The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., Dec. 13th, 1871.

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

TIME.	1w.	2w.	3w.	6m.	1 year
1 squ—10 lines,	$3 00	$5 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
1 square, do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
2 squares, do	5 00	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00
3 squares, do	6 50	8 00	10 50	15 00	21 00
1 column,	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	35 00
2 column,	11 00	15 00	20 00	35 00	60 00
3 column,	22 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, 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: Morning Accom'n 9.19; Mail, 2.47 p. m.; Evening Fast Line, 5.27.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7.46 a. m.; Accommodation and Express (through to Beliair,) 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 West leave 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. 10.53 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 9.55 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. 11.30 a. m.; Chicago exp. 3.55 p. m; New Castle accom. 4.30 p. m.; Erie exp. 5.42 p. m; Beaver Falls accom. 7.30.

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

Special Notices—Hugo Andriessen,.....14
Special Notices—Dr. Johnston & Co.....C
Special Notice—Dr. Keyser,.....C
Special Notices—Mrs. Fast,.....C
Card—George Schlein,.....C
Advertisement—Sands & Bluemun,.....2w C
Advertisement—F. A. Knold & Co.....1m C
Special Notice—Mrs. Bence,.....19-2w
Special Notice—H. Noss,.....21C
Adv.—Lost—This Office,.....1eq;2w
Special Notice—Lost—This office,.....5
Adv.—Farm Wanted—S. L. Cuthbert,.....1eq;2w

Capt. McClelland, our Congressman, has our thanks for the daily Congressional *Globe.*

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

Personal.—Mr. Thompson Burton, at one time editor and proprietor of the *Local* of this place, was in Beaver on last Friday. He resigned his position as Business Manager of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dawn*, and returned to his home at Moravia, Lawrence county. He proposes, so he informs us, to start a new paper early in the coming year.

Free of Charge.—Call at Andriessen'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 a severe cough, lingering cold settled on the breast, consumption or any disease of the throat or lungs it has no equal in the world. The 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

Recovering.—Capt. H. M. Donehoo, who has been suffering for the past two or three weeks from an old wound, received during the war, is recovering and will soon be on his feet again.

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.

DOCTOR O. PHELPS, Brown's Celebrated Medicines, for sale at Hugo Andriessen's, Beaver Drug Store.

Arm Dislocated.—Mr. William Barnes, sr., of Bridgewater, received a fall one morning last week, which dislocated his arm at the shoulder. He was coming down stairs, in his dwelling at the time, and making a mis-step, fell from the top to the foot of the stairs. The arm was put to its place again by Dr. J. S. M Nutt of this place and the patient is doing well.

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

"LITTLE FAVORITES."—A new supply of these celebrated brand of Pure Havana Cigars, just received, and for sale at Hugo Andriessen's, Beaver Drug Store.

Capt. C. B. Hurst of Rochester has been ill for some time past—afflicted with his old disease, the asthma. He is improving, and we trust will soon be himself again.

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

HAVANA TOBIES, Genuine Imported, for sale at the Beaver Drug Store.

The Economy Society, at Economy, it is said, now numbers but about eighty persons, nearly all of whom are in the winter of life. Their wealth is estimated at about fifteen millions of dollars. They have been a remarkably quiet, orderly and upright colony, and have always enjoyed the confidence and respect of those who knew them in their moral and business character.

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

PURE Glycerine, Camphor, Ice and Glycerine, Cold Cream, Glycerine, and Juniper Tar Soap, for sale at Hugo Andriessen's, Beaver Drug Store.

Pardoned.—John Lennox, convicted at May term, 1867, of murder in the second degree, on the charge of killing Robert Morrow, of Washington county, and sentenced to eight years in the Western Penitentiary, was pardoned last week. Lennox, it will be recollected, was an inmate of the Beaver county jail for several months; and, if our recollection serves us, was tried here for the crime referred to.

FURS, furs, the cheapest ever known, at the cheap store of Will Smith & Co.'s, Rochester. dec6-2w

DRY goods, notions, trimmings, millinery and all kinds of fancy goods. Call and see Will Smith & Co. dec6-2t

CHRISTMAS GIFTS, CHRISTMAS GIFTS, TOYS, TOYS, TOYS!—B. Mulheim has just received the largest and most complete stock of Christmas Presents ever brought to this county. All are invited to call and see for themselves. [dec6-4w.

Closing Exercises.—The public Entertainment of the Beaver Seminary and Institute, consisting of Music, Essays, Declamations and the reading of the "Seminary Messenger" will, we learn, take place in the M. E. Church, of this place, Thursday evening, December 14th. The admission fee is to be 25 cents, proceeds to be used in replenishing the Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus of the Seminary. Next session opens January 2, 1872.

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

FURS, very cheap, at Will Smith & Co.'s. dec6-2w.

We heartly welcome our new neighbor, Mr. George Schlein, who has recently started in the Bakery and Confectionery business in Rochester, having removed recently form Allegheny city to that place. We wish him success.

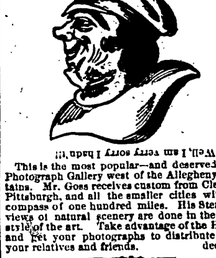
We invite our friends to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Orders carefully and promptly filled. *John Stevenson's Sons & Co.*, 93 Market street, Pittsburgh. jet;1y

FURS at Will Smith & Co.'s, cheap. dec6-2t

Baltimore, Pittsburgh & Chicago R. R.—This road of which we were wont to refer to so frequently a year or two ago, we very much fear, has given us the slip at last. Its route from Pittsburgh to the Ohio line has not yet been given to the public, but from the Ohio line west the company have determined to lay their track down as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of Columbiana county, thence through Columbiana, Stark, Carroll, Tuscarawas, Wayne, Holmes, Ashland, Richland, Morrow, Marion, Hardin, Allen, Auglaize and Mercer, to a point on the State line between Ohio and Indiana near the northwest corner of Mercer county, Ohio. This starting point in Ohio, means, we think, that Beaver is to be left out in the cold.

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

"I had my Photograph taken at H. ROSS' New Gallery, New Brighton, Pa.!!



This is the most popular—and deservedly so—Photograph Gallery west of the Allegheny Mountains. Mr. Ross receives custom from Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and all the smaller cities within the compass of one hundred miles. His Stereoscopic views of natural scenery are done in the highest style of the art. Take advantage of the Holidays and get your photographs to distribute among your relatives and friends. dec13;2w

A new public hall is in course of erection in New Brighton, over the new store rooms of A. D. Gilliland, and B. B. Chamberlin, esq. on the corner of Lock and Broadway. The hall will be one of the largest and best in the county.

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 friend in New Brighton informs us that there is not a single case of small pox in New Brighton at the present time, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The health of the place is excellent.

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

FURS at Will Smith & Co.'s, cheap. dec6-2w

The Messrs' Merrick, of New-Brighton, are about to commence the building of a new Foundry, near the Depot, for the purpose of manufacturing Stoves, Merrick's Patent Grates, &c. The new building will be ready for occupancy in the Spring.

LADIES will do well by purchasing their Millinery Goods, Trimmings, Ribbons, Velvets, Corsets, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, and Fancy Goods, at Bence's, Beaver. A new stock of Velvet Ribbons, &c., just opened, Butter, Eggs and Chickens taken in exchange for Goods. dec13-2w

Car Factory Building Sold.—We understand that S. Merrick, esq. of New Brighton, has disposed of the Car Factory Building in that place to a gentleman in the East. The sum for which the building and grounds sold is $30,000. The purchaser intends converting it into a Steel Works, and designs employing about 150 persons in the manufacture of steel, in the Spring.

LADIES' HATS, Bonnets, Ribbons, Velvets, Collars, Hosiery, Ladies' and Gent's underwear, and Fancy Goods generally, at reduced prices, at Bence's, Beaver.

Mrs Fast will close out the remainder of her large stock of millinery at cost or less. No room for storing away unseasonable goods, and they must be sold. Call and see.

Messrs. Stevenson & Wittish, Real Estate Agents, of Beaver Falls, we are glad to learn, are doing a fine business in their line. They are trustworthy gentlemen, and deserving of the patronage they are receiving. Those of our readers who have real estate to sell may go further and far worse, than to cultivate the acquaintance of the above-named gentlemen.

The place to buy toys is at **Mrs. Fast's.**

Go to Bence's for stylish Millinery and Fancy Goods. dec1-32w

Capt. D. M. Donehoo, of Beaver, wishes to dispose of a lot of valuable property, located in Beaver and vicinity. See advertisement in another column. As he is going to move to Virginia, bargains can no doubt be had in this line.

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

"LITTLE FAVORITES."—A new supply of these celebrated brand of Pure Havana Cigars, just received, and for sale at Hugo Andriessen's, Beaver Drug Store.

LOOK OUT FOR SANTA CLAUS.—The old gentleman has his headquarters at **Mrs. Fast's** on the corner of Third and Seminary streets. Everything new, pretty and novel can be found there. Toys, toilet articles, writing desks, games, parchment boards, puzzles, handkerchief and jewelry boxes, cigar stands, vases, busts, statuary, china ornaments, brackets, and other pretty and useful things, too numerous to mention.

Go to Bence's for your Hats, Bonnets, Shawls, Trimmings and Fancy Goods. Marketing taken in exchange for Goods.

Board of Trade.—The business men of Beaver Falls held a meeting last week to consider the propriety of organizing a Board of Trade in that borough. They concluded on doing so, and a committee of which J. H. Stevenson, esq. is Chairman, was appointed to prepare by-laws, rules and regulation for the Board.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—The place to buy Christmas presents is at **Mrs. Fast's.** Her whole stock including toys has been marked down and will be closed out before the new year. Now is the time for bargains.

LADIES will find the latest style Hats and Bonnets, just opened, at Bence's, Beaver dec13-2w

New Church Bell.—The First Presbyterian Church of New Brighton has just had a new bell placed within its tower. The bell was manufactured by Messrs. A. Fulton, Son & Co., Pittsburgh, and weighs 2,600 pounds. The following is inscribed upon it:

"Cast by A. Fulton, Son & Co., Pittsburgh, A. D. 1871. 1st Presbyterian Church of New Brighton, Pa; Rev. R. C. Critchlow, Pastor. Ordered by Capt. Job Whysall."

Teacher's Institute.—The annual county institute will convene in Rochester, on the 18th of December. Prominent educators from abroad are expected to be present on the occasion.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS, at Mrs. Fast's. Dolls of every size and variety, carts, donkeys, chairs, indeed everything in the toy line. Do not fail to give her a call.

T. McClelland & Company are our authorized agents in Pittsburgh, Pa., and will contract for inserting advertisements in the ARGUS, at our lowest cash rates.

☞ Rufus Chapman, of Liberty, Me., had a stiff leg bent at the knee, limbered and strengthened by the use of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

A New Store in Beaver.—Mr. Samuel F. Wilson, late of Pittsburgh, has opened a new grocery, fruit and confection store, in this place. He has taken the room formerly occupied as a store by the late John Barclay. Mr. Wilson is said to be an energetic, progressive business man, and will, no doubt, soon command an extensive trade. In addition to the above articles he intends keeping feed of the different kinds for stock. Give him a call. It affords us pleasure to learn that our friend Mr. Robert McCreery, may be found at this establishment, where he will be happy to meet his old Beaver county acquaintances.

☞ The proprietors of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, Parsons' Purgative Pills and Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* have published a readable and instructive pamphlet, which may be had *free* at the stores.

Funeral Sermon Preached.—The funeral sermon of Dr. A. M. Witherow, deceased, of North Sewickley tp., this county, was preached on Sabbath day, December 3d, at the North Sewickley church by the Rev. William M. Taylor of Westfield congregation, Lawrence county. The church was densely crowded on the occasion. Dr. Witherow had been a Ruling Elder in the church above referred to, and the minister selected to preach his funeral sermon was his school mate twenty years before.

"What I Know About Cows."—The above is the title of a work now probably in contemplation by our townsman, Col. M. S. Quay. He has been more or less immersed in politics for a number of years past, and it is generally understood in this vicinity that he now regards his previous occupation as requiring more wear and tear of conscience than a person of his years ought to endure, hence it is supposed he has about made up his mind to gradually slide out of the political arena, and engage in the more quiet, healthful and moral pursuit of improving the bovine stock of the country, and, as opportunities offer, to devote a portion of his time to mechanical and agricultural productions. Col. Quay is not the first eminent politician of this country who has measurably retired from politics while yet in the prime of life, and given his attention to the cultivation of the soil, the rearing of stock or the disemboweling of the earth. Horace Greely of the New York *Tribune* furnishes an illustrious example of this assertion. Brother Quay should therefore be encouraged in his present determination by all of his immediate neighbors, and the kindly word should be extended to him outside of his own county and State. He takes hold of his new occupation however, with commendable energy and tact, and we shall not be surprised if success marks every step he takes in the new direction. Thus far his most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. To demonstrate this it will only be necessary for us to give a few facts: Some six weeks ago the Colonel purchased a thorough-bred Alderney cow in the East—we believe from the herd of Gen. John A. Hartranft of Montgomery county. The sum paid for the noble animal was $200.00. This we believe included the transportation to the Union Depot at Pittsburgh. Now to show how thoroughly Col. Q. understands the business in which he is engaging, and how considerate and humane he proves to be in it, it will be necessary to be a little particular as to what occurred in bringing the wonderfully organized beast from that point to Beaver. After reaching the Union Depot, the Colonel ordered a halt, and the cow was allowed to rest there for three days. At the expiration of this time he dispatched a trusty man with $12 in his pocket to bring her by easy travel to Beaver, and to telegraph progress from all convenient points along the route. Here are in substance the dispatches sent back and forth:

COR. OF 7TH AND LIBERTY STS.,
10:45, a. m.

Cow is going finely, and is in good condition.

COLONEL QUAY'S REPLY.

"All right." Keep her on the pavement sure. M. S. Q.

DISPATCH NO 2.

COR. OF 5TH AND LIBERTY,
10:55 a. m.

Col. M. S. Quay:—The cow is evidently worried about something. In the last three rods she has switched her tail four times. What shall I do?

COLONEL QUAY'S REPLY.

Take her into the nearest saloon and give her a hot whisky punch. If that don't help her give her another "punch;" if this does not stop the switching take her to Hare's Hotel, and see that she gets six loaves of bread and two hams per day until further orders. Eight glasses of ale for every twenty-four hours will be all the drink she will need. M. S. Q.

A day or two after these telegrams passed to and fro it seems Col. Quay and his herdsman had a "little unpleasantness," and the latter was ordered to Beaver forthwith. In due course of time another herdsman was procured and sent to Pittsburgh, and the sleek Alderney soon put in an appearance on our streets. Thus it will be seen that the Colonel spared neither time or expense in bringing his first thorough bred into our midst. The cow is a fine looking animal, about 2 feet four inches in height, weighs about 350 pounds gross, and is thought to be 28 years old. She had a calf a few weeks before the Colonel became her owner, and is therefore fresh at the present time. Her yield of milk is about two pints per day or one pint at each milking. Just here, however, we tread on delicate ground, but our duty as a faithful journalist will admit of no shirking, and we proceed to give facts though they do take us quite near the Colonel's household. Major Richard Maloney, than whom a better hearted young man can hardly anywhere be found, had the immediate care of the cow for some time, but Col. Quay not being satisfied with her lacteal flow, found fault with the Major's care of the animal and insisted upon a change in her feed. The Major had been giving her the very best of hay and the richest chop-feed that could be bought, while Col. Quay believed that for lacteal purposes nothing could equal coarse sand and saw dust mixed. The Colonel of course carried his point, and he now has the sole care of the dazzling beauty himself. He is quite confident that this change in her food will finally induce her to "let down" sufficient for the whole neighborhood. We trust his anticipations will be realized.

After giving the bovine species much thought, and making himself familiar with the whole subject, Col. Quay is decidedly of the opinion that the Chester Whites are the best milkers, but at the same time he has no doubt but that the Cotswold and Merinos are far ahead of all others for beef. While the Colonel's ideas of stock at first view seem a little bold and unique, they will prove, on a closer study, to be sound and of immense practical value to the stock raising community. His book, therefore, should be in the hands of every farmer and stock grower in the land. Its cost, we are persuaded, will be within the reach of all.

As we have elsewhere hinted in this article the Colonel is giving a small share of his attention to mechanical productions. He has of late taken a lively interest in the manufacture of fire clay brick, and has accordingly embarked in their manufacture, but it seems his ideas and the ideas of his partners do not accord. They persist in believing that brick are made of clay, while the Colonel as stoutly insists that they are manufactured from wood cut while the sap is in the ascent. But on this point more anon.

Trustee Meeting.—A full meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary and Institute is desired for Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the Seminary building. The proposed amendments to the charter and the plans for the additional buildings will then be considered.

The Missing Found—A Lost Father Turns Up.—Our older citizens will remember a good, but wild fellow, named John Wilson, who lived some twenty years ago in Fallowfield township. He was a famous fox-hunter and was always on some wild chase, or up for "fun" in almost any shape—so much so that he was familiarly known as "Devil John" by his friends. He was married to a Miss Bendel, also of Fallowfield township, and lived with her until they were blessed with six children, who are now grown up, and are respectable people of this neighborhood. But John got tired of his wife, babies, and foxes, and persuaded his wife to sell her property, got possession of the funds, and one night he skipped to parts unknown. His poor wife left with her family of little ones, and no money, was destitute indeed, and the infidelity of her husband so wore upon her mind that she became crazed, and ended her days in the insane department of the County Alms House. So ended the first chapter in this sad history.

Recently, however, word came from Indianapolis, Indiana, inquiring if anything was known about Mr. John Wilson, and whether he had a wife or children living. The correspondence developed the fact that Mr. Wilson was dead; that he had re-married, and had by this woman several children before the death of his first wife; that he died possessed of considerable property, and as a result Mr. Oliver McIlheny of Bentleysville was sent on by the heirs to claim his estate, and enjoin the administrator from paying any of the decedent's estate to the second (and illegal) wife's heirs, who are yet living. He was Collector at Indianapolis, and left a snug little property, and a good name amongst his fellow-citizens in the West.—*Monongahela Republican.*

Mr. Wynn is actively employed upon his new map of Beaver county. He hasn't lost either sleep or flesh over his defeat. He is still a Republican and votes the straight ticket.—*Radical.*

That Mr. Wynn is a thorough going Republican we have no doubt. In fact, we believe if some vicious and unprincipled copperhead would seize the Republican banner, and fly west, cross the Rocky Mountains, and take refuge in one of the caverns of the Pacific slope, Mr. Wynn, with Jacob staff and compass in hand, (and at his own expense too) would be among the foremost to cross the Sierras, enter the caves, and in the presence of the lizard, the owl and the bittern, search for the stolen emblem of genuine Republicanism in this free land of ours. And should he not come up with it there, and ascertain that the bold thief had swum across with it to one of the Pacific Islands, Mr. Wynn would not hesitate a moment (still at his own expense) to plunge in among the rollicking waves of the awful sea, and battle heroically with its surging billows to regain the object nearest and dearest his heart. All this we ayer, and we might aver a great deal more, but when it comes to saying that since his defeat, he still "votes the straight ticket" we hurl the imputation back with scorn and contempt, and ask Col. Quay to retract it at once, and in the most emphatic manner possible. The meanness of the insinuation will be seen when we state that no election has been held in this State, county or borough since Mr. Wynn's defeat last October, and if he still "votes the straight ticket" he does it where he has no legal right to, and of course the presumption follows that he thus makes of himself a "colonizer" and a "repeater" of the worst and most dangerous sort. *This*, we are satisfied Mr. Wynn is not, and the covert attempt of Col. Quay to make the public believe that the ex-surveyor has been imitating the Tammany politicians, is simply outrageous. We insist therefore that a complete retraction must be made at once, and our old neighbor's character for integrity" made good again. We know that Mr. Wynn is in favor of a pure ballot and the idea of charging him with one of Tweed's villainies will not be entertained by this community for even an instant. What has Mr. Wynn done that Col. Quay should impute a crime like this to him?

Lost.—On Saturday evening last, between Beaver and Rochester, a knee-robe, red on one side and black and checkered on the other. Any person finding said robe will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at this office.

[From the Greenville Advance.]

Rev. J. R. Brittain.—A few weeks since, Rev. J. R. Brittain, pastor of the U. P. Church of this place, announced from his pulpit that he had received a unanimous invitation from the U. P. Congregation of Cleveland, Ohio, to become their pastor. This invitation was accompanied by a very flattering offer of liberal support, in case of acceptance. Immediately after the above announcement was made, steps were taken by his congregation in this place to fully acquaint him for their feeling and desire touching the matter in question, and with a letter almost unanimously signed by the members of the congregation, was addressed to him earnestly protesting against the demission of his charge in this place, and cordially asking him to remain with them. On last Sabbath the gratifying announcement was made from his pulpit that he had after mature deliberation concluded not to accept the invitation of the Cleveland brethren, and intended to remain in charge of his present congregation. This matter has developed the facts satisfactorily, that there is a very strong attachment subsisting between the pastor and people of the congregation referred to, and an unusual degree of unanimity of opposition on the part of the congregation to any change of relationship between them. The following is the text of the letter referred to:

To the Rev. J. R. Brittain, Pastor of the U. P. Congregation, Greenville:

DEAR PASTOR:—We, whose names are hereunto attached, members of the congregation to which you have so acceptably ministered in word and ordinance, and among whom you have so efficiently labored, for the past five years, having learned that our brethren in Christ of the U. P. Congregation of Cleveland, have unanimously invited you to become their pastor, and fearing lest our silence may be construed into indifference concerning the matter, take this method of assuring you that we have heard with deep concern the announcement above referred to, and that while recognizing the high compliment to our pastor contained in the above invitation, we would most respectfully, yet earnestly, protest against your acceptance of the same. Among the reasons we would urge in support of our protest may be named the gratifying fact that the relationship of pastor and people which you subsisted between us since you became our pastor, has evidently been signally blessed by the Great Head of the Church. Our congregation has enjoyed under your acceptable ministrations a high degree of prosperity both spiritually and temporally, and feeling confident that the relationship, in the future, will be still more abundantly blessed, we would most seriously deprecate any thing within human control which would tend to mar its harmony or threaten its severance.

In addition to this we take pleasure in assuring you of our high regard for your estimable wife, whose earnest piety, kindness of heart, and prudence of conduct, have greatly endeared her to your congregation.

Hoping that it may be found consistent with the will of the Great Head of the church, and in harmony with your desire in the premises, after mature deliberation, to continue the relationship now subsisting between us, and with assurances of the highest personal regard, we remain, yours in the bonds of a Christian fellowship.

—As a further inducement the members of Mr. Brittain's congregation, donated him between $400 00 and $500.00 on Thanksgiving Day. Rev. Brittain is a native of Beaver county, and a son of Joseph Brittain, esq., at present one of our County Commissioners. We need scarcely say that it affords us pleasure to see the labors of one who was born and reared in our midst, so highly appreciated by those among whom he is now officiating.

ED. ARGUS.

In Memoriam.—At the regular meeting of Enola Lodge, No. 163, I. O. of G. T., held in Bridgewater, on Friday evening, Dec. 1st, 1871, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to again visit our fraternal circle with the blighting hand of death, and to remove from time to eternity, another of our dearly beloved sisters; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our late sister, Mrs. Maggie Booth Tallon, we recognize the ruling of an all-wise Master; and, while we would humbly submit to this afflictive dispensation, we desire to express our deepest sorrow for her loss.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved companion, mother and friends of our late sister, and pray that our Father in Heaven may give them divine support and consolation in their hour of deep sorrow, and that this affliction may be blessed and sanctified to each of them.

Resolved, That the badge we already wear be continued for thirty days longer.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of our Lodge, that a copy be given the family of the deceased, and that they be published in our county papers and in the *Pennsylvania Temperance Vindicator.*

J. H. DECKER,
TILLIE E. MOORHEAD, } *Com.*
DAVID WOODRUFF,

[From the Boston Post.]

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-MASTER.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TRIAL.

About ten days after Ralph's return to Flat Creek things came to a crisis. The master was rather relieved at first to have the crisis come. He had been holding Juvenile Flat Creek under his feet by sheer force of will. And such an exercise of psychic power is very exhausting. In racing on the Ohio the engineer sometimes sends the strongest of the firemen to hold the safety-valve down, and this he does by hanging himself to the lever by his hands. Ralph felt that he had been holding the safety-valve down, and that he was so weary of the operation that an explosion would be a real relief. He was a little tired of having everybody looking at him as a thief. It was a little irksome to know that new bolts were put on the doors of the houses in which he had stayed. And now that Shocky was gone, and Bud had turned against him, and Aunt Matilda suspected him, and even poor weak, exquisite Walter Johnson had not associated with him, he felt himself an outlaw indeed. He would have gone away to Texas or the new gold fields in California had it not been for one thing. That letter on blue foolscap paper kept a little warmth in his heart.

His course from school on the evening that something happened lay through the sugar-camp. Among the dark troughs of the maples, solemn and lofty pillars, he debated the case. To stay, or to flee? The worn nerves could not keep their present tension much longer.

It was just by the brook, or, as they say in Indiana, the "branch," that something happened which brought him to a sudden decision. Ralph never afterward could forget that brook. It was a swift-running little stream, that did not bubble blatantly over the stones. It ran through a thicket of willows, through the sugar-camp, and out into Means's pasture. Ralph had just passed through the thicket, had just crossed the brook on the half-decayed log that spanned it, when, as he emerged from the water-willows on the other side, hearkened with a sudden shock. For there was Hannah with a white, white face, holding out a little note folded like an old-fashioned thumb-paper.

"Go quick!" she stammered as she slipped it into Ralph's hand, indeed only touching his fingers with her own a touch that went tingling through the school-master's nerves to his heart. But she hardly said the words until she was gone down the brookside path and over into the pasture. A few minutes afterward she drove the cows up into the lot and meekly took her scolding from Mrs. Means for being gone such an awful long time, likkin' lazy, good-fer-nothin piece of goods that she was.

Ralph opened the thumb-paper note, written on a page torn from an old copy-book, in Bud's "hand-write," and running:

"Mr. Heartsook

"deer sir:

"I Put in my best licks, taint no use. Run for yore life. A plans on foot to tar and feather yer house tonight. Git rite off. Things is awful juberous. BUD."

The first question with Ralph was whether he could depend on Bud. But he soon made up his mind that treachery of this sort was not one of his traits. He had mourned over the destruction of Bud's good resolutions by Martha Hawkins's refusal, and being a disinterested party he could have comforted Bud by explaining that "Shucks, I'm smitten." But he felt sure that Bud was not treacherous. It was a relief, then, as he stood there to know that the false trace was over, and worst had come to worst.

His first impulse was to stay and fight. But his nerves were not strong enough to execute so foolhardy a resolution. He seemed to see a man behind every maple-trunk. Darkness was fast coming on, and he knew that his absence from supper at his boarding-place could not fail to excite suspicion. There was no time to be lost. So he started.

Let one once start to run from a danger, and panic is apt to ensue. The forests, the stalk-fields, the dark hollows through which he passed, seemed to be peopled with terrors. He knew Small and Jones well enough to know that every avenue of escape would be carefully picketed. So there was nothing to do but to take the shortest path to the old trysting-place, the Spring-in-rock.

Here he sat and shook with terror. Mad with himself, he only denounced himself for a coward. But the effect was really a physical one. The chill and panic now were the reaction from the previous strain.

For when the sound of his pursuers' voices broke upon the early evening, Ralph shook no more, the warm blood set back again toward the extremities, and his self-control returned when he needed it. He gathered some stones about him, as the only weapons of defence at hand. The mob was on the cliff above. But he thought that he heard footsteps on the bed of the creek below. If this were so, there could be no doubt that his hiding-place was suspected.

"O Hank!" shouted Bud from the top of the cliff to some one in the creek below, "be sure to look at the Spring-in-rock—I think he's there."

This hint was not lost on Ralph, who speedily changed his quarters by climbing up to a secluded, shelflike ledge above the spring. He had been one soon, for Pete Jones and Hank Banta were soon looking alluringly into the spring for him, while he held a twenty-pound stone over their heads ready to drop on them in case they should think of looking on the ledge above.

When the crowd were gone Ralph knew that one road was open to him. He could follow down the creek to Clifty, and thence he might escape. But, traveling down to Clifty, he debated whether it was best to escape. To flee was to confess his guilt, to make himself an outlaw, to put an insurmountable barrier between himself and Hannah, whose terror-stricken and anxious face as she stood by the brook-willows haunted him now, and was an involuntary witness to his love.

Long before he reached Clifty his mind was made up not to flee another mile. He knocked at the door of Squire Underwood. But Squire Underwood was also a doctor, and had been called away. He knocked at the door of Squire Doolittle. But Squire Doolittle had gone to Lewisburg. He was about to give up all hope of being able to surrender himself to the law when he met Squire Hawkins, who had come over to Clifty to avoid responsibility for the ill-deeds of his neighbors which he was powerless to prevent.

"Is that you, Mr. Hartsook?"

"Yes, and I want you to arrest me and try me here in Clifty."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRIAL.

The "prosecuting attorney" (for so the State's attorney is called in Indiana,) had been sent for the night before. Ralph refused all legal help. It was not wise to reject counsel, but all his blood was up, and he declared that he would not be cleared by legal quibbles. If his innocence were not made evident to everybody, he would rather not be acquitted on a preliminary examination. He would go over to the circuit court and have the matter sifted to the bottom. But he would have been pleased had his uncle offered him counsel, though he would have declined it. He would have felt better to have had a letter from home somewhat different from the one he received from his Aunt Matilda by the hand of the prosecuting attorney. It was not very encouraging or very sympathetic, though it was very characteristic.

"Dear Ralph:

"This is what I have always been afraid of. I warned you faithfully the last time I saw you. My skirts are clear of your blood. I can not consent for uncle to appear as your counsel or to go your bail. You know how much it would injure him in the county, and he has no right to suffer for your evil acts. O my dear nephew! for the sake of your poor, dead mother——"

We never shall know what the rest of that letter was. Whenever Aunt Matilda got to Ralph's poor, dead mother in her conversation, Ralph ran out of the house. And now that his poor, dead mother was again made to do service in his aunt's pious rhetoric, he landed the letter on the hot coals before him, and watched it vanish into smoke with grim satisfaction.

Ralph was a little afraid of a mob. But Clifty was better than Flat Creek, and Squire Hawkins, with all his faults, loved justice, and had a profound respect for the majesty of the law, and profound respect for his own majesty when sitting as a court representing the law. Whatever maneuvers he might resort to in business affairs in order to avoid a conflict with his lawless neighbors, he was courageous and inflexible on the bench. The Squire was the better part of him. With the co-operation of the constable, he had organized a *posse* of men who could be depended on to enforce the law against a mob.

By the time the trial opened in the large school-house in Clifty at eleven o'clock, all the surrounding country had emptied its population into Clifty, and all Flat Creek was on hand ready to testify to something. Those who knew the least appeared to know the most, and were prodigal of their significant winks and nods. Mrs. Means had always suspected him. She seed some mighty suspicious things about him from the word go. She'd allers had her doubts whether he was just the thing, and let her off man how axed her, liker-n not he never would a been hired. She'd seen things with her own livin' eyes that best all she ever seed in all her born days. And Pete Jones said he'd allers knowed ther warn't no good in sech a feller. Could not stay abed when he got there. And Granny Sanders said, Law's sakes! nobody'd ever a found him out if it hadn't been for her. Didn't she go all over the neighborhood a-warnin' people? For her part, she seed straight through that piece of goods. He was fond of gals, too! Nothing was so great a crime in her eyes as to be fond of the gals.

The constable park unwitting tribute to William the Conqueror by crying Squire Hawkins's court open with an Oyez! or, as he said it, "O yes!" and the Squire asked Squire Underwood, who came in at that minute, to sit with him. Front the start, it was evident to Ralph that the prosecuting attorney had been thoroughly posted by Small, though, looking at that worthy's face, one would have thought him the most disinterested and philosophical spectator in the court-room.

Bronson, the prosecutor, was a young man, and this was his first case since his election. He was very ambitious to distinguish himself, very anxious to have Flat Creek influence on his side in politics; and, consequently, he was very determined to send Ralph Hartsook to State prison, justly or unjustly, by fair means or foul. To his professional eyes this was not a question of right and wrong, nor a question of life and death to such a man as Ralph. It was George H. Bronson's opportunity to distinguish himself. And so, with many knowing and confident nods and hints, and with much deference to the two squires, he opened the case, affecting great indignation at Ralph's wickedness, and uttering Delphic hints about striped pants and shaven heads, and the grating of prison-doors at Jeffersonville.

"And now, if the court please, I am about to call a witness whose testimony is very important indeed. Mrs. Sarah Jane Means will please step forward and be sworn."

This Mrs. Means did with alacrity. She had met the prosecutor and impressed him with her dark hints. She was sworn.

"Now, Mrs. Means, have the goodness to tell us what you know of the robbery at the house of Peter Schroeder, and the part defendant had in it."

"Well, you see, I allurs suspected that air young man."

Here Squire Underwood stopped her, and told her she must not