The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., Nov. 20th, 1871.

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

TIME.	1w.	6w.	3m.	6m.	1 year
1 sqr—10 lines,	$3 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
2 squares, do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
3 squares, do	5 00	6 00	9 00	13 00	18 00
4 squares, do	6 00	8 00	10 50	15 00	21 00
¼ column,.....	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	38 00
½ column,.....	15 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
1 column,.....	20 00	30 00	38 00	50 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, AND 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: Mail, 7.40 a. m.; Accommodation and Express, 5.21.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 9.45 a. m.; Accommodation and Express (through to Bellair,) 5.45 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 Westleave Rochester Station, (at end of bridge) as follows: B. F. accom. 10 a. m.; Enon accom. 5.12 p. m.; Erie night express 5.45 p. m.; B. F. accom. 7.35 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. 10.04 a. m.; Beaver Falls accom. 12.15 p. m.; Chicago Mail 2.05 p. m.; Erie exp. 4 10 p. m.; Chicago exp. 8.45 p. m.; Erie mail 9.55 p. m.

Trains going West leave Rochester (Upper) Depot as follows: Chicago exp. 12.15 a. m.; Erie exp. 4.25 a. m.; Beaver Falls accom. 6.35 a. m.; Chicago exp. 11.30 a. m.; Chicago exp. 3.35 p. m.; New Castle accom. 4.30 p. m.; Erie exp. 5.45 p. m.; Beaver Falls accom. 7.40

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

Perry Adv.—J. B. & S. Maxwell & Co.....2aqiw
Special Notice—Hunt & Mortkenson.....3ajly
Girl Wanted.—W. H. Moore,.....3t
Special Notice—N. Y. Tribune,.....1t
Advertisement—Harper's Magazine,.....1t
Advertisement—Harper's Weekly,.....1t
Advertisement—Harper's Bazar,.....1t
Special Notice—M. Schiff,.....10
Special Notice—R. Steinfeld,.....5
Commons in Partition—John Grieling,.....2w4w
Special Notice—Mrs. Fast,.....1t
Special Notice—Demmler & Bros,.....1t
Advertisement—Myran & Siedle,.....3t
Advertisement—A. V. Evylin & Co.....3t
Advertisement—J. G. Hackelton & Son.....3t
Advertisement—R. E. Schlers & Co,.....3t
Farm for Sale—John H Beighley.....4w
Special Notice—S. & J. Snellenburg,.....1t
Special Notice—Small & Walther,.....3

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

Casualties.—Mrs. William Adams of Rochester, an aged lady, fell on the evening of the 16th, breaking both bones of her left fore arm near the wrist.

—A young son of Mr. Isaac Ankeny of Bridgewater sustained a fracture of the leg a few days ago by falling over an embankment. Both of the above cases are under the care of Dr. J. C. Levis of Bridgewater, and the patients are doing well.

GOLDEN FOUNTAIN PEN.—Something new and useful. Be sure and read the advertisement in our paper headed, "Greatest Invention of the Age." We believe that the Golden Fountain Pen is simply 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 salable article. jan22-1y

Free of Charge.—Call at Andresen's Drug Store, Beaver, or at S. C. Hannen's, in Rochester, and get a sample of Dr. A. Boschee's German Syrup *free of charge*. It has lately been introduced into this country from Germany, and for any person suffering from severe cough, heavy cold settled on the breast, consumption or any disease of the throat or lungs it has no equal in the world. Our regular size bottles 75 cents. In all cases the money will be promptly returned if perfect satisfaction is not given. Two doses will relieve any case. Try it. nov29-1y

The following remedy for small-pox is from the Kittanning *Free Press*, and is vouched for by J. M. Taylor, a well-known physician of that place: First give a dose of calomel and rhubarb sufficient to operate moderately on the patient's bowels; then, put one quarter of a good-sized crust of vaccine virus into sixteen teaspoonfuls of water and take one teaspoonful every three hours. Several cases are said to have been treated successfully in Armstrong county by this remedy.

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

☞ A gentlemen from Bethel Hill, Me., says that Messrs. Allen Bros., proprietors of Philip Allen's Pain Works R. I., were down to Bryant's Pond recently, trouting, when one of them was attacked with sciatic rheumatism so suddenly, that he had to be carried from the pond to his hotel; a bottle of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* was resorted to, and he was out next day.

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

Why these High Prices?—Has it never occurred to our butchers that the market prices of beef cattle and of pork as quoted daily and weekly throughout the country are not more than half what they were a year ago? One would suppose that a matter of so much general interest could not have escaped the notice of such an intelligent class of persons as our butchers, but we are forced to believe that it has, or they would not be demanding of their customers the same retail prices they did then. There must be a remedy found for their exorbitant prices soon. The people are complaining, and very justly. Will not some one break this pull ring by undertaking to furnish the people meat at reasonable rates?

DR. DAVID STANTON.—Card Photographs (from negative recently taken) of our late lamented Auditor General elegant size for any address, on receipt of 25 cents. H. Noss, Broadway, New Brighton, Pa. nov22-2w

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

Taken to the State's Prison.—On last Wednesday John Grieling, jr., (the deputy sheriff) conveyed Harriet Harkison, who was convicted of larceny a few days previous, to the Western Penitentiary, in Allegheny City. Before taking the wretched woman from the jail, an opportunity was given her to visit the cell (in the same prison) in which her son, James Harn, is confined for murder in the first degree. The mother and son were together for some time, after which they separated, she to accompany the officer of the law to the penitentiary, where she is to stay fifteen months, and he to await the further action of the Court which is to determine whether a new trial will be granted him, or sentence of death pronounced as the case now stands. The motion for a new trial will be argued at the adjourned term of Court which will be held on the 18th of January, at which time we presume the question will be finally disposed of.

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

"Poor Tammany."—The New York Sun says:

Tweed having been arrested, Sweeny and Hilton having resigned, Ingersoll, Garvey and Wood ward having absconded, and Connolly having long ago disappeared from view, the Mayor may now lift up his voice and sing:

"O Hall stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead."

Or, if he prefers, the plaint of Moore to the dirge of Hemans, he may give vent to his feelings in the expressive lines:

"I'm the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All lovely loved companions
Are faded and gone."

Or, he can cut, stick and go without singing at all.

☞ How are you to-day? I'm not feeling well, bilious and sick headache, have been looking around for a box of *Parsons' Purgative Pills*, but our traders are all sold out.—*Country Paper.*

Mrs. Victoria Woodhill, Theodore Tilton's candidate for the Presidency, and editor of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, will deliver a lecture in the Mercantile Library Room, in Pittsburgh, on next Friday evening (December 1st.) Her subject will be "Constitutional Equality." The cowardly Knaves who have slandered her, are requested, if they can summon the courage, to secure front seats.

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

Thanksgiving Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church, in Bridgewater, on Thursday, November 30th, at 10½ o'clock, a. m. An arrangement has been made by the pastors (Rev. Mr. Shields and Rev. J. C. Wilson), to have their congregations meet together on that day, and at that time. The sermon will be delivered by the Rev Mr. Wilson.

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

The Beaver ARGUS and *Radical* are at it, horns and hoof.—*Lawrence Guardian.*

All a mistake, dear *Guardian*. The ARGUS and *Radical* have only little funny spirts occasionally to keep things from becoming monotonous down this way. No harm whatever is meant by the newspaper raids in Beaver county.

WALTHAM WATCHES. Being Agents for the sale of these Watches in the City of Pittsburgh we can offer our ability to please either in style and price. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh. jet-1y

THE RISE IN THE RIVER has brought down coal as well as many other both ornamental as well as useful goods; for further information call at Bence's Millinery and Trimming Store, Beaver, and see how cheap they sell Shawls, Gloves, Hosiery, Ladies' and Gent's Underwear, Shirts, Velvets, Trimmings, &c. The largest stock of Millinery Goods of the season has just been opened, with all the newest shapes and latest styles that can be obtained in New York; also new Collars, Ribbons, Bows, Hoods, and Winter Goods generally, at Bence's, Third St., Beaver. Butter, eggs and chickens taken in exchange for goods. [nov22-3t.

The C. & P. Railroad.—The Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad has been leased to the Pennsylvania Central for a period of ninety hundred and ninety-nine years. What will be done with the road after this lease expires, we are not advised.

The Cleveland *Herald*, in referring to the meeting of the stockholders of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad, held in that city on Tuesday, for the purpose of ratifying the perpetual lease of that road to the Pennsylvania Central Company, says: The meeting organized at noon. Considerable time was occupied in reading the lease, which was a very long document. By the conditions of the lease, the Pennsylvania Company are to pay interest on all bonds of the Pittsburgh Company, and guarantee the stockholders of the Pittsburgh Company seven per cent., free of tax on a capital stock, increased forty-three per cent. from the present figure. The terms of the lease are generally considered favorable to the fortunate holders of the stock, as it secures a good dividend on an investment increased by nearly a half.

On the vote being summed up it was found the ratification of the lease was carried by a very heavy majority.

There had been some discussion pending the vote, and symptoms of decided opposition on the part of a portion of the minority, but after the announcement of the vote amicable arrangements were made and all opposition has been withdrawn. The lease is now an accomplished fact, and the road passes under the entire control of the Pennsylvania Central Company.

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

George W. Cranston, near Fairview, Guernsey county, Ohio, recently cut a poplar tree on his farm which made, when sawed, 5,722 feet of lumber. The log was sold to Davis, Stenton & Co., of Barnesville, Ohio, for $125.75.

You can save 25 per cent. in buying your Furs at M. Schiff's, at New Brighton. He received this fall an entire new stock, so he can warrant every set to be sound, and he is selling them at very low prices. All kinds of Red, White and Barred Flannel, can not be bought anywhere as cheap as at this house, as Mr. Schiff contracted for a heavy stock before the great rise in price.

The Sheriff and County Commissioners of the Republican county of Beaver, are trying to kill the *Radical* by giving the county printing to the other newspapers. It is probable that the *Radical* will live long after they shall have got out of reach of the contempt of decent men. We have a "thing" of the same sort in one of the offices in this county.—*Meadville Republican.*

Our understanding of the matter is, that the *Radical* refused to do the printing at the rates proposed by the Sheriff and Commissioners—which rates the other Beaver county papers accepted. This being the case, the *Radical* is radically wrong in creating the impression abroad that those county officials are doing things.—*Lawrence Journal.*

Yours, *Mr. Journal*, is the correct view of the printing question in this county. The Meadville editor, evidently only wanted to talk for talk's sake.

IF you purchase your Clothing at R. Steinfeld's, New Brighton, you will be dressed in fashion, and find out that this is the place where you can obtain bargains.

By an advertisement to be found elsewhere in the ARGUS it will be seen that the new Wire Ferry across the river at Vanport, this county, is completed and at the present is in successful operation. As the Messrs. Maxwell have been at considerable expense to erect this public convenience, we trust the public will do their part in making it a paying concern by giving it a liberal patronage.

Mr. J. R. Imbrie, of the Surgeon General's Department, Washington, D. C., has forwarded to us a package of late Washington papers, for which he has our thanks.

Court adjourned on last Friday noon. Quite a number of the civil cases were continued, others settled by the parties. The following were called up, tried and disposed of as follows:

William Johnston vs. Lewis Reno's ex'rs. Nov. 21, 1871. Jury sworn, and verdict rendered for plaintiff for $1,500 with stay of executions six months.

Stephen Clarke vs. C. H. Hall & Co, Nov. 22, 1871. Jury sworn, and verdict for plaintiff rendered for $511.66.

Thos. H. Jackson vs. Esther Squires *et al.* Jury sworn. Same day plaintiff took a non suit.

Jas. Watt vs. Dennis Vaughn, Nov. 22, 1871. Defendant confessed. Judgment in favor of plaintiff for $.06.60 and costs.

Hugh Anderson vs. John Elner, Nov. 22, 1871. Jury sworn, verdict for defendant.

Thirty Years of American History.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the subscribers, on the 23d of November last, the negro boy Oscar Dunn, an apprentice to the plastering trade. He is of griffo color, between 20 and 21 years of age, and about five feet ten or eleven inches high. All persons are cautioned not to harbor said boy under the penalty of the law. Wilson & Patterson, corner St. John and Common streets.—*New Orleans Picayune, 1841.*

DIED.—In New Orleans, Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1871, the Hon. Oscar J. Dunn, Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana.

Personal.—Capt. Charles J. Dickey, of the U. S. Army, formerly of this county, but for some time past stationed at Fort Sully, Dakotah Territory, is now here on a leave of absence, looking quite hearty and soldier-like. He leaves for the west again in a few days.

Samuel A. Adams, esq., of Washington, D. C., is also on a visit to his relatives in Beaver county at the present time.

Sad Accident.—On Monday of last week, Mr. Martin S. Brumbaugh, of Bedford, Pa., while engaged in sawing wood with a circular saw (horse power) met with a very severe accident and came near losing his life. The saw, it appears, was cracked, and by some means or other got out of plumb, caught on the wood, and was twitched into a number of pieces and hurled with great force through the air, several pieces striking Mr. B. on the breast, inflicting several very severe cuts. Indeed, for a while his life was despaired of.

Rev. J. H. Aughey, formerly a resident of Rochester, this county, and who has had charge for some time past of two or three Presbyterian congregations near the Beaver and Lawrence county line, removed to Wurtumburg last week. May he find his new home a pleasant one, is the sincere wish of a large number of friends and acquaintances in this locality.

Judge Woodward, formerly of the Supreme Court of this State, and now a Representative in Congress for the 12th Pa. District was married to Mrs. E. H. McCallister of Lexington, Ky., on the 23d inst.

AN entirely new stock of millinery, including the latest novelties in hats and bonnets, just received at Mrs. Fast's. She will also sell at greatly reduced prices a fine lot of shawls, black and colored velveteens, opera flannel, felt skirts, hosiery, gloves, ladies' underwear, ladies' and children's hoods, collars, ribbons and all articles usually found in first-class trimming stores. Also a large stock of toys and fancy articles; writing desks, portfolios, vases, stationary, &c. Corner of Third and Seventh streets, Beaver, Pa. [nov29-2t

WANTED.—Agents to sell the Patent Adjustable Stove Shelves, an article of great practical value to every family. These shelves can readily be attached to any stove, and are absolutely an indispensable article, where they have been once used for raising bread or biscuit, warming victuals and plates, or drying any small articles, doing away with burnt pies, vegetables, meats, etc., that have been placed in the oven of the cook stove in good condition to be warmed, but are unfortunately forgotten and have been burnt or dried. Persons desiring to carry on a profitable business during the winter, will find it to their interest to send for a descriptive circular to Demmler Brothers, at No. 126 Smithfield street, Pittsburgh. [nov29-2w.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.—Messrs S. & J. Snellenburg, the Beaver county clothiers, Broadway, New Brighton, have on hand the finest and largest assortment of ready made clothing ever brought to Beaver county, which they are determined to dispose of at prices to suit the most economical. Overcoats of every variety of style and quality; Coats, Pants, Vests, and Unmentionables of every size and pattern. Suits made to order at short notice from the best selected material.—Broadway, New Brighton.

This is the unique pattern of a Western personal: "We are sorry to receive No. 1 of the Comanche county *World*. The *World* is badly printed, and has a sickly, poverty-stricken appearance. Mr. John Smith, its publisher, is an idiot. If the 'leading men' of Comanche county are responsible for the foundation of the paper, they ought to be sent to the penitentiary. We trust that Mr. Smith will stop the publication of his paper and save his money."

A Warm Day.—Last Sabbath (Nov. 26th) was the warmest day of the month. Overcoats were thrown off, and fires, generally, were dispensed with. On Monday morning, however, the wind changed, and the air became quite raw again.

How to Study Successfully.—How to study successfully, the body must be healthy, the mind at ease, and time managed with great economy. Persons who study eight hours in the day, should perhaps have two separate pursuits going on at the same time, one for one part of the day, and the other for the other; and those of as opposite a nature as possible—that the mind may be refreshed by change, and all the effects of lassitude avoided. There is one piece of advice in a life of study, which we think no one will object to; and that is, every now and then to be completely idle—to do nothing at all; indeed, this part of a life of study is commonly considered as so decidedly superior to the rest, that it almost obtained an exclusive preference over those other parts of the system, with which we wish to see it connected.

Lecture in the Methodist E. Church.—Rev. J. J. McIlyar, who made one of the Sir Knights of Allegheny Commandary in the tour of Europe, will lecture on next Tuesday evening, Dec. 5th, in the M. E. Church of Beaver. The interesting subject of "Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius," will be discussed by one fresh from these historic places.

JOHNSTON SMALL & JOHN WALTHER, have on hand at their Carriage Rooms, on Market street, Bridgewater, Pa., some handsome Buggies and Buck Wagons, which for neatness and durability, cannot be surpassed. Wagons, Buggies and Vehicles of all kinds made to order. Call and see them.

A Letter from the Coming Man.—The epistle of the Coming Woman in the *Advance*, some weeks ago, calls out this companion piece, "To the Hon. Mrs. Standhigh, M. C.:"

My Honored Wife: It is nearly ten o'clock; the children are safely tucked in bed, and although the week's mending stares me in the face, I snatch a moment to spend in writing to you.

Can you spare a few moments from the cares and honors of a public life to send a few lines from your fond and obedient? I would gladly write oftener, but you know my numerous cares, and some of my duties seem very awkward to my unpracticed hand. To be sure I gained some experience during your absence in the campaign before election, but do what I will, skimming the milk is not my forte, and as for working the butter with my hands as you told me what a mess I suggested to Betty the other day—very meekly—that the duty belonged to her, but she indignantly refused. She says you always took care of the milk before you went into politics, and it's no business of hers if your head is turned. I do the best I can, but really Betty is a little hard to suit.

Then there is the sewing girl. What a time she gives me with her questions. I would pack her out of the house only the dear children are so shabby and I am getting so nervous I cannot sew.

By the way, what can be the matter with the pickled cucumbers? I opened that jar of it the other day, and it is not at all nice. Betty says the onions spoiled it, but I am sure, dear, you told me to use onions to give it relish; or was it horse-radish instead of onions? I declare I am quite bewildered. The spiced currants, too, are terribly strong. Could I have made a mistake in putting them up, and used pepper instead of the spice? You see I cannot find the cook book that you said was in the house, and I have been so short of change that buying one was not to be thought of. Couldn't you make the next month's allowance a little larger? Maggie's toes are out of her gaiters, and her best hat is shocking.

Write me a long letter as soon as you get this and come home for the holidays if you can be spared. But you must not expect us to look so very nice, though I wear myself out. I sweep and dust every week of my life, and insist upon the children keeping their playthings and out-door traps under the table—out of the way there you see—and so much handier than if hung up out of the little ones' reach. Your faithful husband

MOSES STANDISH.

P. S. What shall I give the baby when he has the colic? The other night I gave him pain-killer, and you can hardly imagine how he screamed. I think he must have been temper, he got so red in the face. Betty says I ought to give syrup, but then I am firm. Syrup is good with butter cakes; but I'll never believe it will cure colic without your orders. Baby has one tooth! M. S.

P. S. again. What shall I do? Betty just came to the nursery to give warning that she should leave to-morrow. I was going to learn how to make bread next week. I cannot leave the children to find another girl; and Betty says she won't be ordered around by a great starving man. But I ought not to annoy you with these trifles. YOUR MOSES.

[From the Hearth and Home.]

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-MASTER.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

PANCAKES.

Half an hour later, Ralph, having seen Miss Nancy Sawyer's machinery of warm baths and simple remedies once safely in operation, and having seen the room poll comfortably stabled, and rewarded for his faithfulness by a bountiful supply of the best hay and the promise of oats when he was cool—half an hour later, Ralph was doing the most ample, sadly flattering, and amazing justice to his Aunt Matilda's hot buckwheat-cakes and warm coffee. And after his life in Flat Creek Aunt Matilda's house did look like paradise. How white the table-cloth; how bright the coffee-pot, how clean the wood-work, how glistening the brass door-knobs, how spotless every thing that came under the sovereign sway of Mrs. Matilda White! For in every Indiana village as large as Lewisburg, there are generally a half-dozen women who are admitted to be the best housekeepers. All others are only imitators. And the strife is between these for the pre-eminence. It is at least safe to say that none in Lewisburg stood so high as an energetic, zealous housekeeper, and moose exterminator, "ca'ulk Mrs. Matilda White, the wife of Ralph's maternal uncle, Robert White, esq., a lawyer in successful practice. Of course no member of Mrs. White's family ever staid at home longer than was necessary. Her husband found his office—which he kept in a large vacant post—a place in order to maintain an equilibrium in his life—much more comfortable than the stiffly clean house at home. From the time that Ralph had come to live as chore-boy at his uncle's he had ever crossed the threshold of Aunt Matilda's temple of cleanliness with a horrible sense of awe. And Walter Johnson, her son by a former marriage, lad, poor, weak-willed fellow! Ralph had seen bad company and had habits by the wholesome rules of extreme civilization, and yet he showed the hereditary trait, for all the genius which Mrs. White consecrated to the glorious work of making her house too neat to be habitable, her son Walter gave to tying exquisite knots in his colored cravats and arranging his tilted hair so as to look like a dandy barber. And she had no other children. The kind Providence that watches over the destiny of children takes care that very few of them are lodged in these terrible clean houses.

But Walter was not at the table, and Ralph had so much anxiety lost his appetence should be significant of evil, that he did not venture to inquire after him as he sat there between Mr. and Mrs. White disposing of Aunt Matilda's cakes with an appetite only justified by his long morning ride and the excellency of the brown cakes. The golden cakes, with their crisped edges, is always served with the most generous cream. Aunt Matilda was so absorbed in toiling of the doings of the Dorcas Society that she had entirely forgotten to be surprised at the early hour of Ralph's arrival. When she had described the number of the garments finished, or cut out, or in the Five Points Mission, or the Home for Friendless, or the South Sea Islands—I forget which; Ralph thought he saw his chance, while Aunt Matilda was in a benevolent mood, to broach a plan he had been revolving for some time. But when he looked at Aunt Matilda's immaculate—horribly immaculate—housekeeping, his heart failed him, and he would have said nothing but sheer desperation inadvertently opened the door herself.

"How did you get here so early, Ralph?" and Aunt Matilda's face was shadowed with a coming rebuke.

"By early rising," said Ralph. But, seeing the gathering frown on his aunt's brow, he hastened to tell the story of Shocky as well as he could. Mrs. White did not give way to any impulse of hard sympathy until she learned that Shocky was safely housed with Miss Nancy Sawyer.

"Yes, Sister Sawyer has no family cares," she said by way of smoothing her slightly ruffled complacency, "she has no family cares, and she can't do these things, sometimes I think, she lets people impose on her and keep her away from the means of grace, and I spoke to our new preacher about it the last time he was here, and asked him to speak to Sister Sawyer about staying away from the ordinances to wait on everybody, but he is a queer man, and he only said that he supposed Sister Sawyer neglected the inferior ordinances that she might attend to higher ones. But I don't see any sense in a minister of the gospel calling prayer-meeting a lower ordinance than feeding catnip-tea to Mrs. Brown's—my husband's—sick cow. But little is said to me since—Shocking, or what do you call him?—got any mother?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "and that was just what I was going to say." And he proceeded to tell how anxious Shocky was to see his half-blind mother, and actually ventured to wipe his eyes with marks by suggesting that Shocky's mother be invited to stay over Sunday in Aunt Matilda's house.

"Bless my stars!" said that astounded saint, "fetch a pauper here? What crazy notions you have got! Fetch her here out of the poor-house? Why, she wouldn't be fit to sleep in my——" here Aunt Matilda choked. The bare thought of having a pauper in her billowy beds, whose snowy whiteness was frightful to any ordinary mortal, the bare thought of the contagion of the poor-house taking possession of one of her beds, smothered her. "And then you know sore eyes are very catching."

Ralph boiled a little. "Aunt Matilda, do you think Dorcas was afraid of sore eyes?"

It was a center shot, and the lawyer-uncle, lawyerlike, enjoyed it. And he enjoyed a good hit at his wife best of all, for he never ventured on one himself. But Aunt Matilda felt that a direct reply was impossible. She was not a lawyer, but a woman, and so dodged the question by making a counter-charge.

"It seems to me, Ralph, that you have picked up some very low associates. And you go around at night, I am told. You get over here by daylight, and I hear that you have made common cause with a lame soldier who acts as a spy for thieves, and that your running about nights is likely to get you into some trouble."

Ralph was hit this time. "I suppose!" he said, "that you've been listening to some of Henry Small's lies."

"Why, Ralph, how you talk! The worst sign of all is that you abuse such a young man as Dr. Small, the most exemplary Christian young man in the county, and he is a great friend of yours, for when he was here last week he did not say a word against you, but looked so sorry when your being in trouble was mentioned. Didn't he, Mr. White?"

Mr. White, as in duty bound, said yes, but he said yes in a cool, unyerlike way, which showed that he did not take quite so much stock in Doctor Small as his wife did. Which was a comfort to Ralph, who sat picturing to himself the silent flattery which Dr. Small's eyes paid to his Aunt Matilda, and the quiet expression of pain that would flit across his face when Ralph's name was mentioned. And never until that moment had Hartsook understood how masterful Small's artifices were. He had managed, to elevate himself in Mrs. White's estimation and to destroy Ralph at the same time, and had managed to do both by a contraction of his eyebrows.

But the silence was growing painful, and Ralph thought to break it and turn the current of thought from himself by asking after Mrs. White's son.

"Where is Walter?"

"Oh! Walter's doing well. He went down to Clifty three weeks ago to study medicine with Dr Small. He seems so fond of the doctor, and the doctor is such an excellent man you know, and I have strong hopes that Wallie will be led to see the error of his ways by his association with Henry. I suppose he would have gone to see you but for the unfavorable reports that he heard. I hope, Ralph, you too will make the friendship of Dr. Small. And for the sake of your poor, dead mother"—here Aunt Matilda endeavored to show some emotion—"for the sake of your poor, dead mother——"

But Ralph heard no more. The buckwheat-cakes had lost their flavor. He remembered that the colt had not yet had his oats, and so, in the very midst of Aunt Matilda's affecting allusion to his mother, like a stiff-necked reprobate that he was, Ralph Hartsook rose abruptly from the table, put on his hat, and went out toward the stable.

"I declare," said Mrs. White descending suddenly from her high moral standing point, "I declare that boy has stepped right on the threshold of the back-door," and she stuffed her white handkerchief into her pocket, and took the floor-cloth to wipe off the imperceptible blemish of Ralph's boot-heels.

And Mr. White followed his nephew to the stable to request that he would be a little careful what he did about anybody in the poor-house, as any trouble with the Joneses might defeat Mr. White's nomination to the judgeship of the Court of Common Pleas.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.

When Ralph got back to Miss Nancy Sawyer's, Shocky was sitting up in bed talking to Miss Nancy and Miss Samantha. His cheeks were a little flushed with fever and the excitement of telling his story; theirs were wet with tears.

"Ralph," whispered Miss Nancy, as she drew him into the kitchen. "I want you to get a buggy or a sleigh, and go right over for the poor thing and fetch that boy's mother over here. It'll do me more good than any sermon I ever heard to see that boy in his mother's arms to-morrow. We can keep the old lady over Sunday."

Ralph was delighted, so delighted that he came near kissing good Miss Nancy Sawyer, whose plain face was glorified by her generosity.

But he did not go to the poor-house immediately. He waited until he saw Bill Jones, the Superintendent of the Poor-House; and Pete Jones, the County Commissioner, who was still somewhat shuck up, ride up to the court-house. Then he drove out of the village, and presently hitched his horse to the poor-house fence, and took a survey of the outside. Forty hogs, nearly ready for slaughter, wallowed in a pen in front of the forlorn and dilapidated house; for though the commissioners allowed a claim for repairs at every meeting, the repairs were never made, and it would not do to scrutinize Mr. Jones's bills too closely, unless you gave up all hope of a renomination to office. One curious effect of political aspirations in Hoopole county, was to shut the eyes that they could not see, and to close the ears that they could not hear, and to destroy the sense of smell. But Ralph, not being a politician, smelled the hog-pen without and the stench within, and saw everywhere the transparent fraud, and heard the echo of Jones's lie in every.

As Ralph rode girt admitted him, and as he did not wish to make his business known at once, he affected a sort of idle interest in the place, and asked to be allowed to look around. The weak-eyed girl watched him. He found that all the women with children, twenty persons in all, were obliged to sleep in one room, which, owing to the hill-slope, was partly under ground, and which had but half a window for light, and no ventilation, except the chance draft from the door. Jones had declared that the women with children must stay there—"he wasn't goin' to have brats a-runnin' over the whole house!" Here were vicious women and good women, with their children, crowded like chickens in a coop for mutual infection. And there were, as usual in such places, helpless, idiotic women with illegitimate children. Of course this room was the scene of perpetual quarreling and occasional fighting.

In the quarters devoted to the insane, people slightly demented and raving maniacs were in the same rooms, while there were also those utter recks which sat in heaps on the floor, mumbling and muttering, unintelligible words, the whole current of their thoughts hopelessly muddled, turning around upon itself in endless never ending.

"This air woman," said the weak-eyed girl, "used to holler a heap when she was brought in here. But pap knows how to subjue 'em. He slapped her in the mouth every time she hollered. She don't make no furss now, but jist sets down that a-way all day, and keeps a-whisperin'."

Ralph understood it. When she came in she was the victim of mania; but she had been beaten into hopeless idiocy. Indeed this state of incurable imbecility seemed the end toward which all traveled. Shut in these bare rooms, with no treatment, no exercise, no variety, and meager food, cases of slight derangement soon grew into chronic lunacy.

One young woman, called Phil, a sweet faced person, apparently a farmer's wife, came up to Ralph and looked at him kindly, playing with the buttons on his coat in a child-like simplicity. Her blue drilling dress was sewed all over with patches of white, representing ornamental buttons, and the womanly instinct toward adornment had in her taken the childish turn.

"Don't you think they ought to let me go home?" she said with a sweetness and a wistful, longing, home-sick look, that touched Ralph to the heart. He looked at her, and then at the muttering crones, and he could see no hope of any better fate for her. She followed him round the barn-like room, returning every now and then to her question, "Don't you think I might go home now?"

The weak-eyed girl had been called away for a moment, and Ralph stood looking into a dark, where there was a man with a gay red pinafore in his hat and a strip of red flannel about his waist. He strutted up and down like a drill-sergeant.

"I am General Andrew Jackson," he began. "People don't believe it, but I am. I had my head shot off at Buena Vista, and the new one that growed on isn't high so good as the old one; it's potato on one side. That's why they take advantage of me to shut me up. But I know some things. My head is potato on one side, but it's all right on the t'other. And when I know a thing I can down here. Let me tell you something out of the left. Not out of the potato side, mind ye. I wouldn't a-told you if he hadn't locked me up for nothing. *Bill Jones is a thief!* He sells the bodies of the dead paupers, and then sells the empty coffins back to the country again. But that a'n't all——"

Just then the weak-eyed girl came back, and, as Ralph moved away, General Jackson called out: "That a'n't all. I'll tell the rest another time. And that a'n't out of the potato side, you can depend on that. That's out of the left side. Sound as a nut—on that side!"

But Ralph began to wonder where he should find Hannah's mother.

"Don't go in there!" cried the weak-eyed girl, as Ralph was opening a door. "Old mowley's in there, and she'll cuss you."

"Oh! well, if that's all, her curses won't hurt," said Hartsook, pushing open the door. But the volley of blasphemy and the vile language that he received made him stagger. The old hag paced the floor, abusing everybody that came in her way. And by the window, in the same room, feeling the light that struggled through the dusty glass upon her face, sat a sorrowful, intelligent English woman. Ralph noticed that she was English at once, and in a few moments he discovered that her sight was defective. Could it be that Hannah's mother was the room-mate of this loathsome creature, whose profanity and obscenity did not intermit for a moment?

Happily the weak-eyed girl had not dared to brave the curses of Mowley. Ralph stepped forward to the woman by the window, and greeted her.

"Is this Mrs. Thomson?"

"That is my name, sir," she said, turning her face toward Ralph, who could not but remark the contrast between the thorough refinement of her manner and her coarse, scant, unshaped pauper-frock of blue drilling.

"I saw your daughter yesterday."

"Did you see my boy?"

There was a tremulousness in her voice and an agitation in her manner which disclosed the emotion she strove in vain to conceal. For only the day before Bill Jones had informed her that Shocky would be bound out on Sunday, and that she would find that going again him wasn't a paying business, so much as some others he must mention.

Ralph told her about Shocky's safety. I shall not write down the conversation here. Critics would say that it was an overwrought scene. As if all the world were as cold as they! All that I can tell is that this refined woman had all she could do to control herself in her eagerness to get out of her prison-house, away from blasphemies of Mowley, away from the insults of Jones, away from the sights and sounds and smells of the place, and, above all, her eagerness to fly to the little shocky-head from which she had been banished for two years. It seemed to her that she could gladly die now, if she could die with that flaxen head upon her bosom.

And so, in spite of the opposition of Bill Jones's son, who threatened her with every sort of evil if she left, Ralph wrapped Mrs. Thompson's blue drilling in Nancy Sawyer's shawl, and bore the feeble woman off to Lewisburg. And as they drove away, a sad, child-like voice cried from the gratings of the upper window, "Good-bye! good-bye!" Ralph turned and saw that it was Phil, poor Phil, for whom there was no deliverance. And all the way back Ralph pronounced mental maledictions on the Dorcas Society, not for sending garments to the Five Points or the South Sea Islands, whichever it was, but for being so blind to the sorrow and poverty within its reach. He did not know, for he had not read the reports of the Boards of State Charities, that nearly all alms-houses are very much like this, and that the State of New York is not better in this regard than Indiana. And he did not know that it is true in almost all other countries, as it was in his own, that "Christian" people do not think enough of Christ to look for him in these lazar-houses.

And while Ralph denounced the Dorcas Society, the eager, hungry heart of the mother ran flow toward the little white-headed boy.

No, I can not do it; I can not tell you about that meeting. I am sure that Miss Nancy Sawyer's tea tasted exceedingly good to the pauper, who had known nothing but cold water, and that the bread and butter were delicious to a palate that had eaten poor-house soup for dinner, and coarse poor-house bread and vile molasses for supper, and that without change, for three years. But I can not tell you how it seemed that evening to Miss Nancy Sawyer, as the poor English lady sat in speechless ecstasy, rocking in the old splint-bottomed rocking-chair in the fire-light, while she pressed to her bosom, with all the might of her enfeebled arms, the form of the little Shocky, who half-sobbed and