WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Prosecution of Butler—Assessment of Clerks of Departments—Difficulties of the Census in the South—Seminaries in the South—Labor Congress in Cincinnati—Patent Office—Department of Education—The Census Bureau—The Soldiers' Homestead.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 12, 1870.

The prosecution against Representative Butler of Tennessee, has already begun and we expect him to be brought to Washington in short order under arrest. The Hon. B. has but few sympathising friends here. His history for the last ten years has been anything but favorable toward a confidence in him as a wise, still less an *honest* man. We make him, in a brief history for the past ten years, a member of Tennessee Confederate Legislature in 1861, and most bitter against the Union cause. In 1863 we find him in the Confederate army as a Lieutenant Colonel in a Tennessee Regiment. Seeing the necessity of a reconstruction of himself after '65, he was amply prepared to accept the reconstruction measure of Congress and become a Republican candidate for Congress in 1867, and succeeded in getting elected, and admission to his seat in the House by the most generous suffrage of that body.

The action of the Republican finance Committee assessing Department clerks one per cent. is receiving the soverest censure from the press and the people generally here. I am quite sure the committee acted under order, and did what it deemed the most practical. Your correspondent, individually, opposes prescription in whatever form; but since prescription is accepted as just by both parties when in power, resulting from the assumed principle that "to the victor belongs the spoil," then the most equitable way, such as was determined upon by the present committee, is far preferable he thinks to any other. The time has passed in which to raise money from the Department for carrying on a political campaign was simply to allow each clerk to contribute as much or as little as he chose, understanding that the clerks knew generally that unless they subscribed liberally they were at any moment liable to see on their desk a "yellow kiver," that is a yellow envelope containing their dismissal. The result has always been that the lowest classed clerks, although the least able to contribute, fearful of being deprived entirely of a sustenance for their families, were persuaded to make up the bulk of the Department contribution, and those whose salaries were higher and whose positions, through the best of influence, permanent, often scoffed at the idea of even giving one cent.

Official information received from the census marshals of the South, tends to illustrate the extreme difficulty found in collecting correct statistical information in regard to the schools of that section. In some cases the school officers seem so ignorant as not to know the proper way of filling up the blanks furnished them by the Government for that purpose. For instance, one return from Georgia gives "one-sixth" of a female teacher. Many high schools and grammar schools are reported from those States, and very few common schools; while the sad fact is well known that *very few* schools deserving the name of "high," exist in all the Southern States, and the "grammar schools," so called, do not reach the grade of a good New England district school.

As for the seminaries in the South, if we take the "salt water school" of Prof. Poindexter of Alabama, as he gives it in his circular, as an illustration, the picture is not at all brightened. In the circulars, in which he publishes the names of twenty-four eminent men as reference, beginning with Admiral Lemmes, and ending with the Right Reverend Bishop Green of Tennessee, the first great advantage which he urges with all the force of his eloquent style, is the fact, *that it is the only salt water school* of any pretensions in the State. The first year it matriculated 31 or 32, the next year 42 or 43. It is very healthy too, and he says, "that the salt in the atmosphere renders it *vastly less hurtful than fresh air!*" Systems of instructions is not the common school system of New England, "which has never educated, can never educate; for its pupils forget their lessons ere two moons have elapsed. The system is wrong like all else of puritan birth &c." If any person is anxious to learn what the "system" of Prof. Poindexter is, he must send for one of the Professor's amusing circulars, and he will then know as much, I think I may venture to say, about the wonderful "salt water system" as will do him any good to know.

The anticipation of the meeting of the Labor Congress in Cincinnati, on next Monday, is exciting considerable interest in this city. Washington will be represented by a number of delegates, including several from the Pre-emption League formed here during the past year. It is expected that there will be a large attendance, as they intend to lay the foundation for a permanent political organization. I am credibly informed that a number of the best minds in the country are ready to identify themselves with the movement the moment it lops off its elements of force—selfishness and despotism, and takes broad humanitarian ground, and makes common sense with all useful labor. Since the meeting at Philadelphia and the issuing of their address in this city last winter, the tendency has been toward more liberal views, and it may be that such a unity of agricultural, mechanical and common labor interests will be secured as to make this movement a formidable element in the future politics of the country.

The Patent Office is still very much behind in its business. The examiners are taking their allotted vacations when they can be spared, so as not to entirely stop business, and as most of them are behind with their examinations it will take until late in the fall for them to bring their work up. The present Commissioner is more efficient than his predecessor, and has done a good deal towards having the examinations keep pace with the applications for patents. Inventors are generally a very restless class of people, and as long as they pay to have their work done, it should be done promptly, and officers of the Government should be censured for delinquencies, purely the result of laziness. The Commissioner is now away spending the summer, and the "machine" like the other Departmental "machines," is running itself.

The Department of education has commenced the monthly issue of a circular pamphlet of 32 to 48 pages of such information as has been most in demand, and has kept the clerical force of the office too much occupied in collating and copying to the detriment of its regular business. Their first number will be out this week, and will contain valuable statistics from the census of 1860 (newly compiled,) a register of U. S. school officers, a pamphlet on school room discussion, &c. &c.

Notwithstanding the pressure upon Gen. Walker, The Superintendent of the Census Bureau, for clerkships in the office has been great, he has sternly refused encouraging appointments faster than the returns from the marshal districts necessitated the employment of clerks. There are already about 475 now at work, and the prospects are that ere long this number will be increased to 200.

To answer the numerous inquiries constantly pressing upon the attention of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the following information is furnished respecting the act of July 15, 1870, granting additional rights to soldiers desiring to enter homesteads on land within railroad limits; under the original act, only 80 acres of $2.50 land could be entered as a homestead. By the amendatory act any honorably discharged soldier who has served not less than ninety days in the military, naval, marine, or revenue marine service during the rebellion, is entitled to enter as a homestead 160 acres of $2.50 land upon payment of the legal fee of $10 and the usual commission on the cash value of the land, allowed as compensation to the register and receiver, the only change being the privilege of taking 160 instead of 80 acres of such land. The requirements as to personal residence upon, improvement and cultivation of the homestead selected, are not varied or altered in any respect—such residence, improvement and cultivation, being the fundamental conditions upon which all the provisions of the original homestead law, and the act amendatory, thereof are based. CHIEL.

MR. EDITOR:—It is things in which we live is cursed by intemperance, it is the duty of every moral or religious man to lend his aid in the suppression of, such an evil. Let us, then, with one accord, spend all our time and talent in endeavoring to overthrow a vice which is man's sure death and his everlasting damnation. "Be yo temperate in all things," is the voice of one speaking down to us through the centuries of the past. And are we? Ah, we lament the fact that man has degraded himself until he now stands on a level with the beast. We have seen the drunkard taken from the gutter, his face bleeding, his clothes tattered and torn, and his conversation that of an idiot. We have followed him to his home, there to see the horrid picture of desolation and despair that has overshadowed that once happy fire-side; brought there by the husband and father of that wretched family. Again, we have seen the young man—the promising youth—dragged from the path of virtue and morality down to destruction and ruin by trifling with spirituous liquors. Young man, beware of Satan's surest snare! he has it laid for you now; it is woven across your path; but when you see it, turn in the narrow passage on your right which leads to the city of safety; it is always visible to those who wish to find it, for Jesus is always there to guide his children home. Young man, avail yourself of every possible means of safety! first by joining church and being converted to God, which you will find to be the best temperance organization you can join for you not only have the assistance of God's people, but you have the assistance of that Holy Spirit that shapes our course through life, and fits us for an inheritance in that land where temptations will be no more.

Again we notice the man taking his first drink. He merely does it to give him a little false courage at the time; but as he grows in years, the desire for strong drink increases also, until at last we find that one sober, upright man, an abandoned profligate; abandoned because his thirst for strong drink has become so great, that if it were refused him, death would inevitably ensue. Young man, listen to the warning of a brother! listen to God as he calls you to stop and give him your heart! stop but for one moment and reflect! think of the consequences! it is certain death to go on, although the road is clear now, and no obstacle in the way, yet as you journey along, the road will become narrower, until at last there is nothing but a narrow pathway winding its crooked course to hell. Oh think of the horror, the despair, that must fill the breast of the drunkard in his sober thinking moments, when he realizes the punishment which shall surely be his portion forever! On the other hand, the way is narrow in commencing the ascent of Zion's hill, but as you travel, the road becomes wider, the hill less steep, and no snares to bruise your feet, and you are guided onward by the light which Jesus has hung out, until at last you mingle with that heavenly throng who wait to welcome you to their midst, and join with you in praises to God for the victory you have won.

Temperance men, to the rescue! Let us do away with this evil, that our hearts may be made glad by the melody of a reformed world.

M. J.

—The Democratic National Campaign Committee, failing to find any flaw in the course of Congress or the policy of the Administration fit to be used as a campaign document, have resorted to the publication of the minority report of the committee appointed to investigate the charges against General Howard, and are now engaged in circulating broadcast throughout the land this libel upon that Christian soldier and gentleman. A more disreputable document than this report was never printed; and the Democratic National Executive Committee by endorsing it in this manner and sending it out to their ignorant and illiterate *constituents are only showing the* depth of their own moral and political degradation.

FRANCE, Belgium, Switzerland, Prussia, and the United States have increased materially in wealth and prosperity during the last twenty years. Capital has flowed steadily and with increasing volume into them; new manufactures have sprung up; existing industries have increased; trade has flourished; speculation and enterprise have taken the place of apathy and a want of confidence. All this has occurred under a system of rigid protection.

THE STORY OF A MUTINY.*

It was during the earlier days of the Army of the Potomac—if I mistake not shortly after McClellan had sat down at the siege of Yorktown—and before that army had received that baptism of fire and blood, and had gained that terrible discipline in the soldier's duty, which the campaigns of the next three years brought it, that one of its infantry regiments mutinied. Of course, that regiment was not without its greivance; over the worst of soldiers (and these were by no means such) never undertake to revolt against discipline and to defy orders without cause for complaint. The regiment in question, although less than six months under arms, and never yet under fire, had performed difficult and arduous service. Both before Yorktown and elsewhere, these men had patiently and faithfully done their part; they had marched through long nights over muddy roads, when sleep overtook them in the ranks, while they wearily plodded on; they had bivouacked on the cold ground, shelterless and without fire; and they had unmurmuringly laid aside the musket and toiled in the trenches under sinking rains. Yet all this time they had not received a cent of pay; and clothing was scantily and hardily furnished them.

Why it was, I never exactly learned; but those who were in the volunteer service can readily understand how careless and incompetent officers may cause such injustice as this to brave and deserving men. For months they had submitted to this cruel neglect, while the other regiments in the brigade had been paid and clad with comparative promptness, and the respectful representations they had from time to time forwarded to their regimental commander had produced no result. At first loud and bitter complaints were heard from them; then, as time passed and their condition was not bettered, a silence succeed which the officers should have seen was ominous of a desperate purpose. That purpose was reached without the knowledge of an officer or an orderly sergeant excepting those it had the assent of every man present with the regiment. Mutiny was their determination; and the ringleaders waited a few days for an occasion to make their action perfectly effectual.

The occasion came; just the one that had been anticipated and desired. The regiment was not at the time on duty in the trenches; its labors had entitled it to a rest, and it had been drawn back in an open spot some distance from the line of the brigade. It lay in the prescribed form of infantry encampments—a canvas village with ten streets, each bounded by a row of tents on either side, and the parade ground directly in front. Dress parade had been held for several evenings, and on that preceeding the morning of the mutiny, the arms were stacked in regimental line, with a guard over them. This was probably in obedience to general orders to the whole command, and intended as a precaution to insure redness in case of a sally by the enemy. After the retreat had sounded that night, the order was communicated to each company that the arms were to be taken after reville roll-call the following morning; and in the silence of the night other orders were secretly communicated by the ring-leaders, and the mutiny was ripe.

The night passed, and with the gray of dawn the shriek and rattle of reveille resounded successively from camps of a hundred regiments, and the drum corps of this one speedily aroused it from slumber. The officers, hardly awake, heard the confusion, the buzzing and the humming of the calling of the names Brown, Jones and Robinson, and the rest, by the orderlies, and then the mingled commands from ten throats:

'Take arms!'

A pause, a silence followed; then angry and vehement expostulation; but a rattle—a crash such as taking arms from the stacks causes. The command was reiterated and reiterated, with more expostulation. And next the command of each company was visited by the vexed, scared face of his first sergeant, and the startling information that the company would not take arms. Some of the officers received this intelligence with incredulity; some gave vent to their vexation, and unjustly upbraided the poor orderlies; but all finally put on their swords and repaired to the scene of mutiny, with substantially the same remark, 'We'll see if they don't take arms from me.'

They did see; and they quickly assured themselves that the men would not put fourth a hand in obedience to this particular order.

'Attention!' shouted the captain of the first company, and each man came promptly to position.

'Take arms!' not a hand stirred.

'Right face!' The command was instantly obeyed.

'Front!' The company came back to line with beautiful precision.

'Take arms!' But not a hand answered the words, though Captain M—— vociferated them to the full compass of his powerful lungs.

So in every company. The men obeyed every order but this one; and that not a man obeyed. Not a word, not even a defiant look accompanied their disobedience; they simply stood like so many statues, and moved not a muscle in answer to the command. The captains threatened, begged, and some swore, but neither their anger nor their humility had the least effect upon those seven hundred determined men. After half an hour of unavailing efforts, despairing of accomplishing anything themselves, the commandants repaired to the Colonel's tent, and astonished him with the news that his regiment was in open mutiny. He listened with angry impatience to the particulars they gave him, and then listened to buckel on his sword.

'Come with me,' he said. 'By heavens! I don't think they'll fail when *I* give them the order.'

He was mistaken, as much so as the captains had been before him.—The line stood motionless behind the stack of arms when he reached the parade; and, ordering the officers to take their places, he took his own in front of the centre. Drawing his sword, he shouted in the voice that no man in the regiment had ever yet disregarded:

'Take—*arms!*' And still not a man obeyed.

The colonel was profoundly excited; more so than he had been since he dropped his plough-handles and mounted one of the plough horses to raise his regiment, on hearing of the President's proclamation. He began by asking the ringleaders wisely remained in their places in the ranks; but a half a dozen voices, in which no individual voice was distinguished, cried out:

'We want pay and clothing, like other regiments.'

'You shall have both,' the colonel eagerly responded. 'Only take arms and return to your duty, and I will immediately represent your grievances at headquarters.'

A tumult of answering cries followed his words, uttered in anger, derision, and incredulity. 'It's all work and no pay with us. We're the rugged scare-crows of the brigade. We've heard that story before.—Tell that to marines. No pay, no muskets.'

'Attention?' shouted the colonel; and the regiment instantly came back to silence and position.

Thereupon the colonel made an earnest and impassioned harrangue of fifteen minutes, while dozens of curious spectators from the neighboring regiments stood about, viewing the extraordinary scene. He promised the men that he would give his personal attention to their grievances until they were redressed; he represented to them that their mutiny would certainly be effectual for the purpose they sought; and he begged them to save the good name of the regiment from the disgrace with which their disobedience threatened it. Hardly doubting that his address would produce the desired effect, he concluded it with a repetition of the desired command:

'Take—*arms!*'

Each and all stood like a rock, and not a single hand moved toward the muskets.

The mutiny was becoming serious. For more than an hour the entire regiment had stubornly refused to resume their arms, and the persuasion and authority, as well of the commanding officer of the line had fallen idly upon their ears. The order cited colonel ordered, 'Break ranks,' which was quickly obeyed; and calling for his horse, he rode off on a gallop to brigade headquarters.

Our brigadier had come from the regular cavalry to accept his command in the volunteers; and he was one of the best disciplinarians that West Point ever gave to the army. He was much past the middle age, and had seen arduous and distinguished service in Mexico and the West. He was a man of medium hight, or perhaps something above it, with hair dashed with gray, sandy whiskers and mustache, a massive forehead, and face with the wrinkles of service, and bushy eyebrows, overhanging a pair of keen, incisive eyes. His presence was habitually stern, somewhat forbiding; the habitual expression of his face was one of determination. Yet he had owed the kindest of hearts, and his commands invariably learned, before he had done with them that their comfort and safety were at all times the objects of anxious solicitude. He was far braver than generals are apt to be; when his troops went into battle he was always upon the line with them, exposed to fire careless of personal danger, more reckless of bullets, at Antietam and Cedar Creek, than were other men. His troops of course loved him—when they knew him.

He listened to the story of the Colonel on this morning with evident displeasure, which fond expression in a few words which were more forcible than elegant; but I venture to say that no general officer in the armies would have said less under the circumstances. He listened attentively to the details of the mutiny as the colonel gave them, and when the latter had finished, he said;

'They won't take arms—eh?'

'No, sir; they won't. Any order they'll obey but not that.'

'Well sir, are any of your officers in this business?'

'Not one, General; not any of the orderlies,' was the eager reply.

The General took one turn across his tent floor.

'Return to your camp, sir,' he said, 'and assemble your officers in front of your tent. I will be there in a few moments.'

The colonel rode away, not very easy in mind, and wondering what was about to happen. The general ordered his horse and called his aides.

'Get up your horses immediately. Captain——, ride over to Captain——; give him my compliments, and tell him to bring a section of his artillery to the camp of the——th, Ontonagon Infantry—immediately! Lieutenant ——, hasten to Colonel——and Colonel—— (commanding regiments of the brigade,) and tell them, with my compliments to march their commands, under arms, you will also accompany them there.'

A few moments later the men of the rebellious regiment, gathered into knots in the company-streets and about the parade, and conferring in whispers together, saw the general followed by a single orderly, ride through the camp back to the Colonel's tent. Some of them saw from a distance that the officers were formed in a single line in front of the tent, with the field officers on the right, the captains next, and the lieutenants on the left.

The general dismounted, and taking a brief survey of the faces before him, turned to the colonel.

'Sir,' he said sternly, "do you refuse to perform duty?'

'No sir!' was the emphatic answer.

He turned to the line, and passing it down, address the same questions to each officer, begining with the lieutenant colonel, and ending with the last substitern. One and all unhesitatingly gave the same answer as the colonel.

'Now, sir,' said the general to the latter, 'get your men in line, *I'll* end this out break in ten minutes.'

And then he added the same remark that the officers of the regiment had made; 'We shall see if they'll disobey *me*.'

The assembly was sounded. The companies formed in their streets, and were marched to their places in a line behind the stacks. The faces of the men were grave and serious but generally showed no abatement of purpose. That purpose was, it was afterward confessed, not to resume their arms until the paymaster, and the quartermaster should have actually visited them and given them their dues of pay and clothing. But in many of these there was anxiety as well as determination visible, and all officers and men, awaited the general's proceedings with such feelings as had never before been theirs.

They had not long to wait. Two regiments of the brigade marched upon the ground, and under the direction of the aides were formed in a long line, facing the mutineers, at shouldered arms, perhaps facing seventy yards distant. Captain ——, with two pieces of artillery, came up before the formation was finished, and by similar direction one piece was posted upon each flank of the line in such a manner as to enfilade the entire wing of mutineers.

For half a minute after the ominous dispositions there was an awful silence. It was broken by the voice of the general in the stern command:

"Load!'

The long line of muskets went to the ground with a shock, and the ringing of rammers in the barrels, and the thumping in the bore of the cannon, sent a thrill to the nerves of those who looked and listened.

'Load with grape,' was the command to the artillery. That was followed by the order.

'Ready! —Aim!'

The aspect of the scene when the general rode between the lines, pausing in the centre and facing the mutineers, was such as might have carried apprehension to the stoutest heart. At least one thousand bright musket barrels were leveled ready for the word that would hurl their deadly contents into the breast before them, while upon either flank was a field piece charged with grape, the gunner standing lanyard in hand, only waiting for the word to belch out destruction upon the misguided men.

'Let the officers retire behind the brigade line,' the general commanded.

They did so.

Men of the ——regiment,' he said in stentorian tones 'listen to me! I shall not stop now to enquire why you have disgraced yourselves and the command this morning by disobedience to your officers.—I shall merely give *one order*. If you obey, well; if not you will have no other chance. In that case, I shall move to the rear of the brigade, and then—by the living God, I will blow every man of you to destruction!'

He looked the threat as well as uttered it; and then in a voice of thunder, he gave the command:

"*Take* ARMS!'

It was done in an instant. Never did the regiment execute that order in better time; the stacks were broken the mutineers, fairly frightened out of their folly, again stood with shouldered arms.

The command was brought to order; and the general speaking with difficulty from the emotions of the moment, addressed the regiment with such kindness as brought tears to the eyes of many a tall soldier.—He briefly pointed out to them the magnitude of their act as a military offence, and made them understand that mutiny in an army can never result in anything but discredit, or worse, to those who undertake it; and he reminded them that the cause in which all were engaged was most injured by such acts of insubordination. Their causes of complaint were just, he said, and if the officers were in fault they should be punished for it. Full justice shall be done you, and speedily, he said;

'But in future, never let me hear from you in *this* way. There are other better ways to correct evils in the ranks, than this.'

He left the ground with the respect and affection of every man there; but his interview with officers, which immediately followed, was of a different character. Addressing himself to all, but more particularly to the colonel, he gave them an excoriating lecture upon their carelessness and gross neglect of the interest of their men.

'I should be glad to think,' he concluded, 'that none of you are troubled with incompetency as well as carelessness. You are all of you to blame in this matter; nothing of this kind ever happens unless the officers are in fault. And I give you to distinctly understand that if any thing of this sort occurs again, I'll court martial every one of you.'

He never had occasions to execute the threat. The regiment was paid up and clothed within a week; and from this time forward every man and every officer of it made it his particular duty to efface the stigma cast upon the regiment by this affair.—That they have succeeded, the records of the arduous campaigns and bloody battles in which it bore a heroic part, and which are written in the history of their country, will attest.—*Galaxy.*

*The material for this sketch came to the writer from a friend, a gentleman of the medical staff, who was present at the mutiny as assistant surgeon of one of the regiments; and it is undoubtedly true. The officer referred to is General William H. Emory, afterward distinguished as commander of the Nineteenth Army Corps.—He is now (January 1870) on duty with his regiment at the West. From personal knowledge of the man, acquired while attached to the staff in the Shenandoah, the writer recognizes this incident as perfectly characteristic of this stern, faithful soldier.

RHEUMATISM.

This disease is especially liable to occur as an effect of cold or check of perspiration, and an accumulation of uric or lithic acid in the blood, which acts upon the muscular and nervous systems, producing pain, swelling, contractions, &c.

This vitiated state of the blood is the primary cause of Rheumatism, and the terrible racking pains and aches are merely the secondary consequences, which it is in vain to attempt to cure by external applications, liniments, &c., alone.

Of all the remedies for this disease, those which remove the uric acid from the blood, and produce the greatest abundance of these deposits in the urine, should be given the preference.

In fact, this is the only true and scientific course of treatment for this painful disease.

As soon as the remedy for that purpose gets up such an action the patient begins to convalesce and soon gets well.

In old chronic cases, where contractions of joints, thickenings or concretions, have taken place, their removal will take a much longer time, but by a perseverance in this systematic course, the *materius morbid* will finally yeld to the antagonistic remedy, as snow melts before the sun.

We have seen so many permanent cures of long standing cases, that we have implicit confidence in this systematic course, and an abiding faith in the remedies which we have at our command.

Every part of the system is liable to an attack of Rheumatism, but the hips, loins, knees, ankles, wrists and shoulders are its more ordinary preferences. It often shifts from one part to another, especially when in the acute stage, hence the inutility of blisters or liniments.

The cause is in the blood. Remove the cause, and the effect ceases. This we prefer to do by vegetable remedies. Regular neutralizers of the cause—antidotes to the poison.

These antidotes to the rheumatic diathesis we always keep on hand.

We prepare our own compounds and have our prescriptions filled under our own supervision, out of the *best quality* of medicines, without regard to cost.

Give our system and remedies a trial, if you are troubled with this painful disease.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.
132 Grant Street.

An Arkansas Father's Advice to his Son.

Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You are going to throw me out of the game and go it alone. The odds are against you Bob—remember that industry and perseverance are the winning cards, as they are the "bowers." Book learning, and all that sort of thing, will do to fill up with, like small trumps, but you must have the bowers to back them, or they ain't worth shucks. If luck is agin you pretty strong, don't cave and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but hold up your head and make believe you are flush of trumps; they don't play so hard agin you. I've lived and traveled around some, Bob, and I've found that as soon as folks thought you hold a weak hand, they'd all duck agin you strong. So when your sort'r weak, keep on a bold look but play cautious; be satisfied with a pint. Many's the hand I've seen 'em cuchre, because they played for too much.

Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob; don't let 'em slip you; recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hands. Be temperate, never get drunk, for then no matter how good your hand is, you won't know how to play it; both bowers and the ace won't save you; for there's sartin to be a "miss deal," or something wrong. And another thing Bob, (this was spoken in a low tone) don't go too much on the women; queens is kinder poor cards, the more you have of 'em the worse for you; you might have three and nary trump. I don't say discard 'em all if you get hold of one that is trump, it's all good, and there's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick what don't belong to you, "nor slip cards or nig," for then you can't look your man in the face, and when that's the case, there's no fun in the game; it's a regular "cut-throat." So now, Bob, farewell, remember what I tell you and you'll be sure to win; and if you don't it serves you right if you get skunked."

Anecdote of Sam Houston

Old Sam Houston, of Texas, used to make it a point to stop at Cairo, sometimes for three or four days, on his way to and from Washington. He usually employed his time in fishing from the stern guards of a wharf boat. On one occasion of this kind he had a set to with a Cairo youth which will bear telling about.

The youth like himself was fishing.—Houston on the wharf boat, and the boy on a wood boat moored just below. At the interesting juncture of a bite at the boy's bait, Houston threw out his line, which became hopelessly entangled with that of the boy. There was a pause. Neither seemed to have a word fit for the occasion. At last Houston broke the silence.

'Sonny, go elsewhere and fish, and then we'll avoid entangling alliences.'

'You blasted old short coat,' retorted the bud of promise, 'go elsewhere yourself and fish.'

'I apprehend that you are a very saucy boy,' returned the Senator, for whom there are by no means enough rods in pickle.'

'Now look here old Skeezicks,' cried the boy fully agitated, 'I don't want to quarrel with you, nor anybody like you. Your name is Sam Dawson, and you live in Texas; and like everybody else, you stole a hoss and had to go there, and now you are putting on a big shine you old thief, and calling yourself Sam Houston.'

Saying which this very amiable young creature gave a sudden larch and pulled the honorable gentleman's rod from his hands into the river.

I subsequently heard Houston detail the set to, and he did it in a style decidedly characteristic. Concluding the story he said:

'I have met men in debate at the bar, upon the stump, and upon the floor of Congress; but never was I so completely discomfited. The boy had decidedly the better of me, and from his heart of hearts he believed it.

—Small-pox is raging in Outagamie county, Wisconsin. In the town of Greenville, in one family, of seven children, all died but one. Quite a number of other deaths are reported.

—Miss Kellogg has just paid $6,000 for a small farm overlooking the village of New Hartford, and she intends to build thereon an elegant residence.

—The *Boston Post* says: The New Haven man who cooled off by letting himself down his well in a tub "doot recobbed adybody to susped hibself dowd a well ady bore."

—There were but thirty-two cases of relapsing fever in the Philadelphia City Hospital on Wednesday, whereas a few weeks ago there were one hundred and sixty-two.

Miscellaneous.

☞ Blank Mortgages for sale at the ANOUS office.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters Testamentary, having been granted to the Subscriber on the estate of David Stewart, dec'd., late of Bridgewater, Beaver County, Pa., all persons indebted to said estate, are hereby notified that immediate payment is required; and, all persons having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES McCONNEL,
W. P. McCONNEL, } Ex'rs.
* 6 13 6w.

Children's Carriages
AT
O'Leary & Singleton's,
148 Federal St.,
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Splendid Assortment of 2 and 3 Wheel Gigs, and 4 Wheel Perambulators

OF THE BEST EASTERN MANUFACTURE.

Prices Low as the Lowest.

OUR LARGE STOCK OF

LADIES' SATCHELS,

AND FANCY BASKETS,

IS NOT EXCELLED IN QUALITY OR PRICE, IN THE TWO CITIES.

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF

FANCY-GOODS,

TOYS, NOTIONS, &c.
AT WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

O'LEARY & SINGLETON,
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June 22, changed.

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FALLSTON
Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

COOKING-STOVES

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

PLOWS,

The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES;

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking.

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,
LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK.
BEST BAKER,
MOST DURABLE
ALTOGETHER
THE BEST STOVE IN USE.

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the Anous, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.

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HAS RECEIVED

A new and well selected

ASSORTMENT OF

DRY-GOODS,

GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE

AND

HARDWARE,

WHICH HE OFFERS

AT

Low Prices.

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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 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 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 manness 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 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
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 of 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

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DRUGGIST,
594 Broadway, New York, and
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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.

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L. Hanauer's Column.

L. HANAUER'S BAZAR OF FASHION.

L. HANAUER is selling off Regardless of cost, to make room for Fall Stock.

L. HANAUER'S BAZAR OF FASHION,
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATE, PA.
aug3:tf

Miscellaneous.

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NEW GOODS!

Spring and Summer Wear.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he has just received and opened

A New Stock of Goods,

OF THE LATEST STYLES FOR SPRING and SUMMER Wear.

He keeps the best of workmen in his employ, and feels confident of his ability to cut and make up garments both

FASHIONABLE & DURABLE,

and in such a manner as will please his customers.

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Wanted, Men and Women of Christian Character,

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This work has a great mission to perform and is readily receiving the warm and hearty endorsement of all evangelical denominations. To those who present greater attractions as ministers lend it their support everywhere. It is just the work for the times. Apply for descriptive circular and terms. State the territory you wish.

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Warner's Pile Remedy has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of Blind, Itching or Bleeding Piles. Those who are afflicted should immediately call on their druggist and get WARNER'S PILE REMEDY. It is expressly for the Piles, and is not recommended to cure any other disease. It has cured many cases of over 30 years standing. Price One Dollar. For sale everywhere.

DYSPEPSIA.

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and the habitual Costiveness. It is a mild stimulating tonic and a specific appetizer, it strengthens the stomach and restores the digestive organs to a healthy state. Women in ill health and invalids generally should use Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic. For sale by druggists. Price One Dollar.

COUGH no MORE

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, soothing and expectorating. The extraordinary effect it shows as it immediately relieves and usually cures the most troublesome Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Asthma and Consumption, is incredible. So prompt is the relief and so certain effects in all the above cases, or any affection of the throat and lungs, that thousands of physicians daily prescribe it, and our agents report it as the most healing and expectorating balsam they know. One dose always affords relief. Two to three doses cure ordinary cases. Sold by druggists. In large bottles. Price One Dollar. If your own druggist you still cough and shall use Balsam with care.

WINE OF LIFE.

The Great Blood Purifier and Delicious Tonic. Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or Wine of Life, is a most powerful and delicious tonic, and a most powerful purifier of the blood. Those who require a stimulant, should use Warner's Wine of Life. It is the purest and best stimulant for the use of invalids, for medicinal purposes, for sale by druggists everywhere. Price One Dollar.

EMMENAGOGUE.

Warner's Emmenagogue is the most powerful remedy known to cure the Whites, (in fact it cures every case.) Where is the family to whom such an important medicine is not wanted? Medicine is the greatest blessing ever offered you. You should immediately procure it. It is a specific for Female Irregularities, and may be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or other causes. Sold by druggists. Price One Dollar. Or sent by mail on receipt of One Dollar and a Quarter. Address 689 State street, Chicago.

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Equal to
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