ORIGINAL.

For the Beaver Argus.

LIFE A MYSTERY.

BY ANNA M. BAKER.

Yes, the thread of its deep mystery we short-sighted beings cannot unravel. Its depths no one can fathom. Its intricacies no man attempts to solve; for should he, he would find himself lost in its dark mazes. The man of science may dive deep in her rich mines and bring forth to the world *yet* new discoveries, new inventions. The astronomer walks at home among the stars, measures their distances and calls them by name. The logician, with his strong syllogistic arguments, is competent to strike a death blow to his opponent, yet when he comes to cope with this stern question, falls with all his logic. Neither can the poet who soars aloft on the wings of imagination into the ideal realms there delineate a picture in any way representing its hidden secrets. Here we *all* fail. Even in contemplating upon the past, we find it a combination of mysterious labyrintha — some painted with the glowing rays of hope, others again dressed in a midnight garb. Twelve years ago, who would have thought that 1861 would open in our beloved country such a dire and bloody war, cause our beautiful sod to drink up the blood of our noble countrymen like water, make our hills and valleys reecho with the roar of cannon and devastate our lovely land with the war march? Who, at that time, could have unlocked the mystery of a four-year bloody siege? But in the words of the eminent warr lor, "*veni vini vici.*" The heroic north rushed to a traitorous foe, saw, and conquered, and now it behooves us, while the noble braves will ever live in the heart of a rescued nation, and their sleeping dust be ornamented with wreaths of sweet memory, to not forget our country's true saviour, Abraham. We regret that after his faithful administration in leading us on to victory, he could not have her green garland twined about his perplexed brow; but just as the rosy dawn of peace was beginning to gild his horizon, he fell by the hand of the assassin. "Peace to his ashes." Peculiar were my feelings when I gazed upon his corpse in Ohio's capitol. About the entrance were inscribed these words: "God moves in a mysterious way." How applicable to the occasion! Yes, his ways are mysterious—past finding out. Again, a few years later, who would have thought that 1870 would originate the great European conflict? That Prance's dynasty would be subverted and she declared a Republic? That Victor Emanuel would usurp the Pope's throne, and last of all, 1871 witness the surrender of France's proud capital? Mysteries are these. The *present* is pregnant with mystery. Often a mere object passed by unnoticed by the whirling crowd meets the attention of some one, and opens a new world. Yes, who can tell what worlds of knowledge, what stores of wisdom lie locked up in some shell of precious stone, passed by by life's hurrying multitudes. Yes, while some stumble over these estimable treasures, murmuring that they are obstructions in their path, others thank God for them, and gather therefrom abundant instruction. Each thing in nature is its own teacher. The geologist lives among old fossil remains, drains the deepest rivers to satisfy his geological curiosity. The theologist dives deep into the ravines of nature in quest of something stronger still to prove a divinity and shake the ground of atheism. Oftimes there is involved in little things a world of mysterious results. The small acorn, the sparkling rivulet are all laden with mystery. Yes, a minute, an hour may fix the destiny of man, of nations. The encouraging word and kind pat of the head has turned the course of many a poor secluded creature. Where now would be our Dr. Clarke's Commentary, so popular, if it had not been for the encouraging word and gentle pat of the head he received when in school by a visitor who thought his teacher had despaired of his talent, saw the hidden faculties of the great Divine. What mystery in a single word, and who dare prophecy the vortex of mystery yet in the dark unknown. Yonder in that cradle lies the lovely infant, its future lighted up with playful smiles. I approach, stop, and while gazing upon it in its innocence, I ask myself the question as I would in contemplating some plant, what manner of tree shall this be? What manner of man or woman shall this be? Shall he be a Webster or a Clay, holding multitudes breathless with his flowing eloquence, or shall he, Alexander or Cæsar like, wade through blood to laurels of victory? Shall she possess the heroic spirit of a Joan of Arc, or like a Lady Jane Grey, die for her christian virtue? Can it be possible that that once innocent and helpless babe metamorphosed into the great Sir Isaac Newton, who gave to the world his law of gravitation, or that Dr. Franklin, who solved the subtlety of the electric fluid, introducing the first lightning rod, was once the same helpless infant. Who would have thought that pure and tender babe would have matured into Tom Paine, that noted infidel, whose "Age of Reason" has ruined many souls, and who, in the last moment of his life, finding no comforters, cried out in the anguish of his lost soul: Lord! Lord Jesus! have mercy on me. Look at that mother; ask why those sighs, those tears, that furrowed cheek and wrinkled brow. She will tell you, my only son whom I had thought would be a solace and comfort to me in my declining years has, influenced by vicious companions, touched the intemperate bowl, and now fills a drunkard's grave. Again, ask that mother why her joy-lit countenance and sparkling eyes, and she will tell you quite a different story; my only son of whom I have despaired, confirmed as he was in evil habits, has made a great reform, been renewed by grace divine and commissioned of the Lord to be one of his Embassadors. What mystery! Look at yonder hovel where poverty is pictured in its highest colors, the inmates in tatters and rags, are drawn closely to the last dying ember. Oh, how their poor hearts ache as they see their opulent friends flourish, and prosper. But mark, "The fates are propitious." Fortune smiles and they gradually rise in the scale of wealth and position, now they can associate with the noble and honored; their company is no more shunned, but sought by their flourishing friends. Again, yonder on one of B—'s proud avenues stands a gorgeous mansion, enter, you find all that could beautify and adorn it. Inmates glitter in jewels and diamonds, ignore the poorer and despised classes. But, ah, mark the sudden change. Prosperity's sun does not always shine, adversity levels them in a single year to the plebian circles, and humbles their haughty, disdainful spirits. Thus we see them millionaire of to-day the beggar of to-morrow, and the beggar of to-day the millionaire of to-morrow. How often when we are called to pass through dark seasons, when our sky becomes clouded, our sea stormy, we are ready to murmur, never thinking that after the storm comes the sunshine, after the rain the beautiful rainbow. In the distance I see a black cloud; what means this? A pending storm. I gaze on, but by and by comes the gentle drop glistening like a jewel in the silver lining now visible, teaching me that "Every cloud has a silver lining." Then I begin to apply this to life. Thus with the christian, he is often called on to pass through dark seasons; his spiritual sky is clouded, his path dark and gloomy, and oftimes he feels like murmuring. But as God chastises whom he loveth, When his children grow cold and lukewarm, he frequently chastises them by, perhaps, permitting affliction to come upon them, or death to rob them of a loved one, and as we know the fiery ordeal is essential to the purifying of gold, so often these light afflictions are necessary to purify and enrich the hearts of his children and draw them close to him. Now, christian, watch and pray; live near the bleeding cross of Christ, and although these trying circumstances come upon you, and you cannot solve their mysteries in this world, you may at last, when life's sorrows terminate, enter the realms of Paradise, when all things will be made plain.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOK.

The recent terrible freshets in the James, the Shenandoah, and other Virginia rivers, recall to my memory an exciting incident which I witnessed in Richmond more than twenty years ago.

It occurred at "the falls"—opposite which the city stands—a point at which the river, rushing over a bed of rocks more or less elevated above the surface, forms a variety of rapid streams, in which it was at that time the habit of boys to swim. When the river is low, these streams are comparatively safe to the bather, if he is a good swimmer; but, when the current is swollen by rains, they become very violent and dangerous—so dangerous, indeed, that the best swimmers make haste to get on shore.

At the time mentioned I was bathing in the falls, when the sudden rising of the stream warned me of the coming danger, and I hurried from the water. In an inconceivably brief space the water rose several feet; and, half an hour afterward, the whole breadth of the falls was a roaring, raging, foaming mass of waves, dashing against the jagged rocks, falling back in clouds of foam. The spectacle was at once beautiful and terrible. The citizens had hastened down to witness the sight; crowds lined the bank, and all eyes were directed towards Mayo's Bridge, against which the waves were beating with ever-increasing force—when suddenly intelligence ran through the crowd that a boy, who had been swimming, was caught on a mass of rock, in midcurrent, in the falls above.

With the rest I hurried to the point of interest, and reached the banks opposite the rock upon which the boy had taken refuge. It rose about fifty yards from the shore, and was already environed by the raging current which boiled around it, throwing up clouds of foam. The boy, about sixteen, slender, entirely naked, for his clothes had been washed away, and we could see that he was white with the anticipation of swiftly coming destruction. He clung to a small, mass of shrubs growing out of the rock, and his eyes were alternately turned upon the furious torrent around him and upon the crowd on shore.

Many hundred persons had quickly assembled, and each one hurriedly suggested some means of rescue. None seemed possible. No boat could live for a moment in such a torrent—the waves would have dashed it to pieces against the rocks. The only means of saving the boy's life seemed to be for some one to swim to him with a rope; but to attempt that appeared to be going to certain death; and intense as the pity and sympathy of the crowd had become, no one seemed willing to essay the desperate enterprise. Meanwhile the water steadily rose higher, and grew more threatening. Rocks in the current—one large one especially—which a moment before had been visible just beneath the surface, now entirely disappeared; the roaring waves steadily crawled up the sides of the mass upon which the boy stood; and at last the angry waves washed his very feet, as he clung despairingly to the swaying shrubs. A few moments now, all saw plainly, would end the tragedy. The unhappy lad would quickly be washed away or submerged. In either event he would be swept to the jagged ledges below, and his frail form dashed to pieces.

The excitement of the crowd had now become intense. Every one held his breath paralyzed by this spectacle of a human being about to be swept to destruction. All at once, however a loud shout arose. Every one hastened to the spot where a man was throwing off his clothes. A brave spirit had resolved to attempt the rescue of the boy, and I hurried with the rest to look at him. As I reached him he had stripped naked for the desperate wrestle. He was a tall, powerfully formed young man of twenty-two or three apparently, an employe, it was said, in one of the great manufactories on the river, and his clear, brave eyes gave no sign of fear. Without a word he addressed himself to his perilous work. Going up the river bank one or two hundred yards above, he tied the end of a ball of twine to his body, mounted upon a ledge, made a vigorous dive to reach the open current, and struck out vigorously amid the huge waves. The crowd shouted, and then held their breath, gazing at the figure of the swimmer, who seemed a mere leaf upon the furious torrent. He was swept along like lightning, dashed over the huge hidden rock I have mentioned, and through the great mass of foam which marked it; a moment afterward another shout ascended like a roar from the crowd—the swimmer had reached the rock whereon the boy stood, and had clutched a hanging shrub, which enabled him to draw himself out of the caldron.

We could then follow his movements. They were rapid, decisive, and self-possessed. Indeed, not an instant was to be lost. The water boiled already over the summit of the mass of rock, above which only bending shrubs were now seen. The young man hastily drew toward him the twine, to which those on shore had attached a rope the size of a garden line. The rope at last reached him; he clutched it almost fiercely, tied it around the boy's waist, then in the same manner around his own person—he in advance—and then, just as the "hell of waters" foamed up around him, surging waist high, he threw himself into the current, drawing the boy after him toward the shore, where a hundred hands were dragging at the rope.

That few moments' struggle with the fury of the flood was one of the most exciting incidents which I have ever witnessed. This spectacle was indeed fearful. The lives of a man and boy hung upon a thread. A thrill ran through all hearts; a loud exclamation followed. The boy had disappeared beneath the waves—the rope pulling him under—and then a huge, thundering, remorseless wall of foam rushed over head of the young man, too; he sank, the torrent swept over him, and not a trace of either man or boy was visible to the agonized eyes of the lookers on.

A moment afterward what seemed two corpses were dragged to the shore out of the current. A dozen hands caught them, and a feeble movement of the young man's hand indicated that he was not dead. He felt for the rope around his body. All eyes were turned in that direction. The rope had buried itself nearly, cutting into his flesh; he was suffocating!

The rope was severed instantly, and a long breath from the violet lips indicated immense relief. An instant afterward the young man rose to his feet, and, as he did so, the boy, who had been assiduously cared for, also opened his eyes, uttered a deep sigh and then smiled. He was snatched from the very jaws of death and the courage of an unknown friend had alone saved him.

I looked at that friend. He was smiling, too, and receiving, with the modest air of a brave man, the praises of the crowd.

"I thought at one time I was gone," the boy said to him feebly. The brave young man laughed.

"I only ask one thing," he said, "that the man who cut that rope will sell me the knife that cut it."—*Appleton's Journal.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

That reality is often stranger than romance is a very old fashioned truism. Yet critics are always deciding the plots of novels to be incredible, and readers of "sensation" stories are quick to declare them "untrue to nature." The files of current newspapers furnish, notwithstanding, from week to week, dramas of real life that quite equal the most wonderful pages of Miss Braddon or Alexander Dumas. Even in sober Boston, there happened a fortnight ago events curiously like the social complications painted by the former writer, and no whit inferior to them in romance or eccentricity.

A married woman living in Westboro, in Massachusetts, went to Boston about the 16th of January, to make purchases for her family. She had always been considered respectable, had been a wife four years, and has one child. After buying what she wanted she sent her goods home to Westboro, by express. She subsequently went to the waiting-room of a railroad station with the intention of going to Chesien. While waiting for the car she was escorted by a young man, a complete stranger, who proposed to her to accompany him for a walk. At first she declined, but afterward consented, and the two passed into the streets. Presently the young man asked his companion if she were married or otherwise engaged. She answered both questions in the negative. He then told her his name and calling; said he was a moulder who had been employed at Wakefield, but had been discharged because he was a single man; had he been a married man, he added, he might have kept his place. This announcement probably drew from the lady some expression of condolence or other encouragement, since the ardent moulder then and there made her a proposition of marriage. Strange to say the offer was as promptly accepted. This wife and mother coolly agreed to marry a person whom ten minutes before she had never seen, and of whose character and circumstances, save through his own account, she was totally ignorant. The pair then agreed to go to Lynn, where the happy lover's parents reside, and to whom he desired to present his affianced.

This plan was duly carried out. The two went together to Lynn, the parents, who are highly respected by their towns-folk were seen, and the intended bride formally introduced. At this point the groom was guilty of the trifling exaggeration of telling his father and mother that he had known the lady he meant to make their daughter-in-law for six months. The old people were pleased with their son's choice, made much of her, and introduced her to their friends. The mother, however, with a laudable caution that might wisely have gone further, took the young woman into a private room at an early stage of the acquaintance, and with the preface that she liked her looks and manners, hoped that, being a stranger, her antecedents had been such as would in no sense bring discredit on the family. The lady made prompt response that everything was as it should be, that her name was spotless, that her father was a sea-captain, living in St. John, N. B., and that she would not be guilty of deception for the world. Well satisfied, the mother agreed to the marriage, which thereupon took place, and the parties lived together as man and wife for one short week. In the meantime the original husband, missing his spouse, went to Boston to look for her. His search was at first, for obvious reasons, vain. But for purposes of her own, this female *Barbe-Bleue* now resolved to pay a visit to Boston, and to go alone. Her new husband objected, but she overcame his scruples and carried out her design. Having arrived in town, she sent to her Westboro' lord, addressing him with compunctious reserve as "Dear friend," and asked him to be kind enough to send her clothes and other effects on to Boston. The husband came instantly to the address thus given, and, confronting the erring wife, reproached her with her absence. Stricken with remorse or terror, she fell on her knees, and, with bitter tears, begged his forgiveness. She confessed she had married somebody, but was quite unable to recall the incidents of her courtship or wedding. Pending this revelation, the friends of the other husband arrived, having got wind that something was wrong, and a dreadful scene ensued, which ended by the lady returging to Westboro' with her legal husband. It is proper to say, in extenuation of her conduct first, that she is reported to have imagined that her husband was unfaithful to her; and, second—the too common plea set up for back-sliders—that she is "by some supposed to be insane."

This strange story is certainly not surpassed by any of the similar entanglements conceived by ingenious novelists of the day. Extraordinary and improbable as it seems, its truth is vouched for by the Boston newspapers, some of which give the names, which we have suppressed.—*New York Times.*

SOCIAL TAXES.

The typical American is not an unsocial person. Indeed, he is very far from being anything of the kind. Foreigners regard the American as one who has a particular fondness for living with his windows up and his doors open. Yet it is doubtless true that there is a notable lack of freedom and ease in the intercourse of American society, and that the coming together of the men and women for the interchange of thought and feeling is attended with difficulties that only the rich may successfully encounter. If half a dozen friends are invited to dinner it is deemed necessary to crowd the table with superfluous viands and costly dishes. If the same number are invited to tea, there is hardly less expense and trouble incurred. Instead of the simple tea, and the light food that appropriately accompanies it, in the ordinary life of a family, there is a supper; in which salads and solid dishes, cold and hot, and all expensive, are crowded upon the jaded appetite. Even this is not enough. Before the guests depart, they are often beset again with dainty offerings of ice and fruit and coffee. When we come to more ambitious gatherings we encounter more preposterous folly. An ordinary social party is a huge feast, which begins at the time when the people ought to be going to bed, ends when they ought to be getting up, and crowds the stomach with luxurious and burdensome food and drinks at the time when it ought to be in its profoundest rest. One such party exhausts the resources of the family which gives it for a year or two, unless they are people of abounding wealth, turns their house upside down, and breaks up the whole family for a fortnight.—The payment for entertainment in music and dainties and flowers, makes the purse-carrier groan, and wrings from him the glad declaration that his duty is done for a twelve-month, at least. One party is just like every other party, except that one is more or less expensive than another. There is rivalry of dress among the women, to be sure, and such new toilets as they can afford from time to time, and often such as they cannot afford to make; but there are the same old fiddles, playing the same old quadrilles and waltzes; there is the same caterer and familiar ices and salads; the same "How do you *do?*" and the same "Good night," and "We have had such a splendid time!"

Now we protest that there must be some better way than this. The great multitude are those who, in some calling or profession, work for their bread. To furnish a dinner and tea such as we have described, would be felt by them as a severe tax. No matter how intellectual and socially valuable these people may be, they shrink from entering society that imposes such burdens. As they feel it to be impossible for them to return in kind the expensive facilities which a wealthy neighbor extends to them, they shrink back into their own houses and go nowhere. Everywhere, and all the time, these costly entertainments, at dinner and tea and social assembly, operate as a bar to social intercourse. Indeed, they have become, in the full, legitimate meaning of the word, a nuisance. To those who give them they are not pleasant in any respect. They are provided with no expectation of a compensating pleasure; and few besides the young—to whom any opportunity for dancing and frolicking is agreeable—take the slightest satisfaction in them. They are glad when their toilet is made, glad when the refreshments are offered, glad when the show is over and they can go home, glad when they get cozily to bed, and particularly glad the following morning if they can look over their coats and dresses and find that they are not ruined.

Have we exaggerated in the least in these representations? Nay, have we not told the exact, notorious truth? We protest again, then, that there must be some better way. Here is another opportunity for woman to do good; for it is woman, in her, social pride and in her pride of housekeeping, who has more to do with this thing than man. The woman who can make her drawing room attractive by informal gatherings of men and women, who shall not be put through the tortures of the toilet, nor burdened with a sense of obligation of the luxuries prepared for their entertainment, is the real social queen. The essential vulgarity of the phase of social life which we are considering is decided by the simple fact that the great question of the hostess concerns the stomachs of her guests, and the great questions of her guests relate to the decoration of their own backs. It elevates nobody, it inspires and instructs nobody, and it satisfies nobody. Yet we go on year after year upholding these social usages which we despise. Let us find the better way and follow it!—*Scribner's Monthly for January.*

Female Politicians.

Much has been said about the influence of Mrs. Gen. Logan exerted with the Illinois Legislature to secure the nomination of Senator for her husband. Gov. Oglesby was no match for Mrs. Logan, and she won the position for her husband. We recollect Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was the life of her husband, keeping him from dissipation, and restraining his impetuosity. Mrs. John C. Fremont has always been of great service to her husband, and Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, was aided in his fortunes and popularity by Mrs. Slidell, both in New Orleans and Washington. One of the most remarkable instances of female electioneering, however, occurred in California, when Gwin and Broderick was contending for the Senatorship. And in this instance Broderick confessed to a defeat at the hands of beauty. Mr. Gwin opened parlors at the principal hotel in Sacramento, Mrs. Gwin presided. The beauty and talent of the State were concentrated at these receptions, twenty-seven young ladies lending their charms to influence the Representatives. The Legislature was invited to partake of the hospitalities of the Gwin receptions, and as he was then United States Senator, and was still expected to be, it may well be supposed that the brilliant court established by Mrs. Gwin was not neglected. And the wife and family of Dr. Gwin knew how to keep open the house. They had wit, good sense, refinement, beauty, wealth, name and position. They embarked all these qualities in the contest, and used their eloquence to such advantage that Broderick had to retire.

Napoleon's Hopes.

There is, says the New York *Tribune*, a serious and indefatigable effort now making for the restoration of the Bonapartes. There is a paper published at London to advocate this object. The messengers of the restoration are continually flitting back and forth with plots and propositions. Louis Napoleon, apparently never suspecting the meanness of the figure he presents, is writing pamphlets to prove it was France that forced him into war, and the Republicans that prevented the organization of the army. Serenely unaware that he has become the most despicable of men, he is dreaming in his indolent way of again holding the destinies of France in his impotent hands. We are sometimes tempted to think he held himself at his true value for a week or two, between Worth and Sedan; but he has recovered his appetite and his vanity in the luxurious retirement of his palace prison, and again longs for the gilded shams of the Tuileries. We have enough faith in mankind to believe that he will not be given another opportunity to break the peace of the world or debauch the general conscience by the spectacle of unpunished crime. As to France, if she receives him, or endures him, she will prove that all her sufferings were light in proportion to her deserving.

In 1839, General Thomas L. Hamer represented the Sixth Ohio District in Congress. He was a Democrat, and so was Jesse R. Grant. The Cincinatti *Enquirer* publishes a letter written to him at that time by Mr. Grant, and which has a peculiar interest as the original letter asking the appointment to a cadetship at West Point of our present President. Gen Hamer secured the appointment of young Grant. The letter is as follows:

GEORGETOWN, O., Feb. 19, 1839.

HON. THOMAS L. HAMER:

Dear Sir: In consequence of a remark from Mr. Morris while in your town last fall, I was induced to apply to the War Department, through him, for a cadet appointment for my son, H. Ulysses. A letter this evening received from the Department informs me that you only are entitled to the nomination, and that your consent will be necessary to enable him to obtain the appointment.

I have thought it advisable to consult you on the subject; and if you have no other person in view for the appointment, and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the Department. When I last wrote to Mr. Morris, [Then United States Senator.—Ed.] I referred him to you to recommend the young man, if that were necessary.

Respectfully yours,

Jesse R. Grant.

To Hon. Thos. L. Hamer, Washington City.

The Lower Type of Humanity.

On the Island of Borneo, says the *Atlantic Monthly* there has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Ilands, in Terra del Fuego; and in South America. They walked unusually almost erect on two legs, and in this attitude measure about four feet in height. They are dark, wrinkled and hairy. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves or trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When they are captured alive, one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty; and in fine, these wretched beings are men

Medicinal.

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 it for it will, with the first application, instantly afford complete relief, and the few following applications are only required to effect a permanent cure without any trouble or inconvenience to the most delicate.

WARNER'S PILE REMEDY is expressly for the Piles, and is not recommended to cure any other disease. It has cured many cases of over thirty years' standing. Price One Dollar. Forsale by druggists everywhere.

No More

WEAK NERVES.

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for Dyspeptics and those afflicted with habitual Costiveness. There are very few who have not employed physicians for years to remedy what this preparation will do in a few weeks, by strengthening the nerves, increasing the circulation, restoring digestion, giving strength mentally and physically, enabling those who may have been confined for years to their rooms as invalids to again resume their occupations and all the duties of Life. One trial is all we ask to enable this remedy to prove itself to the most skeptical. It is a slightly stimulating tonic and a splendid appetizer; it strengthens the stomach and restores the digestive organs to their healthy state. Weak, nervous and dyspeptic persons should use *Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic.* For sale by druggists.—Price One Dollar.

COUGH no MORE

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, soothing and expectorating. The extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving and eventually curing, the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchits, Influenza, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Asthma and Consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief and certain 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. It is your own fault if you still cough and suffer. The Balsam will cure.

WINE OF LIFE.

The Great Blood Purifier and Delicious Drink, Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or Wine of Life, is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, being prepared for those who require a stimulant.—It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the finest 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, wine, bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy, and cheaper. Both male and female, young or old, can take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, a life preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health and a free use of lively spirits, will do well to take the Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by druggists. 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.) Where is the family in which this important medicine is not wanted? Mothers, this invaluable blessing ever offered you, and you should immediately procure it. It is also a cure for Female Irregularities, and may be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or disease. Sold by druggists.—Price One Dollar.

☞ Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of One Dollar and a Quarter. Address—610 State street, Chicago.

For sale by S. C. HANNON, Rochester; BARNES & BRO., Bridgewater, and HUGO ANDRIESSEN, Beaver, Pa.; 1y6;1;ychd jan18,'71

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Speyerer & Sons

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AS LOW AS BEFORE THE WAR!

Consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hope, Oceans, Packing Yarn, Iron, Nails, Paints, White Lead, Oil, Putty, Queensware, Willow ware, Flour, Feed, Grain and Bacon, a variety of Prints, Muslins, Tickings, Delains, Checks, Alpacas, Jeans, Linsys, Crash and Homery; also, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Carbon Oil,

200 bbls. of the Celebrated Canton City

AND NEW CREEK FLOUR,

Just arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail,

At Pittsburg Prices.

200 Kegs Wheeling Nails:

ONE CAR WHITE LIME;

Land Plaster, and Akron Cement;

A Large Stock of

White Lead and Paints.

A very superior quality of Strunz & Wetzel's Soaps; and a lot of Carbon Oil

Just Arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail.

ALSO, PURE CATAWBA, ISABELLA

—and—

Concord Wines,

Of our own vintage, for Medicinal and Sacramental Purposes, are highly Recommended by those who have used them.

They are also Agents for the

KNIFFEN MOWER AND REAPER,

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Thanking the Public for their past patronage, we hope to merit a liberal share in the future.

All Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

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