THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 52—No. 40. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, October 5, 1870. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

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

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

Business Directory.

BEAVER.

JOHN MOORE, *Druggist* and dealer in paints, oils, pure medical Wines and Liquors, Glassware, Lamps and Fancy Goods; Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. sep28;1y

J. D. FAST. Dealer in Groceries, Flour, Feed, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars. (sep28;1y

HENRY MERZ, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; Main st. [sep28;1y

BEAVER DRUG STORE, Hugo Andriessen, Druggist & Apothecary, Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded. (sep28;1y

S. J. ANDERSON, Dealer in the improved Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine, Main st. See card in another column. sep28;1y

BEACOM Mrs. E. H., Dealer in Millinery Goods & Trimmings; cor 3d st and Diamond. sep28;1y

JAMES MOORE, Grocery & Restaurant. Choice Teas, Best Coffees, Tobacco and Cigars, Confectionery and Vegetables. Main st. sep28;1y

O. R. ANSHUTZ, Dealer in Tinware, Stoves, Grates, &c. West end 3d st. sep28;1y

PITTSBURGH.

J. MORGANSTERN, Dealer in Boots & Shoes, No 86 Market St. Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep14;1y

CROFT & PHILLIPS, Real Estate Agents, opposite Post Office. Publishers of the "Real Estate Register," sent free. Pittsburgh. [sep14;1y

J. HENDERSON & BROS., Wholesale Druggists, 266 Liberty St. Pittsburgh. sep14;1y

J. D RAMALEY'S HAT PARLOR, 22 Fifth Avenue, (near Market St.) Pittsburgh. [sep14;1y

S. A. CLARKE & CO., Booksellers and Stationers, 119 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep14;1y

JOSEPH HORNE & CO, 77 & 79 Market St., Pittsburgh—Importers and dealers in Notions, Trimmings, Hosiery, White Goods, &c. [sep14;1y

REYMER & BROTHERS, French and American Confectioners. Dealers in nuts, fruits, 126, 128, 130 Wood St. Pittsburgh, [sep14;1y

J. MOORE, Dealer in choice Teas, Coffees & Family Groceries. No 20 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. sep14;1y

JOHN BIGGERT & SON, Dealers in the New Wood Family Sewing Machines. 116 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa. sep14;1y

OLIVER M'CLINTOCK & CO., Dealers in Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c. Special rates to Clergy. 53 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep14;1y

E. P. Successor to J. M. Roberts, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silver ware. No 16 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. [sep14;1y

W. A. LYONS, House and Sign Painter; writes to order Show Cards for every business.—No 7 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. [sep21;1y

T. T. FULTON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Furniture and Chairs:—Rosewood, Walnut, Mahogany and Oak. 45 Smithfield st. [oct5;1y

NEW BRIGHTON.

GEO F. SIEMMON, Bakery & Confectionery, R. R. street. Special attention given to weddings and balls. (sep14;1y

S. & J. SNELLENBERG, Merchant Tailors.—Broadway, New Brighton. See adv [sep14;1y

A. M. WHISLER, Dentist. Broadway, New Brighton. [sep14;1y

H. NOSS, Photographer. Willson's Block, Broadway. Best photographs from re-touched negatives. (sep14;1y

WINTER & BEDISON, Jewelers and Tobacconists, Broadway, N. Brighton. [sep14;1y

J. J. HORTTER, Groceries, Queensware and Household Goods. Broadway. [sep14;1y

EVAN PUGH, Dealer in Wall Paper, Window Blinds, Books, Stationery & Notions; Broadway, New Brighton, Pa. [sep21.1y

BEAVER FALLS.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Dealer in Improved Howe Sewing Machines. Main St., Beaver Falls. sep14;1y

MRS. E. KING,—Dry Goods, Queensware and Millinery, corner of Main and Baker streets, Beaver Falls. sep14;1y

KENDALL & TANNEY, Artists & Fresco Painters; also, House and Sign Painters, Main St., Beaver Falls. sep14;1y

BRIDGEWATER.

JAMES PORTER, Tinner, Dealer in Tin, Copper and Sheet-iron ware, and Iron Cistern Pumps. Bridge st, Bridgewater. [sep14;1y

C. BLATTNER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots and Shoes. Bridge St., Bridgewater, Pa. sep14;1y

A. C. HURST, Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Furs, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Trimmings. Bridge St., Bridgewater, Pa. sep14;1y

J. H. DOHERTY, Dealer in Boots and Shoes. Bridge Street, Bridgewater. sep14;1y

J. HANAUER, Millinery, Trimmings & Notions Bridge st., Bridgewater. sep14;1y

L. F. WEINMAN, Manufacture of Boots and Shoes. Bridge St., Bridgewater. (sep14;1y

MRS. BRUIEN, Gentlemen's Clothing cleansed and pressed. Water St. above Bridge. (sep14;1y

JOHN WOODRUFF, Marble Cutter; Monuments & Tombstones of all descriptions made to order. Bt. Market and Water streets. (sep14;1y

J. STILES & CO. Groceries, Queensware, Window Glass, Flour, Feed & Country Produce. Dunlap's corner, Bridge St. Bridgewater. [sep21;1y

LUTHER MAGINNIS,—*Solicitor*—Proprietor of Persian Oleine, & Dealer in Agents' Goods Agents wanted. Water st. bet mills, Bridgewater. P. O. address, Beaver, Pa. sep28;1y

HIRAM MEANOR, Dealer in Monongahela Coal. Orders left at J. B. Clark's, in Beaver, or at Smith's Drug Store, in Bridgewater, will be promptly attended to. Cash on delivery—Lowest price. Yard—McDonald's Point. sep28;1y

ROCHESTER.

WILL SMITH & CO., Fancy Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery. Madison st., near Diamond Rochester, Pa. [sep14;1y

HENRY LAPP, Manufacturer and Dealer in Furniture of all kinds. Brighton st., above the Factory. See adv't. [sep14;1y

JOHN KARCHER, Baker and Confectioner.—Water st., Rochester, Pa. (sep14;1y

ABRAHAM BOYD, Wagon & Carriage Maker, Railroad st., Rochester, Pa. [sep14;1y

SAMUEL C HANNEN, Druggist. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Water st., Rochester. sep14;1y

DR. S. WINANS, Electrical Physician; Chronic Diseases made a specialty. Office, corner of Diamond and Bridge sts., Rochester. [sep14;1y

SPEYERER & SONS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Grain, Iron & Nails. Cor. Water & James sts.

G. FREDERICK, Baker and Confectioner.—Wedding Cakes and Ice Cream furnished to order. On Diamond, Rochester. (sep14;1y

FOR SALE by A. SILVERMAN, Headquarters for Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery and Fancy Goods generally. Rochester, Pa. (sep14;1y

M. MILLER & CO., Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Shutters &c. Dealers in Lumber Lath &c. Rochester. [sep21;1y

SCOTT, BOYLE & WILLIAMS, Successors to C. Lukens & Co., Dealers in Sawed and Planed Lumber, Lath & Shingles, Rochester. sep28;1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN THORNILEY, Manufacturer of the Great Republic Cooking Stove, and Patentee of Portable extension top and centre. Fallston, Pa.

ALBERT RUSSELL, Stoneware Manufacturer. Orders promptly attended to. Vanport, Pa. Post office address—Beaver, Pa. [sep14;1y

HAVING Permanently located in the village of Zelienople, Pa., for the purpose of practicing Medicine, I respectfully tender my professional services to the citizens of said village and vicinity. Office in residence, opposite Eagle Hotel, where I shall always be found, unless professionally engaged. All calls will receive immediate and prompt attention. A. V. CUNNINGHAM, M. D. sept21;1y]

J. H. McCREERY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Third Street, Beaver, Pa.
Office below the Court House, Beaver, Pa. je22tf

BANKING-HOUSE.
THOMAS M'CREERY & CO.

THOS. M'CREERY, *Cashier.*
J. F. DRAVO, J. B. ANGIEL,
J. H. M'CREERY.

Interest paid on time deposits; Prompt attention given to collections. Also, Insurance Agents for good and reliable Companies. [may18tf

DR. JOHN C. LEVIS, Surgeon & Physician —Office, during the day, at Dunlap's Corner; at night at my residence on Water street, Bridgewater, Pa. Will practice Surgery and Medicine. [mar9;1y;ch'd apr27

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at law, Beaver, Pa. Office and residence on Third St. west of the Court House. All law business entrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention. Also persons having *Real Estate for Sale*, and those wishing to buy town property, coal or farm lands, may save time and money by calling at my office. apr?;1y

J. S. McNUTT, M. D., Having permanently located in Beaver, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of Beaver and surrounding country. Special attention given to the treatment of female diseases. Surgery performed with a skillful hand. Office on Third street, two doors west of the Court House. ;6m

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

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

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly atteded to.

E. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square.

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

HOUSE AND LOT OF GROUND FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale a lot of ground adjoining the village of Black Hawk, Beaver Co., Pa., containing five acres, on which is erected a two frame building containing 4 rooms. There is a never failing spring of water on the premises; also, a number of fruit trees.
sep7;tf N. J. McCORMICK.

J. LINNENBRINK,
Dealer in Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, Periodicals and Stationery.
Watches and Jewelry repaired. Agent for the "WEED" Sewing Machine, Rochester Pa. ly13;6m

Miscellaneous.

S. & J. Snellenburg, Merchant Tailors and Clothiers, Broadway, New Brighton.

Sept. 14, 1870—1y.

REMOVAL.

Thomas Allison,

HAVING REMOVED HIS STORE
TO BEAVER, Pa.,
In the Rooms formerly occupied by Orr & Cooper, where he now has and intends keeping

A General Stock of MERCHANDISE

Having received from the East, within a few days past, a fine selection of

DRY - GOODS,
OF THE
Latest Spring Styles,
CONSISTING IN PART OF

ALPACA,	POPLINS,
De LAINS,	PRINTS,
CHECKS,	GINGHAMS,
CLOTHS,	CASSIMERES,
JEANS,	TWEEDS,
DINIMS,	COTTONADES,
CRASH,	FLANNELS,
BOOTS & SHOES,	HOSIERY, &c., &c,
SHOVELS,	HARDWARE,
RAKES,	SPADES,
TUBS, BUCKETS, QUEENSWARE, &c.	HOES,

To the above articles he has added a choice selection of

GROCERIES:

COFFEES,	TEAS,
WHITE & BROWN SUGARS,	SYRUPS,
MOLASSES,	SPICES.
TOBACCO,	SOAPS, &c.

All the above articles will be sold low for cash, or exchanged for country produce. Call and examine his stock and prices. THOMAS ALLISON.
apr20 '70:1y

ICE CREAM SALOON AND CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.

The undersigned having bought out the Ice Cream Saloon and Confectionery establishment of J. C. Hays, near the Post office, in Rochester, Pa., would respectfully inform the public that he will

Keep the best quality of Ice Cream

during the Summer, and respectfully urges those in want of that article to give him an early call.

His Confectionery department is well stocked; and parties, weddings, &c., will be supplied with everything needed on short notice and in the best of style.

Families furnished with fresh bread as often as desired. GEORGE FREDERICK.
may11:1y

Brighton Paper Mills,
BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.

PRINTING,
MANNILLA,
ROOFING, BAILING,
Hardware, Glass, Straw.
RAG AND CARPET
PAPERS,
MANUFACTURED
AND SOLD AT
Wholesale & Retail by
Frazier, Metzger & Co.,
82 Third Avenue,
PITTSBURGH.
Rags taken in exchange. [sep

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.
On and after June 12th, 1870, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.55 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Pittsburgh	1215AM	255PM	645AM	1030AM
Rochester	....	358	800	1126
Salem	248	550	1021	127PM
Alliance	315	620	1055	200
Canton	355	724	1215PM	257
Massillon	411	744	1240	315
Orrville	439	818	125	350
Wooster	500	845	201	420
Mansfield	615	1020	403	558
Crestline A	640	1050	440	630
Crestline D	700	1105	600AM	650
Bucyrus	720	1129	628	733
Upper Sandusky	746	1159	705	815
Forest	...	1228AM	737	852
Lima	856	130	905	1020
Van Wert	....	230	1012	1128
Fort Wayne	1035	310	1135	1240AM
Columbia	....	419	1232PM	129
Warsaw	....	505	130	215
Plymouth	1235PM	625	250	308
Valparaiso	....	733	430	455
Chicago	320	920	630	690

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S.	EXP'S.	MAIL.	EXP'S
Chicago	1120AM	920PM	600AM	535PM
Valparaiso	....	1142	807	715
Plymouth	150PM	150AM	950	905
Warsaw	....	310	1053	951
Columbia	....	419	1153	1030
Fort Wayne	315	515	1240PM	1110
Van Wert	....	658	212	1225AM
Lima	440	805	315	130
Forest	....	937	437	242
Upper Sandusky	548	1005	503	310
Bucyrus	615	1045	550	352
Crestline A	640	1115	620	420
Crestline D	655	1205PM	600AM	430
Mansfield	718	1234	642	500
Wooster	823	201	825	623
Orrville	842	227	857	645
Massillon	906	258	935	717
Canton	929	313	957	735
Alliance	960	350	1045	820
Salem	1018	423	1140	908
Rochester	....	602	205PM	1059
Pittsburgh	1230	705	315	1155

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2:35 p. m; New Castle, 3:15 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5:50 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:15 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 9:50 a. m. Youngstwn, 10:40, a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6:30 a. m; New Castle, 7:20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 3:30 p. m; arrives New Castle, 6:20 p.m; Youngstown, 7:05 p. m.
F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.
On and after May 29th 1870, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Cleveland	815AM	1230PM	345PM
Euclid Street	826	1241	356
Hudson	930	135	457
Ravenna	1004	205	529
Alliance	1100	244	620
Bayard	1132	310	
Wellsville	105PM	427	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM
Wellsville	855AM	450PM	
Bayard	1025	608	
Alliance	1115	655	725AM
Ravenna	1203PM	740	815
Hudson	1237	812	855
Euclid Street	141	908	956
Cleveland	155	920	1010

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	EXP'S	*	MAIL.	ACCOM
Bellair	545AM	725AM	200PM	605PM
Bridgeport	555	815	210	615
Steubenville	700	1100	316	730
Wellsville	815	125PM	445	
Smith's Ferry	840	146	508	
Beaver				
Rochester	925	230	550	
Pittsburgh	1035	325	655	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXP'S.	ACCOM	ACCOM
Pittsburgh	625AM	345PM	430PM	
Rochester	735	350	530	
Beaver				
Smith's Ferry	817	420	621	
Wellsville	830	505	655	
Steubenville	950	605		705AM
Bridgeport	1100	710		815
Bellair	1110	720		830

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

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.
Leaves — Arrives
N. Philadelphia, 640 a. m. | Bayard, 945, a.m.
Bayard, 11.50a.m. | N. Philadelphia, 240pm
F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.

Miscellaneous.

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

Blank Commitments for sale at the ARGUS office.

J. J. Hortter, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Fruits, Meats, &c.

Corner Falls and Broadway, New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa. Terms cash. sep.14'70;1y.

Gold & Silver Watches.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY ONE!

Look at Price Lists.

AMERICAN WATCHES:

Waltham, ... $17 00
Elgin, ... 24 00
United States, ... 24 00
Howard, ... 65 00

All the above are in Coin Silver Cases, and are good and reliable time-keepers.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES:

Detached Lever, ... $22 00
Detached Lever (Extra), ... 26 00
Geneva (Enameled), ... 30 00
Geneva (Best), ... 36 00

These all have Solid Gold Cases, and are full jewelled movements; and, as hundreds can testify, are a splendid time-piece.

GENTS' SILVER WATCHES:

Detached Lever (Gold joints), ... $17 00
Detached Lever (Fine), ... 15 00
Detached Lever (Medium), ... 13 00
Geneva Lepine, ... 11 00

Special inducements are offered in these Watches, which are pure Silver, and perfectly reliable for time.

I will send, [C. O. D.] by Express, any of the above Watches, with *Guard* and *Key*, and written garantee. My dealings are fair and honorable, and will be found satisfactory to all. Send along your orders at once, and save by the C. O. D. plan from 20 to 60 per cent. Address

E. P. ROBERTS,
Successor to J. M. ROBERTS,
No. 16 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Oct5:3m

Dry Goods.

B. S. RANGER,
Bridge Street,
BRIDGEWATER, PA.

IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

DRY GOODS.

Steubenville Jeans,
Cassimeres and Sattinets,
White Woollen blankets,
White and Colored and
Barred Flannels,
Merinos,
Delaines,
Plaids,
Ginghams,
Cobergs,
Lawns,
Water Proofs,
Chinchilla.
Cloths,
Woollen Shawls

Brown and Black Muslins,
Drillings, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton
Flannels,
Joconets,
Table Linen,
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes.
Hosiery,
Gloves
& Mits.

Groceries,

Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in barrels and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat. Also, SALT.

Hardware, Nails, Glass,

Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Boxes, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass, Spades, Shovels, 2, 3, and 4 Tine Forks, Rakes, Scythes and Snaths, Corn and Garden Hoes.

WOODENWARE.

Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Butter Prints and Ladles

CARBON OIL,

Linseed Oil & White Lead.

Boots and Shoes

LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES, in great variety.

Rifle Powder and Shot,

Blasting Powder and Fuse.

Flour Feed & Queensware.

All heavy goods delivered free of charge.

By close attention to business, and by keeping constantly on hand a well assorted stock of goods of all the different kinds usually kept in a country store, the undersigned hopes in the future as in the past to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

B. S. RANGER.
dec23'68:1y.—jy7chgd.

Iron City College!

The Most Complete Business College in the United States.

Affording facilities for acquiring a thorough practical business education, possessed by no other School in the country.

Since its incorporation in 1855, nearly Sixteen Thousand Students, representatives from every State in the Union, have attended here.

No vacations. Students enter at any time, and receive private instruction throughout the entire course.

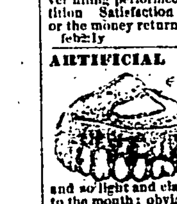
N. B.—Circulars with full particulars and all necessary information, on addressing
SMITH & COWLEY, Principals,
PITTSBURGH, Pa.
jan19:1y.

Professors BUCHANAN & DOWS of the American University, are making wonderful cures of Cancers, Tumours and Ulcers by their new discovery. A painless treatment, no knife, no plasters, no caustic burning. The most remarkable effect of this treatment is, it separates the chemical elements of cancerous growths, so that they shrivel, die and disappear and will not return. All those afflicted can call on the Professors Buchanan & Dows, University; or address, No. 514 Pine Street, Philada.

TUMOURS. CANCERS. ULCERS.

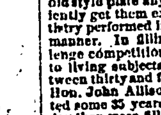
apr17;1y

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.
feb2:1y

ARTIFICIAL TEETH PERFECTED!—T. J. & H. J. CHANDLER have purchased the exclusive right of Beaver county to use Dr. Stuck's Patent by which they can put up Vulcanite as thin as Gold Plate, with a beautiful enameled polish;



and so light and elastic as to perfectly adapt itself to the mouth; obviating all that clumsy and bulky condition, so much complained of heretofore; and lessening their liability to break 100 per cent. Indeed, no one seeing it would be willing to wear the old style plate any longer than they could conveniently get them exchanged. All branches of Dentistry performed in the best and most substantial manner. In filling teeth with gold, etc., we challenge competition from any quarter, and can refer to living subjects whose fillings have stood between thirty and forty years. Among the number Hon. John Allison will exhibit fillings we inserted some 35 years ago; the teeth as perfect as the day they were filled. Laughing Gas prepared on a new plan, freeing it from all unpleasant and dangerous effects, making the extraction of teeth a source of pleasure rather than of horror and pain. Prices as low as any good dentist in the State. Office at Beaver Station, Rochester Pa.
nov3:tf] T. J. & H. J CHANDLER.

LOOK HERE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear, which he offers at very moderate rates.

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

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE STONE VAULT.

I have been with Morris & Grinby thirty-five years, come the first of next month. I was forty when I came here, and so I have a habit of being exact about dates; I am now within a few weeks of seventy-five. But as for being old, bless you, I'm younger than the youngest clerk, Tom Codgers, who, what with late suppers and hard drinking, has a hand that shakes like those old ledger leaves blowing in the wind by the open window yonder.

Cold water, early hours and temperance in all things keep a man hale his life through. If you don't believe that, look at me; I'm an example, sir. Yes, I have seen changes here. The firm was "Morris, Grinby & Bloom" when I came, though young Bloom died three months after, and young Grinby was taken into partnership. We had a fire there, too, and the offices have been rebuilt on a different plan. Ah, yes! changes enough, sad and pleasant; but the strangest and saddest of all was what happened to poor Ben Wade.

Ah, dear me! It did seem hard, very hard, looking at it with human eyes, and forgetting, as we are apt to that God does everything for the best.

Perhaps you don't know how this house is built. It's an old place, although the front and offices are new, and those great balustrades were only put up last year. Down below you can judge how very old it is. Such a cellar, sir—such massive walls, and all paved with stone; and below the cellar a small stone vault, which Codgers, who laughs at serious things, says the old firm built to be buried in. My own opinion is, it was intended to conceal valuables, for it has a grate and plated door and three locks, each fastened with a different key—that is, if they were ever fastened at all. The vault was disused long before my time. Well, sir, I hadn't been here six months, when one day or rather one evening, for it was nearly six—merchants kept late hours in those days—I had occasion to go down into the cellar before going home, to give directions to the porter about some bales to be sent up in the early morning next day.

Mike and I were up at the north end of the cellar, where the bales were, and I was giving him my orders, when at my elbow, as it seemed, I heard an odd sound—a kind of wheezing cough, smothered in a moment.

I looked around, there was nobody there—not a soul; and I thought how our ears deceived us; to be sure, and went on talking. But, I give you my word I hadn't spoken three words when there was that sound again. It quite startled me.

"Mike," said I, "did you cough?"

"No, sir," said Mike, "I thought your honor did."

"It must be imagination, or come from the office overhead," I said; but just then ough—ough.—We both heard it.

"It's no good yer honor," said Mike.

"There's some one hiding in the cellar," said I.

So, with Mike's lantern, we went over the great stone-paved place, looking behind boxes and bales, and under the steps, and up to the vault slide. But not a soul did we see, until, passing the door of the vault, we heard it, this time very faint and strange, and called out to Mike:

"Whoever it is, is hiding in the vault."

And with that we both turned forward, and bolted into Mr. Grinby's office together. The old gentleman, Grinby senior. He don't come to the office once a year now, for he's past ninety. Old Mr. Grinby was just locking his desk and buttoning his overcoat. He stared at us through his glasses and ejaculated:

"Bless me, Humphries, is the house on fire?"

"No, sir," said I, "but, there is some one hidden in the stone vault."

"Bah!" said Mr. Grinby, "I thought you had more sense, Mr. Humphries, no one could exist ten minutes in that stone vault. It is next thing to air-tight."

"It's my belief, sir, that whoever it is, may be choking to death, sir," I said; "but there is some one there, Mike heard a cough as well as I."

"Very well," said Mr. Grinby, "call the nearest constable, Mike, and —Mr. Morris, are you in your office, sir? Perhaps you'll come down with us and assist in the capture of a burglar Mr. Humphries has discovered in the airtight stone vault below the cellar."

He was very satirical; so was Mr. Morris. But we all went down together, the constable with us, and stopped before the stone vault. The door was shut so tight that it took all Mike's strength to force it open; and Mr. Grinby, looking straight before him, shouted;

"Ha, ha, nobody, as I told you."

But the next minute he saw what the rest of us had already seen, a bundle of rags in one corner of the vault, down on the floor. And amidst the rags was a white face and a thin hand, and a bare, bruised and bleeding foot. And we dragged out into such air as there was in the cellar a miserable wretch of a little boy who seemed quite dead.

Up in the office, however, we bro't him to life, and got the story from him. He lived, it seems, amongst thieves, and they had planned to rob us that night, and he poor little midge, had slipped in somehow, and hidden in the cellar, to open the door for them, never thinking any one would come there that night.

But when Mike and I went down he took to the vault and there would have smothered but for my hearing him. I don't care to tell you how we kept him and filled the place with constables, who, when the burglars came, pounced upon them and took them into custody. You can guess all that. It is the boy I have to tell you about—poor Ben Wade. It came out during the investigation consequent upon the arrest that the poor child was kept amongst the thieves by force, and that they used him cruelly. A ruffian of the gang had once broken his leg in a drunken fury and he limped yet from the injury. He was such a pale, worn, miserable thing, that every one felt merciful to him, and it was decided to pardon him and send him to the poor house.

But that very morning Grinby, junior—a young man—came into the office where his father sat and put his hand upon his arm.

"Father," says he, "I want to ask you a favor. I want my own way in one thing."

"Well," says the old gentleman, "let me hear it."

"I want to make Ben Wade into this house an errand boy," said young Mr. Grinby.

"Hey?" says the old gentleman, "what, a young housebreaker as errand boy. Bless my soul!"

"Father," said young Grinby, "the boy is naturally a good boy. I like him, I want to save him. Perhaps, if I had not good a father to guide me and to care for me, I might have been worse than he. I don't ask you to trust him, sir. I only ask leave to trust him myself. I am sure he will prove deserving of confidence."

Old Mr. Grinby then took out his snuff box, and looked at Mr. Morris.

"I've noted the lad's eye; it's a good one," said Mr. Morris.

"It's a risk," said Mr. Grinby, "but we'll consider."

And I suppose the result was what young Grinby wanted, for little Ben Wade came to us the next Monday.

Now he was clean and whole, he did not look so bad, and good food and no abuse made a difference in him in a week.

In a month or so people stopped predicting that young Grinby would repent some day; and in a year I do not think there was one in the office who didn't love that boy. So grateful, and so trustworthy, and so ready to do every thing for every one. Young Mr. Grinby had him taught, and well taught, too. The lightning calculator might beat him, but I doubt it; and I never knew that lad to forget to dot his i's or cross his t's, in all my acquaintance with him after he had learned to write at all.

At twenty he was one of the best clerks in our establishment, besides being as fine a looking young fellow as one would wish to see. On the whole I did not wonder that Miss Lucy Evans took a fancy to him—a sister, sir, of one of the young fellows at our place, and a girl who looked like a queen, and was as good as she was handsome.

I used to meet them walking on the battery where lovers used to walk in those days. He was so fond and proud of her, and she had such a tender way of looking at him, that they made my old heart young again, as I often told Mrs. Humphreys, to whom I always confide everything. And how he reverenced her; why a ribbon, or a faded flower, that she had worn, were cherished by him as a miser cherishes his gold.

At last he told me, in confidence—for her name was sacred and not to be spoken before every one—that they were to be married.

"And when I look back, sir," said he, "and remember the miserable years of my wretched childhood and think how friendless and forlorn I was, and how there was nothing before me but a prison or the gallows, and think that now I have everything to make man's life blessed—the power to win a respectable livelihood, the respect of honest men, and the love of such a girl as Lucy—I can never be too grateful to the kind friend who saved me from a life I dare not contemplate. God bless Mr. Grinby!" said he, lifting his hat reverently as he might in church, and there was a prayer in his dark eyes as he looked upward.

Those were the last words I ever heard him speak, except "Good night." Ah, dear me, it should have been good bye. Ten minutes after I went one way and he the other. I took my way home, and he, as it seemed afterwards, walked just two blocks and then came back here. At twelve o'clock that night I awoke Mrs. Humphries.

"My dear," said I, "I must have had the nightmare or something."

"Goodness," said she, "it seems so. Your hands are like ice. What gave it to you, love? The lobster, I'll be bound."

"Perhaps," said I. "I admit I ate a late hearty supper. And nothing else could make me fancy young Wade at my bedside, white as a ghost, with both hands on my breast."

"Ah, but the nightmare is always black, not white," said my wife. And then she went to a little cupboard and brought me a glass of wine. After that I went to sleep again.

I did not rise early, and was quite behind my usual time. But when I reached our place I found it in great commotion. Clerks running thither and thither, and heads of the firm standing about in the most unbusi[illegible]bles on the premises.

"What is the matter, sir?" I said, addressing Mr. Grinby.

"Matter enough," said he; "we've been very heavily robbed."

"I fancied that couldn't happen here," said I. "I really believe it would be impossible for burglars to break into Morris, Grinby & Son's sir."

"Ah," said he, "they did not break in. The door has been quietly opened from the inside."

"And I believe—," began Mr. Morris.

"Sir," cried young Mr. Grinby, out of breath, "I beg as a gentleman, as a man of principle, you will not give utterance to your unfounded suspicion—totally unfounded and unworthy of you."

"Prove them so, sir," said Mr. Morris, coolly, "and I'll apologize."

I looked an inquiry.

"Don't ask explanation, I beg, Mr. Humphries," said Mr. Grinby. "Something has been said, which the speaker will regret. Ah, there comes my messenger."

And in ran one of our boys.

"Well, Tom?" said Mr. Grinby.

"Mr. Wade ain't been home all night, sir, said Tom.

"I told you so, said Mr. Morris.

"And I tell you even yet I will not hear my dear friend's—yes, my very dear friend's—character aspersed," said young Grinby. "Humphries, I know you love Ben Wade, as I do. Fancy imagining him connected with this robbery. As well suspect my father, myself, or you."

"He's missing," said Mr. Morris, shutting the office door upon us three. "He was seen to return late in the evening. He was one of a band of house-breakers when we took him in, and many declare the character to be formed at six years old. He was nine. I believe he has been won back to his old ways."

"You will not express your belief to others," said Mr. Grinby.

"Not as yet, most certainly," said Mr. Morris.

"Well, sir, that was a bitter day to me—a bitter day. We could learn nothing of young Wade after eight o'clock on the previous night. Then several had seen him. He had taken tea at a little coffee house, as he sometimes did when he did not intend to return home until quite late, and said to some one there, "I must go back to the office, I have forgotten something."

Half an hour afterwards Mike, the porter, had passed into the street, and young Wade had said:

"What's the time, Mike?"

The porter told him,

"I shall be too late," he said. "I have an engagement, and must go back to our place for a parcel I've forgotten."

An apple woman on the corner had seen him enter. He often bought fruit from her for lunch and she knew him well by sight.

There the news ended, until Mike, going in to light the fires, found the place a scene of confusion—desks and safes rifled, papers strewn about, and every mark of systematic burglary.

Later in the day, Lucy Evans came down. Her brother had sent her word of what had occurred. She believed some terrible accident had happened to Ben, and begged the firm to spare no efforts to discover him. She was almost distracted, and who can wonder. They had been going together, it seemed, to see some play the night before, and she had been sufficiently alarmed by his failing to keep the appointment to be in a measure prepared for worse. She knew he intended to bring her a book. He had spoken of it. That must have been the parcel he went back for. Of course she never doubted him, and no one dared to hint at what had been whispered in her presence.

For weeks, sir, the authorities were at work. Immense rewards were offered for the burglars, and for the recovery, alive or dead, of young Benjamin Wade, but with the least effect.

We were notified of every body [illegible] and we every one knew [illegible] for months, and at last there were few who did not laugh at poor Ben's friends for their credulity.

It seemed plain to them—and may heaven not judge them as they judged them brother—Ben Wade was guilty.

Poor Lucy never looked up. It was easy enough to see that her heart was broken, and in a year she died; just a week too soon to hear what I shall tell you.

One morning I was very busy at my desk in the office when a gentleman came in and asked for either Mr. Morris or Mr. Grinby. Old Mr. Grinby was at home with the gout, but Mr. Morris and the young gentleman were in. I saw the gentleman was a clergyman, and fancied he had called to solicit subscription for some new church. But his first words made me start. They were these:

"You remember, of course, a burglary committed here a year ago, or more."

I could not keep my seat then, but went forward, trembling like a leaf.

Young Mr. Grinby had turned quite faint, and was leaning against the wall for support.

"You are agitated," said the clergyman. "I fear you will be still more affected by what you must soon hear. A person now in custody, condemned to execution, has a confession to make to you in regard to that affair—a very horrible one, I fear."

He took a card from his pocket, and wrote a few lines.

"If you will call at the prison any time to-day you will not be too late. It is Friday, and he is to suffer execution at dawn. Present this, if you please, and I implore you, ask no questions now."

Before they could say much, he was gone—afraid, I think, to be the first to tell the story; and our gentleman called a cab, and took me with them at my request. They seemed to expect us at the prison, and we were admitted. But in the narrow corridor Morris stopped us.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must nerve yourselves. Have you reflected that you may see Benjamin Wade when yonder door is opened?"

Young Grinby put his hand upon his heart, and seemed turning faint again. It was the first time the thought had entered my mind, and it was a blow. It staggered me.

The next minute the turnkey flung the door wide open, and we were in the cell. On the floor lay a man—a broad shouldered fellow, in rough garments—who seemed to have cast himself down in grief or terror. It was not Ben Wade. At first I thought I had never seen the face he lifted as he arose. In a moment it came to me.

It was the leader of the gang who had been arrested for that old attempt at robbery, when we had found little Ben in the stone vault.

"You've come, have you," said he, sitting down on the stone seat, "and I see you know me. They've caught me again, and it's murder this time, and I have got to swing. If it wasn't for that no person 'ud have got this out of me. But I've promised, and I always keep my word, I do. You remember a young man called Ben Wade?"

"What of him?" we cried, in a breath.

"Not much—he didn't rob your place, that's all. We done it—Dick Burch and Slippery Tom and me—Tell you how it was. You know that boy informed on us, and we was locked up for hard labor for more years than most men live. I didn't stay, though; I cut off, and came home. And the first thing I did was to vow vengeance on that boy. Why, there he was, a gay young buck, in fine togs, with the handling of money, and thought of, and trusted, just for having done for us. Proud, too; wouldn't speak to us in the street. Threatened to give information if he ever saw one of us prowling about. I heard it all. I swore I'd fix him, and it seemed to come to me.

"One night I was agoin' to Slapper's shades to have a drink. Burch was with me; and in a quiet sort of street we came up to Ben, in a mighty hurry.

"I'd have knocked him on the head, but Burch stopped me.

"'See what he's up to,' said he. And we followed. He went down to your place, and went in. He left the door ajar, and we made the best of it. He was coming out, with a book or something in his hand, and we met him.—He was plucky, I tell you. One of us wouldn't have got off so easy, but we went two to one. We gagged and tied him, and made a clean sweep of the place that night.

"And Ben—my God, did Ben think we would not believe him?" cried Mr. Grinby. "He had but to come to us—to tell the truth. Where is he? 'Do you know? Speak!'"

The robber was turning the hue of ashes. His words came slowly. His eye glanced over his shoulder and he backed up against the wall.

"We locked him up in a stone vault," he said, "and took the keys with us. If you look you'll find him there."

And Mr. Grinby fainted outright in my arms.

Well, sir, the robber's words were true. The stone vault was opened that day, and there—no matter. It was easier to know the ring he wore, and the keys and the purse in his pocket than poor Ben Wade.

The first thing Mr. Humphries said, was: "Thank Heaven, Lucy cannot know it." And the next he sobbed—"Oh but the certainty would have been better for her, after all. And then to know his name was clear."

And so that is the story of our stone vault; and strange as it is, it is quite true. You may see his grave close beside Lucy's any day. And Mrs. Humphries—she's a romantic woman, sir—says she thinks the violets and roses grow there of their own accord, under the white monument.

Was it a Miracle?

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: For thirty years Miller, of Bristol, has lived by faith. If he wants money, lands, food, clothes or health, he goes and asks for it, and gets it. A few men in this country have tried that system with various shades of success. Fulton street presents some remarkable instances of direct answer to prayer, if you can believe human testimony. A case occurred here a short time since, and I send you the facts just as they occurred. The parties are well known, and the facts can be confirmed to the satisfaction of any one. Ministers out of employment drift to New York, partly to get away from the scenes of their former triumph, partly to find employment outside of the profession without being meddled with. As Stewart's store is said to be a hospital for decay merchants, because so many bankrupt traders are employed in that house, Brooklyn may be regarded as the rendezvous of pastors without a parish. One of this number has been doing a little business, sometimes up and sometimes down. One Saturday he found himself almost completely cleaned out. His purse was without a penny, his larder empty, his credit exhausted. On his way home he went into a store and asked for a bill of goods on credit until the next week. The storekeeper blandly but firmly refused. The poor fellow went to his home, sadly enough. There was nothing to eat in the house. He called his wife and children together, told them he was penniless and without food, and said: "My dear children there is no help from man, let us go to God." The little household knelt in prayer, and went supperless to bed. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, the family were aroused by a loud knocking at the door. The husband went down, and found a gentleman waiting to see him. He was a well known merchant of the city, and knew nothing of the distress of the family, or that the household was in want. Addressing himself to the occupant of the house, he said: "You may be surprised to see me here at this time of night. I undertook to go to bed, but I could not sleep. I felt impressed that it was my duty to come here. I tried to shake it off, but I could not, and I am here to see if your family want anything." The man told his story from the fullness of his heart. His friend left with him a sum of money, and promised to see the family early on Monday morning. Late as it was, the relieved gentleman went out for his Sabbath supply, and spent the night in thanksgiving. He believes in direct answer to prayer.

Legends Relating to the Apple.

M. D. Conway, in *Harper's Magazine*, says: Of all fruits the apple seems to have had the earliest, widest and most mystical history. In Greece the name of the hardy fruit, which, having appeared on the earth about the same time as man, has followed him in his migrations around the globe, became the name for sheep, and all manner of wealth, as in Rome the flock, pecus became pecunia, or money. Theophrastus enumerates it as among the more civilized fruits (urbaniores). Tacitus says that it was the favorite fruit of the ancient Germans, and a shriveled apple is among the recoveries from the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. The myths concerning it meets us in every age and county. Aprodite bears it in her hand as well as Eve. The serpent guards it the dragon watches it. It is celebrated by Solomon; it is the healing fruit of Arabian tales. Ulysses longs for it in the gardens of Alcinous: Tantalus grasps vainly for it in Hades. In the prose Edda it is written, "Iduna keeps in a box of apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching have only to taste, to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarok"—the general destruction. Azrael, the angel of death, accomplished his mission by holding it to the nostril; and in the northern Folklore "Snowdrop" is tempted to her death by an apple, half of which a crone has poisoned, but recovers life when the apple falls from her lips. The golden bird seeks the golden apples of the king's garden in many a Norse story; and when the tree bears no more, "Frau Bertha" reveals to her favorite that it is because a mouse gnaws at the tree's root. Indeed the kind another goddess is sometimes personified as an apple tree. But oftener the apple is the tempter in northern mythology also; and sometimes makes the nose grow so that the sacred pear alone can bring it again to moderate size.

A Polish legend, given by Mannhardt, says: There is a glass mountain, on the top of which stands a golden castle, before which is a tree of golden apples. In the castle lives an enchanted daughter of a mountain; but the youth [illegible] which has fastened the claws of the lynx to his hands and feet is successful. With the golden apple he claims a dragon which he finds at the entrance, and finally, having broken the spell that bound the princess, he must remain with her and not return to the lower earth. In the goddess of Holla's garden the favorite fruits are the apple and the pear—the latter of which fruits retained its sanctity in France long after the introduction there of Christianity.

A Hanoverian legend says that a girl was asked by the dwarfs to be god-mother to one of their children. On the day fixed she was led down a beautiful staircase, which was under an apple-tree in a court, to a superb garden, whose trees were laden with fruits. She was repaid for coming by an apronful of apples, which, when she returned to the earth's surface, were found to be of solid gold.

These golden apples are often met with in the northern mythology. In some legends it is related that such may be taken from a tree growing over a fountain of holy water with a rejuvenating power—all of these myths being traceble to the free and fountain of Urd, one of the Nornir. In the Edda, Skirnir offers eleven golden apples and the ring of Draupnir, (from which, on every ninth night, eight equally heavy rings drop) to Gerda, if she will return Freyr's love.

A Large Herd of Camels.

The Virginia City *Enterprise* of September 8th says: On a ranch on the Carson river, eight miles below the mouth of Six mile Canyon, and about seventeen miles east of the city, is to be seen a herd of twenty-six camels, all but two of which were born and raised in this State. But two of the old herd of nine or ten brought here some years ago are now living. It would seem that the original lot fell into the hands of Mexicans, who treated them very badly, overloading and abusing them. The men who now have them are Frenchmen, and men, it seems, who had formerly some experience with camels in Europe. They find no difficulty in rearing them, and can now show twenty-four fine healthy animals, all of Washoe growth. The camel may now be said to be thoroughly acclimated in this State. The owners of the herd find it no more difficult to breed and rear them than would be experienced with the same number of goats or donkeys. The ranch upon which they are kept is sandy and sterile in the extreme, yet the animals feast and grow fat on such prickly shrubs and bitter weeds that no other animal would touch. When left to themselves with the course herbage of the desert, they lie and roll in the hot sand. They are used in packing salt to the mills on the river from the marshes lying in the desert some sixty miles to the eastward. They have animals that easily pack 1,100 pounds.

—What is a home without a mother?" as the young girl said when she sent the old lady to chop wood.

—A little girl in school being asked what a cataract or waterfall was, replied that it was hair flowing over something, she didn't know what.

—The answer lately given in a French court by a prisoner accused of almost cutting his wife to pieces, was, with a smile, "Well, Monsieur le President, you know evey one has his little failing."

—A Prussian Uhlan, a single man, galloped into the fortified city of Vitry le Francois, rode to the market-place, and there exclaimed in a loud voice: "I am a Prussian, and I take possession of this town in the name of the King of Prussia." So saying, he wheeled his horse and dashed off again before the amazed inhabitants had recovered from their astonishment.

THE BEAVER ARGUS

Is published every Wednesday in the old Argus building on Third Street, Beaver, Pa., at $2 per year in advance.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To insure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author.

Letters and communications should be addressed to J. WEYAND, Beaver, Pa.

Moral Suasion.

We take the following from *Punchinello*: "A friend of mine, an eminent New York philanthropist, relates the following interview with a condemned criminal. The crime for which this wretched man was hung, is still fresh in our memories. One morning at breakfast his tripe didn't suit him, and he immediately brained his wife and children and set the house on fire, varying the monotony of the scene by pitching his mother-in-law down the well, having previously—with great consideration,—touched her heart with a cheese-knife. I will now quote my friend's own words:—

"He was pronounced a hard case, manifesting no sorrow for his act and utterly indifferent to his approaching doom. A score of good people had visited him with the kindest intentions, but without making the smallest impression upon him.

"Without boasting, I wish to say that I knew I could touch this man's heart. I saw a play once in which the most bloodthirsty and brutal ruffian that ever existed was melted to tears at the mention of his mother's name, and childhood's happy hours, and everybody knows that what happens on the stage happens just the same in real life.

"I naturally congratulated myself on having seen this play for it gave me power to cope with this relentless disposition.

"He resists all attempts at conversation, however, in the most dogged manner, barely returning surly monosyllables to my anxious wishes for his well being. At last, laying my hand on his shoulder, and throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said:—

"'My friend, it was not always thus with you. There was a time, when you sat upon your mother's knee, and gathered butter-caps and daises?'

"Ah! I had touched the right chord at last. His brow contracted, and his lips twitched convulsively.

"'And when that mother put you in your little bed,' I continued, 'she kissed you, and hoped you would grow up a—'

"'You lie,' said he, 'she didn't.—The old woman was six feet under ground afore I could chaw. Now, look a here, you're the fourth chap that's tried the "mother" dodge on me. Why don't you fellers,' he added with a malicious grin, 'go back on the "mother" business, and give the "old man" a chance just for a change?'

"After the above scurvy treatment I was naturally anxious to witness the man's funeral, which I understood was to be a gorgeous affair, six respectably attired females having been sworn in to kiss the body, amid the hysteric weeps of three more in the back ground."

THE CANAL.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company Purchase the Canal From Erie to the Ohio—What Will It Do With It?

[From the Erie Dispatch, 1st.]

It is now certain that the Pennsylvania Central Railway Company has bought the canal from this city to the Ohio river, and also obtained control of a large dock property here for a long term of years. As yet, no intimation is given of the intentions of the corporation in respect to the maintenance or the repair of the property. Opinion in the city is divided as to what will be done. A few business men think it is the purpose of the company to abandon the property and force the transfer of its business to the Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad, of which the Pennsylvania Company have recently become the lessors. Others, and as we believe the majority, are sanguine that the canal will be repaired, improved and maintained, and that despite the monopoly of the carrying trade between Erie and the Ohio river, now secured to the Pennsylvania road, there will be no increase in rates of freight and no injury to the business of the city. The fact that the corporation has leased the canal wharves strengthens the opinion that the canal will be operated as heretofore. There is business enough for both lines, water and rail, and it is to be hoped that the new owners will give to boatmen along the canal assurance of their purpose to maintain and extend its business. The enlargement project may have been practical; but capitalists were never eager to invest in it. The men who climbed into office by its aid are really the only gainers by the long agitation the scheme has provided. To the traffic of the canal in its present shape, the agitation for enlargement has been well nigh fatal. Boats have not been built, and the capital formerly employed in the canal trade has been largely diverted to other enterprise. So whatever are the purposes of the Pennsylvania Company, it is to be hoped that they may soon be made public. If boatmen can be assured that the canal is to be repaired and operated without essential increase of tolls for a term of years that will justify the investment they are ready to build new boats, and thus give an upward turn to a declining trade.

SENG-KWO-FAN, Chinese official, appointed for the purpose, has made his report on the Tientsin-massacre, in which he says: "After careful investigation he has been unable to obtain any evidence against Christians, and that on inquiring of the children formerly in the schools, he found that they were all sent there by their parents. He also memorializes as to the incapacity of the local officers. And the Emperor, in a decree, has notified all the officials throughout the empire, that these struggles have sprung from rumors, which have been more or less prevalent during the last two years, and should now be stopped by vigorous measures wherever they obtain: The local officers are held over in prison to await the verdict of the Board of Punishment."

—"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosin takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

—A merchant recently forwarded a letter to a neighboring town, requesting the postmaster to deliver it "to any respectable attorney." After ten days it was returned with the significant indorsement—"None here."

—"I say, Jim, they tell me there's a man down east that is so industrious that he works twenty five hours a day." "How is that, Cuffy? There are only twenty four hours in a day." "Why, he gets up an hour before daylight, you stupid nigger."

—The largest button of silver ever produced in the silver districts of the United States was taken out of Georgetown, Col., by J. W. Watson, Superintendent of the Brown Silver Mining Company, weighing eleven hundred and forty-one pounds troy. This button was cupelled from thirty-three tons of ore, from Brown & Co.'s mine, which averaged five hundred and forty-five dollars and fifty cents currency, per ton. A smaller button, weighing four hundred pounds, produced by the Brown Company, is shipped with this, both to be on exhibition during the Colorado fair, to be held in Denver. The departure of these treasures was witnessed by hundreds.

—On Thursday last a drizzling rain, precursor to the equinoxial, set in,—rendering attendance on the Fair disagreeable.