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PITTSBURGH. (se21-ly)

Railroads.

PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILWAY.—On and after Dec. 23d, 1872, trains will leave stations as follows:

TRAINS GOING WEST.				
STATIONS.	EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
Pittsburgh	1:45 AM	7:10 AM	9:10 AM	1:30 PM
Rochester	2:52	8:40	10:35	2:40
Altoona	5:15	10:50	1:30 PM	5:28
Orville	6:51	1:45 PM	3:07	7:06
Mansfield	8:55	4:22	5:09	9:11
Crestline	9:30	5:00	5:40	9:40
Plymouth	9:40	6:10 AM	6:00	9:50
Lima	11:05	7:55	7:55	11:15
Fort Wayne	12:05 PM	9:05	9:15	12:14 PM
Plymouth	2:40	11:50	12:05 AM	2:45
Chicago	5:50	3:55 PM	3:55	5:05

TRAINS GOING EAST.				
STATIONS.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.	EXPR'S.
Chicago	5:15 AM	9:30 AM	6:30 PM	9:30 PM
Plymouth	9:15	12:02 PM	9:30	12:50 PM
Fort Wayne	12:30 PM	2:30	11:30	3:25
Lima	2:45	4:07	1:18 PM	5:15
Forest	4:00	5:08	2:27	6:22
Orville	5:35	6:20	4:05	7:05
Crestline	11:30 AM	6:50	4:15	8:25
Mansfield	12:05 PM	7:19	4:43	8:55
Orville	3:18	9:30	6:27	11:08
Rochester	4:25	11:00	8:25	1:09 PM
Pittsburgh	6:27	1:12 PM	10:43	3:39
Pittsburgh	8:10	2:20	11:45 PM	4:45

F. R. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH R. R.
On and after Dec. 23d, 1872, trains will leave stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIN LINE.				
STATIONS.	EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	ACCOM.
Cleveland	8:30 AM	1:55 PM	4:00 PM	
Hudson	9:43	3:02	5:18	
Ravenna	10:15	3:28	5:48	
Alliance	11:10	4:13	6:35	
Bayard	11:44	4:44		
Wellsville	1:10 PM	6:00		
Pittsburgh	3:40	8:20		

GOING NORTH—MAIN LINE.				
STATIONS.	EXPR'S.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	ACCOM.
Pittsburgh	6:30 AM	1:15 PM	3:30 PM	
Wellsville	8:55	3:15		
Bayard	10:30	4:50	7:10 AM	
Alliance	11:25	5:10		
Ravenna	12:12 PM	5:48	8:00	
Hudson	12:45	6:14	8:45	
Cleveland	1:55	7:15	10:00	

GOING EAST—RIVER DIVISION.				
STATIONS.	ACCOM.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	ACCOM.
Bellair	8:45 AM	10:50 AM	3:35 PM	
Stonewall	9:55	11:00	4:45	
Stonewall	6:57	12:12 PM	4:45	
Wellsville	8:15	1:35	6:20	
Rochester	9:30	2:55	7:15	
Pittsburgh	10:40	3:40	8:20	

GOING WEST—RIVER DIVISION.				
STATIONS.	ACCOM.	MAIL.	EXPR'S.	ACCOM.
Pittsburgh	6:30 AM	1:15 PM	3:30 PM	
Wellsville	8:50	3:20	7:00	
Stonewall	9:50	4:20	8:00	
Bellair	11:10	5:25	9:05	

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.
Leaves Pittsburgh at 1:00 p.m. for Bayard, 4:45 a.m. & 4:00 p.m. for Bayard, 12:10 & 6:00 p.m. N. P. Myer, Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.
—After December 23d, 1872, Trains will arrive and depart as follows:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Through Trains Leave	Through Trains Arrive	Union Depot.	Union Depot.
Pacific Exp. 2:50 a.m.	Mail Train, 1:05 a.m.	1:05 a.m.	1:05 a.m.
Chicago Exp. 7:45 a.m.	Fast Line, 1:35 a.m.	1:35 a.m.	1:35 a.m.
Cincinnati Exp. 12:30 p.m.	Pittsburgh Exp. 8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Philadelphia Exp. 3:30 p.m.	Cincinnati Exp. 8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.	8:40 a.m.
Fast Line, 5:50 p.m.	Philadelphia Exp. 9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
Way Passenger, 5:50 p.m.	Way Passenger, 5:50 p.m.	5:50 p.m.	5:50 p.m.

LOCAL.
Walls No. 1, 6:40 a.m.; Walls Local, 6:50 a.m.; Wilkesburg Ac. 7:05 a.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 1, 7:30 a.m.; Walls No. 2, 10:20 a.m.; Wilkesburg Ac. 10:10 a.m.; Walls No. 3, 11:45 a.m.; No. 1, 8:30 a.m.; Wilkesburg Ac. No. 2, 9:10 a.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 3, 10:10 a.m.; Walls No. 4, 3:20 p.m.; Walls No. 3, 1:45 p.m.; Brinton Ac. 4:00 p.m.; Wilkesburg Ac. 3:20 p.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 4, 4:50 p.m.; No. 2, 4:45 p.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 5, 5:55 p.m.; Walls No. 5, 6:15 p.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 2, 6:50 p.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 3, 7:25 p.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 4, 11:00 p.m.; Brinton Ac. No. 1, 11:10 p.m.

Chicago Express, Cincinnati Express, Fast Line, and Brinton Ac. No. 3 leave daily.

Pacific Express daily, except Monday.

All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Pacific Express leaves Pittsburgh at 5:50 a.m. arriving at Harrisburg at 11:40 a.m.; Philadelphia 3:30 p.m.; Baltimore 8:00 p.m.; Washington 5:40 p.m. New York 6:24 p.m.

Chicago Express leaves Pittsburgh at 12:30 p.m.; arrives at Harrisburg 10:20 p.m.; Philadelphia 2:30 a.m.; New York 6:10 a.m.

Philadelphia Express leaves Pittsburgh at 1:10 p.m.; arrives at Harrisburg 10:45 p.m.; Philadelphia 2:50 a.m.; Baltimore 2:15 a.m.; Washington 5:00 a.m.; New York 6:10 a.m.

Chicago Express leaves Pittsburgh at 5:30 p.m.; arrives at Harrisburg 2:55 a.m.; Philadelphia 6:55 a.m.; New York 10:14 a.m.

Fast Line leaves Pittsburgh at 8:50 p.m.; arrives at Harrisburg 5:45 a.m.; Philadelphia 9:50 a.m.; Baltimore 9:00 a.m.; Washington 11:30 a.m.; New York 12:24 p.m.

The Church Trains leave Wall's Station every Sunday at 9:10 a.m., reaching Pittsburgh at 10:00 a.m. Returning leave Pittsburgh at 12:30 p.m., and arrive at Wall's Station at 1:50 p.m. Leave Pittsburgh 8:20 p.m. arrive Brinton's 10:50 p.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.—For the convenience of the citizens of Pittsburgh the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have opened a city ticket office at No. 75 Fifth Avenue corner of Smithfield street, where Through Tickets, Commutation Tickets and Local Tickets to principal stations can be purchased at any hour of the day or evening at the same rates as are charged at the depot.

Baggage will be checked through to destination from hotels and residences by Excelsior Baggage Express Co., on orders left at the office.

For further information apply to
A. J. CASSATT, D. M. BOYD, Ja.,
General Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD

On and after Monday, July 15th, 1872, Three Through Trains daily, except Sunday, will leave and arrive at Pittsburgh, city time, for Franklin, Oil City, Buffalo and all points in the Oil Regions, and Western and Central New York.

Leave.	Arrive.
Day Express, 7:10 a.m.	8:35 p.m.
Night Express, 10:40 p.m.	6:15 a.m.
Mail Train, 10:50 a.m.	4:45 a.m.
1st Soda Works Ac., 6:40 a.m.	6:30 a.m.
2nd Soda Works Ac., 9:30 a.m.	8:05 a.m.
Parsons Ac., 11:40 a.m.	9:10 a.m.
Bundy's Bend Ac., 3:25 p.m.	10:30 a.m.
3d Soda Works Ac., 5:00 p.m.	8:55 a.m.
3d Hulton Ac., 8:50 p.m.	5:45 p.m.
4th Soda Works Ac., 8:50 p.m.	7:30 p.m.

A special Sunday train leaves Pittsburgh every Sunday at 7:10 a.m., arriving at Parker at 11:35 a.m. Returning leaves Parker at 4:40 p.m., and arrives at Pittsburgh at 8:35 p.m.

Church train to and from Soda Works (Sunday) arrives at Pittsburgh at 9:50 a.m. and leaves at 12:50 p.m.

J. J. LAWRENCE, Gen'l. Supt.
J. H. BRAY, Ticket Agent.

THE FAMILY JEWELS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF L. SCHUCKING.

CHAPTER I.

In the latter part of September in the year 1870, a group of German officers sat in the little terraced garden of a restaurant in Void—a French village, situated in the upper valley of the Meuse. The Meuse in this neighborhood is a modest stream, having just sprung from the ir- rigoous bosom of the Sichelberg, to leave, on its left bank, the celebrated Vancoleurs; farther on it winds in a north-easterly direction, forming a bow at whose end lies Hohen Void; then turning again to the north it touches in its course Commercy, the ancient seat of the Dukes of Lothringen and Bar, whose lordly castle, with its ramparts of the good King Stanislaus, Voltaire, and of the "divine Emile," the Marquis du Chatelet, is now a large garrison.

Commercy itself was then an important reconnoitering station for the German troops marching from Nancy to Paris; and it was to protect this upper region of the Meuse that a company of north-German landwehr had been stationed at Void to guard the road through the valley, and the railway leading from Laugres. It was rather an easy task, a sort of *doles far niente* era that had fallen to the lot of our little corps; there was only a certain watchfulness required, owing to the fact that a number of franciseurs, who had assembled in the voses, and from there, or from their strong-hold at Laugres, might at any moment make a descent upon the military highway of the Germans. This, however, was not to be feared at the present, for the fourteenth army corps, under General Von Werder, was just at that time preparing for its march toward Epinal to disperse those bands; his van-guard, under General Degenfeld, was already on the march that led them to the battle of Raon l'Etape; and this movement secured our detachment from the south.

So it was a quiet, almost monotonous garrison service they were obliged to perform; the honest landwehr men were spared the tedium of drilling and military exercises, and after the reconnoitering patrol had been dispatched and the regular reports sent off to Commercy, there was nothing left for the officers but to try and pass the time as pleasantly as possible.

With this view they had chosen the charming garden of the restaurant, which, separated from the street, lay so high that one entered it from the billiard *salon* in the second story of the house.

Grand old chestnut trees overshadowed the promenade, at the end of which stood a vine-wreathed pavilion, from which a lovely view of the finely cultivated valley of the Meuse, with its meadows and vine clad hills, was to be seen.

The officers sat in the pavilion around a table upon which stood several decanters; three of their number were finishing a game of whist, while the fourth, who had wearied of the game and thrown aside his cards, stood, with his elbow resting upon the low parapet of the terrace outside, and glanced carelessly upon the placid landscape beyond.

He was perhaps thirty or older, of slender figure, a well shaped aristocratic head, and large blue eyes that were half veiled by their broad, blue-veiled lids. Promising, but rather bristling as yet, a full beard, the product of field life, appeared on his chin and finely curved upper lip, disfiguring, rather than enchanting the face; the solitary star beneath the number of his regiment indicated that his rank was that of first lieutenant of his company.

Max Von Daveland, for such was the name of our second in command at Void, had always been an active, energetic man, accustomed to the busy routine of official life. The idleness of the little garrison town was inexpressibly wearisome to him, and he found it difficult to rid himself of the ennui that had seized him; for this reason he had seen fit to enroll himself in cupid's ranks—in other words he had fallen in love in order to give his thoughts some occupant. It was rather a platonic affection, it is true; "in *partibus infidelium*," his friend Hartig, the deputy sergeant, would have said with reference to the French lady; for the object of his passion was but a mere shadow, an image—not a phantom that haunted his dreams, but the shadow of a very lovely, earthly substance. One day, the officers in quest of amusement, had visited the *atelier* of the photographer of Void, and had been photographed in a group in remembrance of their days together in the little garrison town. Here Max Daveland found a picture among the num-

ous collection that had attracted him. It was a small portrait of a young girl of perhaps twenty years; the pure oval features, the curling of the French type of hair, the half-closed eye-lids that remained fixed upon Max's own.

"That is a German face," said Captain Southern, whose attention had been attracted to the picture by Max's contentment; "she is evidently a native of this country."

Hartig, the witty sergeant, added that Daveland was studying the effect of the half veiled eyes, the kind of glances he was wont to cast with their hate-military expression. But Daveland heeded not their words; nor was his attention riveted upon the face that possessed such peculiar charms for him; his eyes were fixed upon the antique setting of a ring upon which supported the young girl's hand. This ring had recalled family events that had transpired before his birth, and which belonged to the traditions of the nursery so often related by his worthy and loquacious aunt.

He could not banish the pictured face from his thoughts; he had returned to study the picture, than once, even offered to purchase it; but the artist had refused—the picture belonged to a young lady, a resident of the neighborhood, and he could by no means permit it to fall into strange hands. Since then two weeks passed, and yet enough, and the fair image was gradually fading from his daily dreams. Max Daveland leant indifferently on the mossy wall, not a single thought of the fair unknown disturbed his reverie.

"The picture is finished, Daveland—won't you take a hand again," called the Captain.

"The Southern, I'm so tired of this everlasting whist!" he returned with a sigh. "Perhaps you are waiting on the table for some one to stir with."

"Your jealousy prompted that, Hartig; your fair bar-maid never interested me more than to teach her enough of German to enable her to understand your declarations of infidelity," was Max's laughing retort.

"Unnecessary trouble that!" cried another of the young gentlemen. "Hartig's sentiments will never be intelligible to her."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Hartig, who had been a candidate for the professorship in a university. "It is France that is an unintelligible country; for in my examination in the French language I was pronounced 'excellent,' and yet these stupidities here cannot understand scarcely a word I say—and I'm quite sure I cannot understand their miserable jargon!"

"O well, my dear fellow, you can resort to the language of the eyes, in which to express your feelings to the fair Nicaise did you receive 'excellent' for that accomplishment also?" said Southern in honorably.

"Very likely, for Nicaise laughs indignantly at all his attempts at obliging her interposed Lieutenant Merwig."

"See you have no luck with Nicaise, Hartig," said Daveland, "suppose you desert his prosaic neighborhood with its pram barmaids, and flee to the region of romantic past. Has it not yet occurred to you that our immortal Schiller says 'Tis not a day's journey to Vancoleurs; we are not a quarter of a day's journey to Vancoleurs; suppose you undertake a journey to Domremi?"

"The idea is not so bad; but Domremi beyond Vancoleurs, and Captain Southern will very likely refuse his permission to visit—"

"Be home of the Maid of Orleans?" inquired the Captain. "What an idea! Don't really put faith in those old tales, Daveland?"

"Believe in Schiller," he laconically.

"Schiller?—hum, yes. I also believe in Goethe, who says somewhere, 'I lose their authenticity!' and this applies very appropriately to the tales concerning the 'la Puellin.' But your romantic sentiments prompt you to undertake such a pilgrimage, you can but we must first learn how far it is there. Hartig, I hope you did not give 'excellent' for Geography, and tell us—"

The Captain was interrupted by the noise of an approaching carriage in the street below. It was a light, open sedan in a gray duster sat upon the seat and drove the two powerful while an elderly gentleman and a young lady occupied the back seat.

ed carelessly at the travelers; suddenly he changed color as he recognized in the lovely face, that was upturned with girlish curiosity, the original of the portrait that had haunted his fancy for so many days. She had rested the brown parasol on her shoulder as she peered inquisitively toward the garden; a coquettish straw hat, with blue ribbons and daisies, rested lightly upon a mass of lightly brown curls that rippled like a stream of golden sunshine over her shoulders. In her eyes, as they met the earnest glance of the young officer, there beamed something that recalled Schiller and reminded him of the

"Hellen; Göttergatte, der in und gundet—"

Just as the carriage rolled beneath him, Max was suddenly startled from the singular charm that riveted his gaze by a painful and unexpected occurrence. The gentleman who held the reins, swiftly raised the long, flexible whip, to punish some fancied misbehavior of the spirited beast, and unfortunately—or rather awkwardly, struck Max a sharp blow in the eye.

With an involuntary exclamation of pain Daveland started back, pressing his wounded member. Captain Southern, who was leaning out of the window and saw the accident, sent a volley of all the French maledictions he could master after the carriage as he, followed by his companions, hastened to Daveland's side.

Several soldiers of the company at that moment passing in the street, saw the threatening gestures of their superiors and turned as it to detain the carriage. The man on the front seat had urged the horses to a faster gait, but his companion caught his arm as the girl rose to her feet and looking back began to speak rapidly.

She had evidently seen the commotion of her driver's awkwardness had aroused. "Is your eye hurt—is it badly hurt?" exclaimed Southern, while the philologist hurried into the house to procure cold water.

"I don't know whether it is injured—I think not; but it pains dreadfully," replied Daveland.

"These malicious Frenchmen!" growled Merwig. "I'll wager the fellow did it intentionally."

"Then I'll have the whole party arrested for assaulting German troops," said Southern half jestingly, half earnestly.

Hartig approached with a basin of water, the pretty bar-maid followed with a towel, Daveland uttered a grateful exclamation as he felt the cold cloth on his burning eye.

"Who were those people?" demanded Southern of the maid.

"It was an accident, monsieur," replied Nicaise hastily, ignoring his question. "Good heavens! such a thing can happen so easily when one is not careful!"

"Look here you little serpent! I'll warrant you think it was skillfully done instead of accidentally, and are secretly commending that fellow's skill—at least you are trying to shield your countrymen. Now tell me who they are?"

"Oh, monsieur!" exclaimed Nicaise in a tone of injured innocence, "I commend the act? Why see how the poor gentleman suffers—"

"That is not telling me who these people are!" interrupted Southern angrily.

"Here comes the gentleman who will tell you," she said pointing to the elderly gentleman who at this moment came toward them from the billiard *salon*. He was tall and rather stout—almost stout to be a Frenchman, with iron gray hair that only half concealed the large expressive head. It was a head something like that of Gustavus Adolphus; a mingling of hardy, weather-beaten features with a refined and thoroughly intellectual expression; two clear steel blue eyes flashed beneath the shaggy brows, and anxiously searched each face in the little group as he joined them. With his hat in his hand he bowed courteously and began in German, with a slight French accent and hesitating voice as if long unaccustomed to the tongue:

"I hope you will accept the apology I bring you. I need not tell you how much I am vexed at the awkward accident, Herr Lieutenant," he said turning to Daveland who was bathing the injured eye while he surveyed the stranger with the other.

"It