that tied it.

Poor Fanny, she had loved him all the time, but as she thought in vain, because Carletta had told her that he was in love with herself, and that he despised the poor dependant orphan. How happy she felt now, as she went about her work, for the first time in her life daring to disobey Carletta by keeping her muslin dress on.

The next afternoon Mr. Gray was standing in the hall talking with Fanny when Carletta came down dressed for the street.

'I am going out for a walk, Mr. Gray, and perhaps as our folks are away, and it would be lonely for you here, you would like to go along—Fanny you can come along just to show people that those Browns tell what isn't so when they say we keep you to work all the time.'

'I shall be happy to attend you and Miss Willard.'

'Miss Willard!' repeated Carletta, with a sneer. 'One would think Mr. Gray you were speaking of a lady.'

They walked down the shady street together, Carletta cold and haughty in her rich attire, Fanny happy in possession of the love of the noble man who walked by her side.

'We will go to the Kingsly House if you like, Mr. Gray. I should like to see it, and Fanny might like to see the conveniences of the kitchen department.' I am acquainted with the housekeeper, and we can go all over the house if we like.'

Mr. Gray knew at once that Carletta's object in bringing himself and Fanny with her was to take them to the Kingsley House.

'I have often admired the house and grounds as I passed the place and should like to go through them.'

'Did you ever see anything half as grand?' exclaimed Carletta, as she led them from room to room with the air of a haughty mistress displaying her rooms to some one she was pleased to patronize. When she came to the late Mrs. Kingsley's room she threw herself into the sleepy hollow of a chair, exclaiming rapturously:

'What could be more enchanting than this room! Isn't it magnificent, only the carpet is a trifle too dark. I shall have a lighter one put down.'

Carletta colored crimson as she caught Mr. Gray's eye, she had not intended to say so much. Further than the glance he gave her he took no notice of what she had said. He sat down and looked sadly and even solemnly about the room. At length he smiled faintly and asked Fanny how she liked the house.

'O, we havn't shown her the kitchen yet, that is the only part she is capable of appreciating,' laughed Carletta.

Fanny took no notice of the thrust.

'I like it very well only——'

'Only what?'

'It seems a little too grand, everything seems too nice for use.'

'That is the first really sensible thing you ever said,' exclaimed Carletta. 'It shows you know your place is not in a drawing room.'

'But suppose circumstances should place you in just such a house as this you would be happy?'

'In the kitchen she might,' reiterated Carletta.

'I meant as mistress, she could fill the post admirably. She doesn't know of what she is capable,' she has been oppressed so long and so completely.'

Carletta's eyes were snapping fire now.

'Arthur Gray you are meddling in what does not concern you. One would take you for a man of some consequence instead of a poor, obscure school master, by the way you talk.'

And Carletta departed angrily, leaving the others to follow at their leisure.

A week passed away and the school term expired. Arthur Gray received his pay, settled with the director for his board shook hands with Carletta, kissed Fanny good-bye, and went away.

A month after as Carletta was one morning loitering in her drawing room a little girl who had recently been employed to assist Fanny with her work, entered the room and handed her a card, saying that Miss Fanny was talking with the gentleman in the parlor.

'Arthur Kingsley come, and that stupid Fannie with him! I'll warrant she has told him before this that she is my cousin and that I have been exhibit and everything she can think of and oughtn't to tell. It would be just like her. I must go down immediately.'

When Carletta, radiant in her rich silk entered the parlor, a gentleman was sitting on the sofa, with his arm around Fannie's waist, and Fannie was actually shedding tears. But she looked very happy nevertheless, and the gentleman only Arther Gray.

"Pardon me. I should not have intruded upon you at this interesting moment, but I was informed Mr. Kingsley was here."

"To think, Carletta," said Fannie, drying her eyes, "that Arthur Gray and Arthur Kingsley are one and the same person. I can hardly believe it."

"What perfect nonsense," said Carletta, turning to go out.

"Stay, Miss Cleveland. It is true I adopted my middle name as a surname, and assumed the duties of a teacher, entering your father's house as a boarder, for a particular purpose. Can you not guess what that was? Think how long I had been away from you, and how much a stranger you was to me, notwithstanding the correspondence we kept up, and you will see why I wished to know you better than I could had I returned to you as Arthur Kingsley."

Carletta waited to hear no more, but rushed from the presence of the two who she had for some time known to be lovers. She sought her own room where she sank down overwhelmed with shame and grief.

Need we add that when Kingsley House received a new mistress, her name was not Carletta, but Fannie!

NOT GROOMSMAN.

"What time is it, Madeline?" asked Gaffer Hitchcock, carefully folding the evening paper, and placing it on the table.

The person addressed—a tall slender woman about thirty-five—looked up from her knitting and answered with a pleasant smile:

"About half-past eight I believe," and rising began to put away her work.

Gaffer's question had been for the last six years the signal for retiring to rest, and although it was fully an hour and a half before the usual hour, Madeline never though for a moment of hesitating to obey.

"Something has occurred," she thought, "and he will tell me before long;" for Gaffer had looked at his watch at eight, and a few minutes after, and at a quarter past had changed his chair and coughed uneasily, and now he asked, "what time is it?"

Madeline was the orphan daughter of an old schoolmate; Gaffer had taken her home with him when she was only ten years old, and his sister had cared for her with motherly solicitude, until she was wooed and won by Frank Reynolds, and went to a distant city to live. Gaffer had made a terrible to-do about her marriage, called her an ungrateful good-for-nothing, and declared it was proper punishment for taking her in the beginning; but nevertheless spared no expense on the wedding trousseau. And when, about nine years after, she came back to her old home, widowed and childless, she was tenderly welcomed by the lonely man, for the grass waved over the grave of the good, true-hearted sister.

For six years she had kept house for him; cared for him, humored him, and made everything bend to his comfort as few daughters ever do. Lovers she had in plenty; those who would at any moment have laid heart and hand at her feet; and when Gaffer heard that Madeline had refused them he chuckled at their discomfiture, and smoothed her soft brown hair, telling her she was a good girl, every way worthy of their love, only he knew that she never would leave him.

He had grown so accustomed to seeing her happy, contented [illegible] the opposite side of the [illegible] with some kind of work in her hands [illegible] occupied neither brain nor attention, but left her always free to listen to him when he spoke, or play them when the whim seized him; that he felt no fear at the attentions she received. He seldom spent an evening from home, unless Madeline was with him; and he had never left his native city since she came home. He was thinking of all this to-night, as he watched her folding her work so carefully.

"What are you going to do, Madeline?" he asked, at last.

"Going to put away my work," she answered, simply.

"What are you putting it away for?"

"You asked me the time, and that is equivalent to saying, 'I am tired of you, Madeline, go to bed.'"

"No it ain't," said Gaffer, Gruffly; come back here, I want to talk with you. There, let that knitting work alone; why is it that you are in such a hurry to finish it?"

"Stockings," answered Madeline, sententiously; "stockings for Madeline Reynolds."

"Haven't you any more that you make such a fuss about this pair?"

"Yes, I haven't pair on I believe, and in case of an emergency I could borrow from you."

Gaffer sat for a few moments in perfect silence, at last, with a violent effort, and with very much the air of a man who has just made up his mind to have a tooth pulled, said:

"Maddy, I am going away."

"Going away!" she repeated; "where to, pray?"

The tone of surprise, in which the question was asked fully satisfied Gaffer of the importance of the revelation.

"Yes, I am going to New York; Bonnehue is going to be married on New Year's day, and want's me to be groomsman. Who would have thought old Bonnehue would have got married at last; why, he's at least ten years older than I, and I'm most fifty. You see, Maddy, child, your old bachelor friend is not too old to get married yet. Dreadful pity leap year is most over; here I am a hale, hearty man, in the prime of life, with plenty of money to support a wife, and no wife forthcoming. But what makes you so quiet—don't you want me to go?"

"No," said Madeline, gravely. "I would rather you would not go. I had made different calculations for New Year's; in fact, I rather think of getting married myself."

"Madeline, are you crazy?" and Gaffer fairly bounded in his chair, with astonishment. "Why, what will become of the house? what will become of me? I'll starve, I know I shall!"

"You might live with me," remarked Maddy, in the same grave, business-like tone.

"You know very well," said Gaffer, testily, "that I never could live with another man in the house; I should put him out before the honeymoon was over. And who may the happy man be? some blind old dotard? some conceited dandy? some lame mendicant? some lazy vagabond, who sings love ditties to carry away old Gaffer's money? or—or—" Gaffer did not stop for breath, but for lack of sufficiently expressive words to convey his detestation of the projected union.

"No," said Madeline; "he is not blind, or lame, or seeking after your fortune." She hesitated for a moment, and then, [illegible] "he is neither very young or very old, very kind or very cross, very good or very bad, very rich or very poor," in her most affecting tones," muttered Gaffer, ironically.

"No," she said, quietly, "he has not."

"Madeline, are you crazy? or going into dotage? Why did you not tell me that you were so anxious to get married? and I could have advertised in all the daily papers for a suitable lover, for a widow not very far advanced in life, well preserved, and anxious to leave Gaffer Hitchcock.' Why did you not tell me all?" and his face clouded woefully. "It's too bad, Maddy! I would never have believed you would go away; it was bad enough to leave me when sister was here, but now, now, why, Maddy! Maddy! think better of it—do, and don't leave me alone, child."

Madeline's fingers worked nervously; how she longed for the knitting work! "Gaffer," she said, without looking up, "perhaps to-morrow you will not feel so badly about it.—It is no sudden thing my determination to get married; I have thought about it for over a year, and yet last night I would have said, there was no telling when the wedding would take place."

Poor Gaffer seemed perfectly undone at the news Madeline had imparted, but at her last words he started from his seat, and drawing up a chair took a seat in front of her. "It is not too late then," he said, his face radiant with hope. "You can yet retreat; oh! by the memory of past days; by the solemn agreement I entered into with your father, to guard his little girl; by all the years I have loved and striven to serve, do not leave me now; you know that it would be taking away my life to part with you." He took the two cold hands in his. "Will you leave me? dare you leave me?" Still no answer. "If you would be happy away from me, my dear girl, say so, and Gaffer will not say another word; speak, Maddy, speak; don't mind me."

The face of the woman was averted, but the words, though soft and tremulous, were distinctly heard by the anxious man before her. "I never said I was going to leave you. If ever I marry again, it will be forever near you."

The look of anxiety on Gaffer's face gave way to one of bewilderment, and then utter astonishment. "Do you mean what you say?" he asked.

"I do; and it is for you to judge whether he is a blind, old dotard, a conceited dandy, or after Gaffer's money."

Then Gaffer rose, walked across the room and took his old seat, picked up the evening paper, and asked "what time is it?"

"Half-past nine. Good night."

"Good night," he answered as if nothing had occurred; and Madeline put the knitting in her work-basket and left the room.

The next morning, at the usual hour, the bell was rung, and Gaffer walked to the breakfast table in dressing-gown and slippers, to see Madeline arranging the cups and saucers in her own quiet, precise way; they talked very quietly together until Madeline asked:

"When are you going to New York, Gaffer."

"Not till after the first of the month; for I expect to be married on New Year's myself."

There was nothing more said, and if Maddy ate little, Gaffer ate less. "Maddy," he said, when they had adjourned to the library, "you are a very sensible girl, and I never knew before last night that I needed a wife; but I am fifteen years older than you, and what will the world say?"

"You suit me," she answered, putting up her face for a kiss; "and we will not invite the world to the wedding."

SOME one in Erie has stolen a velocipede.

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