SELECT MISCELLANY.

END OF A ROMANCE.

A Silly Woman Rudely Awakened to Her Folly.

The Kansas City *Times* of the 29th ult. contains the following history, which will be read with interest by persons in the east: "The Steamer Fontenelle arrived at this city yesterday morning after a three months' trip to Fort Benson and the mountains. Among her miscellaneous cargo of robes, furs, peltries and Nebraska corn was a female named Miss Amanda Barber, or Mrs. Squatting Bear, who, in a fit of fanatical romance, offered herself in 1867 as a voluntary missionary to the Brule Sioux, then occupying the territory between the Cheyenne river and the Big Horn mountains, Dakota territory.

Miss Barber created quite a sensation in the eastern states by marriage with a young Indian named Squatting Bear, who accompanied a party of Sioux to Washington in 1867. Miss Barber was at that time a clerk in one of the departments at Washington, in a position secured for her by General Butler, before the impeachment fiasco. According to her own statement, made yesterday to our reporter, she was firmly impressed with the ideality and perfection of the red men of the plains. She had read everything relating to the Indian tribes, from the reports of the Commissioner of Indian affairs down to the latest dime novel. In a fit of enthusiasm or temporary insanity, she offered herself to and became

THE WIFE OF SQUATTING BEAR,

a junior chief in the Lone Horn band of Brule Sioux, and with him and his party returned to the Yankton agency, where she was duly initiated into her new life as a white squaw. Her romantic ideas seem to have received a severe shock since her introduction to her new home and relations, and though she endeavors to fulfill her mission as a teacher and a missionary to the best of her ability, her progress appears to have been as slow as the progress of civilization on the plains She states that her first great surprise was being compelled to mount upon a wild, vicious pony and travel without saddle or attention over the country from the Missouri to the Earth river, a distance of seven hundred miles. Her inability to make the journey excited mirth among her husband's companions, and finally exasperated Squatting Bear until he bound her with a rope to the pony's back and led the animal on the westward trail. She was still more surprised to find her husband possessed of two other wives; one a vicious, dirty squaw of forty years of age, and the other a girl of scarcely fourteen years. Her life in his wigwam, or teepee, was not as bright and happy as she expected it would be. Her husband's absence was taken advantage of by her rivals to compel her to perform

THE VILEST DRUDGERY,

such as gathering wood, cooking meat, and scraping robes for the tanning process, but during Squatting Bear's presence at home Miss Barber appears to have been better treated. Her husband, in a violent fit of passion, killed his oldest squaw during the first year she was with the tribe, when, without warning or notice she was hurried off to the main camp of the Brules, three days' journey to the mountain, and from thence she accompanied the tribe on its annual buffalo hunt, where she became sick from exposure and fatigue. She was left at a temporary drying camp at Rawhide river, where she attempted to escape by walking to Fort Fetterman, a distance of sixty miles, for which she was beaten nearly to death, and then sold by her husband for three ponies to a Cheyenne chief who sported the expressive sobriquet of Coo Coose, or Baconsides. She was taken north in 1870, and has remained with the Cheyennes ever since, until this spring, when she made her appearance and claimed the protection of the authorities at Fort Benton. Miss Barber's experience would no doubt make a story more thrilling than the "Escaped Nun." She is a woman rather plain in appearance, skin tawny and black, small eyes, dark and expressive, a voice rather masculine and, in fact, just such a woman as Mrs. Colonel Anthony or Tennie Claflin would choose for a second in command. Miss Barber conversed with our reporter without the less diffidence, and answered any questions asked of her. She says that so far as

THE ROMANCE OF INDIAN LIFE

is concerned, she found none of it. Her efforts to reform and teach the young Indian children were treated with indifference and contempt. She learned the Sioux language easily, but the Cheyenne dialect was harder to acquire. She has a much higher opinion of the Cheyennes than of the Sioux. The latter tribe she says are to blame for all the murdering and thieving done in the white settlements. She found it necessary to paint and color like the rest of the tribe while she was with them, and twice witnessed the execution of white men; one a soldier belonging to the Thirty-second United States infantry, who had been taken while out hunting, who was burnt and scalped; the others were two teamsters brought from Fort McPherson. All three were burnt at a place called Saddler's Hills, in the Nebraska Bad Lands.

Miss Barber has a poor opinion of Grant's Quaker policy, which she says is a perfect farce, and is so regarded by the Indians. She asserts that there will be no peace while white men intrude into the buffalo range, or tempt the cupidity of the Indians by bringing stock and valuables out into exposed frontier settlements. The Indians have the greatest contempt for the white men's judgment and the efficacy of the soldiers.

Miss Barber left the Steamer Fontenelle at this port, and after a few hours' rest started on her way to the home of her friends in Millford, Mass."

Bethink and Believe.

There is no doubt—there can be no doubt, that in the various investigations which science has made, she has added to the trophies of the past, and what we see in material development is also going on in other departments of life. Consumption once the terror of the human family, is now partly shorn of its terrors. You can meet it at the threshold and dispute its invasion by that more than wonderful medicine *Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure*, which has done more for its cure than all the remedies that have preceeded it. We read every week of cures that *Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure* has made. We see those on the streets in the full enjoyment of life, who once were apparently on their way to the "narrow house." *Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure* has again relit the lamp of life and sent these once suffering invalids on their way rejoicing. Price $1.50 per bottle or four bottles for $5, at 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh.

☞ Oh, mother! mother!" "What son?" "Mayn't I have the big Bible up in my room to-day?" "Yes, my child, in welcome. You don't know what pleasure it gives me to see your thoughts turn that way. But what sticks are these you have in your hand?" "Triggers!" "Triggers for what, my child?" "Why, trap triggers. Here's the standard you see, that's the flipper, and that one with the fat meat on the end is the long trigger. There's a mouse keeps coming into my room and insulting me, and I want to set the big Bible for a deadfall, and try and knock the stuffing out of him."

"NOBODY FOR GREELEY."

Ex-Governor *Andrew G. Curtin*, of Pennsylvania, Minister of the United States to Russia, forwarded his resignation to the State Department, at Washington, about five months ago. For reasons best known to the Grant Administration the fact has been kept a secret. Governor Curtin, not wishing longer to represent such an Administration, has turned over the Legation to the Secretary, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who will act as Charge-d'-Affaires *ad intrim*. The Governor, accompanied by the late Secretary of Legation at Russia, Mr. Coffee, formerly Assistant U. S. Attorney General, is in Berlin, on his way home. He expects to arrive in this country about the first of August. A grand reception awaits him in Philadelphia, to be given under the auspices of the Liberal Republicans of Pennsylvania. Gov. Curtin pronounced for the Liberal movement as long ago as when he forwarded his resignation, which places him in the front rank of the Leaders in the Liberal army. He will stump Pennsylvania for Buckalew for Governor and Greeley for President.

Associate Justice *David Davis*, of the Supreme Court of the United States, declines to continue as a candidate for the Presidency on the Workingmen's ticket and, as in honor bound, yields the field to "the distinguished citizen of New York,' Horace Greeley. David Davis was the esteemed and confidential friend and legal adviser of Abraham Lincoln.

Associate Justice *Nelson*, of New York, of the United States Supreme Court, is for Greeley.

Associate Justice *Field*, of California, of the same court, is for Greeley.

Associate Justice *Clifford* of Maine, of the same court, is for Greeley.

Associate Justice *Swayne*, of Ohio, of the same court, is for Greeley.

Chief Justice *Chase*, of the United States Supreme Court, another candidate for the Presidency (Republican and Democratic), bows to the will of the people, and declares for Horace Greeley for President. Mr. Chase was President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury.

Lyman Trumbull, U. S. Senator of Illinois, another (Republican) candidate for the Presidency, is canvassing the country for Horace Greeley.

General Cox, of Ohio, late member of Grant's cabinet, another (Republican) candidate for President, is supporting the Liberal movement and Horace Greeley.

Governor *B. Gratz Brown*, of Missouri, one of the founders of the Republican party, and present Liberal Governor of the same State, another (Liberal) candidate for the Presidency, favors Horace Greeley's election.

Charles Sumner, Senator of Massachusetts, the great American Statesman, who was the chief founder of the Republican party, another (Republican) candidate for the Presidency, contributes the whole of his gigantic powers to the support of the Liberal cause and the election of Horace Greeley.

Gen. John Charles Fremont, of Missouri, another (Republican) candidate for Horace Greeley for President.

Gen. George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, another (Democratic) candidate for the Presidency, is for Horace Greeley for President.

Horatio Seymour, another (Democratic) candidate for the Presidency, is for Horace Greeley for President.

George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, another (Democratic) candidate for the Presidency, is one of the most active and earnest workers for Horace Greeley for President.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Ex-Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, and Chairman of the State Republican Committee of Pennsylvania in 1868, has pronounced for the Liberal movement, and supports Greeley and Brown. To the skillful management by Mr. Grow of the State campaign in Pennsylvania that year, as Chairman of the State Committee, he contributed largely toward securing the election of Grant in November. Mr. Grow was one of the founders of the Republican party, and during the darkest hours of its heated contests with the slave power he proved one of its boldest and bravest exponents and defenders.

Ex-U. S. Senator *Hendricks*, of Indiana, the present Democratic and Liberal candidate for Governor of that State, a candidate for the Presidency himself, supports Horace Greeley.

Caleb Cushing, the great American, versed in the arts of government, learned in law and unsurpassingly skilled in politics, formerly Attorney General of the United States, is for Horace Greeley for President.

Charles Francis Adams, American Arbitrator at Geneva, Liberal candidate for the Presidency at Cincinnati of those who made the Platform, as in honor bound, like David Davis, is in favor of Horace Greeley.

Ex-President *Millard Fillmore*, of New York, is for Horace Greeley.

General and Governor *Palmer*, of Illinois, another Liberal Republican candidate for the Presidency, is in favor of Horace Greeley's election.

A. H. Randall, of Wisconsin, Ex-Postmaster General, is for Horace Greeley.

Hon. F. A. Conkling, of New York, brother of Senator Roscoe Conkling, denounces Grant's Administration, and proclaims that he will support Horace Greeley for President.

Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, of Iowa, Ex-Assistant Paymaster General, is for Horace Greeley's election.

Ex-Acting Vice President *Lafayette S. Foster*, of Connecticut (Republican), and present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State, is for Horace Greeley's election.

Ex-U. S Attorney General *Stanberry*, of Kentucky, is earnestly advocating the election of Horace Greeley.

Ex-U. S. Senator *Dixon*, of Connecticut, is for Greeley.

Ex-Congressman *Rice*, of Maine, is for Greeley.

Ex-Senator *Carlisle*, of Virginia, is for Greeley.

Montgomery Blair, President Lincoln's Postmaster General, is for Greeley.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, is for Greeley.

Governor Walker, of Virginia, (Liberal) is for Greeley.

U. S. Senator *Tipton*, of Nebraska, is for Greeley.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, is for Greeley.

Hon. John Forsyth, of Alabama, is for Greeley.

Gov. Warmoth, of Louisiana, is for Greeley.

Ex-Governor *Blair*, of Michigan, is for Greeley.

Leonard Swett, of Illinois, the friend and supporter of Mr. Lincoln, is for Horace Greeley.

Congressman Kerr, of Indiana, is for Greeley.

Gen. Wm. S. Schouler, of Massachusetts, Adjutant-General of that State under Governor Andrew, supports Horace Greeley.

Hon. Moses Kimbal, one of the founders of Republicanism and one of its most liberal supporters, is for Greeley.

Hon. Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio—not a candidate of the "bolters of the Fifth Avenue Conference," but a worthy candidate of the Democracy—stands aside himself and goes for Horace Greeley.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

☞ The Chilicothe (Ohio) *Advertiser* says: A few days since Miss Sarah McNabney, daughter of James McNabney, of Concord township, seated herself on a fence near her father's house. Shortly after she felt very sick and went to the house and vomited very freely. She disrobed herself for bed. She then walked out upon the porch and unloosened the garments next to her person, when out leaped a large snake. Her screams brought her father to the spot. He killed the snake and threw it upon the roof. In the morning he examined it and, found it to be of the copperhead species, about three feet long; Miss McNabney had no intimation of the presence of the snake, and it is wonderful that it could work itself into the intricacies of her garments without her knowledge. It did not reach her person or it would certainly have bitten her, causing, probably, fatal results.

TRAVELING FOR PLEASURE.

Searching for the Picturesque Under Difficulties.

Toward noon we approached the village where we were to dine, and after driving through a barren, sandy public square we reached the hotel, and were ushered into a large room lighted by eight windows, guiltless of either blinds or curtains, where an army of flies buzzed joyously. Ten wooden chairs, a center-table and a spittoon composed the furniture, while the "Father of his Country" and "S. T.—1860.—X. Plantation Bitters" adorned the wall. On the ringing of a huge bell we went to the dining-room, where the long table was already filled with people engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the dishes.

"Pork-steak, beef-steak, fried ham and eggs," said the ringleted damsel at our elbows.

"Beef-steak," said grandfather; "and, my good girl, bring us some fresh boiled eggs, and a little honey in the comb."

"We ain't got any eggs, sir, except what's on the ham; we expected some from Marathon to-day, but they haven't come. We don't keep honey, but here's some first-rate jam."

"Well, well, never mind; a pitcher of milk, then."

"We've no milk, sir, milk is scarce out here; but I can get you a cobbler or julep at the bar."

"We are still too near the city, my dears," said grandfather as we drove away. "By evening I trust we shall leave the turmoil far behind us, and enter the real Arcadia."

On we journeyed, and the broad road lengthened out before us in endless monotony. It ran with mathematical precision from one town to another, and when we reached the summit of a small elevation we could trace its white line straight before us as far as the eye could reach. On the other side, shut in by zigzag fences, were corn and wheat fields, and the hot sun burned their faces and ours with the persistent blaze of a cloudless June day. The light top of the carriage, extending over the back seat, afforded some protection to Sue and myself, but poor grandfather simmered in front, and moped his face in silence. About 4 o'clock we came to a wayside inn.

"We will stop here and rest a few moments," said grandfather. "Perhaps some iced milk would refresh you." Here, sir," he called out to a half-grown youth who, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, was lounging on a bench at the door; "will you bring us a pitcher of iced milk?"

"We don't sell milk here," replied the boy, with a prolonged stare.

"No, I suppose your customers seldom call for it; but these ladies would like a glass with a lump of ice."

"But we ain't got any at all. We sell it all in Marathon."

"Have you any buttermilk, then?"

"No, we don't keep buttermilk."

"Any cider?"

"No; we don't keep that, either."

"What, in the name of Andrew Jackson, do you keep?" asked my thirsty ancestor, testily.

"The best lager made in Marathon; it came out by rail this morning."

"I have never tasted this modern beverage, Priscilla, but I will now venture, as it is all they have," said grandfather, handing me the reins.

Fanning himself vigorously with his hat, he disappeared into the house, leaving the boy reclining on his bench with easy grace. After a pause this youth opened a conversation.

"Fine day, ma'am."

"Yes," I replied, "but it is rather warm."

"It'll be a deal hotter before it gets through. I say, have you got any pills?"

"What?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Any pills or powders for fever-ragger or liver-complaint?"

"What can he mean?" exclaimed Sue.

"Why, you're patent medicine agents, ain't you? They always travel through the country with horses instead of taking the cars. There was one along last week who had his women folks with him, and his medicine under the back seat."

"We are not agents," I replied; "we are traveling for pleasure."

"For what?"

"For pleasure."

At this juncture grandfather appeared, and we drove away, followed by the dull curiosity of the pill consuming boy, who even left his bench and advanced to the middle of the road, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze after the singular beings who were traveling for "pleasure."

EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENT.

What Happened to a Bathing Party in East St. Louis.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of Monday says: East St. Louis was enlivened yesterday by hundreds of excursionists from this city, who crossed the numerous ferries to get a cooler and wider breathing place on the Illinois shore. Everything passed off quietly and but few arrests were made. Above the island, outside of the city limits, a party of two or three hundred young men and boys from this city amused themselves by bathing in the limpid waters of the Mississippi. It is now pretty well understood that swimming is not tolerated by the vigilant East St. Louis police within the city limits, and few have the temerity to attempt it, thus the rush was made to the shore above the island.

A funny scene occurred at one of the famous bathing resorts near the new dry docks, about half way between East St. Louis and Brooklyn, which some of the participants in it will remember for a long time. Several picnic parties were enjoying themselves in the woods near the boat yard, and scores of young men and boys were in the river, having first entirely disrobed themselves, and left their clothing on the rafts or under the bank. The sky was clear, and rain was never thought of by either the picknickers or the bathers, until suddenly a black cloud appeared and with it a rushing wind. Directly the rain commenced to pour down as though the floodgates of heaven had been unloosed. The picnic folk, who were on the east side of a new barge of the dry docks, made for the latter, as the only shelter within a mile or more, taking the ladies with them. The bathers, to preserve their clothing, sprang out of the water, and gathering them up also made for the same shelter, not having seen the ladies enter it. The scene that ensued when the nude army came dashing down on the picnickers can be better imagined than described. There was a profusion of blushing among the ladies, a confusion of faint ejaculations, but happily no fainting. As soon as both parties could recover from their surprise, a mutual desire for escape was manifested, and in less time than it takes to relate it, the building was deserted, the females, regardless of the rain, fleeing to the woods, while the bathers plunged into the river.

☞ A crowd of "Horse Men," and others, daily throng the stores in the country and in the town for *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. They understand that horses cannot be kept in good condition without them, and with them can be on a much less quantity of grain.

'Twas None of His Funeral.

A Western paper tells a story of a deaf gentleman's mistake. It seems that in the procession that followed Deacon Jones to the grave last summer, the Rev. Mr. Sampler, the new clergyman of East Town, found himself in the same carriage with a man he had never before met. They rode in grave silence a few moments, when the clergyman endeavored to improve the occasion by serious conversation.

"This is a solemn duty in which we are engaged, my friend," he said.

"Hey? What do you say, sir?" the old man returned. "Can't you speak louder I'm hard of hearin'!"

"I was remarking," shouted the clergyman, "that this is a solemn road we are all travelling to-day."

"Sandy road! You don't call this 'ere sandy, do you? Guess you ain't been down to the South district. There's stretch of road on the old pike that beats all I ever see for travelin'. Only a week before Deacon Jones was tuck sick, I met him driven' his ox team along there, and the sand was pretty nigh up to the hubs of the wheels. The Deacon used to get dreadful riled 'bout that piece of road; and East Town does go ahead of all creation for sand."

The young clergyman looked blank at the unexpected turn given his remark; but quickly recovering himself, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he resumed the conversation.

"Our friend here has done with all the discomforts of earth," he said solemnly. "A small spot of ground will soon cover his senseless clay."

"Did you say clay, sir?" cried the old man, eagerly. "Tain't nigh so good to cover sand with as medder loam. Sez I to Mr. Brewer, last town meetin' day, 'If you'd cart on a few dozen loads—and there's acres of it in the river bank—you'd make as pretty a piece of road as there is in Hartford county.' But we are slow folks in the East Town, sir."

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the clergyman as at that moment the smell of new mown hay from a neighboring field suggested a fresh train of thought.

"Look!" said he, with a graceful wave of the hand; "what an emblem of the brevity of human life! As the grass of the field so man flourisheth, and to-morrow he is cut down."

"I don't calculate to cut mine till next week," said his companion. "You musn't cut grass too 'arly; and then, again, you must not cut it too late."

"My friend," shrieked the clergyman, in a last desperate attempt to make himself understood, "this is no place for vain conversation! We are approaching the narrow house for all the living."

They were nearing the graveyard, but the old man stretched his neck from the window in the opposite direction. "Do you mean Squire Hubbard's over yonder? 'Tis rather narrer. They build all them newfangled houses that way now. To my mind they ain't nigh so handsome or so handy as the old-fashioned square ones with a broad entry running clean through to the back door. Well this is getting out of place, ain't it? Much obliged to you for your entertainin' remarks."

WIDOW BURNING IN ENGLAND.

A Case of Self-Immolation.

A death lately occurred in Brighton, England, of a character heretofore unknown on English soil. A woman immolated herself upon the altar of affection for her deceased husband, under the most peculiar circumstances. Moses Spineman, a very wealthy merchant, during his many mercantile expeditions visited Malabar. Here he fell in love with a native woman, and married her in the presence of the British Consul. At the end of six months after the marriage, he took his wife to England, and into his home at Brighton. The young wife clung to all the customs of her native land, and refused most persistently to be converted to the English church. She had a kind of temple built on her husband's estate in the country and went into it every day to offer up her devotion according to the rites of her own faith. At length her husband died. The widow appeared to suffer the most intense agony of soul. She looked upon the corpse, and threw herself on the lifeless form of her husband with terrible frenzy of despair. She wrenched out her hair, tore her clothes and disfigured her beautiful features with her nails.

On the evening after the funeral of her husband she disappeared. After three days' unsuccessful search for her, the servants bethought themselves of looking in her temple, and had a presentiment that something terrible had happened to her. They found a heap of ashes still smoking, and the smell of burned flesh. She had evidently built her funeral pyre and immolated herself thereon. Upon searching among the ashes they found portions of human remains, which, together with the peculiar odor emitted, satisfied them of the fate of the poor woman. This is probably the only incident of the kind that ever happened in England.

Miscellaneous.

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128 FEDERAL STREET,

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.,

Are offering a complete assortment of

THIN DRESS GOODS

AT THE MOST TEMPTING PRICES.

Wide Japanese Cloths, 25 cents;
LISLE THREAD POPLINS, 15 cents;
100 PIECES GRENADINE,
AT 15, 20 AND 25 CENTS.
1 CASE ORGANDIE LAWN, 15 cents;
JAPANESE SILKS,
PURE SILK CHAIN, AT 65 CENTS;
As good as any 75 cent goods in
THE MARKET;
SUITS! SUITS! $4 50 AND $5.00, $6.00 and $9 00, in very choice styles.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED!

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Depositors secured by Real Estate Investments exclusively.

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JAMES T. BRADY, *President.*
DAVID CAMPBELL, *Treasurer.* [my8;6m

Miscellaneous.

Attractive Stock!

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JOSEPH M. Mc

Quay's Building, 3d

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Fancy Dry Goods:

The Latest Novelties in
FANCY DRY GOODS,
JAPANESE SILKS,
JAPANESE PLAIDS,
JAPANESE LINEN,
FANCY POPLINS,
BLACK SILKS,
TRIMMING SILKS AND SATINS,
DOLLY VARDEN PRINTS,
WHITE GOODS, P. K's, and
Light Fancy SHAWLS & SCARFS;
NEW SPRING SKIRTS,
NEW WHITE SKIRTS;
LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR,
DOLLY VARDEN SKIRTS & Bustles.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA.
DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, INFLUENZA.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DISENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (added by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. *Fifty* cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

"HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG AND PURE BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and second material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and skin Pains of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wasting of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT exceed all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brickdust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins. Price, $1.00.

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Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BEVERLY, MASS., July 18, 1863.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried every thing that was recommended; but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent advertised, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, however, I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this at your request, for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. HANNAH F. KNAPP.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

☞ A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

☞ SEND "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter-stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

[apr17, '72:1y.

A Word to You, Friend!!

FOR GOOD COFFES,

FOR GOOD TEAS,

FOR GOOD SUGARS,

FOR GOOD SPICES,

FOR GOOD FLOUR.

FOR GOOD FEED,

FOR GOOD TOBACCO,

FOR GOOD CIGARS,

FOR EVERYTHING GOOD

IN THE

Grocery and Provision Line,

AND AT PRICES THAT CAN'T

BE BEAT IN BEAVER OR ELSEWHERE.

GO TO

S. SNITGER & CO.'S,

3d Street, BEAVER, PA.

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James H. Rankin,

DEALER IN

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

CUTTLERY, PLATED WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
Japannese and Plain Fine Ware,
WITH EVERYTHING NECESSARY FOR

HOUSEKEEPERS.

Call and see our stock and learn our prices.
No. 6th St., (Late St. Clair St.)
PITTSBURGH, PA.

dec9:1-1y

$10 A DAY to sell Dorman's Little Gem Linen & Card Marker. A sample with your name sent by mail on receipt of $1.25. Circulars free. Address U.S. Mf'g Co. 67 W. Lombard St. Baltimore. Agents wanted everywhere. [apr17;3m

Miscellaneous.

New Spring Goods!

A T

CREERY & Co's

Street, Beaver, Pa.

:o

oid Inferior Goods."

:o

New Millienery Goods:

And NEW STRAW GOODS,
Dolly Varden HATS & BONNETS,
Trimmed HATS & BONNETS,
Untrimmed HATS & BONNETS;
RIBBONS, all widths & colors;
FLOWERS, all the new shades;
Ruffing, Puffing, Tucking, & Embroidery,
TOURIST PARASOLS;
SUN UMBRELLAS,
HOSIERY,
GLOVES and NOTIONS,
CARPETS,
CURTINS,
OIL CLOTHS.
BAZAR-CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

:o

ALSO ADD

CAMBRIC, White LINEN, BUFF LINENS that may appear during the Season.

A T

EERY & CO'S.

BEAVER, PA.

SHARP & HOFFMAN,

ROCHESTER, PENN'A.,

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,
STONEWARE, WOODENWARE
Hardware,
WINDOW-GLASS, NAILS, CUTLERY;
WHIPS, LAMPS, NOTIONS,
SALT, FISH, FLOUR, GRAIN,
Mill-Feed, Oil-Meal, Lard Oil,
SHOT, CAPS, LEAD, FUSE,

Rifle and Blasting Powder,

(Wholesale and Retail;)
Chimney-Tops and Drainage Pipes;
WHITE LEAD & LINSEED OIL;
Dryer, Turpentine, Colors dry & in Oil;
PAINT BRUSHES OF ALL KINDS.

WE HAVE THE

Averill Chemical Paint

Mixed ready for use;

PURE WHITE, ALL COLORS AND SHADES,

Warranted Genuine,

and for sale in any quantity—by the quart, in tin cans; by the gallon in tin buckets, or by five gallon kegs.

THE AVERILL PAINT

Has given unbounded satisfaction for many years in all sections of the country, and has been in use in this vicinity about five years, proving itself to be, especially, the colors and shades, absolutely

The Best and Cheapest!

Paint now in use. Rain does not effect it before drying, and when dry it has a hard, glassy surface; will not crack or peel off. We will send sample card, price list and testimonials to any person asking for the same.

All hedvy goods delivered free of charge in Rochester and vicinity.

SHARP & HOFFMAN,

mar6:6m.] ROCHESTER, PA.

LOOK HERE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.—The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear, which he offers at very moderat rates.

GENTLEMENS FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest notick. Thankful for the public for past favors, I hope by close attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

DANIEL MILLER,
BRIDGE ST., BRIDGEWATER, PA.

mar 24:tf

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

I OFFER for sale the following valuable property, Academy lots No. 51 and 52, containing about 20 acres, lying on the public road leading from Beaver to Vanport.

ALSO—Academy lot No. 73, lying on the Ohio river, adjoining land of Patrick Mulvannon on the west, containing about six acres, these lots are all sowed down in grass and in good condition; the lots are enclosed with good board fences, any person wishing to purchase will please call on me at my office, where all necessary information will be given. GEO. W. HAMILTON.

apr:tf.

G. S. BARKER. F. A. BARKER. C. A. BARKER.

G. S. BARKER & Co., *New Brighton, Pa.* AND

G. S. BARKER & Co., *Beaver Falls, Pa*

BANKERS,

Dealers in Exchange, Coin, Coupons, &c., &c. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States and Canada. Accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, and Individuals, solicited.

Interest allowed on time deposites. Correspondents will receive prompt attention. [dec11:1y

JAMES R. REED & CO.,

DEALERS IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY,

No 68 Fifth Ave.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINE WATCHES CAREFULLY REPAIRED.

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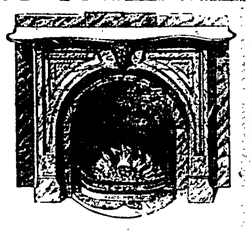

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STOVES,

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Assortment of

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS.

SAMPLE AND SALES ROOMS,

Reevs' Brick Block,

NEAR

BEAVER FALLS CUTLELY.

May 1, 3m

Miscellaneous.

MORRIS MORGANSTERN. NATHAN MORGANSTERN

MORGANSTERN & CO.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN

TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

Foreign & Domestic Hosiery

WHITE GOODS, &C.

78 and 80 Market Street

apr10 3m] PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials Gold and all other filling performed in a style that defies competition Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial. feb22:1y

Black and Gold Front,

GEORGE W. BIGGS

No. 159 SMITHFIELD ST.

Four doors above Sixth Ave.

FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

Optical and Fancy Goods, &c.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

Please cut this advertisement out and bring it with you. je14:1y

FALLSTON

Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accumulated a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

COOKING - STOVES

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

PLOWS,

The GREAT WESTERN has no