THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 51—No. 17. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, April 28, 1869. Established 1818.

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.

BEN. K. PIERSON, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Professor Taylor's in Beaver. [apr21:4t.

E. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square. mar31:tf.

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.
mar17:3t. H. 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. Fall term opens Sept. 1st.
Rev. S. Patterson, Pres. Board of Trustees. J. BRADFORD RHODES, Principal.
mar31:3mo.

Shingles, LATH AND FLOORING Constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest rates in the market. Frame timber sawed to order.
J. & H. HARRAGH.
feb10:tf

C. 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. [nov4'68:ly.

Dr. 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. [Jan'69-1y.

Beaver Seminary and Institute.—Spring Session opens 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
H. T. TAYLOR.

Shingles! Shingles.—The undersigned is now 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 prices. The mill is located near Beaver station; on the C. & P. Railroad. D. SHUMAKER.
jan11:6m.

Coal, Coal.—The undersigned is prepared to deliver good burning Coal to all persons needing the article. Orders will receive prompt attention.
S. P. CUMMINGS.
Dec. 2, 1869.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.
sep19'68:1y.

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.
Feb3:1y.

MAHANTIN Lodge No. 294, I. O. G. T. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Coffin's Hall. [feb10:tf

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.
aug18'68.

NOTICE.

NEW BAKERY

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. 45 WOOD STREET,

Opposite St. Charles Hotel, also entrance No 102 and 104 Third street,

PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Wholesale Agents for the West.

For sale by John Moore, Beaver, Pa. [jy8:6m.

E. W. CLARK & CO.

BANKERS,

No. 35 SOUTH THIRD STREET

PHILADELPHIA.

GENERAL AGENTS,

FOR

PENNSYLVANIA AND SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY,

OF THE

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is a corporation chartered by special Act of Congress, approved July 25, 1868, with a

CASH CAPITAL, $1,000,000, FULL PAID.

Liberal terms offered to Agents and Solicitors, who are invited to apply at our office.

Full particulars to be had on application at our office, or by addressing, when a short story of our Banking House, Circulars and Pamphlets, fully describing the advantages offered by the Company, may be had.
E. W. CLARK & CO.
No. 35 South Third St.

New Spring Dry-Goods

J. W. BARKER & CO.,

NO. 45 WOOD STREET,

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. 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. 3l & 4th avenue.
mr10:tf

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 Turpentine,

Coach Body Varnish.

COPAL VARNISH,
FURNITURE VARNISH,
DAMAR VARNISH,
SHELLAC AND
BLACK VARNISH,

COALE'S PATENT JAPAN

ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

Picture Frames, (to order,)

LOOKING GLASSES.

LOOKING GLASS PLATES,

FRENCH AND PLATE
WINDOW GLASS,

FRENCH ZINC,

ENGLISH AND GERMAN GLUE,

SAND PAPER, &C.

His terms are CASH on delivery of Goods.
jun1,'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. B. 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 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, 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.

They execute a 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 tensions, new, novel and unerring, 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

SINGER & STOODS,

Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and West Virginia, Office 23 South 5th St., Phila., and No. 64 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
apr29'68:1y.

Lumber FURNISHED AT THE LOWEST RATES AT DARRAGH'S, Sharon, Pa.
feb 10:tf

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,

Plain 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 $54 per ton. Send for a pamphlet. Address—The Alta Vela Guano Company, 57 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT

Zingari Bitters.

A Safe Blood Purifier.

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. Chronis, 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 ZITNGARI 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 and Chroic 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. RAUTTER & 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. Josiah Randall, "
Hon. William McBerty, and others, "

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
feb10:1

Miscellaneous.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS.

Car Factory Buildings,

NEW BRIGHTON, Penna.

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,	18.50

Franklin Parlor Stoves

No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy,	10.25
" 2, " " "	13.00
" 3, " " "	17.00

HEATING STOVES,

No. 2, Ribbed Egg, very heavy,	9.00
" 3, " " "	10.00
" 4, " " "	15.00

Enameled Grate Fronts,

No. 93, Grate 15½ inch,	$4.40
" 92, " 17 "	3.65
" D, " 18 "	3.25
" 91, " 19 "	3.25
" 75, " 19 "	3.25
" C, " 21 "	3.50
" 211, " 21 "	4.00
" 192, " 21½ "	4.75
" 193, " 23½ "	5.40
" 78, " 23½ "	5.00

FENDERS.

No. 73, Plain Rod, Wide,	.75
" 73, " " Narrow,	1.75
" 14, Fancy "	1.75
" 16, " without Rod,	2.75
" 32, Plain Rod,	2.00
" 32, Box, without Rod,	1.75
" 28, " " "	1.50

Pressed Sheet Iron Summer Pieces,

Plain Enameled,	$1.25
" with Ornamental Centre,	1.50

All Work Warranted. Give us a Call.

TERMS, CASH.

octl6'68.] MERRICK & CO.

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-'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 hand at Publishers' Prices.

Gift Books Suitable for the Holidays,

ON HAND.

STATIONERY,
STATIONERY,
STATIONERY,

An extensive variety of Paper, Envelopes, Lead Pencils, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Ink Stands, &c., &c.

We are the exclusive Agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this County; those 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. Atwater's School Government for sale at Publisher's prices.

We have constantly on hand Paper 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,

Decl' Broadway, New Brighton

FAIRBANKS

STANDARD

SCALES

of all kinds.

ALSO, BAGGAGE BARROWS WAREHOUSE TRUCKS.

COPYING PRESSES,

IMPROVED MONEY DRAWERS.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.,

178 Second Avenue, near Wood St., Pittsburgh.

SCALES REPAIRED PROMPTLY.
apr7:6mos.

BREAD! - BREAD!

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he is still engaged in the Baking business at his old stand, on Market Street, Bridgewater, Pa. He warrants that nothing is used in his bakery to make white bread out of dark flour. Persons leaving their orders at his bakery will be supplied at their houses daily if so desired with the best of bread, &c.
J. G. YOUNG.
apr14:3mos.

Millinery & Dress Making.

Mrs. Z. Moore having returned from Ohio, informs her former customers and the public generally, that she has removed to the office formerly occupied by W. R. Clarke, Esq., one door west of Mr. Barclay's store, where she intends carrying on Millinery and Dress Making in all their branches. Bonnets and Bonnet Trimmings in great variety constantly on hand.
apr14:4w.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

UNDER SENTENCE.

It was three o'clock one afternoon in the latter part of April. The garden at the rear of a comfortable, whitewashed, thatched cabin was blandishing with early cabbages and potatoes, everything bore the look of prosperity; from the blue smoke curling up from the freshly made kitchen, to the green meadow where the cows were lying, ruminating. A broad river, glistening in the sun's rays, rolled lazily beside the boundary wall of the picture.

Yet Kate Moran stood at her father's door, looking across the river to the mass of ships, houses, and spires which rose on the other side.

"Mother, honey, I can't keep my eyes off that dreadful spot," said she, turning as she spoke to an elderly woman who sat knitting on a bench near the fire.

"Musha, acusha, what will I do ye?" said she, rising and going to the door also. "Come in," putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder caressingly.

"Oh, mother! To think o' the poor fellow bein' ——" Here she fairly broke down and burst into a wild fit of distress.

"Whisht, now!" cried another, "and don't let him see ye cryin', I say."

Kate ran hastily into the bedroom, her father entered the kitchen.

"There's no chance for the poor craythur, Pat?" asked his wife, as a broad faced good humored looking man came forward and sat down on the settee.

"Chance!" said he roughly, while his face clouded. "Sorry chance! He'll be hung as sure as I've this pipe in me hand."

"Lord have mercy on his sowl, the craythur!" moaned his wife.

"Oh, musha! amin," said her husband, sighing. "I'm glad in wu! the cowlt to the fair to-morra, an' to see the last of him. It's liver I tho's to see Poor Mick Welsh's son on a gallus!"

The sun was setting over the opposite hill where the tall many storied houses rose in terrace and steep lanes, and was shedding the last beams of his radiance on the large, dark, stone building which crowned the height. The red light seemed to be concentrated upon one part of the building, where there was an iron gateway, spiked and double locked. Far above in the dark massive walls was a small black door. And beneath this door and around the gateway, men were busy putting up strong timber railings; while a crowd, talking and gesticulating constantly, pressed in upon the workmen, and were driven back by officials in uniform, and a few soldiers.

Inside the massive walls other workmen were busy, but there was common place enough. Something was wrong with the roof of the sewer of the jail. Masons and bricklayers had been laboriously for some hours; and now when the sun and bells were striking six they were taking up their tools, putting on their coats, and leaving their work till next day.

There were no rough words among them. One man laughed to his companion slipped into the sewer whence they had emerged, but his merriment was checked by the sentinary look from the officer on the far side of the yard. Suddenly the man's face changed, as he stooped and disappeared. The officer was pacing slowly up and down the inclosure.

"Lord have mercy on his sowl!" muttered an old mason, compassionately. "Poor Tim Welsh! as honest a boy afore he got into bad company, as iver a father reared."

Whether the prisoner had caught the sound of his name or not, he raised his head and looked sadly toward them.

"Lord help him!" said two or three of the men, "for makin' away with one poor sheep—what a rich man had plenty of."

An official came across the yard to look at their day's work, and after some questions, walked away, saying "Come along now, the gate is open."

So, casting a backward glance at the manacled prisoner, the men passed through an arch into an inner court, whence the great doors opened them out into the street.

The manacled man gazed after their retreating figures with a sigh—almost a groan—as he thought of their return to their homes free and happy, from their honest labor, while he—the "rap, rap, tap, tap" of carpenters' hammers outside beat at the thought he could not dwell upon.

There was no one with him, nor any one near him but a turnkey pacing up and down an angle of the building, for in those days there was far less vigilance than now. He was not confined to his cell on this the last day of his life, but was permitted to walk about the prison yards apart from other prisoners, however, and securely handcuffed.

Bitter and despairing were his thoughts. He thought of his gray haired widowed mother, of his stalwart young brothers, of the lads he had played ball with, of Kate Moran, whom he had danced with at the fair only two months ago. Mechanicly he walked across the square to the place where the bricklayers and masons had been busy; thinking as he did so half unconsciously—how large the opening was, how long the great sewer was, and where it emptied itself. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, making his pale face flush, and his fettered hands tremble with excitement. He turned sharply away fest he should excite suspicion, and loitered with his former heavy weary step toward the doorway of the inner courtyard.

"Goin' in, are you?" said the turnkey.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

The officer stalked on before him into the adjoining square, and opening a door, passed through a long stone corridor and stopping before a cell door, unlocked it. "If you want anything you can call," he said, graciously, through the trap door as he locked it.

"Thank ye," answered the condemned man. If the official had been better skilled in reading faces he might have looked to the fastening of the cell door a little more carefully.

Tom Welsh had noticed that the bolt of teh lock was very shaky, and he knew that a shaky bolt can be forced back.

It would not be dusk for a long while yet, but he could not wait; the one chance—desperate, hopeless as it seemed—must be quickly tried.—While the turnkey's steps re-echoed in his hearing, he—stiffened—unscrewed the iron leg of his bedstead, and stealing forward, waited until he heard the great doors at the end of the corridor clash; then putting the leg of the bedstead between the bolt and the wall, he strove with all his strength to force it back. But it resisted and he dare not make a noise. In despair he replaced the leg, and sat down to recover breath. Soon he heard another turnkey coming. He went to the cell door and called.

"What is it? What do you want?"

"A drink of water, if ye plase; I'm very thirsty."

When the turnkey had brought in the water and retired, Welsh, who had been watching the peep, saw that though gone to its place, it was not half as far gone as before. He drank the water to cool his burning mouth and parched throat, and seizing the iron leg again, listened as before until the doors clashed when, placing the instrument in the old place, he—first, gently shaking the bolt—gave it a vigorous blow, the sound of which was lost in the noisy shoes of closing doors. The bolt shot back; he pulled the door open and peered around; returning to his bed he replaced the leg, and made up a bundle, under the clothes, as well as he could with the aid of the bolster; then closing the cell door softly after him, he ran lightly down the gallery to the door that entered into the yard. The key was in it; he turned it, and glancing around for the second time, shut it after him and darted across the arched doorway where a sentry paced.

"How to get past this soldier was the question, while he trembled in mingled horror at the "rap, rap, rap; tap, tap, tap," coming freshly to his ears, and the thought of probable freedom and more probable recapture. At this moment the sentry turned back on his beat, and the prisoner, crouching in the doorway, stole swiftly along by the wall to the opposite side of the yard, and slunk in beside a buttress. The open sewer was on the same side, but further down. He lay huddled up, and trembling in all his limbs, not daring to move lest he should attract attention, until the sentry turned for the third time; then he fled along the wall, and dropping into the sewer he crept into the darkness there.

"Safe for a while, anyhow, glory be to God!" he gasped.

But as the poor creature pushed his way onward through the foul air, in a stooping position, with his fettered hands pushed out before him to feel his way, a deadly sickness came over him. Still, the faintly glimmering prospect of escape kept him up.

Fortunately there were but few rats in the sewer; five or six times he felt them biting at his feet from which his coarse stockings had long since been cut to pieces, and heard them squeaking as they scrambled up the dripping walls. "Will I ever smell a fresh breeze again, Lord help me!" he groaned. As he crawled along under the principal streets he could hear the carriages rolling over his head, and to one grating to which he came, he heard the words of a song, chorussed by some men near a public house. At length, after he had been more than eight hours on his way, he heard the rolling of the river, saw a faint gleam through the pitchy darkness, felt a faint, fresh breeze from the flowing tide. A few more steps—falling in his eagerness,—and the glimmer grew clearer, the breeze grew fresher, and he reached the river bank. It was just four o'clock, and the clear solemn light of the dawn, was spreading over the sleeping city; the gardens were fresh in early fruit and flowers; the noble river rippling serenely on, and the cottages, trees and meadows lay far on the other side. Very far off they looked, and the river—cold, broad and deep, lay between; yet the undaunted fugitive stripped, aching, sick, exhausted, muttered another prayer and plunged in. The cold water gave him temporary strength; keeping his eyes fixed on the goal of his hopes, he swam on almost entirely by the movement of his legs and feet, as his hands were secured by a distressing numbness. His strong efforts barely sufficed to keep his head above water and prevent him slowly on yard. Slower and shorter became each stroke, and a moment of the rising tide rushed over his head when, with a gurgling moan he made a last effort, and his feet touched the bottom. He now stood upright and slowly waded to the low muddy shore, where he sank down on the sedge and sea flowers, and fainted away.

"I must be stirrin' meself," said Pat Moran to his wife, about half-past four o'clock. "I've a power to do. I've to take the cowlt to the fair, an' the turnip field to plow afore I go."

Just as the first beams of golden sunlight were resting on the cabin chimneys and on the high buildings of the city hills opposite, he led his two horses from their stable to the field by the river, where the plow lay, and having yoked them, he began turning up the furrows afresh.

"It's a fine mornin' glory be to God!" he soliloquized, "on'y for the poor sowl that's to see the last of it. Musha! What's that? Whoo, thin," he cried, suddenly catching sight of something which looked like a heap of muddy clothes. "Lord save us!" And without losing a moment he ran down to where the unconscious man was lying, face downward, on the sedge.

Pat Moran's first impulse was to run for help; his next to raise the body gently and drag it further up. The movement aroused the poor, half dead creature.

"Who in heaven's name are ye, and what brought ye here?" inquired the farmer looking in terror at the handcuffs.

"I'm—ain't you Pat Moran?"

"Yes."

"Pat ye knew me poor father. I'm Tim Welsh, the poor fellow that's to be hanged to-day. Won't ye thry to save me, for the love of God? I've come through the sewer. I'm all night creeping through it, and swam the river, and I'm most gone! Won't ye thry and save me, Pat Moran, and the Lord'll remember it to you and your children for iver."

"Tim Welsh! Lord be good to me. What am I to do wud ye? I'm done for, if you're found wud me, an' how can I save ye? What am I to do? Sure 'tisn't in the regard of saving that I wouldn't do a good turn for ye, Tim, but the country will be roused after ye, and where'll I hide ye, and what'll I do at all?" Thus groaned the farmer as he opened the little gate and led him into the kitchen, where Kate was baking a griddle cake for breakfast.

"Father, honey! O lor! What's that?" cried she, as the tottering figure in the soaked, discolored garments came into the cheerful light of the turf fire.

"Whisht, acushla! It's Tim Welsh." he whispered. Kate sprang up from her knees, and her face grew white.

"Kate, honey, what are we to do with him?" said her father, trembling as he recounted the manner of Tim's escape.

"Hide him, father!" she cried with all a woman's impulsive generosity. "The Lord pity you!" she added, bursting into tears at the sight of the wretched object before her.

"I'll do what I can Tim. Give him a bit to eat, Katie. I'll spake to some one I can trust."

"Put me life's in your hands,' broke in the fugitive.

"Never fear a vick. I'll do the best I can for ye." He hurried away a few hundred yards to the house of his landlord, a Protestant minister, and knocked furiously at his front door, and was admitted by a sleepy maid-servant.

"Something I want to spake to the masther about—I'm going to the fair this morning—tell him I'm in a great hurry, if ye please."

After a minute's delay, the gentleman appeared.

"Something very particular," said the farmer, in a low voice. "About that cow you were speaking to me, sir," he added, for the maid-servant's benefit.

"Come into my study here, Moran," said the landlord.

"By your leave, sir, I'll shut the door," said Moran. Then walking over to the table he put his clasped hands upon it.

"Misther Raymond, I can thrust you. I'm in a great hobble, sir, and I dunno what to do at all. Misther Raymond, you was always a kind friend, and a good friend, and you'll not betray me? It's another man's secret, and you must give me your word, sir else I'd be afeared to let murtal man hear me."

"Moran, if you think I can promise as a man and a Christian, I will. You may trust me, whatever it is," said Mr. Raymond.

Thus assured, the farmer unfolded his story, and begged his landlord's counsel.

"I hardly know how to advise you, Moran," said he, as soon as he could speak coherently in his astonishment. "The poor fellow will be found out, I'm afraid, in spite of all you can do, and you will get into great trouble. Have his handcuffs filed off, at all events," he went on, in a low tone.

"Martin Leary will do it, and you can trust him, and maybe the best you can do is to give the fugitive some of your old clothes, and some food, and this." He took sovereigns from a drawer. "Burry his prison clothes carefully in the manure pit, and start him on the road to Wexford. That is all you can do safely, but be quick."

The farmer left the house and ran on to the blacksmith's forge, where the smith and his son were getting to work.

"Martin, I'm in a great hurry; going to the fair, and I want ye to run over wid something to cut a chain for me; 'twon't take ye five minutes. Martin, ye never did a better day's work in your life if you will come as fast as yere legs'll carry. yere!" He laid this in an undertone while the son's back was turned, "and whisht for all sakes!" he added, clenching his hand and shaking it at the unconscious young Vulcan; then he rushed out, leaving the father grasping a bar of iron and staring after him.

The smith with the freemasonry that exists among the Irish peasantry, perceived that there was secrecy and trouble in the way, and that his good faith was relied on. He picked up some tools, muttering an excuse to his son, and followed hastily.

When Pat Moran reached home he was met at the door by Kate.

"Is he safe?"

"Yes father, he's in the room atin a bit."

Her father went in, and going up to his strange guest said: "I'm going to do what I can for ye Tim." Then they all began discussing eagerly the best way for the fugitive to take.

"But Lord! the whole counthry'll be roused after him!" broke in the farmer dejectedly, as they suggested various lonely hill-paths and crosscuts. "Lord they will root up the ground after him! I must thry though. Heaven mend me if I didn't lave the horses all this time, and niver thought," he ejaculated, catching sight of his forgotten team, who had dragged the plow idle half way to the other ridge, and were there.

A sudden thought struck him, and he hastily returned to the house with his face flushed. As he entered the kitchen he ran against the smith, Martin Leory, who was staring about him.

"Martin, you're true and honest, I know, and you'll do a good turn as soon as any man I know," said Pat Moran, abruptly.

"There's me hand on it," returned the smith, bringing down his black fist on the other's shoulder. In a few words he was told what was required of him, and also of the brightness that had just occurred to Pat Moran.

"Here! Let me at it," cried the smith, enthusiastically grasping his chisel and hammer. Thereupon the farmer led him into the little room, where Kate was administering hot tea and smoking griddle cake to the poor fellow, who ate and drank almost mechanically, with his eyes fixed on the pretty face and busy hands that ministered to him.

"Here, Tim, is some one to do you a good turn. Hold out your hands, me boy. Peggy," turning to his wife who was devoutly groaning, and telling her beads in a corner, "go and get me ould clothes, and Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen garden! Run!" She did as she was bid, and when she returned with the clay she was desired to keep out of the room for a few minutes.

"Mother, honey, what are they doing?" she inquired.

"Sorrah bit 'o me knows, acushla. Only your father has some plan in his head. Oh! Kitty agra, I thrimble to think of the throuble he may be gettin into. Och, Pat, honey, what are ye going to do at all?" she cried, addressing her husband, who came out of the bedroom, dressed in his best blue swallow-tailed coat, corduroys, and new gray stockings.

"I'm going to show this new servint boy where he's to plow, afore I go to the fair," said the farmer, with a wink to the two women, who started open-eyed at the change of the condemned man with the fatal prison garb dripping with mud and sand, and the fettered wrists, into a careless easy going looking young laborer, in a suit of well worn and patched freize and corduroy, dirty and clayed with lumps of clay sticking on his brogans, a rakish 'canbeen' slouched over his eyes, and a black 'dhudeen' between his lips.

"Now come on! It is time you were at your work; his name's Maurice Slattery, Kate, and he's wud us this month back!"

"Oh, father, honey! Oh Pat acushla!" cried the wife and daughter with admiration. The young man taking the pipe from his mouth said solemnly, 'May God forever bless you, Pat Moran, and you Mrs. Moran, and you Kate, and you Martin Leary,' and he grasped their hands all around.

"Come, 'tis six o'clock,' said the farmer. 'You know where the plow is, Maurice Slattery. You've a new piece of iron to melt, Martin. And Kate you've to bury them clothes. Come, an' I'll show you where.'—Half an hour afterwards he was riding slowly to the fair on his young horse, which was to be sold, casting cautious glances backward at the field by the river, where he could see his horses plowing and his new servant boy toiling after them. Such confusion and excitement the old cathedral town had not known for years. Police there were none in those days; but the whole garrison had turned out in search of the escaped felon. Groups of red-coats perambulated the streets, the roads leading to the country, and even the lanes and meadows. Hundreds of country folks who had come in to see the execution, also crowded the town.—The throng on the prison hill was so dense that the farmer could scarcely proceed a step. They were all talking vociferously in Irish or English, every one giving his or her version of the wonderful story. Some said the prisoner had not escaped, and that it was a device of the authorities to conceal some foul play. When Pat Moran had elbowed his way with great difficulty almost to the prison gates, he looked eagerly for the object of his search, some of Tim's own people, whom he discovered sitting and standing together in an excited little group.

'Pat Moran, d'ye believe this?' said one of the men hoarsely, clutching the farmer's coat. 'D'ye believe that poor Tim's got out of their cursed thrap?'

'John Welsh, Tim did get out.'

'Whist! Lord save us!' they all broke out in one voice.

'Tisn't safe to say more. I'm trimblin that some of them fellows with the brass buttons will hear me,' said he, glancing toward the turnkey, visible behind the iron grating, 'but you John Welsh, an you Mick Powers, come wud a car to-night to the cross-roads beyant the ferry, at 12 o'clock, an' there'll be a friend to see ye. Whisht, for your sowls!'

The prison warders were not long in discovering by what means the captive had effected his escape, and from the opening the search was carried above ground to the mouth of the sewer where it emptied itself into the river. A venturesome spirit even crept up a few dozen yards of the black passage, but speedily returned, vowing that nothing could live half an hour in it. Nevertheless they sought for footmarks on the river brink; but the friendly tide had been before them. Still on the supposition that he might have lived to reach the river and swam across a party of prison officials and soldiers were ferried over and marched in a body to farmer Moran's house. Kate was busy feeding chickens, and her mother peeling potatoes, when they both caught sight of the gleam of scarlet and white crossbelts, and heard loud tones and footsteps.

"Lord be good and merciful to us evermore, amin! Protect and save us!" muttered Peggy Moran, dropping the potato she was peeling, and turning with a face of terror to her daughter, who whispered—without turning her head:

'Mother, darlin', don't 'pertend anything for all sakes. Chucky, chucky, chuck, chuck, chuck!' she went on, raising her voice gaily as she scattered the food.

'Servant, sir, she said, wiping her hands and courtsying to a tall stout officer, who strode up the door, scattering the chickens by the clanking of his spurs and sword.

'Is this Farmer Noran's, my good girl?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are you his daughter?'

'Yes, sir, and this is my mother.'

'Where's your husband?' said the officer turning to the poor woman who was endeavoring to look calm.

'At the fair sir—oh sure 'tisn't got into any harm Pat has sir?'

'What harm should he get into—about this runaway prisoner you mean?' said the officer trying to startle her into some admission.

'What man, sir?' cried Kate. 'Law mother,