Continued from first page.

their blue lines, she closed her eyes for a few moments; Rolin rang for a servant, who entered just as Anne looked up again, "Hannah, I want my father," she said in so earnest, so altered a tone that the poor girl, who had always been so deeply attached to her mistress, started back clasping her hands together in an ecstacy of bewildered delight. The foolish creature recovering from her surprise, pressed up to the side of the bed with a profusion of wild, joyous ejaculations, which only added to real confusion of Anne, who was unable to comprehend the meaning of all the circumstances by which she was surrounded.

Rolin forced the half insane girl from the room, and in a moment after Mr. Wilmer was heard hurrying along the passages. As he entered, the busy memory of Anne, whose returning reason slowly assuming its influence recurred back to the last scene of her conscious existence. She remembered the withering curse of her father which had fallen like a searing flame upon her young bosom, scorching and maddening its shrinking sensibilities. She felt the weight of his iron frown which seemed to contract her heartstrings—and heard the deep tones of his voice that rang the everlasting knell of her hopes and her happiness.

"Oh! save me, save me, Rolin from that awful curse," she exclaimed in an agony of terror, clinging to her husband—and the little flame which had just began to glimmer was nearly extinguished again forever.

"My dear, *dear* child!" said the old man, trembling in every sinew, as he folded his arms around the neck of his shrinking daughter; "My dear, dear child! your father does not—will not curse you!—Anne, my child! do not shrink away from your father—he will go down to the grave broken-hearted, if you do not look up and smile upon him.

"Father," said she, in a deep whisper, which was heard in every corner of the apartment; and without unclosing her eyes, "will you then forgive me for disobedience?—will you love me as you used to love me? Do not curse me!" and her slender form quivered in the arms of her husband.

"Forgive you?—forgive you?" exclaimed the old man, the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, "Oh yes! my dear child; and love you more than I have ever loved you."

"Will you love Rolin?" she again urged, looking up into her father's face with a kind of joyful imploring confidence—"Will you love Rolin, father?

"Love him?" ejaculated the old man, gathering both in his arms like a precious treasure, "Yes! yes! my daughter—he is worthy of your love, and he is more than worthy of mine—I will love him—I will love you, and death only shall quench the flame of affection!"

At this strong assurance Anne closed her eyes, and laid her head down upon the bosom of her husband, whose heart beat with a bounding wildness which threatened to rend every fibre of existence.

CHAPTER VI.

Strung for years as tensely as their slender strength would bear, Rolin's heart-strings had drawn too heavily upon the vital functions, and now that relaxation came, came also a fearful reaction, and it was too evident to all that the term of his continuance upon earth could be of but short duration.

Anne had recovered her reason in its full vigor, but never became aware now fearful and afflicting had been the mental aberration under which she had labored for years. Whether she had any suspicion of it none knew, for she never, even the most remotely, made allusion to it, and no one, of course, hinted to her so painful and dangerous a subject. A confusion of dates at first perplexed her, but she did not seem to observe it long, and made but slight reference to it even in the early period of her recovery.

Slowly, but alas! too surely, did existence wear to its ultimate termination with the unfortunate hero of our short story. He had for long and weary years borne up against the stern sorrows of life, and now, when the clouds had broke away, and a calm, clear sky was spreading its soft blue curtains over his head, the warning voice of mortality came and whispered its chilly summons, "you must die."

Though to himself and almost every one it was evident that he must soon utter his last prayer and breathe his last sigh, yet Anne could not, dared not, think of or imagine the fearful truth. It was like a fire in her brain, and to contemplate it was to risk the domination of reason. And yet she could not rid her feelings of a weight of sadness whenever she looked intently upon the sunken eye, and pale and hollow cheek of her husband. Yet the fearful truth came at last with all of its burden of anguished—unutterable misery. It came like an irresistible deluge sweeping away all resistance, and it bore the feeble victim, against whom its shock fell, to her long—long repose.

"Let us walk, Rolin," said she to him on a quiet evening in June, "the cool breezes will revive you after your day of mental toil. Come put up your books," she continued, chidingly, "you seem more attached to them than to your wife, and I am sure they cannot return half the affection she does,"—and she placed her fair soft hand upon his broad temples, and laid her warm cheek against his as she bent over his chair.

He looked up with a sad affectionate smile, for he knew that a parting must soon come, and he did not desire to, may felt that he could not part with the lovely being to whom his heart had been knit, even in her hours of weakness and imbecility.

He drew her arm within his as he arose at her gentle urgings, and they wandered away to the old haunts of their earlier days. The almost breathless stillness which reigns upon a summer evening when the sun has found its place of repose in the purple west, was setting over the bosom of nature, when Rolin and his fond companion returned from their pleasant wanderings. The absorbing influence of the hour lent its magic witchery to the feelings, and their spirits caught a tinge of vague yearnings which cannot belong to earth.

"Though we are bound, Rolin, in a cord of affection which would seem to circle every emotion of happiness," spoke out, almost unconsciously, his lovely wife, for she scarce thought of what she said, "yet after all; what does life bring that satisfies the appetite of the mind? Restlessness and a reaching out after an undefined, undefinable something characterizes every feature of our history; and such an hour as this but adds doubly to the yearning sensation.

"It is, my love, the immortality of our natures speaking within us. The struggles of the caged bird to escape from its lower prison. The faint glimpses and remembrances of the home from which we have been long exiled wanderers. We shall soon return thither, and though one of us may be left a little while longer than the other, yet we shall meet again to know no sorrow, no dissatisfied feelings, no parting."

He spoke so earnestly, yet with a tone so subdued and tender, that Anne looked into his face enquiringly, and after a thoughtful moment said, while a tear stole to her eyelash:

"May it be long—long ere we are called to such a parting!"

"It may be very soon, my love. We should feel a patient willingness to meet such a moment, for it will certainly find us, and will not be less painful in its consummation whether its severing come in the next hour or whether it be delayed until years shall have measured out their lengthened existence. To part, under any circumstances, must be full of bitterness, but you know that

"To bear is to conquer our fate."

There was a deep energy in his tones which Anne had not often marked, and she felt that his warnings were prophetic. For the first time in her life she bent her mind seriously to ponder upon the awful realities of a final separation, but her sickening heart turned away from the chilling contemplation.

From that evening Rolin gradually sunk away to the vale of shadows, where the weary are forever at rest.

I will not pretend to picture the agony of mind which settled upon the heart of Anne while she watched his slow progress to dissolution, but shall hasten to the last scene.

CHAPTER VII.

All day long Rolin had lain in a state of nearly total insensibility, and the night was beginning to draw toward the morning watch, when the death agony came upon him. Bathed in tears, Anne had sat for hours with her head leaning upon the same pillow that supported his, unable to look even then the awful truth of her condition full in the face, but when she saw death settling over his pale brow, and the clammy sweat standing in large drops upon his forehead, the wild and withering reality came like a blighting sirocco over the verdure of heart. She stood by him, fearfully calm, while he writhed in his last mortal struggling; but death was as busy with her heartstrings as with his, for when his snapped beneath the touch of the stern destroyer, her's thrilled to their last sad music.

The same green mound that rises above the lowly resting place of Rolin, covers all that remains of Anne his wife, and near by sleeps in unbroken solitude, the bones of him who soon followed his hapless daughter in sorrow to the grave.

Thus is their strange history wound up. And it would seem almost an illustration of Burn's sceptical line—

"That man was made to mourn,"

did we not instantly recur to his own eloquent refutation,—

"Many and sharp the mournful ills
Innoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

A Highly Cultivated and Very Intelligent Audience.

A correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial, who attended a Lydia Thompson performance, speaks of the intelligent public in the following animated style:

After a time the curtain rises again on this excessively entertaining and refined play. A gawky chap in a blue cotton overall wiggles his little toe. Inteligent audience just doubles over and holds its stomach with laughter. Gawky chap does it again. Intelligent audience laughs harder than ever. Ugly old heathen stumbles against gawky chap in blue overall, and whops over upon the floor, and assures folks that that's the kind of man he is. Intelligent audience, delirious with mirth, doubles ouer and holds its stomach with laughter again. Another young woman in spangled clothes appears, and gives a kick, and says: "You bet." Highly cultivated audience laughs immoderately and claps very hard. Young woman slaps dirty old loafer in the face and then spats her hands together. Audience claps and fairly splits its sides with mirth. Young woman gives a hideous screech. Intelligent audience laughs till tears run down its cheek. It whistles the young woman back. She lays her lily-white hand across her lungs and bows sweetly, and she and the other pretty young ladies in spangled garments chant altogether a fearful and wonderful ditty, of which you cannot understand anything except the chorus, which says something like this:

And sing and dance,
I yip, I yow,
And sing and dance,
I yip, I row.

Intelligent audience goes into convulsions. Then some more despicable crackling, comic singing. The very climax of hysterical mirth is reached for that intellectual audience when half a dozen of the female women, the ugly old heathen and the gawky chap in the blue apron, all stands in a row and sing a wild, thrilling air, which says at the end of every verse: "How's that for high!" And just as they say, how's that for high, they all give a very high kick indeed, as though they were exceedingly anxious to kick somebody up stairs. It doesn't look pretty to see a lady kick. But the intelligent audience is in a frantic frenzy of delight, and hee-shaws and howls with rapture. Scene closes in a dissolving view of the gawky, he then winking his left ear, and I can't find words in the dictionary any more to describe the beautiful state of tickle of the audience. I haven't been afforded such exalting and encouraging views of human nature in six weeks. Such refined and classic taste, you know, and such a delicate showing up and shading off of the many emotions which play upon the human soul.

A Character.

Old Judge W., of——, in the Old Dominion, is a character. He was a lawyer, legislator, Judge and leading politician among the old time Whigs of blessed memory; but, alas! like them, his glory departed, and, like many others of his conferees, has gone "where the woodbine twineth." Notwithstanding the loss of property and the too free use of applejack, he maintained the dignity of ex-Judge, dressed neatly, carried a goldhended cane, and when he had taken more than his usual allowance of the favorite beverage, he was very pious at such times, always attending church, and sitting near the stand as erectly as circumstances would admit, and responding fervently. On one occasion a Baptist brother was holding forth with energy and unction on the evil of the times, and in one of his flights he exclaimed, "Show me a drunkard!" The Judge rose to his feet, and, unsteadily balancing himself on his cane, said solemnly, "Here I am, sir; here I am." The elder, though a good deal non-plussed by the unexpected response, managed to go on with his discourse, and, soon warming up to his work, again called out, "Show me a hypocrite! Show me a hypocrite! Show me a hypocrite!" Judge W. again rose, and reaching forward across a seat which intervened, touched Deacon D. on the shoulder with his cane, and said, "Why don't you respond? I did when they called on me."

Wanted the Knot Untied.

A strange wedding is recorded as having taken place in Pottersville, N. J., recently, the bride being a miss of only fifteen summers, while the bridegroom is an old man sixty-five years old. The girl's name was Catharine Hegeman, and is the daughter of a respectable farmer, who is reputed to be well-off. Ashbury Farley, the hero of the tale, is described as a strong, powerfully built man, who was sent by his friends to the State Lunatic Asylum some years ago, but who was subsequently released, being considered harmless. Recently he took it into his head that he needed a wife, and he set about supplying the want. He offered himself to several young ladies in Pottersville, but was rejected by all of them, although he possessed considerable property and $11,000 in money. At length he became acquainted with the Hegeman, and arrangements were made that Farley should marry Catharine, on condition of his settling $10,000 and giving her a pony phaeton. A pastor was engaged to perform the ceremony, and the marriage was consummated. No sooner had the ceremony been performed than Catharine became frightened. She turned to the minister and demanded that he should untie the marriage knot. He told her that the step she had taken was irrevocable. Farley tried to console his wife, but she put him from her, and refused to look at him. She declared she would never live with him, and the result was, Farley went back to his farm and Catharine remained with her father. The affair is yet a mystery to the friends of the young girl, a family, but it is believed that the parents of the girl deliberately sold their child for money.

THE GALLOWS.

Two Murderers Hanged—William Foster and James McElhaney.

WILLIAM FOSTER.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1873.

The execution of Foster took place at seventeen minutes past nine o'clock this morning in the Tombs. There were hundreds waiting outside the Tombs this morning, hoping to be able to witness Foster's execution. The crowds were kept back by the police, and not one in twenty of those outside, however, was admitted. The prisoner in the morning was very faint. He partook of some coffee, but ate nothing. Rev. Drs. Tyng and Schoonmaker attended him. He engaged in devotional exercises until a few minutes before his execution.

At twelve minutes past nine o'clock he left his cell on his march to the scaffold. As he entered the yard Foster gave one quick, startled glance around, but instantly recovered himself and walked with a tolerably firm step to the gallows. He was attended by Sheriff Brenan and Under-Sheriff Stevens, and was closely followed by Rev. Dr. Tyng and Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, the former of whom preached as he walked. On reaching the gallows, Foster, of his own accord, placed himself beneath the noose. His face looked very pale beneathe the black cap, and grew paler every moment. As Dr. Tyng prayed he bowed his head and covered his face, with his right hand. For six minutes Dr. Tyng continued his prayer, and it was evident that Foster was at the point of swooning. The Sheriff quietly signed to Dr. Tyng to finish as quickly as possible, and advancing, shook Foster by the hand. Dr. Tyng then bade him farewell, and at 9:18 a. m. the signal was given, and Foster was jerked violently into the air.

Foster was a heavy man, and for once the neck was broken, and the spectators were spared the terrible spectacle of a man writhing in the throes of strangulation. The heart ceased to beat in rather less than twelve minutes from the time the weight fell, and in all probability Foster died without a pang.

This afternoon Foster's body was removed from the Tombs to the residence of his widow.

JAMES M'E LHANEY.

BOSTON, March 21.—James McElhaney, who murdered his wife, was executed at Suffolk jail at twelve minutes past eleven o'clock this morning. There were about four hundred spectators present. The prisoner walked firmly to the scaffold. He left six thousand dollars' worth of property to his child.

It is stated on the authority of McElhaney's spiritual advisers that members of his wife's family refused to allow him to see his child Nellie Emma, aged two years. A letter seconding an often-expressed wish on the part of the condemned man to see his child was sent by Sheriff Clark to the family, but without effect.

ABORIGINAL HUMOR.

An American Comedy.

MODOC.

Scene I.

Mail route on the Plains. Capt. Jack and his band of redskins discovered upsetting a mail coach and scalping the passengers.

Captain Jack (wiping the blood off his face)—Ugh! Red man like peace. Great father at Washington big chief. Red man have white heart. Love all his brothers. Too much blood. Indians sick of blood.

One-Eyed Scalawag (running a knife through a child)—Red men brothers, but great father has not sent them rifles enough. Our hearts are cold with bad whisky, but there is no lie in them. Indians love peace.

Scene II.

An Indian encampment at night. Indians discovered, with their squaws, sleeping. Frontiersmen and soldiers seen shooting them from the timber.

Yellow Stone Jack, a trapper (bringing down a squaw with his rifle)—There ain't no reason in the world why this 'ere continent ain't big enough for Indians and white men too. All these things can be settled by a pow-wow without shedden' blood.

Hairy Jim (draining a papoose)—There ain't but one way to fix it; that's to have a new Peace Commission. There ain't been any this month. That's what's the matter.

Lieutenant in charge (issuing orders to burn up the lodges and the remainder of the children)—That's true, men. I'm sick of this work. After we have killed the rest of the women and children, I shall insist on a talk. These savages must be made to understand that a powerful government is not actuated by feelings of revenge.

Scene III.

Grand pow-wow on the Plains

Captain Jack (with seventeen white scalps to his girdle)—Indian glad to meet white warrior. Indian never seeks white man's blood. Bad Indians drink bad whisky and kill. Captain Jack angry with bad Indians. Good Indian's heart full of love. Captain Jack cry like squaw to see white man killed.

Peace Commissioner—It cheers the heart of the white man and the great father at Washington to hear such noble words from his red children. War and bloodshed are not his desire, and he sends fresh buttons and needle-guns and revolvers and powder and scalping-knives to his children as peace offerings.

Scene IV.

Grand Tableau—Peace Commissioner seen lying stiff in a slough, with one of the great father's knives thrust into his heart, and Captain Jack and his squaws piled up in the road with their throats cut.

Grand Transformation Scene—"Let there be peace!"

—A bill for the immediate abolition of slavery in Porti Rico passed the Spanish Assembly Saturday.

—He that has energy enough to root out vice should go a little further and plant a virtue.

—The inmates of a Hoboken boarding house describes the programme of their breakfast as "bells jingled out of tune, and hash."

—A successful burglary was accomplished in Williamsport last week. The thief secured a box of paper collars and a bootjack.

—Henry Ward Beecher says that a poor man with plenty of "chek" will get along better than a modest man with $50,000.

—The man who wrote to the State Board of Agriculture to ascertain what was the best to plant in wet land, was favorably impressed by the answer. It was "Leeks."

—What a glorious thing it would be if all women were rich. Now there is that rich Ohio woman who cheerfully pays her little $50 fine every time she feels like beating the unfortunate man she calls husband.

—A colored gentleman was struck on the head with a brick falling from the top of a five-story Buffalo building recently. He looked up to the workmen and bawled out, "Say, you fellahs np thar, ye ain't layen bricks without mortah, are ye?"

J. Weaver & Co.'s Advertisements.

MUSIC BOOKS.

All the latest Choir Singing Books, such as Glory, Coronation, &c, as well as the standard publications, such as American Tune Book, &c., for use of Choirs, Singing Classes, &c., furnished at $1.00 per copy, or $13.50 per dozen. Juvenile Singing Books, such as Silver Bell, Golden Wreath, &c., 30 cents per copy, or $3.00 per dozen. Sabbath School Music Books, all the new and standard publications on hand—35 cents, or $3.60 per dozen. CHARLOTTE BLUME,
feb19-1m) 19 *Sixth street, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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Expense for fourteen weeks schooling, only $62.

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It is the Best Opportunity Ever Offered to the Public, through the recent completion of the road.

For circulars and information, address,

A. S. TOUZALIN,
Or..... Manager Land Dep't.
..... TOPEKA, KAN.
jan22-2moe.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Jonathan Hyde, Dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Jonathan Hyde, late of the borough of Baden, in the county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said borough, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent, are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned without delay.

A. P. BRYAN, *Adm'r.*
feb15-6w

A. HANAUER,

BROADWAY,

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.,

MILLINERY,

Fancy Goods,

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NOTIONS

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dec4:tf

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Jan15 tf

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For Spring, 1873.

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feb20:2m JOS. R. HUGHES.

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Send for the *Guide to Health*. Price 10 cents.

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feb5-1y] *104 Duane St., New York.*

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Agent for Park Bros. & Co's Steel. oct16:tf

New Advertisements.

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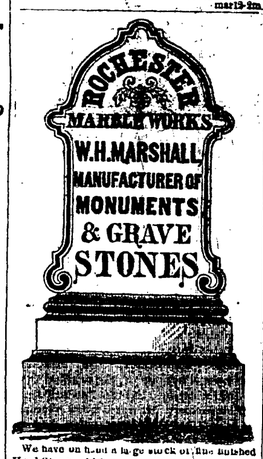

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GRINDSTONES AND FIXTURES,

CEMENTS OF ALL KINDS By the bbl.
mar12-6m

Industry Twp., Bounty Account.

In account with Industry township, S. Mason, Collector of Bounty Tax for 1871.

Dr. To amt. of Duplicate.....$1,638 91
Cr. By Exonerations on Duplicate..... 94 69

Balance.....$1,544 22

On settlement with S. Mason, Collect or o Bounty Tax in Industry township, for the yea 1871, we certify the foregoing statement is co rrec according to the best of our belief.

J. H. COOPER,
A. E. EVANS, } *Auditors.*
March 1st, 1873. mar12-3w

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of James M. Smith, deceased.—Letters testamentary upo n the above estate having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

J. M. SMITH,
Beaver C. H., Pa., or
JAMES CHRISTY
Shippingport, Pa.
mar5-6w Executors.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR SALE

SITUATED 1-2 MILE BELOW BEAVER,

and having a delightful view of the Ohio river and surrounding country; 1 mile from R. R. Station; house brick, two stories high, 4 rooms, attic, hall, cellar, porch, etc.; all finished; wash-house, smoke-house, well of water at the kitchen door; new barn and stable with cellar. Nice paling fence in front of property; all well painted; good orchard in bearing condition, grapes, plumbs, cherries, gooseberries, and all kinds of small fruit. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply on the premises to the owner, J. M. GRAHAM.
mar5-tf

BURNELL'S MUSEUM

PARLOR MENAGERIE

AND

THEATORUM!

Open Day and Evening, all the Year.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.

SIX PERFORMANCES from the Stage, DAILY!

TWO IN THE FORENOON,

TWO IN THE AFTERNOON,

TWO IN THE EVENING.

Doors open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night.

☞ Admission to all, only 25 cents. ☜

When visiting the city, don't fail to visit

BURNELL'S MUSEUM,

5th Ave., between Wood and Smithfield Sts.,

mar5-7d-1y PITTSBURGH, PA.

Miscellaneous.

J. M. REYNOLDS,

[Successor to F. H. McBride,]

PHOTOGRAPHER,

45 and 45 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Pictures copied to any size, and painted in Water, Oil, Ink, or Crayon. feb26:3m

KEARNEY'S

FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

Is the only Known Remedy for Bright's Disease and has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation and Stone in the Bladder and Inflamation of the Kidneys. Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Prostate Gland, and Lections of Milky Discharges, and for Enfeebled and Delicate Constitutions of both Sexes, attended with the following Symptoms: Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Wakefulness, Pain in the back, Flushing of the Body, Eruption on the Face, Pallid countenance, Lassitude of the System, etc.

Used by persons in the decline or change of life; after confinement or labor pains, bed-wetting in children, etc.

In many affections peculiar to ladies, the Extract Buchu is unequaled by any other remedy.—As in Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, and for all complaints incident to the sex. It is prescribed extensively by the most eminent Physicians and Midwives for enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes and all ages.

KEARNEY'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

Cures Diseases Arising from Imprudences, Habits of Dissipation, &c., in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It causes a frequent desire, and gives strength to Urinate, thereby removing Obstructions, Preventing and Curing Strictures of the Urethra, Allaying Pain and Inflammation, so frequent in this class of diseases, and expelling all poisonous matter.

KEARNEY'S EXTRACT BUCHU,

$1 00 per bottle or six bottles for $5 00, delivered to any address, secure from observation. Sold by druggists everywhere. Prepared by

KEARNEY & CO., 104 Duane St., N. Y.

to whom all letters for information should be addressed. feb5-1y

WE CLERGYMEN

WERE CURED

of Chronic and Acute Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney, and Nervous Diseases, after years of suffering, by taking *Dr. Fitler's Vegetable Rheumatic Syrup*—the scientific discovery of *J. P. Fitler, M. D.*, a regular graduate physician, with whom we are personally acquainted, who has for 30 years treated these diseases exclusively with astonishing results. We believe it our christian duty, after deliberation, to conscientiously request sufferers to use it, especially persons in moderate circumstances, who cannot afford to waste time and money on worthless mixtures. As clergymen we seriously feel the deep responsibility resting on us in publicly endorsing this medicine. But our knowledge and experience of its remarkable merit fully justifies our action. Rev C. H. Ewing, Media, Penn's, suffered sixteen years, became hopeless. Rev. Thomas Murphy, D. D., Frankford, Philadelphia. Rev. J. S. Davis, Hightstown, New Jersey. Rev. J. S. Buchanan, Clarence, Iowa. Rev. G. G. Smith, Pittsford, New York. Rev. Joseph Beggs, Falls Church, Philadelphia. Other testimonials from Senators, Governors, Judges, Congressmen, Physicians, &c., forwarded gratis with pamphlet explaining these diseases. One thousand dollars will be presented to any medicine for same diseases showing equal merit under test, or that can produce one-forth as many living cures. Any person sending by letter description of affliction will receive gratis a legally signed guarantee, naming the number of bottles to cure, agreeing to refund money upon sworn statement of its failure to cure. Afflicted invited to write to Dr. Fitler, Philad'a. His valuable advice costs nothing.

SAMUEL C. HANNEN, *Agent*,
feb19-1y] *Rochester, Pa.*

STATEMENT OF

Rochester Insurance Company.

FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

ASSETS.

Mortgages and other securities	$59,445 00
Stock, Demand Notes	30,555 00
Cash in Bank	15,591 59
Office Furniture	115 57
Commission to Agents	656 34
Expenses, Salaries, &c.	1,140 18
Cancelled Policies	2 50
Premiums in hands of Agents	433 00
	$107,938 18

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$100,000 00
Premiums	7,625 63
Accrued Interest	300 00
Commission	1 50
	$107,938 13

mar5-tf JOHN GRAEBING, JR., Sec'y.

New Government Loan

BANKING HOUSE OF

James T. Brady & Co.,

4th Avenue and Wood Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

We are prepared to exchange all issues of government bonds into the new five per cent loan of the United States.

James T. Brady & Co.
feb19 3m

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

MATTINGS, SHADES AND SHADE CLOTH,

HOLLANDS ALL COLORS, GREEN

STAIR RODS with Patent Fastening

TABLE COVERS,

PIANO COVERS,

RUGS AND MATS,

WELTY BROTHERS,

106 FEDERAL STREET,

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.
mar19-73-1y

B & B

128 New 128

STRIPED POPLINS

AT 22 CENTS.

IN ELEGANT STYLES:

GREAT BARGAINS IN

BLACK ALPACAS,

At 37½ and 50 cents.

4-4 UNBLEACHED MUSLIN

At 10 Cents,

EXTRA GOOD AND HEAVY

4-4 BLEACHED MUSLIN

At 12½ Cents;

SHAWLS AND SCARFS!

EXTRA BARGAINS

—IN—

BLACK SILKS,

BOGGS & BUHL.

128 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.
apr10'72 1y

Farm For Sale.

A farm containing 55 acres, more or less, within one and a fourth miles of Beaver, is offered for sale. The land is as good as can be found in the county. The buildings consist of a

2-STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE

and all other necessary out buildings. Good fruit of all kinds on the farm, all under fence, and in grass. A good well of soft water at the door. For further particulars inquire at the Argus office, Beaver, Pa. feb19-tf

INSTANT RELIEF

For the Asthma.

Any person troubled with that terrible disease, will receive *immediate* and *complete relief*, by using my Asthma Remedy.

I was afflicted with it, for twelve years, entirely unfitting me for business for weeks at a time; and discovered this remedy by experimenting on myself after all other medicines failed to have any effect.

I will Warrant it to give Instant Relief

in *all cases of Asthma*, not complicated with other diseases.

ANY PERSON AFTER ONCE USING WILL NEVER BE WITHOUT IT.

☞ Pamphlets containing certificates by mail FREE. Send for one. *Ask your Druggist for it.* If he has none on hand, get him to send or write for it yourself.

Price by mail, postage paid, $1.00 per box.

LIBERAL TERMS TO DRUGGISTS.

Address CHAS. H. BURST,
feb19-tf) ROCHESTER, BEAVER Co. PA.

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 and complete stock of the latest styles for Spring and Summer wear, which he offers at very moderate rates.

GENTLEMENS FURNISHING GOODS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Clothing made to order on the shortest notice. Thankful to 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

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.

**GENTLEME