THE BEAVER ARGUS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square for first insertion; and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

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 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.

P. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square. mar'10'69.

BEAVER SEMINARY AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE.
I will make corresponding reductions in Tuition and Music for pupils who may use the cars to reach us for instruction. Term opens April 1, '69.
mar.17.'68. R. T. TAYLOR.

The Darlington Academy High School will open on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1869. Term, thirteen weeks. Classes formed in the classics, Higher Mathematics, and Com. English. Full term opens Sept. 1st.
J. BRADFORD RHODES, Principal.
Rev. S. Patterson, Pres. Board of Trustees.
mar.31'68.

Shingles, LATH AND FLOORING Constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest rates in the market. Frame timber sawed to order.
J. & H. DARRAGH.

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

T. J. Chandler & Sons, Dentists, Rochester, Pa. Office in Beaver Station, building. All work warranted. Prices moderate. Give us a call. [nov14'68:1y.

D. H. S. HIBBARD, Third street, Beaver, Pa. Especial attention given to the diseases of woman and children. Office consultation and prescriptions free. The Doctor can always be found at his office except when attending to professional duties. [Jan9'69-1y.

Beaver Seminary and Institute.—Spring Session opened April 1st. 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.

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 P. R. R. D. SHUMAKER.
mar1'69.

Coal, Coal.—The undersigned is prepared to deliver good burning Coal to all persons ordering the article. Orders will receive prompt attention. S. P. CUMMINGS.
feb.2.'69.

Jas. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Right" to use the genuine GOODYEAR'S 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.
feb'24,'68.

Miscellaneous.

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.
aug1968.

NOTICE.
NEW BAKERY,
—AT—
J. C. WILSON'S OLD STAND,
Third street, 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 accomodate them.
Fresh Bread,
Cakes,
Crackers,
Nuts,
&c., &c.
Confectionaries of all kinds
NO. 1. FLOUR,
Made from Fall Wheat, by the barrel, sack, or retail.
Jan.6, 1869.

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. 43 WOOD STREET,
Opposite St. Charles Hotel, also entrance No 102 and 104 Third street,
PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.
Wholesale Agents for the West.
For sale by John Moore, Beaver, Pa. [illegible]

C. CLARK & CO.
BANKERS,
No. 35 SOUTH THIRD STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
GENERAL AGENTS
FOR THE SALE OF
PENNSYLVANIA
AND
WESTERN NEW JERSEY
STATE
SECURITIES OF AMERICA
[illegible] CAPITAL PAID. [illegible]

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,
to which will be found all the latest styles adopted to the season.
Cloaks, Eastern and of their own Manufacture. Ladies' Suits made to order.
Shawls in endless variety. House-keeping 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. 3d & 4th avenue. mr10tf

New Advertisements.

CHARLES COALE,
HAS OPENED A STORE IN
NEW BRIGHTON,
To WHOLESALE and RETAIL
WHITE LEAD,
LINSEED OIL,
GLASS, PUTTY,
BRUSHES, NAILS,
Mixed Paints.
Colors, in Oil and Dry,
Carbon Oil,
Boiled Oil,
Neat's Foot Oil,
Lard Oil,
Spirits Terpentine,
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.
Histerms are CASH on delivery of Goods.
jan1,'69.

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. H. S. HIBBARD & CO.
Jan. 6, 1869.

Extraordinary
GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION
IN BEAVER,
could not be more astonishing than the fact that
SIMON SNITGER & CO.,
keep the best, largest and freshest stock of
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, &c,
in Beaver county.
And although it takes gas to make a Balloon rise, you will find, if you visit their establishment that they don't have to resort to gas to make their goods go. To all, we would say, "rush in" and examine our stock! We have on hand the finest and best
TEAS,
COFFEE,
SUGARS,
PURE SPICES
Molasses, Syrups, Soaps,
also the best brands of
Tobacco and 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 me. 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, westend of 3d St., Beaver, Pa. Come and see us. [jan6.

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 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 sides 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
SIBLEY & 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.

Dry Goods.

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.
M'CALLUM BROS.
mar24:1y.

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. AND TREAS.
sept16 68:tf.

DRUGS, DRUGS!
WM. BUECHLING,
IN THE DIAMOND,
Rochester, Beaver County, 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 FOR
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 Jas. A. Fortune's Dry Goods Store,
IN THE DIAMOND,
Rochester Penna.
Formerly Buechling & Brehm. feb17:3m.

Farmers,
TRY THE
ALTA VELA PHOSPHATE,
It is composed principally of the celebrated Guano from
ALTA VELA.
Contains three per cent. of
AMMONIA!
An ample quantity to give activity (without injury) to the vegetation, and a large quantity of soluble
Bone Phosphate of Lime,
Together with POTASH and SODA, the essential elements of a
COMPLETE MANURE.
The high estimation in which it is held by many thousand farmers who are using it in preference to other kinds, is a sure guarantee of its value. Price $50 per ton. Send for a pamphlet! Address—The Alta Vela Guano Company, 57 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT
Zingari Bitters.
A Safe Blood Purifyer,
A Splendid Tonic,
A Pleasant Beverage,
A CERTAIN CURE
AND
PREVENTATIVE OF DISEASES.
The ZINGARI BITTERS are compounded from a prescription of the celebrated Egyptian Physician Dr. Cheopsaire who, after years of trial and experiment, discovered the ZINGARINI 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 ZITNGARI BITTERS are composed, will cure
Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Cholic, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, in its first stage, Flatulency, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Acute and Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera, Typhoid and Typhus Fever, Scrofula, Diseases of the Kidneys, Habitual Costiveness, &c., &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, " "
Hon. Edward McPherson, " "
Hon. Joel B. Danner, " "
Hon. William McSherry, " "
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
feb10;1

Miscellaneous.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS.
Car Factory Building,
NEW BRIGHTON, Pennsa.
Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Summer Pieces,
CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THIS COUNTRY.
LOOK AT THE PRICES!
FIRST PREMIUM COOK STOVE
RUBY.
No. 7, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, $14.50
No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 16.50
No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 20.00
Franklin Parlor Stoves
No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy, 18.25
" 2, " " " 12.00
" 3, " " " 17.00
HEATING STOVES,
No. 2, Ribbed Egg, very heavy, 8.00
" 3, " " " 10.00
" 4, " " " 16.00
Enameled Grate Fronts,
No. 93, Grate 15½ inch, $3.00
" 92, " 17 " 3.65
" 13, " 18 " 3.25
" 91, " 19 " 3.25
" 75, " 19 " 3.25
" 6, " 20 " 3.50
" 21, " 21 " 4.00
" 125, " 21½ " 4.75
" 5, " 21½ " 5.40
" 123, " 23½ " 5.00
" 78, " 23½ " 5.00
FENDERS.
No. 73, Plain Rod, Wide, .75
" 77, " " Narrow, 2.75
" 14, Fancy " 2.75
" 14, " without Rod, 2.75
" 32, Plain Rod, 2.00
" 32, Box, without Rod, 1.75
" 38, " " " 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.
oct14'68.] MERRICK & CO.

J. C. HAMMOND
Dealer in
Flour, Feed, Grain,
ROCHESTER, (ON THE MILL.)
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-'68 J. C. HAMMOND

WALL PAPER.
WALL PAPER.
WALL PAPER.
The largest and cheapest stock of Wall Paper in Beaver County.
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.
A large assortment of Miscellaneous, School and Religious Books, constantly on hadd at Publishers' Prices.
Gift Books Suitable for the Holidays,
ON HAND.
STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY.
An extensive variety of Paper, Envelopes, Lead Pencils, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Ink Stands, &c., &c.
We are the exclusive Agent for the celebrated
Foley's Gold Pen,
for this County: those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.
We are the Agent for this County for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as we can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwaters School Government for sale at Publishers' prices.
We have constantly on hand Floor Oil Cloth in large variety.
WINDOW SHADES,
WINDOW OIL CLOTH,
RUSTIC & PAPER SHADES.
—ALSO—
on hand Toys and Variety Goods suitable for the Holidays.
J. F. PRICE,
Dec21 Broadway, New Brighton
FAIRBANKS
STANDARD
SCALES
of all kinds.
ALSO, BAGGAGE BARROWS WAREHOUSE TRUCKS.
COPYING PRESSES,
IMPROVED MONEY DRAWERS.
Fairbanks, Morse & Co.,
102 Second Avenue, near Wood St., Pittsburgh.
SCALES REPAIRED PROMPTLY.
apr7:6mos.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
The subscriber offers for sale lots in a Town which he has recently laid out, adjoining the borough of Rochester, Pa., about fifteen minutes walk from Rochester Station, East on the Pittsburgh road. The lots all contain one acre of land and upwards, and purchasers are at liberty to take one or more, as it may suit their convenience. These lots present a very desirable location for
PRIVATE RESIDENCES,
Of business men and mechanics.
TERMS REASONABLE.
For further information inquire on the premises. G. W. MILLER.
apr7:2t.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

IDA LEWIS.

THE GRACE DARLING OF AMERICA.

Thirty years ago, just at the [illegible] of a stormy September night, Grace Darling the heroic daughter of the Longstone lighthouse-keeper, on the English coast, launched her boat upon the raging tide, and with her reluctant father's aid, at the imminent peril of her life, saved persons from the disastrous wreck of the Forfarshire steamer. The fearless and noble act, done in her 23d year, praises and rewards were heaped upon her in lavish measure; a fund of $3,500 was subscribed for her benefit, the remaining four years of her life were crowned with comfort, and her name has passed into current usage as a synonym for an unselfish and heroic act.

Two weeks since, toward the close of a stormy March afternoon, Ida Lewis, the intrepid daughter of the Lime Rock light-keeper, in Newport (R. I.) harbor performed a deed of self-sacrificing courage, which rounds a career of even greater usefulness in the saving of human life. The sun fell that day in the torrents, and the gale drove the waves across the harbor with force that taxed the full strength and skill of the most experienced boatmen. In the midst of the storm, a soldier boy, scarcely 14 years old, who had somehow obtained possession of one of the smallest and most unsafe boats in the harbor, (since christened the "soldier drowner,") succeeded in persuading two soldiers, Sergt. James Adams, and Private John McLaughlin, to let him carry them across from the city, either they had gone to make some purchases, or to Fort Adams, where they were stationed. Anxious to escape the dreary three-mile trump by land, and believing the lad's assertion that he could manage the boat as well as any one, they trusted themselves in it, and made half the trip in safety, but about midway in the harbor a sudden blast struck the sail, the soldier boy jammed the helm in the wrong direction, the boat capsized in an instant, and the waves rolled relentless over, like the verdict cockle-shell. For a long half-hour its luckless occupants clung to the keel, and struggled against the blinding rain and the fierce salt waves with all the energy of despair; but finally the boat's strength was exhausted, his grip relaxed—one clutch at McLaughlin's shoulder, with a frenzied laugh and a bite of his lip, he was gone!—nor a trace of him since, been seen. The paralyzing with cold and despairing of hope the two soldiers had the choice left but to clasp each other in a last embrace, and sink to the grave—when suddenly, out of the Lime Rock, half a mile away, a little boat driven by rapid and sure, straight over the dashing waves toward the drowning. Hope kindled in their breasts, but faded when they saw it only a slender youth, and a rower woman plying the oars. The swiftly came, however, and when it was almost reaching over the grasp the nearest soldier, with a quick-witted sister, crying, "Hosea! we shall be capsized! turned the boat without a moment's hesitation, and by skillful management was drawn safely over, and another backward pull, and the boat, with its freight of rescued lives, was scudding swiftly through the spray back to the the Rock again. The Sergeant was able to stagger on shore, but private McLaughlin had to be carried into the light-house, where both of them received the utmost care and kindness, and were safely conveyed to Fort Adams the next day.

The heorine of this daring exploit was born Feb. 25, 1842, and is thus in her 28th year; but her first rescue of imperiled life dates back to September, 1859, when she was only 17. Four gay young fellows, all about 18 or 20 years of age, and all sons of wealthy gentlemen, one from Philadelphia and the rest from Newport, went out for an evening sail, and one of them, more full of mischief than the others, climed the mast and upset the boat half a mile from the nearest shore. None of them could swim that distance, night was rapidly coming on, the capsized boat was too light to support more than two or three of them at once, and they were rulefully awaiting the bitter consequences of their mad frolic, when the keeper's daughter, spying them through the dusk, hastened to their relief, and rescued them all from their impending fate. The one who climbed the mast enlisted at the opening of the war, and received a mortal wound at the disastrous battle of Bull run, but the others are still living, and doubtless cherish gratefully the memory of their youthful preserver.

During the intervening period of ten years, this heorine of the harbor has saved five other lives. One cold and windy February day, three intoxicated soldiers stole a skiff and set out for the fort. By some drunken recklessness they soon stove a hole in the bottom, and the boat rapidly filled. Two of the men succeeded in swimming ashore again, and were so alarmed at their adventure they ran away and never came back; but the third clung to the submerged skiff and tried to paddle it with his feet across the harbor. When discovered and picked up, with his hat in his teeth and a bottle of whisky in each pocket, he was stiff with cold, and barely escaped perishing in his desperate attempt. The next rescue was in January, 1867. A valuable sheep escaped from those who had it in charge, dived off one of the wharves, and started to swim around the harbor. Three men, who went in pursuit along the fort road, found a skiff and put out to rescue the animal. But the fierce south-east gale was too much for them, the boat began to swamp, rapidly, they could not regain the shore, and were staring death in the face when fearless Ida went to their relief, carried them and the skiff to land, and then went out and saved the sheep! In the remaining instance, it seems that a fine looking but reckless fellow stole a large sail boat from one of the wharves one Winter evening and put to sea with it, but the gale drove the craft upon the "Little Lime Rock," about a mile from the light, where it sunk, leaving the unlucky thief clinging to the halyards from midnight till dawn, when the heorine reached and picked him up. "There he was," says Miss Lewis, in relating the incident, "shaking, and God blessing me, and begging to be set on shore, and last I saw of him he was crawling on his hands and knees!"

The heroism of Grace Darling was the result of a single noble impulse; the bravery of Ida Lewis is part of her daily life. Sixteen years ago, the light on Lime Rock was established, and Hosea Lewis, a veteran ex-revenue pilot, familiar with the coast from Halifax to Norfolk, became its keeper on the 8th of December, 1853. The southern line of the harbor makes a wide, deep angled sweep, with the city on one side, Fort Adams two miles off on the opposite point, and Lime Rock midway between, about 300 yards from the shore. This rock commands the widest view of the harbor, and upon it the keeper lived alone three years and a half. Then a [illegible]stial, square, two-story brick [illegible] was built, and in June, 1857, [illegible] joined him. Four months [illegible] a stroke of paralysis disabled [illegible] from all work, and ever since his [illegible] daughter, Ida, has been the [illegible]-stay of the family. It was she [illegible]pared for her father, and lightened [illegible] her mother's toil, and watched [illegible] her younger sister Harriet, and [illegible] her brothers Rudolph and [illegible] to school, and eked out the light-keeper's slender pittance with [illegible] needle and other feminine labors, [illegible] flew to the rescue of imperiled [illegible] with an instinctive courage that would not let her worst enemy sink without her risking her life to save him.

In personal appearance this Newport heroine scarcely attains the average height of women, is remarkably slender, and would be thought much younger 20 than 27. Light brown hair, blue eyes, keen but kind, and cheeks pale, flushed, though not round enough for beauty, attract one to a woman whose quick smile and frank and friendly manner more than excuse the inevitable educational deficiencies which such a life must always entail. No one can talk with her without believing her unselfish as she is fearless, and the fame her heroism has created seems simply to amuse her, without exciting the least vanity. So little has she thought of her own deeds that, when first asked, she had to spend some time in consideration before she could say exactly how many lives she had saved!

Her father is still a sociable and pleasant old gentleman, able to walk a little, but spending most of the waking hours in his chair. Mrs. Lewis is a free spoken and hospitable matron, devoted to her family, to her four story papers, of which Bonner's *Ledger* is one, and to the care of the lamp whose flame has glistened across the harbor from sunset to sunrise these many years with as sure and unfailing a ray as gleams from any light upon the American coast. Rudolph is a young sailor of 21, now absent on a voyage, and "Hosey" (Hosea) is 20 and a teamster in Newport. Hattie is only 17, and possesses a wealth of personal attractions that many a fair Fifth ave. girl might envy. Both the sisters indulge in rings and ear drops, and other vanities dear to the feminine heart, and when they have recourse to the treasures of their wardrobe, accumulated chiefly by Ida's industry, they might easily be mistaken for damsels of high degree.

The house in which they live is white washed till it glistens like snow, and everything is kept scrupulously clean. The Rock itself is a jagged pile less than an acre in extent, divided by a channel, which before at low tide, and so utterly barren that not a blade of grass will grow upon it. A mischievous black poodle, two rabbits, three plump cats (who made [illegible] to all the rats and mice long [illegible]), a couple of turkeys, and a dozen [illegible] fowls give quite a Robinson [illegible] to the place. The tide [illegible] about seven feet, and the highest point of rock is 17 feet above [illegible] line. On the landward side is a [illegible] pier, capped with a massive block of stone, and here, swinging from the davits, or rocking on the tide, may be seen the small, [illegible] skiff, worn, dowsy [illegible] boat, black without, and white within, in which Miss Lewis has learned to row so well that even the brawny boatmen of the harbor concede her superior skill, and [illegible] which none of them care to have [illegible].

[illegible] of the American Grace Darling, and a portrait of one exploit were published two years ago in an illustrated paper, and many compliments and requests for photographs ensued. More than one romantic gentleman tried to persuade her to change her name for his, and found a friend indeed, but no wife. Two brothers, seafaring men, from Black Rock, Connecticut, have pressed their suits with more success, and it is quite probable that both the sisters may be married before another Spring.

It is worth nothing, perhaps, that Miss Lewis is rightfully entitled to the extraordinary and unprecedented name of "Idawalley Zoradia," which she inherits from the quaint fancy of her maternal grandfather, an estimable but excentric Block Island physician. This name, however, she has wisely discarded, and writes herself simply "Ida."

In France or England, such a heoine would have long since received many honorable and substantial testimonials, but scarcley any gifts were made to Miss Lewis until the two soldiers, rescued on the 29th of March, insisted on her accepting a gold watch and chain of Swiss manufacture, valued at $100. L. Prang, the Boston chromo publisher, sent her last week a kind letter, and half a dozen choice pictures. John Carter Brown, esq., of Providence, and John Auchincloss, esq., of New-York, have each sent her a check for $25; and a Boston gentleman transmitted to her last Friday the sum of $100. An active Newport citizen, of long salt water experience, is rapidly raising in that city and Providence, a subscription of $135 for the building of a ceder life boat, to be finished in the finest style, by one of the best Newport builders, and painted white with a gilt stripe. It is almost certain that this will be completed and presented to Miss Lewis within a few weeks. Another energetic citizen meditates raising a fund for her benefit; this season many enterprises of moment for her benefit are also in progress.

In the opinion of the best judges, no truer or more fearless heroine than Ida Lewis ever found a place in the annals of any humane society on either side of the Atlantic, and none more unselfish ever received honors from those whose position or wealth enables them to crown meritorious acts with suitable rewards.

A NIGHT WITH A MANIAC.

The maniac was a giant. He had broken his heavy chains as Samson broke the withes, had torn open the door of his cell, torn the keeper literally in pieces, burst open the door, killed the watchman with a heavy iron bar he wrenched from the door, and escaped with his formidable weapon into the city. The whole place was aghast at the news; and we students at the hospital and dissecting room, who were connected with the asylum, had to nerve ourselves to help capture the escaped wild beast.

I had gone to the dissecting room alone, and was about to commence using the knife on a subject. There was a storm raging, and with a low sob the wind swelled through the long aisle of forest trees, and flashed with the gathered force of an ocean wave against the dead-house. Simultaneously a hand struck the light door and the yell of a maniac rang through my brain.

Above the door, through, the small ventilator, the face of the madman and the murderer peered down at me.

"Ah, ha! I have caught you at last—here—and alone. I have been waiting for you. You took me once, didn't you? Ha! ha! Let me in." The coolness of imminent peril brought my powers into action. I held his eye an instant; but it was evident he was too wild for that; his blood was up, and it roved with eager ferocity through the room and over the frail walls. With the light bound of a leopard I gained the door, and shot the doubled bolt. A gleam of rage darted from his eyes, but he laughed, "Ha! ha! You think that will keep me out!"

He leaped to the ground. In an instant the light was out.

"Wait," I cried. "I have a weapon in my hand keen as a razor. It is poisoned by the dead body I have been working on. Burst the door, and I'll plunge it in your heart. If it but touch you, you are a dead man. You may kill me, but I will kill you also, as certain as there is a God."

The swarthy giant shook the door until its hinges creaked and groaned beneath his hand. Then laughing again low to himself, muttered, "Fool, I'll out wit you yet."

And he stole off in the darkness. I heard him, for an instant, pressing against the wall of the building, and it swayed and bent inward with the weight. Then, silence. The din of my pulses made thunder in my ears, as I tried to hear his stealing tread and the sobbing wind rose anew with weird shriek, made my efforts fruitless.

A thousand times I heard his low, devilish, murderous laugh. A thousand times felt his brawney strength against the door, and saw his wild face look down at me through the gloom; but still he did not come. I tried to think he had abandoned the design, and slunk off discouraged; but I knew it was not so—I knew he was crouching in some corner on the watch to spring on me when I passed.

Could I stay there all night? No, certainly not. An hour more, Harry Leigh (my young wife's brother) would come to seek me—come unconscious of the danger, until a bloodhound at his throat would choke the brave young life down there forever.

I listened in the intervals of the now fitful storm to hear if he was breathing near me; I waited for the next lull. It came—that deep gush that follows the gusty wind. I put my soul in the sense of hearing, but no human shadow of sound greeted it.

When the storm swelled again I drew the bolt and looked into the night; a black pall hung over the earth and sky. I had a good chance to pass him in the obscurity as he to catch me. With my knife in my teeth, and the massive thigh-bone of a negro to fell him with, if I must, I drew off my shoes and stepped out into the darkness. A sudden whirl of the tempest almost took me off my feet, and a brick, dislodged from one of the chimneys, grazed my head in its passage, and broke in half on the pavement.

With heated breath, and a step like the tread of a panther scenting his prey, I parted the thick darkness and turned my face toward the hospital. He might be either here—at any step along the passage—or hid in the angle of the wall at the door through which I must enter. This seemed most probable; but there was another door known only to the doctors.

I thought I would elude him. With infinite caution I began to scale the high wall, dreading horribly lest some sudden break in the sky might reveal me to the wild eyes that watched for me—but no.

Safely passing the summit, I threw my leg over for the descent, and felt my foot seized. It was but the clinging grasp of a wild vine skirting the wall. Grasping my knife in my right hand, I crept along the bushy [illegible] for fifty yards, then struck across the lawn for the side entrance. The darkness perplexed me, but I thought I was steering straight. Suddenly my foot struck brick. What was this? I tried to recollect. There was no projected shed that part of the hospital.

I pushed on uncertainly, and feeling a weight in the air, put out my hand to grope for some clue to my whereabouts. I was in an alley—flanked with stone walls far above my head. I gave a sudden turn. In an instant I knew I was in the subterranean passages of the asylum. Turning to retrace my steps, the opaque density of some heavy body crouched between me and the outer air. I heard its stifled breathing—its stealthy tread approaching me. Just heavens! he had followed me from the very door of the dead-house here! A struggle for life with a mad-man in these narrow, gloomy vaults—to lie in the pool of one's own heart's blood in this undiscovered tomb—and my young wife, Constance;—was maddening.

For an instant my brain was on fire. Then I thought there might be an exit—other devious windings in which I could elude my deadly pursurer. Going deftly backward, I turned the angle in the wall, and then plunged at the utmost speed of a young and active man among the back passage. Instantly I knew that I was pursueds. Meeting another cross-path I struck into it in the opposite direction. What a race through those cavernous depths of the madhouse! What tragic pitfalls might lurk at every step?—what black and stagnant pools lie waiting to engulf me!—what deeper depths of icy blackness into which to fall—and fall forever!

The passage grew narrower. We were, perhaps, under the very centre of the building, and farthest from the outer air. I had tried to breathe noiselessly; the effort exhausted me. I knew nothing of the labyrinths; could only guess at our position by the distance from the entrance. I had counted the turnings we had made. I thought I could retrace them. My strength was failing. I was fleetest, but he was most enduring.

Presently he would run me down. It was a terrible venture, but the necessity was imminent. I would try it, I darted like an arrow on into the darkness. The suddenness of my increased speed baffled him. I succeeded in putting fifty yards between us, gained and turned the next angle; then, drawing myself against the wall with every nerve and muscle strained into preternatural tension, with the mighty heaving of my spent chest crushed into silence by an iron effort of despairing will, I waited for him to pass me. I heard him come rushing on with new strength through the blackness, reach the angle, turn it, striking his massive body against the jutting stones. I heard him spring like an animal on along the track. I felt his hot breath like steam—the foam of his set jaws flung across my face—and he stopped. I felt that he was feeling for me—that he was crouching on the stones! I saw the red of his eye-balls glare up to me through the darkness. I felt the touch of his icy flesh on my hand. Like lightning he raised himself, and throwing his vast weight against me, pinioned me to the stones. And the mad rage of a man at bay surged upward to my brain. I clasped my knife convulsively and seized him by the throat, resolved to die hard. It was hairy—it was shaggy. The hands against my chest had a thick coat of fur. I clasped him to my breast. It was Lion—my dog Lion.

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"Great heaven, Keene! what kept you the whole night in that cursed dead-house? It is near day; the door has been open these two hours, and Derby and King have been asleep. I was getting on my boots to look for you."

"Why, in the name of common sense, did you let this dog out after me? Will you tell me that?"

"Why, he howled like a maniac, and clawed at the door till I thought you were in some danger, and I could not keep him in."

"Danger! Well, we can't talk now. House yourself; I have had an interview with your maniac, and he is prowling round the grounds after me now. Call up the men. I must go after Philip immediately."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; don't waste a second."

In five minutes the whole force of the hospital was out in the grounds. We took him in the angle of the great door, crouched behind the jutting wall, waiting for me! He drew his lips back over his teeth, in the dumb ferocity of a mad brute, as he saw lurid glare, impossible to describe, as he hissed out, "Ha! this is twice you triumph; wait till the third time!"

Around the blazing grate, in the closing hour of the tempest-tossed night, we shook hands over the gladness of our re-union; and after the story was over, and the horror first, and the laughter after, (at the close of my adventure,) and Derby and King had left, and Harry Leigh and I stood at the window watching the young winter day rise over the hills, there was something very like tears over the bold, bright blue of his eyes as he pointed to the granite walls of the mad-house, and said, "Constance would have gone there, Keene, or died, and mine would have been a heavy, heavy life ever after."

THE TWITCHELL CASE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11.—The Twitchell case still excites considerable interest here. The *Sunday Transcript* publishes the following interesting and authentic history of the family, not heretofore made public: Mrs. Twitchell was born in Washington, her mother being then known as Mrs. Weritz. Her father was the Rev. Oliver Spencer, a Methodist clergyman of some reputation. In 1841 the mother and daughter moved to Cincinnati, and remained there four years, during which time Camilla was known as Miss Sawyer, her mother having a married sister by that name. (This is probably the origin of the story that Mrs. Twitchell was the illegitimate daughter of a member of Congress.) From Ohio, in 1848, Mrs. Weritz and daughter came to Philadelphia, and the former married Mr. Hill. Shortly after Camilla married Richard Martin, a clerk in a dry goods store. After living together five years Martin left his wife, alleging acts of impropriety on her part, but she took the initiative in the proceedings for a divorce, which resulted in a legal seperation in 1853. Camilla then resumed the name of Sawyer, returned to her mothers house, and lived there with her and Mr. Hill. She there became acquainted with Twitchell, senior, then a widower with several children, besides George S. Twitchell, an illegitimate son, who had been born in Brooklyn, his mother dying shortly after his birth. Camilla was engaged as housekeeper, and removed with Twitchell, senior, to New Jersey. It is denied most positively by all parties that there was improper intercourse between Mr. Twitchell and his housekeeper. On the contrary, Camilla's conduct is represented to have been blameless. She was a member of Dr. Lord's church in Broad-st., near Chestnut, and in her character as housekeeper was paid regular wages, and for extra service received extra pay. When George S. Twitchell, jr., reached manhood, he was accepted as the suitor of his father's housekeeper, and in 1864 was married. We have already said that Mrs. Twitchell is not yet ready to give to the public a formal statement, but while in prison awaiting trial, in conversation with the prison officials, she made a partial statement which has never been published. When informed of her husband's conviction, and the probabilities of her own fate, she remarked:

"I know nothing of this murder. That afternoon George and I were out riding, and when we got back to the house mother was getting tea, as Sarah Campbell had gone out. I noticed that George was very much depressed in spirits. He never was much of a talker, but this night he was quieter than usual. He scarcely spoke at all at the table, and after supper I said to mother, 'There is something the matter with George; suppose you go and talk with him, while I clear away the things.' Mother went up stairs, and I did clear away the things, and when I got through I went to my room. George was then in the sitting room reading a paper and smoking a cigar. I went to bed, and don't know how long I was