The Beaver Argus.

J. WEAVER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Beaver, Pa., Jan. 4th, 1871

MRS. BELKNAP, wife of the Secretary of War, died in Washington city, one day last week, after an illness of several months duration. She was a native of Kentucky; her husband, Gen. Belknap, becoming acquainted with her while serving in that State during the war.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART last year paid all income tax more than either one of twenty-seven states and territories, and more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho and Montana combined. Mr. W. B. Astor paid more than the whole state of Vermont.

THE Prospectus of the New York *Tribune* for the year 1871 will be found in the ARGUS of to-day. We need scarcely say that the *Tribune* is the leading Republican paper of the country. It has no superior anywhere in the field of Journalism. Let those who desire to become its readers for the present year, send in their subscriptions at once. For terms &c. see prospectus.

ANDY WILLIAMS, a negro, who was hanged at Harrison, Tennessee, last week, for murder, wanted to be baptized by immersion on the day before his execution. His request was granted and the baptism took place in the prison, the sheriff refusing the spiritual adviser permission to take the prisoner to the river. Soon after the immersion a reporter visited Williams and asked him how he felt. "Oh, fat as a mule," he replied.

THOSE who open letters belonging to friends, under the presumption that they have a right to do so, may do well to take warning by the punishment of James Warner, a citizen of St. Louis, Mo. James, it appears, was indiscreet enough in May last to open a letter addressed to his sister-in-law, and the latter having discovered the fact, caused his arrest. He was tried a few days ago and sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

MRS. Paulina W. Davis, Josephine S. Griffing, and Isabella B. Hooker have issued a call for a National Suffrage Convention at Washington, on the 11th and 12th of January next, to secure, if possible, the discussion of the enfranchisement of women question during the present session of Congress with a view to the early passage of a XVIth Amendment. The signers of the call say: "We earnestly urge you, dear friends, in comp together at this time in a spirit of unselfishness, of hard work, and let us take one another by the hand and move onward as never before."

For arrogance, self-conceit, and downright stupidity, the Bourbon Democrats of Kentucky are beyond the reach of rivalry. Representative Beck of that State, a moderate Democrat and a courteous gentleman during the last session of Congress was so imprudent as to dine with Speaker Blaine, and to join an excursion party to Kentucky because, he was on his return home last summer unjustly rebuked and compelled to apologize. Kentucky has long been noted for the excellence of its mules; it has fail to attain to the dignity of its men.

A CINCINNATI man has brought suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company for $5,000 damages, sustained in consequence of a message being delivered to the very man, of all others, who should not have had it. The plaintiff in the case telegraphed to his attorney at Meridian, Miss., to seize De HAVEN's circus for debt. By mistake the message was sent to De Haven instead of the attorney, and he very judiciously proceeded to put the property in such shape that it could not be taken; after which he considerately handed over the telegram to the parties for whom it was originally designed. Accordingly, the Telegraph Company are now sued.

THE jury in the "*Credit Mobilier*" have returned a verdict for the Commonwealth that that "*Credit Mobilier*" pay into the State Treasury for taxes six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars, the exact amount claimed. Five hundred thousand dollars additional depended upon the action of the jury in this case, and it is therefore anticipated that the result of this trial will ultimately be to put into the State Treasury, on account of the "*Credit Mobilier*," over one million dollars. Great satisfaction is expressed at this verdict, as well on account of the revenue it puts into the State Treasury as for the vigor with which the law governing corporations has been enforced.

THE New York *Leader*, the Tammany Hall organ of the Democracy, contained an editorial a few days ago alleging that Governor Hoffman would *not* be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1872. It also declared its purpose to support Senator Hendricks of Indiana for that nomination. This movement on the part of the Tammany managers is intended to get up a general *charge among* all the other Democratic aspirants for Presidential honors, so that when the time comes, instead of trying to make the nomination Governor Hoffman (he having in the meantime taken no part in the wrangle) will be declared as the only available candidate for the position. He will go through then just as Seymour went through in 1868.

NEARLY all the daily newspapers of this country are owned by stock companies. As several of the New York papers are extensively read by the people of this locality we here with publish the reputed ownership of two of them viz.: The *Evening Post* and the *Times*: of the 100 shares into which the *Tribune* establishment is subdivided the present ownership is as follows: Mr. Sinclair, publisher, 22; Dr. Ayer, of Lowell, 16; executor of Mr. Clark, formerly financial editor, 11; Mrs. Greeley, 9; Mrs. Greeley, jr., 9; Mr. Ripley, literary editor, 9; Mr. Ward Taylor, 5; Mr. Hoe, a large foreman, 5; estate of Mr. Graham, of real-estate, 5; Solon Robinson, only fond of them, 2; foreman, 2; [illegible] it necessary to [illegible] vity of life, all the [illegible] business, to the [illegible] ilton, you do not [illegible] snubbed if [illegible] I put in then.

Oliver Johnson, 1; Whitelaw Reid, 1; J. F. Cleveland 1. The original cost of each share was $5,000. The market value is now $8,000 per share.

It is said also that the stock in the New York daily *Times* belonging to the estate of James [illegible] is soon to be sold at executor's sale. Like the *Tribune*, the *Times* is stocked at 100 shares of $1,000, the market value being now at least $8,000. The ownership of the *Times* is vested in fewer hands than that of the *Tribune*, being, it is understood, as follows: Estate of Henry J. Raymond, 34 shares; George Jones, (publisher and manager) 29; E. B. Morgan, (Cayuga county,) 15; estate of James B. Taylor, 16; A. V. Stout, 8; John Bonner, 4.

THE SPOTTSWOOD HOTEL, in Richmond, known as Jeff Davis' headquarters, during the rebellion, took fire one night about two weeks ago and was burned to the ground. A number of lives were lost in the burning building. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* makes the following comment on the sad occurrence:

Sir: The account of the burning of the "Spottswood," in Richmond, Va., reminds me of a similar occurrence in Europe, where I narrowly escaped being burned to death. A friend, with whom I was then traveling, upon hearing that the hotel was on fire, remarked that he was fully prepared for such an incident, and coolly took from his trunk a coil of half-inch rope, about 30 feet long, knotted every two feet, to give a better hold. After seeing me down safely, he lowered our baggage, and only came down himself after helping half-a-dozen guests down. Ever since then I carry such a rope. It takes but very little room in a trunk, and, as there is no patent on it every one who can conveniently spare 50 cents may be able, in case of fire in a dwelling-house or hotel, to save himself, and probably some others.

New York Dec. 26, 1870. F. F. S.

A LENGTHY and very acrimonious debate sprang up in the Senate a day or two before its adjournment for the holidays, on the San Domingo question. The President desired a committee of three persons to be appointed to visit San Domingo and ascertain the views of the people there in reference to their annexation to the United States. When the resolution to this effect was offered Senators Sumner, Schurz, Patterson and one or two others opposed its passage in speeches characterized with a good deal of severity toward General Grant. They were replied to by Senators Morton, Conkling and others, who defended the President's course, and in return attacked Senator Sumner with a great deal more than necessary virulence. The debate took a very wide range, and the Senators parted on adjourning, with anything but amiable feelings toward each other. The resolution, however, was adopted, and it is presumed its appearance in the House will occasion a similar scene in that body. On the whole, therefore, it cannot be claimed that "everything is lovely" in Congress and about the Capitol.

THE result of the Senatorial election in the First district—Philadelphia—on the 20th of last month was adverse to the Republicans. Dechert (Dem.) received fourteen hundred votes. This result was generally unexpected, as the safe district last fall gave a *Republican* majority of something over [illegible] another insists that the "Cameron clique" secretly supported Dechert, while others are quite as certain that the "Curtin ring of the party" had no little to do with Lyndall's defeat. We are inclined to believe that the untoward event was brought about in this wise: When the Republicans *nominated* a candidate about a month ago to fill the seat made vacant by the death of Mr. Watt, the "Cameron Candidate" was badly beaten in the contest, Lyndall, the successful candidate, was regarded as a "Curtin man.—" Shortly after the nomination, Cameron and his "antlers, trappers" appeared in Philadelphia and opened up shop" with a view of capturing Lyndall, and obtaining pledges from him to go for Mackey for State Treasurer, &c. &c., representing to Lyndall that they had sufficient power in the city to defeat or elect him as they saw fit. Lyndall yielded at last to their threats and it is stated, he agreed to go the "Cameron programme" throughout, provided the Cameronians would turn in and give him *their* support at the approaching election. When this new deal became known, the Curtin men grew apathetic, and many of them refused to attend the election. They concluded if Lyndall went "back" on his *real* friends after his nomination and before the election, he could not be trusted as a member of the Senate.

SENATOR CAMERON, it seems, had charge of the recent Campaign in Georgia. During the contest there, it is known he visited that State twice, and we believe he was at Millegeville, on the day of the election. We presume he took charge of the campaign there by virtue of his position on the Congressional Republican committee. Himself and "tools" also went to Philadelphia, and "opened up shop" with a view to capturing Lyndall and managing the Senatorial contest in the First district, on the 20th of last month. Now as we were badly beaten in both Georgia and Philadelphia, we modestly suggest that it would be well for the Republican party if Senator Cameron and his "hummers" would form the second line of battle in future political struggles, not only in Pennsylvania, but elsewhere.

Camels in the United States.

A Nevada paper gives the following interesting account of the acclimation and use of camels in that State: "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 the State. But two of the old herd remain, for, felt, brought here some years ago, are now living. It would seem that the original herd fell into the hands of Mormons, who treated them very badly, overloading and abusing them. The men who have them now are Frenchmen, and men at ease, who had formerly some experience with camels in Europe. They had no difficulty in rearing them, and can now show twenty-one healthy animals, all of Washoe growth. The camel may now be said to be acclimated in Nevada.

TRESSILIAN COURTS;
OR,
The Barrister's Son.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "The Double Life," "The Bailiff's Scheme," "The Sundered Hearts," "The Lady of Kildare," "A Life at Stake," "The House of Secrets," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A FEARFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging on the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was *The Gull*, Captain Varino master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on *The Gull* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three *and* twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressillian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressillian, Baronet, of Tressillian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with tawny hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressillian.—Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develop in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressillian's hired travelling companion and bosom friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressillian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries including the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressillian at Baden, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressillian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to young Tressillian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as more traveling companion than man like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, ethuing with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressillian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tressillian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The Captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messer Raguisi can furnish. And to-morrow at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles you will proceed to England and Tressillian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And I, what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life.—You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressillian turned his handsome face upon his companions in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "*you talk strangely*. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you.—You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resume his soul—"

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence. "You do not know my father," said Tressillian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He doesn't seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you!"

Young Tressillian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess, the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend. Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!"

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Etha—the golden haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters!"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have my ward Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, but we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home he called me into many straighten itself out some day. his study and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entrusted me to confide to my ward, to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so, I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He was recalled me after five years of absence. I know the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear father, whom I love better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt against the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me prompts him to urge on this marriage!"

"It is," said Lowder drily, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressillian. Did I ever tell you I had no father?"

"No. I took it for granted that he is dead."

"Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressillian, at my unfilial speech. Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressillian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proofs of it. All I positively know is this. My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a boarding-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept secret until his affairs brightened and he chose to divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and nepurious. The result was the lower girl's ruin, and married the daughter of his kindly quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed recklessly, and with passionate bitterness.

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her bloom had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons, once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to call upon us. Flount if his aristocratic relatives ever suspected the existence of the faded wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate, and a rake, but he had an air of fashion that bewildered and boyish admiration, and ensnared my mother's affections, pride in him, she was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old."

Again the wind shrieked past, again the little vessel lurched, the sea sweeping her decks.

"And you left your father's name, Jasper?" asked Tressillian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him in thirteen years. My mother was secretly married, Tressillian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead in the witness also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mutterings was the name of Devereux. I shall never forget that name. Devereux! Probably that was my father's name, and not my rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, and as he would repulse me if I did find him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is still a mystery, but the prominent point is that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless."

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently.

Tressillian's heart ached to him.

"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I say again you are not friendless while I live? My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tangle

"If I do?" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes through the darkness. "No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived, he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead, I must provide for myself. *This likeness between us will make my fortune.* His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live at last! Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!"

As if to give himself no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. Alight, as if from a cottage window, glimmering faintly from the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly:

"Help! Ho, there! help!"

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

"This way!" shouted Lowder. "We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heaven, hasten!"

The bearer of the lantern, attended by a male companion, came running to him, and was soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy.

In as few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble young employer.

"I think he is dead," he said, in a choking voice. "Carry him up to your cabin. Let everything be done that can be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my traveling companion. I loved him as if he had been my brother instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!"

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressillian, and carried it between them toward their cottage, Jasper Lowder following them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter, but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

CALIFORNIA CIVILIZATION.

Lynching in a Court House.

A scene occurred in the Twelfth District Court, at San Francisco, a few days ago, its parallel being unknown in the history of trials on that coast, and probably the like of which has never occured in any other court of justice. We shall go on the *Appeal* before the honorable judges of our said Court to be held for Beaver, in and for the county of Beaver, on the 3d Monday of March next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of decedent at the valuation put upon it by an inquest sworn and impaneled by said Court and returned, by the Sheriff, to November term, A. D. 1870, and found to contain as follows, viz: seventy-nine acres and one hundred and fifty perches, with appurtenances; valued at $48.16¾ per acre; and, in case of non-acceptance to show cause why the same should not be sold.

Witness the Hon. A. W. Acheson, President of our said Orphans' Court, at Beaver, this 14th day of November, A. D. 1870. JOHN C. HART, *Clk.*

True copy: JOHN GREBING, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, *January 4, 1870.*—3t.

Public Sale of Big Beaver Bridge Stock.—The undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Workman, deceased, will expose to public sale at the Court House in Beaver, on **Thursday, January 26th, 1871, at 10 o'clock, a Sixty Shares of Stock** in "The Company for erecting a Bridge over Big Beaver Creek, at or near Wolf Lane, in the county of Beaver."

SAM'L B. WILSON, *Executor.*

Beaver, Dec. 23, 1870.

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jun1:1y—je29jy20—27, ap28

JOHN R. YOUNG, Attorney at Law, Beaver, Pa. Office recently occupied by President 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, cost or farm lands, may save time and money by calling at my office. [apr7tf

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—*Estate of Jno. McMahon, jr. dec'd.*—Letters of administration upon the estate of John McMahon, jr., late of Brighton township, county of Beaver, Pa., dec'd., having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment; and those having claims against the same will present them to

dec22-6t* MARGARET McMAHON, *Adm'x.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Archibald McCaughtry, dec'd., late of South Beaver township, Beaver Co., Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement. REUBEN WAYT, *Admin'r.*

nov22-6w

Coal. Coal.

THE undersigned is now engaged in the COAL BUSINESS and will supply parties with a first rate article of Pittsburgh coal at 11½ cents per bushel. Orders left at Joseph Mitchell's, Orr & Cooper's, or at the Banking House of Thomas McCreery & Co. in Beaver, will receive prompt attention. [nov16tf] S. R. MITCHELL.

Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Justices' Blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale at this office.

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. my26tf-ly.

Miscellaneous.

SAM'L MASON & SONS,

NEW BRIGHTON CUTLERY WORKS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BUTCHER,
CARVER,
BREAD &
COOK'S KNIVES,

&c., &c., &c.

Special attention is given to the

Hardening & Tempering of the Blades,

and we feel and know ourselves to be competent to make the very best; as we employ none but experienced workmen, and use the best of steel. **Samuel Mason** has now been in the business forty years, and his sons are all practical workmen. We are also manufacturers of

POCKET-KNIVES,
PEN-KNIVES,
PRUNERS' KNIVES,
PENCIL KNIVES,

Made from S. & C. Wardlow's Refined English Steel, and *Every Blade Warranted.*

Special attention is called to our stock of—

Razors,
Pocket Scissors,
Ladies' Scissors,
Bankers' Scissors,
Barbers' Scissors, &c.

All orders will be promptly filled and shipped as advised.

☞ *Price List furnished on application.*

OFFICE AND WORKS
NEW BRIGHTON, Pa.

sep24:1y:octl5:dec7ch

☞ Blank Deeds for sale at the ARGUS office.

NEW - GOODS

AT

A. W. ERWIN & CO'S

French Merinos
Wool Plaids.
Poplin Plaids.
Black Waterproofs.
Brown Waterproofs.
Corded Poplins.
Silk and Wool Poplins.
Irish Poplins.
New Dark Delains.
Plain Mixed Goods,
Grey Poplins.

AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES

Wholesale and Retail,

AT

A. W. ERWIN & CO.'S,

178 Federal St., Allegheny.

Sep28,tc

WANTED: A General Agent for Beaver county, for the Guardian Mutual Life Insurance Co. the right man. *For terms and circulars*, address Smith, Roberts & Hollingsheads, Managers, South-east corner 5th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. [novtf.

KNITTING YARNS.

A large supply of the Celebrated *SPRINGFIELD WOOLEN YARNS*, In all colors and qualities, just received by

S. J. CROSS & CO.
nov23tf Rochester.

Point Planing Mills,

Water Street, Rochester, Pa.

Whitfield & Anderson,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Floor-boards, Weather-boards, Pulings, Brackets, &c., &c.

ALSO,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND BUILDING TIMBER.

Having purchased the territorial interest of Mr. J. C. Anderson, owner of the several Patents covering certain improvements in the construction and joining of weatherboards and lining for houses and other buildings, we are the only persons authorized to make and sell the same within the limits of Beaver county. Parties interested will please observe this.

Carpenters' Supplies Constantly on Hand.

Every manner of shop work made to order.

sep28:3m

Orphans' Court Sale.

Tract of Land in Darlington Tow'p.

By virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver county the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Samuel Mitchell, dec'd will expose to public sale on the premises

On Wednesday, January 4th, 1871,

At 10 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, late of said deceased, viz: All that certain tract of land situate in Darlington township, Beaver county, Pa., bounded on the east by lands of John Hinsling and Joseph Sharp, north by lands of Wm. McClure, and west and south by lands of Abijah Chalfey, James McGeorge, sr., and James McGeorge, jr., containing

Eighty-five Acres and 37 Perches

of land, more or less; about 60 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation; the balance well timbered. There are on the premises a two story frame dwelling house (recently built); a necessary cottage house, a log barn and a large frame stable. The land is of first rate quality and is situate within half a mile of the P. Ft. W. & C. Railway Station at New Galilee.

TERMS.—One third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the confirmation of the sale by the Court, the balance in two equal annual payments with interest.

For further information apply to Geo. M. Young, esq., New Galilee, Pa., or the subscriber on the premises.

SYNTHIA MITCHELL,
dec7,tw Executrix.

J. J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his 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.
jel6tf

ESTATE OF MRS. ELIZA LEECH, DEC'D.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of the above named decedent, in the Borough of Beaver, in the county of Beaver, dec'd., have been granted to Robert Davis, residing in the city of Pittsburgh; all persons, therefore, having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make the same known to the said administrator without delay. ROBERT DAVIS, *Adm'r.*

P. O. address 40th street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

nov9-6w

PIMPLES.

The undersigned will cheerfully mail (free) to all who wish it, the Recipe and full directions for preparing and using a simple and healthful Vegetable Balm, that will immediately *remove* Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, and all eruptions and impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

He will also send (free) instructions for producing, by very simple means, a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face.

The above can be obtained by return mail, by addressing THOS. CHAPMAN, Chemist, nov2,3m. 195 Broadway, New York.

The Cheapest Wholesale
BOOT & SHOE HOUSE
IN PITTSBURGH.

Joseph H. Borland,
53 & 55 Wood Street,

Manufacturer, Wholesale & Commission Dealer in

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

At New York and Boston Prices.

Agent for Philadelphia city made goods at Manufacturers prices. Orders from country dealers promptly filled and satisfaction warranted. fresh goods daily. [sep14m

☞ Blank Agreements between Teachers and Boards of School Directors, for sale at this office.

Miscellaneous.

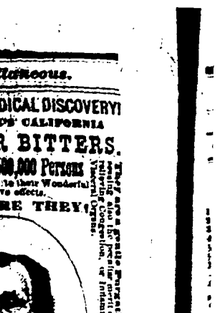
THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY!

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS.

More than 500,000 Persons Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?



THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native Roots and Herbs of California, *free from all Alcoholic Stimulants.* They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER** and **Life Giving Principle**, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poisons, or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory & Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers; Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by the derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, tetters, blotches, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and *your feelings* will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed or removed.

For Fever and Ague, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, these Bitters have no equal. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish. J. WALKER, Proprietor.

32 Commerce St., N. Y.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Agents, San Francisco and Sacramento, California, and 32 and 34, Commerce St. N. Y.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. octl5:y

Instant Relief For
The Asthma.

Having been afflicted with that terrible complaint—completely unfitting me for business for weeks at a time—for the last twelve years, and at last found a remedy that gives

Instant and Complete Relief,

have concluded to have it prepared for sale, so that others similarly afflicted can receive the benefit of it, assuring them that

It will do all, and more than all promised for it;

and, that persons once using, will never be without it.

As numerous others who have used it can testify.

Can be had at the Drug Store of WILLIAM H. BUTCHINO