THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 52—No. 5. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, February 2, 1870. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1,00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Cards.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—Mrs. M. A. Binder has just arrived from Paris and London with the latest designs, personally selected from the greatest novelties; also, the most elegant Trimmings to be secured in Paris. Laces, Ribbons, Velvets, Bridal Veils, Flowers, Fine Jewelry, and Trimmed Paper Patterns, Dress and Cloak making. Exclusive agent for Mrs. M. Work's celebrated system for cutting ladies dresses, sacques, basques, &c. N. W. corner of 11th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia. [sep22;6m.

BEAVER LADIES' SEMINARY.—The next term of this institution will commence on **Tuesday, September 14, 1869.** Every department will be furnished with experienced and competent Teachers. Miss Mary A. Burr, who takes the place of Miss Dever, graduated in Pittsburgh High School while the subscriber was its Principal, and her scholarship and experience as a teacher, were the inducements that led him to secure her as a teacher in this Seminary.

Those who desire to see our Catalogue, will please call on or address the Principal,
aug25;tf] D. H. A. M'LEAN.

BEAVER SEMINARY AND INSTITUTE Opens its Fifteenth Annual Session the **14th of September,** under the superintendence of the Principal, **Rev. R. T. Taylor, A. M.** Special attention will be paid to the preparation of teachers for the Common Schools. Music, vocal and instrumental, by a competent Professor, at moderate rates. Lads prepared for College, or given a Business education. Languages, ancient and modern, by highly efficient teachers, as well as Painting, Drawing and Wax-work. Send for a Catalogue to
REV. R. T. TAYLOR, Beaver, Pa.
aug.11;tf

PREMIUM TRUNK FACTORY.—**Joseph Liebler,** Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., &c. No. 101 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. All orders promptly filled, and work Warranted. Factory corner of Fifteenth and Penn streets [june16;1y

J. J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either the BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by
je9;tf] J. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

THE SHARON MILLS.—The undersigned takes this method of informing the public that they have purchased and taken charge of the Sharon Mills, formerly owned by the Messrs Darragh, in Sharon, Beaver county, Pa. They have refitted them and are now prepared to do all kinds of grinding to the satisfaction of their patrons.—Their brands of flour will compare favorably with any in the market. Give us a call before going elsewhere. SAMUEL DAVIDSON & BRO.
june16;tn

NOTICE:—New Bakery, at Wilson's old stand, Third Street, Beaver, Pa. Joseph M. Rhad takes pleasure to inform his old friends that he is established in business at the above stand, where he will be glad to meet and accommodate them. Fresh bread, cakes, crackers, nuts, &c. &c. Confectioneries of all kinds. No. 1 Flour, made from Fall Wheat, by the barrel, sack, or retail.
Jan. 6, 1869.

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots' Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Porter's Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call.
my26'69;1y.

BEN. K. PIERSOL, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Professor Taylor's in Beaver. [apr21;1y.

E. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square.
mar 31;1y.

W. A. ROSE, M. D. tenders his professional services to the citizens of Rochester and surrounding country. Office in S. C. Hannen'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.
y14;tf.

☞ Blanks of nearly all the different kinds for sale at the Argus office.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.
sept9'68;1y.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Right" to use the genuine GOODYEAR HARD RUBBER; consequently he does not use the Dry Rubber, or soap-stone, as a base for teeth.

Gold and Silver Fillings put in of the best material, and all work warranted.
Feb3;1y.

☞ Blank Constable's Sales for sale at the Argus office.

P. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 3d street, Beaver, Pa. (In room adjoining J. C. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order. The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.
apr17'6:3m.

☞ Blank Mortgages for sale at the Argus office.

THOS. McCREERY, Banker, corner of Third street and diamond, Beaver, Pa. Money loaned on Government Bonds. Interest allowed on time deposits. We will also receive applications for policies in the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF THE U. S. Also Merchants', Manufacturers' and Artizans' Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa. Office below the Court House.
apr17,1869;tf

HENRY MERZ, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Gaiters. Boots and shoes made to order. A long experience in the business enables him to do work in a superior manner. Terms moderate. Shop on Third street (near Rev. Miller's Bookstore), Beaver, Pa. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
apr7,1869;1y

CHAS. B. HURST, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent. Deeds and Agreements written and acknowledgements taken, &c. Having been duly commissioned as Agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock Departments, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms. Also, agent for the "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers. Tickets sold to and from all ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France. Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester.
apr29'68

☞ Blank Subpœnas for sale at the Argus office.

Beaver Academy wants A Principal.—A thoroughly competent teacher can have permanent employment and can do a good work. A bonus of from $300 to $500 per annum will be paid, which, in addition to the tuition fees ought to secure the services of a first class man. References required. Call on or address the undersigned at Beaver, Pa.
D. P. LOWARY, Pres't.
John Barclay, Sec. jan19;3w.
Radical and *Local* copy three times and send bill to Mr. Barclay

FOUND, September 30th 1869, in Beaver, near the Fair Ground, A WATCH. Any person losing the same can have it by calling at the house of John Thornburg, near Shippingport, this county, and giving a description of the watch.
jan5;3w*

ALEXANDER & MASON,

C. M. Alexander, late Col. 2d D. C. Vols. and ex-Post-Master of Washington, D. C. } Solicitors of { J. M. Mason, Attorney at Law

American and European Patents,
And Counselors at Patent Law.

[Fifteen years experience as solicitors of Patents.]
460 Seventh Street opposite the Patent Office.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Papers carefully prepared and patents secured *without delay.*

Examinations in the Patent office *free of charge,* and *no individual fee asked in any case unless a patent is allowed.*

Send for Circular of Terms, Instructions and References [aug 4; 1y

☞ Blank Notes for sale at the Argus office.

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.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest notice. Thankful to 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

Seasonable Goods For Farmers.

Prindle's Agricultural Steamer and Cauldron, Burrell, Star and Virginia Corn Shellers, Sinclair, Telegraph, Mummas, Eureka, Climax, Gales copper strip, Slade, Cummin's and Self Sharpening Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters. Hay Presses, Small Threshers, Powers, &c., &c. Send for price list.

W. W. KNOX,
137 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Beware of imitations of the Sinclair or Baltimore Cutters. Be sure you see the name, R. Sinclair & Co., cast in the machine. [dec1;1m.

HENRY LAPP,
Dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE,
Brighton street above the Plow Factory,
Rochester, Pa.

The largest stock in Beaver county constantly on hand, and selling at the very lowest prices. [aug18;6m

Miscellaneous.

T. O. MORGAN,
SUCCESSOR TO
SHALLENBERGER BROS.
DEALER IN
Fine Family Groceries.
Queensware, Hardware,
NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME,
Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods.
Goods delivered free of charge in all the Villages.
aug19;68.

WALL PAPER
&
WINDOW SHADES
In great variety, also
SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS SLATES,

The largest and cheapest assortment of ALBUMS to be found in either city, at
F. E. WELL & CO'S.,
NO. 106 FEDERAL STREET.
ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN'A.
sept15;1y.

THE SUEZ CANAL!

WHILE the World is more or less exercised over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that

S. SNITGER & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES.
Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,
Tobacco and Cigars;
And all other articles usually found
In a First Class
GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call
and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.
jan5. S. SNITGER & CO.

To The Public.

THE Undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that, notwithstanding the "dullness of the times," he has, as usual, a full supply of all articles connected with the

Grocery Business.

Among which may be found a full assortment of
Hardware,
Embracing everything usually called for
In a country store;
A Large Stock of the Best
Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Syrups, &c., &c.;
All of which are fresh, and the best in the market. The best brands of
FLOUR
Can always be obtained at my Store, and at as low a price as can be afforded.
Cornmeal, Feed, &c.,
Kept on hand, and sold in any quantity.
His assortment of
Queensware, Glass &c,
Is complete, and will compare favorably with any stock in the county. In short, he aims to keep a
FIRST CLASS GROCERY STORE,
And no pains nor efforts on his part will fail to make it such.

Having been in the Grocery Business for a number of years, and becoming familiar with it in all of its branches, he feels confident that he will be able
To Please his Patrons.
Remember the Stand.
Stewarts' Block,
Bridge Street, Bridgewater Pa.
A. S. HARVEY.
jan5.1869:1y

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINES,
$30.00.

The most perfect machine yet invented. Will widen and narrow, turn a heel or point the toe. It will knit plain or ribbed. It will knit stockings, drawers, shirts, &c., &c. It is cheap, simple and durable. It sets up its own work, uses but one needle, and requires no adjusting whatever. It will do the same work that the Lamb machine will do and costs less than half as much and has not the tenth part of the machinery to get out of order. Circulars and samples mailed free on application. Agents wanted. All machines guaranteed.

STRAW & MORTON,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 20 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh Pa.
nov24;1y.

FLOUR.
Bucher & Ryder's Best,
made at Massilon, Ohio, is now taking the lead.
S. J. Cross & Co.,
ROCHESTER,
have it constantly for sale, wholesale and retail, at
Lower Figures
than any other Flour of the same
QUALITY
sold in the county.
oct6tf.

NEW GOODS!
Fall and Winter Wear.
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF GOODS OF THE
LATEST STYLES,
FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR

Gentlemen's Furnishing Good
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER
In latest and most fashionable styles, and at short notice.
WILLIAM REICH, Jr.,
mar24:tf BRIDGEWATER, PA.

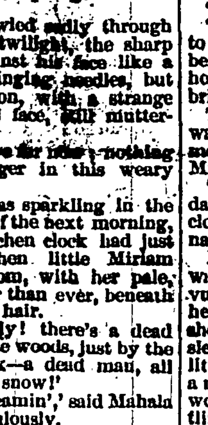
Miscellaneous.

☞ Blank Deeds for sale at the Argus office.

AMARANTH Lodge No. 294, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Coffin's Hall. [feb10;1f

SPRING STOCK.
C A R P E T S
Oil Cloths, Etc., Etc.
M'CALLUM BROTH'S.
51 Fifth Avenue, above Wood street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Have on hand
THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARKET.
From the Finest Qualities to the Very Lowest Grades.
WINDOW SHADES,
Fine and Common Table Covers, &c., &c.
Prices uniform to all, and the lowest.
M'CALLUM BROS.
mar24:1y.

☞ Blank warrants for sale at the Argus office.



This is no Patent Medicine Humbug, gotten up to dupe the credulous, nor is it represented as being "composed of rare and precious substances brought from the four corners of the earth, carried seven times across the Great Desert of Sahara on the backs of fourteen camels, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean on two ships." It is a simple, mild, soothing Remedy, a perfect Specific for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, also for offensive Breath, Loss or impairment of the sense of Smell, Taste or Hearing, Watering or Weak Eyes, Pain or Pressure in the head, when caused, as they all not unfrequently are, by the violence of Catarrh.

We offer in good faith a standing Reward of $500 for a case of Catarrh that we cannot cure.

Sold by most Druggists Everywhere.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Sent by mail post paid on receipt of 60 cents. Four packages for two dollars or one dozen for five dollars.

Send a 2 cent stamp for Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh. Address the proprietor, R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
mar3:3m;je:3m:sep3m.dec.3m.;

HARDWARE,
Glass, Nails & Paints,
S. J. Cross & Co.,
ROCHESTER, Pa.
uy in large quantities of manufacturers all kinds of
Building Hardware,
Such as Locks, Latches, Butts, Screws, Strap Hinges, Bolts, Sash Locks and Pulleys, Shutter Hinges and Fastenings, &c., &c.,

CARPENTERS' TOOLS
Saws, Augers, Planes, Plane Bitts, Steel and Iron Squares, Iny Squares, Bevel Squares, Braces, Brace Bitts, Drawing Knives, Hammers, Hatchets, Adzes, Axes, &c., &c.

Plasterers' and Mason's Trowels.

FARMER'S TOOLS,
Shovels, Spades, Picks, Mattocks, Forks, Hoes, Breast, Trace, Draw, Halter, Dog & Cow Chains.

Also a full line of
Housekeepers Goods,
such as table and pocket Cutlery, Spoons, Scissors, Coffee Mills, Apple pearers, Sad Irons, &c., &c.

NAILS OF ALL SIZES,
Comprising Fence and Finishing, in any quantity, and as low as can be bought in the city.

GLASS,
A large supply constantly on hand of all sizes, and single and double strength, at manufacturers prices,

PAINTS.
WHITE LEAD, RED LED,
and every Color, dry and in oil.
MINERAL PAINT
WHITING, PUTTY.
Linseed Oil,
TURPENTINE, DRYER, ALCHOHOL, GUM SHILLAC, VARNISHES,
PAINT BRUSHES, GLAZIER'S TACKS, &C.

We buy our White Lead by the ton of manufacturers, and can sell on as good terms as any house in or out of the city.

These goods are our
SPECIALTIES,
and we know we can make it the interest of consumers to buy from us.

☞ All goods delivered in the vicinity and to railroad and river free of charge. Orders carefully filled.

S. J. CROSS & CO.
oct6,1y.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY. On and after Nov. 15th, 1869, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows. [Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.15 P. M. leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.
Pittsburgh	[illegible]	645AM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rochester	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salem	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alliance	615	1115	125	[illegible]
Canton	[illegible]	1215PM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Massillon	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Orrville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wooster	[illegible]	201	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mansfield	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Crestline A	1100	440	[illegible]	[illegible]
Crestline D	1115	600AM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bucyrus	1140	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Upper Sandusky	[illegible]	710	[illegible]	1115
Forest	1244	742	801	1146
Lima	130	905	915	1235AM
Van Wert	[illegible]	1016	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fort Wayne	400	1130	[illegible]	[illegible]
Columbia	511	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Warsaw	[illegible]	144	[illegible]	[illegible]
Plymouth	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Valparaiso	[illegible]	[illegible]	447	[illegible]
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	550	[illegible]

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Valparaiso	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Plymouth	[illegible]	1135	[illegible]	[illegible]
Warsaw	[illegible]	215PM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Columbia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fort Wayne	[illegible]	155	1130	[illegible]
Van Wert	115PM	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lima	[illegible]	[illegible]	132	[illegible]
Forest	[illegible]	448	240	940
Upper Sandusky	[illegible]	510	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bucyrus	[illegible]	546	[illegible]	[illegible]
Crestline A	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Crestline D	[illegible]	630	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mansfield	[illegible]	705	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wooster	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Orrville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Massillon	[illegible]	[illegible]	717	[illegible]
Canton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alliance	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Salem	[illegible]	1056	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rochester	[illegible]	125AM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburgh	315	140	1155	[illegible]

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at [illegible] a. m; New Castle, 2:15 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5:50 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 9:50a. m. Youngstown, 10:40, a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, [illegible] a. m; New Castle, [illegible] a. m; arrives at Allegheny, [illegible] a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 2:50 p. m; arrives New Castle, 5:20 p.m; Youngstown, [illegible] p. m.

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.
On and after Nov. 15th 1869, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	815AM	[illegible]	[illegible]
Euclid Street	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hudson	[illegible]	140	445
Ravenna	[illegible]	210	513
Alliance	1100	249	600
Bayard	[illegible]	315	
Wellsville	[illegible]	435	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Wellsville	855AM	355PM	
Bayard	[illegible]	510	
Alliance	[illegible]	535	735AM
Ravenna	[illegible]	611	815
Hudson	[illegible]	[illegible]	835
Euclid Street	146	719	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]	730	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S	*	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	735AM	[illegible]	430PM
Bridgeport	[illegible]	815	200	[illegible]
Steubenville	[illegible]	1055	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wellsville	815	125PM	455	
Smith's Ferry	[illegible]	146	516	
Beaver				
Rochester	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Pittsburgh	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	[illegible]	155PM	250PM	
Rochester	735	[illegible]	500	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry	817	[illegible]	548	
Wellsville	850	415	[illegible]	
Steubenville	[illegible]	[illegible]		705AM
Bridgeport	1050	[illegible]		815
Bellair	1010	640		[illegible]

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville and an express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves — Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 640 a. m. | Bayard, 945, a.m.
Bayard, 11:50a.m. | N. Philadelphia, 340pm

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

Dry Goods.

CASH BUYERS

AT

WHOLESALE

WILL FIND A VERY LARGE AND

ATTRACTIVE STOCK

OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY - GOODS,

At Very

LOW PRICES,

Either by the yard, piece or package

AT

A. W. ERWIN & CO'S.

178 Federal Steet, Allegheny
jun2:1y.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

LOST AND FOUND

STORY OF "LITTLE MIRIAM."

'She's the queerest little soul that ever was,' said the old farmer, looking out through the first wandering flakes of the coming December storm. 'Don't seem a bit like other children—won't sew, nor spin, nor do nothin' other gals do; just spends her time hanging about in the woods, and runnin' over the medders! There she comes now.'

The stranger, who was warming his thin hands over the hickory log blaze, looked up with a start at the child figure skimming down the road.

'Your own?' he asked, in a husky voice.

The old man shook his head.

'It's a sing'lar sort o' thing,' he said, musingly. 'I found her settin' on the fallen logs, down by the swamp, eight years ago, one March mornin'—a little creetur, three-year old. She didn't know how on airth she come there; neither do I; but I brought her home to Mahala, and here's she's stayed ever since.'

'What do you call her?'

'Well, she couldn't tell her name—so Mahala and I concluded we'd call her Miriam, bein' it's a good old Scriptur' name. So—Hallo, little 'un!'

For the door opened and a wild looking little elf, with huge black eyes, and a tangled mass of blue black hair, came in, looking keenly about her.

'Daddy, there's a crow's nest up in the old locust under the hill, and Squire Martyn's peacock is down in our woods, and—'

'Miriam!' pealed the sharp voice of Mrs. Buckley from the kitchen, 'come here this minute, and help chop up the beef's head. You ain't no more use round the house than an old shoe!'

The old farmer looked indulgently after the girl, as she darted through the half-open door.

'Mahala likes to scold,' he said, good humoredly; 'but there ain't nothin' she wouldn't do for little Miriam!'

The stranger rose up abruptly.

'Won't you stay to supper?' said the hospitable farmer.

'No; I only stopped to warm my hands. Many thanks for your fire and your kindness, and good-bye!'

Farmer Buckley stared after the long, lank figure slowly creeping up the hill, with a puzzled, bewildered expression in his honest face.

'Who *does* he look like? I can't, for the life of me, think!' he muttered, as he stooped to light his pipe at the red embers underneath the iron fire dogs. 'Anyhow there's a queer look in his eyes that I don't fancy. I wouldn't much wonder if he'd been deranged some time in his life!'

While the stranger was plunging down into the dim, leafless woods, he murmured to himself: 'Nothing to keep me here now—nothing to keep me here! Mary's child has found a good home. My work is done, and I can go back to Mary.'

The wind howled sadly through the deepening twilight, the sharp snow drove against his face like a thousand tiny stinging needles, but still he pressed on, with a strange exultation in his face, still muttering:

'Nothing to live for now—nothing to keep me longer in this weary world!'

The blue air was sparkling in the frigid sunshine of the next morning, and the old kitchen clock had just struck nine, when little Miriam burst into the room, with her pale, elfish face whiter than ever, beneath the tangled jetty hair.

'Daddy! daddy! there's a dead man down in the woods, just by the bend of the brook—a dead man, all drifted up in the snow!'

'The child's dreamin',' said Mahala Buckley, incredulously.

'No, mammy, I an't,' pleaded Miriam. 'I saw his face, whiter than the snow, with glassy eyes half open, and—'

She stopped, shuddering.

'Maybe I'd better go and see,' said Buckley, taking hold of Miriam's hand. 'It's just possible the child may be right.'

'It's here, daddy,' said Miriam, pulling him down the steep wood path, and through matted bushes, to the brook whose dark waters gurgled through snowy banks. And there, close to the gnarled roots of a misshapen oak, quite dead and cold, with a vial labelled "*Laudanum*" clenched in his stiff fingers, Mr. Buckley saw the stranger who had crossed his threshold scarcely eighteen hours ago.

'Dead—quite dead!' said the farmer, as he knelt to examine the pulseless wrist and still heart. 'Come Miriam; I must go and see what Squire Martyn says about havin' the body moved. Poor soul! I kind o' thought he was crazy!'

He retraced his steps through the bare winter woods with little Miriam skipping by his side, ever and anon darting off in pursuit of red berries, or polished green mistletoe.

And so the poor dead corpse was buried in an obscure corner of the country church yard, and Miriam never knew that the tall daisies growing in that self same corner blossomed above the nameless ashes of her father.

'Daddy, what makes you look so sober?'

'I was thinkin', child, that mother and me is both of opinion that it's nigh time you was learnin' a trade, and—'

Miriam listened with black, wide open eyes, while her heart seemed to stand still.

—'And you are twelve years old now, and Mr. Smith is willin' to take you to learn the dress maker's trade."

The dress maker's trade! Fancy a wild antelope threatened with bit and spur! fancy an eagle of the wilderness caged behind narrow wires! and you can imagine poor Miriam's horror and dismay.

'And go away from *you?*'

We an't rich, child, and you've got your bread to earn, you know; and, arter all, the dress maker's business an't so bad. Yes, of course you'll have to go away from home.'

Little Miriam sat quite silent, with her big eyes staring into vacancy, hearing none of Mrs Mahala's shrewd suggestions or Mr Buckley's comforting words. The dress maker's trade! Miriam's mind was quite made up.

The farm house was all dark and still that night, when Miriam rose softly from her bed, lighted the tallow candle, and began noiselessly to dress herself.

'I have got four dollars, all of my own," said Miriam to herself, 'and I mean to go to seek my fortune, like the people in the story books. Anyway, I won't stay here to learn a dress maker's trade!'

'Miriam! Miriam! Why *don't* that child come down stairs? I've called her half a dozen times. Breakfast's ready, and the coffee's gettin' cold.'

'Maybe she's sick. Better go up stairs and look,' suggested farmer Buckley.

But when Mahala went into the room, where the eastern light came in through the one dormer window, it was tenantless. The little wild bird had flown, leaving no trace behind her!

The chilly afternoon was verging into chillier night. People hurried along Broadway as if anxious once more to greet their warm hearthstones, and Vincent Carlile buttoned his coat closer over his breast as he struck across the street, breathing in the frosty air as if his strong lungs rejoiced in the oxygenized draught.

'There's a gorgeous sunset somewhere, if I could only get at it!' mused the artist, looking up at the sky as he walked on. 'Life is full of beautiful things, did we only comprehend the right stand point to behold them from, and—Hallo, little girl! what's wanting?'

'Nothing,' sullenly responded the eldritch thing, who was crouching on a doorstep all by herself.

'Nothing, eh? Then it must have been instinct that stopped me just here—for by the bones of Michael Angelo, this is the very face I want for Dido, the bereaved Carthagnian queen! Look up, little one—straight at me!'

Miriam stared wonderingly into the artist's clear, keen eyes, swimming in wine brown light, and wondered what he meant, and who the Carthagnian queen might be.

'What is your name, child?'

'Miriam.'

'Miriam what?'

'Nothing else?'

Vincent Carlile arched his eyebrows.

'And where do you belong?'

'Nowhere!'

'Nowhere!' repeated Carlile, with a comical grimace. 'Are you a fairy then, or a fledgling of elf-land, or an embodied exhalation that will melt away with the fading day?'

Miriam made no answer; but Vincent, standing silently before her noticed the regular outlines of her features, the blue black masses of her wind tossed hair, and the defiant despair of her strangely expressive mouth.

'Dido's self!' he muttered under his breath. 'Dido in her royal indignation—her womanly despair! Child, have you a home?'

'No, sir.'

'Then come with me!'

He took her hand and led her swiftly down the street. She was obliged to run, to keep pace with his long, measured strides, but he took no note of that. Vincent Carlile's fashionable acquaintances smiled, and turned to look after the oddly-assorted couple, but the artist was too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to observe the curious glances that dwelt on him.

At length they turned into a by street and entered a handsome house from whose windows gas lights and fire shine beamed cheerily forth through the dusky twilight.

'Vincent!'

A rosy, golden haired little woman had tripped into the entry to greet him; she stopped short, at sight of his strange companion.

'Who is that little, Vincent?'

'It's my Dido, Mary!'

'Your Dido!'

'Don't you see, child, it's the very face I have looked half over New York for—an inspiration for my picture? Dido's despair! Dido's wistful angry desolation!'

'But where did you find her?'

'I don't know—I don't care! Oh, to think twelve hours must elapse before I can touch canvas! twelve hours before the tardy north light brightens in my studio!'

The artist's golden haired wife was used to her husband's fitful moods; she only smiled, and drew Miriam to the fire.

'You are cold, my poor child, I dare say, and hungry too. Come closer to the fire, and tell me your name, and where you live!'

Miriam told her name, but that was all she could be persuaded to divulge. On the subject of the past her lips were resolutely sealed. So she was fed and warmed, and put to sleep in a cheery nursery, where two little golden heads were pillowed in a neighboring crib, and baby voices woke her at dawn with their prattling music.

But it was in the studio that Miriam's nature burst forth into voice and fulness—the studio hung with crimson draperies, and lined with statues and glowing canvas, and pictured skies, and carved brackets surmounted with marble busts.

'Oh, it is beautiful! it is beautiful! it makes me so happy! she gasped, with tears streaming down her cheeks'Oh, if I could live here always!'

'Then you like it,' said Vincent Carlile, leisurely mixing some colors on his palette. Miriam looked vaguely into his face.

'I feel as if I had been asleep all my life, and had only just waked up,' she murmered.

'So, so!' mused Carlile; 'the child has genius. Dido will make a name for herself yet.'

The years passed by, and Vincent Carlile's prophecy was realized—realized more fully than even he, in all his artist enthusiasm, had deemed possible.

'Well,' said honest farmer Buckley, 'I'm free to confess that I don't know much about such things, but it does seem to me that a thousand dollars is an awful price to pay for a bit o' cloth two foot square, daubed over with black and green and yaller paint! Why, when Tim Steere painted Mahala's portrait, he didn't ask but three dollars. And this ere's painted by a woman too.'

'Miss Carlile—and she's up to 'Squire Martyn's now, to see that the picter's hung jist right in the new gallery,' interposed Mahala, who was better posted in the neighborhood gossip than her husband.

'Yes,' said the Martyn Hall housekeeper; 'and a pretty creetur she is with eyes as black as shoes, and a set o' real diamonds. They do say she's makin' a fortune by her picters! And Mr. Carlile's well enough off too, only he's dreadful queer and absent minded, and goes about all day long in a velvet dressing gown, and an odd Turkish thing on his head. The Martyns can't set enough store by both of 'em. And the 'Squire says he'd take it kind, if you and Mahala would come up this morning and see the picter.

'I ain't no hand at visitin' fine folks,' said Mahala, reservedly

'Seems to me I'd kind o' like to go, wife,' said the farmer. 'Only think! it's somethin' to see a picter that cost a thousand dollars. Say we'll go.'

'Well, I don't care—if Miss Jones will excuse me while I slip on my brown poplin gownd.'

And Mahala went up stairs to beautify herself for the expedition.

Through the softly carpeted vestibule, fragrant with exotics, and dim with the gleam of colored glass, the honest old farmer and his wife were ushered into the great picture gallery where the light, streaming down through a circular dome of crystal, illumined some upper rows of pictures, and white, leaning statues.

'It seems dreadful queer,' whispered Mahala.

But her husband answered boldly. 'Let's go up and speak to the folks!'

There was little a group standing at the furthest end of the spacious room a tall gentleman in a crimson velvet dressing-gown; Mr. Martyn and his pretty English wife; and a lady in gleaming robes of purple silk, and hair worn like a coronel above a regall handsome brow—a young and beautiful lady, with large black eyes, and a face like an antique statue. As she turned, Mr. Buckley stopped and looked at her with a bewildered face. It was only for an instant however; and then the bright face pressed close to his own, and the jewel-circled arms were around his neck.

'Oh, daddy! daddy! and you have remembered little Miriam all these years!"

'I know it was you, child!' sobbed the old man; 'I know it the minute I saw the light in your eyes!'

The picture was forgotten. Farmer Buckley and Mahala his wife only remembered that 'little Miriam' had been lost and was found again; until Mr. Carlile was introduced, and the Martyns joined the group.

'So you're famous now?' said the farmer, wiping the moisture from his spectacles; 'and you're paintin' thousand-dollar pictures, eh?'

'I believe so?' smiled Miriam. Tell me, daddy, isn't it better than the dress-making trade?'

'Well, I don't know but it is!' said farmer Buckley.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

MARRYING A WIDOW.

Thirty years old to-day.

Could it be possible that I, Mark Marks, had jumped from my teens so suddenly on to the threshhold of thirty summers? I asked my mother.

She counted her fingers, naming John, Joe, Charley and Henry, Mary and Susan, Betsy and Eliza, Jerusha and Hannah, Ellen and Sallie, Annie and Julia, Maria and Martha, and the rest of her small family; finally she said I was thirty years old. This settled the question.

I was unmarried. I had resisted for ten years all matrimonial temptations; but now, feeling the infirmities of age creeping on, I concluded it would not be an unhealthy thing for me to secure a wife. How to bring this determination to a successful conclusion, demanded my consideration. I pondered and continued to ponder.

Possessing a modest disposition, the idea of going about in the society of marriageable girls on a hunting expedition didn't suit me. Finally I made up my mind to dodge this difficulty by advertising. Therefore the columns of the *Podwick Daily Eagle,* one fine morning in June, contained the following:

MATRIMONIAL.—The advertiser, a young man twenty-five years old, prepossessing in appearance, intelligent, of good habits, etc., desires to correspond with some young lady with a view to forming a matrimonial alliance. Address, and send carte-de visite to "Anxious seat, Podwick P. O.',

Three days after the publication of this I had received seven hundred and fifty replies. I was encouraged. Such generosity assured me that I wasn't the only person in the vicinity of Podwick who had a hankering after conjugal felicity.

I opened the letters and devoted two whole days to their perusal. The one that suited me best was enclosed in an envelope surrounded with black lines, an indication that the writer had recently attended a funeral, and considering the nature of the correspondence, was evidence enough that she didn't allow grief to interfere with anything that promised consolation. Her note was as follows:—

"*Mr Anxious Seat;*—I notice that you wish to correspond with a 'young lady;' but perhaps you may not wish to hear from one who, though young is a widow. I am twenty-three years of age, have an amiable disposition, I believe, and as for personal appearance, I leave you to judge from the enclosed carte-de-visite. Should you desire to know me further, please address Julia, East Haddam."

Her visite was a beauty. She was my fancy exactly. But she was a widow. Here was an objection; yet I considered the matter thoroughly, and instead of allowing my prejudices to run loose, took what I conceived to be a sensible view of it. I reasoned thus:—

She's a widow. Being thus, her application is an argument in support of my resolution to marry. Why? Because she has been married, and liked it so well she's willing to marry again. Matrimony, therefore, must be the true state of happiness.

I wrote her a letter, and in due time received a reply. Other epistles followed, and finally, one pleasant day. I found myself in East Haddam in the presence of Mrs. Julia Wilsonburg.

It is sufficient to say that the interview was mutually agreeable. The young lady was attired in deep mourning, which was so becoming to her complexion that I never once thought of Wilsonburg deceased.

Her politeness was charming. Her conversational power superior.

> "Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman;"

her figure natural, not being made to order, by supplies of whalebone; and altogether, your humble servant was completely alive to her virtues, and if she had any faults, was very blind to them.

I was ready to be married, being so enthusiastically smitten, right "on that line if it took all summer;" but prudence dictated that we hadn't better be in a hurry—folks would talk about it. etc.—and our decision was to wait a few months, and then settle down in Podwick together.

Time passed at a remarkably slow gait through the days and weeks that followed. Christmas at last came, and the day following had been decided upon for our wedding festivities.

Now I desire to ask the masculine reader who has a wife and babies, if his feelings were anything like mine during the day preceding his investment of five or ten dollars in ministerial hand for "services rendered?" It was the most nervous day I ever experienced, and it being the last of my single blessedness, did not furnish as much serenity as many that had passed. Yet my convictions on the subject of marriage were not to be shaken. And I may remark here that it is my belief that the man who has been on a matrimonial anxious seat for several months, when brought to within a few hours of the consummation devoutly wished, has as perfect and clear an idea of his situation as possible to human nature—

> "So clear, so shining, and so evident,
> That it will glimmer through a blind man's eyes."

The important day and important hour arrived at last, and Mrs. Julia Wilsonburg and Mark Marks, esq., of Podwick, were tied together, so to speak, and set adrift in the world.

At last we found ourselves engaged in housekeeping, opposite the village green in Podwick.

We had occupied the premises two days, and on the evening following received a number of calls.

"Mark," said Julia, before any of our visitors arrived, "I'll wear my green silk to night, I guess. Mr. Wilsonburg thought green as very becoming to me."

"Anything," said I, "that you please;" but I omitted to add, "hang Wilsonburg;" though I had not, by any means, just that moment forgotten the deceased,

Mrs. Snuffers, aged forty-nine, was our first caller.

I greeted her cordially, and introduced her to my wife—"Mrs. Snuffers, Mrs. Marks."

A sign of mutual recognition followed, attended by looks of surprise.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. S., "is this you, Julia? I thought you married John Wilsonburg, of East Haddam."

"So I did, but he has been dead for some time," responded Mrs. Marks.

"Has he?" mournfully queried Mrs. S., and she immediately turned about and surveyed my person.

Great minds run in the same channel, and for that reason, perhaps, I was thinking of the deceased just at this particular period of my life.

This conversation on the topic introduced, terminated abruptly by my inquiring of Mrs. S. if she had heard from her son John in the army.

Seventeen callers came and departed during the evening, without developing anything new or particularly interesting.

I observed one thing, that they all said a good deal without saying much.

When the house was quiet, Mrs. Marks suggested to me that she was afraid some of our visitors would think I was not polite enough, and she was sorry, because on such occasions people were apt to indulge in severe criticisms. Then she added:

"When Mr. Wilsonburg and I received calls after we were married, everybody complimented me upon his being so perfect a gentleman."

This remark didn't remove from my mind any impressions I had previously received relative to memory of the departed, but I maintained a respectful silence.

After breakfast next day Mrs. M. asked me if I had ever eaten a "Chullewug pudding?"

"No."

"Well, we'll have one to-day; I think they are the nicest dessert ever put upon a table. Mr. Wilsonburg used to say he never saw anything to equal them in all his traveling in France."

We had one.

On the Sunday following we attended church for the first time in Podwick. A smart young man preached the sermon.

Mrs. Marks appeared much interested, and as she walked home, said it was the best discourse she had listened to for a long time.

'Isn't he a fine looking man? What a good voice he has! He reminded me very much of Mr. Wilsonburg. You never saw him, did you?'

'No, I never saw him; but I've heard of him,' I replied.

So it was; wherever we went, in the house or out of it, the natural simplicity of Mrs. Marks—who, of course, intended no offence—kept the virtues of the deceased Wilsonburg continually fresh in my thoughts.

I stood it bravely, giving no sign of uneasiness, until an incident occurred which appeared to call for some decision on my part.

I had been a parent for three weeks. The new comer was a boy.

"Mark," said my wife one day, "what shall we call the little fellow?"

"I don't know; I haven't thought anything about it. Most any respectable name will do, I suppose."

"What do you think of John Wilsonburg?"

This was too much.

I straightened myself up in a dignified manner, and proceeded to remark:

"Madam! Wilsonburg may have been a respectable man, for all I know. If he had lived, and had become a parent, he would have had a perfect right to name his own infant."

This wasn't very strong language, but it was strong enough to bring tears from the eyes of Mrs. Marks, and cause her to say—

"You are cruel! Wilsonburg never talked so to me."

Wilsonburg be-be-be—hanged! He never was a parent."

And then there was a scene—the first in our married life—which had its continuance at regular intervals, until Mrs. Marks, through irritability and exhaustion, faded like a flower and withered like a leaf. Her last words were—"Bury me by the side of Wilsonburg."

The request was granted.

This occurred two years ago. There is to be another wedding shortly, after which the hopeful youth who calls me daddy, will have an opportunity to divide his affections.

She who is to be the bride this time, perhaps it is well to remark, hasn't had any experience in the husband business.

I may be permitted to add that I have no prejudice whatever against widows—I like them; but I would not advise any one to marry one unless she furnishes good evidence that she does not carry with her the ghost of her deceased comrade.

Then again (and it is only fair to say it,) fastidious men, if they marry widows, should do so with the full understanding that there is a difference between widows and maids, and make up their minds always to be charitable when necessity requires.

The best course to pursue in order to have harmony, is this: Let widowers marry widows; then, if the latter shall refer to the virtues of the departed, the former may dwell upon the same theme, and between both, the dead will receive praise they never dreamed of before "shaking off this mortal coil."

PRESIDENT GRANT'S ADMINTRATION.

BY HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Standing on the threshhold of the New Year, with ten months of the administration of President Grant before the country and the world, it is a fitting time to consider the present condition of affairs, and to contrast it with March last, when he took the solemn oath that invested him with the power conferred on him by the popular vote.

Economy. In every branch of the public services his orders iniated retrenchments, which have been and are being carried out with zeal and fidelity. Useless offices have been discontinued; the clerical force in the departments has been largely decreased; the army was promptly reduced; very many of the surplus military officers, resulting from the reorganization of the regiment, have been ordered into service as Indian agents, thus saving the salaries of an equal number of civilans; and unnecessary appropriations have not been used.

Honest Collections. With taxation diminished from last year, the revenue has steadily increased, abating the discontent which always exist when the honest taxpayer is compelled to bear his own burden, and the burden that should fall on the dishonest taxpayer besides.

Rings. With this increased efficiency and vigilance on the part of the revenue officers, the whisky ring, once so widespread and powerful, no longer exists in an organized capacity anywhere in our cities throughout the land. And the gold ring, which caused such wild excitement a few months ago, felt the power of the President and his Financial Secretary at a timely moment, so that it has not since shown signs of life or action.

The Debt. Month by month the people have witnessed with intense satisfaction the steady reduction of the National Debt. The monthly bulletins of the Treasury Department have been successive campaign documents in favor of the Administration; and when the year expires over one twentieth of the bonded debt will have been paid.

Gold. Steadily, with the single exception alluded to, the premium on gold has declined; not by any extraordinary attempt of the Administration to force or to hasten the resumption of specie payments, but by the improved credit of the nation reacting upon it. Already the very narrow margin between the premium on gold and the selling price of bonds points unmistakably to the nearness of the time when the debt can be funded at a much lower rate of interest; enabling the country, in connection with other savings, to dispense with scores of millions of dollars taxation.

Pardons. Instead of the daily release of convicted offenders against the laws, the exercise of executive clemency has been confined within proper and healthy restrictions, alike just to the criminal and the country he has wronged.

Public Officers. Whatever discontents there may have been as to this or that appointment, no fair man can deny that, as a whole, the nation has never had any better army of officers. If the President could possibly have been guided by unerring inspirations, all would not have been satisfied with his choice; for, even if a dozen applicants were thoroughly qualified, but one could be selected, and eleven with all their friends dissatisfied. And, as there is no congressman who will deny that he has sometimes made mistakes in selections in his own district, where he knows personally so many of his constituents, how could any President be infallible when he must depend for knowledge as to a very large proportion on the recommendations of others?

Reconstruction. By the prompt and judicious action of the President, under the large authority given to him last April, in the closing hours of the first session of the Forty first Congress, the work of reconstruction draws rapidly to its close, and before the resurrection of spring gladdens our hearts, we may hope to see every State in the Union fully represented in the national councils.

The Indians. Under the President's firm but humane policy, there have been fewer Indian outrages and outbreaks between the Mississippi and the Sierras than during any year since 1863. Peace to the frontier settlements is a boon whose blessings and joy few here can adequately realize.

Caste. In nothing has the Administration been more positive and outspoken than in the advocacy of the Fifteenth Amendment, from the day that it was recommended in the Inaugural till the present hour, when its final ratification seems so near at hand. And, before its formal adoption, the President has illustrated his belief in its justice by appointing to office, of both higher and lower degree, many whose race and color, irrespective of their intellectual qualifications, had previously placed them under the ban of official ostracism. The following terse and emphatic remark of the President to Attorney General Hoar, and quoted by the latter, at the recent New England dinner in New York, is worthy to be printed in letters of gold:

"I hope to see the time when every man in this country may have power to express his own opinion, to follow whom he pleases, to vote as he likes, and to have his vote counted, without molestation, or hindrance, or insult. If we can only unite in maintaining public faith and credit, our political differences will not be of much account.

The "Alabama" Claims. The brief but pointed allusions in the President's annual message to "the only grave question which the United States have with any foreign nation" must be fresh in the memory of all. And also his emphatic sentence:

"A sensitive people, conscious of their power, are more at ease under a great wrong, wholly unatoned, than under the restraint of a settlement which satisfies neither their ideas of justice nor their grave sense of the grievance."

If any amplification of the ground on which the nation stand on this question was needed, the masterly and unanswerable argument of Secretary Fish, recently published, investing as it does with new interest a theme so elaborately argued heretofore, shows how faithfully the Administration is vindicating "the rights, dignity, and honor" of the United States.

Cuba. The President's sympathies with "all people struggling for liberty and self-government" are frankly stated in his message. But, while thus openly expressing them, he as frankly declares that, "no matter how unpleasant the task," he has endeavored to execute our neutrality laws in good faith. On the main subject he thus spoke:

"The people and Government of the United States entertain the same warm feelings and sympathies for the people of Cuba in their pending struggle that they manifested through out the previous struggle between Spain and the former colonies in behalf of the latter; but the contest at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." And he adds: "Our course should always be in conformity with strict justice and law, international and local;" which none of those criticising him can deny. The President believes, as his whole message proves, in the Golden Rule for nations as well as individuals. Whatever our sympathies may be, he holds that we should act toward others exactly as we would have had others act toward us during our recent struggle for national existance, or as we would have them act hereafter, if unhappily another dark cloud of civil war should ever overshadow our land.

But while thus performing the "unpleasant task," he submits the whole matter to Congress, which, representing the people, and fresh from their midst, is certainly a proper arbiter on a question that might eventuate in war with a foreign power and its possible allies, and the increased debts and taxes, diminished commerce, and renewed bloodshed that might result, if recognition was not justified by the international law, whose infraction by others in our own case we have so publicly and emphatically condemned at the bar of the civilized world. It is a remarkable coincidence that, while the President was writing this message, Cespedes, the president of what I hope is yet to be Free Cuba, on the 30th of November, wrote in his proclamation as follows:

"Perhaps it is just that the Administration of the Washington Government should delay recognizing us until Congress shall have met."

This brief and dispassionte retrospect might be extended; but enough has been written to prove that the Administration fully deserves the popular confidence it has won.

—The rioting at Jersey City among the Erie Railroad strikers is said to have been instigated by rum dealers in the district inhabited almost exclusively by the operatives, finding their justification in the fact that if the places of the strikers are supplied by New Yorkers, they (the rum dealers) will lose custom. The Jersey City Common Council has petitioned the Erie Company to reinstate the strikers.

—Miss Hattie L. Butterfield, teacher in the Kenzie School, Chicago, who was arrested about a week since for disorderly conduct in punishing a scholar, had her examination on Wednesday last and was discharged.

—The Oberlin University, at Westerville, Ohio, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning. Loss $35,000; insured for $20,000. The institution was conducted under the auspices of the United Brethren.

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