SELECT MISCELLANY.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Red and lurid, like the blaze of some fitful conflagration, the early December sunset glowed above the wall of russet woods, turning the antique stone mullioned windows of the old house on the hill to panes of molten fire; while the wind moaning in the hollows seemed to shrink away from the tall balsam trees whose branches brushed the very walls.

There were only two travelers toiling along the carriage drive that swept up to the flight of broad stone steps—a woman and a little child.

"Mamma," wailed the little one, "are we almost there? Oh, mamma I am so tired."

"Yes, dear, we are almost home."

She touched the bell timidly, and held the child closer to her with a sort of tremulous dread, as she heard the ponderous bolts being withdrawn from within.

'Is Mr. Lascelles in?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' said the man doubtfully.

'Can I see him?'

The servant hesitated. She walked haughtily past him, who stood aghast.

'Well I never!' was the mental comment. 'If she ain't gone straight to the dining room door—for all the world like some one who knows the house by heart. Now I'd like to know how she ever found out that master always takes his wine by himself just at this time.'

The dining room was a cheerful apartment. A bright coal fire glowed in the grate, and a shaded lamp was burning on the table where a sumptuous desert was set forth. Just before the fire, with his slippered feet comfortably elevated on the fender, and a glass of port half way to his lips, sat Herman Lascellas, the richest man in the country.

He was tall and spare, with scanty snow white hair and cold blue eyes a man to shrink from and dread. Yet the slender woman advanced courageously towards him, even while her timid heart sank within her.

'Father!'

The glass of sparkling wine fell to the hearth, shattered into a thousand fragments, and in the same instant Mr. Lascelles' face became like carved stone.

'Clara Ward, you are no child of mine!'

'Father—you will not turn me away to starve, you will listen to me for the sake of this little one.'

The old man filled another glass of wine with deliberate composure.

'When you married Philip Ward, Clara, you broke off all bonds between you and me. Starve for aught I care; I will never lift a finger to help you."

He spoke in a tone from which there was no appeal.

Clara turned away with a sickening heart.

'Mamma, where are we going now?' asked the frightened child, as she strove to keep pace with her mother's hurried footsteps down the carriage drive.

"I don't know, Jesse,' answered Clara recklessly. 'Somewhere, anywhere to crouch down and die in peace.'

As she passed through the massive stone gateway, a short, stout man, in a suit of glossy broadcloth, and a ponderous gold watchguard, was going in. She paused and accosted him.

'Mr. Atherton!'

'Why, it's Clara Lascelles, ain't it?'

'Yes, it is Clara Lascelles—starving and dying. Mr. Atherton, my father has showered gold into your hands—your influence has kept alive his anger toward his helpless child.—Give me something to buy bread and shelter to-night."

Lawyer Atherton drew back in sanctimonious indignation.

'I cannot—ahem—countenance any one who Squire Lascelles has disowned. I dare say you will find aid by applying in the proper quarter. The village authorities will—'

But Clara Ward had gone before he could finish the sentence—gone he knew not how or whither.

'Well, if this 'ere ain't a regular northeaster.'

Elihu Starkey shook himself like a huge Newfoundland dog, as he threw a snowy backlog down upon the brick hearth.

'That's right, father,' said Mrs. Starkey, bustling about among the blue edged plates and cups on the dresser. 'Make up a real good blazing fire. The boys'll come home nuest froze to death. Good land how it is snowin'. You can hardly see the big walnut trees down by the fence.'

And she opened the door a little way to peep out into the dim twilight.

'Hush, father,' ejaculated Mrs. Starkey, holding up her finger in an attitude of earnest attention. "I hear a child's voice; father it's some one lost. Go down to the swamp ground and see—do be quick for pity sake.'

And the eager little woman bundled her slow moving husband out of the door before he well knew what he was about.

'It's all Rebecca's notion,' grumbled the good man, stumbling thro' the snowy drifts of the road. 'If she hears an owl hoot or a bird cry she's sure it's a child. Gracious Jupiter, I can hardly see the nose on my face. There goes my shins agin that good for nothing button ball stump. I'll grub it out to-morrow, see if I don't. There ain't no use—Hallo!'.

For a white face lying stark against a crimson shawl, gleamed out upon his vision, crouched close against a hollow of the fence.

'It's a woman sure's I'm alive—and a little child hugging close up to her.'

He bent down and took the frail, slight figure in his arms, resting the pallid face on his shoulder as easily as if it had been a doll, and lifted the child upon the other arm.

'Poor, belated creeter's,' he murmured, gently. 'I wonder how they ever came here; if Becky hadn't been looking out for the boys they'd have froze to death sartin sure.'

He plunged into the depening snow as he spoke, up the narrow yard path, where the cherry fire light streamed out like a ruddy banner athwart the white desolation, and the next minute Mrs. Starkey was rolling the new comers in blankets, and chafing their stiffened hands, with exclamations of pity and wonder.

'Heap some o' them fat pine kindlins on the bedroom fire, father, and carry this poor woman in there. And father, fill up the kettle again, and put a lot o' catnip into the tin stew pan.'

She fluttered busily to and fro for on hour or two, and finally brought out the child, wrapped in an old blue shawl.

'Has she come tew?' inquired the farmer.

Mrs. Starkey nodded.

'Hold her close to the fire, father, and don't let her get chilled again—there, that's right.'

'And how's the t'other un?'

Mrs. Starkey shook her head and burst into a flood of genuine, womanly tears.

She'll never need no more help, father, she's gone! She was dead when you brought her in.'

So Clara Ward was indebted to strangers for the last offices which human hands could give.

'Don't, Jessie! don't run out into the snow with them thin shoes on! I declare that child needs as much watchin' as a kitten.'

'It's a real comfort to have her round, though, Becky,' said farmer Starkey with a beaming face, as the little one nestled her golden head against his huge brass buttons. 'Let me see—it's just a month since her poor mother was buried, ain't it? and nobody comes forward to own her.'

'Delare Jones was wonderin' why we didn't send her to the poorhouse,' said Mrs. Starkey, expeftmently.

'I tell ye what, Rebecca,' said the farmer, 'let's jes' keep her. It seems as though Providence had sent her here, don't it? I'd jest like the boys to be fond of her, and she's such a winnin' little ally of a thing. We're well to do in the world—and the Lord meant to have his creetures help each other, I guess. What do you say, Beck?'

'I say yes,' said Mrs. Starkey, hugging the child close up to her motherly breast. 'Poor little lonely lamb. Oh, Elihu—our baby would ha' been just about Jessie's age if she had lived.'

And she cried heartily over Jessie's sunny head.

The snow was falling as softly over the pointed roof of the old farm house as it had fallen sixteen long, long years ago—the fire was blazing as brightly in the jawnthg fireplace; yet there was a change in the little circle around it. Elihu Starkey's hair was white and thin—his sturdy form bowed down; and his wife's face was full of piteous care as she knitted industriously away by the flickering blaze of the blazing pine log.

A stalwart, sunbrowned young man of about twenty-four was leaning against the wooden mantle tree; his dark eyes moodily watching the bubling rosin that dripped slowly into the feathery ashes below; while, nestled on a low cricket, just where the ruddy light irradiated her bright face, sat a beautiful little creature scarcely twenty years old, with yellow, rippling hair, and eyes of the softest melting hazel. Jessie Ward was beautiful—from the small head and the straight Greek features down to the slim, marvellously small foot—a girl whose face sent a thrill through you—whose pretty willful ways betokened a knowledge of her power.

'Father!' she said, passionately laying her little lily-leaf of a hand on Elihu Starkey's grown and knotted palm, 'you shall tell me what's amiss. I have seen a dark shadow in your face ever since I came home from Boston—you and mother have both been wretched, and Hiram hasn't seemed a bit like himself. I will know the secret of these altered faces! Darling father! don't shut your little Jessie out of your heart.'

'It's nothin' birdie; nothin',' faltered the old man. 'Only things haint gone jest right lately.'

'And I have been away enjoying myself while you and mother were in trouble,' she exclaimed, remorsefully. 'O father why didn't you write to me?'

'It wouldn't have done any good, makin' you miserable, child,' sighed the old lady. 'It was nothin' you could help. Only you see father's newfangled ideas o' farmin' didn't work jest right—and then came the hard winter, and his cattle got the pestilence, and he's had to borrow money, and he don't see no way to raise it without he sells the old place. That does seem hard. Hiram dont' feel exactly chirk—'

'Hiram!'

Jessie turned her soft reproachful eyes towards the handsome Herculus by the fire place.

'You ought to know why I am wretched, Jessie,' spoke the man impulsively. 'No—don't look astonished—I have heard of the dashing young New York lawyer who has been your devoted slave all winter in Boston! It isn't strange you should prefer him to a farmer lad like me. Take him if you like—I release you from the old promise we made—only I don't believe he will ever love you half so well as I have done.'

Jessie's blue eyes brimmed with sudden tears.

'Hiram,' she began. But at that identical instant there came a gentle tap at the door. Jessie sprang to open it, with a quick gesture of impatience; but her cheek suddenly blanched at the unexpected apparition of a tall handsome young man, dressed in the extreme of fashion who was composedly standing on the threshhold.

'Mr. Atherton!' she exclaimed.

'May I hope that my presence is not unwelcome to Miss Ward?' he began, smoothly, while Hiram's face flushed to the very temples.

She led him quietly into the room, and presented him to her friends with the courtly grace of a Queen Elizabeth herself.

'And now, sir,' she asked, quietly, 'may I ask what circumstances has procured me this unexpected honor?'

'I am the bearer of strange news, Miss Ward,' he said, politely. 'A letter from my father announces the death of Mr. Lascelles, your grandfather; and by his will—a will entirely unexpected by legal advisers—you are the heiress to all his great property.'

'I?'

'Yes, Miss Ward.'

Jessie drew a deep breath. Hiram Starkey set his white, even teeth closed together. He heard none of the eager conversation that ensued—the questions and replies. At length he was aroused from his dismal reverie by the bustle of his departure. Mr. Atherton had risen to go.

'I shall call again to-morrow, Miss Ward,' he said, 'if you will allow me the—'

'Nay—I hardly see that it is necessary, Mr. Atherton; I must beg leave to refer you, as far as each and all my interests are concerned; to this gentleman—Mr. Starkey—who is my future husband and dearest friend.'

She nestled close up to him, like a little bird, as she spoke, her eyes timidly seeking his.

'Jessie—my darling!' he murmured faintly, it was all he could say.

'Ah—indeed!' stammered Mr. Atherton, quite composed. 'I see—I understand. Allow me to bid you a very good evening.'

And he retreated, as the newspapers say, in good order.'

'But Jessie!' exclaimed the young man as the door closed behind the city wooer, 'this seems incredible. Remember that you are no longer the little country lass that romped with me in the fields—you are a rich heiress!'

'What of that, you darling, unreasonable goose!' laughed Jessie standing on tip-toe to pull her betrothed's ear, and then kiss him in a sudden fit of remorse. 'Don't I love you, and you only of all the people in this world? Now you will believe that I didn't care a fig for that conceited young Atherton?'

She ran across the room to throw her arms around Elihu Starkey's neck, before the last words had left her lips.

The old homestead didn't have to be sold.

ON the 17th instant, John R Kessler of Benton, rode out to the farm house of Thomas P. McFee, about five miles west of Benton, Illinois, arriving there about 8 o'clock P.M. Kessler called for Mr. McFee, when his wife came to the door and said he was about the place somewhere. Kessler then got off his horse, went into the house, and after a few minutes conversation, threw Mrs. McFee down, and with threats prevented an alarm being given, while he ravished her person. He then asked for a paper to read. Mrs. McFee, pretending to get it, passed into an adjoining room, but instead of the paper, she got a revolver, with which she shot Kessler through the breast. He at once jumped up and ran into the yard, where he fell, pursued by the woman, when she approched, shooting him a second time through the head.

—Six things, says, Hamilton, are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up by cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity every day while over all a protecting canopy of glory, and nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

GETTING MARRIED.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

A great deal is said and written now-a-days of the reason why young men are afraid to marry. The most frequent of this is, that the girls of this generation are too extravagant.

Now, I am a girl; and from my stand point see some things which older and perhaps wiser heads have failed to notice. Dear brothers and friends, let me tell you how it seems to me.

That we are extravagant, I admit.—But who made us so? Did it ever occur to you that this outlay in dress is to please you? Is not the girl who makes a fine show most sought after? Of course, there are exceptions—girls who do not care most of all for dress, and men who in their admiration of ladies look at something beyond this. But, after all, is it not the most common remark, 'Is she not styleish?' 'What a fine appearance that girl makes?' And so it pleases their vanity to be the escort of such attractive ones.

For myself, I dress plainly.—Perhaps I could better afford to put on this style than many who assume it. But my taste does not so lead me; and then, too, knowing the sins which the love of dress will drive woman to, I try, in an humble way, to set a better example.

Besides, I want my gentlemen friends to feel that one girl, and if they will but see it, hundreds besides, do not care for dress for themselves. Ambitious parents desire it, and short sighted young men admire it. And now let me tell you how I am tried sometimes. To save the expense of a carriage to the opera I don my lace bonnet and walking suit. Now my friend sits beside me, and should be thinking, 'This is a sensible girl. She came to hear the music. I can afford to bring her several times for what a carriage would cost for these butterfly women.'

Ah, no, he does not look so far as that; but, whether he means the comparison or not, calls my attention to the most gaily attired ladies, saying admiringly, 'How becomingly that lady is dressed.' 'What an elegant costume Miss — wears.' I do not say to him what I am now telling you, but I feel it all, and am almost resolved the next time he invites me—if he does again—to go to all this extravagance.

But so much show in a public place does not suit my taste; and then I do not wish to be one to frighten my friends from that holiest and best of earthly relations, the married life.

One thing more. We often hear young men say, 'All that a girl wants is money; if a man has not that he may pass on.' Very true of some girls (and often true of their parents,) but is it not the reverse as often as true? These showy girls, whose parents spend their all to marry them off, are taken; while the true parents, who wish their daughters to be chosen for their real worth, and so conceal the possession of wealth, find for them a poor market.

I feel this subject keenly myself, for I have lost a valued friend.—'Died?' No; that were not so hard. But he has gone; in his last look I think I saw a resolve to bury the love which he dare not speak. A few hints thrown out convinced me that he felt his business success would not warrant the luxury of a wife. And so he will go on in the loneliness of hotel life, while his heart yearns for the comforts and joy of a home.

Oh! if I could have told him that he is more to me than gold; and that with his love I should be happier without much that a generous father now lavishes upon me. But no; he is proud. His wife must not work. She must be a lady; and until he can afford this he will steel his heart against love.

Oh, friends, brothers, will you not think of this? Do not expect to commence life as our fathers leave off. Only choose a wife with tastes congenial to your own; a happy spirit; prudent for the things of this life, and yet with aspirations beyond. Be willing to give up your own extravagance; and be proud of her not for 'the outword adorning of putting on apparel, but for the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.' Be not ashamed to be called poor. Care not for the world's opinion, but only for her whom your heart loves. And so the blessing of wife and children shall be yours; and in the atmosphere of home your own character shall expand into all that is good, and pure and noble.

FEMALE DISEASES.

At the present day it is extremly rare to find a female who is entirely free from some one or other of the deseases peculair to her sex. Go where you will, on the mountain top or in the valley, in the hamlet or in the city, among the rich or the lowly, there will be found very few females who are not laboring under physical affliction peculiar to womanhood.

The cause of this we will not undertake to explain here. The numerous applications made to us for relief during our twenty years' practice, has long since induced us to make especial study and investigation of these diseases, and their best method of cure. They are maladies of a peculiar character, and as a general thing they require a method of treatment entirely unlike that adopted for those common to both sexes. In fact, the very frequency and extent of female diseases in our midst, is good evidence that the "common treatment" has not met with success, and shows that some more efficient course *should* be adopted.

We were long since convinced that local remedies and external appliances, bandages, &c., were mere palliatives for the time, and of no permanent value whatever, but oftimes injurious; and that inefficient course of medication was the only hope of cure.

For the benefit of those who may be afflicted with any disease peculiar to the sex, whether from a slight cold, followed by a *derangement* and *irregularity* of the general system, which many times produces cough, expectoration, tightness of chest, difficult breathing, palpitation, &c., with all the symptoms of "going into a decline," or from any of the very many other causes which produce such terrible suffering among women, as to make life a burden to them, we would say, that our remedies are selected and prepared with a special view towards these ends, and will give relief in all these kinds of cases, without needless exposure to indelicate examinations, or the wearing of disagreeable instruments or cumbrous appliances.

We have *cured* hundreds—yes, thousands—of cases by medical treatment alone, hundreds of whom we have never seen, but who only obtained their medicines after having *sent* to us their cases for examination.

Our remedies in these diseases are *mild* but *effectual*, and are such as we have found out to act in conformity with the laws of nature in regulating health; and from the success which has almost invariably crowned our efforts in these cases, we can promise, and do promise, a speedy *cure* in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

Especial attention is directed to the above.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
132 *Grant street, Pittsburgh.*

AN Irishman viewing the wonders of Niagara says to a by-stander:

'An' this is the great Niagara Falls they're talking so much about?'

'Yes,' says the by-stander, 'this is the great Niagara Falls.'

'Faith,' says Pat, 'I don't see much here to be talking about.'

'Why,' says the man, 'don't you see that tremendous body of water pouring over that awful precipice into that bottomless abyss; it has been pouring over there since time immemorial, sir."

'What's to hinder it sur? says Pat.

The Wrong Man Punished.

At a famous and fashionable watering place, a gentleman one night was suddenly seized in bed with an excruciating pain in the stomach, which neither brandy, No. 6, nor any other remedy could remove. His wife, after trying a number of things in vain, and having exhausted all her stock of remedies, left her husband's bedside for the purpose of getting a warm application. Guided on her return by a light which she saw shinning in a chamber, and which she supposed was the one just left, she shortly entered, and was not a little surprised to find her patient in a deep slumber. However, thinking he might still be suffering, she gently raised the bed clothes, &c., and laid the scalding poultice upon a stomach—but not the stomach of her husband—which no sooner touched the body of the person than he, greatly alarmed, and writhing under the torture of the burning application, shouted: 'Hallo! hallo! what in the name of heaven and earth are you about there?' then, with one spring from his bed, he made for the door, and, rushing down stairs, declared, in a frenzy of excitement, that some one had poured a shovel of hot coals upon him. The woman, overcome with excitement and alarm, gave frantic screams which brought her husband hurriedly in from the next room to her rescue. The husband was so much excited, and so much amused with the singular mistake and the ridiculous position of his better half, that he forgot all his pains; but early next morning he, his wife and trunks left for parts unknown. The poulticed gentleman still retains the handkerchief, a beautiful linen fabric, with the lady's name on it, which he considers of rare value.

In the "Monthly Gossip" of *Lippincott's Magazine* for May we find the following: "On the seventeenth of March, 1830, a young man, poor as regards money, but rich in sound principles, unflagging industry and honorable ambition, started a weekly newspaper in the village of Germantown, now the twenty-second ward of the city of Philadelphia. On the 17th of March, 1870, the same man, Major P. R. Freas, in the same house celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the *Germantown Telegraph*, by calling around his ever hospitable board his brother editors, some personal friends and the few original subscribers to his paper who survived. The occasion was one hardly to be paralleled; not the least interesting fact in connection with it being that during the long period of its existence every number of the *Telegraph* has been edited by Mr. Freas himself, who has stamped his individuality upon the paper, and earned an enviable reputation for ability, uprightness and patriotism. Such patient continuance in well doing deserves all respect, and we sincerely trust that this model editor, this good citizen, this irreproachable gentleman may long continue to enjoy all

"That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

As Brigham Young grows older, with more wives and more children, and the latter reaching the age when dress is naturally a prominent feature with them, the persistency with which he denounces the fashions of the Gentile world demonstrates the fact that he feels one of the burdens which must inevitably come with such a large family. In his last sermon before the Conference his instructions to the Saints was very decided in tone. He classed the entire range of fashions as devices of the wicked, bonnets, dresses, boots and parasols, all to be condemned by those of the true faith; and when he asked the ladies to signify their determination to make their own clothes and not to make them in the fashion, the Tabernacle was white with upraised hands. If Brigham Young can array the entire female population of his dominion in opposition to the fashions as they receive them from the East, he will accomplish a greater feat than he did in planting the barren soil of Utah, and building up a colony there. For his opposition is not to fashions as they exist at present, but to fashions at all; and in attacking the right of woman to change the size of her bonnet or the length of her skirt, he impeaches one of her most inalienable privileges.

A SAILOR went into a shop in Milwaukee and purchased goods to the amount of fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he said: "There's a two dollar bill; give me the change." A glace showed the storekeeper that the bill was a "V." and, hastily sweeping it into the draw, he gave back the change. After Jack was gone the man went to the drawer and found that the bill was a "V" to be sure, but a little the worst counterfeit ever seen. Indignant at the treatment, Jack was found by the storekeeper and threatened; but Jack was ready, and showed by a comrade that he received but a dollar and a half in change, so he could not have given the man the bill. After a little talk the matter was allowed to drop by the storekeeper, who has probably learned something he did not know before.

TIME AND ETERNITY.—What folly is it, that with such care about the body which is dying, the world which is perishing before our eyes, time which is perpetually disappearing, we should so little care about that eternal state in which we are to live forever, when this dream is over! When we shall have existed ten thousand years in another world, where will be all the cares and fears and enjoyments of this? In what light shall we then look upon the things which now transport us with joy, or overwhelm us with grief.

LITTLE FOLKS will disagree. Even as did Mrs Eve's children. Our Vena and Minard had a slight misunderstanding one day, and Vena, fired with revenge against her big brother, kicked the cat. Johnny, who was Vena's favorite brother, saw the performance and said, "Vena, that cat ain't all Minard's; its part mine." "Well," said Vena, with a sort of well-satisfied air, "I kicked Minard's part."

A WAG reading in one of Brigham Young's manifestoes 'that the greatest resources of Utah are her women," exclaimed! "It is very evident that the prophet is disposed to husband his resources."

—A Jersey City little boy tried to work the elevator in a factory while the men were at dinner, and was elevated into another sphere.

—A New Orleans sailor fell down the hold of a ship a few days since, and a bale of cotton overtaking him he departed this life.

—A San Francisco dentist meeting a delinquent debtor on the street, choked him till he gave up his false teeth, and took them as pay.

—Over in Jersey the other night, the lightning struck a young man dumb, and it wasn't the Jersey kind either, but the real electrical fluid.

It is proverbial that cats are hard to lose. Recently a cat was taken from Jackson county Indiana, to Cincinnati, but in six days found her way back to her old home.

—Hon. J. W. Garrett has been talking to the Chicago folks about the advantages of a new line to the east, via Pittsburgh and Baltimore.

—The people of St. Joseph are determined to have a railroad bridge across the Missouri river at that place. They have formed a company with a capital of $500,000.

—Gov. Alcorn has recommended to Mississippi Legislature that the fee for issuing marriage licenses be placed at as low a figure as possible, regarding, as he says, an attempt to raise it as a blow, not alone at the virtue of the poor whites, but at the successful organization of the colored people on the basis of a free civalized society.

Miscellaneous.

STATE AND COUNTY TAXES.

The County Treasurer will attend in the several townships and boroughs for the receipt of State and County taxes for the year 1869, at the times and places designated below, viz:

Dec. 6 Beaver,	First day		Ambridge,
Monaca,	"	June 3,	Geo. Brown's,
Center township	"	10,	R. Walker's,
Frankfort,	"	17,	Clinton,
New Sheriffsburg tp.,	"	27,	Hookstown,
Raccoon tp.,	"	28,	George Hoon's,
Darlington bor. Aug.		29,	Anderson's Mill,
" tp.	"	30,	J. J. Brown's,
South Beaver tp., July		1,	Joseph Leyrance's,
Chippewa tp.,	"	4,	Mad Connelsville's
E. Rochester, Ohio tp.,	"	5,	Adam's Store,
Ohio tp.,	"	6,	M. R. Derrick's,
Beaver bor. & Green tp.,	July 11 & 12,		Hall,
Economy & Green tp	July 13,		Economy's hotel,
Frankfort bor.,	"	14,	Jno. Sherrard's,
Hanover tp.,	"	15,	J. B. Wilson's store,
Raccoon tp.,	"	18,	Hall's store,
Independence tp.,	"	19,	John Boggs',
do do Hopewell,"		20,	J. Davis' store,
Hopewell tp.,	"	21,	Robert W. Scott's,
Moon tp.,	"	22,	Reno'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.

REBY ALLISON,
Treas. Beaver Co.

may 4:tf

STRAYED.—From the residence of the subscriber on the 12th instant, a small, light red cow, branded (ear, four years old, short horned, with a streak of white between her horns. A liberal reward will be paid for her return.

CHARLES COALE.

New Brighton, May 20, 1870. may 26:3m

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, PA.
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 delaines.....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 Summons'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 the venereal disease, what effect 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 ropy, 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 lustre of your eye as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy your usual society as much? 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 measures about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs inflamed by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or 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 true, no ble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

DISEASES OF THESE ORGANS REQUIRE THE USE OF A DIURETIC.

HELMBOLD'S

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU

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

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

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.

Boarding Column.

A HANAUER,

TO THE

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.

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;

DENIMS,

TOWELING CRASH,

HOSIERY, &C., &C.

BOOTS & SHOES.

COFFEE,

TEA,

SUGAR,

MOLASSES,

SYRUP,

BACON,

LARD.

100 Kegs of Shoenberger's Juniatta 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.

apr6;1y

☞ 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 than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial.

feb8;1y

☞ 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 issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver county, 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 defendants in, and to the following property, to wit:

Beaver county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the east by land of Dr. J. W. Palmer, land of Little, Henry C. Chase and others, on the north-west by land of Neal Little, on the south by the heirs of Chas. Harrison, deceased, on the south by the Amber Oil Co., containing 3 acres more or less, on which there are two oil wells, horse and pole rig, one steam engine, sufficient to operate both wells, two derricks, and two tanks. Said wells drilled and in good order.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of John McCarty 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: North by an alley, east by M. S. Quay, south by Water street, west by other property of defendant. On which is erected a large stable, sufficient to hold 20 horses.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of C. W. Sill at the suit of James Schant.

ALSO, NO. 3.

At the same time and place all right, title, interest and claim of defendant, of, in, and to a house dwelling house located on lot No. 8, in Bennet Bergner's extension or plan of lots in the Borough of Beaver Falls, which said lot is bounded as follows: On the north by lot No. 3, on the east by Cedar alley, south by lot No. 5, and on the west by North Beaver street. Having a front of 40 feet on North Beaver street, and extending back therefrom 140 feet to Cedar alley, said dwelling having a front of 36 feet on North Beaver street and is two stories high, and extends back 34 feet, with wing or extension of same height commencing 14 feet in by 14 feet, with a pantry or porch one story height.

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

ALSO, No. 4.

At the same time and place will be exposed to sale all the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant of, in and to, two certain pieces or lots of ground numbered 976 and 977, in the Economy plan of lots in the borough of Beaver Falls, Beaver county, Pa., together; bounded on the north by lot No. 978, on the east by Thomas street, on the south by Harmony street, and on the west by Thomas alley; each having a front of 40 feet, said Thomas street and extending back therefrom 145 feet to Thomas alley; upon which is erected a two story frame dwelling house 28 by 32 feet, with a two story kitchen attached 16 feet in width and 20 feet in depth.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Thomas Hyde, at the suit of Jacob Henrici and Jonathan Lenz, trustees, &c.

NO. 5.

At the same time and place, all right, title, interest and claim of defendant of, in and to a two story frame dwelling house, having a front of 24 feet on Beaver street, and a depth of 30 feet, with a kitchen one story high, and about 12 feet wide, with porch veranda along entire front, main building containing three rooms and hall on each story and situate on lot No. 181 in Economy plan of lots in Beaver Falls,