SELECT MISCELLANY.

GETTING IN AT NIGHT.

The door was locked when I got home, said Tom, and how to get in without waking the governor was the difficulty. I knew he would give me particular fits if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impassibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew to be fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of the governor's wife arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in the corner furthermost from the window, and I hoped to be able to get in and through the room without awaking her, and then I would have a comparatively easy time of it. So, getting a plank from the neighboring board pile, I rested it against the eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket, and "scooted." All right so far; but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse suspicion in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up I threw it off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me two or three squares, and who immediately set up the most awful whine a hound ever gave tongue to. That startled half a dozen dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced as if he intended to split his throat at it, and a woman in her night clothes appeared at the window across the street. I knew I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our window the candle gave light enough to have discoved me. Nobody came, however, and the lady, after peeping up and down the street for a minute or two, popped in her head and retired. The mocking bird still kept up his eternal whistle, and it was full half an hour before he and the dog settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprang in, and with my legs dangling out, stopped to listen. Yes, she was in the room, for I was sure I could hear breathing. After waiting for a minute I cautiously drew up one leg, and then the other, drew them around, and putting them down on the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was withdrawing them when another yell broke forth at my feet; the old maid jumped up from her bed crying "murder!" And the mocking bird started again. A little colored girl was lying on her back under the window, and I had stepped on her face, and of course woke her up. I decided in a moment what to do. The house would be aroused, and I would be caught to a certainty unless I could get to my room before the governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little girl was screaming; so I started for the door in three steps, struck a chair, stumbled over it of course, making the awfulest racket you ever heard in the hours of night in a peaceful house. The little girl and the old maid screamed louder than ever; the mocking bird whistled louder than a steam whistle, and they fairly made a chorus as loud as Gilmore's.

I reached the door, however, and quietly and swiftly opened it, and just got into the hall in time to see the old gentleman open the door, with candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the governor, reached the door, opened it, and in the meantime there were all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they couldn't make much of it. The little girl was too much frightened and too sound asleep at the time to tell the truth, and the upshot of the business was that they concluded she had been dreaming, and the governor, after giving her a sound shaking and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors from the window, went back to his room again.

"So far so good." I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, make for my room, which was in the second story of the brick building that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again, I started.

Boys, did you ever try to get up or down a pair of stairs at midnight without making a noise? You may try it all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are sure, to awake everybody. I had got nearly to the bottom, when a little dog came trotting up the entry toward me, yelling furiously. A suppressed "Come here, Zip!" silenced him, for he recognized me; but the little fellow started the mocking bird, and all the dogs in the neighborhood, having learned to take the cue, of course joined the chorus for the third time.

I ran along the passage, reached the door, and unlocked it just as the governor, aroused again, opened his door, and seeing a man coming from the house by the back way, of course cried "Thieves! thieves!" and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him though; I opened the door, sprang out, made for the door that opened into the room below mine, and had just reached it, when, crash! within a foot of my head, went a brick, and a voice that I knew belonged to the next door neighbor, Tompkins, joined with the governor in the cry of "Thieves! thieves! murder! murder!" I was safe enough.

Running up stairs, I "shelled" myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed, sound asleep, in half a minute.

Wasn't there a row, though? I never heard so many dogs before—the mocking-bird, of course, was outdoing all previous efforts—the chickens began to crow—Tomkins, next door, was hallooing "Thieves!" and calling the governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of noises, and talking among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard "Tom! Tom!"

Tom, fortunately, was sound asleep, snoring.

Jumping from my bed, I raised the window, rubbed my eyes, and looked partially frightened (which I wasn't), and asked:

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?"

"There's thieves in the house," was the reply; get your gun and come down—be quick."

"He's in the room below you," hallooed Tompkins; "I'm certain of it; I saw him as he ran down, and threw a firebrick at him. I know he didn't pass the door Mr. Jones."

I was directed to look out for myself; the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that time, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there were a dozen or more men in the yard armed with guns, pistols and sticks.

The governor led the attack; opening the door, he called.

"Come out here, you house-breaking scoundrel. If you attempt to resist, I'll blow your brains out."

Nobody came, however.

"Watch the door while I go in; and I was told to look sharp and shoot the rascal if he came up stairs. A momentary search was enough to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in the room.

"He's up stairs, then," cried Tompkins, "for I'll take my Bible oath that he didn't pass the door."

So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no burglar there. The strictest search, even looking under a boot, didn't show the faintest trace of him.

The yard was examined, then the house, and everybody was tolerably well satisfied that he escaped; but I was appointed sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to sleep on my post (but I did), under the penalty of flogging.

The articles missing, on a thorough investigation the next day, were two pies and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a day or two, being discovered under the carpet, but the pies have not been accounted for even to this day. On oath I could have given very material testimony as to the deposit of the stolen property, but the case didn't come before any court, and I remained quiet.

Didn't the local editors loom, though? One of them elongated himself through a half column, and headed the article, "A Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder!" describing with graphic particulars the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss L——and her servant, complimenting the coolness of R. Tompkins, Esq., perorating with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the policemen.

It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sagacity the watchman used to stop at our front door and listen during his rounds for a month after, The excitement died away, though, after a while. But I'll never forget the night I tried to get in without making a noise.

THE STORY OF RODGERS.

One of our family papers preaches a strong temperance sermon, by simply telling the story of a woman who, after struggling with the preternatural strength of a loving wife and mother for years against the demon drink that possessed her husband, conquered it and made him once again a freeman. In his last illness brandy was prescribed, which he was strong enough to use only as a medicine; but after his death she "turned to it in her grief, and died, not many months afterwards, a hopeless, helpless drunkard."

Let us tell a companion story, as true as this, but of as different a complexion as daylight to night.

A few years ago, on any sunny morning, a heap of filthy rags might be seen stretched on some of the bales of a paper warehouse in a neighboring city, with a strong smell of tobacco smoke and whisky hanging about it. Turning it over, (which you could do as if it were a log, any time after ten o'clock in the morning,) you would find the swollen face of what had once been a handsome young man, but there was little hope that the bleared eyes or thick tongue would give an intelligent answer.

The porters, passing by, would push him aside, but not roughly, for the time had been when he had been a jolly, generous fellow, and a favorite in the office.

"Young Rodgers;" some one would give you his history in five minutes; "taken to rum—no chance—poor devil. Stokes—the proprietor—could not turn him out to starve, so still gave him a nominal salary, and suffered him to hang about the house, lest he should take to worse courses than drinking.

There were hints, too, of a widowed mother, away off in the country, who had been dependent on him, and a sweetheart, a pretty, clinging little girl, both of whom he had long ago abandoned. But there was nothing to be done. The end, through the usual horrors of delirium tremens, was apparently not far off.

One day, as Rodgers was creeping to the nearest bar for his morning bitters, a man, whom he barely knew by sight, took him by the elbow and walked with him into a quieter street.

"They tell me you are Richard Rodgers' son," he said. "Dick Rodgers was the only friend I had for years, and for his sake I would save his boy. Are you willing to let me try?"

"Oh, you can try," muttered the lad, with an imbecile laugh.

This nameless friend, nothing daunted, took him to a chamber in his own house and put him to bed. There he and his sons kept watch and guarded this poor wretch like a prisoner for months, keeping liquor from him and trying to supply it by medical treatment. He employed a physician, but was not able to pay for a nurse. Any one who has had to deal with a victim of mania-apotu can guess how difficult and loathsome a task he had set himself.

Ungrateful enough it was at first, for Rodgers struggled against his tormentors with the ferocity of—well, just what he was—a starving animal.

As reason began to return, and his unnatural strength to vanish, he would beg them, in his intervals of reason, not to fail him, but to work out the experiment either to success or death.

"It is my last chance," he would cry; "for God's sake be patient!"

This man, with his son, did work it out, through all the foul, unmentionable details, and the end was not death, but a complete success.

"How soon," asked a friend of Rodgers afterwards, "were you trusted alone?"

"Not for two years," he answered, laughing. "I was out of jail, but in jail bounds. Do you remember that lank, muscular young fellow who had a desk beside me in the office? He took it with the condition that he could leave it to dog me night and day, to my meals and to my bed. That was the son of the man who saved me. He was taken from a lucrative situation to become my jailer. God bless him! How I used to curse him. 'Can't you trust my honor?' I would cry. 'I'm not convinced that your honor has not the consumption,' the Scotch-Irishman would say. 'We'll put no burdens on it until it has regained its health.'"

"Was your friend wealthy, that he could afford to give out time and money to your case?"

"On the contrary, he is but the owner of a small hat-store, and supports his family out of that. He is rich or noble only in the deed and spirit of friendship."

All this was years ago. Rodgers is now an industrious, honorable man, married to his old love, with his gray-haired mother by his hearth, bringing to it the perpetual benediction of benignant old age. His friend sells hats—makes no speeches nor brait of any sort in the world. Nobody has recognized in him a hero. Yet who, for the sake of a dead or a living friend, would go and do likewise?—*New York Tribune.*

"Bob, why don't you go to work, and not be such a vagabond?" "What, work before breakfast?" "Well work after breakfast then." "Pshaw, it is only a little while before dinner." "Work, then, between your breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and supper." "No; I read in a doctor book that it is unhealthy to work between meals."

—A man out West who married a widow has invented a device to cure her of "eternally" praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to descant on his noble qualities, the ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! How I wish he had not died!" and the lady immediately begins to think of something else to talk about.

—No use asking any more what's in a name. A colored mother at Galesburg lately said: "You Jawge Washington! tell Abram Linkum to bring William Seward in out o' de wet and give him to Queen Victoria, or I'll tar' you in two. Dat blessed chile might catch his death o' cold for all you lazy nigger's 'wd keer."

EX-SECRETARY JACOB THOMPSON'S DEFENSE.

He Explains the Defalcation in the Department of the Interior—A Clerk Responsible for the Misappropriation of the Indian's Bonds.

MEMPHIS, July 15.—The following letter appears in *The Avalanche* this morning:

OXFORD, July 8, 1873.

To JAMES M. WILLIAMSON, *esq.*—MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of yesterday was received by me this evening. I thank you for the extract clipped from *The Avalanche*, headed "A Large Deficit." The facts in this case are few, and have been so often paraded before the public in all the distorted forms that malignity and prejudice could give them, that I recur to them with reluctance. I have always had faith in the power of truth and its ultimate triumph over falsehood. But after twelve years the Second Auditor takes up the account and presents the matter to the public as though something new had been discovered. The whole case is this: The Department of the Interior is made the custodian of the bonds held in trust for various Indian tribes. The interest on these bonds is regularly collected and paid over to these tribes. A clerk in the department is charged with their custody, and if the coupons are regularly brought forward for collection the head of the department presumes, as a matter of course, the bonds are in hand. In this case, during my administration of the department, a Mr. Bailey, a clerk of high standing and unquestioned talent, was charged with this duty. Early in the year 1861, after all the January coupons had been brought forward and regularly collected, and he had been called on to make a full statement of his account for the auditor, which in itself was fully satisfactory, it became known that I would in a few days resign my place in the Cabinet, owing to the contemplated withdrawal of Mississippi from the Union. Then it was Mr. Bailey sent me his confession that he had, without my knowledge or consent in any way, delivered over to Messrs. Russell & Co., large Government contractors, bonds to the amount of $821,000, and taken in their stead acceptances of the Secretary of War for the same amount. He stated he had taken the responsibility of doing this to save the credit of the War Department, and had not advised me of what he had done because he knew I would condemn and would not allow him to touch a single bond. As soon as the confession was received the keys of his safe were taken from him and the contents carefully counted, and the state of things proved his confession in every particular. The clerk was dismissed for his infidelity to his trust, and Congress, then in session, was informed by a communication from me of what had been done, and this concluded with the request that a committee, consisting exclusively of political opponents, should be appointed to examine into and report upon all the facts. The Committee was appointed, and a most thorough search was made into all the circumstances and facts in the case. The Committee were unanimous in exonerating the Secretary from all blame whatever in the matter, and their report was received by Congress without a dissenting voice. This was at a time when party spirit ran high, but still at a time when members of Congress scorned to endeavor to affix to the name of a public servant any stigma unjustly and falsely. After more than twelve years the Auditor reaches the account, and, by rejecting the acceptances of the War Department, in which, I think, he acted correctly, he gives the deficit as something new. The Second Auditor of 1861 claims the honor of making this discovery, when in truth I was the first to make all the facts known. For fidelity, efficiency, and promptitude in the administration of the Interior Department from 1857 to 1861, I am willing to be compared with any administration of it, either before or since that time. Certain it is that no business is twelve years behind time. I have written this much to you for your own information. I would not have you ignorent of the facts, but I have so far explained this matter, and know so well that all honorable men are fully satisfied with the propriety of my conduct, that I must leave maligners and the evil disposed to think and say what they please. You can do what you please in saying anything to the editors. I do not suppose they meant to do me any injustice in publishing the dispatch. If they had thought a minute they would have remembered publishing my explanation addressed to *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, which they pronounced a demonstration. Yours truly, J. THOMPSON.

THE ANONYMOUS POSTAL CARD.

Its Opportunity for Doing Injury.

The postal card has been a subject of felicitation to the American correspondent who has no secrets. The humorous man has made it the vehicle of his pleasant little joke, and the writer of vanities has rejoiced in the opportunity of circulating them cheaply. The curiosity of the idle person through whose hands the card passes is sure to prompt him to read what is written on the back thereof before he delivers it to the person whose name is written on the face. Hence it is assumed that the secret committed on the postal card, like the secret intrusted to some third party, ceases to be a secret, and the malicious person no less than the humorous person avails himself of the weakness of human curiosity. The opportunity which the malicious person thus enjoys for injuring his enemy is great. The clerk may be injured with his employer by some defamation which is purely a fabrication. Trouble may be made between man and wife or between employer and employe by gossiping and slanderous persons who may send to either of them a postal card in the guise of a family communication, setting forth false or perverted facts which cannot be readily disproved. The malicious card is, of course, more often anonymous than otherwise. If the curious readers of cards not addressed to themselves will first learn to disbelieve all anonymous slanders and next learn to mind their own business and let other people's letters alone, the postal card will have a moral as well as economic value.—*N. Y. World.*

Treasure Trove.

The Richmond *Evening News* says: A few weeks since a citizen of Louisa county named Nathan Johnson died. On opening his will directions were found to look under the front step of his house for some buried money. The sum of twelve thousand five hundred dollars, in twenty-dollar gold pieces, was found buried in four tin boxes. During the late war, the county of Louisa was raided on by the Federal troops several times. On one of these occasions Mr. Johnson sent his servant out to watch the approaching marauders, and took occasion meanwhile to effectually conceal his funds. In due time the soldiers came and upset everything in the house in search of funds, and even eat Mr. Johnson's provisions while sitting on the step under which he had placed the money, but they did not find it, else his heirs would be now out of that much pocket change.

—As a sleeveless Nashville jacket of the last style passed an old lady and her daughter who were in from the country visiting the exposition: "Just look there *Polly*," said the mother, "that gal's forgot to put the sleeves in her jacket."

—A gentleman told a lady that she was wondrous handsome. She replied, "I thank you for your opinion, I wish I could return the compliment." "You might, madam," said he, "if you had told as big a lie as I did."

FRANK H. LORD.

The "Money Finder's" Friend Wanted by the United States District Attorney.

We take from the Altoona *Tribune* of yesterday an account of the transactions of a young man who, it would seem, discovered, or pretended to have discovered an easy road to wealth.

The *Tribune* says: Mr. Hays, a special agent of the P. O. Department, called on us yesterday morning to make some inquiries in reference to Frank H. Lord, (who spells his name lorD.) agent of the Bloodgood Minstrel Troupe. Mr. H. Bucher Swoope, United States District Attorney, would like to see Mr. Lord, and make settlement of a little transaction which recently occurred up in the oil regions. It appears that Mr. Lord once did business up in Meadville. From this point he sent out a great flood of circulars to all parts of the United States and Canda. He was the great head of a large association known as "Money Finders." To each person he sent a circular and card. The circular solicited the person receiving it to become a member of the association. If the receiver accepted, five dollars was to be returned to Mr. Lord as initiation fee, and a time and place appointed for a meeting, and receiving instructions in the art of money finding. The card was to be retained and presented at the time and place of meeting, to assure Mr. S. that the person presenting himself was the right man. The distribution of these circulars, and the number of answers returned, finally aroused suspicion, and by some means the hotel-keeper, where Mr. Lord was stopping, succeeded in obtaining a copy of them. It was at once judged that the "Money Finders" association was a counterfeit money establishment, and the facts being made known to the Post-office Department, orders were issued to withhold all letters addressed to him, and forward the same to the Dead Letter office in order that those containing money might be returned to the party sending. It was also discovered that he had rented boxes at Oil City, Franklin and other towns in that vicinity, through which he received mail matter. On the strength of the suspicions thus excited he was arrested and held to bail for his appearance before the United States Court at Pittsburgh. On the day appointed for trial he failed to put in an appearance, and his surety handed over the bail money, Mr. Lord having handed it to him before departing from Meadville.

From the little intercourse we had with him, we take him to be a pretty sharp young man, and it may be some time before Mr. Swoope has the pleasure of interviewing him before the U. S. Court or anywhere else.

Another Man Wanted.

Old farmer Pettingill went into his house one day and caught John, the hired man, hugging Mrs. P.

The farmer said nothing, and went out into the field.

After dinner he wanted John for something. But John was not to be found.

He went, at last, into John's room, where the latter was on his knees packing his trunk.

"*What's the mater John?*" *said P.*

"Oh, nothing," said John.

"What are you packing your trunk for?"

"I'm going away."

"Going away! What are you going away for?"

"O, you know," answered John.

"No, I don't know," rejoined P., "come, give me the reason of your sudden desire to go away."

"Well," meekly answered John, "you know what you caught me doing this forenoon."

"O, pshaw," laughed P., "do not be foolish. If you and me can't hug the old woman enough, I'll hire another man."

—Two lawyers in Lowell returning *from court the other day, one said to* the other: "I've a notion to join Rev. ——'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it? "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it could do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

A Yule Story.

Yesterday evening an untutored mule attached to one of the East End and Broadway cars, turned around to look back as it was going in from Second on to Jefferson. The car stopped, and the mule would have walked to the rear end but for the intelligent driver, who pulled hard on the gee rein and gave him such a whack with the car hook that he bounded straight forward like a slung-shot. Then he bounded back like a return ball, just in time to get the other end of the hook, and renewed the forward movement with such force that the rebound brought him up in a collapsed condition against the breastwork of the car. The driver looked shaky, the mule seemed anxious to go somewhere, and just then two more cars came up and stopped to see what was going on. A large crowd came up to, and a young man in nice clothes, who looked as if he might be an agent of the Humane Society, patted the creature on the neck, took him gently by the bit, and told him to "come." He only asked him once, and the mule went. When they picked the young gentleman up, and put his hat on again, and wanted to know if he was much hurt, he said he thought it wouldn't be more than two ribs and a collar bone, and then fainted away. He was carried to the nearest drug store just as three more came up, and the number of spectators increased to 900. The six drivers then formed a hollow square, with the mule in the center, and for about three minutes the gentle creature bent forward and backward with a velocity that seemed marvelous, but something broke, and he skimmed out of his harness and disappeared around the corner of Second and Market like a shot from a mountain howitzer. Then the six intelligent drivers put their shoulders to the car and pushed it over the grade. When this was done the repentant mule was brought back, hitched up, and trotted away with his load, and everybody wanted to know of everybody else why they didn't do that in the first place?

Darwinianism.

The following explanation of the process, by which the monkey rises to the dignity of a man, under the Pplosophical system enunciated by Darwin the materialist, has been very happily elucidated in a few remarks made by a Dr. Hudson of Oakland, California, at a convention of learned Drs. to discuss the question in San Francisco. In which he says:

"For instance, you take the common amorphoza, and you will all notice that in a short time it becomes a perfect stramatopora, and then you will see that the change to an oleaginous athanthaspongia is only a matter of time. [Faint applause.] Now take the class of malacastraca or even the gfaptolides, and its development to a brachiopodn is as certain in its conclusion as the passage of a regular bryozoa into a full-grown and perfectly formed cephalapodo.—[Loud applause.] Now, then, having once established this fact, the conclusion is by no means a hypothetical one that a blastoidea can in the same manner become an echinodermata. Can the most skeptical deny that this conclusion is a true one in every respect? [Enthusiastic applause.] Then why cannot an articulated mollusc, by a similar process of development, in time become a lamilibranchiata?"

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James E. Burns & Co., Penn & Sixth Sts

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Boyd & Murray, 58 5th avenue
J. J. Gillespie & Co., 86 Wood St.
W. W. Barker, 87 5th avenue.
Louis J. Brecht, 128 Smithfield St.

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L Strub, 69 5th avenue
B. L. H. Dabbs, 46 6th street.
W. H. Whitehead, 20 5th avenue.
J. R. Pearson, 70 5th avenue.

PICKLES, SAUCES, VINEGAR, &c.
Heinz, Noe & Co., 167 & 169, 2d Ave.

PIANOS, ORGANS and MUSICAL GOODS.
J. M. Hoffman, 6 5th Ave. (Importer.)
Barr & Knake, 1 Sixth St.

RESTURANT & BILLIARD ROOMS
G Masby, under Pittsburgh opera house

STENCILS' STEEL STAMPS AND SEAL PRESSES
J D Mathews, 3d avenue, near Market
W A Bunting, 34 Liberty street

SPRING AND AXLES.
Duquesne Spng & Axle Works, 171 Penn Ave.

TRUNKS, VLISES AND LADIE'S ATCHELS.
Joseph Liebl, 113 Wood street
W J Gilmore, 3 5th avenue
Vogel & Graim, 118 and 140 Wood St
A Tindle, jr., 9 Smithfield street.

THROAT AND EAR DISEASES.
Dr. J. A. Cutter, 256 Penn St.

UPHOLSTERERS.
R. W. Roberts, 153 Wood St.
Wilts Upholstery, 44 Smithfield street.

WEATHER STRIPS AND WOOD CARPETS.
Wilts' Upholstery—Agent for Western Penn and Eastern Ohio—44 Smithfield stet.

WOODAND IRON WORKING MACHINERY.
M. B. Cohrane & Co., 121 Liberty St.

WHITE LEAD AND COLORS.
T. H. Nevin & Co., cor. Third ave. and Mark St.

WINES & LIQUORS, (WHOLESALE)
Dilling & Stevenson, 87 Second Ave.

WHOLESALE MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.
Porter Donaldson & Co., (successor to J H Hawkins & Co., Steubenville) 127 Wood street.

apr2-73:1y

Legal Advertisements.

CARPES, 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

$300,000
MISSOURI STATE LOTTERY,
Legalized by State Authority and Drawn in Public in St. Louis.
GRAND SINGLE NUMBER SCHEME
50,000 NUMBERS.
Class, G to be Drawn July 31 1873.
5880 Prizes Amounting to $300,000.

1 Prize of.....	$50 000	500 prizes of.....	$ 100
1 prize of.....	18 450	9 prizes of.....	1 000
1 prize of.....	10 000	9 prizes of.....	500
1 prize of.....	7 500	9 prizes of.....	300
4 prizes of.....	5 000	9 prizes of.....	250
4 prizes of.....	2 500	30 prizes of.....	200
20 prizes of.....	1 000	35 prizes of.....	150
20 prizes of.....	600	180 prizes of.....	100
40 prizes of.....	350	5000 prizes of.....	10

Tickets, $10. Half Tickets, $5. Quarter, $2.20
Our lotteries are chartered by the State, are always drawn at the time named, and all drawings are under the supervision of sworn commissioners.
The official drawing will be published in the St. Louis papers, and a copy of Drawing sent to purchasers of tickets.
We will draw a similar scheme the last day of every month during the year 1873.
Remit by POST OFFICE MONEY ORDERS, REGISTERED LETTER, DRAFT or EXPRESS. Address
MURRAY, MILLER & CO.,
Post office box 2446 St. Louis, Mo.
apr16-1y

THOMAS ALLISON & SON

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Notions,

GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE,

HARDWARE,

NAILS,

GLASS,

FISH,

BACON,

FLOUR,

MEAL,

GRAIN,

MILL FEED,

&c., &c.

We will constantly keep a full line of the above goods on hand and sell at the lowest rates.
All heavy goods delivered free of charge.
apr23-3m

Geo. Heideger & Co.,
9 & 11 West Ohio Street,
ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, SCOTCH ALES, HOLLAND GINS, &c., &c.
apr30-1f

GEO. GRAWFORD & Co.
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
AGENTS FOR ALL THE AMERICAN WATCHES
76 FIFTH AVE
PITTSBURGH, PA.
may28 tf

ESTABLISHED IN 1838.
RE-ESTABLISHED IN 1869.
C. G. Hammer & Sons,
Manufacturers of Fine and Medium FURNITURE of every description and price, handmade and superior in style and quality than found in most or any other Furniture House this side of the mountains.
Photographs and Price Lists sent on application, or when in the city don't forget the place—Sign of the Large Golden Chair.
46, 48, and 50 SEVENTH AVENUE.
apr2-1y PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARPERTON'S
DINING ROOMS,
No. 60 Market Street,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Tables Furnished with the best the market affords in its season.
Meals from 6½ in the morning until 12 o'clock at night.
may21-3m

EXHIBITION
OF
STEAM
Rock Drilling Machines.
In Order To give Inventors, Makers and Owners of all improvements in Rock Drilling, Blasting, Quarrying and Mining of every description an opportunity to practically demonstrate their interest, an EXHIBITION will take place of all said improvements at the Quarry of EDWARD BAILEY,
Crescent Street, Pittsb'gh,
On July 8, 9 and 10 Next.
All interested in such matters are invited to attend. For further information apply to
ARTHUR KIRK,
Agent Hazard Powder Co.,
No. 19 Seventh Street.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
je25-1m

Executor's Notice.
Estate of Miss Abigail Hoyt, dec'd.
Letters testamentary upon the estate of Miss Abigail Hoyt, deceased, late of Industry township, Beaver county, Pa., having been granted to the subscriber, all persons having claims or demands against said estate, or knowing themselves indebted to the estate, are hereby requested to make known the same to the undersigned without delay.
JAMES H. CUNNINGHAM, Ex'r.,
je25-6w BEAVER, PA.

Miscellaneous.

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.,
mar5-73-1y PITTSBURGH, PA.

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. je14-1y

NEW STORE!
NEW GOODS,
Heimberger & Logan,
99 SMITHFIELD STREET,
PITTSBURGH.
HATS, CAPS, CANES, KID GLOVES
AND
UMBRELLAS.
The only one-price Hat House in Pittsburgh
5-7-3m

NEW CARPETS.
A Very Large Stock
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
CARPETS,
Oil Cloths, &c.
LOW PRICED CARPETS,
Of every kind,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,
HENRY McCALLUM,
51 FIFTH AVENUE,
(Near Wood Street.)
PITTSBURG PA.
sep18:1y

A. HANAUER
HAS
REMOVED
HIS
Beaver Falls
ESTABLISHMENT,
AND
Concentrated
AT THE
NEW BRIGHTON
BAZAAR
OF
FASHION.
dec4-73.1y

Dry Goods.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.,
IMPORTERS
Jobbers
AND
RETAILERS
—OF—
DRY-GOODS,
JOB LOTS
FROM
EASTERN
AUCTION
SALES
Nos. 172 and 174,
Federal Street,
Allegheny
CITY.
pec18-1y

SPEYERER & SONS
ARE RECEIVING
A LARGE and WELL SELECTED
Stock of
NEW GOODS,
FROM THE EAST, bought at
LOWEST CASH PRICES;
CONSISTING OF
DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
QUEENSWARE,
HOLLOWARE,
ROPE AND OAKUM,
FAHNESTOCK'S,
And the First National
WHITE LEADS,
PAINTS.
DRY AND IN OIL;
AND A LARGE STOCK of OIL.
ALSO,
144 BARRELS
CANTON CITY Flour;
ALSO,
144 BARRELS FALCON FLOUR;
ALSO,
15 HOGSHEADS New Orleans SUGAR;
ALSO,
30 BARRELS N. O. MOLASSES
ALSO,
150 *KEGS WHEELING NAILS;*
ALSO,
10 TONS OF WHEELING IRON,
—AT—
SPEYERER & SONS,
ROCHESTER, Pa.
April 13, 1872: 1y: chdgmagS.

D. 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 Muslins,
Drilling, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton
Flannels,
Jaconets,
Table Linen,
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes,
Hoisery,
Gloves,
& Mits.
Groceries
Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in barrels and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat. Also, SALT.
Hardware, Nails, Glass,
Door Locks, Door Latches, Hinges, Screws, Table Cutlery, Table and Tea Spoons, Sleigh Bells, Coal Boxes, Fire Shovels and Pokers, Nails and Glass, Spades, Shovels,