The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., October 16th, 1872.

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

TIME.	3w.	6w.	3m.	6m.	1 year
1 square 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
1 column	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	38 00
¼ column	11 00	15 00	20 00	35 00	60 00
½ column	20 00	30 00	38 00	60 00	100 00

Administrators' and Executors' Notices....$3 00

Special notices per line, ten cents.

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

JOB WORK.

Eighth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	$2 00
25 additional copies or less	50
Fourth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	3 00
25 additional copies or less	75
Half Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	5 00
25 additional copies or less	1 50
Full Sheet Bills 25 copies or less	8 00
25 additional copies or less	2 00
Bills in Equity five pages or less	15 00
Each additional page	2 00
Banks, plain, one quire	3 00
Each additional quire	1 00

Other Job work at same rates.

TIME TABLE.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Mor. Accom'n 9.10; 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 Bellair,) 5.45 p. m.

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—W. A. Smith,....5-1w;15-2w
Special notice—Co-operative Association....28
Auditor's Notice—E. P. Kuhn....2aq3w
Executor's Notice—D. Singleton....2aq4w
Special Notice—Dr. Keyser....C
Special Notice—Holloway's Pills....C
Special Notice—R. Steinfeld....37
Special Notices—Umstead & Hartzog....C
Special Notice—Straw & Morton....C
Special Notices—S. & J. Snellenburg....11
Special Notices—Bert & Walsh....C
Advertisement—Boggs & Buntin....C
Advertisement—M. Schiff....4col.6w
Advertisement—H. Phillis....6w
Bank Report—Hoops....5aq;3w
Notice in Partition—John Grebing....3¼aq3w

☞ Buy for cash, and sell at cash prices. Cheap Store, by W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa. oc16; 2w

Reports from the different sections of the country show that the average number of boys have tumbled from hickory and chestnut trees this fall. As a result, broken limbs are plenty, and doctors are doing a thriving business.

☞ Country flannels, yarns and a general variety of woolen goods at the cheap store of W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa. oc16;1w

THE greatest want of the present age in men and women, healthy and vigorous in mind and body. The continued headaches, weakness, nervousness, and varying ailments which afflict women are generally the result of imperfect action of the stomach and other vital organs. *Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters*, being composed entirely of vegetable substances indigenous to California, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate, and are a sure remedy for correcting all wrong action and giving new vigor to the whole system. se25;4

☞ Dry Goods, Dry Goods! Selling very cheap at the Cheap Store of W. A. Smith, Rochester Pa.

Does Not Desire an investigation.—We learn incidentally that the paper published elsewhere in the ARGUS, and signed by a large number of the members of the Bar in this county, and addressed to J. C. Hart, esq., was also presented to J. R. Harrah and his signature asked for. He declined to give it, but did not state his reasons for declining to aid in bringing to light the persons who sought to stuff the Beaver Falls ballot-boxes.

☞ A fine assortment of bow and sash ribbons always be found at the Cheap Store of W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa. oc16;2w.

Five Hundred Thousand.—500,000 Bottles of *Green's August Flower* have been sold in this State in three months. We only ask you to go to the drug stores of Hugo Andriessen, Beaver, S. Hannen, Rochester, or Gilliland & Kerr, New Brighton, Pa., and get a bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size at seventy-five cents. Every Bottle warranted to cure Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, Sick-headache, Costiveness, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Impure Blood, or deranged Stomach and Liver. Use Dr. Boschee's German Syrup for consumption. nov29;1y.

☞ The large number of photographs and ambrotypes that come from the Gallery of W. A. Smith, Rochester, recommend themselves to the public. oc16;2w

A FARM FOR A STORE.—A first-class Dry Goods and Grocery Store in a good location, near to the best markets in this county—now doing a good business—can be had for a good farm. Store and building valued at from $15,000 to $20,000. The best reasons given for wanting to exchange. Apply to, or addres Stevenson & Wittish, Beaver Falls, Pa. [jel2;tf

☞ Always a good stock on hand. He buys often and makes quick sales, and small profits his motto. Call at the Cheap Store of W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa. oc16;2w

For good buggies, wagons, carriages, spring wagons, sulkeys, buck-boards, go to Ingraham Boyd's, near the depot, in Rochester. All orders promptly attended to. sept14;1y

CHICKENS, eggs and butter taken in exchange for goods of all kinds, at Hobbard's, Rochester. [ap29]

To Ladies in want of millinery goods, we would refer to Bence's establishment, 3d Street, Beaver, where the most fastidious may be suited as regards style and price. Mrs. Bence has just opened the second large stock for this season, of winter millinery consisting in part of hats, bonnets, plumes, tips, flowers, ribbons, velvets, frames, &c.; which for style, beauty and cheapness, cannot be surpassed. Having many years of *practical* experience in the millinery business, Mrs. Bence can offer extra inducements to her customers during this season. Hats and bonnets are also altered and done over at reasonable rates. We always have on hand a supply of neat mourning bonnets and other mourning goods; also just received new style shawls, gloves, skirts, hair goods, scarfs, velvets, lace collars, &c., at the lowest prices. Stamping done to order. Butter, eggs and chickens taken in exchange for goods, at the old stand, 3d St., Beaver. oct9-3w

☞ Large assortment of hats, bonnets plumes, tips and ribbons, just received at the cheap store of W. A. Smith, Rochester, Pa.

Rev. A. B. Bradford, of Darlington township, this county, lectured in Pittsburgh at the hall of the Radical Society, on last Sabbath, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

For the Beaver Argus.

Cuban War.

MR. EDITOR: October 10th, 1872, is the fourth anniversary of the declaration of Cuban independence. October 10th, 1868, Cespedes, at Yara, issued his first proclamation announcing armed and organized resistance to the Spanish Government of the Island. The patriots have practically abolished slavery in Cuba. They have declared in favor of religious liberty. The new Constitution adopted by the patriots contains the following provisions: "All the inhabitants of the Republic of Cuba are absolutely free. All the citizens are considered soldiers of the Liberating army. The House of Representatives shall not abridge the freedom of religion, nor of the press, nor of public meetings, nor of education, nor of petition, nor any inalienable right of the people." The document is signed by Carlos Manuel Cesspedes and all the delegates. The success of the Cuban Patriots is only a question of time. The recent Spanish atrocities show the desperate character of their condition. Christendom sympathizes with the struggling Cubans, and the maledictions of the world are heaped upon their cruel Spanish oppressors.

All Patriots and Christians should earnestly pray for the success of the insurgents; that the gem of the Antilles may be delivered from foreign domination and become right speedily a Christian Republic, guaranteeing and guarding sacredly all the inalienable rights of man. Their recent success gives hope that their holy purpose may be, ere long, triumphant. WYANDOTTE.

☞ Bert & Walsh have the best assortment of hats, caps, trunks and umbrellas.

BEAVER, PA., Oct. 12th, 1872.

JOHN C. HART, ESQ., Clerk of Courts.

DEAR SIR:—On the third day of October, 1872, by virtue of an Act of Assembly authorizing you to appoint two Return Inspectors of elections for the borough of Beaver Falls, in this county, you appointed as one of such Inspectors a man calling himself, among other names, James M. Allen or James M. Allen, sr., a stranger in our community, and universally known as a "repeater" and a scoundrel. One of the undersigned, a gentleman in whose veracity the other subscribers hereto have the most undoubting confidence, saw the certificate of Allen's appointment in your office and in your own hand writing; and another unimpeachable witness will testify, that he was present when you delivered it to a citizen of Beaver Falls. Indeed, so far as we are informed, you have never denied that you appointed Allen one of said Inspectors; on the contrary, you have admitted it to more than one of the undersigned.

Now, in view of your certificate, published on Monday, the 7th instant, that no PETITION asking the appointment of said Allen was ever filed in your office, as well as the affidavits of J. L. B. Dawson and Harry Patterson published therewith, that THEY did not recommend said appointment; and further, in view of the fact, that your certificate aforesaid has been improperly used and construed as a denial that said appointment was ever made, the undersigned, as members of the bar of Beaver county, and without distinction of party, beg leave to respectfully request written answers to the following inquiries:

FIRST. At whose request, instance or recommendation (made either in writing or otherwise) did you appoint the said Allen a Return Inspector of elections for the borough of Beaver Falls, or with whom did you consult relative to such appointment before making the same, and when and to whom did you deliver the certificate of appointment.

Second, At whose instance, request or suggestion, and under what circumstances did you assume to revoke or cancel the appointment of said Allen?

Third, Please furnish us with any other information, relative to this matter whereof you may be possessed.

As your action in making this appointment was of a purely *public* and *official* character and not a thing to be surrounded with mystery, you will readily perceive, that, under existing circumstances the foregoing inquiries are strictly pertinent and proper, and such as any citizen desirous of probing an attempted fraud has a right to make. We as members of the bar and officers of the courts whereof you are clerk, are especially interested in having the charge now being made against yourself fully cleared up. We therefore trust that your answer to the above questions will be so *full* and *frank* as to completely allay all suspicions of any criminal intent on your part, and cause the respect and confidence with which we have hitherto regarded you to remain unimpaired. Hoping for a speedy reply, we remain very respectfully,

B. B. Chamberlain	S. Magaw,
S. B. Wilson,	Henry Hice,
J. K. Peirsoll,	E. B. Daugherty,
John J. Wickham,	H. R. Moore,
J. H. McCreery	Frank Wilson,
J. McBuchanan,	F. H. Agnew,
J. H. Cunningham	E. P. Kuhn.
Joseph Ledlie,	James Cameron,
John B. Young.	

Shoes! Shoes!—Umstead & Hartzog make a specialty of ladie's wear, having taken the premium at the Fair for the best made slippers and gaiters; they are confident they can please all who like a real fine shoe. Broadway, New-Brighton.

Our Poor.—The number of poor and helpless people at present in our county home numbers fifty. Several others are provided for by the public at Dixmont and Harrisburg. These latter have mental disorders which require medical attention, which could not be extended to them at the home for the poor in this county.

☞ S & J Snellenburg, the Beaver Co. clothiers.

Receipts and Expenditures of Beaver County Fair.—The receipts and expenditures of the Fair, which was held in this place on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of September, were as follows: **Receipts, $3,084 20; expenditures, $2,184 20.** Balance on hand $1,5000. Financially considered the Fair was a very decided success.

☞ S & J Snellenburg, the Beaver Co. clothiers.

Joseph Fleming, Esq., of Moon township, has our thanks, "irrespective of party," for a basket of very large, fine, apples of the pumpkin species; also, for a basket of quinces. May his shadow never grow less.

☞ S & J Snellenburg, the Beaver Co. clothiers.

The Schoeppe-Steinnecke will case has assumed a new phase. The petition filed by Dr. Schoeppe in 1869 has been withdrawn from the files of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, and on Wednesday his counsel filed a petition with the Register which claims for him the right of administrating upon Miss Steinnecke's estate, because of his alleged marriage to her on the 14th of January of that year, a date subsequent to the execution of the will in his favor under which he claimed in his former petition. Of course if Schoeppe was legally married to the lady all wills made prior to that event are, under the law of Maryland, revoked.

☞ The election for Governor is over in this State; but the sale of men and boy's clothes is still going on at S & J Snellenburg's, Broadway, New-Brighton.

The tens of thousands of corn-shocks are yielding their golden wealth to the merry huskers just now. Not for years has there been so abundant a corn crop in this section as that of the present season.

☞ Bert & Walsh make the neatest clothes in the whole county.

Pass Around the Scamp.—A horse doctor, calling himself Dr. Bazzett, medium height, dark hair, about thirty years of age, is prowling round the country, swindling the printers, hotels, etc. He probably changes his name at each place. Kick him out of town and send bill to us.—*Mt. Vernon Republican.*

☞ Bert & Walsh are agents for the Singer sewing machine.

Jubilant.—The editor of the New Castle *Guardian* was, at the election on the 8th inst., elected to the Legislature. The *Gazette* of that place describes the successful candidate's feelings as follows:

Every time he thinks of it his heart flops up and down like achurn-dasher. Sensations of unutterabl joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like spanish needles through a pair of tow-linen trowsers. As a goslin swimneth with delight in a mud-puddle, so the *Guardian* man swims in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs on a Blackning-brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit him in his slumbers. He whirls around in his legislative importance like a bumble-bee under a tumbler. He feels as though he could lift himself up by his boot-straps high above the city of New Castle and float away as smoothly and noiselessly as the fairy queen in her golden chariot through the rose-tinted clouds of the etherial regions.

No Tables This Week.—Owing to the unusual length of the ticket this year, and the great length of time required by the clerks to add up the returns, we are unable to lay the result of the recent election in this county, in a tabular form, before our readers this week. It will appear in our next issue. We may state however that Gen. Hartranft's majority is something over 800 hundred in the county.

A Young Man Killed.—A young man named George Goas, of New Sewickley township, was killed a couple of weeks ago, while working at a bridge near Harkin's Mill, in that township. He was struck with a guy-pole on the head and breast with such force as to cause his death in a few minutes. He was about 22 years of age.

Pretty Women.—After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, not making spooches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsworn the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek it for himself, he is guessed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis, but that of a model or guardsman.

But woman does for mankind what man ceases to do. Her aim from childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a schoolgirl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arms, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch with silent interest, the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen.

Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room is a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvass, of Michael Angelo over his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any art creation, the result of patience, of hopes, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings.

Woman is never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care ploughs its lines across her brow; mother-hood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by.

But woman is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at forty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a last stand at sixty, with the beauty of age. She falls like Cæsar, wrapping her mantle around her—"buried in woolen! 'twould a saint provoke." Death listens pitifully to the longings of a lifetime, and the wrinkled face smiles with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

Testimony.—Sure cure for white swelling:

NEW BRIGHTON, Nov. 15, 1872.

I wish to say a word to those who may be afflicted with White Swelling, in favor of R Steinfeld's medicine.

I have been afflicted for sixteen years with it. It has of late years attacked me annually, and I have suffered almost death. Have consulted eminent physicians, who told me they could do nothing for me; that it would take its course, &c., that all they could do would be to cut it open and take out the bone.

About six weeks ago I was attacked with it and by suffering for three weeks, with no relief from pain except while under the influence of morphine. I was expecting it to heal. I called in Mr. Steinfeld to look at it. He assured me that he could cure it in eight days. After trying so many things that had failed, I had little faith, but told him to try it. So he applied his Salve, and I got a good night's sleep without morphine. In one week I was able to go to work, and now feel quite well. I can and do earnestly recommend his medicine to any who may be similarly afflicted. JOHN MCLAIN.

Photographer, corner Falls Street and Broadway, New Brighton; Pa.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 18th day of November, 1871.

MILTON TOWNSEND, Notary Public.

The Beaver Falls Co-operative Foundry Association have opened their sample and sales rooms in Reeve's block, first door below G. S. Barker & Co.'s banking house, Main street, Beaver Falls, where their polite and gentlemanly agent, T. E. Bateman, will be happy to show all who favor him with a call, the finest assortment of cooking stoves, hollow ware and house furnishing goods to be found in Beaver Valley. Housekeepers in want of the best and cheapest will do well to call. Their agent informs us that they are prepared to deliver goods, free of charge, in Beaver, Rochester, Fallston, New Brighton, and Beaver Falls. By their system of combining capital and labor, they are enabled to produce manufactured goods unequaled in quality and price

Fire at Butler.—A dispatch from Butler, dated October 11th, says: "A terrible fire is raging here. Two livery stables are burning rapidly. It is stated there were three houses reduced to ashes.

The cause of the fire has not yet been ascertained. A torchlight procession and fireworks were displaying when the fire began, through which it is thought it originated.

One whole square would have been consumed had it not been for the terrific efforts of the people.

The Manufacture of Cider.

The following is the process by which a Connecticut cider-maker manufactures this healthful beverage: Cider is the expressed juice of apples, the same as wine is the juice of the grape, the quality of which depends upon several conditions. Perhaps it makes less difference regarding the quality if it is to be used for vinegar; but if it is to be used as a beverage, which is considered by many to possess valuable medical qualities, that it is of the utmost importance that it be the best possible, whereby it is rendered peculiarly wholesome and more valuable, if the same is manufactured for sale, for a much better price can be obtained for a finer article than the miserable stuff which generally passes for cider, which is made in a dirty, slovenly manner, and at about the same expense as though better made.

In the first place, if the cider is intended to be kept for some length of time, it is better if the same is made in cool weather, as rapid fermentation will thereby be avoided. It is also important that the apples be fully ripe, and also sound; it is poor policy in attempting to make prime cider from small, wormy, unripe or unsound apples, although these can be used if the same is to be turned into vinegar, where the poorer quality of the cider is lost in its increased acidity. The apples are to be ground to pomace, and it makes but little difference what the mill is, if it is thorough in its work, and reduces the fruit to a perfect pulp, so that the juice can be the more easily and thoroughly expressed. When so ground the quality of the cider is considerably improved if the pomace is allowed to stand for a short time, or as long as can be without fermentation, in the vat or tub before pressing. But, before fermentation takes place, the juice should be pressed as thoroughly as may conveniently be.

In the management of the liquor the great object should be to free it from all sediment; if this is properly done at first it will be comparatively easy to regulate the subsequent fermentation. A good mode of accomplishing this is to pass the cider through a filter of sand and charcoal as it comes from the press. Clear river sand, rather coarse, is best. Put the sand and charcoal into a tub or vat for the purpose, in alternate layers, having the coal reduced to pieces from half an inch to an inch square; lap a piece of flannel over the top, and as fast as the cider comes from the press pass it through the filter, whereby all the pomace and other impurities are removed. If the flannel becomes so loaded with pomace as to impede the passage of the cider, it may be removed and washed and a new piece substituted.

If this filtration is well done as the cider passes from the sand, it will appear to be perfectly pure, and should immediately be put into casks and placed in the cellar. Another very important item consists in the cask; unless this is perfectly clean and sweet, the effort to obtain good cider will have been in vain. The casks for keeping cider should be made of the best of oak, and well bound. The cellar should also be cool and dark, the temperature being kept as nearly the same as possible, in order that the cider may remain in very nearly the same state. The exclusion of light is also for the same purpose, since the tendency of light is to aid and assist decomposition. After the casks are placed in the cellar, the bungs should be taken out until fermentation has subsided, which is very much retarded in consequence of the filtration. During the fermentation the barrels should be kept entirely filled, so that all the froth or scum may work out and be removed.

When the fermentation subsides the bung may be put in lightly, and when no froth or foam rises, the same may be driven in tightly. Cider thus put up will sometimes keep well with no further care for years, but as a general rule it is better to rack the same off into clean casks the latter part of winter.—There will generally be but little sediment, but in drawing off much care should be exercised not to run in any of the dregs; if the drawing off is carefully done, and the cider put into sweet casks, it will keep a long time. If desired for bottling this should be done the May or June following. Different substances have been recommended for keeping cider by putting the same into the casks, such as clay, salt, alum, mustard seed, fresh meat, eggs, sulphate of lime, and a hundred other things which have been used, but with less success than when cared for as above, since the tendency of these articles is to deaden and lessen the most essential qualities. Made as above recommended, its taste is spirited and lively, with a fine, rich, vinous flavor.

To cleanse musty or foul casks, put in a quanty of unslacked lime, and then pour in boiling water until the same is slacked. Put in the bung and shake until the water and lime has come in contact with every part of the barrel. Let it stand six or eight hours: empty out, smell the cask, and if not clean repeat the operation; and, after having again emptied out the lime, burn a strip of cloth dipped in brimstone in the cask, fastening it by the bung; a cask must be foul indeed that can withstand this process.—*Rural Home.*

The Philadelphia Bulletin evidently does not intend to wallow in the mire for nothing. Having once got down so low as to support the Penitentiary candidate, it demands now the excommunication of all who refused to follow its unscrupulous footsteps. Speaking of the election of Hartranft, which will stand as the monumental fraud of the nineteenth century, it breaks out with this characteristic screech of a Ring organ: "We have helped to win this great victory for Hartranft. We want no help in November from the men who deserted us in October! We protest in the name of the workingmen of the Republican party, in advance, against any recognition of John W. Forney or Gov. Curtin as advocates of President Grant in the remaining campaign. They would have beaten him, yesterday, if they could. We do not want their service now.

"McMullin, Roach and Specks."—These three notorious Philadelphia repeaters and ballot-box stuffers, who "pitched their tents" some time ago in Beaver Falls, we understand, created so much suspicion in that place, that a watch was kept over them by some of the best citizens, for some time before they made their hasty exit. It was surmised by some prominent men there that they intended to rob the Economy Savings Bank in that place; whereas their objective point was only to stuff the ballot-boxes of that borough, and thus cheat the people out of their choice of officers.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Proclamation of the President.

WASHINGTON, October 11, 1872.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The revolution of another year has again brought the time when it is usual to look back upon the past, and publicly thank the Almighty for his mercies and his blessings; and,

WHEREAS, If any one people has more occasion than another for such thankfulness it is the citizens of the United States, whole government is their creature, subject to their behests, who have reserved to themselves ample civil and religious freedom and equality before the law, who, during the last twelve months, have enjoyed exemption from any grievous or general calamity, and to whose prosperity in agriculture, manufactures and commerce has been vouchsafed.

Therefore, By these considerations, I recommend that on Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November next, the people shall meet in their respective places of worship, and there make their acknowledgments to God for his kindness and bounty.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this eleventh day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-seventh. U. S. GRANT.

By the President:
HAMILTON FISH,
Secretary of State.

Treatment of Dyspepsia.—According to Dio Lewis, in every case of indigestion, no matter what may be its character, slapping the bowels with the flat of the hands on rising in the morning, four hours after breakfast and in the evening on going to bed is excellent treatment. "I cannot conceive of a case of chronic indigestion which such manipulation would not relieve. If the patient be so weak that he can't perform these slappings and kneadings upon his own person, the hand of a discreet person should be employed.

It is marvelous how the body, the stomach for example, which, when these manipulations are first practiced, may be so very tender that the slightest touch can hardly be borne—It is marvelous how in two or three weeks a blow almost as hard as the hand can give is borne without suffering. If you have a pain in the side or across the chest, percussion will relieve it almost instantly. But constipation, dyspepsia, torpidity of the liver and other affections of the abdominal viscera are relieved more surely and completely than any other class of affections by percussion, kneading, etc.

Such treatment comes under the head of counter irritation. A new circulation is established in the parts near the point of sufferinn and congestion. Besides this, especially in abdominal troubles, the manipulations appeal to the contractility of the weak relaxed vessels of the affected part.

The Rev. John A. Wilson, until recently a resident of Allegheny city, was united in marriage, Thursday last, to Miss Jennie E Shaw. Mr. Wilson was installed pastor of the U. P. Church at Beaver, a few weeks ago, and enters upon his ministerial labor under very auspicious circumstances. He and his new wife have the best wishes of a large circle of relatives and friends.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

Chinese Delicacies.—We are indebted to Mr. Henry Shuster, of Beaver Falls, for a sample of Chinese delicacies. The specimen sent us consists of very small dried fish, dried crabs, &c., &c. The flavor of the dish, it cannot be claimed, is over-charged with any particular sweetness. The Chinese use it as a desert, and have it imported to Beaver Falls from their native country.

List of Grand Jurors for November Sessions, 1872.

Moorhead, Sam'l F'n	Boyles, A J
Jack, John	Abraham, Thomas
Weinman, Lewis F	Kennedy, John
Ebner, John	Ripper, L L
Tallon, Robert	Fife, Jas H
Hazen, N W	Darragh, John S
Stump, Jacob	Irwin, Joseph
Wilson, George	Whisler, Leander
Gallagher, Harvey	Wallace, Frank
Bedison, Benjamin	Reed, Samuel
Russell, John Jr.	Mullen, Robert
Strock, John	Reed, Van

List of Petit Jurors for November Sessions, 1872.

Anderson, David	Shields, Arthur
Dowds, E. H.	Piersol, Samuel
Hays, Thomas	Bryan, H. A.
McPherson, James	Gibb, Alexander
Sunderback, Tobias	Brown, Perry
Power, E. M.	Volk, August
Ross, Joseph	Martin, James
Douthitt, Jerome	Conkle, James
Bradford, Thomas	Donthitt, Jonathan
Brown, J. K.	McCullister, James
McConnell, Joseph	Snyder, John
Lake, James	Camp, Henry
Welsh, Anderson	McGoun, L. A.
Leirzaph, Charles	Degon, Ernest
Graham, George	Covert, Jacob
Bentel, Charles H.	Moody, R. E.
Hoops, John R.	Moore, Charles G.
Sterling, Wm., Jr.	Hice, William E.
Grim, P. L.	Mellon, Patrick
Holmes, John N.	McDaniel, William
Scott, William G.	Cuthbertson, John
Muller, John	Holmes, Milo
Watterson, Andrew	Musgrave, Reuben
Wilkins, Robert	Donehoo, D. M.
Funkhouser, T. W.	Reed, William M.

Personal.—J. H. Cunningham, esq of St. Petersburgh, Clarion county, but formerly of this place, paid his old home a visit last week. The "Judge" looks well, and we are not a little gratified to hear that he is doing remarkably well in the way of legal practice among the Oil producers.

An accident attended with fatal result occurred on Tuesday at Beaver Falls, whereby a boy named Albrose lost his life. A train on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad was being backed, and one part was about to be switched, when the boy, thinking they were to be coupled, ran in between the cars to do so, and, falling on the track, was fearfully hurt. His right arm was cut off, his leg ripped open, and his body badly bruised. He was picked up almost immediately and carried to a house near by, where he lingered until seven o'clock on Tuesday, when death put an end to his agony. He was not an employee of the road, and no blame is attached to the men in charge of the train.—*Radical.*

"Specks" and His "Cousin."—We understand that a "distinguished" gentleman of Beaver Falls passed "Specs" off as his cousin, while that villain was maturing his plans to stuff the Beaver Falls ballot-boxes at the election on the 8th inst. The honest people of Beaver Falls should make things too hot for "Spec's" relative to stay behind. They ought to oblige him to conduct himself away at as early a date as possible. The town will thrive much better without him. In fact its reputation would have been better now if he had never set his foot within its limits. He has a crony or two that could likewise be spared without detriment to the town.

The Lightning on the Crest of the Rocky Mountains.—Gray's Peak is the home of the thunder. The lightning knows it as the eagle knows its nest. Being the highest of all the peaks of the Sierra, it attracts the clouds, which almost daily gather round its head and burst upon it, so that it sometimes tries the nerves of the boldest to run the gauntlet of these storms. At such times the whole mountain seems charged with electricity. Several who have been caught there at such a time told me how it shot through them like needles; it buzzed about their heads like bees; they could hear it whistling like a gale through the rigging of a ship. The guides, being more accustomed to such things, are less terrified, but tourists are sometimes paralyzed with terror, if not with the shock, and fall to the ground unable to move. Even the guides sometimes think it is a matter of prudence to throw themselves flat upon their faces, not to present a point for the lightning to strike. The poor brutes, taught by dumb instinct, turn their heads from the storm and let it beat. If a party were caught on the summit in a long snow storm, it is probable that they would perish. In the blinding drifts it would be impossible to find the path, and no mortal strength could hold out for many hours. Such accidents do not occur, because the guides are on the watch. When they see a storm coming up, they bid all run for their lives. They fly with speed, and come down often trembling and afraid, as if, like Moses, they had been up in the mount, into the cloud, and had seen the power of God.

A Plea for Night Air.—*Household Monthly says:* "What air can we breath at night except night air? The choice lies between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter, it is true, but it is night air all the same, though they may not be aware of the fact.

"Did you ever test these two kinds of night air by going early in the morning into the room of a person brought up to sleep with closed windows, and immediately afterwards into one where the sash has been lowered six inches from the top, and raised six from the bottom? Well, what did you find? In one, however pretty and well arranged, however healthy, neat, and well-bred its occupant, a smell of bed clothes, of damp towels, of dust of carpet—all slight, but all indicative of that used up condition of the atmosphere which is so fatal to a sleeper. In the other, no better situated or furnished, an elastic feel, a perfume of freshness which made breathing pleasant. Was it not so?

"Or did you ever compare your own sensations after sleeping in fresh air with those produced after sleeping in foul? How many of the failures, the mischances of life, the morning dullness which hindered this or that, the refusal of the brain to work at a critical moment, the apathy, the blindness of perception, date back to that unaired bed room, which sent us forth unrefreshed to our work, and ushered in a depressing and discouraged day.

"Yes, but, paradox as it seems, there is warmth in the very cold which an open window would admit. That is, the oxygen of the purer air, quickening the circulation and bringing the temperature of head, hands and feet into proper balance, will of itself induce a glow which holds the fire to rewarm the room after its airing."

Major Andre a Prisoner at Carlisle.

Many have expressed doubts as to the authenticity of the statement that Maj. Andre was a prisoner at Carlisle. A correspondent of the *Presbyterian* from Harrisburg seems to settle the matter. He says:

"Your paper of the first of August contains a letter from Carlisle, Pa., in which the writer mentions the fact of Maj. Andre having been a prisoner in that town during the Revolutionary war. It has been my privilege to be acquainted with several persons, within the last fifty years, who, in their youth, knew Major Andre when he was a prisoner in Carlisle.

"Major Andre and other British officers were captured at Ticonderoga, in Burgoyne's defeat, I think, and were brought to Carlisle by General St. Clair, who died about fifty years ago on his farm near Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Carlisle, being west of the Susquehanna, was considered the safest place in the country for prisoners. Between the years 1830 and 1840 the writer had repeated conversations with a person who was born in Carlisle in 1760, and lived about twenty years in a house but lately taken down, adjoining the present jail yard. This person, who was a near relative of Colonel George Gibson, said that Major Andre and the other prisoners were put under the command of Colonel George Gibson, and, being on their parole, were allowed to visit the town; that Major Andre was an accomplished gentleman; he was a fine musician, a poet, and a painter, and made himself very agreeable to the young people of the town; that Colonel Gibson, after the prisoners had been there a length of time, took them down to York, and after some time, were taken from there to Lancaster, where they were exchanged. Colonel Gibson was afterwards killed at St. Clair's defeat, in Ohio, in 1797. When Major Andre was executed as a spy, it became, for months afterwards, the main topic of conversation throughout the whole Cumberland Valley."

OAKLAND GROVE, BEAVER CO., PA., NEW BRIGHTON, Oct. 12, 1872.

COL. J. WEYAND, *Editor "Beaver Argus," and to the honest citizens of Beaver county,* GREETING:

Since my last letter published in the ARGUS (with the exception of correcting a mistatement on the part of your printer) an election has transpired, and, by the fraudulent purchase of votes, a fraud has been forced upon the people of the 26th Senatorial district in the election of J. S. Rutan to the State Senate.

I boldly warned your readers that Rutan was a fraud. I repeat that he is a fraud, and has been elected through fraudulent means. He attempted a fraud on the citizens of Beaver Falls, in this county, by importing to that place regularly practiced "counters-in" from Philadelphia to stuff their ballot-boxes. I here and now charge this attempted outrage upon M. S. Quay, (editor of Beaver *Radical*) J. S. Rutan and R. W. Mackey—the latter now State Treasurer, and known as a libertine, a gambler, a treasury-swindler, and a robber of the people of Pennsylvania. He is a candidate for re-election. By their votes, at the late election, for J. S. Rutan, the people of this district virtually say this swindler is their choice. "True he steals our money, but he stands by us in a political fight; we like him, we are aware he was tried for embezzling the funds of the first bank he was ever employed in, and was only saved by the herculean efforts of brave old Tom Marshall, from a felon's cell; but Cameron, Quay and Rutan are for him, and we wish him licensed to rob the treasury for another year." This is the interpretation of your late ballot.

Shame on you puritanic hypocrites who went from store to store, in New Brighton, crying, "Vote for Rutan, or you shall have none of my custom." Do so, ye tailors, or you'll make no more coats for my straight carcass!" Men who did thus, opposed the scalawag Rutan when he ran for district Attorney, voted against him when a candidate for Senate; condemned him as a fraud and declared no money would induce them to support him for any office whatever. Yet, so soon as the golden wand of old Simon is stretched over them by the little corporal—Quay—(*presto!*) they fall into ranks and hurrah for the success of the treasury thieves most lustily.

Simon Cameron has owned Quay ever since the little treasury villian, Bill Kemble, paid the price of his purchase, in the Brady House, Harrisburg, on the Sunday preceding the nomination of a candidate for Speaker of the house of Representatives, and just preceding the nomination of United States Senator in 1867. Cameron has commanded Quay's services as a legislative borer or lobbyist and thimble-rigger, ever since that time. It is from this source that Quay makes his money. The *Radical* does not pay expenses; it is kept up by a system of black-mailing, and by a portion of the Treasury-ring swindles. J. S. Rutan is owned and controled *exclusively* by Quay; he *dare* not vote contrary to Quay's wishes. Such is the character of the man you have elected to make laws for you. He has sold you as I predicted he would. His way into the Senate has been purchased by the treasury-ring money. We have the dots, and are prepared to prove that he purchased votes in all three of the counties of the district. In the joint convention of the Legislature, he will be bound to vote for whoever Quay may designate for U. S. Senator, and Quay is ruled by Cameron who will allow the election of no man he cannot control for his own base purposes. Rutan will sell your rights if it is for the interest of himself or those who control him that he should do so. Quay, the gambler, edits your family newspaper and tells you how to vote. Rutan has, for the last two months, been editing that chaste sheet called the *Beaver Conservative*, in one number of which he charged me with having been a gambler. I gave it no attention at the time, but in justice to my friends I now state that Rutan knew he was lying when he wrote it. No living person ever saw me playing a game of any kind for money, not to the amount of one cent—not even marbles. I was taught better in my childhood.

I have told you a good deal about Rutan and Quay, but not one word that I cannot prove to be true. I could tell much more and much worse of them, and substantiate its truth; but what good would it do? Quay would take you by the nose and lead you to the polls, and vote you according to his pleasure, as he boasts he can do when he pleases—not you, Mr. Editor, but the mass of the voters of the county.

J. S. Rutan wrote to the *Pittsburgh Commercial*, last week, stating that I had offered two of my neighbors money to work and vote against the Republican ticket, but he did not wish to give their names. As Rutan has been proven to be and is a notorious falsifier, it is only necessary to pronounce the above false.—I will pay the sum of fifty dollars to any responsible man who will go before a reliable magistrate or notary public—in my presence and that of others—and under oath duly administered, say I offered to pay him money to work and vote against the Republican ticket. The editor of the *Commercial* would not have published such a falsehood against me before he sold himself to the Cameron treasury ring. Rutan is a fraud. No decent man ever told him I had offered money for the purposes aforesaid. He is a liar, and if he will confront me in a Court of competent jurisdiction I will prove him such.

One