SELECT MISCELLANY.

IN PAWN.

In Chickory street resides a gentleman named Lazarus Levi, Esq., who espacious old fashioned house is the repository of various articles of property belonging to numberless enlightened but distressed citizens of the United States. The lower story of Mr. Levi's house is fitted up with a glass front, very dingy and dusty, so that the various articles exposed to view in the window are but dimly seen. There are flutes with tarnished keys, that have lain silent for years. The dust lies thick on the *embouchure* of each; for the lips that blew therein the graduated air have shrunk into mere skin long ago, and the agile fingers that ran over the holes are now loose bones, that lie here and there, never to hang together again.

There are opera glasses, too; opera glasses of every mode. From the antique species that our grandmothers used—a single tube, short and flat, which was intended to be pulled out like a telescope, but which never would pull out until the opera was over, and only blackened the white gloves in which the attempt was made—down to the large, imposing modern *lorgnette* with its double tubes, and its complicated interior, and its little windlass in the centre that winds it out into a telescope, or flattens it up into a pair of spectacles. How pregnant a lesson lies in these opera glasses in the pawnbroker's window! What stories of dissipation, of fleeting wealth, of ruined elegance they tell! Don't you see the broken-down dandy, seedy, but not yet all corrupted, darting at dusk of eve into the dingy shop, and with faintly flushing cheek, producing the remnant of his better days? And can't you trace him after that to the bar-room under ground, where maudlin actors, authors and loafers, he purchases a few moments excitement with the few shillings that but half an hour since he obtained with shame?

You can see all sorts of things in Mr. Levi's window. California diamonds; real diamonds, very rare; banjos, relics of dissapointed minstrels; guns, suggestive of sporting Englishmen hard up; silver tea-pots, now black and uncheerful, hinting at terrible distresses in some poor fellow's home and making you see his thin wife stealing out at night to raise money on the family valuables with which to buy food for her children.

The interior of the shop is devoted to dry goods. The details, however, can be but dimly made out, owing to the extremely dubious light that pervades the store. Even in broad daylight a judicious twilight exists in Mr. Levi's. What the French call *demi jour*, is much affected by lovers and gentlemen who sport their watches. Through this mysterious atmosphere one can feebly distinguish rows of shelves packed tightly with dark bundles of wearing apparel. Biddy's gown and Patrick's Sunday coat lie together until next month's wages come to separate them.

Mr. Levi is my friend. I have occasionally, mercantile transactions with him; for I am a literary man, and it sometimes happens that I find myself the slave of a sudden necessity for five dollars. On these occasions I travel around my room, as M. Xavier de Maistre may be supposed to have done, in search of some appropriate token of esteem, which I may convey to Mr. Levi, in order to induce him to advance the required sum. In this choice it is necessary to exercise discrimination. For instance, I know it will never do to present my stamped velvet waistcoat three times running. And that if I were to take my little French clock to Mr. Levi too often the article would pall upon him and my credit be impaired. Variety is necessary to persons of Mr. Levi's position. Continual partridge destroys the appetite. They are epicures, and must be fed with novelties.

Accordingly, one day, having need of the traditional five dollars to meet the expenses of a forthcoming literary soiree at my rooms, I, after some deliberation, determined to present my Indian chess board to Mr. Levi, as a token of my affection, and work upon his feelings so far as to induce him to present me with the longed for V. The chess board was ivory inlaid. The men were delightfully Oriental, being carved all over, even to the tips of their noses, altogether I had great faith in the article, as it had never before been in Mr. Levi's charge.

I waited until evening, it was a lovely evening for pawning. A thick fog, damp and threatening rain hung over the streets, so that there were few passengers abroad. Chickory st. was almost entirely deserted.

I rang at Mr. Levi's private door. It was a privilege I had earned, both by the constancy of my friendship and the usually valuable nature of my presents. A delightful Hebrew servant girl, with a nose massive as Egyptian architecture, opened the door and admitted me to Mr. Levi's private parlor. In a few moments that estimable gentleman entered.

'Ah! Mister Papillotte,' he said, holding out his hand, 'how do you do? Come again, eh? Well, what is it this evening?'

'A little matter I want you to arrange for me,' I replied, unrolling my handkerchief from the chess board. 'I want five dollars on this for a few days.'

'Hum! On my word, Mr. Papillotte, I'm sorry to see a gentleman like you coming here so often. It is really too bad.'

Levi, as I said before, took an interest in me, and sometimes talked to me like a father.

'My good Levi,' I answered, laughingly, 'don't take any serious trouble on my account, I'm all right. You know the best of us will get into difficulty occasionally. By the way, would you like to go to the opera to-morrow night?'

The Jew's eyes glistened. They love music, these Jews.

'Have you got tickets?'

'Here are two. Can you let me have the money?'

'Well, really, Mr. Papillotte, chess is not a valuable property just at present. It comes hard on the intellect.'

'But that is an Indian chess board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by an uncle of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, who was at the seige of Gundarcool. It is a historical chess board, Mr. Levi. Do you play chess sir?'

'Not exactly. But I came very near learning it once.'

'You know that the pawn is inseparably connected with the game, I suppose?'

'I have heard something of the kind, sir.'

'Completely in your line of business, you see.'

Mr. Levi started. The joke was completely lost upon him. It was a very mild joke, certainly; but then, could better have been expected from a man who was begging for five dollars?

'I am sorry you don't play,' I hastened to continue covering my jocular failure with some other remark. 'I should like to have a game with you. That chess board, I assure you, is worth thirty dollars, if it is worth a penny.'

'Heaven forgive me, but the Rajah was the creation of the pionnet.' I had been made a present of the chess board by a sailor who had voyaged to Calcutta; but one must be a little deceitful in this wicked world.

'Well, I'll let you have the money,' said Mr. Levi, 'though we're rather short to day. A great deal of business doing just now, Mr. Papillotte;' and laying the Rajah's property on the table he disappeared into the office to make out the duplicate.

'A great deal of business doing.'—That meant, when translated, a great deal of misery wandering about the streets; a great many homes gloomy for petty sums of money; a great many mechanics without Sunday clothes; a great many students moaning over valuable books, sacrificed to keep life enough in them to read those that are left; a great many drunkards craving for their accustomed poison, and getting it at the cost of necessities; a great many mothers shivering in blankets instead that their little ones might not starve. A This was Mr. Levi and of business that was doing.

I was reflecting on all this when I heard the parlor door open, and a light step fell softly on the carpet.—Thinking that it was Mr. Levi returning with the money I did not raise my head. Presently a voice—ah! how unlike Levi's buttery Jewish accents—startled me from my roverie.

'I can play chess,' it said softly.

I looked up suddenly. A little fairy creature, about sixteen years old, with long, fair hair, and large, beautiful blue eyes, stood just within the door, staring at me like some timid bird at him who wanders in the lonely woods, half fearing to approach, yet longing to come nearer.

'And who on earth are you?' I asked, abruptly; and at a glance I saw that the blood of the children of Israel did not run in her clear blue veins.

'I am Nellie Lee, sir,' replied the apparition, 'and I'm pawn.'

'In what?' I exclaimed, under the impression that I must have been deceived in the absurd statement I had just heard.

'In pawn, sir,' she repeated as simply as if she was saying that she was in bed.

'And who put you in pawn, in the name of all the Medicis, may I ask?' I said, scarcely able to keep my countenance.

'Father pawned me, for money to buy paints,' answered this most extraordinary deposit; 'and I'm so lonesome—oh, you can't think!'

'What to your respectable parent, may I inquire?'

'He's an artist, sir, and he has just got an order, sir, and he wanted money for the canvas and the paints to finish the picture. He paints beautiful pictures; indeed he does.'

She seemed so very anxious about my not doubting her father's ability that I smiled a sort of assent, as if I was perfectly convinced of this rare talent, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of every one of his productions.

'Where do they keep you?' I asked, half jestingly, for the whole affair seemed so much like a vaudeville, that I expected every moment to hear some unseen audience applauding her performance. 'Do they put you in the safe with the jewelry, or lay you on the shelves with gowns and coats?'

'No, sir, I live up stairs with Mr. Levi. Father will come in a few days, though, with the money, and redeem me.'

All this as seriously as if it was the commonest thing in the world for distressed fathers to pawn their children and keep the duplicate in their waistcoat pocket.

'Have you ever been in pawn before?'

'Oh yes, sir. Father painted the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" with what he got on me last fall.'

This was really more than I could stand. I lay back on the old hair bottomed sofa and roared with laughter. The deposit stood before me with a grave and patient demeanor, neither surprised at my merriment nor apparently thinking that there was anything singular in her position.

'You say that you play chess,' I said, at last checking my merriment by a great effort, out of respect to the fair face and beautiful eyes that I saw before me. 'Would you like to play a game?'

'Oh, yes,' answered the deposit; 'I should like it very much. You can't think—

We sat down to play chess. I don't know how long we were at it; but this I do know, that if the entrance of Mr. Levi had not disturbed us, it would have continued probably till the present day. There was a first move. Then a long conversation.—Then a pause during which the blue eyes seemed to be intently regarding the board, and mine were intently studying the blue eyes. Then another move. Then more conversation until at last the rival forces on the Rajah's ivory battle field got in such a state of confusion that I believe Herr Hartwitz would have become a lunatic the first glance he cast upon them.

As for me, I thought of nothing but the simple, beautiful young creature who sat opposite me, and in spite of myself, visions of such a being moving about my lonely chambers, making the gloom gay, and causing the bachelor's barren life to bourgeon and bloom like the dress coat of a high priest.

In the midst of all this, in came Mr. Levi with my five dollars and a duplicate for the chess board. He seemed rather astonished at the quiet intimacy which had been so suddenly established between myself and his deposit.

'Mr. Levi,' I said to him, 'I had no idea that you lent money on this species of personal security. I have a rich old uncle who won't die and leave me my share of his property, that I would be very glad to raise something on. How much will you give me on him? He's in an excellent state of preservation, and served in the last war.'

'Oh!' he replied, laughing, without paying any attention to my proposed avuncular exchange, 'Nellie Lee's a capital girl, and it's sometimes as well that she should be away from her father.' 'I see—' and here he made an expressive pantomime suggestive of rum. I looked at Nellie. Her eyes were filled with tears.

'Don't be angry with me, Nellie,' continued the pawnbroker kindly. 'You know he has very bad habits or you would not be here. My wife is very fond of her, Mr. Papillotte, and for that matter her father adores her, and as he never will finish any of his pictures without the spur of some necessity, we contrive to get him to put Nellie in what he calls pawn, and then he is sure to work to get the money to redeem her. Nellie, child, don't cry.'

I went up to the poor child, and took her hand gently in my own.

'Nellie Lee,' I said, 'you love your father very much?'

She nodded her head, and shook off a tear or two that fell on my hand.

'It is but right that you should do so. You are in a strange position here. Your father is not fit to be your guardian, and you will not always meet with pawnbrokers as kind as Mr. Levi. Now what you ought to do is to entrust yourself to the care of some man who is young and strong, and who, with your fair face and good influence to stimulate him, will work for you day and night, and love you as dearly as ever your father did.'

She shook her head gently, and still the tears fell.

'You think such a one can not be found. You are wrong. If you could bring yourself to accept his protection, if you could persuade yourself that a love suddenly born can be as vigorous and lasting as one that takes years to mature, you would never repent of it; I swear it!'

'And where is there such a one?' demanded Levi, with mingled incredulity and curiosity twinkling in his black Jewish eyes.

'Here!' I answered. 'I want but such an object as this to become industrious. I have abilities, if I turn them to account—of that I am convinced—and after all, if the worst should come, nothing under heaven can prevent me from inheriting a portion of my uncle's estate. If Nellie Lee will take me for her husband, I call God to witness that I will cherish and love her until death.'

The little head shook no longer, and I felt a slight pressure from the small hand in mine. It may have been a tremor, however.

'Her father would never consent,' said Levi, reflectively.

'Never,' echoed Nellie, in a low voice, 'he loves me so.'

I could have said, 'What love is this that puts its idol in a pawnbroker's shop?' but I dared not insult the pure heart beside me, and I remained silent. There was a long pause.—No one seemed to know what to say, and Nellie's hand still remained in mine. Then we all heard a violent ringing at the hall door bell. Levi started and left the room, and still Nellie and I remained silent. But involuntarily I drew her closer to my side; my arm stole gently round her small waist; I felt the throbbing of her little heart, and then our lips met. The instant after Levi was seen

In a few seconds Levi re-entered, pale and agitated. He stopped on the threshold when he saw us locked in the embrace of love.

'I am sha'n't,' he cries in his guardian no but you.'

'My father!' and with a loud shriek Nellie slipped from my grasp and fled toward the door.

'Yes, your father,' repeated Levi, and severely did he rebuke us for his fortune had rendered her weak, it is so—he has left you alone.'

There was a wild burst of regret that the pawnbroking parlor, and poor little Nellie Lee sobbed and moaned like a bird wildly beating against the iron bars of its cage. And old artist, at least, the worst of men, unable to resist the temptation, had appropriated the money—he had obtained in drink, and was found by the police in Washington pond, stretched dead upon one of the piles. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs adorned with unredeemed jewelry; and the black-eyed, thick-lipped Miss Esther, her daughter, was there also, smelling of patchouli; and Levi himself was continually coming in and out bearing slops, with bottles of cologne for the child's temples, and vinagrettes to hold to her nose. They were all so good and so gentle to my little Nellie in this her great sorrow, that I made a vow on the spot never to speak ill of a pawnbroker again in my life.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter, for I am an inventor in verbal anodynes; and late that evening I might have been seen sitting on the old hair-bottomed sofa, with a fair round face somewhat flushed with weeping, nestling on my bosom, while Mr. and Mrs. Levi and Miss Esther sat near the fire, and occasionally ventured to look around and admire us.

Need I go much farther? Need I describe the quiet wedding at St. Thomas', where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee? It would not interest you very much; for there was no orange blossoms nor bridesmaids, and no reception and German cotillion afterwards. But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious, and independent Nellie is the dearest wife that ever wore a ring; and when I visit Mr. Levi, which I do often for old friendship's sake, I walk boldly into his house, and have no pecuniary object in so doing.

On an inlaid table in my drawing room stands an Ivory chess board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, who was at the seige of Gundarcool. It is a historical chess board, Mr. Levi. Do you play chess sir?'

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Dispepsia—Indigestion.

The subject of Indigestion has attracted much attention, because it has ever been a difficult disease to treat.

It is characterized by a great variety of symptoms, the most prominent of which are, pain after eating, belching, heartburn, waterbrash, fullness of stomach, with tenderness, load or weight in that region, debility, loss of flesh, despondency, headache, bad or capricious appetite, palpitation, cough, nervousness, restlessness, &c.

When the disorder is of long continuance other organs of the body soon become affected, and the lungs, liver, brain, or kidneys, frequently suffer.

In fact, Dyspepsia is the forerunner of a great number of Chronic diseases, such as Consumption, Scrofula, Hemorrhoids, Uterine difficulties, colic pains, paralysis, neuralgia, female derangements, nervous spells, weaknesses, &c., &c.,—and is in its turn the consequence of many of them, and may be complicated with almost every and any disease.

From this it is plain that the treatment of Dyspepsia should be varied according to the extent of the disease and the nature of the complications.

One symptom is more prominent and urgent in one case than another, according to the disease with which it is complicated. And hence remedies seldom have the same affect in any two cases. And all plans of treatment will most generally fail, unless the precise nature and cure of the disease is fully understood.

To determine these there is no better criterion than the urinary secretions.

Indeed, we are surprised that so little attention has hitherto been paid to that secretion in Dyspepsia, when we know that there is no more certain sign offered.

By this we are enabled to determine whether it be Dyspepsia from liver complaint, kidney affections, nervous disorders, or, in case of females, from uterine affections, derangements or irregularities, or whether these affections proceed from the Dyspepsia. And to treat the case in accordance with the true conditions, the fixed principles of a fixed science.

There is no guess work about it. We have cured hundreds and thousands of cases of Dyspepsia by a single course of medicine; others require more, however, according to the disease with which it is complicated.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.

WHEN Adam was far advanced in years and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel then answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, that when it bare fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave; it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod and Moses' staff with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Mariah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came in the possession of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The Queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man thro' whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the pool of Bethsada was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Savior.—*Lippencott's Magazine.*

"PLEBISCITE."—Some inquiring wag sent the following note to the editor of the New Orleans *Times*:

"NEW ORLEANS, Apr. 26, 1870.

Dear N.—Enclosed find $10. What the devil is a *Plebiscite?*

Yours languidly,

J. C. * * * * Y."

The importuned editor delivered himself thus: "Measuring our correspondent's anxiety by his liberality, both gratitude and compassion prompt an early reply. Having once passed through a similar condition of mental exhaustion in endeavoring to comprehend the 'Schleswig-Holstein question,' we can feel for our friend's dazed condition over the 'Plebiscite,' and shall proceed to answer it:

A 'plebiscite' is a thing that only a few fellers can understand. You see when in the course of human events, the policy of a government, in its transcendental relations with the political economies of a State, becomes imbued with the spectral analysis of abnormal influences, infringing upon the perpetuity of institutions at once detrimental and nugatory to the abstruse interests of theocracy, why, then, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires the promulgation of a popular analytical manifesto, in which * * * * In short, a 'plebiscite' is plainly a 'plebiscite;' or in other words, it is the French for 'Shoo fly, don't bodder me.' There!"

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man, who had 'never been to wars,' and it was the custom of the old revolutionary hero to tell the hardships he had endured. Said he:

'Fellow-citizens: I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle, with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—'

Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with: 'Did you say you had fought the British and the Injins?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you say you slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?'

'I did.'

'Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?'

'I did,' said the speaker exultingly.

'Well, then,' said the sovereign, as he gave a sigh of tearful emotion, 'I guess I'll vote for to'ther fellow, for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country.'

—In 1850, a government agent in India, Mr. Moore, visited above 300 villages, to examine their social condition. In 26 villages not a girl was found above six years old, and no woman had been married from them in 80 years. In another circle of 38 villages, there was not a single girl, and no marriage had taken place within memory. In 30 other villages there were 38 girls and 329 boys, and this proportion prevails generally in the district. This wholesale destruction of female children is done partly by mothers, to save their daughters from the miseries they themselves endure, and partly to save the doweries required in marrying daughters.

A SUSPICIOUS IRISHMAN.—A raw Irishman, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have.

'Why, somethin' to ate, av coorse' was the reply.

A plate of hash was placed before him.

'Wot's that?' demanded he.

'That's wittles,' was the answer.

He eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed:

'Be jabers, the man that chewed that can just eat it.'

Miscellaneous.

STATE AND COUNTY TAXES.

The County Treasurer will attend in the several townships and boroughs, for the purpose of receiving the State and County taxes for the year 1870, at the times and places designated below, viz:

Tps. & Boroughs.	Time.		Place.
Georgetown borough	June 1	9 a.m.	Calhoun's Store.
Glasgow "	" 1	1 p.m.	Jesse Smith's
Industry tp.	June 2		Aber's store.
Brighton tp.	" 3		David Scott's.
Big Beav'r & N. Cal.	" 4		Union Hotel.
Big Beav'r Home'd	" 6		Johnston House.
North Sewickley tp.	" 7		Nathan Hazen's
Franklin tp.	" 8		Autenreith's store.
Marion township	" 9		Geo. Harnell's.
Pulaski tp.	" 10		h. Wallace's.
New Sewickley tp.	" 27		Unionville.
Economy tp.	" 28		George Nesley's.
Darlington bor. & tp.	" 29		Anderson's Hotel.
	" 30		J. P. Dilworth's.
South Beaver tp.	July 1		Joseph Lawrence's.
Chippewa tp.	" 5		Mrs. Cunningham's
S. Beaver & Ohio'sp.	" 6		Adam's Store.
Ohio tp.	" 7		M. H. Derringer's.
Hookstown bor. & Green tp.	July 11 & 12		Hotel
Hanover & Green tp.	July 13	8 w.	Carnegie's hat shop
Frankfort boro.	" 14		Mrs. Stevenson's.
Hanover tp.	" 15		J. H. Wilson's store
Raccoon tp.	" 18		Hall's store.
Independence tp	" 19		John Holme's.
do & Hopewell	" 20		J. Davis' store.
Hopewell tp.	" 21		Robert W. Scott's.
Moon tp.	" 22		Raw's store.

Payments can be made in adjoining townships. All licenses must be paid on or before June 15th, otherwise they will be collected by proper officers with costs.

EBEN ALLISON,
Tres. Beaver Co.
may4tf

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 moderat rates.

GENTLEMENS' 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, JR.
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER.
mar 24:tf

FIRST ARRIVAL

OF

SPRING - GOODS

AT

SCHIFF & STEINFELD'S

DRY GOODS & CLOTHING STORE,

NEW BRIGHTON.

They have purchased in the East at the late low, panic prices, a heavy supply of

Domestic & Foreign

DRY - GOODS,

CASSIMERES,

CLOTHS,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

NOTIONS, &c.,

Which they are offering now as low as

Before the War.

They are now selling

Good comfort calico at.....6 cents.
Splendid dress calico at.....10 "
The very best dress calico (elegant patterns).....12½ "
Spring styles of ticlanes.....18 "
A No. 1 bleached and unbleached 4-4th muslins.....12½ "

Black and Colored Alpacas

25 per cent. less than last Fall.

Good unbleached Socks, 3 pair for 25 cts.

Good bleached Ladies' Hose, 10 cts.

All other goods at correspondingly low prices.

Their Stock of Clothing,

OF THEIR OWN MAKE,

IS NOW COMPLETE:

And they can assure the Public that they

Cannot be Undersold by Any One.

Merchant Tailoring

Is carried on by this Firm in a way which

MEETS THE APPROVAL

Of Every one who has Patronized them.

Only one price, is their motto;

Low Prices, their aim—
Honest Dealing, their practice, and
Elegant Fitting Garments their recommendation.

THEY ARE EMPLOYING NOW

15 Hands in this Department,

And are, therefore, enabled to

EXECUTE all ORDERS PROMPTLY.

NO ONE WHO WISHES TO GET

Goods at a Bargain

Should fail to call at

Schiff & Steinfeld's,

mar30;3m] NEW BRIGHTON.

BISSELL & CO.,

235 Liberty Street,

Pittsburgh, Pa.,

Manufacturers of all Sizes and Styles of

GRATE FRONTS,

SUMMER FRONTS,
FENDERS,
COOKING RANGES,

Coal and Wood Cooking Stoves, &c, &c.

THE TRIUMPH STOVE FOR COAL.

The Jackson Stove for Coal & Wood,

And the Black Cook Stove for Wood only,

ARE THE BEST STOVES

For Baking & Cooking.

We Warrant their Operation.

THEY NEVER FAIL!

mar30:6m

☞ Blank Summon's for sale at the ARGUS office.

Medicinal.

ADDRESS

TO THE

Nervous and Debilitated,

WHOSE SUFFERINGS HAVE BEEN PROTRACTED FROM HIDDEN CAUSES, AND WHOSE CASES REQUIRE

PROMPT TREATMENT.

To Render Existence desirable.

If you are suffering, or have suffered from involuntary discharges, what effects is produced on your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver or urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky or ropey, or is it ropy on settling? Or does a thick scum rise to the top? Or is there a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspepsia? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, moping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the iris of your eye as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver complaint?

Now, reader, self-abuse, venereal diseases badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that these bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; They don't become sad and discouraged; they are always polite and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and them right in the face—none of your down cast looks or any other paltriness about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs inflated by running to excess. Those will not only ruin their constitutions, but also unfit them for the business with de for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases, from the effects of self-abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other form of disease—idiocy, lunacy, paralysis, spinal affections, suicide and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to—and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

DISEASES OF THESE ORGANS REQUIRE THE USE OF A DIURETIC.

HELMBOLD'S

BUCHU

Is the great diuretic, and is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility,

HOSIERY,
GLOVES,
TRIMMINGS,
BUTTONS,

And all diseases of the Urinary organs whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE,

If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the health and happiness and that of posterity depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRAC BUCHU, Established upward of 19 years prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUGGIST,

594 Broadway, New York, and

104 South 10th Street. Phila'd., Pa.

PRICE—$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50, delivered to any address.

Sold by all Druggists Everywhere.

None are genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical warehouse, and signed

"H. T. HELMBOLD.

may18;1y.

Hanauer's Column.

A HANAUER,

CORNER OF BRIDGE AND MARKET STREETS,

Bridgewater, Pa.,

Calls attention to the fact that he has now ON HAND, AND WILL RECEIVE DURING THE SEASON,

The Latest Styles of

Spring and Summer

Millinery - Goods,

CONSISTING OF

Trimmed & Untrimmed

Bonnets & Hats,

RIBBONS,

OF ALL WIDTHS AND COLORS,

FINE LACES,

FRENCH FLOWERS

& ORNAMENTS.

I would also Inform my Customers and the Public that I have Engaged

First Class Milliners,

And will take pleasure in Showing You the Finest

Bonnets and Hats

Ever made in Beaver County.

In Fancy Goods,

Bonnets & Hats

Bleached and Pressed

IN THE MOST APPROVED STYLE.

apr13:tf

Dry Goods.

GOLD PRICES.

S. J. Cross & Co.,

ROCHESTER,

Have received, within the last few days, the following goods, which they propose to sell at

GOLD PRICES:

SPRING STYLES OF

PRINTS AND

DELAINES,

MUSLINS,

FLANNELS,

TICKING,

CHECKS,

JEANS;

BATTINS,

TOWELING CRASH,

HOSIERY, &C., &C.

BOOTS & SHOES.

COFFEE.

TEA.

SUGAR.

MOLASSES,

SYRUP.

BACON.

LARD.

100 Kegs of Shoenberger's Junatta Nails.

ONE TON

—OF—

B. L. Fahnestock & Co's.

Pure White Lead.

50 Bbls. Massillon

WHITE WHEAT

FLOUR,

March 23, 1870

☞ Blank Commitments for sale at the ARGUS office.

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

CARPETS,

Oil Cloths, &c.

Wholesale and Retail,

At Lowest Prices,

M'CALLUM BROTH'S.

51 Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

We Have Facilities for Supplying

RETAIL DEALERS

Equal to

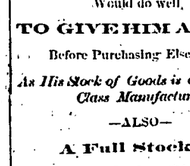
ANY EASTERN JOBBING HOUSE.

McCALLUM BROS.

aprt6ly

☞ Blank Constable's sales for sale at the ARGUS office.

Dentistry.



Dr. J. Murray of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper if it be his patrons.—He uses the best materials Gold and Silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial.

febt1y

☞ Blank Notes for sale at the ARGUS office.

GEORGE BRAUN

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Broadway, New-Brighton.

HAVING JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK

OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Consisting of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERS,

English Meltons and Vestings,

Which he is Prepared to Make to Order,

IN THE LATEST STYES,

ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AND THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Parties wishing any thing in his line, and desirous of

SAVING MONEY,

Would do well,

TO GIVE HIM A CALL

Before Purchasing Elsewhere,

As His Stock of Goods is all of First Class Manufacture.

—ALSO—

A Full Stock of

Ready Made Clothing,

HOME MANUFACTURE.

mar30:3m

Legal Advertisements.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Vendition Exponas, Fieri Facias and Levari Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Beaver, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in the borough of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., on Saturday, June 11th, 1870, at ten o'clock, a. m., the following property, to wit:

All right, title, interest and claim of defendant of, in, and to the following property, situate in Ohio township, Beaver county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the east by land of Dr. J. W. Palmer, north-west by land of Benj. Little, on the south by the heirs of Geo. Dawson, deceased, on the south by the Amber Oil Co., containing 2 acres, more or less, on which there are two oil wells, one producing, one steam engine, sufficient to operate both wells, two derricks, and two tanks. Both wells tubed and in good order.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of John McCurry at the suit of the First National Bank of Wellsville.

ALSO, No. 2.

At the same time and place, all the right, title, interest and claim of defendant, of, in and to the following lot of ground in Glasgow Borough, Beaver county, Pa., bounded as follows: [illegible] on alley, east by M. H. Quay, south by Front st., Water street, west by other property of defendant. On which is erected a large stable, suitable for hold 30 horses.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of C. W. Hill at the suit of James Schatt.

ALSO! No. 3

At the same time and place, all right, title, interest and claim of defendant of, in, and to a [illegible] dwelling house located on lot No. 1 in Henry Bergan's extension or plan of lots in the Borough of Beaver Falls, which said lot is bounded and described as follows: On the north by lot No. 2, on the south by Cedar alley, south by lot No. 3, and on the west by North Beaver street. Having a front of [illegible] feet on North Beaver street, and extending back therefrom, 175 feet to Cedar alley. Said dwelling has a front of 24 feet on North Beaver st., is [illegible] two stories high, and extends back 16 feet in a wing or extension of same height; on second story is height.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of T. W. Anderson, at the suit of Simon Horn.

ALSO, No. 4.

At the same time and place will be exposed to sale all the right, title, interest and claim of defendant of, in and to, lot No. 229 in the Economy plan of Beaver Falls borough, Beaver county, Pa., bounded north by lot No. 225, west by 10th street, south by lot No. 227, and west by 4 alley; fronting 43 feet on Tank street and extending back 162 feet to Tank alley, on which there is erected a two story frame dwelling house, with cellar underneath, and out buildings, fenced and planted with fruit trees.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Thomas W. Anderson, and both Executor at the suit of Henriet and Lenz, trustees, &c.

ALSO, No. 11

At the same time and place all right, title, interest and claim of defendant of, in and to the following described building and lot of ground in John Berks, to wit: A two story frame house fronting 22 feet on Bridge street and extending back 36 feet, with cellar underneath, two rooms, hall and stairway on the first floor, [illegible] on second floor, and erected on lot No. [illegible] hill's plan of lots in the borough of Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pa., and described as follows: Beginning on Bridge street, thence by lot No. [illegible] feet to Lot alley, thence by same 50 feet to the corner of lot No. 10, thence [illegible] Bridge street, thence by same 50 feet to corner of lot No. 8, the place of beginning.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of John Berks at the suit of Davidson & Bro.

JOHN GREENO, Jr.
Sheriff's Office, Beaver, Pa., May 21, 1870.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts of Executors, Administrators, Guardians, &c., have been duly passed in the Register's office, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance, on Wednesday the 15th day of June, A. D., 1870.

First account of J. M. Hartford, Guardian of Joseph M. McCoy, son of Joseph McCoy.

Final account of J. McClaffick and M. L. Kaye, Administrators of J. M. Phillis, deceased.

Final account of John McElhaney, Guardian of Sarah McElhaney, minor child of John McElhaney.

Account of James Thompson, Executor of John Thompson, deceased.

Final real estate account of Milo A. Townsend, Executor of Talitha Townsend, deceased.

Account of Samuel Marshall, Administrator of Samuel Mace, jr., deceased.

Account of Eliza J. Walling, Guardian of Mary Byrne, minor child of George Walling, deceased.

Account of M. Barry, Guardian of Lincoln E. Marks, child of James Marks.

Account of P. M.