Continued from First Page.

your words. They are balm to my heart.

"I have taken service with a respectable family, who live a long way from here, and I have adopted an assumed name. The address I inclose is where you can write to me. You will not, I know, seek to turn me from my purpose. I shall write to you to the care of Mrs. Naldret; for the sake of George's friendship for you, she will receive the letters. Tell George.

"Dear Love, good-by! All my prayers are with you. Let them and the memory of me sustain your heart; as the unconciousness of your love for me, and my faith in God's goodness, will sustain mine.

"Till death, and after it, your own "Jane."

He read the letter twice—first with only a vague sense of its meaning, but the second time with a clearer understanding. Sobs came from his chest, tears came from his eyes, the hand that held the paper trembled, as he read. He knew that she was right. But it was hard to bear—bitterly hard to bear. How lonely the room looked—how mean, and miserable, and desolate! Faint as he was—for he had been standing in the cold streets for hours, playing with the waits, and nothing but a sup of water from a drinking-fountain had passed his lips—he had no consciousness of physical weakness. All his thoughts were of Jane and his heart and soul and mind were charged with tenderness for his dear woman. He looked at the words "Dear Love," until he heard her voice speaking them. He had no thought of following her; her happiness depended upon his obeying her, and he would obey her. He had resolved upon that immediately. But oh, if he could hold her in his embrace once more! If he could hear her dear voice again! If, with her arms around him, he could tell her that he would be faithful to his promise! He dashed the tears from his eyes. "She is thinking of me now," he sobbed; "She is awake and praying for me now! All the suffering of our parting was hers. She took it all upon herself, dear soul! She knew, and I did not; and her heart was bleeding while she shed the light of hope upon mine! What does she say here, dear soul, to lessen my pain? 'You have said so much to-night to comfort me! I treasure your words. They are balm to my heart.' It is like her—it is like her, to write those words. She knew, dear woman, she knew, dear heart, that they would comfort *me!* But I want strength! I want strength!" His eyes traveled over the letter again, and again he read the words, "Pray to him also, dear Love. He will hear you, and pity." Pressing the paper to his lips, Saul Fielding sank upon his knees, and bowed his head upon the bed.

TOTTIE IS READY TO TEAR OLD BEN SPARROW LIMB FROM LIMB.

As nearly all the persons with whom this history has to deal are almost in the same station of life, and live within a stone's-throw of each other, it is not a difficult task for us to transport ourselves to the little parlor in the rear of old Ben Sparrow's grocer's shop, where Ben Sparrow himself is at present considering the mechanism of a curious and complicated piece of work, the separate parts of which are lying before him. Although the parlor and shop adjoin each other, Ben Sparrow looks upon the parlor as being a long way off, like a country house, as a place where he can obtain repose from the cares of the counter and shelves. And it really is a snug, cozy retreat.

Ben Sparrow came into the world exactly at midnight of the 21st of October, 1805, a few hours after the battle of Trafalgar was fought and won; and the doubtful compliment was at once passed on the new arrival of being the smallest baby that ever was seen. But then women go into extremes in these matters, and their statements that this is the most beautiful baby in the world, and this the smallest, and this the chubbiest, and this the darlingest, must be taken with very large pinches of salt. On that occasion the very smallest baby in the world acted in precisely the same manner as he would have done had he been the very larges' baby in the world. Looking upon the world as his own especial dunghill (as we all of us do), he immediately *heaved* the weakest of cries to show that he had made his appearance upon the stage. The sound of Westminister bells was ringing in his ears as he gathered up his little toes and legs and clinched his little fists with an air of saying, Come on! to his brothers and sisters in the profession; and in after-days he often declared jocosely that he perfectly well remembered hearing his first twelve o'clock proclaimed by the tongue of old Westminster. Between that time and this Ben Sparrow had grown from a small baby to a very small man, and many eventful things had occurred to him. When he came to man's estate—the only estate he ever came to—he entered into business as a grocer; married, and lost his wife, who left behind her one child, a son, who had "gone wrong," as the saying is, and whose place knew him no more. The "ups and downs" of life are generally believed to be a very common experience; but they could scarcely have been so with Ben Sparrow, he had so very many downs, and so few ups, if any, in the course of his career. Still, he managed to plod on somehow or other, until the present time, when he and his granddaughter, Bessie Sparrow, whom you have seen, and Tottie, a child of whom you have had a glimpse, after she had been put to bed by Bessie, are living together in the small house of which the grocer's shop forms part.

This short biography being concluded, we come upon Ben Sparrow, sitting in his parlor, contemplating the seperate parts of the curious piece of work above referred to. The only other person in the room is Tottie, who is perched on a high chair, with a rail in front, to prevent her making an attempt to walk in the air and whose attention is divided between the old man and certain sweet things which are spread upon the table. Such as three large fat figs—luscious young fellows, new, ripe, and with so tempting an air about them as to make their destruction appear inevitable. Tottie is ready to act as executioner; her eager eyes attest that they would short shrift her. Such as half a dozen or so sticks of cinnamon, not as fresh looking as the figs, being indeed rather wrinkled specimens of spice; but notwithstanding their snuffy color, they have an inviting odor about them, and tickle the nose fascinatingly. Tottie would not say them nay, and is ready to devote them to the destruction on the first word of command.) Such as a few dozen of plump dried currants, of exquisite sweetness. (As Tottie well knows, from experience of their fellows, not honestly come by; for notwithstanding her tender years, Tottie has a vice, as you shall presently see.) Such as two or three bunches of muscatel raisins, rich-looking, princes among grapes, with a bloom upon their skins, which speaks eloquently of luscious juices within. (Tottie's eyes wander to these, and her mouth waters, and her fingers wait but for the opportunity. If some kind fairy would but cry "Shop!" now, and call for a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, or an ounce of tea—the best one-and-four-penny—or a ha'porth of barley sugar! But business is slack, as Ben Sparrow will tell you, with a doleful shake of the head, and there appears no such fairy, in the form of a slattern with shoes down at the heel, or of a bold-faced girl with her baby in her arms, and with a blue handkerchief tied crosswise over her bosom, or of a gutter student, careless, with straggling hair, or of a man of any age, weak-eyed, with shaking limbs. No such fairy calls, "Shop!" in Tottie's interest, and tops the counter with the nimble penny.) Such as two whole halves (the prettiest of paradoxes) of candied lemon-peel, with such an appetizing fragrance oozing out of them, with such delicious patches of sugar clinging to their aldermanic insides and outsides—pearls in mussels are valueless as a comparison—that the precious things of the world, such as dolls and boxes of wooden soldiers (would they were all so!), and oyster-shells and pieces of broken china to play at dinners and tea with, fade in the contemplation of them. (At least, such are Tottie's feelings as she looks and longs. Oh, for the fairy!) Such, to conclude with, as a few shreds of mace, and a clove or two—scarcely worth mentioning in the presence of their superiors.

These delectable joys of life being spread upon the table, immediately under Tottie's nose, and Tottie's attention being divided between them and their lawful owner, Ben Sparrow, it will not be difficult to see which of the two possessed the greater charms for her. A rapid glance at Ben Sparrow's face, a lingering gaze upon fruit and spice, another rapid glance (with a slight reproach in it this time) at Ben Sparrow's face, and, finding no benevolent intention there, a more fixed and longing gaze upon the treasures of the eat h—thus it goes without a word on either side (the thoughts of each being so intensely engrossing), and thus it might have continued for goodness knows how long, but that Ben Sparrow, with a cheery laugh, taps Tottie's cheek with his forefinger, and cries, in a tone of satisfaction,

"Now I've got it!"

(Tottie wishes *she* had.)

"Now I've got it," cries the old man again; "all complete."

Tottie shifts restlessly in her high chair.

"And Tottie shall see me make it," says Ben, with beaming face, rubbing his hands, and shifting the fruit and spice about, much the same as if they form pieces of a puzzle, and he has found the key to it. "Especially," adds Ben, "as Tottie wills it still, and won't touch."

"No, I never!" exclaims Tottie.

This is Tottie's oath, which she is much given to swearing when her honor is called into question. Tottie's "No, I never!" is, in her estimation, worth a volume of affidavits; but it is much to be feared that her sense of moral obligation is not of a high order.

"And as Tottie's a good little girl—"

"Tottie's a dood little girl!"

There is no expression of doubt in the nods of the head with which Tottie strengthens this declaration.

"And I'll sit still, she *shall* see me make it."

The good old fellow laughs. He does not seem to realize how difficult is the task he has set Tottie. To sit still, with these treasures in view! Here an agonizing incident occurs. A small piece of candied sugar has become detached from one of the halves of lemon peel, and Ben Sparrow, with an air of abstraction, picks it up, and puts it—in his own mouth! Tottie watches him as he moves it about with his tongue, and her own waters as the sweet dissolves in her imagination. She knows the process as well as Ben, and appreciates it more, and she sighs when the candy is finally disposed of.

"You see, Tottie," says Ben, taking her into his confidence, "business is very slack, and Christmas is coming, Tottie."

Tottie gives a nod of acquiescence.

"So I think to myself"—another nod from Tottie; she also is thinking to herself—"if I can put something in the window that 'll make the *people* look at the figs—"

Here Tottie introduces an artful piece of diplomacy.

"Tottie can spell fig," she says, and proceeds to do it smilingly—"F, I, G, fig."

But Ben, intent upon his scheme does not see the point of Tottie's interruption, and says:

"—Something that 'll make 'em look at the figs, and the currants, and the raisins—something new and spicy; perhaps it 'll wake 'em up, and bring 'em in here instead of going to another shop. For they want waking up, Tottie, they want waking up badly."

Solemn as this curation she has given to the general sleepiness and indifference of Ben Sparrow's customers.

Ben Sparrow picks up a fat currant and contemplates it with as much interest as a geologist would contemplate a new fossil. Tottie's eyes follow his movements; she sits like Patience on a monument, and another sigh escapes her as Ben Sparrow again abstractedly puts the currant in his mouth and swallows it. Draw a veil mercifully over Tottie's feelings.

"It was in the middle of the night," says Ben Sparrow, with an impressiveness demanded by the unsettled fact, "that I first thought of making *me*, and putting *me* in the window to attract custom. I was a good deal puzzled about my legs, and my stomach got into my head, and I couldn't get it out; but little by little all my limbs and every other part of me came to me until the idea was complete. And now we'll try it—now we'll set to work and make a MAN! And if you're a good girl, and 'll sit still, you shall see me made."

Tottie's experience in literature is very limited—extending no further, indeed, than beast, feast, east, east, east, dog, fog, frog, log, big, pig, jig—and she knows nothing of the terrible story of Frankenstein; therefore, she is not at all frightened at the idea of seeing a man made, nor has she any fear that it will turn out a monster. On the contrary, if Ben Sparrow's thoughts would only take a new course, turn in the shape of a fig for Tottie, or a few plums for Tottie, or some candied sugar for Tottie, she would be prepared to enjoy the feat which Ben is about to perform as much as if it were the best bit of fun in the world.

"Now then," commences Ben, with a wistful glance at Tottie, who smiles back at him like a true diplomatist, I don't know what part is generally made first, but perhaps it'll be as good to commence with the stomach. Here it is—here's my stomach."

He takes one of the halves of the candied lemon-peel, and places it before him, round side up.

"There's a little too much sugar in me," he says, with a more whimsical glance than the first; "it'll make me rather too heavy, I'm afraid. And besides, Tottie, it ain't true to nature. My insides don't go of such a coating as this."

He breaks a piece of candied sugar from the inside of the stomach, looks at Tottie, notices her wistful eyes and gives it to her. She eats it eagerly, and so quickly as to cause amazement to Ben Sparrow, who says:

"You shouldn't eat so fast, Tottie. Good little girls don't eat so fast as that."

Tottie, with feminine duplicity accepts this warning in an inverted sense, and cries, with her mouth full of sugar:

"Tottie's a dood little dirl!" as if indorsing a statement made by her grandfather. But Tottie's thoughts are not upon the good little girl, at the present moment she resembles a savage. She has tasted blood, and thirsts for more.

"It's a fatter stomach than mine," proceeds Ben, laying his hand upon his stomach of flesh, the stomach he came into the world with; it's rounder and plumper, and would fit the Lord Mayor or an alderman, but it'll do, I dare say. Now for my neck."

He picks up the thickest piece of cinnamon, and measures it with his eye, breaking the stick in to. I mustn't make my neck too long—nor too short—and I take the thickest piece, Tottie, because it's got to support my head. Like this." He makes a hole in the end of the lemon peel, and sticks the cinnamon in firmly. "Now to stick my head on, Tottie."

He selects the largest of the fat figs, and attaches it to his neck. "What's the next thing? My eyes, to be sure. Currants." Remarkably like eyes do they look when they are inserted in the face of the fat fig. Then he takes a clove for his nose, and, making a thin slip in the fig for his mouth, inserts an appropriate morsel of mace. All this being successfully accomplished, he holds himself up (as far as he goes) for his own and Totties inspection and approval. Tottie claps her hands and laughs, but subsides in a quieter humor at a guilty thought that steals into her mind. She thinks what a delightful thing it would be to take her grandfather (as far as he goes) and eat him, bit by bit.

"I begin to look ship-shape," observes Ben Sparrow, gazing admiringly at the unfinished effigy of himself. "You see, Tottie, what the people want nowadays is novelty—something new, something they havn't seen before. Give them that, and you're all right." (Which vague generality appears to satisfy him.) "Now here it is—here's novelty—here's something they've never seen before; and if this don't bring custom, I don't know what will."

Tottie gives a grave and silent assent; she can not speak; for her mind is bent upon cannibalism. She is ready to tear the old man limb from limb.

"But," continues Ben Sparrow, unconscious of the horrible thought at work in the mind of the apparently innocent child before him, "I must get along with myself, or I shall never be finished. I haven't been in any battle that I know of, and I wasn't born a cripple, so my limbs must be all wright when I appear in public. Now for my arms. More cinnamon! I think I may call cinnamon my bones."

When two pieces of cinnamon are stuck into the sides of the candied lemon peel, they look so naked that he says,

"I must put sleeves on my arms."

And impales raisins upon them, and sticks five small slips of mace in each of the last raisins, which serve for fingers.

"Now for my legs, and there I am. More cinnamon!"

Two sticks of cinnamon stuck in the bottom of his candied stomach, and then clothed with raisins, form his legs, and there he is, complete.

"I think I'll do," he says, complacently.

At this moment a voice calls "Shop!" and a fairy, in the shape of a shoeless, ragged girl, taps upon the counter. Ben Sparrow goes into the shop to serve, and Tottie is left alone with his effigy. Now it has been mentioned above that Tottie has a vice, and this is it: she is afflicted, not with a raging tooth, but with a tooth so sweet as to weaken her moral sense, so to speak: she is unable to resist temptation when it presents itself to her in the shape of sweetmeats or fruit, and her notions as to the sacredness of such like property are so loose that (no one being beside her to see her do it) she helps herself. And yet it is a proof that she possesses a wakeful conscience, that she turns her back upon herself when she pilfers, as if she would wish to make herself believe that she is unconscious of what she is doing. Thus, seeing, say, a bowl of currants near, and no person within sight, she will approach the bowl stealthily, and, turning her back to it, will put her hand behind her, and take a fistful, with an air of thinking of something else all the while. And it is a proof that the moral obligation of her conscience is not entirely dormant, that, after the act is committed and enjoyed, she will, under the influence of a human eye, instantly defend herself without being accused, by "No, I never! no, I never!" This express admission of guilt she can no more resist than she can resist the temptation itself. At the present time the sweet effigy of Ben Sparrow is lying within reach upon the table. Shutting her eyes, Tottie stretches out her hand, and plucking her grandfather's left leg bodily from his cudied stomach, instantly devours it, cinnamon, raisins, and all—and she just made the nerved his customer, re-enters the parlor. He casts a puzzled look at his dismembered effigy, and mutters:

"Well! if I didn't think I had made my two legs, may I be sugared!" Which sweet oath is exactly appropriate to the occasion. Then he turns to Tottie, who is gazing unconsciously at vacancy, with a wonderfully intense expression in her eyes, and she immediately shakes her head piteously and cries,

"No, I never! no I never!"

Ben Sparrow, having his doubts aroused by this vehement asseveration of innocence, says, mournfully,

"Oh, Tottie! Tottie! I didn't think you'd do it! To begin to eat me up like that!"

But Tottie shakes her head still more vehemently, and desperately reiterates, "No, I never! no, I never!" With the ingenuous consciousness that the proofs of her guilt are in her inside, and that she has only to be cut open for them to be produced.

Ben Sparrow, with a grave face, makes himself another leg, moving himself, however, out of Tottie's reach with remarkable significance. An unexpected difficulty occurs at this point. Being top heavy, he can not balance himself upon his legs; but Ben is of an ingenious turn of mind and he hits upon the expedient of shoring himself up from behind with stout sticks of cinnamon. Then, setting himself up, he gazes at himself in admiration. Tottie's eyes are also fixed upon the effigy. It possesses a horrible fascination for her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW YORK HORROR.

Fifth Avenue Hotel Fire—Its Origin and Delay in Giving the Alarm—Rigid Investigation Called For.

New York, December 12—Mary Ann Fagan, one of the victims of the Fifth Avenue Hotel fire, died in great agony at Bellevue Hospital yesterday. The fire originated, according to the evidence before the Fire Marshal, in a servant's room on the third floor. One of the proprietors say, however, that the origin of the fire is not at all known. Another of the proprietors says he ordered the alarm to be given after the discovery of the fire. Both are of the opinion that the poor girls met their death from suffocation. The loss on the building will be only ten thousand dollars. The furniture was damaged to the extent of eighty thousand dollars. An eye witness says there is no doubt that an alarm had been sounded on the discovery of the fire, the girls would have been rescued. The general impression is that the hotel proprietors, in their anxiety to save their furniture and carpets, wanted to put the fire out themselves. The loud and piercing shrieks of the girls were distinctly heard in the basement. At this time the fire had made great headway. But even the hotel employees, whose attention was directed to the great glare, said; "Oh, It's nothing;" and again, "These girls will scare the guests, if they go on in that way."

Gen. Shaler, the fire official, says that the alarm was not given soon enough. Chief Engineer Perley says that the location of the fire was first telegraphed to him at eighteen minutes past eleven o'clock, and that the firemen were on the ground five minutes later. He thinks there was unaccountable delay at the hotel in giving the alarm. The tortuous ways of the interior of the building prevented the firemen doing very effective service. The foreman of one of the companies says that at first he was refused admission to the hotel, with the excuse that they did not wish a panic among their guests, and that he finally insisted upon entering. The Fire Mashal says that nothing, like sufficient precautions had been taken to guard against loss of life in the event of fire at the hotel, and that he finds no efforts were made by the people in the hotel to rescue the girls. He thinks the authorities were so concerned about the baggage of the guests that the human lives were forgotten. Besides, the workmen were looking after the baggage instead of attempting to rescue the endangered people. An employee says he ineffectually endeavored to tear off the screws of the windows where the girls were confined.

Twenty-five thousand persons went to the Morgue yesterday. The sights there were of the ghastliest character.

The press of the city call for a thorough investigation. The *Herald* heads its leading editorial thus: "The Fifth Avenue Holocaust—It was Criminal—Was it Murder?" and proceeds in a lengthy article to strongly condemn the authorities of the hotel for their conduct.

Six bodies are yet unrecognized, three of these cannot be identified. Some of the bodies look like mummies, they are so blackened. Three of the roasted victims were found in a room as though burned embracing each other.

Great indignation is manifested toward the authorities at their course in sending the corpses of the unfortunates to be stared at in their horrid disfigurement at the Morgue, which is intended only for the reception of unknown dead. Some charitably disposed citizens propose to render aid to the relatives of the burned.

The Credit Mobilier Scandal.

[*World's Washington Cor.*, 13th.]

The testimony to-day of Colonel McComb before the investigation into the alleged bribery of members of Congress by Credit Mobilier stock was voluminous, interesting and important; and, notwithstanding the pretended secrecy of the Committee, the salient points of the same have been trustworthily ascertained. The witness gave a full history of the transaction, and explicitly declared that he had been in no wise responsible for the publications made during the summer. He produced Ames' original letter to him, as published, wherein the latter represents he had to pay members of Congress from certain States, and swore that the list on the back of said letter of Messrs. Blaine, Dawes, Boutwell, Garfield, Wilson, &c., was written by himself on Ames' positive assertion that they were the parties to whom Ames claimed he had paid Credit Mobilier stock. The witness submitted other corroborating original letters, and testified that Ames said that the stock was thus disposed of, and that he could not, therefore, comply with Mr. McComb's demand for the stock which the latter had claimed for himself.

The witness, turning to Messrs. John B. Alley and Ames, who were present in the Committee Room, said: "Gentlemen, I defy you to deny the truth of this." Col'nel McComb then said that he did not know of his own knowledge that this stock had been paid to the members of Congress named. He only produced what Mr. Ames had written and told him to that effect. The witness was then asked if he knew of any other member of Congress not on that list who had received any Credit Mobilier stock.

He replied that he did. He knew of one member who had received fifty shares of the same, for which he had not paid a cent. The Chairman of the committee asked for the name, and Colonel McComb replied that it was Mr. ——, who was a member of the Fortieth Congress. The witness further answered that Ames had told him that he had paid some thirty odd shares claiming it for alleged newspaper influence as a Washington correspondent. In concluding his testimony, Colonel McComb appealed to the Committee to send for all the books and papers of the Credit Mobilier, for, although a large stockholder, he had never been able to see these books. The witness again declared that this publicity was not of his own seeking, but he had been assisted and testified in his own behalf. John B. Alley, a Credit Mobilier director, who had heard Ames' evidence, was very wrathy. After coming out he said: "Of all infamy of this, to end is false."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The progress of scrofula is arrested by the Ointment. It clears the skin of all disfigurements. The Pills are astonishing whole districts by their cures of chills and fever, etc. Sold 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price, 25 cents per box or pot. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

Beware

of spurious needless, poor silk twist, linen and cotton thread, and bad oil, which may render the best machine useless. We sell the Singer Manufacturing Co's renowned Silk Twist, Linen Thread, Needles, &c., all of a superior quality, which can be relied on only when obtained from the Singer Sewing Machine Agency. STRAW & CO., No. 10 Sixth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOVELINESS OR THE INCREASE.—A marked increase of female loveliness is the eye-delighting result of the immense popularity which *Hagan's Magnolia Balm* has obtained among the ladies of America. Complexions radiant with snowy purity and tinged with the roseate hue of health are comonly met with whenever it is used. For the sallow and unwholesome appearance of the face and neck, which utterly counterbalances the effect of any personal attraction the owner may possess, it substitutes that clear, pearl-like complexion which is such a transcendant charm in woman, and renders the roughest skin as soft as Genoa velvet. No one is more astonished than the person using it at the marvelous transformation which it effects in these particulars.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FALL OF 1872.

JUST RECEIVED AT

GEO. BRAUN'S

MERCHANT

Tailoring Establishment

A Large and Carefully Selected Stock of

CLOTHS, COATINGS, VESTINGS, BEAVERS, Etc., Etc.,

WHICH ARE UNSURPASSED

ANYWHERE IN BEAVER VALLEY.

Suits made up on short notice and in the

LATEST STYLES

Which I challenge anybody to excel in

NEATNESS, DURABILITY AND CHEAPNESS!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

☞ Don't forget the place,

On Broadway, opposite the

NEW BROADWAY HALL,

NEW-BRIGHTON, PA.

Where the public are invited to call and EXAMINE for THEMSELVES.

sep11:1f **GEO. BRAUN.**

Business Man's College.

No. 6 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Book-Keeping, Penmanship and Arithmetic, TIME UNLIMITED, $50.00.

Enter at any time. Send for a Circular and Specimen of Penmanship. Address

dec18-4w.] N. SHAFFER.

New Advertisements.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

The subscriber will offer at Public Sale on THURSDAY DECEMBER 26th, 1872 all that valuable tract of land containing 153 acres, all under fence, located in Chippewa Twp. Beaver Co., Pa., within three miles of Beaver Falls, near the Darlington road. The whole farm is well watered by never-failing springs. The improvements are a

TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE

with frame addition, with splendid dry cellar; a large frame Barn with stabling; also a good sized wagon shed and other outbuildings; two orchards of choice fruit.

Said land will divide well and will be offered in two lots. Terms made known on day of sale. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Inquire at W. W. Dunkel's Shoe Store, Main St., Beaver Falls, or on the premises. OLIVER FREW.

dec13-3w

AGENTS WANTED FOR

BOSTON AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

A full, detailed, glowing and graphic account of the origin, progress, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for agents as every person wants to know the full particulars of this great disaster. Sent by mail for 50 cents. WILLIAM FLINT,

dec13m Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, O.

TRUE TIME For $1. 50,000 SOLD.

Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass and Indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a *reliable* time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-size, steel-works, glass crystal, all in a neat OXIDIZED case. WARRANTED to denote *correct time* and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing Like It.* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent *in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only* one dollar. Three for 2 dollars. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manufacturers VERMONT NOVELTY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt.

dec4.1m.

JAMES CAMERON. JOHN Y. MARKS.

CAMERON & MARKS,

Attorneys at Law

And Real Estate Agents,

Rochester, Pa.,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, and have superior facilities for buying and selling real estate. decl1ly

BOYD & MURRAY,

58, Fifth ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

in Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Mouldings, &c., &c.,

Being desirous of closing out their present stock, are selling at 15 to 20 per cent less than regular prices. Please give them a call. decl1-1m

W. G. DUNSEATH,

Jeweler and Optician,

76 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.

AGENT FOR THE U. S. Watch Companie's Watches,

PEBBLE SPECTACLES A SPECIALTY.

decl1-1m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been issued to the subscriber on the estate of Martha E. Eestis, dec'd., late of Hopewell township, Beaver county, Pa., therefore all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE K. SHANNON,

dec4.6w *Adm'r. de bonis non.*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas, Letters Testamentary to the estate of William Rodgers, sr late of Industry township, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber; all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make them known the same, without delay, to ELIZA RODGERS, Industry Beaver Co. Pa.—oct23.6w] *Ex'r*

KNABE & CO'S PIANOS.

HAINES BROS.' PIANOS.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S ORGANS.

The three best and most popular instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price Lists, containing full particulars mailed to any address.

CHARLOTTE BLUME,

No. 19, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sole agent for Prince & Co.'s Organs. sep18:3m

$250 A MONTH, $250

WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,

MALE or FEMALE,

To make the above amount selling BRIDE'S *Combination Needle-Case and Pork-Manual.* This is an article of absolute necessity with every lady, and pays a large profit. For Circular and Terms address Pittsburgh Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

dec4:3m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, administrator of the State of James Alexander, deceased, late of Chippewa township, Beaver county, requests all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent, to make known the same without delay, and those indebted to the same are requested to make prompt payment. ANDREW McGAFFICK,

Chippewa Tp., Nov. 29, 1872—6t* Adm'r.

GREAT OFFERS TO AGENTS

are made by *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend.* A beautiful **ENGRAVING** and **CHROMO** given with the paper (subscription price $3 00) or with the Magazine (price $2.50). Do not fail to examine into this offer. It is a **GREAT COMBINATION!** Address, for particulars, samples, &c. *Deacon & Peterson*, 319 Walnut street Philadelphia. dec4.4w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—*Estate of John Caler, dec'd.*—Whereas, Letters of Administration on the estate of John Caler, dec'd., late of Raccoon tp. Beaver co., Pa., having been granted to the subscriber, this is to notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ROBERT POTTER, *Adm'r.*

Iron World and Manufacturer.

The largest Metal Price Current in the World is the **Iron World and Manufacturer.** Accurate quotations and reports of sales of Hardware and Metals in Pittsburgh, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Baltimore, Louisville, Chicago, etc. Foreign metal markets reported. Acknowledged standard journal of the metal trades. All the state geologists are contributors. Contains choice selections from the engineering, mining, and scientific publications of this country and Europe. Gives quotations and shipments of coal at the prominent coal mines. Contains able financial articles and reports of railroad and mining stocks. Only $4.00 per year. No hardware dealer can afford to do without it. Every machinist and metal worker should take it. Every coal mining company, railroad official or stockholder will find it invaluable. Gives illustrations of new machinery. Inventors should have it. Sent four weeks on trial for 25 cents, postage paid. Address

IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,

Iron World Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN

Working People.

SENT ON TRIAL three months for 25 cents. The American Working People is one of the finest publications in the world. It contains 64 columns of valuable information, printed on fine paper, in clear type, and is well illustrated. Fine illustrations in every number. Numbers 25 cents. Subscription price only $1.50 per year, or on trial three months for 25 cents. Write your name, post-office and state plainly, enclose the money, and address

GEORGE GUNTON & CO.,

Times Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents wanted in every city, town, and township to canvass for this valuable and popular journal, and a liberal commission will be paid to those who prefer it.

oct30:3m

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

JURUBEBA

BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is not a physic which may give temporary relief to the sufferer for the first few doses, but which, from continued use brings Piles and kindred diseases to aid in weakening the invalid, nor is it a sectarian liquor, which, under the popular name of "Bitters" is so extensively palmed off on the public as sovereign remedies, but it is a *most powerful Tonic and Alterative*, pronounced by the leading medical authorities of London & Paris and has been long used by the regular physicians of other countries with wonderful remedial results.

Dr. WELLS' EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA

retains all the medicinal virtues peculiar to the plant and must be taken as a permanent curative.

Is there want of action in your Liver & Spleen? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases. Blotches, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c.

Take *Jurubeba* to cleanse, purify and restore the vitiated blood to healthy action.

Have you a dyspeptic stomach? Unless digestion is promptly aided the system is debilitated with loss of vital force. *Poverty of Blood, Dropsical Tendency, General Weakness or Lassitude.*

Take it to assist digestion without reaction; it will impart youthful vigor to the sufferer.

Have you weakness of the Intestines? You are in danger of Chronic Diarrhœa or the dreadful inflammation of the Bowels.

Take it to allay irritation and ward off tendency to inflammations.

Have you Weakness of the Uterine or Urinary Organs? You must procure instant relief or you are liable to suffering worse than death.

Take it to strengthen organic weakness or life becomes a burden.

Finally it should be frequently taken to keep the system in perfect health or you are otherwise in great danger of malarial, miasmatic or contagious diseases.

JOHN G. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., New York, Sole Agent for the United States.

Price $1 per bottle. Send for circular. dc4-4w

WANTED AGENTS, $200 per Month, to sell the *Improved American Family Knitting Machine.* The *simplest* and *best* in the world. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO. 543½ Washington street, Boston, Mass. dec4-4w

Miscellaneous.

BANKING HOUSE

OF

James T. Brady & Co.,

COR. FOURTH AVE. & WOOD ST,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE BUY AND SELL

Government Securities, Gold, Silver,

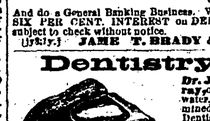
AND COUPONS

ON LIBERAL TERMS,

And do a General Banking Business. We allow SIX PER CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS, subject to check without notice.

(jy8:1y.) JAME T. BRADY & CO.

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 manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations or the money returned. Give him a trial.

feb26:1y

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 Superior for this Locality.

STOVES:

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking,

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL,

LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK,

BEST BAKER,

MOST DURABLE

ALTOGETHER

THE BEST STOVE IN USE

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE

Most of whose names have been published in the AGENTS, are confidently referred to, as the best witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having been first class cooks themselves, they are able to tell all about the cooking properties of their stoves, and will do so to the public at reasonable rates.

JOHN THORNBLEY

sep20:1f.

Agents Wanted.

Wanted immediately, four active, energetic men, to act as Agents for the "NEW" WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE *in this county. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a Bond need apply. We will pay guaranteed salaries, or liberal commissions, to proper men. Only such men as really desire to enter the business need apply.* WM. SUMNER & CO., No. 140 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. [marl:1y

ROCHESTER

Fire Insurance Company.

INCORPORATED by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, February, 1872. Office one door east of Rochester Savings Bank, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.

People of Beaver county can now have their property insured against loss or damage by fire, at fair rates, in a safe and

RELIABLE HOME COMPANY,

thereby avoiding the expense, trouble and delay incident to the adjustment of losses by companies located at a distance.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

J. V. M'Donald, George C. Speyerer, Samuel B. Wilson, Lewis Schneider, William Kennedy, *John Graham*, Marshall M'Donald, R. B. Edgar, M. Camp, jr., C. B. Hurst, David Lowry, Daniel Brenner.

OFFICERS:

GEO. C. SPEYERER, Pres't.

J. V. M'DONALD, *V. Pres't.* H. J. SPEYERER, *Treas.*

E. KELSER, *Sec'y.* jy31:1y

J. F. DUFF, J. H. MCCREERY,

J. B. ANGELL, THOS. MCCREERY, *Cash'r*

Beaver Savings Bank

—OF—

THOS. McCREERY & CO.,

BEAVER, PA.

DEALERS IN

EXCHANGE, COIN, COUPONS,

And Bankable Paper. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Special attention to Collections and Remittances. Interest on time Deposits. Open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. jy17 1y

T. CHANDLER,

Dentist, still continues to perform all operations in the dental profession at his office, Beaver station, Rochester. All who favor him with a call may expect to have their work done in the best possible manner & and the most reasonable terms.

The books of the late firm of T. J. CHANDLER & SON are in his hands, where all who have accounts will please call immediately and settle the same. may17:2:1y

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 deposits. Correspondents will receive prompt attention. [dec18:1y

☞ **Claim Agency.** ☜

OLDEST IN THE WEST.

B. F. BROWN & CO.,

116 Smithfield Street Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Collect Pensions, *Bounties*, Prize money, &c. Special attention paid to suspended and rejected claims. Applications by mail attended to as if made in person. sep18:6m

Election Notice

NATIONAL BANK OF BEAVER COUNTY, NEW BRIGHTON, December