SELLING A HORSE.

I have often thought that there was no more searching test of a man's temper and self-control than to sub-mit him for an hour or so to the insu-lting remarks and outrageous insinu-ations of a cross-examining barrister. If a painful operation in surgery were to be conducted, not for the extirpa-tion of some internal disease, or to ar-rest the progress of some dangerous malady, but solely as a display what there might be of disordered or im-paired organization in the patient—if the man were to be operated on to discover whether the valves of his aorta were in good working order, his lungs free from adhesions, and his digestive organs in good repair—it is just possible that the inquiry would cost a great deal more than the answer was worth; and yet the sys-tem of cross examination proceeds very much on an assumption of this nature; and is far less directed to elic-it truth and unravel difficulty, than to confuse and confound some unhap-py individual who, awed by the se-lemnity of the occasion and the nov-elty of the place, finds himself sub-jected to a series of impertinent re-flections, corrections and sneers, with the palpable design that, proving too much for his temper, he may betray himself into anger, and worse, per-haps into self-contradiction.

How poor a figure men cut under this torturing process—even men of brains and ability—our daily journ-als inform us, since not only is the witness strictly limited to the terms of an unqualified reply, but the least attempt to resist the insolence of his questioner, or to retort on his rude-ness is suppressed by the court at the threat of punishment held over his head. The judge is like an old sports-man, in fact, who, though he no long-er follows the hounds himself, enjoys a run amazingly; and while etiquette forbids him giving a "tallyho," his concurrent smile and genial look show that his heart is with the chase. It is indeed a *mauvais quart d'heure* that a man spends in the witness-box; but I solemnly declare that I'd rath-er be worried by Coleridge, or bad-gered by Chambers, than I'd go thro' the course of mortification, impertin-ence and outrage incurred in the op-eration of selling a horse.

There are men who have never gone through the process, and who will not unnaturally perhaps set down what I have said to some pecu-liar fretfulness or impatience on my part—some native irritability, and say why should the sale of a horse be a greater trial of temper than that of a house, a farm, a pleasure boat, or a bale of merchandise? And I reply, simply because it is not a house, a farm, a pleasure boat, or a bale of merchandise, but a horse is the thing to be sold. Of course I do not apply what I have said to all horses, nor to the screw you drive over to the station on damp mornings, or the slave that takes you out to dinner, and waits till all hours to bring you back; nor to the cob with the initial spavin that always starts on three legs and never comes to the fourth till he and you are bathed in perspir-ation; nor to that old wall-eyed gray that, being a daisy cutter in his youth is now a stone breaker, and stumbles over every third step in his trot; from each of these you accept sever-ance with equinimity and calmness. You took their services while you had them with as little sense of iden-tity about them as a mackintosh ca-per or an umbrella. I speak of the horse that you cared for and affection-ated—the horse you rode with satis-faction to yourself and admiration from the world—the horse you had carefully 'made to your hand,' whose temper, studied and well consider-ed, you had adjusted exactly to your own requirements—the animal that knew you and your passing mood of chagrin, depression, good spirits or bad, as nothing else in your house-hold did or could know you—who ex-ulted in your days of buoyancy with a bounding animation, as he sympa-thized in your sadder hours with a quiet demeanor—a thorough courtier in fact, if it be not abuse of terms to call anything so loyal and so faithful a courtier. It is indeed a hard ne-cessity that compels you to part with him. No need to ask what the na-ture of the necessity. You have been at the wrong side of the post with fortune. There are various ways of being so, and that is enough. You are driven to that moral death which the people blandly call retrenchment.

Only they who have gone through this operation know anything of its tortures. All the things which have grown up around you, till from fa-miliarity they become part of you—the very complements of your nature without which you could not address yourself to grave thought, nor give yourself up to gay enjoyment—all these to be chronicled and catalogued in an auctioneer's list, and scattered to the four winds of heaven! The arm-chair you had ruminated and re-flected in till its padded back seemed to have been designed for your occi-pital region, bought for a rheumatic invalid! Your study table, at which your woven fancies were manufac-tured into "copy," sent to a comm-ing house. Those green morocco *causeuses* on which your choicest friends loved to lounge and smoke, while wit and wisdom blended them-selves in the talk, and men showed how an Attic flavor could season the easy converse of daily life—these have caught the eye of a cigar divan proprietor. And so it is with every-thing, the half dozen pictures you picked up in your rambles abroad—that Cuyp at Haarlem; that Mieris at Burgos; the Andrea del Sarto at Bologna; and the sweet bit of golden glory and splendor by Paulo Veron-ese, chanced upon at Venice, your wonderful '31 Margaux, sent to you as a special favor of that rare produ-cer and exquisite judge, M. Lafitte; that delicious tipple of velvety soft-ness and delicate aroma, every drop of which was priceless—bought in for a fresh man at Oriel, to be "wined" at orgies over broiled bones and dev-illed biscuits, and sich like abomina-tions,—emblems all of the baser uses we ourselves are coming to.

These things, however, you part with painfully, regretfully and sor-rowfully; but the sympathy with in-animate objects does not touch you in the tenderest point. At last you hear some one call out, "Is there not a liver-chestnut hackeny? I thought I saw something about a six year old horse warranted sound and perfectly trained to the saddle." Now are your troubles about coming in earnest; you have borne the test of your drawing furniture to be abused,—its over-gor-geousness, or its excessive severity; you have heard your Vandyke called a copy, and your Rembrandt a *crode*; your claret, too, has been pronounced flat from age, deficient in boquet, and weak in color; and your Persian car-pet, for whose authenticity the faint-ness of the tints vouched, has been declared to be almost worn out.—Well, you have gulped down your in-dignation and, perhaps, consoled your-self in thinking of the ignorance of your critics; but now has come the moment when ignorance assumes in-sult and censure is open hate. You bear up tolerably well at being told that it is a pity he is not grey or black, or bay, or roan; that the purchas-er hates chestnut; that chestnuts are hasty, fretful, hot tempered, and so on; and that he would not take a pres-ent of a chestnut; then from another you hear that he is too tall, or too short—with-out exactly saying for what,—that he has something treacherous about his eye, or that his tail is not set on in some peculiar fashion which the buy-er admires; but at length you come to more touching censures than these.

"Shows a deal of work—those fore-legs won't stand it much longer—back tendon knotted a good deal," eries one: "A little bit too straight in the pastern for my taste," says an-other, "and feet a trifle too small,—bad shoing would soon contract that heel for you."

"What's this here?—capped hock—ah! and a threat of blood spavin, too. That's enough for me!"

"Are you sure the wind is all right?" asks a third. "I thought he flanked a good deal after that canter. Would you mind letting your servant give him a sharp gallop? Has he carried a lady? Will he run leader? How does he jump timber?" are all ques-tions poured in upon you by people who have no thought of a deal; and once more come in the doubts upon "that eye, or that tendon, or that frog." Now, with a full conviction of your beast's soundness, and a thor-ough belief in your critics' ignorance, these suspicions are so many insults to your understanding, and wounds to your pride. Had there been no question of sale, you would have re-sented these impertinences as per-sonal injuries. The converse of "Love me, love my dog," is "Abuse my horse, abuse me."

Last of all comes the fellow who, ranging from the pastern joint to the knee—never higher—and, with a jerk of the head to the groom, says, "Take him in." That wretch I could fire every barrel of my revolver at.

Although you are well aware that the animus of all this disparagement is to knock something off the price—that in every censure of your beast's ears, or mane, or tail, there is the question of a ten pound note—the in-solence is not diminished by that con-sciousness. You arrive at last at the fatal fact—that where money comes in, courtesy goes out, and that he who has to dispose of anything, en-ters the field as a dealer, and must look for no other civilities than such as are common with his craft.

Where a man's love for his horse has become a sort of family affection, where the honesty of the animal has made itself a place like a trusted quality in his regard, where you feel that sort of attachment that it is no abuse of terms to call it friendship for his beast, it is a sore trial to hear his points discussed by ignorance, and his powers discanted on by flippant insufficiency.

For my part I have to own that I have never figured vary largely in the position without feeling like a slave dealer. It was as though I was setting up to sale not only the strong thews and sinews that had serv-ed me, but the sterling qualities of temper, courage and indurance—the brave intripidity that had carried me nobly through danger—the dash and spirit that had rallied my own heart to daring, and the loyal obedience that had yelded to my will, even when that will had been little better than a caprice, if not half a cruelty.

Perhaps the worst of all, however, is the sense that throughout the whole transaction you are treated as little better than a swindler; every asser-tion you make doubted, and every assurance you give of your beast's soundness, temper, or performance, set down to the score of an unprincip-led rascal who would perjure his soul for the sake of a stray five pound note. The man who would listen to you with respect and deference poss-ibly on any other subject, who would hear your opinions on matters of weightier moment, and accord you the courtesy at least of appearing to think you a person of truth and char-acter, have here no scruples whatever in showing that they distrust and disbelieve you; that they look on you as a man pleading to a certain brief, and only eager for his fee. The peo-ple who would not impugn your ve-racity, nor think of treating you with discredit, have not the slightest hesita-tation now in listening to you with open incredulity, and actually per-mit themselves the liberty of cutting jokes on your assertion—and all this because you are about to sell your horse.—*Every Saturday.*

Scene in a Philadelphia Theatre.

A scene of considerable excitement occurred at the American Theatre, on Walnut street above Eighth, on Saturday evening, during the flying trapeze performances of two artistes, announced on the bills as Lilla and Zoe. One of their fetes consists of Lilla, a full grown young woman, swinging herself, by means of two ropes suspended from the ceiling, from a platform erected in front of the gallery entirely across the audito-rium, until she touches with her feet a trapeze that hangs at considerable altitude over the orchestra. Securing herself on this trapeze with her feet, her body swings downwards, and she remains in that position while Zoe, a child of eleven years of age, mounts the platform in the gallery, and seiz-ing the iron rings attached to the ropes mentioned, throws herself off, and darts toward Lilla, and when nearing her the child throws a som-ersault in mid air, and her only es-cape from being crushed to death by falling from the dizzy height among the audience in the parquette, is bei-ng caught by Lilla, who hangs with her head downward from the trapeze. Certain death would be the result of the slightest mistake made by either of the performers. On Saturday eve-ning the fete was successfully per-formed, it is true, but Lilla barely caught the child as she revolved in the air. As the latter was descending however, to the stage, the man whose duty it was to catch Zoe from the hands of Lilla, failed to do so, and the poor child fell to the platform over the orchestra, a distance of several feet, and struck her head and other-wise injured herself. The child was picked up, when she immediately placed her hands to her head, and it was apparent that she was seriously hurt. Notwithstanding this, she was inhumanly ordered to remount the platform in the gallery and repeat the feat. The child obayed, but such conduct on the part of those having charge of the exhibition was too much for the audience to stand, and there was a unanimous cry of "No, no!" "Shame, shame!" "Take her back, take her back!" &c. In the mean-time the child mounted the platform and then stood ready to repeat the feat, but the audience rose en masse, to their great credit, and prevented the ropes from being handed to her. Unable to combat such a display of public indignation and disapproval, the child was ordered to retire, which she did amid the most tumultuous applause. Now, whether she could have performed the feat again in her then condition, will be seen from the following:

"After she had retired, the stage manager advanced and stated that she desired to perform another feat, and that she was not injured, and the consent of the audience was asked. There was a general cry of 'No, no,' and considerable hissing; but, taking advantage of a few cries of "Go on," from the boys in the gallery, the child again appeared, and mounting the platform, took hold of the rings and swung herself off for the purpose of catching the hanging trapeze with her feet and then making a somer-sault while descending into an out-stretched net. As the audience felt would be the case, the child essayed the feat but failed to catch the trap-eze, owing to her nervousness, which was natural under the circumstances, but she was saved from injury by her commendable presence of mind in not letting go of the ropes. The con-sequence was that she swung back-wards and forwards amid a scene of much excitement, and was relieved from her perilous position by the au-dience, who caught her and carried her to the stage. The entire scene was a disgraceful one, and was noth-ing but a wanton sporting with hu-man life, and had it not been for the coolness of the audience the child would probably have been killed in attempting to repeat the first act."—*Phil. Ledg.*

—Advices from the west say that on the morning of the 20th ult. a par-ty of Indians, supposed to be Chey-ennes, and about twenty in number, made a dash on three trains near Sher-idan, Kansas, stampeding about fifty mules and scalping one Mexican. One party came within two hundred yards of the engine house, capturing thirty mules. Two parties of citizens have gone in pursuit of the Indians. The Mexican killed was within eight hundred yards of the depot.

Pettifoggs at The Bar.

The other day, Mrs. Arabella Mansfield, a young lady of 24, was admitted to practice in the courts of Iowa. We are heartily glad of it, for we dare say there are many fun-ctions poured in upon you by people who have no thought of a deal; and once more come in the doubts upon "that eye, or that tendon, or that frog." Now, with a full conviction of your beast's soundness, and a thor-ough belief in your critics' ignorance, these suspicions are so many insults to your understanding, and wounds to your pride. Had there been no question of sale, you would have re-sented these impertenances as per-sonal injuries. The converse of "Love me, love my dog," is "Abuse my horse, abuse me."

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Josh Billings Papers.

DRIED FRUIT.

When a rooster crows he crows ull over. *A poor but dishonest cuss* iz about as low down as enny man kan git, unless he drinks whiskee too.

Error will slip thru a crack, while truth will get stuck in a doorway.

The man who has just found out he kant afford tu burn green wood haz taken hiz fust lesson in eckonemy.

Ther iz only one thing that kan beat truth, and that iz he that alwuz speaks it.

It iz hard work, at fust sight, tew see the wisdum uv a rattle snaik bite, but there iz thousands of folks who never think ov their sins until they are bit by a rattle snaik.

There iz a great deal ov human naturin a krab, if yu don't pick them up in the rite way, yu will discover it.

I think now, if I had all the money that iz du me I'd invest it in a saw mill, and then, "let her rip."

Take the humbug out of this world and yu wunt hav much left tew do business with.

When we say such a man has bowels of mercy, do we mean tew be un-derstood that he iz a light eater?

Faith and curiosity are the gin cocktails of success.

Advertising iz sed tew be a certain means of success; sum folk are so im-pressed with this truth, that it sticks out of their tombstuns.

Thar iz this difference between ig-norance and error; ignorance iz stun-blind, and error iz near-sighted; ig-norance stands still, and error only moves to run agin a post.

Ekonemy iz a savings bank, into which men drop pennys, and git dol-lars in return.

Thare iz one thing yu kant put out, that iz your konshence; you may smother it, but like a koalpit, it kon-tains the charred remains.

The two richest men now living in Amerika, that i know ov, iz the one who haz got the most money, and the other who wants the least; and the last one iz the happiest of the two.

Ceremony iz the necessity ov fools; good breading is the luxury ov the wiz.

Tew be agreeable iz simply to be easily pleased—if this iz so, how easy and pleasant it is to be agreeable.

He whom the good praize and the wicke d hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputashun.

It has been ascertained by a larned professor in Yale Kollege, that the wicked work 50 per cent harder to git to hell than the righteous do to git to heaven—what a waste of time and muscle!

Thar's menny who wunt know en-ything but what they kan prove—this accounts for the little they know. Mos peple hev found out, sum how, that thay kant sarve God and Mam-mon too, and so thay sarve the lat-ter.

Excentrysities, most ov them, are mere vanity; lanish the excentrick man into a wilderness, and he soon becums as natral as a tudstool.

A pure heart iz like a looking glass; it keeps no sekrets and dispenses no flattery.

A cheerful old man, or old woman, iz like the sunny side of a woodshed, in the last ov winter.

Avarice iz like a grave yard; it takes all it kan git, and gives nothing back.

Paint a humming bird, a sucking honey from a flower, and yu hev got a very good pictur of love tryin tew live on food.

The best investment i know ov iz charity; yu git yure principal back immediately, and draw a dividend every time you think of it.

Everything on this earth is bought and sold except air and water, and they would be if the kind Creator had not made the supply too great for the demand.

A good book iz like a good law.

Politeness looks well tew me in every man except an undertaker.

"Familiarity breeds kontempt." This only applies tew men, not tew buckwheat slapjacks well buttered and sugared.

A man's reputashun is sumthing like his coat; thar's certain kimikals that'll take the stains and grease spots out ov it, but it allers has a kind of 2d handed look, and generally smells of the medicine.

We are happy in this world just in proportion as we make others happy—I stand reddy tew bet 50 dollars on this saying.

Politness iz the science of getting down on your knees before folks without gitting yure pants dirty.

The mizer and glutton, 2 facetious buzzards—one hides his store, and the other stores his hide.

Credit is like chastity; they both ov um can stand temptashun better than they can suspishun.

GETTING MIGHTY SHORT.—A cor-respondent of the Cincinnati *Times* has had this experience:

Boarding the lightning express on the Little Miami Railroad last even-ing, we had comfortably doubled up preparatory to taking a snooze when we were saluted by a tall African as follows:

"Look here, boss, I want to ax you a question. I'se a good way from home, and I wants to know if I'se on the right track?"

"Where do you want to go, Uncle," we asked.

"To Fort Gibson, way down in Ar-kinsaw, sah. Now boss I'se igno-rant, and wants to know if I'se on the right kear for Cincernati?"

We assured our sable friend he was all right.

"Look a heah, boss, I dosn't know nothin when I'se away from home, fact, sah. When I started out from Washington city I had a powerful lot ob dese heah"—exhibiting that portion of his through ticket which he had not given up. "Ebery now and then a gentleman comes round and tars off a little piece. Tell you, sah, it's gitten mighty short. Fraid it ain't gwine to hold out till I get through.

This last remark created quite a laughter, in which the jokiest joined heartily.

THE Menomenee (Wis.) *Herald* tells the following story: One week ago last Saturday night a bear came to the hog pen of A. J. Easton, at Deer Creek, and without asking leave jumped into the pen and took posses-sion of a hog. Easton went out and found Bruin with the hog under one arm dealing it sledge hammer blows with the other paw. He ran in and got his gun and went out and shot the bear, severely wounding but not killing him.

The bear then left for the woods. Place and several others who were in hearing of the gun then came over with guns and two dogs, and though it was quite a dark night followed after the bear into the woods. After traveling about a half mile they found him and again shot at him. Place got a little excited, then went at him with an axe; while one of the boys (some think it was Jim Wegatz) went up a tree.

Place hit the bear with the axe, which did not please the bear, and the bear made a dive at Place, making him exploit around in the bush quite lively. Finally the bear got Place cornered in a brush heap and got his arm in his mouth and partly got him down, when Frank Milbury seeing that Place was in close quarters, and that he was likely to be chawed up, went at the bear with the butt end of the musket which he had in his hands and finished up the bear and the mus-ket at the same time, thereby relev-ing Place from his rather uncomfor-table predicament.

Place was considerably bitten on one arm, and the leg of his pantaloons somewhat torn by the bears claws, but we understand both his arm and pantaloons are recovering from the effects of the scrimmage. The bear was a large one, weighing between four and five hundred pounds. The result of the battle was one dead hog, one dead bear, one broken musket, one chawed arm, a pair of torn un-mentionables, and one combatant missing, supposed to be the one up the tree while the battle was raging.

SINKING.

The sinking of a quarter of an acre of land, accompanied by subterranean noise, in Union county, Ind., a few weeks ago, has given rise to much speculation in some quarters. There is, however, nothing unusual in the occurrence, as the crust of earth is constantly undergoing a change, some parts being elevated while others are depressed. These changes always take place imperceptibly, but some-times very suddenly. History af-fords striking instances of the sud-den sinking of large tracts of coun-try, and even of cities with all their inhabitants. The following are a few of the most remarkable on re-cord:

About the year 285 B. C., a large extent of country, 72½ miles long by 12½ wide, disappeared, and was re-placed by water in one night, on the Island of Niphon, one of the Japa-nese group. In A. D. 1556 a similar occurrence took place with a territo-ry 60 leagues in circumference in the province of Chan-si, in China, which was attended with great loss of life. In 1637 a mountain in Sumatra was brought to a level. In 1660 another mountain belonging to the Pyrenees caved in and was replaced by a lake. In 1672 one of the Greek Islands was submerged in the sea, with all its in-habitants. In 1692 a piece of land 1,000 acres in extent, on the coast of Sicily, shared a similar fate. The fol-lowing year part of a street, half a mile long, in the town of Noto, Sicily, also fell in, leaving the other half over hanging.

In 1740 a portion of the coast at Cal-lao was engulfed, which caused the formation of a new bay. In 1761 the city of Concepcion, in Chili, disap-peared, and the sea rolled over its site During the same year, twenty leagues of coast in St. Domingo sub-sided, and has formed an extensive bay ever since. In 1762 a large mountain went under on the coast of the bay of Bengal, at the same time 50 square miles of coast and quite a number of towns permanently sub-sided, allowing the water from the bay to overflow them, one town be-ing submerged 10 feet; on this occa-sion about 200 people and their cattle were drowned.

In 1772 a considerable portion of the mountain Papandayang in Java, including 40 small villages, and sev-eral plantations with their inhabitants cattle, &c., were all swallowed up. In 1790 a large subsidence of the for-est of Arpao, near the junction of the Caura and Orinoco rivers, took place. In 1806 a mountain in Siberia disap-peared and a lake 300 feet in circum-ference and 180 feet deep now occu-pies its place. In 1813 the town of New Madrid, on the Mississippi riv-er, and the bank of the river for 15 miles above it, suddenly fell 8 feet and precipitated the cemetery into the river. In 1815, on the island of Sum-bawa, east of Java, the towns of Tomboro and Pekatt, containing 12,000 people, went down bodily. Only five or six of the inhabitants escaped, and there is now eighteen feet of wa-ter over the spot.

In 1816 the eastern channel of the river Indus which flows through the Runn of Cutch sank 17 feet; the fort and the village of Luckput also be-came so far depressed that only the top of the houses were visible above water. Many of the above interest-ing facts we find in a new history of earthquakes and volcanoes, by Mun-go Ponton, F. R. S. E., an eminent Scotch scientist, to which work those inquisitively disposed may refer for further particulars.

It would appear in this connection, that the substrata of the earth are very cavernous. This is proved by the large amount of water which constantly flows from it; when there-fore a subteranean explosion or earth-quake takes place, it sometimes re-quires but a slight shock to break the arch of these cavities and cause the whole superstructure suddenly to fall in. Such occurrences are most likely to take place in sections where large masses of earth or rock have been thrown out by volcanic action, the ground often being a mere crust over widely scattered caverns.—*Buffa-lo Express.*

One day last week, in Chicago, a jewelry pedler, named John Lady, jumped into the river at Clark street bridge, intending to end his days be-cause a woman named Dora Fletcher had turned her back on his addresses. Dora, it seems, had promised to mar-ry him. On the day previous to his suicidal attempt, he repaired to her residence to ask her to fulfill her love vows. For some reason not explained he was met with frowns and curses, instead of sweet smiles and embraces. He expostulated, then became indig-nant, and was walking out of the house in lover's dudgeon, when his Dora suddenly rushed up to and com-menced pounding him savagely, and only finished when her swain yelled out for mercy. He then retired, only to return an hour after to receive a similar affectionate greeting. Once more he left the house, and returned a third time. Still, his Dora's pas-sion was unappeased, and he was again made the recipient of another thrashing. This last ovation com-pletely demoralized him. Proceed-ing to the river he threw himself into it, but was rescued a wetter and a wiser man. He declares the black waters of the beautiful stream into which he jumped completely blotted out any love he ever felt for Dora, and says it's her turn now to seek refuge on the banks of the Styx—In fact, gives her his heart's permission to go there.

Wonderful Phenomenon.

A phenomenon of a most extraor-dinary nature has lately been wit-nessed by the inhabitants of the bor-ders of the Caspian Sea. This huge salt lake is dotted with numerous is-lands, which produce yearly a large quantity of naptha, and it is no un-common occurrence for fires to break out in the works and burn for many days before they can be extinguished. Early in April, owing to some sub-terraneous disturbances, enormous quantities of this inflammable sub-stance were projected from the nap-tha wells, and spread over the entire surface of the water, and becoming ignited, notwithstanding every pre-caution, converted the whole sea into the semblance of a gigantic flaming punch bowl, many thousands of square miles in extent. The fire burnt itself out in about forty-eight hours, leaving the surface strewed with the dead bodies of innumerable fishes. Herodotus mentions a tradi-tion that the same phenomenon was once before observed by the tribes in-habiting the shores of the Caspian Sea.

—Fort Benton advices under date of June 21, report as follows: The Andrew Ackley, Huntsville, and Sallie left port during the last three days. The Peninaha is expected in with half of the Arkansas freight. A new storage and forwarding house opened last week, with a full house. The style of the house is Haney & Clevenger. Quite a sensation among freighters, merchants and those who take an interest in such matters, was created by the arrival and putting in running order of a large train of new wagons, built by J. Murphy, of St. Louis, for Messrs. I. G. Barker & Bro., of this place.

—J. E. Lemoyne, of the Clearfield Bank robbers, was tried in that county and convicted, last week. J. M. Newman, a second one of the gang, plead guilty to the charge. They were then tried and convicted for sealing the money. They were sen-tenced in the first case to pay a fine of one dollar each and be imprisoned three years in the Western Peniten-tiary. In the second case, each to pay a fine of one dollar and costs, restore the money stolen to the bank, and undergo an imprisonment of one year in solitary confinement in the West-ern Penitentiary. John Nelson *alias* Jilson, having turned State's evi-dence, was not tried.

—Ex-President Andrew Johnson does not believe in President Grant—he says so.

GEN. GRANT A FAILURE.

Upon Gen. Grant's accession to the Presidency, a great number of those who had supported his election, with some who had not, sought office at his hands, or expected him to bestow it unasked. He was unable to grat-ify their aspiration. Most of those whom he found in office claim-ed that they gave him their votes; some of these he saw fit to retain; while the laws of which he is the ser-vant required him to reduce materi-ally the cost of the public service and the number employed in it.

Our great Civil War had rendered necessary a large increase of minor functionaries; the settlement of Claims to Pensions, &c., had excused the retention of hundreds in place up to the close of Mr. Johnson's term; but now law and justice alike de-mand that they be dismissed, to their own very general disgust. Their la-mentations, mingled with the howls of the disappointed, made up a dole-ful dissonance, wherefore the only meaning deducible runs thus—"Gen. Grant is found wanting—his "Ad-ministration is a failure!"

"Failure?" how? in what? Have we not peace and plenty in the land? Is not our flag displayed and respect-ed on every sea? What foreign for-midable or threatens us? Who fears insurrection at home, or invasion from abroad? In which of our thirty-six States are the masses wanting work, discontented, suffering?

Consider our Financial condition. Nearly every State and municipality paying off debts incurred in raising men for the War, while the National Debt has been reduced nearly Thirty Millions in the four months that Gen. Grant has had his hand on the helm. The Public Expenditure is falling off on every side, while the Revenue is up to high water mark. Even Indian Wars, if unavoidable, must be considerably reduced in cost by the facilities for moving troops and stores afforded by our two Pacific Railroads.

Yes; Gen. Grant has failed to grat-ify some eager aspirations, and has thereby incurred some intense hat-reds. These do not and will not fail; and his Administration will prove at least equally vital. We shall hear lamentation after lamenta-tion over his failure, from those whose wish is father to the thought; but the American People let them pass unheeded. Their strong arms bore him triumphantly through the War and into the White House, and they still uphold and sustain him. *They* never failed, and never will!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Yankee Baby Show.

Who shall say that nothing good can come from Nazareth? Look at the glorious results of the Boston Ba-by Show, far surpassing anything that flowed from the great National Peace Jubilee, and then reproach the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, if you can, with any shortcomings in the line of duty. We find the following in an eastern exchange:

"The Boston Baby Show, under the management of Mr. S. St. John, closed on Monday night, when the awards were made as follows:

Triplets—More Hope, Norah Faith, and Hannah Charity Coughlin, of North Brookfield, six months old, the only premium for this class.

Twins—James L. and George W. Duval, five years old, sons of Geo. W. Duval of Chelsea, first premium.

Handsomest Girl—Allie E Stratton, 20 mos., daughter of A. A. Stratton of Boston [who lost both arms in battle June 1864,] first premium.

Handsomest Boy—Clarence McGuire, three years old, son of Rebecca McGuire, Boston, first premium.

Fattest Baby—R. N. Ash, Somer-ville, first premium.

Smallest Baby—Alice Hillock, of Charlestown, two months and five days old, weight 4 lbs.—1 lb. when born—first premium.

The above premiums were all paid in money, and the prize babies, and all the others exhibited (numbering 72), were each presented with a silver cup. According to the Boston *Post*, an exhibition of colored babies will take place sometime this month.

"How many children have I?" ask-ed a woman of a spirit rapper.

"Four."

"And how many have I?" asked her husband.

"Two," was the astonishing reply. Mistake somewhere.

Dry Goods.

DRY GOODS & CLOTHING.

NEW GOODS.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

WHITE, CHECK AND FANCY MATTINGS,

FOR SUMMER WEAR NOW OPEN.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

NEW BRUSSELS TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,

THREE PLY CARPETS & INGRAINS to fill our stock since the close of the heavy Spring Trade.

Oliver McClintock and Co.

23 FIFTH AVE.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

jun 30 69 1m.

59 Market St. 20 St. Clair St.

J. W. BARKER & COMPANY

Have for this week's sales the largest and cheapest stock of

DRESS GOODS,

CLOAKS, SHAWLS AND SUITS

EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

J. W. BARKER & CO.,

NO. 59 MARKET STREET,

NO. 20 SIXTH STREET,

Formerly St. Clair.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

jun30:1m.

NOTICE—LIME.

To builders, masons, bricklayers and plas-terers, get your lime at the

MONITOR LIME KILNS,

Vanport, and save time and money. It is the very best Lime, as it is stronger and will make more mortar, and there is no waste to it. We burn noth-ing but the best stone and it is burned just right; the coal is not mixed with the stone to burn, so that there is no ashes or cinder in it.

Bricklayers need not sift it or run it off to make mortar, which will save a good deal of time.

You can always get it fresh—red hot if you want it—and in

LARGE LUMPS.

Refer to all who have used it. Some parties in-terested in other kilns speak against it and try to sell an inferior article at the same price. Call and see it, or try some.

Lime delivered promptly to order at

Reasonable Rates

by railroad, river or wagons. Send orders to the Mulvanon Lime Kilns, or to

W. J. DUNN,

may 19:6m Beaver Post Office.

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, ap-proved July 25, 1868, with a

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

Liberal terms offered to Agents and Solicitors, wh ye invited to apply at our office.

Full particulars to be had on application at our office stated in the second story of our Banking House. Here Circulars and Pamphlets, fully describing the advantages offered by the Company, may be had.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

No. 35 South Third St.

LINDSAY, STERRIT & EUWER,

NEW WHOLESALE

HARDWARE - HOUSE.

311 LIBERTY st.,

Head of Smithfield,

PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

june2:tf.

JOHN SHARP,

DEALER IN

Groceries and Provisions,

CORN, OATS,

MILL FEED, AND FLAXSEED MEAL.

DRAINAGE-PIPE,

Of all Sizes; and

IMPROVED CHIMNEY TOPS,

For Sale at Manufacturers Prices.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

CASH Paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge,

ROCHESTER, Pa. May 5, 1869.

may12:6m

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY. On and after May 9th, 1869, trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows: [This leaving Chicago at 5.30, P. M., leaves daily. Pittsburgh at 4.10 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	845AM	900AM	310PM	255AM
Rochester	959	1049	405	415
Beaver	1028	1125PM	435	458
Alliance	1125	115	535	545
Canton	1255PM	159	637	637
Massillon	1354	218	695	643
Orrville	128	258	730	718
Wooster	208	338	754	746
Mansfield	403