# THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 53—No. 6. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, February 8, 1871. 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, Agent for 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

F. W. DEVERE, Insurance agent, Beaver, Pa. Call and get your property insured. oc20;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 AT PARLOR, 23 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, &c. 126, 128, 130 Wood St. Pittsburgh, sep14;1y

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

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

OLIVER M'CLINTOCK & CO., Dealers in Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c. Special rates to Clergy, 23 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. C. FULTON, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Furniture and Chairs;—Rosewood, Walnut, Mahogany and Oak. 45 Smithfield st. oct5;1y

SIGMUND GROTZ, Gunsmith. New work, of the best material, made to order. All work warranted. Repairing neatly done. Prices Low. Adam St., Rochester, Pa. jan18;1y

**NEW BRIGHTON.**

GEO. F. SIEMON, 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. Wilson'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

SCHIFF & STEINFELD, Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods & Notions; Merchant Tailors & Clothiers, Broadway. oct12;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

A. FLEMING, Dealer in Boots and Shoes of every description, at low prices, and of a superior quality, Main St, Beaver Falls, Pa. jan18;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, Manufacturer 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

HIRAM MEANOR, Dealer in Monongahela Coal. Orders left at J. B. Clark's, in Beaver, and 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 Plow Factory. See adv't. sep14;1y

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

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

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

DR. J. R. 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, Boat stores, Iron & Nails. Cor. Water & James sts.

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

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

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

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

POWER'S LIVERY STABLE & COAL YARD, between R. R. station and the river. oct19;1y

SCHROPP CHAS., Manufacturer of and dealer in Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. Roofing, Spouting, &c., attended to. N. York st. oct19;1y

STEFFLER & CLARK, proprietors of Johnston House. Good accommodations and good stables. Near R. R. Depot. oct19;1y

J. D. MILLER, dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c. Repairing done neatly and promptly. Store on the Diamond, Rochester, Pa. oct19;1y

J. WALTER & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Wagons, Coaches, Buggies, Spring-wagons, Sulkeys, &c. Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing done in the best manner. Rochester, Pa. no16;y

**LIVERPOOL, O.**

M. S. HILL, Druggist, Walnut st., near R. R. Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. feb1;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. sep21;1y

**J. LINNENBRINK,**
**Dealer in Watches, Clocks,**
*Jewelry, Periodicals and Stationery.*
Watches and Jewelry repaired. Agent for the "WEED" Sewing Machine, Rochester Pa. jy13;m

**J. H. McCREERY,**
**ATTORNEY AT LAW.**
*Third Street, Beaver, Pa.*
Office below the Court House, Beaver, Pa. je22;f

**BANKING-HOUSE.**
**THOMAS M'CREERY & CO.**

THOS. M'CREERY, Cashier.
J. P. DRAVO, J. H. ANGIEL,
J. H. M'CREERY.

Interest paid on time deposits; Prompt attention given to collections. Also, Insurance Agents for good and reliable Companies. may18;f

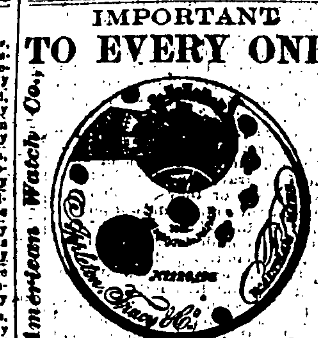
J. S. McNUTT, M. D., Having permanently located in Beaver, would respectfully tender his professional services to the citizens of Beaver and surrounding country. Special attention paid to the treatment of female diseases. Surgery done with a skillful hand. Office on Third street, a few doors west of the Court House. apr29;'70;6m

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to. sep19;6m;y

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. my26;y

### Gold & Silver Watches.

**IMPORTANT TO EVERY ONE!**




# Holiday Greeting!

**Grand Display OF Christmas Presents!!!!**

Gents' Gold Watches.
Ladies' Gold Watches.
New Chains and Bracelets.
Necklaces and Lockets.
Fine Gold Jewelry.
Gold and Silver-Headed Canes.
Gold Spectacles & Eye-Glasses.

**Sterling Silver-Ware;**
[A Splendid Stock.]
*Parian and Bronze-Ware.*

**FANCY GOODS.**
*Prices Lower than Ever.*
**E. P. ROBERTS,**
*No. 16 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

All are invited to call, when in the city, and examine our Holiday Goods without feeling under any obligation to buy. Don't fail to come and see the Grand Display. oc15;3m;chdec21

### Miscellaneous.

**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. BUECHLING, Rochester, Pa., or will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of one dollar, and ten cents to pay postage. CHAS. B. HUEST, nov16,70;1y] Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.

WANTED!—A General Agent for Beaver county, for the Guardian Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Liberal inducements to the right man. For terms and circulars, address Smith, Roberts & Hollingshead, Managers, South-east corner 5th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. [nov9;tf.

**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.—jy1chgd.

***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.

**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. feb1;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. [sep19;'69;tf


### Railroads.

RAILROADS.

**PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.**

On and after Dec'r, 4th, 1870, trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows.—[Train leaving Chicago at 5.35, P. M., leaves daily.] [Train leaving Pittsburgh at 2.35 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | EXP'S. | EXP'S. | MAIL. | EXP'S |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 135AM | 405AM | 710AM | 230PM |
| Rochester | 242 | 1205PM | 840 | 428 |
| Salem | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Alliance | 505 | 300 | 1145 | 700 |
| Canton | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Massillon | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Orrville | 654 | 445 | 152PM | 833 |
| Wooster | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Mansfield | 903 | 652 | 422 | 1033 |
| Crestline A | 935 | 725 | 500 | 1100 |
| Crestline D | 1005 | 745 | 555AM | 1110 |
| Bucyrus | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Upper Sandusky | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Forest | 1127 | 920 | 735 | 1233AM |
| Lima | 1220PM | 1040 | 900 | 135 |
| Van Wert | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Fort Wayne | 230 | 145AM | 1145 | 350 |
| Columbia | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Warsaw | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Plymouth | 450 | 337 | 225PM | 630 |
| Valparaiso | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Chicago | 730 | 700 | 555 | 900 |

TRAINS GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | EXP'S. | EXP'S. | MAIL. | EXP'S |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 900AM | 515PM | 530AM | 900PM |
| Valparaiso | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Plymouth | 1203PM | 905 | 950 | 1235AM |
| Warsaw | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Columbia | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Fort Wayne | 225 | 1 25 | 1250PM | 300 |
| Van Wert | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Lima | 408 | 125AM | 325 | 540 |
| Forest | 508 | 243 | 463 | 707 |
| Upper Sandusky | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Bucyrus | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Crestline A | 630 | 420 | 620 | 855 |
| Crestline D | 650 | 430 | 600AM | 935 |
| Mansfield | 717 | 500 | 640 | 1005 |
| Wooster | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Orrville | 905 | 654 | 915 | 1153 |
| Massillon | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Canton | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Alliance | 1015 | 850 | 1120 | 130PM |
| Salem | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| Rochester | 1255AM | 1105 | 225PM | 327 |
| Pittsburgh | 155 | 1210PM | 345 | 440 |

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2:20 p. m; New Castle, 3:00 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 5:30 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7:00 a. m; arr. at New Castle, 10:44a. m. Youngstown, 10:21 a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown; 6:10 a. m; New Castle, 7:20 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10:10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 2:00 p. m; arrives New Castle 4:45 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 | 840AM | 1215PM | 350PM |
| Euclid Street | .. | .... | .... |
| Hudson | 955 | 125 | 510 |
| Ravenna | 1030 | 155 | 540 |
| Alliance | 1130 | 255 | 630 |
| Bayard | 1202PM | 302 | |
| Wellsville | 135 | 440 | |

GOING NORTH.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP'S. | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wellsville | 900AM | 508PM | |
| Bayard | 1035 | 628 | |
| Alliance | 1105 | 715 | 735AM |
| Ravenna | 1220PM | 801 | 815 |
| Hudson | 1253 | 834 | 855 |
| Euclid Street | .... | .... | .... |
| Cleveland | 210 | 945 | 1010 |

GOING EAST.

| STATIONS. | ACCOM | MAIL. | EXP'S | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bellair | 545AM | .... | 200PM | 410PM |
| Bridgeport | 555 | .... | 210 | 420 |
| Steubenville | 700 | .... | 315 | 525 |
| Wellsville | 815 | 155PM | 440 | |
| Smith's Ferry | .... | .... | .... | |
| Beaver | .... | .... | .... | |
| Rochester | 925 | 255 | 540 | |
| Pittsburgh | 1025 | 400 | 645 | |

GOING WEST.

| STATIONS. | MAIL. | EXP'S. | ACCOM | ACCOM |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pittsburgh | 625AM | 310PM | 425PM | |
| Rochester | 735 | 410 | 537 | |
| Beaver | .... | .... | .... | |
| Smith's Ferry | .... | .... | .... | |
| Wellsville | 855 | 500 | 700 | |
| Steubenville | 955 | 620 | | 705AM |
| Bridgeport | 1105 | 722 | | 815 |
| Bellair | 1115 | 735 | | 830 |

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves N. Philadelphia, 640 a. m. | Arrives Bayard, 945, a.m.
Bayard, 210 a.m. | N. Philadelphia, 300pm

F. R. MEYERS, General Ticket Agent.


### Miscellaneous.

# J. MOORE
## DRUGGIST,

*Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately Compounded.*

THE BEST BRANDS OF ASSORTED

**Medicinal WINES AND LIQUORS;**

**Paints, Oils,**

AND

**DYE STUFFS:**

**ANILINE DYES OF ALL COLORS;**
**GLASS & PUTTY;**

Special attention given to secure the best quality of Lamps and Lamp Trimmings, Lanterns &c.

*A Large Assortment of*

TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS,
**BRUSHES &**
PATENT MEDICINES,

Main Street, Beaver Pa. [Dec7, '70tf.

**THE CELEBRATED IMPROVED GERARD OROIDE GOLD WATCHE,**
**$12, $15, $20, $25.**

DURING the past four or five years our Watches have been so thoroughly tested, that for appearance, style of finish, and accuracy of time-keeping, the "Gerard Watches" are universally acceded to be the best. They retain their brilliancy and color until worn out.

☞ If after purchasing and fairly trying, any one is not fully satisfied, we will cheerfully refund the money.

☞ They are all in Hunting Cases, Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. Every Watch guaranteed for time and wear, by special certificate.

☞ A large assortment "Improved Oroide" Chains, $2 to $8. Also, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Jewelry in great variety.

☞ Beware of imitations. Order direct from us or our authorized agents. Agents and others applying for circulars will please enclose three cent stamp for postage.

☞ Goods sent to be **paid for on delivery. Customers permitted to examine what they order (before paying bills,)** on payment of Express charges both ways.

☞ When SIX Watches are ordered at once, we will send an extra Watch (of same kind) free.

☞ Purchasers residing at some distance from Express offices, and desiring to save time and expense, can have the goods sent by mail, by remitting (with the order) the amount required by P. O. Money order, registered letter, draft, or check, payable to our order, at our risk. Address plainly,

JAMES GERARD & CO.,
P. O. Box 3,391, New York,
nov23;3m.) 85 Nassau Street

**PIMPLES.**

The undersigned will cheerfully mail (free) to all who wish it, the Recipe and full directions for preparing and using a simple and beautiful 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, nov9;3m. 193 Broadway, New York.

### Miscellaneous.

**OVER 400 PAGES OF READING MATTER FOR ONE DOLLAR!**

**The American Stock Journal,**

A large Handsomely Illustrated Monthly, containing 32 to 40 large Double Column Pages, filled with *original* matter from the *ablest* writers in the country, on the various subjects connected with

FARMING,
STOCK BREEDING,
WOOL GROWING,
DAIRYING,
POULTRY KEEPING, &c.

Bound in handsomely tinted cover. It has **A Veterinary Department** under the charge of one of the ablest Professors in the United States, who answers through the JOURNAL, *free of charge*, all questions relating to Sick, Injured or Diseased Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine or Poultry. This makes it a very valuable work for reference, and an almost indispensable companion to all interested in STOCK-BREEDING. The low price at which it is published ($1.00 a year) brings it within the reach of all, while the *Splendid Inducements offered to Agents and Premiums to Subscribers* make it to the interest of every Farmer and Stock Breeder to extend its circulation. *Send Stamp for Specimen Copy, large Illustrated Show Bill & Premium List.* Get up a Club and obtain one of the many valuable Premiums offered, consisting of Chester White, Berkshire, Suffolk, Magie and Essex Pigs, Short-Horn, Alderney, Ayrshire and Devon Calves, Southdown, Cotswold and Merino Sheep, Cashmere Goats, Pure Bred Poultry, Norway Oats, Seeds, Agricultural Implements, Pianos, Watches, Silver Ware, Books, &c., &c. Specimen Copies sent free. Address,

N. P. BOYER & CO., Publishers,
nov23;1] Parkesburg, Chester Co., Pa.

# 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

PATENTED DECEMBER 7TH, 1869.
OUR CELEBRATED
**GOLDEN FOUNTAIN PEN.**

AGENTS WANTED.

Resembles gold. Acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best Pen made or sold in this country! Will not corrode. Sixty lines written with one Pen of ink! Will outwear a dozen best steel Pens. Fitted up in neat slide boxes. SOLD ONLY BY AGENTS, and for this reason any energetic person can realize $500 per month. Profit over 300 per cent! Two sample Pens, 10 cents; two boxes, 50 cents; five boxes, $1.00; twelve boxes, $2.00. Address,

WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
Manufacturers' Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAUTION.—The great popularity of these Pens has led to many imitations of an inferior quality. Buy only the genuine FOUNTAIN PENS sold by this Company. In writing for Pens give your Name, Town, County, and State, plainly written, and orders will meet with prompt attention.

jan25;1y

# Toys, Toys, TOYS!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Tin, Lead and China Toys,
Box Toys, all kinds,
China and Patent Head Dolls,
Wax Crying Dolls,
Hobby Horses, Wagons, Chairs,
Work Boxes, Writing Desks, &c.
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**UNFAITHFUL.**

BY IDEA VERA.

He told me that he loved me true
And that he was sincere,
And that his love that I had won,
Should never disappear.

He said he would adhere till he failed,
And was a traitor vile;
His love for me would never fail,
Nor affection lose its smile.

But now alas! how changed he is,
His lovy has vanished quite,
His brow is sullied with black deceit
And his breast as cold as ice.

He meets me now without a smile,
And passes by with scorn;
As though Almighty God on high,
Views not the heart that's torn.

The promises that he gave to me,
As tokens of his love,
Lay on the table now untouched,
To tell how traitors love.

But still I have no tears to shed,
No sighs shall heave my breast;
Eternal curses on his head,
And death to all his hopes.

For God is God, and God is just,
His eye that seeth all,
Will watch the traitor's hellish gate
And him to judgment call.

May fell disasters hover round
His guilty life to curse;
And may despair in thunder tones,
Peal from his dying couch.

This will revenge which in my breast,
His thunder bolts has chained;
Raise and triumphant shout at last,
And say, I am revenged.

### SELECT MISCELLANY.

**THE HUSKING PARTY.**

"Everything must be off until Lucy Malcom gets here. The boys are ready to break their necks for her. We mustn't let her know how much this visit has been looked on. It will make her too important."

"They say there's lots of music in Lucy," returned Uncle Dorset. Everybody called him Uncle Dorset. "She's just the trim-built, light-steppin' critter her mother was before her. What grand, good times we boys and girls used to have together when she was young."

"Yes," said the wife, with a slight air of injury. "You and Horace was both of you smitten with Lucy Parkes. Everybody knows that well enough."

"No," said Uncle Dorset, wagging his good-natured old head; "it was Horace's sister I was after; but I was always willing to crack a joke with Lucy Parkes."

"Well," said Aunt Dorset, the aggrieved look shadowing off a little; "it always looked as if it was nip and tuck between you and Horace."

The old lady did not really mean it; but the truth was she had always been a little jealous of her brother's wife and now, almost unconsciously, the feeling was transferred to Lucy Malcom. She did not relish the idea of her, coming to Stockburn, and turning people's heads, as her mother had done.—She had not seen the girl for five or six years; but report said that Lucy had grown to be a pretty, arch, dark-eyed little witch, with a spice of mischief in her composition that made her irresistible. In the mild haze of the autumn day the Dorset boys were getting in the corn drawing with an ox team the rustling sheaves to the barn—

"The swallow-haunted barn,
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams,
Through which the moted sunlight streams."

"We will have a husking bee when Cousin Lucy comes," said Enoch Dorset, as he stood upon the load, his tall well-knit form swaying a little and showed clearly, clad as he was in a comfortable flannel shirt and trowsers of jersey blue.

"Golly! so we will," said his brother Job from the threshing floor, "If Cousin Lu is as lively as they say she is, it will be a general training the most of the time while she stays."

Job was not as good-lookin as Enoch, his hair was lank and his face was sallow; but there were funny lines around his mouth, and he had a dry way of saying things, and a taste for drollery of all sorts, that made him a favorite. He kept his wit sharpened at Enoch's expense; and Enoch was rather open to ridicule, for he had a sneaking fondness for hair-oil and fancy neckties, and scented pocket-handkerchiefs, and secretly believed himself to be the best-looking fellow in Stockburn.

"Hullo!" said Enoch, standing still on the load with the easy sway of the hips, and shading his handsome brown face with his hands, as he looked up the road where it rose until the spiral Lombardy poplars in front of Elkanah Raynor's house showed gaps of sky between, like parted fingers, and the old chimneys were nestled in a power of fruit trees yellow and russet now. The road down which Enoch was gazing was by no means a common country road. The fences were all of the best, and footpaths were shaded by fine, stocky maples, that were carpeting the wagon tracks with flecks of flame color. Every house in Stockburn neighborhood was snug and neat, with a well-to-do air. It had the best schoolhouse and church in the township, and also what people called a "crack" street.

"There's the stage coming round the turnpike corner," exclaimed Enoch, as his eyes followed a cloud of dust.

"Cousin Lucy!" shouted Job. And he threw down his fork and dashed away to the house; and in a minute more Uncle Dorset, bareheaded, with his broad, good-natured old face smiling all over, and little, bustling Aunt Dorset, with her cap strings flying, hurried out into the front yard.

There was a face at one of the windows of Raynor farm house as the top heavy stage, with its six horses, and flapping leather curtains, and piles of trunks strapped behind, went creaking past. The house was too much shaded for health, and the face was in shadow. It was a young face, with an abundance of soft hair, regular features, and large blue eyes, that ought to have been patient and loving; but there was an unnatural expression about the lines of the mouth that made it look a little stern. Now, as the stage passed quickly by affording to the watching eyes at the window a glimpse of a fascinating, girlish countenance, lovely in its bloom, with a little blue vail fluttering from a jockey hat, Nancy Raynor's head bent down on her work, and it seemed as though something said in her ear: "He will love her; I know he will love her."

So it appeared that Lucy Malcom's arrival was causing some heart-burning in Stocburne neighborhood. All unconscious of this, Lucy—the soundest, plumpest, merriest little maiden ever seen—tripped out of the stage when the driver had brought his horses to. There was a pair of sparkling black eyes adorning her rosy face, and her laugh rang out as clear as a silver bell. Lucy had various parcels, bag and books, which she shed about as such little minxes will; and a young man, who had got down from the stage to assist her in alighting, gathered them up and handed them back. He was evidently a town-bred man, with white hands, and a downward look, and too little chin, and a carefully kept mustache. Lucy took her things from him in a pretty, petulant sort of a way, giving him a curt little bow, and the next moment they were all on the ground and she had her arms hugged tightly round Uncle Dorset's neck.

"Don't you mean to give me one of them, cousin Lucy?" inquired Enoch, leaning in one of his naturally graceful postures against the gate, as the kisses went flying about, "I think I ought to come in for my share."

The saucy little maid shook her black tresses very decidedly, making eyes at Enoch, Aunt Dorset thought, just as Lucy Parkes used to do; and the next moment, in one of her capricious fits, she embraced young Job with her chubby little arms and gave him a sounding smack. From that time her flirtation with Enoch may have said to have begun.

"Who is that spruce-looking young fellow who helped you out of the stage, Lucy?" inquired Aunt Dorset, gazing through her honest old specs. "Is he an acquaintance of yours?" The young man had mounted to the driver's seat while the operation of getting the trunk off was in progress, and appeared to be watching the group in the yard under the locust trees with considerable interest.

"Oh, I believe he has got business somewhere around here," returned Lucy with an indifferent toss of her head. "He was very civil to me on the journey."

"I am afraid you are a bit of a flirt, child," said Aunt Dorset. And then she thought to herself, "Her mother was before her: pity if she shouldn't be."

"Me a flirt! O, Auntie!" and Lucy's black eyes rolled up, and her mouth puckered itself into a dewy, rosy exclamation point.

They were in the house now, and Aunt Dorset had shown her niece up to the best room, shut up as the best rooms are apt to be in the country, and rather heavy with old mahogany furniture, and a high-posted bedstead, with its dimity teaster and mountain of feathers. The moment the dumpling of a lady had trotted out of the room to fetch something that had been forgotten Lucy slipped to the window, pushed back the blinds, and let her handkerchief flutter out in the breeze. Strange to say there was an answering signal from the top of the stage.—Enoch, who was lingering below in the yard, saw the manœuvre, and said to himself: "She's a regular little case. I believe she knows more about that fellow than she pretends."

Lucy had been brought up in a town of considerable size, where French fashions prevailed; and she had bro't all her gauds and furbelows to Stockburn, with the hope of electrifying the natives, for her soul was by no means above such feminine triumphs. She opened her trunk, and hung some trinkets about her plump little person, and nestled some bows of cherry ribbon among her glossy black curls. She went down stairs just before tea.

"How nice it is here!" said Lucy, looking out of the sitting-room window at the sunny old garden. "I have always been cooped up in a town, Uncle Dorset, and you must teach me to be a country girl."

"I guess you think," don't you, inquired the old gentleman, "that some cows give buttermilk just as Mr. Hillmyer's niece did when she came up here on a visit from York."

"Perhaps I do," returned Lucy, archly, bursting into a merry laugh; "and then you know I solemnly believe that potatoes grow on bushes."

"Do you see Lucy snuggled up to your father, and he looks as pleased as old Cuffy," said Aunt Dorset to Job, as she put a spoonful of tea in the pot. "There's a good deal of the cat about that gal. The Parkeses have all got it, every one of them."

"I wouldn't mind having her purr around me," responded Job in his dry way.

They were seated at the pleasant tea-table now. Enoch had come in, and Lucy was the centre of everybody's attention. In spite of Lord Byron's churlish opinion, she was perfectly charming while engaged with her knife and fork.

"Tell me, Enoch," inquired she, "are there any nice girls in this neighborhood? I don't care a fig for your young men (there was a sly twinkle in her eye)—they are horrid, conceited creatures; but I should like to get acquainted with a nice girl."

"Nancy Raynor is our next neighbor's daughter," said Uncle Dorset, "and she is as likely a girl as ever was raised here in Stockburn."

"She has got what I call pretty manners," put in Aunt Dorset, dishing out the stewed quinces. "Most of the girls now-a-days are too brazen to suit my old-fashioned notions."

"Ask Enoch about her," said Job with a droll wink.

"O, yes," struck in Uncle Dorset; "Enoch and Nancy used to be very thick, and I can't say whether it's her fault or his'n that they don't hitch horses any more."

Enoch colored as he bent over his plate, and Lucy cast a mischievous glance at him.

"Nancy don't come here as often as she used to," said Aunt Dorset, pouring out the old gentleman's cup of tea and putting in what he called a "long sweetening." "She ain't the kind of girl to let any young man think she's going to break her heart about him. She's an independent little piece, if she does look as if butter would melt in her mouth. All the Raynors are hard-bitted."

Enoch looked really annoyed now, and kept his eyes fixed on his plate to avoid Lucy's wicked little glances. Suddenly he looked up and said to her.

"If you get acquainted with Nancy you can wave your pocket handkerchief out of the window. I believe you like that sort of thing."

Now it was Lucy's turn to cast down her eyes.

The house was full of fun and music, just as Uncle Dorset had predicted.—Lucy kept things pretty well stirred up, and plotted against Aunt Dorset's steady, jogging, old fashioned ideas.—She wanted to have her fingers in everybody's pie. She meddled with cooking, and made mortified-looking cakes that nobody could eat.

"Pears to me that these biscuit have got the measles," said Uncle Dorset one morning, as he broke one open decorated with a number of yellow eyes.

"I made them, dear," said Lucy, looking so penitent. "You know I have been brought up in dreadful ignorance; but now I am learning to cook, for I expect to marry a poor man—perhaps a farmer." And she cast such a glance at Enoch that Aunt Dorset took the alarm. That same forenoon, while Enoch was down in the Evans' lot, mending a piece of fence, to keep Squire Bridgam's cattle out, his anxious mother appeared, with her apron over her head.

"Look here, Enoch, the neighbors have got it round that you intend to marry with Lucy Malcom. I wouldn't be quite so partickler toward her, if I was you. It never turns out well for first cousins to marry."

"The neighbors may just mind their own business," said Enoch angrily, as he hammered away at a board.

"Tut, tut," returned his mother, who had a temper of her own. "It takes a flirt to catch a flirt; and I shouldn't wonder that Lucy and you are well-matched. To speak plain, I don't think you have treated Nancy Raynor right; and the day will come when you will find what a true heart is worth."

In spite of all this, Aunt Dorset liked the creature. Lucy compelled liking from those who did not approve of her. She was disorderly and upsetting, and shocked the old lady's ideas of method and regularity; but, still she would bear more from her than from anybody else, Job liked Lucy's spirit of fun.—She was not too big to play tom-boy, and follow the boys into the field and ride home on a load of pumpkins, looking like a little queen among her golden treasure. She had seen Nancy Raynor at church, of a Sunday morning; but that was as near as the two girls had approached each other. In response to Lucy's teasing Aunt Dorset had invited the neighbors to tea; but on the afternoon of the day appointed Nancy had sent to say that she must be excused, on account of a bad headache. Job comforted Lucy by saying that Nancy would surely come to the husking-bee; but Nancy as she lay awake nights, with the tears wetting her cheeks, thought to herself that she would not go and witness the girl's triumph. From her place of vantage by the window, with her face looking pale and her breath coming fast, she had watched Enoch pass by in the moonlight, with Lucy clasping his arm and gazing up in his face, and she almost despised herself because she could not see it unmoved.

Enoch was bewitched by Lucy; but the bewitching did not go very far. He was a young man who had a very good opinion of himself, and his constancy had not been developed. He liked to have a number of girls fond of him, and he thought it was rather a fine thing to cool off toward a flame as he had done to Nancy Raynor. Still, with her innocent pussy-like ways Enoch distrusted Lucy. He had caught her sending billets privately to Middletown by the farm-hand Zeke; and he had not forgotten her adventure in the stage coach.

The preparations for the husking-bee were almost complete, and Lucy was quite wild with delight. The big barn was to be nicely illuminated, and the supper of pumpkin-pie, doughnuts and cider to be spread in the kitchen after the good old orthodox fashion. Afterwards the great barn floor was to be cleared, and black fiddlers, engaged at Middletown, were to play for dancing.

Two days before the husking bee was to come off Lucy made Job an apple-pie bed. Job meant to be even with her, and the next afternoon he called up the stairway:

"Cousin Lucy, don't you want to take a ride behind Brown Betty?"

Lucy was of course delighted with the proposition. So she stepped to the window and peeped through the blinds; and there was Brown Betty hitched to the sulky—a light, airy thing, that looked as if made of cobwebs, with the tiniest of buckless seats hung in the middle. Lucy appreciated the joke, and, while Job ran back to the carriage house to get his coat, she slipped down stairs and unhitched Brown Betty, and was off down the road like a flash.

"O, massy to us," screeched Aunt Dorset, running to the door. "That child will surely get killed. She don't know nothing about driving, and the mare is skittish as a colt!"

Job dashed out of the carriage house, looking crest-fallen enough. "She's a plucky little piece of baggage," said he; "and there's no use trying to get ahead of her. Don't worry, mother; Lucy is able to take care of herself."

There certainly was a sweet little cherub somewhere up aloft, who looked out for audacious Lucy. In an hour's time she came back, with a demurely wicked [illegible] Brown Betty had evidently [illegible] through her paces, and [illegible] the lines with a professional air, and ordered Job to give her nag some water, "for she is as dry as a contribution box," she added; "and I would like to know who is a little sulky now."

Lucy explained later, that accidentally she had met Mr. Allen, the young man who was so polite to her in the stage. In return for turning her horse around she had asked him to come to the husking bee.

The night of the husking bee had come, and Milton Raynor was blacking his boots at the back door of the farm house.

"Aren't you going over to Dorset's to night?" he inquired of his sister.

"No, I am not."

"Now, I would if I was you, Nancy. It don't look well for you to stay cooped up here at home. Folks will begin to say you are love sick."

"I don't care what they say," returned Nancy, and her voice sounded harsh and metallic in her ears. She went up to her room and sat down by the little window, that was festooned by the Virginia creeper, burning with a deep autumnal crimson. The moonlight was falling still and white on the stubble-fields and of woods. It blanched Nancy's face—not a patient nor submissive face. Her eyes might have read a poem that lovely evening, but they were full of trouble. She wanted to crush out the constancy and devotion in her heart; but she knew not how to do it. She was too restless to stay within doors; so she wrapped her head and shoulders in a shawl, and glided out into the shadow of the trees along the roadside until she came nearly opposite to Uncle Dorset's house, where she could see the light from the barn, and catch the sound of fun and frolic from the huskers. She was haunted by an irrational desire to spy upon Enoch and Lucy, and to confirm what she so much dreaded to find true.

Mr. Allen arrived early, and with his white hands, his want of chin, black moustache, and city-made clothes, quite captivated the rustic beauties of Stockburn. But Nelly Blake, a blue-eyed little blonde, received a much larger share of his attention than Lucy Malcolm did; although Lucy in her scarlet spencer and black skirt, below which peeped the trimmest of ankles and tidiest of buckskin shoes, was certainly very charming. She was always with Enoch, laughing and sparring and flinging back her bright, saucy wit. Enoch had just whispered to her that if he found the red ear she would have to suffer, when some one screamed that Mr. Allen had found it. The dove-cote was ruffled, and the girls scampered over the piles of corn and hid in the horse-stalls, trying to avoid the penalty of a kiss. At last the young man took after Lucy, and the light footed minx gave him a chase around the barn, and then dashed away through the door into the open light, he after her, and the ring of her silver laugh was the last that was heard of little Lucy.

In the confusion nobody missed them. The whole company went to supper pretty soon, and more than half an hour had passed, when Enoch came and took hold of Job's coat-sleeve. They stepped outside the kitchen door, and then Enoch said in an agitated whisper:

"For Heaven's sake where is Cousin Lucy? That fellow Allen has disappeared, too. Can it be that she is playing one of her pranks? Father has gone to bed. Don't speak to mother yet. Get a light and come up to her room with me."

The two brothers slipped up the staircase into Lucy's chamber, where the moonlight was lying quietly upon the carpet. Everything seemed as usual, only a note lay upon the bureau, addressed to Uncle Dorset, in Lucy's pretty, girlish handwriting. Enoch snatched and tore it open. It ran as follows:

"Don't be cross and scold me, that's a dear. I'm going to marry Charlie Farnsworth. He isn't Mr. Allen at all. I think pa has been very cruel towards Charlie. He wouldn't let him come to the house, because he was a little wild. But now Charlie has reformed and don't drink a drop, and if he couldn't get into business, I'm sure it was not his fault, poor fellow. The only business he had in Middletown was in seeing me. Maybe you will think I am to blame; but I do love Charlie to distraction, and we mean to get married this very night. Nobody need follow us; for it will be too late."

Perhaps Enoch uttered an oath; at any rate he crushed the note in his hand. "Go down stairs, Job," said he, "and try to keep the folks going. Get up a dance if you can. Don't tell mother quite yet. I will put Zeke on one of the farm horses, and we can bring the crazy girl to her sense. The fellow looked to me like a snake and I dare say he is after Uncle Horace's money. Won't the old gentleman fume, though."

Enoch ten minutes later was spurring along the moonlight road, when he caught sight of a fluttering garment among the trees by the way.

"Who is there?" he called out sharply. As no answer came, he alighted, took the bridle over his arm and rushed into the shadows.

"It's me, Nancy Raynor," said a faint voice.

"You, Nancy, out alone this time of night? Did you see any anybody pass here an hour back?" he asked hurriedly, "I'm afraid my cousin, Lucy Malcolm, has made a fool of herself, and gone off with a scamp that has been hanging about here ever since she came."

Nancy had often thought in just what scornful tones she would speak to Enoch Dorset, if he ever chanced to be humiliated in her presence, but now the opportunity had come and all her vindictiveness had vanished.

"And do you care so very much about her?" she asked in a faltering voice.

"Don't care in the way you think I do, Nancy." And Enoch's better nature suddenly asserted itself. "The only girl I ever really cared for was you, and I was a fool and a coxcomb. I thought I could play with you, and when I wanted to come back you were as ice toward me. Of course I deserved it. I deserve that you should never speak to me again."

"Oh, Enoch! How miserable I have been," sobbed Nancy, as her head went down. Enoch found a moment in which to comfort her, before he leaped again on his horse and darted away after the fugitives. But they were not found that night. The next day Lucy came with her graceless husband, and threw herself at Uncle Dorset's feet and begged him to intercede with her father. Nancy married Enoch, and Enoch would be ready to shoot anybody who should ever hint that he does not love his wife dearly.

**Remarkable Elopement in a West Virginia Pair.**

About four years ago James Townsend of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, eloped with his brother Ezekiel's wife. The disconsolate Ezekiel started in pursuit of the fugitives, but after an unsuccessful hunt of a week or two he returned home to lament, in the solitude of his widowed home, the inconstancy of fickle woman.

Years passed on; the loving couple took the even tenor of their way across the mountains of West Virginia, and crossed over into Ohio, all the way on foot, where they tarried for a while, [illegible] possessed by truant lovers. Finding that the course of true love does not always run smooth, they pulled up stakes and, like the "star of empire" westward took their way.

They crossed "the father of waters," and still pushing on, traversed the plains, and then, to cool the ardor of their love, ascended the snow-capped summits of the Rocky Mountains. Descending from these heights, they tried living in the fertile valleys west of these mountains, and pitched their tents near Omaha. But, after a while James became tired of the felicities of married life—the responsibilities attending them became irksome. The idea of having to support a wife—and she another man's wife, too—was too much for him. Remorse of conscience preyed upon his mind. He found, too late, that he had destroyed the happiness of a brother's household, only to bring additional care and grief upon himself. Willing to make what amends he could, he resolved to return her to the bosom of her liege lord and his injured brother. So back he came, bringing his fair charge along. A few weeks ago, one morning as the sun was just beginning to cast its refulgent beams over and around the mountain cabin of the widowed Ezekiel, and he having cooked and eaten his breakfast alone was washing the dishes, lifted up his eyes, and looking toward the door, beheld the former partner of his joys—his long lost wife. Either supposing it to be an apparition or unwilling to have his affections blasted again he fled through the other door, leaving the inconstant wife to try life without a partner for a while. James left immediately after delivering his charge.

**An Old Miser's Home.**

At the foot of Broad street, Jersey City Heights, on the north side of the iron stairway running up the hill from the foot of First street, Hoboken, says the New York *Sun*, is a hole in the rocks some four feet and a half square which leads into a massive cave, as yet unexplored, but which, it is supposed, is several hundred feet in extent. This cave Peter Van Blecht, an old miser, has made his headquarters. He has also a similar abode on the river road leading up to Bull's Ferry, and another near Newark, and when night overtakes him he makes one of these places his sleeping-place. He rises at daylight, and never enters the cave until after dark. He is about sixty years of age, and can be seen during the summer months along the walk leading up to the Elysian Fields, begging. He has no friends save one, a German grocer, at whose store he gets his food, always dining on crackers and butter, and drinking nothing but beer. He is reputed to be wealthy, and has been seen with a bank book. He always appears to have plenty of money. Workmen are engaged in blasting away the rocks at the iron steps; and no doubt this mysterious passage-way will soon be fully explored.

**The Pierce Monument.**

A beautiful monument has just been put up over the last resting place of the late ex-President Pierce. It stands upon a base of hammered granite, two feet high and forty inches square. The plinth is two feet three inches square and ten inches high, the die twenty inches square and two feet two inches high; cap thirty inches square and ten inches high. The shaft is fourteen inches square at the base and eight at the top, and is seven feet high, twelve wide and four thick. The cross is beautifully draped with folds. The hight of the entire monument is fifteen feet. It is of the finest Italian marble, every part cut from a single block, thus insuring evenness of quality and of color.


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