The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., Nov. 8th, 1871.

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

TIME.	3w.	6w.	3m.	6m.	1 year
1 sqr—10 lines,	$3 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
2 squares,	3 50	5 00	7 00	9 00	15 00
3 squares,	5 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00
4 squares,	6 00	8 00	10 50	15 00	21 00
¼ column,	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
½ column,	11 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
1 column,	20 00	30 00	38 00	60 00	100 00

Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$3 00
special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except for transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

GEO. P. ROWELL, 40 Park Row, N. York, **S. M. PETTENGILL & Co,** 37 Park Row, New York, are the *sole* agents for THE BEAVER ARGUS in that city, and are authorized to contract for inserting advertisements for us at our lowest cash rates. Advertisers in that city are requested to leave their favors with either of the above houses.

TIME TABLE.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Morning Accom'n 8.22; Mail, 2.47 p. m ;Evening Fast Line, 9.27.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7.46 a. m.; Accommodation and Express, (through to Bellair,) 6.15 p. m.

Pitt, Ft. W. & C. R. R.—Trains going East leave Rochester Station (at end of bridge) as follows: Beaver Falls Accom. 6.03 a.m.; Enon accom. 7.10 a. m.; New Castle accom. 8.30 a. m.; B. Falls accom. 12.10 p. m.

Trains going West leave Rochester Station, (at end of bridge) as follows: B. F. accom. 10 a. m.; E. on accom. 5.12 p. m.; Erie night express 5.43 p. m.; B. F. accom. 7.37 p. m.

Trains going East leave Rochester (Upper) Depot as follows: B. F. accom. 6.05 a. m ; Enon accom. 7.15 a. m.; New Castle accom. 8.40 a. m; Chicago exp. 10.52 a. m; Beaver Falls accom. 12.15 p. m.; Chicago Mail 2.05 p. m; Erie exp. 4 10 p. m; Chicago exp. 6.02 p. m; Erie mail 8.35 p. m.

Trains going West, leave Rochester (Upper) Depot as follows: Chicago mail 8.15 a. m.; Erie exp. 8.25 a. m; Beaver Falls accom. 9.55 a. m.; Chicago exp. 11.39 a. m.; Chicago exp. 3.55 p. m; New Castle accom. 4.30 p. m.; Erie exp. 5.42 p. m; Beaver Falls accom. 7.35

☞ The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the ARGUS to-day:

Attention—Rochester Building Ass'n.
Special Notices—S. & J. Snellenburg.
Special Notice—M. Schiff.
Special Notice—R. Steinfeld.
Special Notice—Speyerer & Sons.
Special Notice—Freedom Building Ass'n

Sensible.—There is no duller blunder, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, than the supposition that the schemers and tricksters and unscrupulous men of a party are its shrewdest managers, and decency are impracticable in politics.

THE latest and fine styles of Jewelry, in all its various branches, to be found at *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh. jet-1y

New Subscribers.—The ARGUS has added more new subscribers to its already large list, within the past three weeks, than it has over done within the same time, before. We have still room for a few more. Now that the long winter evenings are at hand, every family should have a good local paper. The ARGUS, in this respect, leads all others in Western Pennsylvania. Send in your names.

WATCHES, WATCHES.—Being Agents for the sale of these Watches in the City of Pittsburgh we are confident of our ability to please buyers as to prices. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh jet-1y

Look out next week for Speyerer & Son's new advertisement in the ARGUS. They have just received a heavy lot of fall and winter goods, which they will dispose of at very low rates.

WANTED,—50 cords young black walnut. Sticks four to twelve inches in thickness. Beaver Falls Cutlery Co., Beaver Falls, Pa. nov2-1m.

CLOCKS, CLOCKS, CLOCKS.—American Clocks a full stock; newest styles; lowest prices. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh jet-1y

A Puzzle.—Two ladies were traveling on the cars, when a stranger asked the elder what relationship she bore the younger. The answer was quick and pertinent: "She is my sister's daughter, and my daughter's sister!" Now what relation did the two sustain to each other?

ATTENTION is directed to an advertisement in another column, in which "The Little Beaver Bridge Mill Site" is offered for sale. This is a valuable property, and there is no doubt, but that it can be bought at a figure far below its real value. nov1-ts.

An unreasonable and somewhat misanthropic acquaintance remarks he has often heard the proverb, "A frind in need is a friend indeed," but he says he can't see where the laugh comes in. He has a friend in need who is always borrowing money from him.

WATCH REPAIRING.—If your watch is out of order send it to *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, Pittsburgh. It will be repaired and returned free of express charges. All work warranted. jet-1y

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of the different kinds of love: "The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, a love of a bonnet."

WE invite our friends to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Orders carefully and promptly filled. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh. jet-1y

A little boy had been cautioned never to take the nest egg when gathering the eggs; but one evening the girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying—"Mother! mother! Susy's been and got the egg the old hen measure's by."

STERLING SILVER.—Sterling Silver, Table Ware and presentation pieces. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93, Market street, Pittsburgh. jet-1y

Hon. John J. Pearson, of Harrisburg, received the remarkable compliment of a nomination for Judge of the Dauphin and Lebanon district from both political parties, and was elected by almost a united ballot. There were but nine votes cast against him. Although he has presided in the courts of that district for twenty-three years, he is without a personal enemy, and even the politicians of the district support him without division as to party. The wonderful popularity arises from his ability as a judge, and his worth as a citizen. May his life and vigor be preserved through his new term, is the hearty wish of all who know him.

SILVER-PLATED WARE.—We sell none but triple plate. Send for drawings and prices—sent free. C. G. L. If desired. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh. jet-1y

A little five-year-old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," &c., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, is "by telegraph," which I see in the newspapers, swearing?" "No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

WATCHES, WATCHES.—The most complete line in the city of Pittsburgh, and all the necessary adjustments to be had at *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Market St. Pittsburgh. jet-1y

The law, instituted by the late faculty, requiring each student to furnish the august board with a written statement of the place of worship and Bible-class attended, boarding-place, &c., affords unlimited opportunities for the waggish student to display his peculiar ways. The following specimen was recently received by the governing element: "Attend Catholic Church. Have conscientious scruples in regard to the Bible-classes. Refresh the inner man at Mrs. Jerusha Ann Tompkin's, at a pecuniary expense of $5 per week—washing extra. Survive on faith, hash and napkins. Hired girl's name, Nancy; goodlooking and robust, of Swedish extraction. We invariably arise at 4 a. m. and retire at p. m."

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The best investment which any man can make, and the first which he should make, is the purchase of his own liabilities. In a word, the very best use of money is in paying one's debts. If outstanding obligations have still a time to run, to pay them off with whatever interest is due upon them at the time is better than buying any corporation stock whatever. Many shrewd business men practice this, and thus secure a double good, the improvement of their credit, and the actual reaping of profit. Another "investment" which everybody can make is the punctual payment of open accounts, if they have any such debts. The value of money is largely increased by its prompt disbursement. The payer derives more advantage from it in this way than he could by any investment, while open accounts harrass him. The "cash basis" is, especially in the ordinary expenses of living, the only sound and safe one; and the one against whom no man has a claim is truly independent. Especially in personal and household expenses should the cash system be adhered to. If everybody, rich and poor, followed this safe course, the "fluctuations of trade" would be diminished in a wonderful degree. The best investment is in the payment of debts.

GOLDEN FOUNTAIN PEN.—Something new and novel. Be sure and read the advertisement in our paper headed, "Greatest Invention of the Age." We believe the Golden Fountain Pen is unsurpassed. A good pen is a necessity to every man, woman and child. Agents, here is a chance to make money in introducing a good and saleable article. jan25:1y

You will find a large assortment in foreign and domestic shawls at M. Schiff's, New Brighton; also splendid velveteen for ladies' sacks. His stock in lace collars and emmoideries ranks with the largest houses in the country. This firm is the only one in this country which manufactures all kir ds of socks and ladies' hose and sells them wholesale and retail at prices which cannot be beat.

Worth Reading.—We clip the following from an exchange, and give it to our readers because of its truthfulness. It is rather a queer piece of poetic prose, and yet contains more truth than poetry. We commend it to the notice of all business men:

"When trade grew slack, and notes fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night, with sheriff's bailiffs, all in sight. At last his wife unto him said, Rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink, and pen, and say these things unto all men:

"My goods I wish to sell to you, and to your wife and daughters, too; my prices they shall be so low, that each shall buy before they go."

He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertised. Crowds came and bought of all he had; his notes were paid, his dreams were glad; and he will tell you to this day, how well did printer's ink repay.

He told us, with a knowing wink, how he was saved with printer's ink.

The other, in a place as tight, contented was the press to slight. And did not let the people know of what he had, or where to go.

His drafts were due, and were not paid; a levy on his goods was made; the store was closed until the sale, and for some time, he was in jail.

A bankrupt now, without a cent, at leisure he can deep repent, that he was foolish and unwise, and did not freely advertise.

PLEASE remember that you can get the best fitting garment at the lowest price, at R. Steinfeld's, New Brighton. Also you will find there, at all times, a big selection in men's and boys' clothing of his own make, as well as the latest novelties in gent's furnishing goods.

She Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.—A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What, do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man. "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic;" and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited that young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for a wife.

The woman who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool, a regular vagrant about grogshops; and the miserable girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.—*Methodist Record.*

For the newest and latest novelties in Watches Jewelry and Silver Ware at the lowest prices, go to *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Mrket street, Pittsburgh jet-1y.

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RARE CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY.—Freedom Building and Loan Association. The books are now open, so that all parties wishing to secure stock will do so at once.

Meeting every Wednesday evening.

J. B. CHENEY,
S. MORGAN,
R. H. MCCASKEY,
S. A. CRAIG.
Committee.

nov8-2w.

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This looks as if the *Eagle* was about to embark in the tedious and expensive business of litigation. It will have to take care of its plumage for Robinson is on the war path."

Re-arrested.—It seems that young Harn, who is now in jail in Beaver for killing Grant at the Harriet Murray den near New Brighton a few weeks ago, was committed to prison at that time on a charge of "aggravated assault and battery with intent to commit murder." The new District Attorney (J. H. McCreery, esq.) believing that this was not the proper charge to try Harn on, had him re-arrested on Tuesday of last week, on an information made by Coroner Corbus, charging him with murder. Constable Griffin made the arrest—that is, brought the alleged murder from jail to Esq. Imbrie's office, who committed him again on the information made by the Coroner.

FAST dwindling down, 50 dozen still on hand of those 75 cent shirts and drawers, at S. & J. Snellenburg's, Broadway, New Brighton.

A Wild Family.—The Pittston (Pa.) *Comet* reports a visit, in company with the Pittston Chief of Police, to the cabin of a recluse named Welles Parks, in the wilds of the Wyoming district. He was found in the act of burrowing a cellar under his hut for greater warmth during the coming winter. His two idiot children, aged respectively twenty-two and twenty-three, a young man and young woman, were at large in the woods, entirely nude, and came to the cabin at their father's call like docile animals. They were alarmed at the strangers and darted for a pile of straw, in which they cowered. The old man Parks talked well, interlarding his discourse with copious quotations from the Bible.

ONE CAR of Canton City Flour, 1 car of Feed, a lot of Wheelbarrows, 100 Kegs Wheeling Nails, and a large stock of New Goods, just received, at Speyerer & Son's, Rochester, and for sale wholesale and retail.

Corner Stone Laying.—On next Sunday, the 12th inst., at 2 p. m., it is announced that Right Rev. M. Domenec will lay the corner stone of a new Catholic Church at New Brighton. The necessary arrangements are being made for carrying a number of religious societies from Pittsburgh and vicinity to participate in the exercises of the occasion. It is intended that the demonstration will be imposing and edifying. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

MOUNTAINS, mountains, mountains, overcoats, overcoats, overcoats, at S. & J. Snellenburg's, Broadway, New Brighton.

Small-pox.—We regret to have to report that the small-pox is prevailing in several of the towns in this county. Some six or eight cases are reported in Rochester, a few cases in New Brighton, and also in Beaver Falls. We will doubtless have the disease in Beaver before the scourge passes away. Every person therefore, who is not already vaccinated should attend to this important duty at once.

The Beaver County Ministerial Association will meet in the Presbyterian Church in Beaver, on Thursday the 9th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m.

J. H. AUGHEY, *Sec'y.*

He Beats them All.—We have listened to the yells of the "Johnnies" as they made their dashes against the Union lines, and heard the war-whoops of the Red Man when he was rushing into battle, but for lung expansion the Beaver Falls f-r-e-s-h-f-s-h seller beats them all. As a screecher he is the most wonderful success of the age. We won't be surprised if the echoes of his voice are heard along the Beaver Valley long after he is gathered to his fathers.

SAY, Growler, what you growling about? Don't your clothes fit you? Serves you right. Get them made at S. & J. Snellenburg's hereafter.

A Championship at Last.—New Wilmington, Lawrence county, being ambitious, and seeing nothing else that its civilizous sons could compete for with any reasonable hope of success, got up a "spitting match" there last week, which is thus described by a correspondent of the *Lawrence Guardian:*

This is indeed an age of wonder. We have our champions in every department in every science, in feats of amusement and wonder, but New Wilmington can claim the honor of the first *spitting match*, which came off a few days since between three or four extraordinary tobacco chewers. The match for the championship of this place. The place selected was the front end of the daguerrean room, the contestants standing ten feet outward from this foundation. Some very remarkable and extraordinary spitting was done. After a number of amazing discharges having been made, the palm was finally carried off by a representative of New Texas, who threw a three ounce decoction of saliva upon the *cone of the roof.* If you have any persons conspicuous in this sublime art bring them on, otherwise we will claim the championship of America. SAM.

A Runaway Horse.—On last Sabbath day, a horse attached to a buggy, in which were seated Mr. William Gaston, wife and daughter, ran away when near the Newport Presbyterian Church, in Lawrence county, and threw the whole family out and on to a stone pile, bruising and cutting all of them severely, though not fatally. The horse was caught about a half mile away; the buggy however, was a perfect wreck.

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List of letters remaining in Beaver Post-office, November 1, 1871:

Ammon Mercer & Co.	R. Meely, esq.
Mr. Willi Byers,	W. J. Odell,
Mr. Joseph Eincan,	Ella Rossiter,
Mr. Theodore Floston,	M. A. Rambo,
Miss Emma Fleming,	Mrs. Maria Reed,
Mr. B. W. Howard,	David Smith,
Miss Ada Hamilton,	Mr. John Strock,
Mr. William Moore,	Mr. J. B. Wolcott

MARY A. MCGAFFICK, *P. M.*

SEE S. & J. Snellenburg's 75 cent drawers and shirts before you condemn them. Broadway, New Brighton.

The Industry Fur Company.—Having some business in Industry township one day last week, we took occasion while there to inquire into the general prosperity of the Industry Fur Company. The members of the Company themselves were quite sure that their success was complete and their prospects never more flattering than at the present time. In fact they seemed to think they had a "soft thing," and felt a little indifferent about the rest of mankind—their cares, responsibilities or general destiny. On the other hand however, their wives asserted most positively that all the hunters got in the chase were torn pantaloons and slivered boots; and that it had been so long since they had seen a dead fox, coon, wood-chuck or opossum, they could now hardly remember what either of them looked like! Col. Walton! to the front, and explain this radical difference in the testimony.

Mr. William Amon, who, we believe, is a Captain in the "Fur Brigade," and ranks next to Col. Walton, promised us the first, fat coon he would overtake. We bide our time.

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County Papers.—The following well-arranged thoughts on the comparative merits and claims of home and city papers, we clip from the Tuscarawas (O.) *Advocate:* "We sometimes meet with individuals who complain of their county paper, and cease to take it, preferring to subscribe for a city paper. They do not seem to comprehend the facts in relation to the publication and support of papers. In the first place the terms of nearly all city papers are the same as county papers—$2 for a single copy, and the only way they get them for a less price is by clubbing, and sending for a number of copies at a time. Then, again, they must invariably send the money in advance, which they very seldom do for their county paper. But the principal difference consists in the fact that it costs the publisher of the county paper the same to set his type that it does the city publisher, and setting type is the principal expense in publishing a newspaper of small circulation: After the type is once set, the expense then is merely for the blank paper and press work. And a paper with an hundred thousand subscribers can better afford to take one dollar a year, than the paper with a thousand subscribers, two dollars. Of course, the large city papers contain a larger amount of reading matter than the county papers, but which is the most useful and interesting? That's the question. Do the city papers say anything in regard to your own county? Nothing. Do they contain notices of our schools, churches, meetings, marriages and hundreds of other local matters of interest, which the county papers publish without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw attention to our county and its numerous thriving towns, and aid in their progress and enterprise? Not a line. And yet, there are men, who take contracted views of this matter, that, unless they are getting as many square inches of reading matter in their county paper that they do in a city paper, that they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the person who took the largest pair of boots in the box, simply because they cost the same as the pair much smaller, that fit.

FROM THE OLD DOMINION.

NEW STORE,
Buckingham Co., Va., Oct. 1871.

EDITOR OF ARGUS:—In answer to any persons seeking farther information in your county as to the prospects for their welfare in this part of Virginia, I desire to say we are having now our usual delightful Autumn weather. This October is perfectly luxurious.

Wheat seeding is about done and the fields are becoming perfectly green under this genial sunshine. Tracts of land of all sizes are for sale at low prices. Unimproved land, that is lands without buildings, are exceedingly low and on long time. All of it, on small cash payments and residue at one, two and three or more years.

The owners have large bodies of land and almost every one is willing and anxious to dispose of a part or all of his tracts.

Cattle—common breeds—are raised easily, and generally need no feeding until first of January.

Sheep are rarely fed at any time, only needing salt once a week. Hogs grow well and every farmer raises them for home use and a few for market.

The staple crops are wheat, corn, oats and tobacco. Winter oats seeded in August and September thrive well and yield fine crops.

Vegetables, of all kinds, grow well and there is no lack of them anywhere.

A common school system similar to yours, has been inaugurated, and in a few months we will have 3,000 schools in operation with 20 scholars each or more.

The population is sparse, but many new comers from England, Scotland and a few from the Empire State are purchasing lands on good terms and making comfortable homes for their families.

Our "Homestead Law" allows every householder and head of a family $2,000 in money or property, (real or personal), free from all debts, and this in addition to particular articles allowed by act of Assembly worth about $300 more. This can only be bound for debt by special contract, and thus every family is assured its needful home.

All we need now is an industrious and priney farming population to make this the most eligible region in the South.

Labor is highly respected and good order abounds in every part, and a cordial welcome is extended to every good and true man and woman from abroad.

Every want can be supplied in every town here and at short notice. A railroad through the county, now chartered, will add greatly to the comforts and values. My sheet is out.

Respectfully, &c.,
GEO. D. SAUNDERS.

(*Continued from Fourth Page.*)

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

The school closed on Monday evening as usual. The boys had been talking in knots all day. Nothing but the bulldog in the slender, resolute young master had kept down the rising storm. Let a teacher lose moral support at home, and he can not long govern a school. Ralph had effectually lost his popularity in the district, and the worst of it was he could not divine from just what quarter the ill wind came, except that he felt sure of Small's agency in it somewhere. Even Hannah had slighted him, when he called at Means's on Monday morning to draw the pittance of pay that was due him.

He had expected a petition for a holiday on Christmas day. Such holidays are deducted from the teacher's time, and it is customary for the boys to "turn out" the teacher who refuses to grant them, by barring him out of the school-house on Christmas and New Year's morning. Ralph had intended to grant a holiday if it was asked, but it was not asked. Hank Banta was the ringleader in the disaffection, and he had managed to draw the surly Bud, who was present this morning, into it. It is but fair to say that Bud was in favor of making a request before resorting to extreme measures, but he was overruled. He gave it as his solemn opinion that the master was mighty peart, and they would be beat any how some way, but he would lick the master for two cents of the wages he allow that he'd feel like he was fighting a baby.

And all that day things looked black. Ralph's countenance was cold and hard as stone, and Shocky trembled where he sat in front of him. Betsey Short tittered rather more than usual. A riot or a murder would have seemed amusing to her.

School was dismissed, and Ralph, instead of returning to the Squire's, set out for the village of Clifty a few miles away. No one knew what he went for, and some suggested that he had "slopped." But Bud said "he warn't that air kind. He was one of them air sort as died in ther tracks, was Mr. Hartsook. They'd find him on the ground' nex' morning, and he 'lowed the master war made of that ar sort of stuff as would burn the dog-on'd ole school-house to ashes, or blow it into splinters, but what he'd beat. Howsumdever he'd said he was a-goin' to help, and help he would; but all the sinnoo in Golier wouldn' be no account agin the cute they was in the head of the master."

But Bud, discouraged as he was with the fear of Ralph's "cute," went like a martyr to the stake and took his place with the rest in the school-house at nine o'clock at night. It may have been Ralph's intention to have preoccupied the school-house, for at ten o'clock Hank Banta was set shaking from head to foot at seeing a face that looked like the master's at the window. He waked up Bud and told him about it.

"Well, what are you a tremblin' about you coward?" growled Bud. "He won't shoot you; but he'll beat you at this game, I'll bet a hoss, and I can, too, and make us both as 'shamed of ourselves as dogs with tin-kittles to their tails. You don't know the master, though he did duck you. But he'll larn you a good lesson this time, and me too, like as not." And Bud soon snored again, but Hank shook with fear every time he looked at the blackness outside the windows. He was sure he heard foot-falls. He would have given anything to have been at home.

When morning came, the pupils began to gather early. A few boys who were likely to prove of service in the coming siege were admitted through the window, and then everything was made fast, and a "snack" was eaten.

"How do you 'low he'll git in?" said Hank, trying to hide his fear.

"How do I 'low?" said Bud. "I don't 'low nothin' about it. You might as well ax me where I 'low the nex' shootin' star is a-goin' to drap. Mr. Hartsook's mighty onsartin. But he'll git in though, and tan your hide for you, you see if he don't. *If* he don't blow up the school-house with gunpowder." This last was thrown in by way of alleviating the fears of the cowardly Hank, for whom Bud had a great contempt.

The time for school had almost come. The boys inside were demoralized by waiting. They began to hope that the master had "sleped." They dreaded to see him coming.

"I don't believe he'll come," said Hank, with a cold shiver. "It's past school-time."

"Yes, he will come, too," said Bud. "And he 'lows to come in here mighty quick. I don't know how. But he'll be a-standin' at that air desk when it's nine o'clock. I'll bet a thousand dollars on that. *If* he don't take it into his head to blow us up."

Some of the parents came along, accidentally of course, and stopped to see the fun, sure that Bud would thrash the master if he tried to break in. Small, on the way to see a patient perhaps, reined up in front of the door. Still no Ralph. It was just five minutes before nine. A rumor now gained currency that he had been seen going to Clifty last evening, and that he had not come back, though in fact Ralph had come back, and had slept at Squire Hawkins's.

"There's the master," cried Betsey Short, who stood out in the road, shivering and giggling alternately. For Ralph at that moment emerged from the sugar-camp by the school-house, carrying a board.

"Ho! ho!" laughed Hank, "he thinks he'll smoke us out. I guess he'll find us ready." The boys had let the fire burn down, and there was now nothing but hot hickory coals on the hearth.

"I tell you he'll come in. He didn't go to Clifty for nothin'," said Bud, who sat still on one of the benches which leaned against the door. "I don't know how, but they's lots of ways of killing a cat besides chokin' her with butter. He'll come in—*if* he don't blow us all sky-high."

Ralph's voice was now heard, demanding that the door be opened.

"Let's open her," said Hank, turning livid with fear at the firm, confident tone of the master.

Bud straightened himself up. "Hank, you're a coward. I've got a mind to kick you. You got me into this blamed mess, and now you want to flunk. You jest tech one of those are fastenings, and I'll lay you out flat on your back afore you can say Jack Robinson."

The teacher was climbing to the roof with the board in hand.

"That air won't win," laughed Pete Jones outside. He saw that there was no smoke. Even Bud began to hope that Ralph would fail for once. The master was now on the ridge-pole of the school-house. He took a paper from his pocket, and deliberately poured the contents down the chimney.

Mr. Pete Jones shouted "Gunpowder!" and started down the road to be out of the way of the explosion. Dr. Small remembered, probably, that his patient might die while he sat there, and started on.

But Ralph emptied the paper, and laid the board over the chimney. What a rose there was inside! The benches that were braced against the door were thrown down, and Hank Banta rushed out, rubbing his eyes, coughing frantically, and sure that he had been blown up. All the rest followed, Bud bringing up the rear sulkily, but coughing and sneezing for dear life. Such a smell of sulphur as came from that school-house!

Betsey had to lean against the fence to giggle.

As soon as all were out, Ralph threw the board off the chimney, leaped to the ground, entered the school-house, and opened the windows. The school soon followed him, and all was still.

"Would he thrash?" This was the important question in Hank Banta's mind. And the rest looked for a battle with Bud.

"It is just nine o'clock," said Ralph, consulting his watch, "and I'm glad to see you all here promptly. I should have given you a holiday if you had asked me like gentlemen yesterday. On the whole, I think I shall give you a holiday, any how. The school is dismissed."

And Hank felt foolish.

And Bud secretly resolved to thrash Hank or the master, he didn't care which.

And Mirandy looked the love she could not utter.

And Betsey giggled.

CHAPTER XIV.

A CRISIS WITH BUD.

The master sat still at his desk. The school had gone. All at once he became conscious that Shocky sat yet in his accustomed place upon the hard, backless bench.

"Why, Shocky, haven't you gone yet?"

"No—sir—I was waitin' to see if you warn't a goin', too—I——"

"Well?"

"I thought it would make me feel as if God warn't so far away to talk to you. It did the other day."

The master rose and put his hand on Shocky's head. Was it the brotherhood in affliction that made Shocky's words choke him so? Or, was it the weird thoughts that he expressed? Or, was it the recollection that Shocky was Hannah's brother? Hannah—so far, far away from him now! At any rate, Shocky, looking up for the smile on which he fed, saw the relaxing of the master's face that had been as hard as stone, and felt just one hot tear on his hand.

"P'r'aps God's forgot you, too," said Shocky in a sort of half-soliloquy. "Better get away from Flat Creek. You see God forgets everybody down here. 'Cause 'most everybody forgets God, except Mr. Bosaw, and I don't know as he's ways keer to be remembered by sich as him. Leastways I wouldn't if I was God, you know. I wonder what becomes of folks when God forgets 'em?" And Shocky, seeing that the master had resumed his seat and was looking absently into the fire, moved slowly out the door.

"Shocky!" called the master.

The little poet came back and stood before him.

"Shocky, you mustn't think God has forgotten you. God brings things out right at last." But Ralph's own faith was weak, and his words sounded hollow and hypocritical to himself. Would God indeed bring things out right?

He sat musing a good while, trying to convince himself of the truth of what he had just been saying to Shocky—that God would indeed bring things out right at last. Would it all come out right if Bud married Hannah? Would it all come out right if he were driven from Flat Creek with a dark suspicion on his character? Did God concern himself with these things? Was there any God? It was the same old struggle between Doubt and Faith. And when Ralph looked up, Shocky had departed.

In the next hour Ralph fought the old battle of Armageddon. I shall not describe it. You will fight it in your own way. No two alike. The important thing is the End. If you come out as he did, with the doubt gone and the trust in God victorious, it matters little just what shape the battle may take. Since Jacob became Israel there have never been two such struggles alike, save in that they all end either in victory or defeat.

It was after twelve o'clock on that Christmas day that Ralph put his head out the door of the school-house and called out: "Bud, I'd like to see you."

Bud did not care to see the master, for he had inly resolved to "thrash him" and have done with him. But he could not back out, certainly not in sight of the others who were passing along the road with him.

"I don't want the rest of you," said Ralph in a decided way, as he saw that Hank and one or two others were resolved to come also.

"Thought may be you'd want somebody to see fair play," said Hank as he went off sheepishly.

"If I did, you would be the last one I should ask," said Ralph. "There's no unfair play in Bud, and there is in you." And he shut the door.

"Now, looky here, Mr. Ralph Hartsook," said Bud. "You don't come no gun games over me with your saft sadder and all that. I've made up my mind. You've got to promise to leave these ere diggins, or I've got to thrash you."

"You'll have to thrash me, then," said Ralph turning a little pale, but remembering the bull-dog. "But you'll tell me what it's all about, wont you?"

"You know well enough. Folks say you know more 'bout the robbery at the Dutchman's than you orter. But I don't believe them. For them as says it is liars and thieves theirselves. 'Ta'n't fer none of that. And I shan't tell you what it is fer. So now if you won't travel, why take off your coat and git ready for a thrashing."

The master took off his coat and showed his slender arms. Bud laid his off, and showed the physique of a prize-fighter.

"You a'n't a-goin to fight *me?*" said Bud.

"Not unless you make me."

"Why I could chaw you all up."

"I know that."

"Well, you're the grittiest feller I ever did see, and of You'd jest kept off of my ground I wouldn't a-touched you. But I a'n't agoin' to be cut out by no feller a livin, 'thout thrashin' him in an inch of his life. You see I wanted to git out of this Flat Crick way. We're a low-lived set here in Flat Crick. And I says to myself, I'll try to be somethin' more nor Pete Jones, and dad, and these other triflin' good-fer-nothin' ones 'bout here. And when you come I says, There's one as'll help me. And what do you do with your book-larnin' and town manners but start right out to git away the gal that I'd picked out, when I'd picked her out kase I thought, not bein' Flat Crick born herself, she might help a feller to do better! Now I won't let nobody cut me out without givin' 'em the best thrashin' it's in these 'ere arms to give."

"But I haven't tried to cut you out."

"You can't fool me."

"Bud, listen to me, and then thrash me if you will. I went with that girl once. When I found you had claims, I gave her up. Not because I was afraid of your fist—I would rather have taken the worst thrashing you can give me than give her up. But I haven't spoken to her since the night of the first spelling-school."

"You lie!" said Bud, doubling his fists.

Ralph grew red.

"You was a-waitin' on her last Sunday right afore my eyes, and a-tryin' to ketch my attention too. So when you're ready, say so."

"Bud, there is some misunderstanding." Hartsook spoke slowly and felt bewildered. "I tell you that I did not speak to Hannah last Sunday, and you know I didn't."

"Hanner!" Bud's eyes grew large. "Hanner!" He gasped for breath, and looked around. "Hanner!" He couldn't get any further than the name at first. "Why, plague take it, who said Hanner?"

"Mirandy said you were courting Hannah," said Ralph, feeling round in a vague way to get his ideas together.

"Mirandy! Thunder! You believed Mirandy! Well! Now looky here, Mr. Hartsook, if you was to say that my sister lied, I'd lick you till yer hide would not hold shucks. But I say, atwixt you and me and the gate-post, don't you never believe anything that Mirandy Means says. Her and marm has set their selves like fools to git you. Hanner! Well, she's a mighty nice gal, but you're welcome to her. I never tuck no shine that air way. But I was out of school last Thursday and Friday a-tucking corn to take to mill a Saturday. And when I come past the Squire's and seed you talking to a gal as is a gal, you know"—here Bud hesitated and looked foolish—"I felt hoppin' mad."

Bud put on his coat.

Ralph put on his coat.

Then they shook hands and Bud went out. Ralph sat looking into the fire. There was no conscientious difficulty now in the way of his claiming Hannah. The dry forestick lying on the rude stone andirons burst into a blaze. The smoldering hope in the heart of Ralph Hartsook did the same. He could have Hannah if he could win her. But there came slowly back the recollection of his lost standing in Flat Creek. There was circumstantial evidence against him. It was evident that Hannah believed something of this. What other stories Small may have put in circulation he did not know. Would Small try to win Hannah's love to throw it away again as he had done with others? At least he would not spare any pains to turn the heart of the bound girl against Ralph.

The bright flame on the forestick which Ralph had been watching flickered and burned low.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS.

Just as the flame on the forestick, that Ralph had watched so intensely, flickered and burned low, and just as Ralph with a heavy but not quite hopeless heart rose to leave, the latch lifted and Bud re-entered.

"I wanted to say something," he stammered, "but you know it is hard to say it. I ha'n't no book larnin' to speak of, and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't-got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say anyhow to anybody."

Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such