"CANNIBAL JACK."

The King of the Cannibal Islands.

Never, in the course of my extensive experience as a builder or mender of venturous career than that of a sailor who arrived in port a few weeks ago at this port, and has since been lodging in a Cherry st. boarding-house as quietly as though he had never exercised despotic power over thousands of bloodthirsty cannibals. This singular personage is a brown-bearded man of medium size, dark complexion, retiring manner, and most perplexing accent. Any one would pronounce him a foreigner, but no two would agree as to his nationality. He has never permitted himself to be tattooed, but bears his credentials in the shape of a round hole in his forehead, made by the point of a javelin, which he struck up with his club in time to prevent its piercing his breast. Despite his ominous title of "Cannibal Jack" he asserts that he never tasted human flesh, although his savage Marquesas subjects feast upon it every week with the utmost relish. "Is it possible? And who do they eat?" "Oh, prisoners of war mostly, and any strangers they can catch." "And I say," continues the questioner with a slight shiver, "how do they cook them?" "Bake them! Take them just as you would a pig, clean them and stuff them with sweet-scented leaves and hot stones. Then they lay hot stones on the ground for an oven, cover them with leaves, put the bodies on these, then more leaves and hot stones, and finally a layer of earth to keep in the heat and the steam from the green leaves." "And can't you stop it?" "Not a bit! I can save white men but not natives."

Owing to his knowledge of their many dialects, and his familiarity with their customs, he is either feared or obeyed in many different Island groups, but the special seat of his power is on Oitahu, one of the Marquesas Islands. There a white man named Butcher was chief when Jack first landed, and there Butcher's skull is still preserved. There Jack reigns in naked and native dignity with his tapa girdle and his feather head-dress. There he has fourteen wives in one house, besides many more on other islands. There he makes laws for two thousand islanders, and plans raids upon the Type savages of Dominica, another of the Marquesas Islands, with whose natives he is ceaselessly at war. There are his double war canoes, made of boards sewed together with cocoanut sennet, and propelled 14 miles an hour by 300 rowers, who not only keep stroke to the sound of a war song but vary the exercise every few moments by flinging their paddles in the air and catching them as they fall with military precision.

It is utterly impossible to give in a column any just idea of the wild life of this white chief of Oitahu. On one occasion he and a Typee king of Dominica were rival suitors for a young princess; Jack finding his suit likely to fail ran off with the girl, who was only about 12 years old, but was caught, bound, and turned adrift in a canoe. Regaining the shore he climbed a hill, saw a native coming up the other side with a musket and another man's leg over his shoulder, and hastily scrambled up a tree. The savage laid down his ugly burden under the same tree, and went after a cocoanut. Jack slipped down, got the gun, and pointed it at the native, who fled for dear life from the white man who was drowned the day before. In trying to pass the towns of his enemies in order to reach a part of the island friendly to him, he stumbled into a "taboo ground," a cemetery, a place full of skulls which were walking around and nodding to each other in the most extraordinary manner, and examination showed that each skull was tenanted by a young crab of the kind called by the natives *oh-oo*. This little chapter in his life ended with setting fire to a village by which means he decoyed the warriors out of a fort which guarded the only pass leading to the friendly territory, and then made his escape directly through the deserted fortress.

Jack is evidently of a Christian turn of mind, does not swear, and takes pleasure in attending divine service. Nevertheless, he does not like missionaries, and will not allow them on his island, and declares that Father Damon at Honolulu, and Mr. Brown on the of the Navigator Islands, are the only ones who have done the native any real good. He charges the others with covetousness, inhumanity and other nameless villainies.

Fourteen years ago a Boston traveler, who helped found the first newspaper in the Sandwich Islands, offered Jack $700 if he would return with him to Boston and relate his story in detail, in order that a book might be made of it. Jack declined, but now, as he wishes to make a little money, he is quite ready to accept such a proposition. He intends to visit New Bedford in a few days to see certain whaling captains of his acquaintance whom he expects to find there, and hopes to get funds enough to buy some tools, ammunition, and "old newspapers with stories in them," to take back with him; for next November will doubtless find him far on his way to his island kingdom; as he declares he "would not spend a winter in this cold climate for half the City of New York!"

"Cannibal Jack," or the "Walking Geography," or "Jerry Daily," as he is variously called, possesses a marvelous memory, and careful inquiry into his history shows that about thirty-two years ago there lived in Rochester a tough little chap, who, was the youngest son in an American family of four boys and four girls. Born in a small village in that vicinity, he made his home, upon the death of parents, with an elder sister, who resided in the city. This excellent young woman sent him to school, and switched him so faithfully when he played truant, as he often did, that he ran away at the tender age of nine years, and succeeded in making his way across York State to Mystic, on Long Island Sound. Here, in his zeal to see the strange sights of a seaport town, he boarded a ship which was just on the point of sailing for Havre, and was carried off before he could regain the shore.

Cannibal Jack made himself as useful as he could, and, on arriving in the French port, immediately ran away again, lest the Captain, who had learned his story, should send him back to Rochester. Getting on a Seine steamer, he made two or three trips between Havre and Rouen; but, one day, in emptying the hot water out of a "dog-basket," he unluckily pitched a lot of plates and spoons overboard, whereupon the wrathy steward kicked the poor little fellow so soundly with his wooden shoes that he was glad to scamper ashore. Then the mate of a Scotch schooner took pity on him, and he tried to repay the mate's kindness by helping to hoist the schooner's anchor out of the way of the tide, which rushes up the Seine furiously. By some mishap it slipped, and its whole weight dragged a rope through his hands so swiftly as to actually rasp the flesh from the bones. The captain was highly vexed, and drove him on shore again; but the mate and crew sided with the little chap, who had held to the rope so pluckily—left the schooner in a body, and the captain had no small trouble in getting them back again. In the meanwhile the young adventurer got his hurts dressed, fell into the hands of a good natured old Frenchman, who took excellent care of him, and he shipped on a Swedish ship for a cruise in the Baltic Sea. Near Dantzic he ran away again, because the mate threatened to beat him for dealing out too much coffee to the men. For three days he lived on green wheat, and tried to catch storks. The next night he crept cautiously on board, and was just slipping into his berth when the captain called him into the cabin, perched him upon the transom-boxers with nothing on but his shirt, lectured him roundly on the folly of running away, and finally shut him up in the empty bread-room for the next day. After visiting Cronstadt and other parts of the Baltic, Jack sailed for the north of England. Thence he went in a swift sailing "fruiter" upon a Mediterranean cruise, then back to England again; from there to St. Johns after a cargo of codfish, and from St. Johns to New York. In New York he shipped as storage boy on the whaler Shepherdess for the Sadwich Islands. From Honolulu he went in another whaler to the sea of Gohotsk, thence to Kodiak and New Zealand, and then to the Marquesas Islands. Here he found the man Butcher, with whom he became very intimate, and from that time for many years his life was mainly spent with the savages of the Marquesas Islands, among whom he gained an ascendency that fairly entitles him to the high sounding appellation of the "King of the Cannibal Islands." Two years ago his longing to visit his native land became so intense that he shipped in the only craft he could find, a German brig for Hamburg, reached there a year ago last Christmas, went thence to Liverpool, lost all his money, sailed for San Francisco to fill his pockets and escape the unendurable cold, and in July last shipped for New York as a common sailor on board the Volunteer. The captain was a mean and tyrannical officer; and when the Volunteer landed at Mazatlan to take in her cargo of logwood he drove the mate ashore, took in a hundred day's provisions of the most miserable character, and started on a six month's voyage. His three principal officers were mere striplings, ignorant of navigation.—The boatswain in particular, was a highly supercilious youth, and one day the captain ordered "Cannibal Jack" to do some little duty that the boatswain had shirked. "Jack" did not understand at first, and the order was angrily repeated, when he instantly obeyed. "Look out, Jack," whispered one of the mates, "the captain will be afoul of you directly." "He'd better be afoul of some of these gentlemen that are too proud to do their duty," responded Jack. For this independent remark the captain ordered him in irons. Jack demurred, the irate captain began to beat him with his fists; Jack resisted; the carpenter (the stoutest man in the ship) flew to the captain's aid; Jack drew his knife; the mate, with revolver in hand, appeared on the scene, and Jack consented to be ironed with double handcuffs. This was in February, and for over five weeks he was confined in a place about three feet high, with nothing but the bare wet deck to sleep upon, and a rope-end or piece of sail for a pillow. Only once was he hallowed to come on deck, and on the arrival of the Volunteer at New York he was taken on shore, brought before a United States Commissioner the next day on a charge of mutiny, and released under bail. Curiously enough, a man whom Jack met in San Francisco last Summer has since come to New York by the overland route and established himself as the keeper of a sailor's boarding house.

This man and Jack recognized each other, and the "King of the Cannibal Islands" is at this moment the guest of his ex-California acquaintance in Cherry st. Still more curiously, the mate who was put ashore at Mazatlan is also in New York, intent upon suing the captain for damages. And, most curious of all, in the next boarding-house stops an ancient mariner, who saw Jack in the Bay of Naples more than thirty years ago, and distinctly remembers the little American boy on board the "fruiter."

There is no doubt that Jack is technically guilty of the State prison offence of mutiny, but it is pretty certain that the affair will be peacably compromised, and that no one will appear against him next Tuesday, the day set down for his examination. It would be hard for the captain to find witnesses among the crew who are all down on him for his general meanness, and especially for taking them to sea with such a short allowance of miserable food that they had to beg provisions from passing vessels during the latter part of the voyage to keep themselves from starving. Even the carpenter has repitently offered Jack money as amends for his own share in the affray, and no one can doubt that in equity, if not in law, five weeks' incarceration in a prison scarcely more than half as high as himself is punishment enough for his offence.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MADGE LYNN'S TRAGEDY.

It was the face for a tragedy—dark, passionate, melancholy. The mouth was sweet; the eyes so dark and luminous, the chestnut brown hair, so utterly beautiful. Yet she looked so innocent of her fate, standing there in the red light of the damask curtains all unconscious of Lloyd Kingman's eyes, that one could not but hope she would pass unscathed the ordeal of that bad man's thoughts.

When she felt his hand touch her shoulder she started.

"Mr. Kingman!"

"Madge."

Her soft eyes dilated—she attempted to retreat, but he prevented the movement.

'Don't be afraid of me, child. I have something to say to you.'

Her face was not encouraging, but he overlooked, as was characteristic, her wish.

'I love you. I want you to be my wife. Don't shrink from me in that way. You have nothing to be afraid of. I want to take care of you and make you happy.'

She stood silent, trembling.

'You do not know where I live. It is a beautiful place, full of trees and fountains, and arbors covered with blossomed vines. The house is full of rich, warm rooms, where you could wander all day, and constantly find something new and beautiful. It has pictures and couches, and soft swinging lights in alabaster, for dark winter nights this. There is a splendid library, holding thousands of volumes, Madge. You love to read, I know. There you will find all the fairy tales and poetry that you want, little one. Will you come?'

She shook her head, tremblingly.

'You need not promise now. Listen. I have something more to tell you. Madge, I have wealth and power, but no one to love me. You can make me happy. Is that any consideration to your kind heart?'

She lifted her eyes to his face. They fell again.

'But I do not love you,' she said simply.

'Let me teach you,' he said.

She tried to think; and drew a quick breath.

'Don't be troubled,' he said. I will give you all the time you want. Only wear this to remember me by, for I am going away to-morrow, to be absent a week.

As he spoke he slipped a golden circlet on her little hand—a ring of diamonds, glittering like flame.

At the same moment some one entered the room—the public boarding house parlor—and Madge escaped, bewildered, oblivious of everything but her furiously beating heart and the weight of jewels upon her hand.

She locked herself in her room, throwing herself upon the bed, and burying herself in the pillows; but that did not prevent her hearing the wheels of Mr. Kingman's coupe grind away from the door. He came there often, but she never knew that she had been the attraction. She saw it all now, it made her dizzy.

She lay there for a long time, getting restless at length, and tossing feverishly as it grew dark.

At last she rose, and lighted a little lamp, and knelt down before her trunk. The light fell into it as she drew a little box out and opened it. She turned some letters over hastily, and drew out a photograph.

It was a man's head, a frank young face, every line pure and high toned. The girl looked at it with swimming eyes.

'Martin, how could you forget?' she murmured.

Then she laid the box away, and walked the floor until utterly exhausted.

A week of daily toil and care—the old round—brought the girl's resolution. She looked at the sparkling ring, saw ease, comfort, protection; on the other side was only loneliness and toil. The alternative that should have been was not. The soldier lover had proved false; the man she did love with all her heart had forgotten her; the romance was ended, and here was a blank, but for this new episode.

She looked at herself in the mirror as she daily brushed out the waves of her beautiful hair, and saw how the rose had faded from her cheek in the last year, and how the shadows seemed to have gathered around her eyes.

'Martin will come back some day in shoulder straps and spurs, with a Southern wife upon his arm, and I shall be such a pale shadow, that he will even wonder that he ever called me pretty,' she thought, and pride strengthened Kingman's cause.

When he came, the girl's promise was gained without difficulty.

She seemed to lose herself after that. The novelty of her position gave her a new existence. It was so strange to have anything worth caring for but the old, wearing thought, Martin. Rolls of rich goods appeared in her little room; flowers and billets followed them. Lapped in the velvet cushions of the luxurious coupe, she rolled out of the dingy city into the free breadth of the country where the blue bids had come, and the skies were growing soft with spring.

She was young—not ready, after all, to give up life for you. It was so pleasant to be taken care of, wealth brought so much that was gratifying.

So she drove with Lloyd Kingman to a clergyman's house one evening—and was made a wife. Then the horse's head was turned toward a splendid hotel, where a luxurious suite of rooms were provided for two rainy days.

He was her husband. She tried to realize it as he shut the door behind them, and quietly took off the wrappings which had protected her from the murky night. He drew a cushioned chair before the glowing grate.

'Sit down, love, and get warm. I will be back in a moment.'

In a sort of dream she saw him go out. Slowly she glanced around the exquisite room. Velvet carpets, snowy draperies, glowing faces upon canvass, the wreath of glittering lights, suspended from the corniced ceilings, showed she smiled. The warmth was luxurious; the place seemed to smile upon her.

Nearly an hour passed, and Kingman did not return.

She rose at last, passed softly to the window and looked out.

The street was bright with gas. The crowd surged to and fro beneath it.

'Oh God!' she cried suddenly.

She turned, then snatched her cloak from a couch and fled from the room.

She flitted down the broad stairs, and out at the entrance into the chilly night. She crossed the street under the heads of dashing horses, and knew nothing but the face beyond—Martin's face, pale and sad and abstracted, as he slowly walked the pavement. She must look at him—speak to him. In a moment more she had gained the curb, reached him, grasped his arm.

'Martin.'

He started, clasped her hands, and drew her aside.

'Madge, my darling.'

For her face was pale, and wild, and pitiful, upturned to his. He flung the folds of his cloak about her, as they stood in the shadow, and drew her shivering form close to his side. She stretched her little bare hands up to his face, forgetting the jewel upon it.

'Martin, where have you been so long?'

'In Libby, Madge.'

'Then you did not forget me?'

'Forget you? Oh, my child!'

Lips to Lips, and she a wife!

She remembered then; turned to see her husband looking wildly about from the opposite pavement.

'Martin, Martin, save me!' she moaned.

Kingman saw the gleam of her pearl hued dress beneath the arch.

He sprang forward.

They saw him start to cross the street; they saw, also, the foam-white unmanageable horses tearing down upon him, but he saw them not. He beheld only the pallid face of his wife. They stuck him, trampled him. Madge saw the crowd gather about him, then saw no more.

When she returned to consciousness she was a widow.

But in time she married the love of her heart.

MOUNT VERNON.

The ride by water, from Washington to Mount Vernon, is one of the most delightful, as the wide, full river, not only with its wooded banks, has a pleasant scenery, but it carries along historical associations so rare to us Americans. No one can look at the Potomac without seeing, in his mind's eye, the stately form of the Virginia Colonel, and frame him in with the undying deeds of the Revolution. The late war has thrown these earlier memories and associations yet further into the dim past, and made them dearer and more beautiful, because so shadowy and spiritual and indistinct. In the soft light of the purple moon our little boat rounded to, and after an absence of twenty years, I saw again the old house—a wooden, boxy house, with a row of slender wooden pillars, supporting nothing to speak of, where the great Virginian lived and died.

I wanted to pump up some sentiment—I had the best intentions in the world of that sort, but I was unfortunate. I stumbled on a gentlemen in a plaid suit of tight pantaloons, and a bob-tailed coat, who looked sharply at society from under a silk stove-pipe hat, and was addicted to a diamond pin, no end of chain, a heavy ring and a gold-headed cane. He looked as if he had knocked a peddler down and robbed him of his jewelry instead of taking his brains. Not but what my friend was shrewd enough—indeed, he was in countenance a little too sharp for comfort. He, unfortunately, heard Stackpole say that I was connected with the *Commercial*, and immediately fished up a card and with a professional bow, introduced himself as "Mr. J. Vandyke Smith, professional agent for theatrical artists," and claimed me as a brother, "our pursuits," he said, "being so akin to each other."

"Took a run down here," he continued, "not of my own notion, I assure you. The divine Arabella, my charge just now, was seized with a patriotic fit last night, and she couldn't resist the country residences of the late General Washington, insisted upon my making the trip, so I could tell her all about it. This wonderful emanation of artistic excellence, Arabella aforesaid, never gets out of bed until noon, and if there is anything to do previous to that time she puts it on her agent—cuss her."

"It's a very pleasant trip."

"Oh, yes; so-so-ish, but played."

"I don't understand you."

"No?—well, I mean that G. Washington is played. Grant knocks him now—never was much in my estimation. Got a good run through judicious advertising. Old Ed. Everett, sir, that brought him out, and made him fashionable.—But this bloody war came on, and now where is G. W.? Gone up. No amount of colored posters can revive him. No, sir—no use trying. Its played."

"You seem to think there is a good deal in advertising."

"Certainly I do. I've tried it; nothing like it, sir. What was the divine Arabella before I posted her? What made Kane? Judicious advertising. And what makes Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and those military noses? Judicious advertising. I know any quantity of stuff for military taters, but it is not advertised. Look at the pills, oh, look at the pills. There's illustration. Money in pills? No, sir, not a cent; the money's in the advertising. A man reads an advertisement and he is soon taken with a pain, or thinks he is, and rushes off and buys a box. That box gives him a devil of a pain, and he then buys no end of boxes. That's so. Nothing like judicious advertising. Look at Louis Napoleon, at Bismarck, at Disraeli, at any of those puffers, see how their agents puff 'em."

"You think this Mount Vernon Association a little unfortunate?"

"Of course; I wouldn't give three cents for the entire stock: A lot of miserable heifers got up a company just as Virginia was going to pot; and now they try to bull their stock on the sacred memory of G. W. It's no go. It's all lollipop."

I tried to get clear of G. Vandyke Smith, but as the divine Arabella would certainly make Cincinnati a point, G. Vandyke had his eye on the *Commercial*. I reached the tomb, and bringing my gigantic intellect to bear, I thought of the bones moldering away into dust, that had made up the form about which hangs the history of his day; and how they rested in quit here while another great war thundered over the soil he tried to make famous, when a sharp clear voice at my elbow exclaimed: "See there—nothing like it."

"I looked around. It was G. Vandyke. He pointed to the inscription on the foot of the sarcophagus, and added:

"Strother made a good thing I bet. Nothing like advertising."

I read, after the words devoted to Washington the further fact that "This sarcophagus of solid marble was made by Strother, marble-cutter, Philadelphia."

There was no use attempting the sublime with G. Vandyke on hand; and Strother in view. I hurried away. The path from the river, made by the association, leads one to the tomb and then to the stables, and thence to the house. I saw Vandyke in pursuit, and I hurried on, dashing into the house to avoid the advertising theatrical agent of the divine Arabella. I paused in the dining room. An old spinnet stood in one corner, and I learned that it had been presented by the father of his country to a fair girl in the family. And I looked at the old worn keys, and thought of the fair fingers that had fluttered like birds over them, of the fair forms of the long ago that had gathered around and lingered for a little while at this instrument and then passed on to old age, and then to death. I touched the keys, and a faint metallic twang came back, like the voice of a ghost. I started—not at the sound, but at the voice of G. Vandyke, who said:

"See there, now."

He was pointing at a richly carved mantle-piece, and I read that it was also donated, and the name of the maker was the most conspicuous thing about it. I was desperate. I took G. Vandyke by the arm and said:

"G. Vandyke Smith, professional theatrical and artistic advertising agent, my friend, Mr. Swansdown, is about to open a lunch. Won't you join him?"

He immediately consented, and while his infernal advertising mouth was full of cold turkey I went on with my investigations, but the sublime emotions had disappeared forever.

The fact is, this gabulous advertising agent had said a true thing. George Washington, in our excessive zeal, has been puffed out of all comprehension, and, of course, out of all sympathy. James Parton, one of our most fascinating prose writers, came to the capital to look up material for the life of Washington.

He found abundance, but also discovered that, to tell the truth, he would run so wide of the popular belief, that the book would be a failure or do mischief. Washington, as I have said before, has ceased to be human; and what pious lies have been piled over him, until what he really was we know no more than if he never existed.

Passing through the old hall of the house, on one's way to the new, one is struck by a passage to the right that purports to be of George Washington; and so it is a *fac simile* of the original. It was done by the French artist, Houdon, who covered the father's august head with plaster, leaving two straws in his patriotic nose to breathe through. It is, therefore, as perfect in figure and feature as a work of art can be; and it is amusing to note the effect on the crowd this statute produces. It dwindles the Father. He appears as an ordinary man, and not a very striking one at that. The head is small, and the expression of the mouth is damaged by false teeth, that, in that day, were gotten up in a very clumsy style, even for the first President; while the legs in the tight breeches startle one, they are so slender. I heard an old lady ask, one day: "Is them legs Washington's? I'd like to know."—*Don Piatt.*

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything; you will be wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either. In heaven either I say; for that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory, that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will like the other angels. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish.

MRS. BRIGHAM YOUNG and party are still in Chicago. They have received invitations to the various places of amusement and have accepted several. Mrs. Young is about twenty-five, accomplished and of pleasant manners. Miss Nettie Young, daughter of Brigham, is a young lady of about seventeen. The party are on their way to Washington to have an interview with the President in regard to the Ogden and Salt Lake Railroad, of which Joseph Young, son of Brigham and one of the party is superintendent.

Speaking of the recent mass meeting of workingmen in that city, the New York *Times* says it was the first startling incident of a revolution which has for so long been pending, and which is to be attended with some remarkable developments.—These organizations, it says, combined industrially and politically form a power which it is not wise to ignore, whose strength should not be underestimated, and is evidently destined to be successful.

MR. JOHN HERSHAY, of Lancaster county, was driving his carriage last week and stopped at a Pennsylvania railroad crossing for a train to pass, after which he drove on to the track just in time to have his carriage splintered and himself instantly killed by another train which he had not seen and which was coming the other way.

A French officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his Country's vice of fighting on either side for money: "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor."—"Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for what he most wants."

Railroads.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after Dec. 21st, 1868, Trains will leave Station daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 4.50 P. M. leaves dal. y.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.30 P. M. leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's
Pittsburgh	845AM	955AM	320PM	320AM
Rochester	130	1105	440	600
Salem	1006	1237PM	530	730
Alliance	1120	143	635	845
Canton	1230PM	248	710	915
Massillon	1248	258	727	748
Orrville	138	318	800	1115
Wooster	208	346	824	840
Mansfield	307	513	910	1017
Crestline { A	445	545	1040	1230
Crestline { D	500AM	600	1100	1105
Bucyrus	629	646	1135	1150
Upper Sandusky	718	721	1120	1121PM
Forest	742	727	1200AM	1230
Lima	808	918	130	132
Van Wert	1015	1038	235	230
Fort Wayne	1235PM	1230AM	320	425
Columbia	100	118	433	430
Warsaw	157	215	522	540
Plymouth	232	237	540	625
Valparaiso	402	510	830	805
Chicago	710	720	1015	955

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp
Chicago	800AM	930PM	450PM	450AM
Valparaiso	955	1110	637	537
Plymouth	1123	1248AM	820	906
Warsaw	1210PM	143	902	1014
Columbia	100	225	1005	1110
Fort Wayne	200	330	1055	1220PM
Van Wert	301	429	1200AM	148
Lima	406	536	100	310
Forest	510	650	203	440
Upper Sandusky	532	718	230	510
Bucyrus	609	801	315	538
Crestline { A	635	830	345	630
Crestline { D	655	900	400	540AM
Mansfield	753	939	431	630
Wooster	851	1107	608	840
Orrville	915	1133	634	915
Massillon	946	1204PM	707	958
Canton	1008	1220	725	1031
Alliance	1045	105	823	1130
Salem	11115	127	854	1207
Rochester	100AM	320	1040	235
Pittsburgh	200	425	1145	340

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2.30 p. m; New Castle, 4:00 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 8.00 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7.15 a. m; arr. at Youngstown, 10.45. N. Castle, 9.40 a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6.30 a. m; New Castle, 7.10 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10.20 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 4.40 p. m; arrives New Castle, 7.05 p.m; Youngstown, 7.50 p. m.

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

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

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

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	Mail.	Accom
Cleveland	800AM	1210PM	.....	315PM
Euclid Street	841	1241	.....	346
Hudson	945	114	.....	453
Ravenna	1019	148	.....	526
Alliance	1115	237	.....	621
Bayard	1129	251	.....	....
Wellsville	125PM	415	.....	....

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	.....	Accom
Wellsville	820AM	415PM	.....	....
Bayard	1023	559	.....	....
Alliance	1115	656	.....	810
Ravenna	1201PM	734	.....	900
Hudson	1259	803	.....	945
Euclid Street	146	749	.....	1052
Cleveland	200	800	.....	1100

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp's	Exp's.	Mail.	Accom
Bellair	600AM	150PM	1125AM	....
Bridgeport	610	200PM	1135	....
Steubenville	725	305	1250PM	....
Wellsville	835	410	150	700AM
Smith's Ferry	902	502	212	730
Beaver	....	....	....	....
Rochester	950	540	250	830
Pittsburgh	1100	645	400	940

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Accom
Pittsburgh	630AM	210PM	440PM	335PM
Rochester	735	310	555	435
Beaver	....	400	000	600
Smith's Ferry	812	429	650	535
Wellsville	845	450	720	605
Steubenville	945	530	815	....
Bridgeport	1055	640	917	....
Bellair	1105	650	930	....

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
No. Philadelphia, 6.50 a. m.	Bayard, 9.55 a.m.
Bayard, 12.10, m.	N. Philadelphia, 3.00am

F. R. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

ROCHESTER MARBLE - WORKS.

W. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer of

MONUMENTS:

HEAD & FOOT STONES;

Marble and Stone Posts

For Cemetery Lots.

We have now on hands a Large and Superior Stock of Plain and Ornamental Monuments and Headstones.

We are now ready, to supply on short notice, all orders from the country at low rates. Also,

Grindstones

And Fixtures of a Superior Quality

ALWAYS ON HAND.

☞ Our Neighbors represent that they sell Cheap, but we practice

Selling Cheaper:

And Doing as we Represent.

We Employ no Agents, as we can sell

10 Per Cent. Cheaper at the Shop,

Than by Agents.

All persons desiring any thing in our line

Are Invited to Call and Examine

OUR WORK AND PRICES

Before purchasing elsewhere. [mar17:6m

DRY GOODS,

SPRING 1869.

Full and complete assortment of seasonable goods at fair prices. Full lines of

New Dress Goods,	Brown Sheetings,
New Prints,	Bleached Muslins,
New Ginghams, Tickings and Stripes,	
New Cassimeres, Checks & Dinims'	
New Cloths, Flannels, New Cottonades, Erinne Cloths, New Kentucky Jeans, Table, Diaper, Napkins, New Ladies Cloths, Repellants, New Boys Cassimeres, New White Goods, New Lawns, Tweeds, Black Silks, Fancy Silks, New Jackonets.	
New Chintzes,	Italian Cloth,
New Brilliants,	Corsets,
New Hosiery,	Gloves,
New Hoop Skirts,	Shirt Fronts,
New Suspenders,	Spool Cotton,

A full and complete stock of Notions, &c. All of which have been bought at lowest possible figures, and will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to the trade.

Carr, M'Candless & Co.,

94 WOOD STREET,

mar17:1m. Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELECTION.—The stockholders of "the Company for Erecting a Bridge over Big Beaver Creek, at, or near, Wolfiano, in the County of Beaver," are hereby notified that an Election for one President, six Managers, and a Treasurer will be held in the Toll House of said Company, on the last Monday, the 29th day, of April next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

mar.17.6t. JAMES ALLISON, Treas.

New Advertisements.

Wall Paper

For Spring of 1869.

At No. 107 Market St., near 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A large stock of new and elaborate designs of Paper Hangings, suited for Drawing Rooms, Parlors, Halls and Chambers, together with goods of the Lowest Cost, now opening, and to which constant additions will be made. All to be disposed of at prices to suit the times.

JOS. H. HUGHES & BRO.

mar17:3m.

S. J. Cross & Co.,

ROCHESTER, Pa.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

One Ton White Lead,

10 Bbls. Linseed Oil,

10 " N. O. Molasses,

100 " Choice Flour,

100 Kegs Nails,

3 Hhds. N. O. Sugar.

Large stock of

HARDWARE.

Fresh Stock of

Boots and Shoes!

New Spring Style

DRY GOODS.

All Bought Low, and for Sale Low.

March 1st, 1869.

John R. & A. Murdock,

Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Our different Catalogues will be mailed on application.

No. 1. Fruits and Ornamental Trees, Vines, &c.
No. 2. Roses, Greenhouse plants, &c.
No. 3. Seeds and Potatoes.

feb.24:3m.

Administrator's Notice.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of J. K. Mitchell, dec'd late of the Borough of New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa., all persons, therefore, having claims against said estate will present them, duly authenticated, for settlement, and all those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment

JOSEPH C. WILSON, Adm'r.

feb27:6w Beaver, Pa.

Hardware, &c.

New Firm, New Goods.

Speyerer & Sons,

SUCCESSORS TO

GEO. C. SPEYERER.

Having returned from the East with a large stock of Goods, bought at LOWEST CASH PRICES, offer to the public, at their OLD STAND

CORNER OF WATER AND JAMES STREET

ROCHESTER, PENN'A.

GENERAL DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS.

NOTIONS,

HATS, CAPS, *BOOTS AND SHOES*

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

HARDWARE, IRON,

NAILS, CARPENTER TOOLS

ROPE, OCUM & PACKING YARN, WHITE LEAD and PAINTS dry and in Oil, & Putty

Queensware and Willow Ware,

FLOUR, FLOUR,

Still having the Sole Agency of that CELEBRATED CANTON CITY FLOUR, for Rochester and vicinity, we can sell dealers at Pittsburgh rates, saving freight.

FEED, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

ALSO AGENCY FOR

Buffalo Scale Company,

We offer Scales at MANUFACTURERS PRICE

ALSO AGENTS FOR

Eureka Bone Sulphate of Lime and

PLASTER PARIS FOR LANDS,

White and Water Lime at Wholesale Rates.

BEAVER SALT COMPANY'S SALT.

Always on hand. We always buy for Cash and sell CHEAP. Call and examine our Goods and be convinced.

RETAIL GOODS DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE.

dec16

Miscellaneous.

STOVES & TINWARE.

O. R. ANSHUTZ,

DEALER IN

Tin, Copper & Sheet-Iron Ware.

ALSO

Keeps a Complete Assortment of

Fire-Fronts,

Grates, Cooking-Stoves

&c. &c.

Roofing, Guttering and Spouting

Done to Order promptly and on Reasonable Terms.

Particular Attention Paid to Job Work.

Japanned and

PRESSED WARE

Kept Constantly on Hand.

Shop on the lower end of Third Street,

Beaver, Pa.

Call and Examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere. [mar10:tf

Bailey Farrell & Co.

Lead Pipe Sheet & Bar Lead

MANUFACTURERS, ALSO

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

and every description of goods for

Water, Gas and Steam,

NO. 107 SMITHFIELD STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send for Price List. apr22.

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.

NEW FAMILY GROCERY

AND

PROVISION STORE!

Rochester, Pa.

By COE & DARRAGH

WHERE MAY BE FOUND

Family Groceries and Provisions, Fish, Flour, Cured Butter, Lard, Bacon, Oil, Pure Cider Vinegar, syrups, Molasses, Salt, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Crackers, Tobacco, Cigars, Queensware, Willow ware, Woodenware, and everything in their line, and they hope by strict attention to business, to merit a

LIBERAL SHARE OF THE PATRONAGE.

N.B.—All kinds of Country Produce taken at the market price.

COE & DARRAGH.

Rochester Oct. 1st, 1867—oct9'67:1.y

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole