THE BROKEN VOW.

"But let the world say what it will—
The sorrow may a while intrude,
For wisdom's voice is faithful still;
Still to be blest—is to be good."

"He will not come to-night," said Emma, as she looked out of her chamber on the still and depopulated streets, and saw the dark, fast-gathering in the sky; "he will not come to-night—if he passes his promise he did not use to be so careful about the weather—but I will not indulge in disquietude—he has promised—"

The word died upon her lips; she recollected the coldness—the tone of ambiguity with which that promise had been repeated, when Theodore last visited her; and in a confused and embarrassed manner, though with much parade of disappointment assured her that it would be impossible for him to conform to his engagement, and marry her at the time appointed. She remembered how her heart sank within her at the moment and the strange, mysterious presentiment that crossed her mind. That then, for the first time she thought how bitter a thing must be disappointed love; for the first time, she felt the force of the remark, which she had often heard:

"Man's vows are brittle things."

Still, the natural buoyancy of her spirits forbade her to despond. True, he had not fixed the more distant period; he had left the final hour indefinite, but she had his promise; she had his oath; she would not believe him unfaithful. She could not believe him perjured. At last, after an absence of a week, which seemed to her a year, he visited the house again; he at once mingled with the smiling family circle; he seemed the same he had always been, and she was happy. But he retired before the family. This cost her a night's rest. It was not his usual manner, and she wondered why, at this particular time, he should have so much more business than usual. Still, she endeavored to put the most favorable construction upon everything; she strove to acquit him in her own heart.

But love has eagle eyes, and from their vigilance, duplicity must be coupled with consummate art, if she would avoid detection. Emma was caressed by a large number of acquaintances, and Theodore was also a favorite; in parties they frequently came together, and there, when the spirits are up, and all reserve thrown off, the heart unmasks itself. There Theodore often forgot his caution, and not only abated his usual display of partiality for Emma, but lavished his fondness for another. The generous girl forgive him, and forgiveness became a crime against her own heart. She resolved to lead a more secluded life, and in prosecuting her resolve she found ample evidence of what she most feared. His visits grew less and less frequent, until at length they were discontinued altogether.

Woman like in the deepest of her sorrows she retired, as it were, within herself, and secure in the confidence that not even her nearest friends or relatives knew anything of her disappointment, she nursed her grief in secret, and put on a smile as sweet if not as gay before the world. But heroically as she played this new and deceptive part, her feelings gradually obtained the victory over her weak frame; she pined and pined away day by day; the paleness of departed health blanched her cheek, and she roved in the stillness of the evening among the tombs of her fathers in the churchyard, like a thin shadow of the past. None knew her grief but he who knew the cause, and he shuddered at the ruin he had made.

Her friends perceived with concern the rapid decay of her health, and as her family had some relatives in Bermuda, they resolved to send her there. The voyage had a salutary effect; the change of, scene, and the kindness she experienced in her abode, dispelled much of that cheerless gloom that pressed upon her heart, and added life to her inanimate frame. The glow of health gradually returned, and she shone in the maturity of her beauty, a star of no common lustre in the fashionable world of that delightful island. A year had not elapsed before the hand of the wealthiest merchant on the Island was offered her. He was all the maiden heart desires—generous, noble, and virtuous, and of years suited to her own. She accepted and became a happy wife.

Having left Philadelphia with the intention of returning, she now waited anxiously for the opportunity, but a variety of circumstances prevented it year after year. A beautiful family of boys and girls grew up around her; her husband was deeply engaged in an extensive and lucrative business, and twelve years passed by before she was able to accomplish her wishes, in all of which time she had never made any inquiry about or once heard of her former lover. Now Mr. Levere retired from business, and proposed accompanying her to America. They arrived at Philadelphia in safety, and walked up Walnut-street to the family mansion. It remained unaltered. Her father and mother, the old servants, her former friends who remained, all welcomed her to her ancient home. The shrubs she planted in the yard had grown up beautiful trees. Her name remained where she had engraven it, on the sash of her chamber, twelve years before. She sat down by it, called back the recollection of times passed by, and wept. Yet these were tears of mingled joy and sorrow.

Mr. Levere took a fine establishment in Chestnut street, and lived in splendid style. Emma used to ride out daily in an elegant carriage, with her infant family; and, as had long been her practice, she carefully sought out such objects of distress as she deemed it would be charitable to relieve. One day, as she was riding in the suburbs of the city, she saw a poor, half clad man lying on the ground, and a tattered child crying by his side. She directed the coachman to stop, and calling the man, inquired why he disregarded the child, and whose it was.

"It is mine," said he; "I came out hoping to get a place for it in yonden house, and could not; it is almost starved, and I have not the means to procure food for myself and it."

She gave him a small sum, and directed him to call at her house the next day. He received it with tears and promised compliance.

At the hour appointed the poor man with his helpless child waited in the kitchen for the call of his benefactress. Mrs. Levere sent for them to come into the breakfast room as soon as the family dispersed, and desired to know by what means he had brought himself to povery and want.

The man spoke out honestly. Intemperance, he said, was the great cause, but his troubles had driven him to that.

"I was a partner in a mercantile business—I married—I was deceived. The mother of this poor child, after involving me in ruinous debts, eloped with a libertine, whose address she had long received. I drowned my sorrows and sank my character in habits of vice and intoxication. I have been twice imprisoned for crime—am destitute of friends and employment."

"And what is your name? inquired Emma.

"Theodore W——," he replied, after a moment's hesitation.

The kind lady turned pale, and trembled; she recognized in him the once faithless Theodore.

"At last, then," said she, affecting to be calm, "you have learned to keep your promises—you have called at the time appointed—I will provide for yourself and child."

"Ah," said he, "you know me. When you asked me my name, I dare not tell you an untruth; but I hoped it had been blotted from your memory. I watched your prosperity, and cursed my own folly, until I had exhausted my powers. But broken vows came back to their author in the end, and mine have ruined me forever."

He covered his face and wept. She left him, and having consulted Mr. Levere, procured him a situation in an honest occupation, and placed the child in school.

Thus was the maxim verified. "All is for the best to the innocent and virtuous," and thus it is that vice works out its own reward at last.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS.

Or Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum. Written by himself. Illustrated. 384 pages. Hartford, Conn.: J. B. Burr & Co. 1869.

A work like this by P. T. Barnum, filled with the incidents, struggles and triumphs of his varied life, and recording his shrewd observations of "men and things," could not but be intensely interesting. But not the least notable fact about the book is, that it is, or purports to be, a revelation of the author's real motives, and his way of looking upon those things which in his career have been severely commented upon by the public press, a defense directly and by implication of himself against the false charges under which he has suffered. It is only just that every accused shall have a fair trial if he desires it, and surely no witness can know more of the guilt or innocence of the party charged than he himself. And now-a-days in many States the interest of a person in the issue of a trial no longer disqualifies him as a witness therein. It is but just, then, that Mr. Barnum should be heard in his own cause, and no more than properly courteous that the public should give him a candid hearing. Mr. Barnum always openly avowed himself ready to cater in every innocent way to the public love of the marvelous, and did so; and the candid reader in closing the book will be obliged to admit, we think, that that has been "the end of his offending, this and nothing more." And now that Mr. Barnum has retired from public life it is fitting he should come himself before the public in the character which he claims to be his true one.

But it is not of the book as his personal defense that the reading public will be enamored; for whoever peruses its pages, rich with practical facts, shrewd observations, and humorous anecdotes, will on every page find something to think about besides Mr. Barnum personally, and his capital commentaries. Provoked to hearty laughter, or held in breathless wonder, or gayly gliding with the author along sprightly, spirited pages, one moves from the beginning to the end of the book with unflagging interest. We suspect that the author and publishers will in this book achieve, as they ought to, one of those successes, the like of which, alternated with mighty struggles and trials, have marked the career of the celebrated "showman." Barnum is one of the really great men of the time, and besides as such has had a richer and more varied experience than any other man perhaps in the nation. The book cannot fail to be of great service to the public, and its readers will be doubtlessly numbered by hundreds of thousands. The typography of the work is excellent, and the illustrations, over thirty in number, are as good.

We give our readers some extracts from the work.

I thoroughly understand the art of advertising, not merely by means of printer's ink, which I have always used freely, and to which I confess myself so much indebted for my success, but by turning every possible circumstance to my account. It was monomania to make the Museum the town wonder and the town talk. I often seized upon an opportunity by instinct, even before I had a very definite conception as to how it should be used, and it seemed somehow to mature itself and serve my purpose. As an illustration, one morning a stout, hearty looking man came into my ticket office and begged some money. I asked him why he did not work and earn his living? He replied that he could get nothing to do and that he would be glad to work at a dollar a day at anything. I gave him a quarter and told him to go and get his breakfast and return, and I would employ him at light labor at a dollar and a half a day. When he returned I gave him five common bricks.

"Now," said I, "go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann street; another close by the Museum; a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, by the Astor House; put down the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church, opposite; then, with the fifth brick in hand, take up a rapid march from one point to another, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point, and say nothing to any one."

"What is the object of this?" inquired the man.

"No matter," I replied, "all you need to know is that it brings you fifteen cents wages per hour. It is a bit of my fun, and to assist me properly you must seem to be as deaf as a post; wear a serious countenance; answer no questions; pay no attention to any one; but attend faithfully to the work and at the end of every hour by St. Paul's clock show this ticket at the Museum door; enter, walking solemnly through every hall in the building; pass out, and resume your work."

With the remark that it was "all one to him, so long as he could earn his living!" the man placed his bricks and began his round. Half an hour afterwards, at least five hundred people were watching his mysterious movements. He had assumed a military step and bearing, and looking as sober as a judge, he made no response whatever to the constant inquiries as to the object of his singular conduct. At the end of the first hour the side walks in the vicinity were packed with people all anxious to solve the mystery. The man, as directed, then went into the Museum, devoting fifteen minutes to a solemn survey of the halls, and afterwards returning to his round. This was repeated every hour till sundown and whenever the man went into the Museum a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping and gratifying their curiosity in regard to the purpose of his movements. This was continued for several days—the curious people who followed him into the Museum considerably more than paying his wages—till finally the policeman, to whom I had imparted my object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalk by crowds had become so serious that I must call in my "brick man." This trivial incident excited considerable talk and amusement; it advertised me; and it materially advanced my purpose of making a lively corner near the Museum.

I am tempted to relate some of the incidents and anecdotes which attended my career as owner and manager of the Museum. The stories illustrating merely my introduction of novelties would more than fill this book, but I must make room for a few of them.

An actor, named La Rue, presented himself as an imitator of celebrated histrionic personages, including Macready, Forrest, Kemble, the elder Booth, Kean, Hamblin, and others. Taking him into the green room for a private rehearsal, and finding his imitations excellent, I engaged him.

For three nights he gave great satisfaction, but early in the fourth evening he staggered into the Museum so drunk that he could hardly stand, and in half an hour he must be on the stage! Calling an assistant, we took La Rue between us, and marched him up Broadway as far as Chambers Street, and back to the lower end of the Park, hoping to sober him. At this point we put his head under a pump, and gave him a good ducking, with visible beneficial effect,—then a walk around the Park, and another ducking,—which he assured me that he should be able to give his imitations "to a charm."

"You drunken brute," "if you fail, and disappoint my audience, I will throw you out of the window."

He declared that he was "all right," and I led him behind the scenes where I waited with considerable trepidation to watch his movements on the stage. He began by saying:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I will now give you an imitation of Mr. Booth, the eminent tragedian."

His tongue was thick, his language somewhat incoherent, and I had great misgivings as he proceeded; but as no token of disapprobation came from the audience, I began to hope he would go through with his parts without exciting suspicion of his condition. But before he had half finished his representation of Booth, in the soliloquy in the opening act of Richard III., the house discovered that he was very drunk, and began to hiss. This only seemed to stimulate him to make an effort to appear sober, which, as is usual in such cases, only made matters worse, and the hissing increased. I lost all patience, and going on the stage and taking the drunken fellow by the collar, I apologized to the audience, assuring them that he should not appear before them again. I was about to march him off, when he stepped to the front and said:

"Ladies and gentleman: Mr Booth often appeared on the stage in a state of inebriety, and I was simply giving you a truthful representation of him on such occasions. I beg to be permitted to proceed with my imitations."

The audience at once supposed it was right, and cried out, "go on, go on!" which he did, and at every imitation of Booth, whether as Richard, Shylock, or Sir Giles Overreach he received a hearty round of applause. I was quite delighted with his success; but when he came to imitate Forrest, and Hamblin, necessarily representing them as drunk also, the audience could be no longer deluded; the hissing was almost deafening, and I was forced to lead the actor off. It was his last appearance on my stage.

ARTISTC COMPLEXIONS.

We have good news from Paris; better than the fall of the empire and the restoration of the public. The reign of paint is approaching a termination. Enamel is doomed. Women are beginning to wash their faces resolutely, and in no fear of catching cold. The "living fresco decked off with dead hair" is getting ashamed! God's noblest work is no longer to parade about like the Indian savage, in paint and feathers. Hoop skirts have nearly disappeared. Chignons have got so huge that the reaction has set in, and many ladies were none at all, and adhere to their native tresses. We did not mind of these things so much as the paint. That was abominable.

We have seen ladies, real ladies, here in our own Philadelphia circles, so enamelled and painted that not an atom of the original complexion could be seen. A thick coat of white enamel was laid on first over the face and neck, and then the rouge daubed on the cheeks, and the eyes shaded, and the eyebrows darkened, and sometimes even the lips painted, until the woman was in fact a fresco, and nothing else. To our taste there is no sight more disgusting and repulsive. The enamel has in no degree the healthy hue of the natural complexion. It resembles more the ghastly pallor of the grave, and thus, when frescoed in the extreme, these faces seem as though wearing some horrid mocking mask.

We are glad to be able to say that, in the most refined circles of society in Philadelphia, this hideous fashion has always been frowned upon, and those who adhere to it gradually and mysteriously found themselves losing taste without being able to tell how. Yet, as all fashions work their way downward through all inferior classes, we find this fresco fashion taken by giddy young women, who are not aware how much they run the risk of being mistaken for the last and lowest class of all, and who do not appear to understand the rude stare and the ribald jest, and the leered leer of the men about town, whenever such masks come to view. How long will it take for this horrid fashion to die out in these classes?

This leads us to say that a good natural complexion is best reached by good temper, cheerfulness, amiability, an avoidance of excitements; cool and dignified bearing under all circumstances, regular habits, healthful and substantial food, fresh exercise, and a general avoidance of excesses of all kinds. Our American women are said to be generally subject to dyspepsia, on account of irregularity in diet and the avoidance of open-air exercises. Their delicate complexions certainly indicate a want of stamina. It seems to be thought by most of them unlaylike to have an appetite for substantial food, and thus so many of them may be seen living upon light food, and indulging a taste for delicacies entirely unsuited to them. Not one in a hundred of them eats enough meat.

Of late years the women have all changed their habits so much in favor of open air exercise that we need say nothing on that point. They skate quite as much as the men. They play croquet in the open air. They ride more than they used to, and they walk nearly as much as the men. Our streets, in all weathers, no matter how inclement, give ample evidence that the women go out in the fresh air whenever they can. This has cured many of them of their dyspeptic habit and produced a more cheerful tone and more active spirits. It has also led to a better appetite for meals, though the diet is still wrong and seems perversely so.

It is narrated of an American who gave a grand party in Paris, and invited a great number of Frenchwomen of rank, that upon the presumption that French taste was for delicacies, an ample supply of them was provided in the supper room, and about half a supply of the substantials; but, to the surprise and chagrin of the host, the noble Frenchwomen had huge appetites, and ate freely of all the substantials, so that they were soon cleared out. Is there not a lesson in this for our American ladies! Can they not see the folly of affecting a taste for unsubstantials?—*North American.*

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The lessons which nature teaches us are varied and interesting. It is indeed marvelous how intricately one law may seem working through hundreds of channels, far away from where it was originally observed and often where we least expect to find it. It is this fact which gives such great value to science. In a thousand ways a fact once learned comes into play to our advantage, and often with the most wonderful results. The writer, when a boy, used to be fond of "fooling"—as his fond parents called it—playing with all sorts of trifles, but yet noting results. For many minutes, perhaps, dropping an inverted tumbler in water, and noting that the water would not rise within—or if in fall easily out when lifted—not only gave him at once, when the time came, an explanation of the use of vent pegs in barrels, and the principles of success in diving bells, but actually enabled him to apply the principle to the saving of his life in a case of shipwreck. This is always the result of reflection when toying with things.

Let us now moralize in this way on the falling leaf, and see what a beautiful lesson it teaches. Those of us who get up before the sun and go out while the hoar frosts of morning are yet on the ground, can but notice the wonderful stillness of things in those times when there happens to be no breeze afloat, as by the way there never is on white frosty mornings. But presently the sun rises, and as it strikes the tops of the highest trees the leaves bathed in a flood of morning light begin to fall. Higher as the sun rises, and lower as its rays descend the leaves in successive layers drop to the ground, until by the time the lower leaves have caught the sunlight, all parts of the tree contribute to the bed of death below. The leaves would not have fallen but for the frost, nor with the frost but for the sun. Why should frost and sun combined have this power at this time?

Now, remembering the time when your full bottle of ink froze solid at night and burst the bottle, we see at once that fluids expand when frozen and know that they contract again when thawed; and we see clearly that those leaves have had the juices frozen and expanded, and thus been forced away from their hold on the branches, and yet held there by the frost, which, when the thaw comes, relaxes that hold and lets the leaf drop.

There is another reflection. Why does not the sap in the bark freeze as well as in the leaf which is attached to the bark? Simply because vitality is there, and what we call vitality is engaged continually in the conversion of food into heat. To use a sort of out of the way expression, to make heat is what vitality lives for. Liquids cannot freeze while there is life in them. The leaf is therefore dead before it freezes, and falls in the manner we see it.

Thus we may go on and apply the principle we see in this dead leaf to the whole organic world—to the grass of the field, to animals and to man. Heat and life and cold and death—now expanding, now contracting, now resisting, now succumbing; and yet all working in some mysterious hand which knows when to advance and when to stop.

Not in a single leaf but exists the same laws of life and death as is found in the best of us; and we can humbly repeat the great words that not a sparrow falls to the ground but it is the direct permission of the Divine will.

NEWS SUMMARY.

—The Vermont Historical Society is to be made a State institution.

—A patent has been granted to a St. Joseph, Mo., doctor for a "cure for cancer."

—The Kansas fever prevails in New London, Ct., and has already taken off some of its best citizens.

—In Butler county, Mo., venison hams sell at five cents a pound, and wild turkeys at from 25 to 50 cents each.

—The corner-stone of West Virginia State-house at Charlestown, was laid on the 10th ult., with Masonic ceremonies.

—Gilmore W. Carr was crushed to death on Friday last by being caught in the machinery of a mill in which he was employed at Orono, Maine.

—The N. Y. *Herald's* Havana letter of last week intimates that many members of the Spanish Club, of that city, dispair of the condition of affairs in Spain, and are in favor of Cuba looking after her own matters.

—Robert H. Goldsborough, convicted of Murder last week in the Sussex county, Delaware court, and sentenced to be hanged December 10th, escaped from jail at Georgetown on Sunday night.

—O'Baldwin, the Irish pugilist, was sentenced on Monday at Lawrence, Massachusetts, to eighteen months' imprisonment in the house of correction for participating in a prize fight at Lynnfield some time since.

—Chief Justice Chase announced on Monday last that the Court would adjourn on the 17th to the 22d inst., and that the 25th would be set apart for motions, the Court adjourning from that day to the 29th.

—The Spanish expedition against Cienega de Zeapara, it is feared, will prove a failure owing to the nature of the country, which five hundred insurgents could hold against the entire Spanish army.

—Richard Englehcart, aged sixteen years, committed suicide by throwing himself under a railroad train on the Lebanon Valley road, on Sunday evening, while inebriated.

—J. C. Buell, Cashier of the Second National Bank of Cleveland, committed suicide on Sunday morning, by shooting himself through the heart. The cause is supposed to be mental depression resulting from heavy losses during the late money panic.

—Seventeen dead bodies were recovered from the wreck of the cars in the railroad accident near Oakland, California on the morning of the 15th inst. It was estimated that there were twenty wounded at the scene of the disaster, which is described as heart rending in the extreme.

—A rumor having been circulated that the Second National Bank of Cleveland was heavy lossers by the defalcation of Mr. Buell, late Cashier, the Directors of that institution publish a card assuring the public that its responsibility is unimpaired, and pledging themselves individually that all obligations shall be met promptly.

—An Irish Society, on Sunday last returning from a funeral, attacked a car load of passengers in Chatham Square, New York, beating the driver and seriously injuring others. The riot lasted two hours, but was finally quelled by the police. Nothing is said in the telegram as to the provocation, but it is left to be inferred that the persons composing the mourning procession were in fault, which is absurd. This is a bad way to send news, it begets prejudice against nationalities. No doubt the person who sent the above dispatch hated the Irish, and took this method of abusing them in the opinion of others.

—The Canadian authorities have notified our Government that unless the trade between the two countries is so arranged as to be somewhat reciprocal they will be unable to withstand the pressure from all parts of the Dominion urging them to do away with the system of fishery license, and compelling the U. S. fishermen to remain outside of the three mile limits of the shores of Canada, and to establish a duty on foreign coal so as to give the market of Western Canada to Nova Scotia coal, instead of having it supplied, as at present, from the mines of Pennsylvania and Ohio; and to place an export duty on pine timber, and on American breadstuffs, a large market for which is now found in Canada under free admission by the present Canadian tariff.

—It is understood that the President considers the present condition of our financies most favorable to a speedy return to specie payments, and in his next annual message will urge such measures upon Congress. He is opposed to all tinkering with the currency, and believes if the present Internal Revenue law be suffered to remain intact for another year, such a tangible reduction of the public debt will have been effected as will enable the Government to safely and materially modify taxes of all kinds. The resumption of specie payments, the President argues, will prevent fluctuations in gold and break up the influence of the gold gamblers, and save the people from the ruinous effects of an irredeemable currency.

STATE ITEMS.

There are thirty slate quarries in Lehigh county, worth $3,000,000.

In Greenville Mercer county, recently, quite a number of burglaries were committed. The *Argus* thinks the times are out of joint.

The Gloria Dei (Old Swedes) Church, On Christian street, Philadelphia, is said to be the oldest place of public worship in Pennsylvania. It was built 170 years ago.

Geo. Shannon, a Pilhole forger, was arrested at Erie on the 10th inst., and the evidence against him was of such a character that he was held for trial in Venango county.

The reported shooting of Capt. West, in Crawford county, last week, is said to be a hoax gotten up in order to allow him to escape from the oil country and his creditors.

The G. A. R., of Lewisburg, Union county, will open the New Music Hall, in that place to day (24th inst.) Hon. C. Sumner is announced to deliver the address.

In honor of the reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches, a printing firm in Philadelphia hoisted a large blue flag with the word "Presbyterian" in letters of white.

A man in Pottsville offers a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the person who spit on his daughter's dress on a certain evening, and fifty dollars for the arrest and conviction of any tobacco juice squirter spitting on any other lady's dress.

In a beer saloon in Reading last week, Joshua Hiller, a moulder, was fatally stabbed under very mysterious circumstances, careful investigation having failed to reveal the murderer. An affray had occurred in which deceased was engaged.

The District Attorney of Philadelphia has issued an order setting forth, among other things, that private counsel will not be admitted to represent the Commonwealth in cases of felony, or in the prosecution of charges against police or other public officers, without the special authority of the Court.

At Sewickley, Allegheny county, a lost boy has appeared, who gives his name as Joseph Eaton, and is unable to to give any intelligible account of himself except that his father lives near a canal at a place called Fairview; State not known. He is apparently eight or nine years old, and will be cared for till his parents are discovered.

A survey is now going on with a view of extending the line of the Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad through from the city of Albion to Erie, thus avoiding a yearly rent of $40,000, and at the same time securing an independent line from Erie to Pittsburgh. The Greenville *Argus* says: "Fears have been expressed by many that this survey was only a device to frighten the Lake Shore road into accepting a lower rent for the right of way over its track between Erie and Girard, but we learn from excellent authority that the Managers of the Erie & Pittsburgh road are satisfied that the Lake Shore road will eventually—and at no distant day—close down on them, and that therefore the extension is an absolute necessity."

The *Erie Dispatch* tells the story that recently in Warren, four young men on a spree, determined to play a joke on Don Morrison, a printer, whom they found helplessly drunk. They carried him to a stable, fixed a rope over a beam, stood him on a barrel so as to tie the rope to good advantage, and then kicked the barrel out from under him. Down he came with a jerk that for a wonder did not happen to break his neck, but left him hanging as scientifically as a Calcraft could have fixed him. The drunken crew got alarmed at his purpling face, and tried to lift him up, taking turns at raising him so as to take the pressure off his throat, and then letting him hang again while they rested themselves. This was kept up until the tumult attracted the attention of a passer by, who at once slashed off the rope. The victim of the murderous joke was so near strangulation that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be resuscitated.

The grand jury of Berks county, while on a visit to the alms house last week, made inquiry as to the case of a boy named Joseph Faligate, and reported to the Court that they found him in one of the dark underground cells and talked with him through the grates. His feet were fastened together with straps round the ankles and a chain about 18 inches in length connecting them. The present officers of the institution know very little about his history, as he was placed there many years ago, and was chained and kept confined for attempting to set fire to some of the buildings. The boy spoke rationally, but his mind seemed stinted and impaired. He appeared to be between sixteen and eighteen years of age, looked weak and delicate, his limbs shrunk for want of use. When asked how long he had been there, he said sixteen years, and that he had been chained for ten years. Evidently he was not capable of correct appreciation of the exact period. The jury thought the case of this boy called most loudly for the interference of the Court, and were prompted by their feelings to inquire: "Can nothing be done for him except imprisonment for life, and that imprisonment beginning in early childhood?" They at least could not see why he could not be placed in a room where he might have fresh air. Moreover, his confinement for so many years in chains, overlooked and forgotten, was a most shameful fact, which called loudly for thorough investigation.

Raising of a Man-of-War.

Two years since a number of citizens of Philadelphia conceived the idea of raising the hull of the British sixty-four gun ship Augusta, sunk in the Delaware river, about ¾ mile and a half below Fort Mifflin. The ship was one of his Royal Highness, King George's fleet, and was blown up, the concussion blowing one of her sides out. This occurred in the year 1777; and since that time the waters of the Delaware have had full sweep at forcing the mud and sand into and through the shattered hull. On Friday, of last week, all that remained of the ship was floated and taken to Gloucester, creating intense excitement along the river and among the Jersey folks, who were anxious to see the vessel they had heard of and read so much about. Among the relics recovered was a silver spoon very heavy, bearing the maker's mark and a crest, conspicuously engraved upon the end. Near the bowl is engraved "H. W. 1774." Upon a piece of metal about 4 inches long and 1 inch wide, is very plainly engraved the Lord's Prayer, appended to which is the name David Pyett, 1774. On the reverse side is engraved various designs. A wonderful looking silver watch, small in size and almost round in shape, is another rare curiosity. The divers brought up a number of British guineas of the date of 1765, very perfect, and now that they are no longer in circulation in Great Britain are, of course, very valuable. Two heavy cannon have been recovered bearing the British coat of arms, and it is estimated that at least one hundred tons of kentledge are stowed away in the hull. This kentledge is composed of flat pieces of iron about two feet long, and used for ballast. Each piece bears the royal stamp of the king, R. It is supposed there are at least one hundred tons of shot on board the vessel. Battle-axes, cutlasses, guns, pistols, and all the paraphernalia of a man-of-war are visible, and much of it will be saved. The timbers of the ship are in an elegant state of preservation, and a novel feature of her construction is that she was put together by trunnels, no bolts being used.

Announcement.

A. HANAUER,

Wholesale & Retail

DEALER IN

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS,

OPPOSITE U. P. SEMINARY,

BEAVER, PA.,

WILSON'S BUILDING,

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.,

OPPOSITE NIXON HOUSE,

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

I call the attention of the people of Beaver County to the fact that I have opened a new Store, opposite the U. P. Seminary, in Beaver, where I will constantly keep on hand and offer at the lowest prices everything kept in a first class

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS' Establishment.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

All goods are marked in plain figures.

Look at the Prices:

New Styles in

BLANKETS,

COVERLETS,

HOOP SKIRTS,

WOOLEN YARN

And all kinds of

NOTIONS

AND LADIES'

Dress Trimmings,

IN

FANCY GOODS

SUCH AS

BREASTPINS,

EARRINGS,

SLEEVE BUTTONS,

CHAINS, &C.,

They have received the most elegant styles, the like of which was never seen in this town.

If you see their stock in new styles in

MEN'S and BOYS' HATS,

and all kinds of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

you must surely think they mean business.

In Fancy and Plain

CASSIMERES,

CLOTH,

DOESKINS,

BEAVERS,

CHINCHILLAS,

They say without bragging that no one in the county is able to show a more select stock of

FINE STYLES,

and can offer them at

LOWER PRICES

than they do. Therefore they can guarantee whoever patronizes them that they can furnish a suit of clothing which can not be beat, either in cut or prices.

They can say again that they have the best cutter in this county, a gentleman who goes ahead with the fashion, and has practiced his trade for twenty years in first class merchant tailoring establishments in New York, Cleveland, and lately at Alliance, O. Their force of tailors and tailoresses are all schooled hands, as will be seen by the work they intend to turn out this fall. To keep their old customers and get new ones this firm has concluded to make suits to order

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

All wool cassimere suits they will now make for

$20

For which thirty dollars has to be paid elsewhere, and all wool black broadcloth suits for

$30

For which other houses charge $40. It would be advisable, and in fact it is to the interest of every one to price the goods and examine the stock of

SCHIFF & STEINFELD,

(Before purchasing elsewhere.)

BROADWAY,

NEW BRIGHTON.

sep29:1m.

SCHIFF & STEINFELD,

Have received this fall a heavy stock in

DRY GOODS, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, &C.,

Which they have purchased direct from the headquarters at

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA,

And are therefore able to sell their goods now at prices which cannot be beat anywhere, Pittsburgh included.

They have received a full line of the celebrated

Double Warp Alpacca,

Considered the best make imported into this country.

IN

DRESS GOODS

They have on hand now the latest in the

NEW YORK MARKET.

PRINTS,

They have on hand hundreds of different patterns of the best makes at 12½ cents; also inferior qualities at 8 and 10 cents.

WATERPROOF

Will be much worn again this fall, and on that account they laid in a large stock of all qualities.

IN

PLAIN AND CHECKERED FLANNELS

They have a larger assortment than any other establishment in the county.

They also offer extra bargains in bleached and unbleached

MUSLINS.

Hat Frames, all Styles	10 cts.
Bonnet Frames, all Styles	25 cts.
Hats	25, 50, 75, $1
Good Hoopskirts	50 cts.
All Linen Handkerchiefs	10 cts.

Good Linen Bosoms 25 cts.

LADIES' HAIR SWITCHES, 35 CTS.

French Corsets, $1 00,

The best ever sold for the money.

Call and Convince Yourself.

Mr. Isaac Hanauer,

Who has an interest in the business in Beaver will superintend the same, and will endeavor by

FAIR DEALING

to deserve the custom and

GOOD WILL

OF ALL

and will show them the

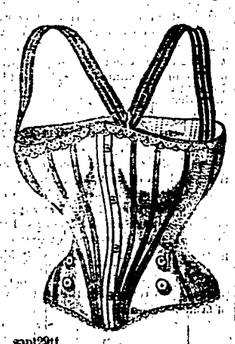
FINEST STOCK OF MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES

Sole Agent of Beaver County for the

Health Corset.



sept29tf.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after Aug. 30th, 1869, Trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Train leaving Chicago at 4.30, P. M. arrives fol. 9.15. Train leaving Pittsburgh at 1.35 P. M. arrives daily.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.
Pittsburgh	155AM	645AM	535AM	135PM
Rochester	320	809		325
Salem	438	1016	1056	440
Alliance	530	1115	1130	530
Canton	604	1201PM	1245PM	607
Massillon	640	1245	1330	645
Orrville	751	136		752
Wooster	828	158	208	828
Mansfield	853	225	221	915
Crestline { A	925	445	315	930
Crestline { D	930	605	325	1015
Bucyrus	1017	733		1034
Upper Sandusky	1051	769	402	1109
Forest	1132	740	—	1145
Lima	1230	845	513	1255AM
Van Wert	210PM	1000	—	300
Fort Wayne	330	1145	720	430
Columbia	400	1231AM	—	537
Warsaw	456	132	—	645
Plymouth	548	238	900	800
Valparaiso	730	405	1010	730
Chicago	930	630	1140	910

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.
Chicago	450AM	830AM	420PM	1000PM
Valparaiso	640	950	517	1220AM
Plymouth	903	1103	715	220
Warsaw	1007	1148	—	338
Columbia	1024	—	—	428
Fort Wayne	1205PM	110PM	905	600
Van Wert	131	200	—	718
Lima	252	311	1043	835
Forest	421	412	—	946
Upper Sandusky	452	453	1151	1012
Bucyrus	535	540	—	1055
Crestline { A	605	555	1250AM	1125
Crestline { D	610AM	615	1255	1205PM
Mansfield	655	642	120	1252
Wooster	725	703	237	155
Orrville	758	738	—	230
Massillon	835	757	326	250
Canton	900	813	341	305
Alliance	1125	905	420	330
Salem	1210PM	953	445	420
Rochester	303	1105	—	555
Pittsburgh	315	1200	710	6.15

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 8.25 p. m; New Castle, 2.05 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5.45 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7.15 a. m; arr. at Youngstown, 10.40. N. Castle, 9.50 a. m;

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6.30 a. m; New Castle, 7.20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10.10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 4.30 p. m; arrives New Castle, 7.05 p.m; Youngstown, 9.20 p. m.

P. R. MYERS *General Ticket Agent.*

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Apr. 30th 1869, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp'S.	Mail.	Accom
Cleveland	815AM	1210PM	.....	335PM
Euclid Street	826	1221	.....	346
Hudson	930	114	.....	448
Ravenna	1001	148	.....	526
Alliance	1100	218	.....	625
Bayard	1132	243	.....	....
Wellsville	105PM	353	.....	....

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp'S.	.....	Accom
Wellsville	835AM	230PM	.....	....
Bayard	1025	435	.....	....
Alliance	1135	540	.....	735AM
Ravenna	1210PM	572	.....	815
Hudson	1241	630	.....	853
Euclid Street	146	740	.....	955
Cleveland	200	750	.....	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp'S.	*	Mail.	Accom
Bellair	542AM	725AM	115PM	430PM
Bridgeport	555	815	125	440
Steubenville	700	1000	215	600
Wellsville	815	125PM	415	....
Smith's Ferry	840	140	437	....
Beaver				....
Rochester	925	220	530	....
Pittsburgh	1035	335	625	....

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp'S.	Exp'S.	
Pittsburgh	630AM	110PM	425PM	....
Rochester	725	230	540	....
Beaver		300	600	....
Smith's Ferry	813	324	630	....
Wellsville	850