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 set 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. PIERSOL, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Professor Taylor's in Beaver. [aprl:tf.

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.
mar.17:3t. 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.
marthfdmo.

Shingles, LATH AND FLOORING Constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest rates in the market. Frame timber sawed to order.
J. & H. DARRAGH.
febl0:tf

G. 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.
[nov4'68:1y.

F. M. ANDERSON, General Police, Detective and Collection Agency, Office, at Railroad Depot, Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa. All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention, on reasonable terms. [apr22,'69:tf.

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 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. H. 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.
apr28'68:1y.

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.
Febl3:y.

AMARANTH Lodge No. 294, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Coffin's Hall. [febl0:1

P. JEUNETT, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 5th street, Beaver, Pa. (in room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order. The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.
apr17'68:m.

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.
aug19:68.

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.
CALL AT
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.

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

Wall Paper, Window Shades,
Patterns New,
Prices Low.
Variety Endless.
DEZOUCHE & Co.
Cor. Fifth Avenue, 112 Wood Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Packages delivered at R. R. Depots, &c, free of charge.
mar10:3m.

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.
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 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, western end 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 1854. The improvement upon these machines made within the last two years and their rapidly growing popularity attests the fact that they have reached the very acme of perfection and that they are not only the oldest established but the best in the world.
These machines do perfect work upon all fabrics whether fine or coarse, making a stitch, also the invention of Mr. Howe, alike upon both sides of the fabric. Sewed. The tensions, new, novel and unvarying, can be adjusted to any degree of lightness, and after being adjusted do not require changing, except for different threads.
To those who have used the Howe Machine, it is not necessary for us to speak; and we would only add to others who wish a perfect machine to be sure and see these machines before buying any other. Send for circular. Applications for agencies must be addressed to
SIBLER & STOOPS,
Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia.
Office 23 South 6th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
sept9'68:1y.

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,
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. RHODES, 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.
febl7:3m.

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 is proof positive of its value, is a sure guarantee of its value. Price $35 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. Cucorace 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 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, of "
Hon. Edward McPherson, "
Hon. Joel B. Danner, "
Hon. William McSherry, and others, "
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
febl0:t

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,	8.00
" 3, " " "	10.00
" 4, " " "	13.00

Enameled Grate Fronts,

No. 03, Grate 15½ inch,	$2.00
" 92, " 18 "	2.65
" 11, " 18 "	3.25
" 01, " 19 "	3.25
" 75, " 19 "	3.25
" C, " 20 "	3.50
" 211, " 21 "	4.00
" 12C, " 21½ "	4.75
" 5, " 21½ "	4.75
" 125, " 23½ "	5.40
" 78, " 23½ "	5.00

FENDERS.

No. 73, Plain Rod, Wide,	.75
" 73, " " Narrow,	2.75
" 14, Fancy "	2.75
" 11, without Rod,	2.75
" 82, Plain Rod,	2.00
" 32, Box, without Rod,	1.75
" 24, " " "	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.
oct1'68.] 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 Mattes; 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 Publisher's 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 Diamond, 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.

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 Bonnes Trimmings in great variety constantly on hand.
apr14:4w.

SELECT POETRY.

SONG OF A HORSE.

A poor old stage horse, lank and thin;
Not much else but bones and skin,
I jog along week out, week in;
Kicked and cursed and mildly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head,
And the thing that I can't make out
Is, what on earth is it all about.
Why was I made to feel and sig
For this little old human pig,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to bang—
Or, why was he made, for that matter?
And, if I needs must be bested,
Why is it that I was not fitted
To prance and curvette, finely meated,
Silver harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket, and all that?
Here I go, day after day,
Pounding and slipping along Broadway,
Dragging these curious biped things!
With fore-legs gone, and not a wing—
Where they all go to I don't know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use Heaven puts them to!
It wasn't my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big and my muscles small.
And so I missed a rich man's stall.
I'm clumsy, stupid, crooked, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know.
As well as the glossiest—may God go
O Lord! how long will they use me so?
And when may the coming time go?
Where glorified horses stand in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of either whigs or whoa—
Where oats are always apropos,
And flies don't grow—
Oh! no.
O!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

LINA THORNTON'S HOUSE-KEEPING.

A happy woman was dear, fussy Mrs. Wharton, as she walked over the magnificent velvet carpet, picking up a tack here and there, left by the upholsterers; drawing the lace window curtains in more graceful folds, or arranging and re-arranging the *bijoutire* on the mantel-pays and *etegyer*.

Yes, she was in the most brissful state of excitement. The grand wish of her life was accomplished, for Lina, her pretty daughter Lina, was actually married, and married too into "one of the first families." Upon the achievement of so great an object, the mamma had coaxed the papa into buying a house in the fashionable quarter of the city, and to give her *carte blanche* for furnishing it.

Lina had plead in vain, in her sweet way, for a smaller home—"what did Frank and herself want with such an immense place, and only by two of them?" asked she, with a smile and a blush, as visions of a cozy little house, illuminated by the rays of the honey-moon, rose before her.

But it was of no use. Her daughter, without an effort, had here an opportunity of quitly stepping within the charmed circle of the aristocracy *par excellence*, which the mother had only dared to long for; so poor Lina was to be victimized with a big house, that it might in some degree compensate to the terrible world for the *parvenue* blood she brought into it.

Lina had sometimes wished that Frank Thornton had been just a *little* poor, that she might have made some sacrifice for him; but unfortunately for Lina's romantic, loving little heart, he was a lawyer, with a handsome inheritance and nearly as rich as herself. He had expected this for pure love.

Mrs. Wharton was now anxiously awaiting the the return of the young couple from the bridal trip, for she had a great surprise in store for Lina.

The pretty young bride at length arrived and declared the arrangement of the house perfect; "but," said she, with a rueful face, on her way to the kitchen, "oh, mamma, these servants—what shall I do?"

But as she opened the door, with what a cry of delight did she recognize black Nancy, her mother's cook.

Nancy's gray-colored handkerchief was wound around her head in the most picturesque folds; her dark blue dress was perfectly glossy with ironing, and her snowy linen apron had undergone all the complicated mysteries of folding of a Newport napkin.

As Lina entered, Nancy dropped one of her best curtsies, and her deep, contented laugh could be heard over half the house, as she said, "I guess you didn't spect to see me here, Miss Lina, did you? But mebbee thought you didn't know nuffin' t tall, honey; so you sees she gied me up to you.—How you like it, Miss Lina? hal hal!"

Lina's heart was at rest now.—There would have to be no ordering of breakfast, dinner, or supper. Nancy was as regular as clock work, and knew everybody's appetite better than they did themselves.

In the midst of Lina's delight, however, she thought of her father.—"But, mamma," she said, "what will papa do without Nancy? I am afraid he will never have another dinner to suit him; he is so very particular you know. And then no one can dress terrapin or lobster to suit him!"

"It will be a great deal easier for me to instruct a cook than yourself, Lina, and your father seemed perfectly willing to part with Nancy," said her mother.

In the morning Lina might be seen through the open windows of the parlor, arranging the drapery of curtains, altering the position of a lounging chair or dusting the knick-knacks with a brush of gay feathers, her little hands encased in a pair of white, cast off gloves, which she had worn at the opera or a party the evening before. And poor Lina called this housekeeping.

One morning, when Mrs. Thornton was dressing to go out, Nancy knocked at her chamber door, and as Lina admitted her, she observed with some trepidation that the handkerchief around her head stood an inch or two higher than usual. This was ominous. Nancy's handkerchief always rose with her courage.

"Mr. Thornton and you's going traveling this summer, ain't you, missis?" said the cook.

"Yes, Nancy, but I cannot tell when, precisely," was the reply.

"Well, Miss Lina, I thought if you could 'range it so as to go next week 'twould suit all hands; for you sees, honey, I wants to go to camp meetin, then, over the river. There's been a great revival in our church, and Mr. Parker says we ought to do all we can to keep it up."

"Well Nancy, I do not know that Mr. Thornton can leave home then; I will ask him, though."

"Yes, Miss, if you please, Miss. I 'spose I could get somebody to stay in my place for a week, but then you see they would be strange to your ways; and bless your heart, honey, you couldn't teach 'em; you don't know no more 'n a little kitten yourself."

Lina felt this to be true, and in despair said she would endeavor to arrange it so that they should be from home during Nancy's absence; for she found she was determined to go.

"Thank you, Miss; I believe Betsey she's a going too; for we thought Jane might do the chamber work; for a waiter girl don't have much to do."

"I have no objection, Nancy, if Mr. Thornton and myself go away."

Nancy made a deep curtsey and left the room, while Lina put on her bonnet and hurried to her mother's.

"Oh, mamma, what shall I do?" exclaimed she; "Nancy says she is going to camp meeting, and Betsey too; and that Frank and myself had better go away at the same time.—She seems to have made up her mind about it, so there is no use of endeavoring to bribe her out of it."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Wharton, "if Nancy has made up her mind, she will go, so you had better give your permission the best way you can; she is too valuable a woman to lose. I had to compromise with her myself, sometimes. We are going out to 'the place' in a day or so, or else Frank and yourself might come here, if his business detains him in town."

Lina went home, and nervously awaited her husband's arrival. He quieted her troubles, however, by saying he could easily leave his business at the time, so Nancy and Betsey could go to camp-meeting, and Jane stay and take care of the house.

But alas for Lina's calculations! Nancy and Betsey had but fairly started, and Lina put on her travling dress for her own departure, when Frank entered with a vexed air.

"Lina," said he, "I fear we shall not be able to go till to-morrow or the day after. There is some most unexpected business which must be attended to. I am sorry, dearest, but one day can't make much difference."

So reasons a man. Lina's face grew perfectly blank. What should she do? "Probably Jane could cook a very very simple dinner," thought she, so down stairs she hurried.

But Jane looked grum. She did not fancy being left at home "when Nancy and Betsey were pleasuring."

"And as to a custard, Mrs. Thornton," said she, after Lina had given her orders, "I never made one in my life. If you will show me how, ma'am, maybe I could do it," continued she, insolently, for she well knew that Lina knew no more about making a pudding than Queen Victoria did.

Lina said she was too busy; so they went without any dessert that day, and dined off a salad, half cooked potatoes, and a burned breakfast.

Frank's business still detained him in the city, and in a couple of days Jane was in open rebellion.

"She wasn't a going to be made a nigger slave of for nobody," said she to Lina, one morning, after she had been injudiciously asked to sweep the halls, scrub the front steps, go to market, do the chamber work, cook the dinner, and run of errands.

Lina never for a moment thought she was giving to one girl the work three had been accustomed to do.

"I guess she thinks I'm a slave from Georgy," muttered Jane, as Lina left the room.

Frank entered at that moment.—"Jane, how dare you speak so of your mistress?" said he. "If you do it again, remember, you leave the house."

"I guess I'll leave anyhow. Its a most time when the men comes a cotting about," was the reply.

Frank almost choked with anger. "If you are not out of this house in ten minutes time I will kick you out," he said with some effort of calmness.

"Oh, Frank, how could you?" asked Lina, with tears, after Jane had gone. "Mamma is out of town, and the house closed. And where to get a soul to do the work I don't know."

"Why, my dear, don't let that trouble you. There are hundreds of servants to be had. You know there are applications at the door every hour of the day."

But Lina had an instinctive idea that servants were not so easily to be had, particularly if they were wanted very much.

Mr. Thornton dined at a restaurant that day, and Lina's fare was nothing more substantial than a bit of sponge cake and some preserves.

At last the intelligence office was thought of, and as Frank had predicted scores of girls called in want of places.

But Lina was no better off. Some were unwilling to take a situation for so short a time. Another who "was not bound to go to service," wanted the privilege of two afternoons with tea in the week. Another said she could not think of cleaning the front. She had always lived with quality folks who had a man to do that.—Others had all the virtues under the sun, but when they found they would have all the work to do in so large a house for four or five days, "guessed the place would not suit."

There was no prospect of getting away either; for Frank's business became more complicated than he had anticipated; so poor Lina cried herself to sleep that night, after forgetting to close the house before retiring.

The next morning she arose at early sick with worriment. Her husband and herself had gone to a confectioner's and got coffee and muffins the night before, but she felt ashamed of not being able to get one meal herself, "I surely can make a cup of coffee," thought she, as she was selecting a dress suitable to play kitchen maid in. Her wardrobe was full of morning dresses which a countess might have envied, got up for a *dejeuner* at Saratoga, but there was not one which would look quite in place in her kitchen. At last she fixed on a white cambric, elaborately trimmed with edging, worth at least two dollars and a half a yard, as the simplest of the set, and tying a black silk apron over it, she noiselessly slipped out of the room.

Lina had dressed very quietly in order not to awake her husband, yet she felt vexed enough to cry when she found he still slept on; it seemed such an utter disregard of her troubles.

But when she reached the kitchen she sat down in despair. The fire in the range had been neglected, and was entirely out; she knew as much about kindling one in Etna as there. At length Lina espied in an outer kitchen a small furnace which had been bought for Nancy's preserving. She thought there was a barrel of charcoal in the cellar, and had a vague idea that it ignited easily.

She was not particular now about her hands, and after putting the coal on the hearth she wiped them on her dress. A match was now applied to the charcoal, but of course without effect. It was repeated over and over again with no better success. Lina then got some paper, but the paper burned out before the fire kindled. She gave it up in despair, and sat down on the hearth, white wrapper and all, and took a hearty cry.

The kitchen blinds were turned, and Lina had been watched from an upper window of the next house by the chambermaid, with both pity and amusement.

"Bridget, I say," cried the girl to another servant, "can't ye go in next door and make a fire for the poor little creature there that's crying her eyes out, jist? Sure she niver did a hand's turn in her life. The saints protect her."

Lina overheard the conversation, and in a few moments the good hearted Irish girl knocked at the back gate, and when it was opened she said, with the delicacy of good feeling, "I knew mam your girl had left you, so I thought I would just step in and see if I could make a fire or anything, as I thought you didn't look very strong like."

Lina thanked her from the bottom of her heart, and stood watching the operation with more anxiety than she had evinced when trying to catch the Scottish step from her dancing master.

"Can you tell me of a girl I can get for a few days, till my own comes back?" she asked of Bridget.

"I know of one, mam, but she isn't jist used to the ways in this country; she has never lived at service mam."

"No matter for that," was the reply, "if she can only make fires and coffee, and do the roughest part of the work, I shall be satisfied."

"Now, mam, if you will tell me where the kittle is I will fill it, for it will be too heavy for the likes of you to lift." The kittle was filed and put on the fire, and Bridget departed, promising to send a servant to Mrs. Thornton that afternoon.

While Lina was arranging the table the bell rung, and on opening the door the baker stared at the blackened face which presented itself to him.

Lina reached out her hands for the bread, but observing the color drew them back, and held up her black silk apron for it.

"The tally, too, mam, if you please."

"I do not know anything about it; you must wait till my girls come home," said Lina, ready to cry once more.

The next ring brought the milkman, and the worried little housekeeper flew into the kitchen and got a couple of vegetable dishes to hold a quart of milk and a few cents worth of cream.

The closets were now rummaged for the coffee, and as soon as it was ground Lina hastened to pour the water upon it, for she thought the fire was already showing symptoms of going out. The kettle upset on her feet, but as it was not hot there was no damage done. The pot was put on the fire, and Lina went up to awaken her husband. He did not notice her swollen eyes, but the dress blackened with coal, and the black apron whitened with the dry flour from the bread, presented such a spectacle that he broke into a hearty laugh. This was too much. Hadn't he been sleeping comfortably while she was worrying her life out; and Lina cried again harder than ever.

Frank soothed her as well as he could; asked her why she had not called him, and said he had no doubt he should enjoy a breakfast without meat just as well as if he had it.

Now Frank loved a cup of good coffee above all things; so he watched it as Lina poured it out with some anxiety. It did not look very promising to be sure, and when he tasted it he thought it better to take it all at one swallow.

Lina's appetite had gone completely. Cooks are proverbially small eaters. She suspected however that the coffee was not remarkably palatable when Frank pushed his chair away, having taken only one cup. But he declared he was not hungry that day, though the coffee was delicious.

Frank's dinner was again taken at a restaurant, and his wife's consisted of bread, butter and fruit.

In the evening Bridget's friend appeared. She could make fires, boil potatoes and 'do the rough,' but her abilities ceased there. Very willing but very stupid. The eggs for breakfast wouldn't cook soft for her; a delicious pudding, made by Bridget—who ran in now and then to show her friend—was boiled in a pot of soup to give it a flavor; peas cooked in the pod; and blunders enough committed to have driven Nancy mad.

Lina declared if she ever had a daughter she should learn cooking before she did her letters; and, when Nancy and Betsey returned, whom their mistress could almost have kissed for joy, Lina set busily, indefatigably to work to learn housekeeping.

When that great event was accomplished, and not till then, did Frank tell his wife that once upon a time he had been obliged to take a second breakfast at a confectionery, because neither the kittle nor the coffee had boiled at home.

Lina, too, became remarkably contented with her lot; she now had no wish to be "just a little poor," for though she could take the care of the house upon herself, it must be confessed also, that she never did like it.

HOW I WAS WON.

I am the only daughter of Orlando Puggins, of Fizzleton, retail dealer in dry goods. My father is a very prominent man in town, and I am belle of the village. I think I have very good reasons for calling myself handsome, for not less than a score of young men of my acquaintance have assured me such is the fact. I have no reason to doubt the words of these very estimable young men, for I think I should have been convinced of my beauty even if they had not whispered it in my ear.

My father's hobby had been for several yeas to make a good match for me. Perhaps you know what a good match is? It is simply to marry a man you positively hate; a man who is excessively ugly and disagreeable—in short, a fool—because he is wealthy. If he has money, it makes no difference what is his character; it is what the world calls a good match. My father thought just as the rest of the world did; and often have I heard him say that Beatrice should ride in her own carriage some day. This was the highest aim of happiness. Perhaps it is needless to say that my father and I differed very much on this point.

I think I had imbibed what the generality of people will call rather romantic notions. Can you believe it, that the belle of Fizzleton, at the age of twenty-two, imagined that there was such a passion as love? I longed for something more than a poodle dog to lavish my affections upon. I know it is very unmaidenly for me to say this, but it is true. I had plenty of lovers, to be sure; but ugh! I preferred the poodle to them. My hero had not yet arrived. Perhaps he would come in a ragged coat; but the coat doesn't make the man, you know—although it does make a great many of these *things* that call themselves men.

Meanwhile my father brought a lover to me—a Mr. Cattle, from Boston. He was doing a large business there, and was considered wealthy.

"There's a lover worthy of you, Beatrice," said my father, after Mr. Cattle had made his first call. "His riches can hardly be counted."

"I am sure his age cannot," I replied. "He is certainly twice as old as I."

"Well?"

"I think that is enough."

My father opened his eyes with astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you would not marry him if you had the chance?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"Bless my soul!" cried my father; "are you sane?"

"Perfectly."

Father looked incredulous.

"You read too much poetry, child. You are a woman now, and it is high time for you to banish those sentimental ideas from your silly head. Such an opportunity as this does not come but once in a woman's lifetime."

"I should hope not."

Father stamped his feet with rage and looked unutterable things. I took up *Lalla Rookh* and began reading the Fire Worshippers.

"Beatrice, do you wish to bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?"

"No; but I have to live with my husband through life, and I would much rather have one of my own choosing."

"Yes, yes, my child; but I have lived longer than you, and I think my judgment is better. I wish to see you happily married. I don't want you to marry scoundrel without a cent in his pocket, and have to wear your life out as his drudge. As the wife of Mr. Cattle you will lead a life of luxury and ease."

"A life of misery!"

My father looked grieved, but said no more, and soon after left the room.

Such is the perversity of female human nature that I think if that scoundrel without a cent had proposed at that moment, I should accepted him at once. I believe women are like the Laishman's pig. He wished to drive the pig to Dublin; but he made him think he wished him to go in an opposite direction. Consequently the pig was bound to Dublin, and to Dublin he went.

Mr. Cattle never called again. I think father put a flea in his ear, for he saw plainly that I was not to be driven into a union with a man I did not like.

About this time father hired a new clerk. He was rather good looking, and all my young lady friends voted him a proper, nice, young man. I presume he was what father called "that scoundrel without a cent in his pocket." To be sure he was dressed elegantly; but I haven't the slightest idea that the cost he wore on his back was paid for; but what of that? Wasn't he agreeable? Couldn't he whisper soft nonsense all evening? Hadn't he all the poetry of the affections by heart? Then he wrote about love and moonshine in splendid rhymes upon scented paper, and he gave these effusions to me. I almost thought I loved him; and I am sure he loved me, for he told me so. I had it all written out in black and white, and in the most elegant verse I ever read.

Father tried to keep cool through all this, but it was terrible hard work for him to do so. Once I heard him tell mother that if I was bound to go to the deuce, he didn't know as he could help it.

"It's only a flirtation," mother said.

"Flirtation, indeed! I tell you she's bewitched after him," father said. And then he added, "Well, it is not quite as bad as it might be. Torseldorf isn't a bad young man; of course he hasn't got a cent, but if they are bound to marry, I'll do what I can for him, and possibly he may make something yet."

My ardor cooled at once. There wasn't opposition enough to feed the flame; and consequently my love died out. That evening Mr. Torseldorf called. I received him very cooly. He noticed it, and exerted himself to be agreeable, but it was a signal failure. I never smiled once while he remained. When he arose to depart, I followed him to the door, and informed him as gently as I could, his company could be dispensed with.

"What has happened, Beatrice?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"You do not love me?"

"You are good at guessing,