SELECT MISCELLANY

WAS CAPTAIN HALL POISONED?

A Mystery of the Polar Sea—Strange and Startling Story.

The New York *Herald* of Wednesday has a very long and somewhat sensational letter from a St. John's correspondent, who has interviewed some of the men who were on the Polaris, and in which the writer attempts to establish the fact that Captain Hall was poisoned. From this account we condense the material features. "Joe," one of the Esquimaux, makes a statement which the reporter gives in his own words. After stating that he was much attached to Captain Hall, relating the adventure on the sled and the return of the party to the ship, "Joe" proceeds as follows:

He was sick two weeks. Buddington did not take care of him. I think it not right; made me feel bad. Sick man good man, too. Throat swelled something; couldn't drink. Said he burn inside. I stopped up with him every night with another man; he sleep I wake, I wake he sleep. Hall was in cabin. I talked to Hall much. He no talk to others much as me. I didn't see Hall in first night after he came aboard from sled. Came aboard with him in afternoon. He looked well, happy and spoke nice. The four of us, Hall, Chester, Hans and Joe, had coffee when came aboard. I had mine in my own room, underneath cabin. Hall in cabin, and two others in galley. At 10 o'clock that night my wife told me Hall very sick; vomiting; eat something. Next morning I go see him and say, "What matter?" He alone in cabin. He say, "You pretty well, Joe?" I say "Yes!" He say, "Yoy drink bad coffee last night!" I say "No." I ask him, "Did he drink bad coffee?" He say, "Something bad in coffee I drink last night, making me sick and stomach bad." Same morning he get very sick, vomiting. After five days he feel better; wake up and say he want to see my little girl, and say to her he think he would leave her, but didn't like. After he got better he get four doctor books to try and see what make him sick. He study hard, and say to me, "That name is makin' me sick." [Joe explained that he (Captain Hall) here pointed to a name in one of the books, which he read out] It was something about poison, I think. After Hall die everybody watching one another. Me no understand what they mean. All afraid somebody put down poison in water, bread or something. It looked like it; he was poisoned to me all same. Buddington didn't like to go to cabin. He was quarreling all time.

Hans Christian, another Esquimaux, makes substantially a similar statement, and from which, as well as the reticent statements of Captain Tyson and others, the reporter sets up the following theory:

The circumstances connected with the death of Captain Hall, thus collected, wear a palpable appearance of mystery. Setting aside the testimony of the Esquimaux, Hans and Joe, suspicion is inseparable from this version of the story. No doubt Captain Tyson and Mr. Myers are in possession of information which they are unwilling to communicate yet, but which will, doubtless, become public at the proper time. The facts stated, though their veracity be assumed—which induce the suspicion that there is something more, and that there has been a suppression, if not a perversion of the truth—are, that a man in perfect health, good spirits, and in the lively possession of all his faculties, should suddenly be prostrated by a dangerous and ultimately fatal illness, arising solely from the simple cause of drinking part of a cup of coffee, or from the heat of his cabin. If a motive for such a fiendish act is wanting, it may perhaps be inferred from many of the following circumstances:

In the circumscribed limits of a ship's company many differences, having their origin in incompatibility of dispositions or character, or jealous of superior attainments or general adversity of interest, and frequently in more trivial and unworthy motives, which in the world at large, by reason of less frequent collision, would but very seldom interfere with the harmony of society, are here constantly kept in view and augmented from time to time by their daily contact with one another, until at length they assume the form of open and bitter hostilities. So it would seem to be in this instance. And the isolated condition of the vessel, its peculiar situation and the extraordinary nature of the expedition, afforded many opportunities for the exhibition of petty jealousies and small spites. That such miserable feelings were entertained towards Captain Hall cannot be for a moment doubted, as the following circumstances will show:

Captain Hall was devoted to his work, and all his efforts were strenuously exerted towards the North Pole, or such a high latitude as would determine the possibility of arriving at that long cherished object of his ambition. The winter of 1871 was favorable to his purpose and he had reached, as already stated, the highest known latitude, where the difficulties which obstructed his progress did not materially increase. They had passed what Kane supposed to be the Polar Sea, which now proved to be a Sound. Beyond this they penetrated into Robeson's Channel, and were there on the last day of August, 1871. The admission of some, and the statement of all, prove that had they continued here and pressed on they might at that time have penetrated into the sea beyond. Some idea of their locality may be given by the fact, that from the observatory erected in Polaris Bay, in latitude 81 degrees 38 minutes, Cape Lieber bore west 5 degrees south, distant about forty-five miles, while their present latitude was 82 degrees 16 minutes. But a few miles from here a body of clear water, stretching as far as the eye could reach—it is estimated about eighty or ninety miles. Many important circumstances unmistakably indicated the existence of unfrozen ocean beyond the channel. Mild weather, with fogs and mists, brought down by northerly winds, could come from no other source. Land was visible to the north and west of this body of water a great distance. Now was the moment to embrace the present favorable opportunity, which was liable to be defeated by the slightest sudden change, and, by a prompt continuation of their hitherto successful adventure, achieve the glorious goal for which they had hazarded so much. But, here on the eve of an easy victory, arose that fatal difference of opinion, which blasted all the heroic explorer's prospects and rendered fruitless that mighty energy and labor which had already led him such a distance over the barren and inhospitable regions of the unknown North. The sailing master, Buddington, had several times expressed his anxiety to go further, and strongly urged the necessity of retreating to winter at Port Hope, in latitude 78 degrees 20 minutes, nearly two hundred and forty miles south of their present highly advantageous position. Hall was determined to proceed, if possible, and would not consent to this latter proposition. Buddington, however, persisted, grossly misrepresenting the difficulties and dangers of pressing further north or even remaining where they were. Buddington, being the navigator, was the judge of these expediencies, and Hall, believing what Buddington had reported, at length consented to yield, and the ship returned, and put up at Polaris Bay for the winter. The rescued crew say they could see no reason for adopting this course; there was no necessity, and, although the intelligent portion of them admit that there was the usual amount of peril to be anticipated from venturing further, such as is incident, at all times, to an expedition of the kind, they say that it was their duty to pursue the object for which it was instituted unmindful of the danger, which was, in fact, not greater than previously. Before concluding to retreat, Hall called a council, consisting of himself, Captain Tyson, Chester (the mate) and Buddington, to consider which course was most advisable. At this council Captain Tyson strongly advocated Captain Hall's views, and strongly urged the impropriety of desisting. The brave and the right course was overruled, to which circumstance it is possible that Captain Hall owed his death. If the vessel had continued on its course, as Captain Hall desired, and urged, the expedition would in all probability have been crowned with success, and the dreams of georgraphers and explorers been realized; but an unaccountable timidity, the offspring of a craven cowardice or other improper motive, annihilated the hopes of Captain Hall. Buddington, from the position which he occupied, was master of the situation; he said, "Thus far you have gone—you shall go no further," and he was obeyed, reluctantly, of course, as a matter of necessity. It is impossible to analyze the motives which prompted Buddington. From his knowledge of the Arctic regions he must have known that it was as dangerous to turn back as to proceed, and that, if the vessel was to be frozen in, she might as well be frozen in at one place as another. The last that Captain Tyson supported the views of Captain Hall furnishes additional confirmation that the latter was right and Buddington was wrong. Great expeditions have often failed through the ignorance, incompetence or obstinancy of subordinates, and it was so in this particular instance. The blame, if there is blame attending the failure of the expedition, will cleave to Buddington, unless he can, if still living, satisfactorily explain what now seems to be his unaccountable conduct. It is not too much to say that his action blasted all the hopes of his superior.

WHAT SHADOWS WE ARE.

"Irenæus," in his paper in the current number of the New York *Observer*, discourses as follows under the above text:

When Governor Marcy was Secretary of State, it was my fortune to have the rare, and certainly a very interesting opportunity, to be invited by the President of the United States to meet his Cabinet, with no other company. I remember remarks made to me by nearly every one of them, among whom were Mr. Campbell, Postmaster General; Mr. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy; Jefferson Davis, of war; Guthrie, in the Treasury; Caleb Cushing, Attorney General; and McClelland, in the Interior. Mr. Marcy understanding that I belonged to the clerical profession, thought it becoming to moralize somewhat in conversation, and, therefore, said to me with great seriousness of manner;

"Is it not strange that any man is willing to take upon himself the burdens of such an office as this, its responsibilities are so great and its rewards so few and small?"

"Some men, Governor," I replied, are willing to take them twice!"

He laughed gently, and said, "You have me there!" for he had previously been Secretary of War.

A very few years after this we were passing the summer at the Sans Souci Hotel in Ballston. Gov. Marcy and his family were there also. In the middle of a fine summer day, he came in from a walk, lay down upon his bed and instantly died. The fact soon became known. Medical aid was summoned in vain, and his open eyes were closed by one of my family, who, with other guests of the house, had rushed to the room when the alarm was given.

Governor Marcy was one of our great statesmen. He had his eye honestly on the Presidency, as Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay had theirs, but he and they never touched the goal of their ambition. They pursued a shadow, and like shadows themselves they passed away. Edmund Burke, the great philosophical orator of England, was the author of the aphorism, "what shadows we pursue." And it came back to me with great power and pathos when Chief Justice Chase was stricken down the other day, close by me, and suddenly passed out of the life that is. And it was then natural to call to mind the names of those whom I had seen in the high places of the earth, rejoicing in the plentitude of their power, or struggling bravely beneath the cares of State, and who have now sunk under the load into the land of silence. Of kings who were in the strength of their days when I saw them, and are now among the dead, are the sovereigns of Prusia, of Sweden, of Greece, of France, of Turkey. Of the ex-President of the United States where are all who were elected? And the men of mark, leaders in public life, some of them for good and some for evil, how many of them have passed away within the last few weeks! Death has been very busy among them, and his work has been fearful and sure. His arrows choose a shining mark, and neither one nor two would "suffice the insatiate archer!"

And I have been calling in question the truth of Mr. Burke's familiar remarks about shadows, and asking if, indeed; it is so that what a great man seeks and sometimes grasps is a shadow, an unsubstantial thing, that vanishes when the sun sets, or proves to be nothing when reached! If he seeks power for his own sake, *because* it gratifies his pride of place and sets him above his fellows, it is, indeed, true that he pursues a shadow. When his topmost step has been attained he has found nothing to gratify the longings of his heart. I have been told that there is nothing so unsatisfying as the possession of wealth, or power, or fame. Some of the most unhappy men in the world are they who have attained the summit of their desires. And it is as true, as the saying is old, that enjoyment does not depend on place or circumstances, so much as on the mind itself. But for a good man to have power is not to have a shadow. Wealth is not a shadow in the hands of one who knows how to use it and has a disposition to do as he knows. It is not a shadow that Mr. Seward grasped when he held the pen in his hand and wrote that famous opinion which reasoned all one way, and closed with a decision against the opinion, and so by a stroke of master statesmanship saved his country from war with England, when such a war would have been fatal to the Union. It is not a shadow that Mr. Gladstone pursues when he leads his countrymen step by step toward the complete enjoyment of religious liberty and equality before the law. My opinion of him is of very little account any way, but I think him the greatest statesman England has had since the Chathams. Count Cavour was the founder of Italian unity, and it was no shadow that he pursued. He died without the sight, but by faith he saw the star that is now risen upon Italy. Bismarck does not chase shadows. He has built up and restored an Empire, and is now strangling the serpent of Jesuitism that threatens the life of good government wherever it is permitted to live. He is the man for Germany at this hour, when the dying power of Popery struggles in its death throes to get a new lease of life. Such men are not shadows, and are not chasing shadows. The good that men do lives after them. No good thing that a man does are lost, though he himself perish. It is true of statesmen, authors, teachers, preachers; it is true of the humblest of the builders in the city or the State; that every grain of sand, though but an ant-power was employed to put it into the building, or the material to build, is to form a part of the edifice forever. Done for God or Man, it will be a living stone in the temple, indestructible and beautiful.

This helps one mightily when he feels that he has little strength and no opportunity to do much of anything in this working world. Busy, bustling, self-seeking, noisy men will push themselves forward. The day of great men (some people say) has given place to the era of mediocrity. Statesmen die and politicians flourish. Dash, brilliancy, froth, and eccentricity delight the multitudes that go to church, while truth and wisdom talk to empty benches. But it is not so. The strength of the State and of the church is in the hands and hearts of the wise and good, the pure and true, who pursue the glory, honor, and immortality that come from being faithful to God and country; who seek not themselves but others; whose alms are to make the world better because they live in it, and who are ready to die at any time because they are working right on in the line of duty which others like minded will pursue when they are dead.

Such men are more honored when dead than alive. Indeed, it is impossible for a man to have decided opinions and maintain them without being maligned and persecuted. All place men, all jealous men, all timid men, hate a man who disturbs the existing order of things. But no real great good was ever done except through conflict. It is no shadow that a man pursues who seeks to glorify God by doing good to his fellow men, in or out of the church.

And so I say in conclusion, that great men may die, the leaders in the battle of life, the men on whom mighty movements seem to depend, but the work to which they put their hands will go on and the world will advance in light, liberty and happiness, till shadows all pass away, and the Sun of Righteousness and peace shines on every acre of the globe.

THE SLANDERS AGAINST THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry C. Bowen Convicted and Estopped by His Written Acknowledgment.

[From the New York Tribune.]

SIR: It is high time that the torrent of slander against Henry Ward Beecher be arrested. I have in my possession a copy of a disavowal of all the charges and imputations against Mr. Beecher ever made by Henry C. Bowen, which was executed on the 2d of April, 1872. Without Mr. Beecher's knowledge, I have held this in my hands from that time to this. And now, without his knowledge, I give this document to the world, and estop and convict the principal offender against truth, public decency, and the rights of reputation.

My inducement to do this is the fact that Mr. Bowen has of late repeatedly declared that he had never disavowed his charges against Mr. Beecher, but that he yet insisted on their truth. And now the public can understand the brave silence which the great preacher has kept under this protracted storm of slander. He had covenanted to bury the past, and to maintain peace and brotherhood. The violation of that agreement by Henry C. Bowen unseals my mouth, if it does not open the lips of the pastor of Plymouth Church.

SUFFOLK.

New York, May 29, 1873.

THE DISAVOWAL.

We three men, earnestly desiring to remove all causes of offense existing between us, real or fancied; and to make Christian reparation for injuries done or supposed to be done; and to efface the disturbed past and to provide concord, good will, and love for the future, do declare and covenant, each to the other, as follows:

I. I, Henry C. Bowen, having given credit, perhaps without due consideration, to tales and innuendoes affecting Henry Ward Beecher, and being influenced by them, as was natural to a man who receives impressions suddenly, to the extent of repeating them (guardedly, however, and within limitations, and not for the purpose of injuring him, but strictly in the confidence of consultation), now feel that therein I did him wrong. Therefore I disavow all the charges and imputations that have been attributed to me as having been by me made against Henry Ward Beecher—and I declare fully, and without reserve, that I know nothing which should prevent me from extending to him my most cordial friendship, confidence, and Christian fellowship. And I expressly withdraw all the charges, imputations, and innuendoes imputed as having been made and uttered by me, and set forth in a letter written me by Theodore Tilton on the first day of January, 1871 (a copy of which letter is hereto annexed)—and I sincerely regret having made any imputations, charges, or innuendoes unfavorable to the Christian character of Mr. Beecher. And I covenant and promise that for all future time I will never by word or deed recur to, repeat or allude to, any or either of said charges imputations, and innuendoes.

II. And I, Theodore Tilton, do, of my free will and friendly spirit toward Henry C. Bowen and Henry Ward Beecher, hereby covenant and agree that I will never again repeat by word of mouth or otherwise any of the allegations, or imputations, or innuendoes contained in my letter hereunto annexed, or any other injurious imputations or allegations suggested by or growing out of these—and that I will never again bring up or hint at any cause of difference or ground of complaint heretofore existing between the said Henry C. Bowen and myself, or the said Henry Ward Beecher.

III. And I, Henry Ward Beecher, put the past forever out of sight and out of memory. I deeply regret the causes of suspicion, jealousy, and estrangement which have come between us. It is a joy to me to have my old regard for Henry C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton restored, and a happiness to me to resume the old relations of love, respect, and reliance to each and both of them. If I have said anything injurious to the reputation of either, or have detracted from their standing and fame as Christian gentlemen and members of my church, I revoke it all, and heartily covenant to repair and reinstate them to the extent of my power.

(Signed) H. C. BOWEN,
THEODORE TILTON,
H. W. BEECHER.

Brooklyn, April 2, 1872.

—Hon. John P. C. Shanks, of Indiana, in his report on Indian Affairs recently made public, draws the following portrait of the Indian claim agent: "An Indian claim agent is unlike most other people. He is generally bankrupt in morals, religion and politics. He will make unconscionable demands for the most imaginary services; will make any kind of representation to the Indians against the character of his own people and government that in his judgment will overreach his clients; will magnify his own importance and traduce others; will impudently claim an exclusive knowledge of public records that are really known to every one; will threaten others in order to carry his point; will accept pay on both sides of his case, and the last and best pay is the best served. He will buy or sell, corrupt or be corrupted, which ever promises the most money to him. He will attack any other of the same class of operatives if not permitted to share in the spoils. He will marry a squaw and become an Indian to secure an influence among them, and will abandon his victim and children if necessary for gain. He will abandon American citizenship for that of a band of Indians, solely to divide their property with them, and that done will abandon them. In short, if there is anything that an Indian agent will do it is that he will not treat his clients, the Indians, honestly."

INEQUALITY OF JUSTICE.

In the olden times in New England, women who ignored the seventh commandment were punished by fine, imprisonment and at the whipping-post, whilst their partners in sin, were "unwhipt of justice," as is the custom up to the present day.

In the American museum, a newspaper published in Connecticut, 1787, a Miss Polly Baker is reported as having pleaded her own case before the court of which she was arraigned, for the crime of having become a mother for the fifth time without ever having been a wife. We publish a portion of her defence, it being to our mind, both sharp and well put.

May it please the Honorable Bench to indulge me in a few words. I am a poor, unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your Honors with long speeches, nor have I the presumption to expect that you may by any means be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence, from the law in my favor. All that I humbly hope is, that your Honors will charitably move the Governor's goodness in my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your Court on the same account: twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice been brought to public punishment for want of money to pay these fines. I take the liberty to say that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an unoffending life in the neighborhood where I was born, and I defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child.

Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it please your Honors) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five children into the world, at the risk of my life. I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burdening the township, and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things, I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects, in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praiseworthy, rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth. These things I never was charged with: nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the Minister or Justice because I have children without being married, by which they missed a wedding fee. But, can this be a fault of mine?—I appeal to your Honors. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree, not to prefer the honorable state of wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am, willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, fertility, and skill in economy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say that I ever refused an offer of that sort. On the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made to me, but, too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my honor, by trusting to his; and he forsook me. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county. I must complain of it as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages (if they must be deemed such), should be advanced to honor and power in that government which punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy.

I shall be told, 'tis like, that were there no assembly in this case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your Church Communion; is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended Heaven, and must suffer eternal fire; will not that be sufficient? What need is there then of your additional fines and whipping.

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters. I am no divine; but if you, gentlmen, must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes, by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in the country; many of whom, from the mean fear of expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honorably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not that a greater offence against the public good than mine? What shall poor young women do, whom custom hath forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no pains to provide them any—and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them;—the duty of the first great command of Nature, and of Nature's God—increase and multiply—a duty from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me; but for its sake I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace; and therefore ought in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory.

NOTE—This judicious address influenced the court to dispense with her punishment, and induced one of the judges to marry her the next day. She ever afterwards supported an irreproachable character, and had fifteen children by her husband.

One of the Kellogg Usurpers.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A rather good looking mulatto woman was last night brought into the First precinct station by a man named Ward, who had her locked up on the charge of disturbing the peace.

The woman's name is Elizabeth Patton, and she tells the following story:

"That man Antoine has got mighty big since he has been elected Lieutenant Governor. I have known him for a long time. I knew him before he got so high. I knew him when he was using soap and a razor for a living.

"No, I'm not married to him; but he is a married man. This evening I was walking along and I saw him in the coffee house at the corner of Franklin and Gasquet streets. He was taking a drink, and I sent my little girl in to call him. He came to the door and he said 'Get out; don't you speak to me.' I told him I thought that was a pretty way to speak to a child; and then he struck me with his cane. Of course I was not going to stand that. I had a plate in my hand and I threw it at him, and then he had me arrested and got that dirty nigger Ward to come and make a charge against me. He was ashamed or afraid to do it himself. I'll fix him for this night in the lockup. I'll expose him. All I care for now is my children."

—The editor of a North Carolina newspaper objects to receiving communications concluding in the following orthographical style: "You will pleas make enny corecsions nessessary." It is quite as well if those who wish to write to a journal know how to spell; but it is'nt absolutely "nessessary." We have had valuable information sent to us, with a good deal of wild deviatinn from the standard of Webster or Worcester; but the intelligence was not the less welcome. Still, we would not discourage those who spell "corecsions" in the usual way.

—At a fishery above Marietta 92 shad were taken on Thursday at one haul, 189 on Friday and 81 and 30 at two subsequent hauls.

Legal Advertisements.

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Our lotteries are chartered by the State, are always drawn at the time named, and all drawings are under the supervision of sworn commissioners.
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104 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.
(Opposite Cathedral.)
Examination of Titles, Collection of Claims and all other Legal Business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. 4-25-6m

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Tables Furnished with the best the market affords in its season.
Meals from 6½ in the morning until 12 o'clock at night. may31-3m

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Jackson Spriggs, deceased, late of the borough of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to Mary Spriggs, residing in the borough of Beaver, and A. R. Spriggs residing in Charles City, Iowa, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY SPRIGGS, *Adm'x.*
A. R. SPRIGGS, *Adm'r.*

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Sufferers are invited to address the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR,
mar12-6m Box 153, Brooklyn, King's Co., N. Y

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Amos W. Ewing, dec'd.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Amos W. Ewing, dec'd, late of Industry township in the county of Beaver, and State of Pennsylvania, having been granted to the subscriber residing in said township all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned without delay.

MRS. MARY EWING, *Adm'x.*
5-7-6w.

A. HANAUER
HAS
REMOVED
HIS
Beaver Falls
ESTABLISHMENT,
AND
Concentrated
AT THE
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