WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD

'Thank fate I shall never be the prey of a fortune hunter!'

As Sally Beauclere uttered the words she threw herself back upon the sofa and tossed her handsome head with a light laugh.

'Your fortune is your face,' rejoined her companion, as he gazed admiringly on her fine features. Sally opened her large eyes in astonishment.

'A compliment from you Tom!' she exclaimed.

The gentleman colored. 'I know I am not much given to pretty compliments, but you know, Sally, that I admire you all the same.'

To tell the truth Tom Middleton had for a long time loved Miss Sally, with all the strength of an earnest and constant nature; but he was very diffident, he had shrank from making known his attachment, fearing Sally's evidente, though had he been more confident of himself he might have read long ago a secret that Sally's eyes took little pains to conceal. But Tom never imagined how desirable a fellow he was in himself, and knowing he had no great fortune to bestow, he did not venture to offer his hand to the daughter of Senator Beauclere, and the reigning belle of the city. Sally was one of a large family, it is true, and portionless, but her father's position and her own beauty made Tom imagine her to be far removed from him. Now, he only looked hurt when she thus playfully sneered at his small compliment and turning away to the window did not catch the tender look that stole over Sally's handsome features.

'Well, what is the weather?' she asked, after a moment, as he still stood gazing out into the night.

'It is a beautiful moonlight, and I think I had better go.'

'Go! Oh, Tom! Why this is the last time I shall see you for ever so long.'

'And will you care?' he asked, as he came to her side.

Sally blushed. 'Of course I shall care, Tom.'

'No, Sally, to-morrow you are going to Washington. You will be a belle there, as you are everywhere, and you will soon forget me.'

'No, indeed, Tom!' she replied earnestly. 'Among all those strange faces and people I don't care anything about, I shall long for any old friends.'

'But not me. You won't care much whether I am among the number or not.'

'Yes I shall.'

Tom was a fool where women were concerned, or he would have known what those words in that soft tone meant. As it was, a wild hope did spring up in his heart, but when he looked again at that beautiful woman it died away. 'I am not brilliant enough for her,' he thought, but he plucked up sufficient courage to put out his hand and take one of hers.

'You are very kind, Sally,' he said. 'I shall come on to Washington by and by, and then I shall know how sincere your words are.'

Sally's cheeks burnt; but at that moment the door opened. Tom dropped her hand, as one of the numerous young sisters came in, and the golden opportunity passed away, for they were not together again for that evening.

On that very same night, nearly a thousand miles away, two young gentlemen were speaking of this same young lady. They were travelers, who had accidentally met onboard a steamer on Lake Erie. They were total strangers, and were introduced by even each others name, but had fallen into a chat as they strolled on the deck, under the rays of the full moon.

'I never was so far from land before in my life,' said the elder of the two, a fine looking man of perhaps thirty-five.

'Indeed!' exclaimed his companion, a handsome city-bred looking gentleman. 'May I ask where you are from, that your experience has been so limited?'

'From the interior of North Carolina.'

'Ah!' cried the stranger, and his cold features lit up into sudden interest. 'Then perhaps you know the Beauclere's?'

'Very well, indeed; they are old friends of mine.'

'And Miss Beauclere; you know her?'

'Certainly.'

'I hear she is very handsome.'

'Yes. Do you know her?'

'No. I have merely heard of her; but I expect to meet her in Washington this winter. She is the oldest daughter, is she not?'

'Yes.'

'And is Senator Beauclere a man of wealth?'

'Yes. That is he has a very fine estate.'

'Miss Sally is the daughter of the first marriage, is she not?'

'Yes, and a noble girl. Why she is worth half a million in herself alone,' exclaimed the North Carolinian enthusiastically.

His companion started a little at the words, but changed the conversation to other subjects, and before long the two gentlemen parted for the night, still in ignorance of each others names. They did not meet again, but in the morning exchanged merely a distant bow as they left the boat in opposite directions.

The weeks passed on, and Sally Beauclere was established with her parents at Willard's Hotel in Washington. As Middleton had predicted her beauty and talents drew around her a circle of admirers, and before long she was established as one of the reigning belles of Washington.

The admiration and adulation that she received Sally found more intoxicating and delightful than she had imagined. It was very pleasant to be the beauty of every ball room and constantly surrounded by a circle of admirers. The idea of returning to the humdrum life of home was not always pleasant to her, and she sometimes felt half inclined to think seriously of accepting some of the brilliant offers that were made to her. She had been a good deal put out too with Tom for not speaking before she came away. Sometimes she was half inclined to doubt his love for her, and although his earnest eyes haunted her with their wistful look of affection, she had more than one serious thought of trying to banish his remembrance and marry, as many others around her did, for money rather than love.

Most prominent among her sworn admirers was Mr. Charlton Murray, of New York. Handsome, distinguished looking, and reputed to be of great wealth, he seemed to be a match not to be despised. Since the moment of his first introduction to Sally he had devoted himself to her most persistently. Every day a boquet of fresh flowers came to her room with his compliments; every morning he hung over her chair; every evening he was ready to attend her at the receptions.

Sally, to tell the truth, was very well pleased with his admiration—he understood so well how to play the agreeable, he paid her such pretty compliments, he was so handsome and thorough bred. He had already made his proposal in form, and Sally was listening to his earnest pleading, as they sat half hidden from observation in one of the deep windows of the hotel parlor.

'Pray Miss Sally think favorably of my suit. My hopes of happiness, my future life depend upon your reply.'

The words were earnest, the tone impassioned. Sally's cheek burned as she hesitated for a reply. 'I have known you for so short a time,' she faltered.

'What is that? You have known me for five weeks, and during that time have seen me more frequently than you would in a whole year under different circumstances. I have known you long enough to love you—madly, distractedly love you! And you have known me long enough to bid me at least hope.'

She did not reply, and he bent toward her, taking her hand in his eagerness.—'Sally, my dearest Sally.'

His words and actions recalled her to her position, and she drew back.

'You may forget where you are, Mr. Murray!'

At that moment she caught sight of a gentleman who was talking with her father. 'There is an old friend of mine. I must go and speak to him.' And she sprang up without any reply to her impassioned suitor.

Murray looked after her with a smile of triumph. He had little doubt of his ultimate success.

'Mr. Trumbull, how do you do?' cried Sally as she came forward.

'Ah, Miss Sally, I am glad to see you again,' exclaimed the gentleman. 'The dissipation of Washington has not spoiled you. I see you are more blooming than ever.'

Sally laughed and blushed.

'Come, now, pa, don't you bore Mr. Trumbull with politics, but let me have him for awhile to tell me how every one is at home.'

Senator Beauclere, after a few more words, turned away, and Sally and her old friend sat down side by side. Mr. Trumbull had married one of her school-mates, and she regarded him almost as a brother.

'Well, Miss Sally, tell me about your beaux. Whose heart have you broken last?'

Involuntarily Sally glanced towards Murray, who stood in the window regarding her with jealous eyes.

'Nobody's,' she replied lightly; but Mr. Trumbull's look followed hers.

'Why, who is that fellow that is watching you so earnestly?' he exclaimed with a start.

'Mr. Murray, of New York, if you mean the young gentleman in the window.'

'It is the very man I saw last fall, and spoke to of you,' said Mr. Trumbull. 'Has he been making love to you?'

'What did he say about me?' asked Sally, ignoring his last words.

'He did not say much; he asked a great many questions about you. But, say, has he proposed to you?'

'Never mind whether he has or not, but tell me what he said,' urged Sally eagerly.

'He asked if your father was rich, for one thing.'

'And what did you say?'

'I said yes.'

'And what else? Tell me all about it,' she cried imperiously.

Mr. Trumbull laughed. 'I told him you were worth half a million of dollars,' said he.

Sally's brow contracted and her eyes flashed. 'You did! Why Mr. Trumbull did you say that?'

'I meant that you are such a fine girl that you are worth it; and really Miss Sally I think it too low an estimate. I ought to have said two millions.'

Sally laughed. 'Oh, that is funny! And do you suppose that he believed it?'

'Certainly. And so he has been courting you?' Mr. Trumbull said shrewdly.

'Perhaps so; but are you sure he is the same man?'

'I think he is; but a question will soon set that at rest.'

Sally started in her impulsive manner. 'Come and I will introduce you, and then I shall know the truth of this extraordinary story.'

Mr. Trumbull would have remonstrated, but she was half across the room before he could interfere. Murray started forward with pleasure as he saw her approaching him.

'Here is an old friend of mine, who thinks he has seen you before,' she said. 'Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Murray.'

The gentlemen shook hands, and then Mr. Trumbull said:

'I think we met on board a boat on Lake Erie, last fall.'

'Yes,' replied Murray with a faint smile, 'I remember it perfectly.'

A few words were exchanged, and then Mr. Murray drew away.

'Are you going to marry him, Miss Sally?' asked Mr. Trumbull.

'No indeed.'

'Is he rich?'

'He is said to be.'

'Then you suppose fortune will be a matter of indifference to him?'

'But what if his is as mythical as mine?'

'You must find that out..

'No, I don't care to know now,' said Sally. 'Let us talk of something else.'

'Yes, I thought you were going to ask after your old friends. Have you forgotten all about them in these gaities?'

'Oh, no!' and Sally put query after query about her friends, until at last Mr. Trumbull said: 'But you do not ask after Tom Middleton, and yet you might, for he cares more for you than all the rest put together.'

'Oh, that's nonsense! But how is he?'

'He will tell you himself.'

'Tom here?' exclaimed Sally, her face lighting up with delight.

'Yes, indeed, we came on together.'

'And why hasn't he come to speak to me?'

'He says he did not dare, before all these people, but if you will go to your parlor I will send him there.'

Sally started up at once, and Mr. Trumbull looked after her with a smile. He had been hoping for this match for a long time, and now as he went out to find Tom he whispered to him:

'Speak to her to-night man. I am sure she loves you.'

Tom scarcely knew whether he was on his head or his heels as he made his way to the private parlor. He never could remember afterwards exactly what happened when he reached it. He only knew that Sally came to meet him with a bright, blushing face, and the next thing he was certain of she was clasped in his arms.

At a tolerable early hour the next morning a note was handed to Sally. It was from Mr. Murray, renewing his offer and begging for a speedy interview.

'Ask the gentleman to come up,' Sally said to the servant, and Tom, who was with her, went out without one particle of jealous objection.

The young man came up and would have seized Sally's hand, but she drew it back haughtily. 'Stop a moment, Mr. Murray, I should like to ask you a question.

He paused abashed by her resolute face. 'What is it Miss Beauclere?'

'Do you know how much money I am worth?'

He hesitated and stammered. At last he said: 'Your friend Mr. Trumbull did mention to me that you had some fortune, but I assure you, dearest Sally, that it is of yourself alone!'

Sally checked him with an imperious gesture. 'I have not a penny in the world!'

He stood still, looking at her with a pale, astonished face.

'Yes, sir, I am entirely without fortune, and whoever weds me must take a portionless bride.'

'I am very sorry'—he gasped out the words.

'No need to express your regrets, sir, I am engaged to be married, and I will bid you a good morning.'

Murray got out of the room as best he could, and vanished that day from Washington. His wealth turned out to be a mere fabrication of his own, and he was heard of no more in fashionable circles.

'After all wasn't it funny that I should be courted for my fortune?' Sally said, as she related Mr. Murray's discomfiture to Tom.

'But I agree with Mr. Trumbull,' he replied enthusiastically, 'that you are worth your weight in gold.'

A TRAVELER, called at a hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. "What for?" said the astonished waiter. "To take off my boots." "Jabers! what a fut!" the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the monstrosity, for the man had an enormous foot. At length—we may say at full length—he gave it as his deliberate opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a "fut" like that, and that if the traveler wanted "them are" boots off he would have to go back to the fork in the road to get them off.

THE SHERIFF'S DEPUTY.

The tyranny which but in power may exercise, if he chooses, and the strength of prejudice which often attains in a condition of society which does not equal ours in all the refinements of a very advanced state of civilization, gave rise to the following incidents in the town of V——, Minnesota:

One day the Mayor of that place received among his batch of correspondence a very singularly worded note, which caused him to reflect profoundly for some quarter of an hour before filing it away in its place. The note ran as follows:

Dear Sir: With the profoundest respect for the administrative talents which God has seen fit to give you, and for a family name which was honorable until it became yours, I regret to say that circumstances render it necessary that I should put an end to your existence before the present month has elapsed. I, therefore, give you timely warning. Fly from this place. If possible, place between you and it the mountains and the seas, for so only shall you escape

ONE WHO IS IN EARNEST.

Mayor Alvin paused long and reflected earnestly, after receiving this note. There was reason why he should do so. He was not a popular Mayor. He had promised well when he entered upon his term of office, but not one of the promises had he kept. All the good people of the borough had come to detest him. All their redress of old grievances, inflicted under a former administration, had been frustrated. The new mayoralty was worse than the old. The threshold of his office was surrounded by ruffians of the lowest grade. These, and these only, had free access to him. During his short tenure of office there was scarcely a crime that could be named that had not been committed and left unpunished. In short, Mayor Alvin's administration was a saturnalia of vice, a reign of terror.

He felt all this, probably for the first time, in all its poignancy, as he sat alone, brooding over the contents of the letter. He felt that the cold shadows of retribution were falling upon him, and that the grim visaged pursuer from which that shadow was cast was not far behind. But what particularly impressed him about the note was not so much the threat, as the sardonic language in which it was conveyed.

As he put the letter by, he took it for granted the handwriting was disguised, and could furnish no clue to detection. It was a plain, round, perfectly business hand, but possessed of scarcely sufficient character to individualize it. Any good penman might imitate it without difficulty; but there was no apparent effort at disguise. It might have been the writer's natural hand, or it might have been an extremely elaborate and artistic mask.

Having filed the letter away, and prepared to leave the office, he had almost succeeded in banishing it from his thoughts. He was constitutionally a brave man, and he would have shrunk from the notion of cowardice, not so much from a sense of honor as from the possession of that bull-dog courage that is indifferent to danger. Still, as he walked home in the murky November evening—and between the office and the house in which he lived, his path lay by a certain bleak waste of land, that a timid man would not have liked to traverse alone after dark—his thoughts returned, against his will, to the note, and to any special act that could have given occasion for it. The cloud was still upon his brow when he reached home, and his wife met him upon the threshold.

She was a magnificent woman; one of those beauties whose white complexions are in keen contrast to their midnight eyes and hair, and heavy drooping lashes. Supple, nervous, and compact her small, white hand, when she laid it upon her husband's, carried with it a magnetism that always thrilled him to the heart.

There was an atmosphere about this woman that always precluded them, though occupying the position of Mayor and Mayoress, from having any intimate or visiting acquaintances, even among the class of people whose votes elected Alvin. The ladies said: 'The Mayor is a nice man enough, but then his wife—' and gave that shrug of the shoulders which means so much and says nothing.

She noticed his gloom, for the happiness of her life was stayed upon him, and not a word or gesture of his escaped from her. She knew the hatred to which his unpopularity exposed him; and he never left her sight but what she dreaded that some of the less patient and peaceable of these citizens might have instigated a tumult that would prove fatal to him. But she knew his disposition and said nothing—only watched him.

It was the 16th day of the month—and consequently but a fortnight remained until its close. Ever morning and every evening, regularly, Mayor Alvin walked as usual to and from his office. He had said nothing to any one concerning the note. He had used no additional precaution about his person; for, in those days and in that section, it was only accident that found a man without a bowie knife or a revolver. He had almost forgotten the circumstances of the threat. It only vaguely occurred to him at intervals.

At any rate he was not thinking of it as he was walking home one night, and it was the evening of the 30th of November. Now, if ever, he ought to have remembered that a warning hand had been outstretched to him from the darkness that surrounded the barren waste which he was at that moment traversing. Now, if ever, he ought to have recollected that beyond the solitary and mist enveloped distance, lying between him and his home, everything that his heart held dear, was awaiting—anxiously awaiting—his arrival, for he was a little late. As he bethought himself of this, there was a rustling in a clump of bushes immediately before him, and in the next instant he was confronted by a man of immense stature and proportionate girth. So unexpected was the encounter that the intruder had one hand twisted in Mayor Alvin's neckcloth and the other uplifting a dagger about to strike, before the assaulted man had a clear comprehension of what had happened.

"I gave you a good warning," said the stranger between his set teeth.—"You have had plenty of time. You knew what was to be your fate if you stayed here. I have waited till almost the last hour of the last day."

His strength was Herculean. Tho' the neckcloth was loose, and the man had scarcely given one twist of it, yet the mayor felt the indications of gigantic strength through the clutch of those huge, nervous fingers.

His adversary, without relaxing his grasp, had moved while speaking, and was now standing partly behind his victim, who was forced back so that his face was half raised to that of his assassin, and the breadth of his chest exposed. Strong a man as the Mayor was he felt himself a babe in such a grasp as this. The light of his home was not visible. He was in the middle of that lonely waste, an equal distance between them and V——. A strange sort of pride mixed itself with his brute courage, and he was ashamed to cry for succor. Besides his adversary's grasp had grown tighter in his change of position, and the Mayor felt his breath come short. He made a desperate endeavor to free himself, and as he did so managed to articulate:

"What have I done to injure you and yours?"

'Alvaretta!' was the reply, and the next moment there was the dull, warm thud of repeated stabs, as the assassin's dagger was sheathed in the Mayor's breast.

Alvaretta was the name of the dead man's wife.

In the place where he fell he was found the next morning, and in a few days his murderer was in the hands of the authorities. He gave his name as Gregory Hurlburt, and was identified as having recently become a resident of V——. The whole course of the trial, however, disclosed no adequate motive for the deed. The criminal made no confession, and when the morning of the execution dawned—a bitter cold day in January—the public were none the wiser than at first as to the precedents which had conduced to the crime.

The dead Mayor had left his wife in excellent circumstances, and while there was a chary expression of sympathy for her, there was not, except among the ruffians he had made his friends and companions, a word of regret spoken for the deceased. The Sheriff, who was, in the main, a man equally just and tender hearted, and whose one public fault had been the bitterness of his hatred toward the late Mayor Alvin, found himself in a dilemma upon which he had little calculated. In Alvin's death he sincerely felt that V—— had lost the worst enemy to its good and prosperity. In his heart he was glad, and this feeling outweighed that sense of justice that would have reconciled him, if anything could, to performing the office of executioner. This feeling was shared by all who had hitherto acted as his deputies, and by all the opponents of the late Mayor, constituting the better classes of society. This dilemma, however, which threatened to leave Hurlbut without an executioner, was destined to be overcome in an unexpected way.

Early on the morning of the execution, just after the prisoner had eaten his breakfast, and before the ministers had come to administer the last consolations, the door of the cell opened, and a solitary individual entered. In his ear the jailor whispered, as he closed the door upon him:

'Make haste, for there's never knowing what may happen, and if it should be discovered—'

Leaving the sentence unfinished, the jailor withdrew, and the visitor remained standing in the middle of the apartment.

It was the executioner. He appeared to be very young and very slim. He was dressed in a new jacket and pantaloons, and red and striped hat. His face was rendered indistinguishable by the black crape with which it was so closely swathed, and which left room only for the eyes, the nostrils and the mouth. He spoke in a deep, low voice, and rapidly, as though the time allowed him for the business he had come about was brief.

'I came from Alvaretta Alvin, his wife. Never mind how she sent a message through me—she has money. You loved her once. You betrayed her and blighted her prospects years ago, before ever she met the man you killed. He never suspected her; and in spite of all his faults they were happy as man and wife. She wants to know why you killed him. She has that much curiosity. You have been well supplied with luxuries since you have been here. You have wondered by whom—I will tell you. She has cared for you—I said she had money. She asks this one return—why did you kill him?'

The condemned man looked at his visitor variously. Perhaps his long confinement, and the prospect of immediate death rendered him more patient, more enduring, more credulous, than he would otherwise have been. However this is, he answered:

'That I had loved her once; that she was false to me—not I, to her; that she had become the respectable, unsuspecting wife of a man high in power—these are my reasons. Accident brought me near them. I had gone far away and taken her with him, as he could have done, and as I warned him to do, he might have been living now. As it was, he was in my power and I killed him. But, young man, who are you?'

At this moment the jailor opened the door.

'For God's sake come!' he exclaimed, 'they will be here in a moment!' and he almost dragged the executioner forth, leaving Hurlbut plunged in amazement.

At 12 o'clock the court yard was crowded with spectators. The prisoner was standing, pale, but brave, his arms pinioned, and the executioner, with crape bound face, beside him. The sentence had been read, the last prayer uttered, the ministers had withdrawn, the spectators were awaiting in silence the solemn, retributive act. In pulling the cap over the prisoner's face, the executioner turned his back upon the crowd and drew aside the crape that concealed his own. As he did so, he hissed in the ear of the man about to die:

Gregory Hurlbut, you asked me in the prison who I was. Do you know me now?

'Great God! Alvaretta!'

Every one noticed the frightful change that came over the criminal's face at that moment. There were men who remarked the exceeding whiteness and smallness of the executioner's hand. But there was none who heard her, as she breathed into the prisoner's ear as she drew the death cap down and adjusted the noose:

'In my youth you ruined me. There cannot be found one man in all V—— to hate the murderer of my husband well enough to execute the sentence of the law upon him. I do it. I have money. In killing him you repeat the injury you did me in my youth. This is my revenge.'

The spectators were too intent upon the struggles of the dying man to notice that the executioner stumbled and almost fell as he descended from the scaffold. But in the Sheriff's private office his clothes were exchanged for those of a woman, and from that hour Alvaretta disappeared from the town of V——.

BORROWING.—"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband, one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black, a few days ago, is most out and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow a half bushel at Mr. White's; he went to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago, from the widow Green?"

"No," said her husband, gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. Sam, do you go down to Mr. Brown's, and ask him to lend me his ax, to chop some wood this forenoon, ours is dull, and I saw him grind his last night. And, Jim you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammer, and, do you hear? you might as well borrow a few nails while you are about it."

A little boy enters and says: "Father sent me to ask you if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday he wants to see it?"

"Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not done with it yet; but if he wants it I suppose he can have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast. "O mercy!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a morsel of butter in the house. Si run over to Mrs. Notable's—she always has excellent butter in her dairy—and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few moments Si returns: "Mrs Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent you nineteen platesful, which are scored on the diary door."

"Nineteen platesful?" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both hands. "It is no such thing; I never had half that quantity, and if I had what is a little plateful? I would never think of keeping an account of such a trifling affair; I declare I have half a mind never to borrow anything of that mean woman again as long as I live."

THE tide of fashion has set away from Long Branch, but Fisk still remains with his black velvet coat and rather vulgarly displayed diamonds.

Brevities.

Mrs. E. C. Stanton, generalissimo of the female reformers, has issued a new general order directing an assault upon the key of the masculine citadel, the very citadel of the male tyrant's strength. She says:

'The rule idea is for the sexes to dress as nearly alike as possible. We have seen several ladies dressed precisely like men, who appeared far more elegant and graceful than any real man we ever saw. A young lady in Fifth avenue dressed in male costume for years, traveling all over Europe and this country. She says it would have been impossible to have seen and known as much of life in woman's attire, and to have felt the independence and security she did had her sex been proclaimed before all listed and the sun. There are many good reasons for adopting male costume. First, it is the most convenient dress that can be invented, second, that women could secure equal wages with man for the same work; third, a concealment of sex would protect our young girls from those terrible outrages from brutal men reported in all our daily papers.'

Mrs. Stanton proposes to solve the breeches as a mere matter of convenience, or for the double purpose of securing comfort and equal wages we might be able to offer but a feeble resistance; but when she openly declares her purpose to use them as a disguise in which she may securely invade our privacy and play the spy in our councils of war, our hearts are nerved for a desperate struggle. We can never suffer the woman in this way to discover, and so thwart, all our devices for her degradation. No, never! This concealment of sex is a fraud against which the male nature revolts. We don't want to be falling in love with young gentlemen by mistake, nor do we want them to be falling in love with our amiable selves. We have heart aches enough, in all conscience, without these superfluous heart breaks. And, then, we don't believe their disguise will afford any considerable protection against those terrible outrages of brutal men. On the contrary, we tremble for our own safety, and that is another reason why we should resist the assault on our unmentionables.

But we console ourselves with the reflection that if our trousers are carried, all will not yet be lost. We shall be measurably secure until repeated assaults have battered us down to the stature of women, wrenched out our beards, hoisted our bass voices into soprano, pared down our big feet and hands and noses, contracted our chests, expanded our hips, and parted our hair in the middle. These things accomplished, if we can be induced to climb on a chair at the approach of a mouse, and screech violently at the unexpected appearance of a spider, the metamorphosis will be complete, and we shall be at the mercy of brutal men, and compelled to suckle infants, sew on buttons, and do other disagreeable things for women's wages. And then how humiliating to think that when woman's victory is thus completed she will appear far more elegant and graceful than any real man!' The thing is dreadful to contemplate. Our nerves are only quiet when we reflect that in proportion as elegance and grace are more conspicuous in woman, in the same proportion will the same concealment of sex be turned into revenlent. We should be thankful for even this little safeguard against the brutal men, this trifling protection against falling in love with other men, to our undoing.—*Mil. Sen.*

Witty Remains of A. Ward.

We extract the following from a new book, just issued, entitled 'Artemus Ward's Panorama, as exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, London:'

HIS ARTISTIC CAREER.

'I could draw wood at a very tender age. When a mere child, I once drew a small cart load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

'Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time always does. It is a kind of way that time has.

'I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist; but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

HIS MUSICAL IDEAS.

'I like music. I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

'I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was very ill; I was fearfully wasted. My face was down down to nothing, and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare to stick it into other people's business, for fear it would stay there and I should never get it again. In those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married, though not so much so as her husband; he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing 'sweet bird do not fly away,' and I told her I wouldn't. She played the accordeon divinely—accordingly I praised her.

THE STEAMER ARIEL.

'I went to California on the steamer Ariel. This is the steamer Ariel.

Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer Ariel; and when you go to California, be sure and go on some other steamer, because the Ariel isn't a very good one.

PICTURE OF THE GREAT DESERT.

'This picture is a work of great art. It is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they done before dying. They did this and then expired.

The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residence and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists come here every morning before daylight, with lanterns, to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed the picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

'Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that. Oblige me by thinking of that. That is, he has eighty actual wives, and is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. So we may say he has two hundred wives. He lives not wisely, but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't tell exactly how many there was of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in one family—unless you are fond of excitement.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAMILY.

'The last picture I have to show you represents Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large, and the olive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know of. When at home—as you here see him—he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comforts, and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends, what is home without a family?'

EIGHT newly arrived Chinamen had their handsome pig-tails cut off by half thieves, in San Francisco, the other day.

Dry Goods.

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

60 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.

W. BARKER & CO.,

NO. 50 MARKET STREET,

NO. 20 SIXTH STREET,

Formerly St. Clair.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

jun30:1m.

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 organized under and by special Act of Congress, approved July 5, 1863, 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 published on application at any office, stated in the recent story of our Banking House, Circulars and Pamphlets, fully describing the advantages offered by the Company, to be had of

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

No. 35 South Third St.

LINDSAY, STERRIT & EUWER,

NEW WHOLESALE

357 LIBERTY ST. PITTSBURGH

HARDWARE - HOUSE.

311 LIBERTY st.,

Head of Smithfield,

PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

june22: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 Manufacturer's Prices.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

CASH Paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

ROCHESTER, Pa. May 5, 1869.

may12:6m.

LOOK HERE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear which he offers at very moderate rates.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest notice. Thankful for the public for past favors, I hope by close attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER, PA.

BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER.

mar 24:tf

W. A. HOBE, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rochester and surrounding country. Office in S. C. Henson's drug store, on Water street, Rochester, Beaver county Pa. Consultation hours between 9 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Drugs furnished and prescriptions carefully filled at above Drug Store.

jy14:tf.

Railroads.

PITTSBURGH & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after Nov. 28th, 1869, trains will leave Pittsburgh (Allegheny City time) at follows:

Fast Line, Chicago at 4.00 P. M., leaves Rochester at 1.[illegible] P. M.

Mail, Chicago at 9.00 P. M., leaves Rochester at 5.50 P. M.

Mail, Pittsburgh at 7.00 A. M., leaves Rochester at 10.[illegible] A. M.

Fast Line, Pittsburgh at 12.00 P. M., leaves Rochester at 4.[illegible] P. M.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	FAST LINE.	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Pittsburgh	7.00 AM	12.00 PM	4.00 PM	10.[illegible] AM
Rochester	10.[illegible]	4.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Beaver	11.[illegible]	5.[illegible]	8.[illegible]	[illegible]
Freedom	11.[illegible]	5.[illegible]	8.[illegible]	[illegible]
Ashley	11.[illegible]	5.[illegible]	8.[illegible]	[illegible]
Monaca	11.[illegible]	5.[illegible]	8.[illegible]	[illegible]
Center	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]
Conway	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]
Economy	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]
Ambridge	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]
Sharpsburg	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]
Allegheny	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburgh	12.[illegible]	6.[illegible]	9.[illegible]	[illegible]

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	FAST LINE.	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Pittsburgh	4.00 AM	12.00 PM	7.00 PM	4.[illegible] PM
Allegheny	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Sharpsburg	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Ambridge	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Economy	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Monaca	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Center	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Conway	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Ashley	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Freedom	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Beaver	4.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	[illegible]
Rochester	5.[illegible]	1.[illegible]	8.[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburgh	8.[illegible]	4.[illegible]	11.[illegible]	7.[illegible]

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie.—Express leaves Youngstown at 2.[illegible] p. m.; New Castle, 3.[illegible] p. m.; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5.[illegible] p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh at 12.[illegible] a. m.; New Castle, 2.[illegible] a. m.; arrives at Youngstown, 4.[illegible] a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6.[illegible] a. m.; New Castle, 7.[illegible] a. m.; arrives at Allegheny, 10.[illegible] a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 4.[illegible] p. m.; arrives New Castle, 7.[illegible] p. m.; Youngstown, 8.[illegible] p. m.

J. M. KINSALL, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after May 10th 1868, trains will leave as follows daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	6.30 AM	7.00 PM	.....	3.[illegible] PM
Rocky Ridge	9.41	10.11	.....	7.45
Akron	10.[illegible]	11.[illegible]	.....	8.45
Ravenna	11.[illegible]	12.[illegible]	.....	9.[illegible]
Alliance	11.15	12.15	.....	9.15
Beaver	1.17	2.20	.....	.....
Wellsville	1.50 PM	2.50	.....	.....

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	*	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Bellair	5.45 AM	7.00 AM	1.50 PM	4.00 PM	
Bridgeport	6.05	7.40	2.10	4.20	6.00
Martinsville	7.00	8.10	3.00	5.05	6.50
Wellsville	8.15	9.40 PM	4.35	.....	.....
Smith's Ferry	9.05	10.[illegible]	4.[illegible]	.....	.....
Beaver	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Rochester	9.25	10.[illegible]	5.35	.....	.....
Pittsburgh	10.00	11.00	6.40	.....	.....

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	.....
Pittsburgh	4.00 AM	12.00 M	4.00 PM	.....
Rochester	7.10	3.05	7.40	.....
Beaver	.....	3.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	.....
Smith's Ferry	7.[illegible]	3.[illegible]	7.[illegible]	.....
Wellsville	8.[illegible]	4.[illeg