SELECT MISCELLANY.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

BY AN OLD TEXAN.

"That pesky old b'ar hev been into the sheep pen agin," said a shrill, piping voice in my ear as I sat in the door of my ranche one morning after breakfast.

I took the pipe out of my mouth, and turning beheld the freckled face and red head of my man Joe Cardle, whose duty it was to superintend the herding, &c., of the sheep and goats at night.

"You don't mean it, Joe," I exclaimed.

"Yes sir, but I do mean it. He war werry bad last night, sir," was the positive reply.

"How many this time, Joe?"

"Well sir, there's about a dozen uv em sir. The crumple horn ram ar one on em."

"The devil!" I exclaimed, jumping up. This was too much. That ram cost me heavily, without counting the difficulty of replacing him; and I forthwith determined to have revenge.

About a mile from the ranche ran the Colorado river, the Colorado de Bijer, and in the towering cliffs that lined the further bank of the stream I knew the sheep stealing rascal had his den.

The place had been well selected, betraying a large amount of brute knowledge in choosing a location in which to abide with the least possible chance of being disturbed, and here Bruin slept the cold snaps away in an absolute unbroken security save perhaps an occasional shot from a passing hunter, as the brute stood in his front door, sniffing the refreshing nibbling morning breeze, or gazing sedately down into the valley below.

The cave was situated in the face of a huge cliff, penetrating the rocky wall about midway between the summit and base, which at this point rose sheer from the water's edge.

A narrow pathway, or ledge, some twenty-five or thirty inches in width ran along the face of the wall, inclining gradually downward from the top, and leading into the cavern.—This was the only mode of access, and was the pathway by which the bear gained his den.

From the ledge to the water and rocks below the distance was something over fifty feet, while for an equal space the granite wall towered above.

It will be readily seen how very dangerous the passage of the narrow pathway might be made, should the bear take it into his head to issue forth and attack the person who might be bold enough to venture the passage. But of this anon.

The stream at this point was not more than one hundred yards wide; and I concluded my best course was to take a position opposite the cavern, and patiently await my chance for a shot.

It was the full of the moon, and I knew the animal would surely be out sometime during the night. And my object was to see if I couldn't lodge a steel point somewhere in the tender region behind the shoulder.

I got down my rifle, a heavy English gun, carrying eighteen to the pound, and set to work getting her in good condition. This occupied some time, and the balance of the day I put in by sleeping, going out to look at the bear's nightwork, and various other expedients to kill the hours that now dragged heavily along.

The fact of the matter was I tingled all over with impatience to be off, and of course, as is always the case under the circumstances, night seemed as though it would never appear.

However the sun finally got down in the west, and after swallowing a cup of coffee I caught up my rifle and stuck my hunting knife in my belt and was off for the cliffs.

Joe wanted to go along, but I had a notion that I could manage the thing best myself.

However, all my preparation for that night was useless.

Daylight found me still watching the hole, having not caught sight of even the fellows nose during my vigil.

For three succeeding nights I was faithful at my post, but still no sign of the game. He had probably surfeited himself fully upon my thorough bred ram, and was calmly sleeping away his debauch, while I was without, shivering in the damp night air, waiting on his humor.

By this time I was thoroughly aroused, and fully made up my mind to have the brute out at all hazards, and as it was probable that he would remain in hoised for a few days longer, if earlier having in the meantime blown up, I determined to attack the stronghold, and achieve by force that which could not be accomplished by strategy.

I fixed upon the morning of the fifth day for the undertaking, and so directly after breakfast I summoned Joe, and mounting our mustangs, rode over to the cliff.

I knew the exploit I was about to undertake was one of exceeding danger; but, as I have intimated, I was thoroughly mad, and I fear me a little reckless. I may as well add foolish. I hated to lose that ram. An hour's ride brought us to the ford; and crossing over I dismounted and roped the animals out to grass.

Directly about the mouth of the cavern and about ten feet back from the edge of the precipice, there grew a huge elm tree, the branches of which extended out beyond the cliff, casting their shadows over the water many feet below. My plan was to descend to the mouth of the cave by means of the ledge or pathway along the face of the wall, and after building a fire of brushwood which Joe was to lower me from above by means of a lariat, in the entrance of the den, to make thick as fast as possible and take a position upon the opposite side of the river, from whence a good shot might be obtained as the bear rushed out. Joe and I got a good lot of dry timber heaped on the ledge of the cliff, then I prepared to descend.

My rifle would be of no service in such close quarters, and so, leaning the piece against the tree, I loosened my sheath knife in its scabbard and commenced the perilous passage.

By clinging close to the face of the wall, I managed to get along pretty well for about half the distance, twenty or thirty yards, but at that point the ledge made a sudden angle, while the wall abruptly protruded, leaving but little room to proceed. My only plan was to go down on my knees and "coon it," until the difficult place was passed.

This I did, but remember thinking how ticklish a matter it would be to retreat over the same ground in case the bear were crowding a fellow.

The mouth of the cavern was finally gained, and I drew myself erect upon a little platform of level rock about two yards square, that lay in front of the opening.

When I came to look about me, down into the fearful depths below, where the river went surging and dashing against huge boulders, rough and jagged, up the level face of the precipice and into the yawning chasm, black and gloomy, where I knew a terrible enemy lay concealed, I won't say that I was absolutely scared or nervous, but I *did* think how comfortable and safe Joe looked up above, as he sat on the cliff, with his fiery red head stuck far out, watching me.

"Let down the brush, Joe," I called softly, "and hurry."

In a moment a huge bundle of dry timber came crashing over, and then, as Joe rapidly let out the rope, it descended to where I stood, scraping and scratching against the side of the cliff, with a noise sufficient to stir up all the bears in the neighborhood.

I quickly threw off the lashings, and bidding Joe to let the rope remain, I began heaping up the dry stuff in the mouth of the cavern.

I had got nearly all the timber in position when I heard a slight movement within. I paused in my work and strove to pierce the almost Egyptian darkness of the cavern, but of course without avail.

"Imagination," I muttered, and drew out my box of matches. The wind was coming down the river valley pretty lively, and I had to be cautious in striking the light.

The match fizzed and sputtered, and then shot up brightly as I stooped over for to shield the flame with my body, and in another instant the dry grass and leaves that were mingled with the brushwood caught fire and the thing was done.

No, not done; it was just commencing, for as I rose to my feet to begin the return passage, a deep and savage growl came rolling, like suppressed thunder, from out the cavern, and the next instant the huge brute, his eyes glaring with fury, and his savage looking jaws flecked with foam, leaped through the gathering flames, scattering the brands in every direction, and without a second pause, threw himself full upon me.

Fortunately, my back was toward the cliff, a slight bend occurring at this point, and hence, as the enormous weight was precipitated against me, I was as it were pinned to the rocks.

With a yet more savage growl, the brute fastened his sharp teeth in my left shoulder, while with his powerful arms he hugged me with a grip that made every rib in my body crack.

My right arm was free, even as the attack was made. I drew it upward to escape the grasp, and knew that my only hope lay in the knife. I drove it again and again, with the strength born of desperation into the shaggy side of my terrible foe.

Every time the steel penetrated his vitals, the bear growled savagely and wrenched more fiercely at my bleeding and lacerated shoulder.

Round and round on that narrow platform we reeled and fought, the brute tearing me fearfully, while I busily plied the knife.

The pain and exhaustion consequent upon terrible pressure of the bear's paws were rapidly snapping my strength, and I felt the contest could not last much longer.

At this time I had a faint, confused idea that Joe was shouting to me to do something, but what, I know not.

The bear was weakening as well as myself, and it was hard telling which one of us would be rubbed out first.

Fortunately for me, the brute had as great a horror of going over the cliffs as I had, and to this instinct I probably owe my life.

In one of our scuffles, as the bear wrenched me round like an expert wrestler, my face came in contact with the swinging rope, and at the same time I recognized Joe's voice exclaiming.

"Slip the noose over your arm!"

The reason of this advice was evident. We must go over eventually, and this might save me.

Watching my chance, I ceased striking, and shoving my arm through the noose, clear up to the shoulder, I shouted to Joe to pull. This he instantly did, and I felt the knot settle firmly around the limb.

My object was to get the brute to the edge, and, if in no other way, to go over with him, trusting to the rope to save me from falling.

Summoning all my remaining strength I placed one foot against the rock at my back, and lunched myself forward, at the same time bringing to bear the purchase I had obtained.

The brute gave way under the shock, and, locked in each other's arms, we went over the precipice. I felt the teeth tear loose from my shoulder, the weight removed from my chest, a pain in my right arm so intense, so acute, that I cried aloud in my agony, and then, with a confused whirl of ideas, and a blinding light breaking before my eyes, I became unconscious.

When I recovered I was lying on the sand in front of the cave, with Joe bending over me, while he dashed water into my face from out of one of his huge cow hide boots.

My arm was dislocated, and my shoulder horribly torn, and I had to remain in bed for several weeks, but I tell you that bear didn't rob any more sheep ranches, and I felt that my thorough bred ram had in a manner, been revenged.—*Fire Side Companion.*

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.

Maine was so called as early as 1623 from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Marie, Queen of England was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16, 1777, from the French "verd mon," (the Green Mountains.)

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learned," says Rodger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1661 in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river, Connecticut is a Muckeokannew word, signifying "long river."

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom the territory was given by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664 from the island of New Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn's daughter—Sylvania.

Delaware was called in 1703 from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord Delaware, who died in this Bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Marie, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 20, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1591, in honor of King Charles of France.

Georgia was so called in 1632, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1814, from its principal river, it being an Indian name signifying "here we rest."

Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary, Mississippi is said to denote the whole river i. e., the river formed by the union of many.

Indiana was so called in 1803, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1812, from the lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal rivers.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1582, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, "Pascua Florida."

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal rivers.

Iowa was so called from its principal river.

Oregon was so called from its principal river.

Minnesota of the Wandering water.

—The Tennessee peach crop is very large.

President Grant's Farm.

The St. Louis *Republican*, of Aug. 10th, says: President Grant yesterday made a rural excursion to his farm on the Gravois road, visiting in the course of the trip over Carondelet Common, where he made investigations of some interests held by him in the Sigerson tract, near the River des Peres. The farm is carried on by a relative of Gen. Grant, who entertained the party, and provided a substantial dinner. The President owns between three and four hundred acres, a portion of which was offered to the County Court for a county farm at seventy-five thousand dollars. The proposition, we believe, has been withdrawn.

The agents are authorized to purchase some detached tracts adjoining the farm, in order to square the boundaries. The old homestead was built by Judge Long's father, who sold it out to Judge Dent, since which it has come into the possession of Gen. Grant by purchase. A new and handsome two story "brick building has been erected on the place. About a mile from the homestead is a small hamlet, composed of three or four houses—a blacksmith shop, a saloon and a post office. This delightful sylvan retreat is named Georgetown. It has been suggested to change the name to Grantville, but no positive action has been taken in the matter yet.

The Grant farm has no very extraordinary features. It is in a good state of preservation. The slopes have been generally denuded of their pristine growth of black jacks, which, at an early day were whacked into cord-wood and hauled to the city. After dinner the party sauntered over the fields, examining the crops and admiring the various limpid springs which burst musically from the earth, as if to welcome the ruler of the great Yankee nation.

After visiting this scene of rural enjoyment, the President and his father returned to the city, the shower having prevented a visit to Lafayette Park to enjoy the music, at the invitation of Mr. G. W. Dryer. Arriving in the city, the Presidential party repaired to the residence of Judge Long 2,133 Gamble avenue, where they partook of supper and enjoyed all the hospitalities which Judge Long's experience could suggest.

In the evening the President returned to his quarters at Mr. Benton's, where he received calls from a number of the citizens and had a special interview with Col. Crittenden, of Warrensburg, in reference to the removal from Cuba of the remains of a relative buried in that island during the Lopez expedition.

The Young Widow.

A census taker, going his round, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling house, the exact locality of which is no business of ours.

He was received by a stiff, well dressed lady, who could be recognized as a widow of some years standing.

On learning the mission of her visitor the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself into a working position he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age madam?"

"My age, sir," replied the widow, with a piercing, dignified look. "I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be. You are inquisitive, sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it's my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years old."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the age of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir; just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My oldest and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five, did you say?"

"Yes sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is; but is it not remarkable that you should *be her mother when only eight years of age?*"

About that time the census taker was observed running out of the house—why we cannot say. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her age.

Fifty Thousand Dollar Donation.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: Com. Vanderbilt seems to be inclined to tread very closely in the footsteps of Drew, Stewart, and other men eminent for large donations. He has never been much of a church man nor famous for subscriptions to benevolent objects. During the war a Southern clergyman, Dr. Deems by name, opened a place of worship in the University chapel, and called it "The Church of Strangers." It was assigned to meet the wants of Southern families, who were annoyed by war allusions in the pulpit. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a Southern lady from Mobile. She joined the congregation, the first fruit of which was, a subscription from the Commodore of one thousand five hundred dollars to pay the rent of the chapel for one year. The Mercer street presbyterian church was at one time the most fashionable church in New York. It has fallen into decay, and the congregation has united with the University Place Church. This threw the Mercer street house of worship into the market. The Commodore authorized Dr. Deems to go and buy it, and gave his check for fifty thousand dollars, the price of the house. He obliged Dr. Deems to take it in his own name, as trustee, for the Commodore would have nothing to do with a Board. Financially, the Church of the Strangers will be a success, if Vanderbilt continues to be its backer.

The National Intelligencer is to be revived in this city by Alex. Delmar, Free-Trade statistician, who served our Government in that capacity so long as he was wanted, and who in a note just received, assures us that "A friendly word from you would be cordially welcomed to its columns." Remembering that fine words bring no parsnips," we offer to subscribe for two copies of Mr. Delmar's new paper and pay a year in advance, if he will print in his first issue that Remarkable Report on the Finances which he concocted in the summer of 1868, and, at the solicitation of Wilson G. Hunt, Henry Grinnell, &c., gave to a startled public, wherein he demonstrated that our Government was unable to pay its way without an increase of taxation, and that the Treasury deficit on the 1st of July, 1869, would reach $175,000,000. We do not believe Alick has anything else to give us that would be so rich or excite such general interest as that astounding exposition. Shall we have it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"Forwarts!", shouted Blucher, when leading his men to the charge in the engagement in which he defeated Macdonald in Silesia, about seven weeks before the eventful victory of Leipsic. From that time "Forwarts!" became the battle-cry of the Prussians, Blucher himself being nicknamed "Marshal Forwarts," and when the necessity for the cry then terminated the Prussians found themselves within the walls of Paris. "Forwarts again!" exclaimed the gallant old hero as his army toiled over the rugged roads that led to Waterloo. "It's no use saying 'Forwarts,' Father Blucher," cried out his men; "it won't do; we can't do it." "But it must do, my children," he replied. "It's all very well to say it won't do; but it must do. I have promised it to my brother Wellington, and you wouldn't have me break my word." And the end of that second journey was also inside the fortifications of the French capital. "Forwarts!" is once more the Prussian battle-cry, and the heart of the French Empire is again their goal. Will history in the case also repeat itself?

CONSUMPTION.

Of all the chronic diseases afflicting the human family, Consumption is the most to be dreaded, because its prevalence and fatality is greatest.

Its nature is very greatly hereditary, as we see it transmitted from parents to offspring with almost the same regularity as other legacies.

It is essentially a blood disease, and one which, by negligence, exposure and bad habits, may be hastened in its course, or by care and attention, be retarded in its progress, even tho' of a hereditary character.

To those having no hereditary tendency it is much more manageable, and, in its incipient stage, is quite a curable complaint, especially if it be not complicated with any other disease.

We know that we have not only retarded the progress of hundreds of cases for a long time, but that we have *cured* many of incipient Consumption, which had been superinduced by negligence and exposure.

And fro n this we believe that some very bad cases even may, under certain favorable circumstances, be entirely cured of this woful yet lingering malady.

There are so many other diseases, however, that so simulate this, especially when the patient has become worn down, emaciated, or reduced in flesh, as they often do in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., in males, or the many other affections, as Chlorosis, Leucorrhœa, Amenorrhœa, Dysmenorrhœa, and the irregularities and derangements pertaining to females, that it is a very difficult matter to determine the true nature of the complaint except by a critical examination of the urine.

We have cured many of these after they had been long treated for Consumption by celebrated "Lung Doctors," without effect.

In fact we have detected hundreds of cases this way. Cases which had been treated by many different doctors and for many different diseases, baffling all their skill for want of a correct diagnosis.

These cases, however, must be treated each according to its kind, and the causes that produce them.

And no disease is more easily determined by a scientific examination of the urine, than is Consumption.

L. ORDRONAUX, M.D.
132, *Grant Street.*

Telegraphic Flirtation.

A little incident which happened to a Lebanon young lady, during a recent visit to Nashville, has been the cause of much amusement to a few friends who have heard the details. Among the numerous admirers of the young lady in question is a gallant younggentleman who is engaged as an operator in one of the telegraph offices in this city. Being desirous that Miss—should see all the curiosities of Nashville, the young man proposed that they should visit the telegraph office. A party of young ladies and gentlemen was made up and, all repaired to the office under the guidance of the gallant operator aforesaid. After explaining the working of the battery, he proposed for the amusement of the party, to take off the next dispatch which came over the wires.—An opportunity was soon afforded and the operator took off the telegram sent by a lady in Kentucky to a lady in Texas, which, complete, consisted simply of the words "Isaiah ix. 6."

So unique a telegram created considerable surprise but not one of the party was sufficiently well posted as Sunday school scholars to repeat the verse referred to. Determined to know what the words of Isaiah ix. 6 were our young telegraph friend and the Lebanon young lady stopped at Billy Collier's on their way back; and asked to see a Bible.—With eager hands they turned the leaves together; but when they found the first paragraph of the verse, they laid the book quietly down and with very red faces, softly left the store. If you want to make that young lady angry in earnest, ask her what is the news by telegraph.—*Nashville Banner.*

From all appearances the first bit of British America that "inevitable destiny" is likely to annex to the United States, is the region of the Red River of the North, though it must be confessed that the people of the Dominion of Canada are making rapid strides toward representation in the Senate and House of Representatives at Washington. Riel's fiasco is said to have terminated in an attempt at a closer political union between the Red River country and the Dominion but unfortunately topography interferes with that. By land and water, by railroad, steamboat, forest trail and bark canoe, it is farther from Ottawa to Fort Garry, through British possessions, than it is from Washington, *via* the United States, to Fort Garry. Not in actual distance, maybe, but in time and in facilities for travel. To get around this difficulty some enthusiastic Britons have proposed to build a railroad from Ottawa to the Red river and on through British territory to the Pacific. Imagine a railroad through the rough, wintry and almost tenantless country north of Lake Superior. It would certainly be the most wonderful achievement of English engineering, for it would be the most expensive work yet attempted, and would not need a station oftener than every five hundred or one thousand miles. The fact is, there is only one avenue of communication between the people of Riel's late dominion and the civilized world, and that is *via* the United States and the Red River valley. As we said above, topography interferes with Canadian schemes and is the strongest ally of American annexation.

The Eclipse of the Sun.

The total eclipse of the sun of December 22nd is to receive the attention of the astronomers of the United States. Extensive preparations are now making, and three corps of observation are to be sent abroad, to be stationed respectively at Malaga, Sicily, and some places in Turkey most available for taking observations. One corps will be composed of the astronomers at the Naval Observatory, Washington, and the two others of professors of the universities and scientific schools of the country. Before the war in Europe broke out, arrangements were made that Rear Admiral Oliver S. Gillason, of the Mediterranean Squadron, should aid and co-operate with the corps to be stationed at Sicily; but this plan has for the present been interfered with by the contest, as the squadron has been removed to the Baltic to protect American vessels from that sea.

—How soon we forget. A leaf torn from the tree by a rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it, from its fellows? Who is sad that it is gone? Thus it is with human life.

There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears and anguish. But by and by the crystal fount is drawn dry, the last drop oozes out, the stern gate of forgetfulness folds back upon the exhausted springs, and Time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulcher without waking a single echo, by his foot steps.

I. HANAUER'S BAZAR OF FASHION.

I. HANAUER'S BAZAR OF FASHION.

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

I. HANAUER'S BAZAR OF FASHION.
BRIDGE St., BRIDGEWATE, PA.
aug3:tf.

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 flocky, 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 considerably wandering upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, [illegible] company, of late? 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, improperly 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 brilliant, energetic, perseverring, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid to cannot succeed in business; They don't think themselves 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 meanness about them. I do not mean those who keep the organs inflated 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 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:ly.

Miscellaneous.

AT 12 1-2 CENTS.

GOOD WHITE BACK PAPER.

AT 8 CENTS.

Good Brown Papers.

Window Shades, Gilt Bands, with Trimmings, for $2.25.

OIL CLOTHS, Yard Wide, for 45, 50, 60 and 70 cents. Photograph Albums cheap.

Persons buying their wall paper from us can have it trimmed ready for hanging without extra charge at

F. E. WELLS & CO'S.,
NO. 106 FEDERAL STREET.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN'A.

sept16:1y-Feb.6ch'd: aug 17;ch'd

Blank Commitments for sale at the ARGUS office.

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,

GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES:

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking.

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

is 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
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, dispense 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 ARGUS, 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.

JOHN THORNLEY.

apr20:tf.

Blank Mortgages for sale at the ARGUS office.

Blank Notes for sale at the ARGUS office.

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.

LIST OF PREMIUMS

To be awarded at the Seventeenth Annual Fair of the Beaver Co. Agricultural Society, to be held at Beaver, Pa.,

Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th, 1870.

OFFICERS:

President—JAMES DARLINGTON.
Vice Presidents—Joseph C. Wilson, esq., Hon. Joseph Irvin, Robert Porter, esq.
Recording Secretary—H. R. Moore.
Corresponding Secretary—Wm. S. Barclay.
Treasurer—Isaac N. Adams.
Managers—East Side: Capt. C. B. Hurst, Samuel Magaw, esq., Hiram Reed, A. P. Laccock, J. H. Pendleton. *West Side:* Martin L. Knight, S. B. Briggs, D. M. Donelson, D. O. C. Patterson, J. H. Shrosh, Esq. *South Side:* Wm Shroads, H. Bimber, Wm. Ewing, Samuel Patterson, Reid Swearingen.

TROTTING AND PACING RACES.

First day, trotting match—county—mile heats, best three in five; go as they please; three or more entries to make a race; one dollar entrance fee. First premium, $25; second, $8; third, $4. Time of race 2 o'clock p. m.

Pacing match—county—mile heats, best three in five; go as they please; three or more entries to make a race; one dollar entrance fee. First premium $15; second, $7; third, $4. Time of race between heats of trotting race. Horses entering for pacing races cannot compete for the larger premiums.

Second Day.—Trotting match—county—mile heats; best three in five; go as they please, to rule. Time of race 2 o'clock p. m. First premium $40; second, $25; third, $15. Four entries to make a race. $10 entrance fee. Horses competing for these races must have been owned and kept in the county for thirty days previous to the race; and will not be allowed to compete for the smaller premiums.

Competition Open to All.

Trotting match for Stallions exclusively. Private purse, raised by subscription, and not to be paid out of the funds of the Society. Premium $150. First horse, $100; second, $50; three entries to make a race, two to go. Ten per cent. entrance fee. Mile heats; best three in five; go as they please, to rule. Time of race between heats of pacing and trotting matches above.

Third Day.—Premium, $150; competition open to all horses. Trotting match. First premium $100; second, $50. Three entries to make a race; two to start. $15 entrance fee; mile heats, best three in five; go as they please, to rule. Time of race 2 p. m.

Pacing match—premium $150. First premium $100; second, $50. Three entries to make a race; two to start. $15 entrance fee; mile heats, best three in five; go as they please. Time of race between heats of trotting match.

CLASS NO. 1—*Farms, Gardens & Vineyards.*

Best cultivated farm of not less than fifty acres; strict attention being paid to the style and condition of out houses, farming, skillful management, etc. $8 00
2d best do do do do do 5 00
Best cultivated vegetable garden 3 00
2d do do do 2 00
Best flower and ornamental garden 3 00
2d do do do 2 00
Best vineyard of not less than 500 vines 10 00
2d do do do do 7 00

Judges.—Wm. Shroads, Hiram Reed, Jas. Dargan.

NOTE.—Competitors desiring to enter Class No. 1, must furnish the Secretary with their names before the 18th day of September, 1870.

CLASS No. 2.—*Horses.*

[Division No. 1.] 1st P. 2d
Best blo ded stallion, 4 years & over, $10 00 7 00
" do do 3 do do 7 00 5 00
" do do 2 do do 3 00 2 00
" do do 1 do do 3 00 2 00
Best blooded mare, must show her stock, 4 years and upwards 5 00 4 00
Best blooded spring colt 2 00 1 00
" stallion for all purposes, 4 years old and upwards 10 00 7 00
" do do 3 years 7 00 5 00
" do do 2 " do 3 00 2 00
Best broodmare, must show stock, 4 yrs old and upward 5 00 1 00
Best heavy draught stallion, 4 years old and upward 10 00 7 00
" do do 3 years do 7 00 5 00
" do do 2 years do 3 00 2 00
" do do 1 year do 3 00 2 00
Best heavy draught brood mare, to show stock, 4 yrs. and upwards 3 00 4 00
Best span match horses or mares 6 00 4 00
Best family horse or mare 3 00 4 00
Best carriage horse or mare 3 00 4 00
Best saddle horse or mare 3 00 4 00

Awarding Com.—Thomas Blackmore, Jacob Marks, Joseph Hays, Henry Dillon, Ruel H. Way.

[Division B.] 1st P. 2nd.
Best gelding, 4 years and upward 3 00 2 00
do do 3 do do do 3 00 2 00
do do 2 do do do 2 00 1 00
do do 1 do do do 2 00 1 00
Best mare 4 years old and upward 3 00 4 00
do do 3 do do do do 3 00 2 00
do do 2 do do do do 2 00 1 00
do do 1 do do do do 2 00 1 00
Best straight walking horse or mare, 10 per cent entrance fee charged 10 00 7 00
Best span heavy draught horses or mares 6 00 4 00
Best heavy draught horse or mare, 4 yrs. and upward 4 00 3 00
do do 3 years do do 3 00 2 00
Best Jennet 3 00 2 00
Best Jack 3 00 2 00
Best span mules 4 years and upward 3 00 4 00
Best mule colt 2 00 1 00

Awarding Committee.—D. Patton, Jacob Gabe, L. Phillis, G. W. Shroads, S. Warren.

CLASS NO. 3—*Cattle.*

1st P. 2d
Best Durham bull 2 years or over $10 5
do do do 1 year do 3 4
do do do 9 year do 5 3
do do do 6 months do 3 1
Best Durham cow 3 years or over 8 6
do do do 2 years do 5 3
Best Durham heifer 1 year or over 3 2
Best Durham calf under 1 year old 3 1
Best Devon bull 3 years or upward 10 5
do do do 2 years do 8 4
do do do 1 year do 5 3
do do do 6 months do 3 1
Best Devon cow 3 years or over 8 6
do do do 2 years do 5 3
Best Devon heifer 1 year or over 3 2
Best Devon calf under one year 3 1
Best native or cross cow 3 years or over 4 2
do do do do 2 years 3 1
Best native or cross heifer 1 year or over 3 2
Best native or cross calf under 1 year 2 1
Best yoke work oxen 3 years or over 4 3
Best yoke work oxen 2 years or over 4 3
Best beef ox or cow 5
Best herd of cattle, not less than six to compose the herd 10

Awarding Committee.—Henry Metz, Sr., Clark A. Hunter, Joseph A. Fleming.

CLASS NO. 4—*Sheep.*

1st P. 2d
Best Spanish buck $3 3
" 3 Spanish ewes 3 3
" 3 yearling Spanish ewes 4 2
" Saxony buck 3 3
" 3 Saxony ewes 3 3
" 3 yearling Saxony ewes 4 2
" Cotswold buck 3 3
" 3 Cotswold ewes 3 3
" 3 yearling Cotswold ewes 4 2
" Leicester buck 3 3
" 3 Leicester ewes 3 3
" 3 yearling Leicester ewes 3 3
" Southdown buck 3 3
" 3 Southdown ewes 3 3
" 3 yearling Southdown ewes 3 3
" Flat Wether 4 3

Awarding Com.—John H. Wilson, Robt. Bradshaw, Geo. Mustinger.

CLASS NO. 5—*Swine.*

1st P. 2d.
best Suffolk boar $6 00 4 00
best sow and pigs Suffolk or Chester-white 6 00 4 00
best Suffolk or Chesterboned sow 4 00 2 00
best Suffolk or Chesterwhite pigs under 6 months 3 00 2 00
best Chesterwhite boar 6 00 4 00

Judges.—Thos. Mellon, Wm. Sterling, Jr., and John McMahon.

CLASS NO. 6—*Poultry.*

best pair muscovey ducks dip. & $1 00
" " common 1 00
" " Geese dip. 1 00
" " turkeys dip. 1 00
" " swans dip. & 1 00
" 2 hens and cock of any species of chickens dip. & 3 00
" collection of chickens dip. & 3 00

Awarding Com.—John Cauchey, esq., Beaver; Nat. Lindsay, Sharon; Chas. Coale, New Brighton.

CLASS NO. 7—*Honey.*

1st P. 2d
best lot honey in glass dip. & $1 00 2 00
" do do do wood and glass dip. & 3 00 2 00
" do do do wood dip. & 3 00 2 00
" and largest collection of honey from 1 hive dip. & 3 00

Judges.—David Dunlap, Jos. Branton and Samuel Dunbar.

CLASS NO. 8—*Domestic Manufactures.*

best 10 yds. broadcloth dip & $1 00
" do do satinet do 2 00
" do do cassimere do