Continued from First Page.

upon him, a young woman brushes past him without seeing him. He looks up. Bessie Sparrow! She is walking quickly, and seems to see nothing. Without any distinct purpose in his mind but impelled by an uncontrollable, undefinable impulse, Saul Fielding turns and follows her. A gasp of pain escapes him as he sees her pause before Mr. Million's house. She rings the bell, and the door is opened. She hands the servant a letter, and the next moment she is in the house, shut from Saul Fielding's view. The terror that comes upon him is so great that the street and the sky swim before his eyes, and he clings to a lamp-post for support.

"Oh, George!" he groans. "Oh, my friend! How will you bear this? Good God! what bitterness there is in life even for those who have not fallen as I have done!"

TOTTIE'S DREAM

When Tottie was put to bed, it was no wonder that she was haunted by the sweet effigy of old Ben Sparrow, and that his stomach of candied lemon peel, and his head of rich figs and currants, presented themselves to her in the most tempting shapes and forms her warm imagination could devise. As she lay in bed, looking at the rush-light in the washhand-basin, the effigy appeared bit by bit in front of the basin until it was complete, and when it winked one of its currant eyes at her—as it actually did—the light of the candle threw a halo of glory over the form. Her eyes wandering to the mantel-shelf, she saw the effigy come out of the wall and stand in the middle of the shelf; and turning to the table, it rose from beneath it, and sat comfortably down, with its legs of cinnamon and raisins tucked under it like a tailor. When she closed her eyes she saw it loom in the centre of dilating rainbow circles, and in the centre of dark colored disks, which as they swelled to larger proportions, assumed bright borderings of color, for the express purpose of setting off more vividly the attraction of the figure. Opening her eyes drowsily, she saw the old man come down the chimney and vanish in the grate, and as he disappeared, down the chimney he came again, and continued thus to repeat himself, as it were, as if he were a regiment under full marching orders. Whichever way, indeed, Tottie's eyes turned, she saw him, until the room was full of him and his sweetness, and with his multiplied image in her mind she fell asleep.

No wonder that she dreamed of him. Tottie and Bessie slept in the same room, and Tottie dreamed that long after she went asleep—it must have been long after, for Bessie was in bed when she woke up suddenly. There she was, lying in bed, wide awake, in the middle of the night. The room was dark, and she could not see anything, but she could hear Bessie's soft breathing. She was not frightened, as she usually was in the dark, for her attention was completely engrossed by one feeling. A frightful craving was upon her, which every moment grew stronger and stronger. This craving had something horrible in it, which, however, she did not quite realize. In the next room slept old Ben Sparrow, who, according to the fancy of her dream, was not made of flesh and blood and bone, but of lemon peel, fig, and currants and raisins. All the sweet things in the shop had been employed in the manufacture, and there they lay embodied in him.

Tottie knew nothing of theology; knew nothing of the value of her soul, which, without a moment's hesitation, she would have bartered for figs and candied lemon peel. And there the delicious things lay, in the very next room. If she could only get there!—perhaps he would not miss an arm or a leg. But to eat the old man who was so kind to her! [illegible] consciousness of the [illegible] perhaps it wont hurt him. I know it would do me good." Her mouth watered, her eyes glistened, her fingers twitched to be at him, her stomach cried out to her. She could not withstand the temptation. Slowly and trembingly she crept out of bed, and groped along the ground toward the door. Bessie was asleep. Everybody was asleep. The door was very quiet. "The horrid—[illegible] nobody will know," thought Tottie. Thoroughly engrossed in her desperate cannibalistic purpose, and with her teeth grating against each other, Tottie turned the handle of the door and opened it; but as she looked into the dark passage Ben Sparrow's door opened, and a sudden flood of light poured upon her. It so dazzled her, and terrified her, that she fled back to her bed on all fours, and scrambled upon it with a beating heart, and a face as white as a ghost's. Sitting there glaring at the door, which she had left partly open in her fright, she saw the light steal into the room, and, flying in the midst of it, old Ben Sparrow. He was not quite as large as life, but he was ever so many times more sweet and delicious-looking. As old Ben Sparrow appeared, the room became as light as day, and Tottie noticed how rich and luscious were the gigantic fig which formed his head, the candied lemon peel which formed his stomach, the raisins which clothed his legs and arms; and as for the ripeness of his dark, beady, fruity eyes, there was no form of thought that could truly express the temptation that lay in them. Ben Sparrow hovered in the air for a few moments and then steadied himself, as it were: he stood bolt upright, and, treading upon nothing, advanced slowly and solemnly, putting out one leg carefully, and setting it down firmly upon nothing before he could make up his mind to move the other. In this manner he approached Tottie, and sat down on her bed. For a little while Tottie was too frightened to speak. She held her breath, and waited with closed lips for him to say something. But as grandfather did not move or speak, her courage gradually returned, and with it her craving for some of him. She became hungrier than the most unfortunate church-mouse that ever breathed; her rapacious longing could only be satisfied in one way. Timorously she reached out her hand toward his face; he did not stir. Toward his eyes; he did not wink. Her finger touched his eye; it did not quiver—and out it came, and was in her hand! Her heart throbbed with fearful ecstasy, as with averted head she put the terrible morsel in her mouth. It was delicious. She chewed it and swallowed it with infinite relish, and, when it was gone, thirsted for its fellow. She looked timidly at the old man. There was a queer expression in his fig face, which the loss of one of his eyes had doubtless imparted to it. "It doesn't seem to hurt him," thought Tottie. Her eager fingers were soon close to the remaining eye, and out that came, and was disposed of in like manner. Tottie certainly never knew how good Ben Sparrow was until the present time. She had always loved him, but never so much as now. The eyeless face had a mournful expression upon it, and seemed to say, sadly, "Hadn't you better take me next?" Tottie clutched it desperately. It wagged at her, and from its mace lips a murmur seemed to issue, "Oh, Tottie! Tottie! To serve me like this!"

But Tottie was ravenous. No fear of consequences could stop her, now that she had tasted him and found how sweet he was. She shut her eyes nevertheless, as, in the execution of her murderous purpose, she tugged at his head, which, when she had torn from his body, she ate bit by bit with a rare and fearful enjoyment. When she looked again at the headless figure of the old man, one of the legs moved briskly and held itself out to her, with an air of "Me next!" in the action. But Tottie, hungering for the lemon-peel stomach, disregarded the invitation. It was difficult to get the stomach off, it was so tightly fixed to its legs. When she succeeded the arms came with it, and she broke them off short at the shoulder-blade, and thought she heard a groan as she performed the cruel operation. But her heart was hardened, and she continued her feast without remorse. How delicious it was! She was a long time disposing of it, for it was very large, but at length it was all eaten, and not a piece of candied sugar was left. As she sucked her fingers with the delight of a savage, a sense of the wickedness of what she had done came upon her. Her grandfather, who had always been so kind to her! She began to tremble and to cry. But the arms and legs remained. They *must* be eaten. Something dreadful would be done to her if they were discovered in her bed; so with feverish haste she devoured the limbs. And now not a trace of the old man remained. She had devoured him from head to foot. She would never see him again—never! never! How dreadful the table looked, with him *not* on it! How Tottie wished she hadn't done it. She was appalled at the contemplation of her guilt, and by the thought of how she would be punished if she were found out. In the midst of these fears the light in the room vanished, and oblivion fell upon Tottie in the darkness that followed.

I CAN SEE YOU NOW KISSING HER LITTLE TOES.

The next day, being George's last day at home, was a day of sorrow to all the humble persons interested in his career. He was to start for Liverpool by an early train on the following morning, and was to pass his last evening at Ben Spaarow's, with the old man, and Bessie and Tottie, and his mother and father. He had decided to bid Bessie good-by in her grandfathers house. Bessie was for sitting up all night, but he said, gently,

"I think, Bessie, that mother would like to have me all to herself the last hour or two. You know what mothers are! By-and-by, heart's treasure! you will have the first claim on me; but now mother looks upon me as all her own, and it will comfort her heart, dear soul! to let it be as I say."

There were tears in George's eyes as he looked down upon the face of his darling, and his heart almost fainted within him at the thought of parting from her. And, "Do you love me, Bess?" he asked for the thousandth time.

"With all my heart and soul," replied Bessie, pressing him in her arms. And so, with his head bowed to hers, they remained in silent communion for many minutes.

They were sitting in Ben Sparrow's parlor, and the old man had left the young people by themselves, finding occupation in his shop, in the contemplation of his effigy, and in weighing up quarters of a pound of sugar. There was a woful look in Ben Sparrow's face as he stood behind his counter; times were hard with him, and his till was empty.

"Bess, darling," said George, waking up from his dream. She raised her tearful eyes to his. He kissed them. "As I kiss away your tears now, my dear, so I will try to take sorrow and trouble from you when we commence our new life."

"I know it, George; I know it," she said, and cried the more.

"But that is not what I was going to say. I was going to say this. Listen to me, dearest; if it were not for you, I shouldn't go; if it were not for you, I should stay at home, and be content. For I love home, I love the dear old land, I love mother and father, and the old black cat, and the little house I was born in. And it's because of you that I am tearing myself from these dear things. I am going to earn money enough to make a home for you and for me; to [illegible] the seas! But it will not be for long; I will work and save, and come back soon, and then my darling, then!—" The tenderness of his tone, and the tenderness there was in the silence that followed, were a fitter and more expressive conclusion to the sentence than words could have [illegible] snip, I shall [illegible] Bessie's sake. When I am among strangers, I shall think of you, and think, if I endure any hardship, that I endure it for my darling—and that will soften it, and make it sweet; it will, my dear! I shall not be able to sleep very much, Bess, and that will give me all the more hours to work—for you, my darling, for you! See here, heart's treasure: here is the purse you worked for me, round my neck. It shall never leave me—it rests upon my heart. The pretty little beads! How I love them! I shall kiss every piece of gold I put in it, and shall think I am kissing you, as I do now, dear, dearest, best! I shall live in the future. The time will soon pass, and as the ship comes back, with me in it, and with my Bessie's purse filled with chairs and tables, and pots and pans, I shall see my little girl waiting for me, thinking of me, longing to have me in her arms, as I long to have her in mine. And then when I *do* come, and you start up from your chair as I open the door!—Think of that moment, Bess—think of it!"

"Oh, George, you make me happy!"

And in such tender words they passed the next hour together, until George tore himself away to look after some tools, which he was to take with him to coin chairs and tables and pots and pans with. But if he did not wish his tools to rust, it behoved him not to bring them too close to his eyes, for his eyelashes were dewy with tears.

Now, late as it was in the day for such common folk as ours, Tottie had not yet made her appearance down stairs. The first in the morning to get up in the house was old Ben Sparrow, and while he was taking down his shutters, and sweeping his shop and setting it in order, Bessie rose and dressed, and prepared the breakfast. Then, when breakfast was nearly ready, Bessie would go up stairs to dress and wash Tottie; but on this particular morning, on going to the little girl's bedside, Tottie cried and sobbed, and shammed headache, and as Tottie was not usually a lie-abed, Bessie thought it would do the child good to let her rest. And besides being as cunning as the rest of her sex, Bessie was the more inclined to humor Tottie's whim, because she knew that George would be sure to drop in early; and if Tottie were out of the way, she and her lover could have the parlor all to themselves. George being gone, however, there was no longer any reason for Tottie keeping her bed; so Bessie washed and dressed the child, and was surprised, when taking her hand to lead her down stairs, to see Tottie shrink back, and sob and cry that she didn't want to go.

"Come, be a good child, Tottie," said Bessie; "grandfather's down stairs, and he wants to play with you."

At this Tottie sobbed and sobbed, and shook her head vehemently. She knew very well that it was impossible for Ben Sparrow to be down stairs, for had she not eaten him in the night, every bone of him? She was morally convinced that there was not a bit of him left. Grandfather play with her! He would never play with her any more; she had done for him! Her fears were so great that she fancied she could feel him stirring inside of her. But although she was rebellious, she was weak, and so, shutting her eyes tight, she went into the parlor with Bessie. Then she ran tremblingly into a corner, and stood with her face to the wall, and her pinafore over her head; and there Bessie, having more pressing cares upon her just then, left her.

When Tottie, therefore, heard the old man's voice calling to her, she sobbed, "No, I never! No, I never!" and was ready to sink through the floor in her fright; and when the old man lifted her in his arms to kiss her, it was a long time before she could muster sufficient courage to open her eyes and feel his face, and his arms, and his legs, to satisfy herself that he was really real. And even after that, as if she could not believe the evidence of her senses, she crept toward him at intervals, and touched him, and pinched his legs, to make assurance doubly sure.

Ben Sparrow found it hard work to be playful to-day, and Tottie had most of her time to herself. If the anxiety depicted on his face were any criterion, his special cares and sorrows must have been of an overwhelming nature. In the afternoon young Mr. Million came in, spruce and dandified, and handsome as usual. The young gentleman was not an unfrequent visitor at the little grocer's shop, and would often pop in and chat for an hour with Ben Sparrow; he would *sit* down in the back parlor in the most affable manner, and chat and laugh as if they were equals. Bessie was not at home when he came this afternoon, and he seemed a little disappointed; but he stopped and chatted for all that, and when he went away, the old grocer brightened, and his face looked as if a load were lifted from his heart. His brighter mood met with no response from Bessie, when she came in shortly afterward. Some new trouble seemed to have come on her since the morning—some new grief to which she hardly dared give expression. She had been stabbed by a few presumably chance and careless words spoken by a neighbor—need it be told that this neighbor was a woman? No weapon can be keener than a woman's tongue, when she chooses to use it to stab. The woman who had uttered the words was young—a year older than Bessie—and it was known at one time that she was setting her cap at Bessie's sweetheart. But she had met with no encouragement from George, who, being wrapped heart and soul in Bessie, had no eyes for other women. George often nodded a laughing assent to a favorite saying of his mother's that "One woman was enough for any man: more than enough, sometimes," Mrs. Naldret would occasionaly add. The stab which Bessie received shall be given in the few words that conveyed it.

"So George goes away to-morrow morning," was the woman's remark to Bessie, as she was hurrying home with heavy heart.

"Yes," sighed Bessie: "to-morrow morning."

"Ah," said the woman, "he'll be nicely cut up at leaving. I dare say he'd give a good deal if he could take some one with him."

"I am sure he would," said Bessie, thinking that by "some one" herself was meant.

"Oh, I don't mean you," said the woman, seeing the interpretation that Bessie put upon her words.

"Who do you mean, then?" asked Bessie, looking up quickly.

The woman laughed, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Some girls *are* blind! Thank goodness, the best man in the world couldn't blind me so!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Bessie, in an agitated tone, all the blood deserting her face. "What have you to say against George?"

The woman laughed again.

"You've no cause to be jealous, Bessie," she said, "it's only a child. But I do think, if I was George's sweetheart"—Bessie's lips curled, and this little expression made the woman's tone more venomous "I *do* think," she added with scornful emphasis, "that if I was George's sweetheart—oh, you needn't curl your lip, Bessie!—I should ask him—who—Tottie's—father—was! A woman isn't worth that"—with a [illegible] snap, which [illegible] this wound in her heart.

Bessie looked after the woman, dazed for a few moments by the accusation conveyed in the words; then she had [illegible] indignant, then she blood rushed back to her face and neck; it dyed her bosom, and she knew it and felt it, and felt the stab there also. Then she hurried home

Ben Sparrow did not notice her agitation at first; he was too much rejoiced at the lifting of a heavy weight from him. In the morning ruin had stared him in the face; a small creditor had come down upon him; had given him twenty-four hours to pay an account which, trifling as it was, he was not possessed of. But young Mr. Million had been to see him and had saved him. He would be able to pay this hard creditor—I am ashamed to say for how trifling an amount—in the morning, and he was exultant. "I am only too glad," this young gentleman had said, "to have the opportunity of rendering a service to Bessie's grandfather." When he departed, old Ben Sparrow actually danced in his parlor, in thankfulness for the danger escaped.

"Bessie," cried Ben Sparrow as his granddaughter entered, "young Mr. Million has been here."

Bessie nodded, scarcely heeding the words.

"He's a gentleman," continued Ben Sparrow, "every inch of him; to forget the past as he does."

"What past, grandfather?" asked Bessie. "Forget what?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing, my dear," exclaimed Ben, hurriedly, and coughing as if something had come up or gone down the wrong way. "What I say is, he's a gentleman, every inch of him."

"You said that before, grandfather."

"Did I? Oh yes, of course. But I am an old man, Bessie, and you must make allowances. We can't be all bright and fresh, and always happy as my dear child is."

Bessie kissed Ben Sparrow's neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. "Always happy, grandfather! Am I always happy?"

"Of course you are, dear child, and it's natural, and right, and proper. Sorry and grieved, of course, because your sweatheart's going away—but he'll be back soon, never fear. And we'll talk of him every day and every night, my dear, and the time'll fly away"—he blew a light breath—"like that! Ah, my dear! it's only the old that knows how quickly time flies!"

Bessie said nothing, but pressed closer to the old shield that had sheltered her from babyhood to womanhood.

"And now see," said the old shield, "what young Mr. Million brought for you. And you're to wear them at once, he said, and I say so too, and I promised him you would, for he's coming here to-night, and is going to do me such a kindness as only the kindest heart in the world could do."

Ben Sparrow took from his pocket a little box, and opened it, and produced therefrom a piece of tissue-paper, and from the tissue-paper a pair of pretty turquois ear-rings, set in gold. Bessie scarcely looked at them, and allowed Ben to take from her ears the pair of old earrings she had worn for ever so many years, and replace them with Mr. Million's pretty present.

"You look, Bessie," said old Ben, falling back and contemplating her, "you look like a Princess! and it's my opinion, my dear, that you are every bit as good as one."

He held a piece of looking-glass before her, and desired her to look at herself. To please him she said they *were* very pretty, and then said, suddenly coming to what was uppermost in her mind. "Grandfather, I want you to tell me about Tottie."

"About Tottie, my dear!" exclaimed Ben Sparrow, wonderingly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The authorities of the town of Sterling, Illinois, have resorted to a novel expedient to restrain intemperance. They have passed an ordinance which imposes a fine of from five to twenty dollars upon the keeper of a drinking house who, by painting or staining his windows, or by the interposition of a screen, or in any other way, prevents a free view into his place of business. There is something practical in this idea. It will hardly be doubted, we suppose, that the practice of secret tippling tends directly to the encouragement of drunkenness. This is forcibly illustrated in Boston, a city where, in consequence of the strict prohibitory laws of Massachusetts, the most extraordinary precautions are taken to conceal the sale of intoxicating liquors, and where the frequency and potency of the drinks which the avarage Bostonian is accostomed to secrete about his person form a source of perennial wonder and awe to visitors from other less bibulous cities.

A Change of Tune.

The Boston Globe, during the late campaign, found the English language too poor to furnish denunciation of the so-called slander against gentlemen accused of being bribed with Credit Mobilier stock. It has seen a new light, and says:

We begin, almost instinctively, to fear that there has been some foundation for these charges, heretofore considered as only emanating from the heated brains of partisan leaders in the excitement of a Presidential contest. If it is so, let there be no smothering of the truth, no attempt at whitewashing, for no party is strong enough to sustain itself under such a policy, and if any members of the Republican side of the House are guilty give us their names and let the world have them. We do not believe in any complicity with crime, and unhesitatingly demand that the present investigation be full and thorough, unprejudiced and truthful.

A Warning to Sick Husbands.

A case recently came before one of the Chicago courts, which will probably act as a warning to a certain class of sick husbands not to trust too implicitly to the honesty of their wives in monetary transactions. It appears from the evidence, that a man named Ryan, while a resident of Wheeling, West Virginia, gave his wife a power of attorney with which to proceed to Chicago, and collect certain sums for him, to the amount of $2,312. The money she collected very faithfully, but instead of returning with it to him, she deposited it in a savings bank to her own credit, and followed up this action by threatening to leave him altogether, and make Chicago her future home. To stop her from using the money for this purpose Ryan seeks an injunction, and Judge Gary has granted a temporary one, pending the response to an order directing the wife and husband to show cause why the full sum in dispute may not be paid over to the husband, who it seems is depending upon it for his maintenance.

A Curious Fraud

There was received on Friday, at the Treasury Department, in Washington, a note purporting to be a United States legal tender note of the denomination of five hundred dollars. It is composed of parts of different genuine notes of various denominations. The centre is part of a one hundred dollar note, with the "one" taken out of the centre and upper border, and a "five" neatly inserted. The left hand lower end contains a portrait of Andrew Jackson taken from a five dollar note, the right hand lower end a vignette taken from a ten dollar note. The scroll work containing the figures five hundred has been taken from a national bank note. The back of the note is from a ten dollar United States note, the "ten" having be[illegible] bankers and brokers, it would readily be taken by those not accustomed to handle much money, as the engraving is all genuine.

Read Your Policy.

No sounder advice than the above can be given to those about to obtain or already in possession of a policy of insurance upon their property. It is a singular fact that so many men enter into contract with insurance companies without understanding the terms beyond the fact that they pay a certain sum for a stated amount of insurance. Not more than once or ten times in ten ever reads his policy, especially the conditions under which it is issued, and when a loss occurs he is astounded to discover points therein that reduce or invalidate his claim. Thereafter "all is vanity" to him; the company is a blood sucker, and all insurance is a fraud. It is probable that three-fourth of the suits instituted in the settlement arise from the ignorance or carelessness of insurers, and not from any fault of the insurance companies.

This ignorance is entirely wrong and unnecessary. The policy is the contract, and in it the terms and conditions are plainly set forth; it is all simple and easy understood, and no responsible company will attempt to evade their own provisions. A few minutes spent in reading the policy would show a man exactly what he receives for his money; doubtful points could be settled much easier than after his property is destroyed, and an astonishing amount of trouble, perplexity and litigation would be avoided. Knowledge will prove to be power to those who follow our advice to "Read your policy."

A Remarkable Family.

Under the caption of "Another Township Heard From," the Bedford *Inquirer* gives an account of the "biggest family on record" as follows: Benjamin and Catharine Troutman, of Londonderry township, this county, had sons and daughters, eighteen. The father and eight of the children have gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The mother, who is about seventy-five years of age, and weighs upwards of two hundred pounds avoirdupois, still lives with her son George in Londonderry township. The ten children now living tip the beam of a "Fairbank's" to the tune of two thousand two hundred and fifteen pounds. The respective force of gravity of each, according to their last census, is as follows:

George, who lives in Londonderry township, 245 pounds; Joseph, who holds forth at Fair Hope, Somerset county, 220 pounds; John, who resides in the State of Indiana, 265 pounds in his shirt sleeves; Daniel, who lives in Kansas, 225 pounds; Adam, who is a resident of the "Smoky City," Pittsburgh, 240 pounds; Sarah and Polly, who reside in this county, 240 and 200 pounds respectively; Nancy, who lives in Maryland, 200 pounds; Betsey, who has followed the advice of the lamented Greeley and "gone West," 200 pounds. The father weighed 180 pounds and the deceased children ranged in weight from 180 to 225 pounds each. If anybody can beat this let him rise and speak.

Peter Troutman, son of Joseph, weighs about 200 pounds. Some time since he and his father were out hunting and shot a large buck. At the crack of the rifle the buck fell to the ground, and Peter ran up to it, supposing it dead, got astride of it, and was in the act of cutting its throat when it sprung up and attacked him; he grabbed it by the horns and held on to them. Then ensued a desperate struggle. The father, who was not at this time near enough to assist his son, could not shoot the buck for fear of shooting his son too. He hurried to the scene, leveled his gun across his son's breast and fired, killing the buck instantly. He then found that the buck had gored Peter through the thigh, causing a very severe and ugly wound, which has caused him to keep his bed ever since.

Pianos & Organs.

KNABE & CO'S PIANOS.
HAINES BROS.' PIANOS.
GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S ORGANS.
The three best and most popular instruments now in the market. Catalogues and Price Lists, containing full particulars mailed to any address.
CHARLOTTE BLUME,
No. 13, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sole agent for Prince & Co.'s Organs.—sep19m

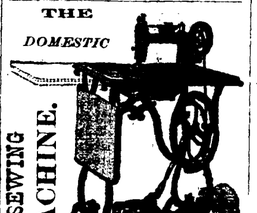
L. R. NORTON,
Pianos & Organs,
118 SMITHFIELD ST.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

STATE AGENT
FOR THE CELEBRATED
JEWETT & GOODMAN
ORGAN
Send for Illustrated Catalogue
nov20:3m

Sewing-Machines.

AGENTS WANTED!
The unparalled success of the "Victor Sewing Machine," East and West, opens a good opportunity for Sewing Machine agents and responsible men to take the agency for this County. For Circulars, samples of work and terms, address
The Victor
Sewing Machine Co.,
J. L. FERGUSON,
MANAGER,
No. 1227 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
dec4-1m

THE
DOMESTIC
SEWING MACHINE.



The Best for All Purposes,
More easily managed, more durable, and runs lighter than any Machine in the market: easily cleaned and kept in order; large bobbins, holds twice as much thread as any other shuttle. Lock stitch, alike on both sides, self-adjusting tension.

Justly Popular.
From the first the "DOMESTIC" has rapidly increased in popular ty, until today, in the opinion of all experienced Sewing Machine men, it stands forth
UNRIVALLED!
It is gaining favor much faster than any other Machine heretofore presented to the public, which can be seen from its increased sales last year over the preceding, being
OVER FIVE HUNDRED PER CENT.
No Machine is increasing its sales and gaining public favor so rapidly as the
DOMESTIC.
SUPERIORITY
WM. ROBERTSON, Agent,
Beaver Falls, Pa. Call and examine the Machine.
jy24-9m.

Wanted.

Wanted to Borrow
FOR a term of years from one to five years, any sum of money from $1000 to $10,000, at a rate of interest not exceeding eight per cent. per annum, for the use of the Borough of Beaver Falls, and secured by the Bonds of the Corporation.
Apply to, or address MARTIN METZGAR, *President of Council.*
Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov. 25, 1872.—dec4tf

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. [marl4y

$250 A MONTH, $250
WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,
MALE or FEMALE,
To make the above amount selling BRIDE'S *Combination Needle-Case and Pocket-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

Agents Wanted!!
REGULARLY FOR 8 T A M P.
TO Sell his Novelties and Books!
SAMPLES ONE DOLLAR.
To Sell his Novelties and Books!
SAMPLES ONE DOLLAR.
WE DEAL ON THE SQUARE!
WE DEAL ON THE SQUARE!
By A. C. DALTON,
At North Vineland, N. J.
dec4-1m

A Word to You, Friend!!
FOR GOOD COFFEE,
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.
Jan10'73-1y

John Moore,
DRUGGIST
Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately Compounded.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF
Garden and Flower Seeds.
Paints, Oils,
AND
DYE STUFFS:
ANILINE DYES OF ALL COLORS,
GLASS & PUTTY.
Special attention given to secure the best quality of Lamps and Lamp Trimmings, Lanterns &c.
A Large Assortment of
TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS,
BRUSHES &
PATENT MEDICINES,
Main Street, Beaver Pa. (Dec1,'72.

Dry Goods.

JOSEPH HORNE & CO.
77 and 79 Market Street,
PITTSBURGH,
IMPORTERS OF AND JOBBERS IN
FANCY DRY GOODS.
Notions, Hosiery, Underwear,
Gloves, Furnishing Goods, Laces
Embroideries, Lace Goods,
Hoop, Balmoral, and Felt Skirts,
Corsets, Silk and Velvetine Ribbons,
Panniers, Handkerchiefs, Bonnets.
Hat, Millinery Goods, Flowers, Tips,
Plumes, Trimming and Fringes,
Velvets, Velveteens, Reps,
Bonnet and Lining Silks, Turquoise,
Colored and Black Dress Silks,
Ribbons in all widths and Shades,
Ornaments, Frames, &c.
The Trade are invited to an inspection of the extensive lines of the above goods, which at all seasons of the year will be kept full up with the Latest Novelties.
Lowest prices, East or West.
Orders promptly attended to. oct9-3m

B. S. RANGER,
Bridge Street,
BRIDGEWATER, PA.
IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:
DRY GOODS
Steubenville Jeans,
Cassimeres and Sattinets,
White Woolen Blankets,
White and Colored and Barred Flannels,
Merinos,
Delaines,
Plaids,
Ginghams,
Cobergs,
Lawns,
Water Proofs,
Chinchilla,
Cloths,
Woolen Shawls,
Brown and Black Mushus,
Drilling, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton
Flannels,
Jaconets,
Table Linen,
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes,
Hosiery,
Gloves,
& Mits.
Groceries
Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in buckets and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Miner Meat Salt.
Hardware, Nails, Glass,
Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Buckets, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass, Spades, Shovels, 2, 3 and 4 Tine Forks, Rakes, Scythes and Snaths, Corn and Garden Hoes.
WOODENWARE.
Buckets, Tubs, Churns, Butter Prints and Ladles
CARBON OIL,
Linseed Oil & White Lead.
Boots and Shoes
LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES, in great variety
Rifle Powder and Shot,
Blasting Powde and Fuse.
Flour Feed & Queensware.
All heavy goods delivered free of charge.
By close attention to business, and by keeping constantly on hand a well assorted stock of goods of all the different kinds usually kept in a country store, the undersigned hopes in the future as in the past to merit and receive a liberal share of the public patronage.
B. S. RANGER.
dec4'68:1y.

HENRY McCALLUM,
51 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURG PA.
(Late McCALLUM BROS.)
I keep on hands the largest assortment to be found in any city, of
CARPETS
ALL GRADES
Oil Cloths, Mattings, &c.
The smallest orders promptly attended to
Carpets, &c., at Wholesale on the most Reasonable Terms.
HENRY McCALLUM.
sep9:1y

Jewelry & Silver-Ware.

BOYD & MURRAY,
68, Fifth ave. Pittsburgh, Pa
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
in Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Mouldings, &c., &c.
Being dealrons of closing out their present stock, are selling at 15 to 20 per cent. less than regular prices. Please give them a call. dec11-1m

W. G. DUNSEATH,
Jeweler and Optician,
76 FIFTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.
AGENT FOR THE U. S.
Watch Companie's Watches,
PEBBLE SPECTACLES A SPECIALTY.
dec11-1m.

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. jel4:1y

Legal Advertisements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Having received letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary Ann Park, (wife of Nazro Park,) deceased, it is desired that all persons having unsettled business with said Mary Ann Park call and settle it with me before the 24th day of December, 1872. NAZRO PARK, Administrator.
Also 1, Nazro Park, wish to sell, in Bridgewater, a two story house with seven rooms and a cellar, on a corner lot 50x173 feet; a good stable and plenty of good fruit. Terms easy. nov27-6w

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been issued to the subscriber on the estate of Martha E. Erwin, 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,
dec1,6w *Adm'r. de bonis non.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Administrator of the Estate of James Alexander, deceased, late of Chippewa township, Beaver county, requests all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said deceased 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.

Homes Still Larger
FOR THE MILLION!
Rare opportunities are now offered for securing homes in a *mild, healthy,* and *congenial* climate by the purchase of a portion of the
NATIONAL REAL ESTATE GRANT
THE NATIONAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY has for sale real estate of every description, located in the Middle and Southern States; *improved stock, grain and fruit farms; rice, sugar and cotton plantations; timber and mineral lands; city, village,* and *rural* residence, and *business* stands; *mills* and *mill sites, factories, &c.*
Write for *Land Register* containing description, location, price and terms of properties we have for sale. Address—B. W. CLARKE & CO.
The National Real Estate Agency,
477 and 479 *Penna Avenue, Washington, D. C.*
may3tn

Clothing.

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 modest rates.
GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING GOODS,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Clothing made to order on the shortest notice. 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

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.
sept11:tf GEO. BRAUN.
CLOTHING STORE.

NEW GOODS!
WINTER STOCK.
The undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he has just received and opened
A New Stock of Goods,
OF THE LATEST STYLES FOR
Fall and Winter Wear.
He keeps the best of workmen in his employ, and feels confident of his ability to cut and make up garments both
FASHIONABLE & DURABLE,
and in such a manner as will please his customers.

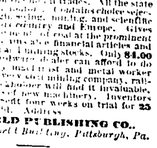
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
ALWAYS ON HAND
Call and see us before leaving your Orders Elsewhere
WILLIAM REICH, Jr.
may 4:70:1y Bridgewater, Pa

NOTE This is Snellenburg's Space. Being engaged in making up a large stock of Winter Clothing, they informed me that they had no time to attend to their advertising. Ed.

S. & J. SNELLENBURG
Merchant Tailors
NEW BRIGHTON PA.

J. D. RAMALEY'S
OPERA
Hat House,
AND
GENT'S FURNISHING
EMPORIUM,
No. 64 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH
The Best Goods at Lowest Prices
Goods sent to any address, on approval
may24:1y
from 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. Also, a table showing the standard prices of the trade. Acknowledged standard authority. Contains choice selections of the news of the week, mining, machinery, and scientific matter, and a digest of the news of the iron and metal trades. Gives market reports from all the principal cities in the country and Europe. Gives market reports and quotations of all the principal financial articles and Petroleum. Fluctuating stocks. Only $4.00 per annum. No newspaper advertisement can afford to do without it. Every manufacturer and metal worker should have it. Every mining company, railroad, bank, and manufacturing establishment should have it. Every new machinery, Inventors should have it. Sent four weeks on trial for 25 cents. Address
IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,
Iron World Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.



AMERICAN
Working People.
SENT ON TRIAL
three months for 25 cents.
The Great Working People's Paper, the finest publication in the world. Contains 20 pages, 80 columns of valuable reading matter, all of it of the highest interest, instructive and entertaining. Fine illustrations in every issue. Terms, $