SELECT MISCELLANY.

HOW HE WAS CURED.

BY AMY BERRY.

"Dear me! dear me! dear, dear me!" said Aunt Eunice Elsley, as she took off her spectacles and mournfully rubbed the glasses. "To think Harvey that you should ever come to this."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Jameson's only remark—brief, but wonderfully suggestive; while Harvey Elsley groaned mildly.

He was sitting in a cushioned arm-chair, his feet in a tidy, warm water, and his eyes fixed on a thermometer that hung on the wall close by, while his mouth, drawn decidedly down at the corners, and three parallel lines on his forehead indicated a temperament considerably below zero, if such an expression may be considered allowable.

"And you think you are going to die?" said Aunt Eunice sympathetically.

"I don't believe I can be mistaken in the symptoms," groaned Mr. Elsley.

"Symptoms, indeed!" broke in Mrs. Jameson—she was Harvey Elsley's widowed sister, and living with him for the double purpose of crossing him and contradicting him—"he ha'n't no more symptoms than other folks has."

"Harvey shook his head in the direction of his Aunt Eunice.

"Humph!" once again exclaimed Mrs. Jameson.

"And now, if I was you," added Aunt Eunice, "I'd try to sleep a little. Sleep's dreadful good for the nerves—and the room'll be very quiet while Matilda and I are lookin' after the dinner."

"I thinx," said Mr. Elsley, resignedly, "that I can't attempt sleep with my poor shattered constitution."

Mrs Jameson flounced out of the room; Aunt Eunice followed more soberly.

"Aunt I'm astonished at you!" Mrs. Jameson burst out. "When you know perfectly well it's all his own ridiculous notions."

"And I'm astonished at *you*, Matildy!" said the elder lady serenely. "I guess you've forgotten the days when you was a gal, and used to paddle on the bay."

"No I haven't!" said Mrs. Jameson wondringly. "Why?"

"Because I should think you'd remember how much easier 'tis to float with the tide than against it."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jameson, as if she but half comprehended, after all. But he is so trying."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Aunt Eunice. "I'm going to take him home with me."

"But Aunt Eunice you don't know him, he'll worry you to death."

"I guess not," said Aunt Eunice sagely.

"But you'll repent it, Aunt, see if you don't," said Mrs. Jameson.

"La, child!" said the spectacled philosophress. "Sickness ain't nothin' but a notion, half the time. Medicine cures it sometimes, and sometimes it's something else. I've a kind of fancy to try *my* hand at doctoring."

"I'm sure I've no objection," said Mrs. Jameson heartily.

"I don't know about going," said Mr. Harvey Elsley dubiously when the plan was broached to him. "I'm a poor traveler—always was—and I should hate dreadfully to die away from home."

"But you won't," said Aunt Eunice. "Playsdell is an awful wholesome place, and the change of air'll do you good."

"Is there a good medical man in Playsdell?"

"Two or three of 'em."

And Mr. Elsley allowed himself to be persuaded.

Dear Aunt Eunice! she showed herself to be a gem among nurses. So different, thought the gratified Harvey, from Matilda Jameson, who scoffed at his ailments, and made light of his groans. Did he ever complain of a headache, Aunt Eunice rained camphor and cologne over him, parboiled his feet in scalding water, and ransacked the whole pharmacopœia for prescriptions; did he get rheumatic, she plastered him from head to foot with mustard, cabbage leaves and hops; was he threatened with a trifle of indigestion, she kept him for twenty-four hours on Graham bread, cold tea and wheaten grits. In short, she humored him to the top of his bent; and at first Harvey Elsley regarded the whole place as a sort of an earthly paradise.

But it began to grow monotonous after a while. Aunt Eunice was too ready in her acquiescence, too eager in the application of her remedies. Harvey began to miss the tonic effect of Matilda Jameson's wholesome contradictions.

"I don't feel quite so well this morning, Aunt Eunice," he said one day.

"I knowed it," said Aunt Eunice, with a sympathetic groan. "Your poor eyes look as if they was boiled, and there's a dreadful greenish color in your complexion. Dear—dear—if you was to die!"

"But I don't feel as bad as all that," said Mr. Elsley, a little startled.

"I know," sighed Mrs. Elsley. "Your heart beats kind o' uneven, don't it? And the palms of your hands feel sweaty? Yes, yes, I just knowed it. That's just the way Hezekiah Morse was took, and he didn't live twenty-four hours."

"Pshaw!" said Harvey, but his voice was a little tremulous nevertheless. "*I'm* well enough."

"You think you be, and so did Hezekiah Morse! Ah dear, life is dreadful onsartin, and we can't none of us calculate!"

"I—I guess I'll go and take a little walk," observed the invalid.

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Eunice, sepulchrally. "Hezekiah Morse——"

But Harvey only too glad to escape from the name of the doomed Hezekiah, caught his hat off the table and bolted out of the room, leaving his Aunt's sentence half spoken.

"Here's Rachel Heath coming in the gate," said Aunt Eunice, her spectacles appearing like twin moons at the window. "Rachel, you'd better walk a little ways with my nephew. If he should drop down dead afore he comes back, it would be some consolation for you to be there to bring me the melancholy news."

Rachel, a blooming lass of eighteen peach-cheeked summers, looked rather timidly at her charge, although she accepted her mission without remonstrance.

"Are you so very ill?" she asked wistfully.

"N—n—yes, stammered our hero, divided between his disgust of Aunt Eunice's hospitable treatment, and a desire of still retaining the *éclat* of some hopeless ailment. "I'm not so well as I could wish, Miss Rachel. A damp morning!"

"Why," cried Rachel, "it's lovely this morning."

"We're going to have rain."

"Not a drop," said Rachel cheerily. She was a bright-eyed, brown-dressed girl, with red lips and a voice like a lark. And somehow Harvey Elsley felt the invigorating influence of her mere presence, as she tripped along at his side.

"I wish Matilda was like her," he said to himself.

"Don't you think," asked Mr. Elsley lugubriously, "it would be pleasant in the cemetery?"

"What an idea!" cried Rachel, opening wide her blue eyes. "No, no, Mr. Elsley; I know a much prettier walk, down by a pretty old ruined mill."

And Rachel took him there, refusing to listen to another word about the cemetery.

"M-h-h-h!" said Aunt Eunice: "you're feverish. I'll make some milk toast directly."

"Bother the milk toast," said her ungrateful patient, sniffing the savory odor of roast duck and green peas which arose from the kitchen.

"I won't be fed on spoon meat any longer. I'm hungry. I shall eat Rachel says I am."

"Rachel's only a child," said Aunt Eunice, with a curious sound, which might be either a groan or a laugh. "Children know things by instinct," asserted Mr. Harvey Elsley. And he ate a dinner which would have astonished Matilda Jameson, and actually smoked a cigar after it, like any other man.

Nt was not until the sad twilight dwindle to go to bed, that he suddenly stopped short, and stared wildly around, as if bewildering himself.

"Is it a pain?" asked Aunt Eunice.

"Under your left shoulder-blade, or in your side?"

"No, no, cried Harvey. "But I forgot it.

"Forgot what?" demanded Aunt Eunice.

"My chill. It's the hour for the one I always have my chill at."

"Dear, dear!" said Aunt Eunice. "But there isn't time to have it now to-night."

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Elsley, and he went to bed, as it were, without his supper of arrowroot.

Aunt Eunice laughed until her plump form shook like a mould of jelly, after the door was safely shut.

"He'll do well enough now," quoth she to herself. "I must have Rachel here again to-morrow."

A month afterward Mrs. Jameson came to Playsdell.

"I didn't hear anything from you, Aunt Eunice," said she, "and I felt somehow worried."

"I'm glad you came," said Mrs. Elsley; "I was just going to write to you."

"Is he dead?" asked Matilda, looking apprehensively toward Harvey's old hat, which hung back of the door.

"No; but he's going to be married," said Aunt Eunice. "Little Rachel Heath has cured him; and now she's going to marry him, to complete the business."

And that was the last Mrs. Jameson ever heard of her brother's ailments.

"But how did it ever happen, Aunt Eunice?" asked Matilda confidentially.

"My dear," answered the old lady, "it was all management. If he groaned, I groaned so much louder that he was forced to leave off in self-defence. If he thought he was worse I declared I was sure he was dying. And just when he was beginning to be heartily sick of sickness, along came Rachel with her contagious joyousness and good-humor, and that was the finishing touch. Didn't I tell you I should cure him here?"

"I didn't think it was a possible thing," said Matilda Jameson.

Mrs. E. A. Pollard a Lunatic.

Mrs. E. A. Pollard, a lady who has acquired a liberal share of notoriety during the last three or four years, and who has latterly resided in this city, was a few days since placed in an asylum for the insane. It will be remembered that about two years ago she was a conspicuous actor in a somewhat tragical scene in Baltimore. The part she played was that of shooting, though not fatally, a lawyer of that city, for refusing to inform her of the whereabouts of her husband. Soon after she came to Washington, and announced herself as the proprietress of the St. Cloud Hotel. This establishment is on the corner of F and Ninth streets. It is owned by a Mr. Lyons, of N. Y. Formerly it was the Herndon House, and under that name was a most uninviting and dilapidated concern. It is the house in which Mrs. Surratt and Payne had their interviews prior to the consumation of the conspiracy that resulted in the assassination of President Lincoln. But the owner, by a judicious outlay of capital, greatly improved its appearance, and transformed it into a cheerful looking and inviting hotel. He fitted it up without limit as to expense, and installed Mrs. Pollard as the manageress. To all outward appearance she was the lessee. She subscribed her own name, and when there was a housewarming for the entertainment of the Press gang, she presided at the feast. But it appears that Mr. Lyons, and not Mrs. Pollard, was the real man of the house. The lady was the attraction that was to give it fame and popularity, and for this service she was to receive a per cent. of the profits. She was more in the ornamental than in the useful role. Her prerogative was not to superintend the flavoring of the soup, but to enjoy all the good things the house afforded, and to patronize the excursions, shooting-fests, and the like. The steamer Lady of the Lake, with Captain Joe Denty for skipper, was her favorite, and this unfortunate preference brought about a deal of trouble; for it appears that it raised the green-eyed monster in Mr. Lyons, though it is not accurately self-evident what right he had to be jealous of Mrs. Pollard, inasmuch as Mrs. Lyons would cheerfully have counseled him to avoid any anxiety on account of the conducting of the St. Cloud. Nevertheless he was jealous, and he laid a trap for Denty, and Denty fell into it—so the story goes—and they met and they fought with fists, and the scandal was printed in a New York paper, and the lady went mad, and this is the ending of an eventful career, the closing of which is hardly more and than the progress. She is now safe from temptation at least, and those gentle charities that inspire commiseration may be invoked in her behalf.

The Story of a Faithful Horse.

Many years ago there lived on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old Quaker gentleman, who possessed an old and faithful servant. This servant was a horse, and his name was Charley. Now, Charley had trotted before the family chaise for many a long year to the village post-office, to the Sabbath day meeting, and upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley was ever ready to be "hitched up." Not one trick had he shown, nor had he once proved unfaithful, and grandfather always rode him upon such errands or business as he might have about the farm. The river divided the farm, and it was at times necessary to visit the lot on the other side; there was a bridge a mile and a half from the house, but there was a good ford just down by the bank, which was always when the river was low. One day in the spring time grandfather had to go over the river, but the freshet had come, the banks were overflowed and the ice in great cakes and fields was coming down with a rush, so he mounted old Charley and set off by way of the bridge. Arriving safely on the other side, he spent some time in the business which had brought him over, and it was nearly sundown when he got ready to go home. He looked up toward the bridge, and said it was a long three miles around, and that he believed he would try the ford. "Old Charley can swim," he said as he rode down to the bank of the stream, "and it is but a short way over." Charley looked reluctant, but after considerable urging he entered the stream. In a moment he was striking out bravely for the opposite shore, but in another moment a great cake of ice came pounding along, overwhelming both man and horse. They both rose, but grandfather had lost his seat; but as he was swept along by the powerful current, he caught the drooping branch of a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe from immediate danger. The riderless horse pursued his journey towards the house, and soon reached the shore. Here, appearing to miss his familiar friend, he looked around and as it seems discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree; immediately, and without hesitation, he turned around and swam boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch he stopped, and permitted my grandfather to get on his back, and then, almost quite exhausted, started at once for home. The whole scene had been witnessed by the family, and as soon as Old Charley was safe in the stable, he sank down and died. He was nearly famished, worn, he was caught by the bridle, when near the shore, and the old gentleman never from its perilous position.

A Wife for a Watch.

At the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in Stratford, and spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to stage coach travelers. Whence he came and what his business was no one knew, or cared. Opposite the tavern stood a small cottage and forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter Polly, the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said he was Scotch-land and was travelling incognito, but in confidence gave his real name and said he was heir to a large fortune. She reciprocated his love and they were married.

A few weeks after their marriage, he told his wife he must visit New Orleans; he did so, and the gossips of the town made the young stranger unhappy by their hints and leers. Until the five months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must return to England and go along. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife became a mother and, for two years, lived on in hope. At the end of that time the Stratford beauty received a letter from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York, and to take nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for her home in England.

On arriving in New York city she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey her every wish. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb mansion, and as the wife of a baronet, was installed by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling.

On the death of her husband, many years ago, she (Sarah Lord) boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father, and in the last edition of the "Peerage and Baronetage," she is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsome of Stratford, North America."

When the late Prof. Stillman visited England, some years since he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sterling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birth place in Connecticut.—*Nation.*

A Wife for a Watch.

On Saturday evening, says the Cleveland *Herald*, a most extraordinary bargain was made in Painesville the parties to the contract being two men both probably under the influence of liquor, and the articles exchanged, being a wife for a watch. The names of the parties are Thaddeus Miller and Jim Gregory. Miller is married, Gregory is not, but he had a silver watch, of no very great intrinsic value, but which Miller coveted. The two men met on Saturday in a barber shop, as before stated, somewhat under the influence of strong drink. After some conversation, the subject of the watch was taken up, and one proposed—which one we are not informed—that the chronometer should be exchanged for Mrs. Miller.

Whether or not, the proposition was made in earnest, it was taken up, and an agreement made to carry out the bargain. Subsequently the watch was delivered to Miller, who went home, and at about two o'clock on Sunday morning Gregory appeared at Miller's house and demanded the fulfilment of the contract. Miller, either half become sober, and repenting of his bargain, intended to punish such an impudent demand, or else he was sufficiently intoxicated to be furious at any such request. Whichever was the case, he thoroughly loaded a shot-gun, leveled it at Gregory's head, and shot through the window at him. No less than eighteen large shots were lodged squarely in the unsuspecting Gregory's face; both his eyes were put out and his whole countenance was shockingly disfigured. It is thought that the wounds must prove fatal. Sunday forenoon Miller gave himself up to the authorities, and his examination before a magistrate was appointed for this forenoon.

Unused Powers.

We seldom hear a better sermon on the duty of preparing for the "bourne whence no traveler returns" than is contained in the allegory which states that a man once fell through this world into the next. There he discovered that we retain those parts of ourselves, and those only, which we have assiduously used here. Curious was the spectacle presented to his wondering sight. He saw hundreds of hungry-looking ears. They were forever congregating and hurrying hither and thither. He was informed that on earth these had done the hearing of church music and church sermons; had cultivated the listening faculty, and nothing else, so that they were now ears and nothing more. He noticed big stomachs lying about contentedly under fences and trees, and was told that these were persons who had chiefly used their gastronomic powers—who had assiduously guzzled at saloons, and gormandized at restaurants. He became interested in some large dolls with complexions like pink dolls, too, that appeared to move their eyelids languidly, and sometimes to gape. These he learned were what remained of ladies who had cultivated only good looks. On inquiring for a popular preacher, he was conducted to a voice full of ears; where a lively skeleton, without a vestige of heart or brain, was still gesticulating impressively. Upon making this discovery the man immediately telegraphed earthward as follows: "I find that powers unused die but that parts neglected fall away; that we are allowed only to keep so much of ourselves as we use. Look out that you do not end as a restless ear, as a lazy stomach, or as a pig tail of wind."

Nothing Like Grammar.

Nothing like grammar! Better go without a cow than go without that. There are numberless "professors" who go "tramp tramp, peddling a weak article, by which in twenty days they guarantee to set a man thoroughly up in the English language. An instance in point comes from Greenville, Alabama, where a "professor had labored with the youth of that people, and taught them to dote on grammar according to Morris's system. During one of the lectures the sentence, "Mary milks the cow," was given out to be parsed. Each word had been parsed save one, which fell to Bob ——, a sixteen year old near the foot of the class, who commenced thus: "Cow, is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and *stands for Mary*." "Stands for Mary?" said the astonished professor. "How do you make that out?" "Because," answered the noble youth, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary *how could Mary milk her?*"

"I WANT to bathe," said a Yankee. "But before I was long in the water saw a huge doubled-jawed shark making rapidly toward me. What was to be done? When he was within a yard of me, I dived round, dived under the shark, and taking a knife from my pocket, slipped the monster up."

"But did you bathe with your clothes on?" asked the astonished listener.

"Well," answered the story teller, reproachfully, "well, I do think you needn't be so particular particular."

—It is said that there are more cigars manufactured in Northampton than in any other county in the State.

Miscellaneous.

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PIANO FORTES,

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These instruments have been before the public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained *an unprecedented pre-eminence* which pronounces them unequalled. Their

TONE

combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of intonation, and sweetness throughout the entire scale. Their

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is prompt and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos.

In Workmanship

they are unequalled, being none but the very best SEASONED MATERIAL, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.

☞ All our SQUARE PIANOS have our New Improved Over Strung Scale and the *Agraffe Treble.*

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Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five Years.

We have made arrangements for the *Sole Wholesale Agency* for the most Celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and MELODEONS, which we offer Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Factory Prices.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

apr28:tf *Baltimore, Md.*

Orphans' Court Sale.

Valuable Real Estate in New Brighton, Penna.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver county the undersigned administrators of the estate of Benjamin Whisler, deceased, will expose to public sale on the premises, on

Monday October 24th, 1870,

at 11 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, late of said deceased, viz: Two lots of ground situate in the borough of New Brighton, county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, being lots Nos. 183½ and 184, in the general plan of said borough, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the corner of Water street and Sassafras alley, thence by said alley 70½ feet to lot No. 185; thence by said alley 70½ feet to Division alley; thence by division alley 97½ feet to lot No. 183; thence by said lot 93 feet to Water street; thence by Water street 93 feet to the place of beginning, on which is erected a

Two Story Frame Dwelling,

36 by 40 feet; containing 9 rooms, 2 kitchens, hall and attic—and also a

Cellar under the entire Building.

The house is in good repair, and well calculated for two families. There are, also, a

Stable & other necessary Outbuildings

on the premises, and a never failing well of water on the porch. The lots are planted with good

Fruit trees and Grapevines,

a large number of the latter being in good bearing condition.

The property is in every respect desirable.

TERMS—One third of the purchase money to be be paid in hand at the confirmation of the sale by the Court, and the remainder in two equal annual instalments with interest.

ABELARD WHISLER, } *Adm'rs.*

sept28:3w.) MARY WHISLER. }

Allen's Potato Digger.

WILL DIG MORE POTATOES THAN

Can be Lifted by

THREE MEN IN THE USUAL WAY

Over One Hundred Sold Last Season by us. ALL WARRANTED.

Only one returned. Sent on receipt of fifteen dollars. W. W. KNOX.

137 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gen'l Agency for the West. [aug10:2m

THE SUEZ CANAL!

WHILE the World is more or less exercised over the opening of the Suez Canal, the Public, in Beaver and vicinity, should not lose sight of the fact that

S. SNITGER & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES,

Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,

Tobacco and Cigars;

And all other articles usually found

In a First Class

GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they feel in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call

and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.

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THE

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SLATE COMPANY

Are prepared to furnish Builders or Slaters, their

Very Dark Blue Colored Superior

Roofing - Slate,

From their own quarries located in Northampton County, Pa., AT QUARRY PRICES.

Samples may be seen, and communications addressed to

E. L. GOODWIN, Agent.

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Office: BREWER'S BUILDING, DUQUESNE WAY, corner Eighth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

apr28:6m.

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Just received from our importers and manufacturers a large stock of

NOTIONS,

FANCY BASKETS,

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HOBBY HORSES, WAGONS, WAX DOLLS, &c. &c.

Call and Examine our Goods.

O'Leary & Singleton's,

148 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY, PA.,

apr13:3m] ch'g'd jans, sept.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale A Farm of one hundred and three acres, situated in Hanover township, Beaver county, one-quarter of a mile from the village of Hanover. Seventy-five acres cleared, balance well timbered; all under fence and in good state of cultivation; plenty of good springs, good fruit; convenient to church, schools and mills. Buildings are a frame house in good repair, frame barn, two frame sheep houses, ice house, and other out buildings. For further information address, or call on the premises.

JAMES SHILLITO.

Hanhaville, Beaver Co. Sept 14, 1870.

Miscellaneous.

FALLSTON

Foundry & Repair Shop.

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

COOKING - STOVES

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

PLOWS,

The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES:

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking.

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

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

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,

LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,

BEST BAKER,

MOST DURABLE

ALTOGETHER

THE BEST STOVE IN USE.

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,

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

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the 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.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

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LOOKING-GLASS & PICTURE FRAMES,

OF ALL SIZES FURNISHED TO ORDER.

Brighton St. above Plow Factory,

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The largest stock in Beaver county constantly on hand, and selling at the very lowest prices. Coffins and Hearse provided at the shortest notice. Having a large stock of all kinds of furniture on hand, and wishing to make room for fall and winter work, I have reduced my prices accordingly. aug31:tf.

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HUGO ANDRIESSEN,

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Pure Drugs. Chemicals, Medicines.

AND ALL THE OFFICINAL

Pharmaceutical Preparations,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Window Glass, &c.

At the Lowest Cash Prices.

Agents for Fahnestock, Haslett & Schwartz's

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At Manufacturers' Prices.

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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

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DRUGS,

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in great variety, all of the best quality, and sold cheaper than can be bought at any other Drug Store in the county.

Lyponcoo's Female Pills, 75 cents per box; Cheeseman's, $1; Clark's, $1.

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LAMPS & LAMP TRIMMINGS, LANTERNS, STATIONERY, WINDOW GLASS & PUTTY.

Ever offered outside of the city, at Moore's Drug Store, and sold cheaper than can be bought anywhere else.

Let those who doubt this call and see, and they will doubt no more.

J. MOORE.

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BAKERY

AND

CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.

The undersigned having bought out the Bakery and Confectionery establishment of J. C. Hays, near the Post office, in Rochester, Pa., now offered outside of the city, at Moore's Drug Store, and sold cheaper than can be bought anywhere else.

Let those who doubt this call and see, and they will doubt no more.

J. MOORE.

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BAKERY

AND

CONFECTIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.

The undersigned having bought out the Bakery and Confectionery establishment of J. C. Hays, near the Post office, in Rochester, Pa., now offered respectfully informs the public that he will

Keep the best quality of Oysters

which he serves in every style; also will supply them by the can at reasonable prices. Those in want of them should 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:ly

☞ Blank Summons's for sale at the Argus office.

Miscellaneous.

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 constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, moping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken or restless? Is the horror of your eyes so brilliant? The bloom on your cheek so bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver complaint?

Now, reader, self-abuse, venereal diseases badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Did you ever think that these bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; They don't become and 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.

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Miscellaneous.

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Spring and Summer Wear.

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

A New Stock of Goods,

OF THE LATEST STYLES FOR SPRING and SUMMER Wear.

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

FASHIONABLE & DURABLE,

and in such a manner as will please his customers.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Call and see us before leaving your Orders Elsewhere

WILLIAM REICH, Jr.

may4:70:1y Bridgewater, Pa.

WARNER'S

PILE REMEDY.

Warner's Pile Remedy, has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of Blind, Itching or Bleeding Piles. Those who are afflicted should immediately call on their druggist and get WARNER'S PILE REMEDY. It is expressly for the Piles, and is not recommended to cure any other disease. It has cured many cases of over 40 years standing. Price One Dollar. For sale everywhere.

DYSPEPSIA.

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for Dyspeptics and those suffering with Intestinal Costiveness. It is a slightly stimulating tonic and a splendid appetizer; it strengthens the stomach and restores also digestive organs to their healthy and vigorous tone. Dyspeptic patients should use *Warner's Dyspeptic Tonic.* For sale by druggists. Price One Dollar.

COUGH no MORE

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, soothing and expectorating. This extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving and eventually curing the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma and Consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief and so decisive its effects in all the above cases, or any affection of the throat and lungs, that thousands of physicians are daily prescribing it, and one and all say that it is the most healing and expectorating medicine ever known. One dose always affords relief, and in most cases one bottle effects a cure. Sold by druggists, in large bottles. Price One Dollar. If your own druggist you still cough and suffer, the fault is your own.

WINE OF LIFE.

The Great Blood Purifier and Delicious Drink Warner's Wine of Life, or Wine of Life, is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, is carefully prepared for those who require a stimulant. It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the best thing in the world for purifying the blood. It is the most pleasant and delicious article ever offered to the public, for superior to brandy, whisky, bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy and cheaper. Both male and female, young or aged, take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, a life preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health, free from all lively spirits, will do well to take Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by druggists; also at respectable saloons. Price One Dollar, in quart bottles.

EMMENAGOGUE.

Warner's Emmenagogue is the only article known to cure the Whites, (it will cure in every case) Those in the doubt is which is the important medicine is not wanted? Mothers this is the greatest blessing ever offered you, and you should immediately procure it. It is also a cure for Female Irregularities, and can be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or disease. Sold by druggists. Price One Dollar. Or sent by mail on receipt of One Dollar and a Quarter. Address 639 State street, Chicago.

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GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE

AND

HARDWARE,

WHICH HE OFFERS

AT

LOW Prices.

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The undersigned, thankful for past favors would respectfully inform the public that he has one of the finest selections of

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WINDOW SHADES,

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

Etc., Etc.,

on hand to be found in the county. His assortment of

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