Written for the Radical. THE OIL-DIGGER.

Once on a time one Johnny Gault Bored down a hole in search of salt, He rigged his pump and worked away, Pumping water night and day From pre Adamic channel.

Salt water flowed, but 'twee not all That flowed from out this mundane ball, For gas in volumes bubbled there, A species of bydrogen raise And with it oil of labled worth Gushed from the bowels of the earth: Which was King Cure-all for a time, Of formula, occult, sublime. One Samuel Kier, a fortune made By making it a stock in trade. Some called it oil of rock, and some More wise called it petroleum. Some called it carbon oil, as though From carbon any oil could flow; And some, with superstitious dread. Called it the oleum of the dead. But little then the people thought, Who many a phial sold and bought, To rub on every bruise or sprain, Or swallow down to ease their pain. That that same oil was bound to be A thing of such utility-As now we see it bought and sold, And ranked in stocks with bonds and gold. They never dreamed, or thought at least. That many wise men from the East Would leave their homes and come so far, Allured by fortune's greasy star. But yet they did-and it to them Was dearer than the diadem

Then our oil-digger thought that he A wealthy nabob too must be. He sought and found a wizzard true. Who could earth-bolts and bars undo, Who, by some magic art, could see Through granite rock and sand-stone free To where dame nature held her store; And mark the spot where one must bore. If one would bore at all for oil Beneath the sacred virgin soil. 'Twas thus he found a favored spot, And rigged a derrick on his lot. He scanned the work-this wily man-Fired up his engine and began. Down below, down below, Down where pearly waters flow, Down where never an eye hath been, Down through the rocks that lie between

The soil and melted lava.

That twinkled over Bethlehem.

Slow but surely the drill descends, Its progress on good engineering depends; By dint of exertion and patience like Job. Down deep in earth's bosom they enter the probe Midst fears and vexation the work proceeds-Fear of a failure, which always leads To fear of bankruptcy, fear of downfall, Which certainly follows find nothing at all-Through all the Summer's heated rays, And through the Autumn's mellow days, Through snows of Winter and frosts of Spring, The drill works on with an endless swing, While the man that covets the greasy stuff, Says "are'nt we almost deep enough?" He walks all day like a man in a dream, Thinking of naught but the wished for seam-That seam in the flinty white sand rock, Produced by some violent earthquake's shock, Which Nature thought best, in her way, to fill With gushing oil from her ponderous still; With muscles braced and nerves drawn taut, Midst hope and fear he views the spot Where he may grow rich as a Czar of the East, Or a Lord, or even a Jew at least. And yet if he fail, as fall he may, I'd pity him much on his luckless day, For 'twould crush his spirit and deaden his soul All eyes are astare, and the world stands agape, All ready to call the poor fellow an ape. Who after long drilling, with might and with mean Finds nothing but water to give him the spleen He there through his fears like a manic worker. 'Till his system goes into St. Anthony's jerks, And his drill down deep in the rock. With misery reveling in his hair And on his haggard brow despair, He works away with might and main, As though he had a heaven to gain,

Down in that rocky region. What strange weird sounds are heard below? They seem like sighs to come and go-He claps his ear down to the spot And hears-its like a seething pot That some good wife has set to boil; He cries "is that the song of oil? Or some foul flend a mocking me? No sure as I'm alive its gas"-And then the half demented ass Jumps up and cries #I buy or sell !" Yet any one might plainly tell Without much posting, of the two The selling's all that he could do; Yet he does neither, so must wait And hide the stern decrees of fate.

The drill has pierced the adamant,

The hopeful borer looks ascant— The rock is bored, what can he more If it should only prove a bore. Oh horrid rite! Oh darksome night! Oh limb to tie the rope upon! You've grown in vain and worse than vain If there's no sight The weary wight Can find to fix his hope upon Oh trusty blade why were you made, All polished bright and sharpened too, If there is not, beneath that spot, A treasure working to? Up comes the drill, the pump goes down, His dizzy brain is wairling round, Up comes the oil, all is not lost, He feels himself swell to a host; A gush of oil, oil that the name,

And with that gush of oil, there came A mighty gush of joy. Talk of your giant coral reefs Made by a puny hand, Or of your Afric's sunny fount With all its golden sand, Talk of your amber in the sea, Or pearls in caverns stowed, Or of your costly diamonds found In Arizonian lodes. But coral reefs, nor golden sands, Nor amber griss, nor myrrh, Nor heighth nor depth, nor length nor breadth, Can such commotions stir Within his heart of hearts, as The greasy, bubbling, gushing oil, From the o ky zone set free His fortune's made the people say, And if he hoards his pelf, We'll not gainsay it, if he should Enjoy it all bimself.

INDUSTRY, January, 1873. THE Rev Thomas K. Beecher was engaged to lecture in Genessee, New York, but received a letter from the lecture committee advising him not to come, because of a great small-pox panic in the village.

To this committee Mr. Beecher wrote: "I am amazed that, in this intelligent nineteenth century, there should be a small-pox panic. If any word of intelligent contempt from me can be of use to you, please pass the word around from me that cleanly and viccinated persons are in no more danger of small pox than they are of virtue without an effort."

[For the Beaver Radical.] THE FAMILY JEWELS.

translated from the German of L. Schugeing.

CHAPTER IV. at that moment came from the stables, stared at them in astonishment and strove to read the result of their hasty flight in their countenances. Max seeing his inquiring glance said lightly:

"We have come to the sage conclusion that there are many things not worth the trouble to investigate, and both agree that the maid's grotto belongs to this category; so we have returned peaceably.

"Ah, that was very wisely concluded!" exclaimed the old gentleman his face clearing. "Moreover the dinner hour is nigh and we had better return to the house, that the ladies' solicitude for our absence may not impair their appetites." When they reached the terrace they

found the ladies pacing arm in arm. "Our guests have concluded to give up

the jaunt to the grotto!" cried Mons. d'Avelon significantly.

"Yes; and we are singularly unanimous in our opinons regarding the state of the road," added Gaston laughing.

Valentine glanced searchingly at both of the young men, and certainly found no signs of angry excitement; but the expression in Gaston's eyes and brows struck her anything but agreeably. She was evidently not as easily assured as her father. Gaston and Miss Ellen now started forward to promenade over the terrace, and were soon followed by the rest. Mons d'Avelon descanted on the subject of horses; spoke admiringly of Max's horse he had just seen in the stable. He commended the German treatment of horses, and related several anecdotes contrasting the French mode of usage—he had struck an inexhaustible theme which was only interrupted by a servant who now approached for orders relating to the farm. While the old gentleman stopped to speak to the man Max and Valentine walked on, the former lowering his tones as he addressed his companion:

"I would give much could I dispel the look of anxiety in your eyes, Fraulein." "That power rests with you alone," she returned quickly.

"Ah, then I beg you will tell me how." "You must not misconstrue my words if I speak candidly," she interrupted in a hasty whisper, then continued in a tone too low for the pair ahead to hear: "You are here in our midst as conqueror; this should make you generous and lenient. You must comprehend how very natural it is for those subdued by a superior force to feel resentful, and in their bitterness of disappointment often give vent to deems inadmissable, and which betray their hostility and emnity—"

"Oh, certainly, Fraulein, I can under stand this feeling," he interrupted respectfully.

"Then please exercise your leniency in your intercourse with Mons. de Ribeaupierre. I know you can be generous enough not to yield to the desire to imitate the great battle between the two nations by a personal quarrel—even should his hasty temper—"

"No-oh no, Fraulein," he again interrupted hastily, "rest perfectly assured I have not the slightest desire to imitate the duel between the nations by a private brawl-for it would be nothing else. I confess though that Mons. Gaston gave me every provocation, but I spoke candidly to him and I trust we are now perfectly reconciled—there is no danger whatever," he addded assuringly.

"Your words are comforting, indeed, and I thank you; but I dread Gaston'swhat shall I call it?—passionate temper, his tendency to sudden outbursts of irritation. I would, therefore, like you to-" she hesitated an instant, then looking up at him with her frank inquiring eyes, added—"to promise me for the future—" "I promise you good behavior for the future," he interrupted laughingly. "You

Fraulein Valentine." "I'm sure you would not jest if you knew how very seriously it affected me."

she said earnestly. "I do know how nearly it concerns you," returned Max, a little taken back at the chair.

remark. "They say he is nearer to you than a mere friend—" She shook her head negatively as she

hastily interrupted: often discovers peculiar means to ensuare us and drhw us into paths against which we rebel. Gaston's mother is my father's benefactress; my father came to this away without acquainting my severe neighborhood friendless and unknown: Captain of my intention; such a defiance Gaston's mother assisted him to establish

with a relative of hers-" "Who bought him this estate as her dowry?" was on Max's lips, but he suppressed the words and Valentine contin-

himself here by arranging a marriage

ued: not send Gaston, who is our guest and friend, to his mother with a wounded limb-or perhaps a German bullet in his breast. Should any misfortune happen him through our fault-"

words but sighed heavily. "I understand you perfectly, Fraulein," said Max, in a low earnest tone, his heart beating strangely at her naive confession. "Your confidence will make me exercise the utmost forbearance, and I once more

how comes the feeling, but I cannot feel The two young gentlemen returned to am on the Ferme des Auges-to me it the villa together. Mons. d'Avelon, who beems as if a golden age of eternal peace reigned in this secluded spot; as if a homelike atmosphere, only far milder and warmer than at home, for I know no place there where every bud of sentiment were."

returned smilingly:

"If eternal peace does not dwell in this Ellen rose saying: nook, as it seems to you, stil lyou do well to permit the boasted German sentiment to blossum, for you are among people who presume to understand it."

"And you speak rather ironically of this sentiment."

"Ironically? oh no, indeed! for we believe that we also possess the feeling, and esteem it just as highly as you, only we call it by another name."

"What name?" "We call it soul," in a low voice. Was she a siren?

"Is it the same? Would it not be well to investigate this matter-could we not do it? Would it not be an excellent expedient for me to express my 'sentiments,' and you in turn illustrate your soul-we should theu-"

"Oh such an interchange would not define anything—at most, only you and I would be enlightened," she interrupted merrily.

"And would not that suffice? It is necessary for the rest of the world to know its significance? I assure you I would forget the world in general in my task, if you—"

Valentine interrupted his passionate whisper by a sudden movement, as she glanced hastily at her father who was coming toward them.

ficulty in executing their design; after the window seat with a book which she carelessly held, for her eyes roved restlessly through the room; resting oftenest, she knew not wherefore, upon Miss Ellen, who seemed peculiarly restless; she busied herself first with one task and then with another: from time to time exchanging significant glances with Gaston, who stoud near the players. At last she walked slowly to the gless done ad looked at the lowering clouds. lowed her and after conversing a few moments they both went out and began to pace the already darkening terrace, while they seemed engaged in earnest conversation. Valentine had been strangely disturbed by the sudden change in Gaston!s behavior; he had been courteousness itself to their guest since their return from their walk, which contrasted strangely with his former insolence and hauteur. She watched him and Miss Ellen while they, oblivious of her scrutiny, paced up and down, evidently lost in the most confidential intercourse. What had Ellen-or Gaston, in common to conceal from her? Did Gaston mean to draw the German into a duel after all? and was he confiding his plans to Ellen? True, the two had ever thoroughly understood each other-that they were bound by the same designs, that Ellen desired nothing more than that Gaston should succeed in his endeavors to win Valentine, after which she would have strong hopes of becoming the mistress of the Ferme des Auges—all this Valentine knew too well!

Her disgast was augmented when Gaston at length returned to the salon, and after watching the game for a few moments said laughingly:

"German strategy upon the chess-board is not quite as effective as upon the battle field. You will have to spend the night are something of a diplomat a la Benedetti. here, Herr Von Daveland, if you do not hasten and take revenge."

> "I don't think I will have time to finish the game, it is already dark and I must leave," returned Max, leaning back in his

think I will leave you go until we have leisurely finished the game? Not a bit | Mons. d'Avelon. of it! What if it is dark? You can "They say all manner of things! Fate | sleep as soundly here as in your quarters

at Void!" "But not with such an easy conscience," said Max smilingly. "I dare not stay of our rules would likely gain a severe reprimand—perhaps even a court-martial."

"You exaggerate; send your man with a message to the Captain; that will suffice, for I declare you shall not depart from here until we have perfectly tested "So you will understand that we could our respective abilities, by which time it will of course be too late for you to return to Void."

"If you really mean to detain me captive, then there is nothing left me to do but send a message to the Captain, which, She did not finish her almost whispered | if it will not appease him for my want of discipline, will at least quiet his anxiety at my absecuce," said Max with an air of mock resignation as he rose.

Miss Eilen, who had just rung for the lights, brought writing materials with an

military regulations, which strikely forbid triumphant expression in the staid En- miniature chase after squirrels and any personal collision with your country- glish woman's usually motionless face, thrushes; and now all this had passed men. Indeed, I will not forget my resulve What could it mean? Was it a concerted away, passed into strange hands who no matter sold may occur. I know not scheme between Ellen and Gaston to de ruthlessly tore down the dear old homese if I were in a hostile country when I entrap him? An unpleasant suspicion that could never be half so picturesque. rose in Valentine's thoughts; the gianc. With the estate the pride of the old name od hesitatingly at her father, but his featnres betrayed naught save intense interest in his game, which he studied attentirely while Max wrote. Then her glance rested on Gaston who seemed to exchange blossoms so suddenly—in a night as it significant glances at Miss Ellen, both glancing furtively to where the uncon-Valentine's face flushed slightly as her sclous German officer was writing. When fancy akin to the monsters of the nursery almost murmured the last words. She Max had finished and left the room to dispatch the servant with the billet, Miss

room prepared for our guest."

"The one beside the dining room? Why not the nicer one up stairs," exclaimed Valentine hastily.

"Because the one on the ground floor is more convenient should he wish to depart without disturbing us. Besides the curtains are down up stairs and could not kind! be put up this evening."

Valentine drew back and offered no further objections.

Max found his man singularly refractory when he imparted his wishes to him: the honest fellow thought it extremely hazardous for his master to spend the night alone in a place which his own personal observations had revealed to himhad no good will or sympathy in common for their country; but Max, who was eager to return to his game, silenced his garrulous expostulations, and Frederick left him, loth to obey.

The evening passed quietly and without incident. The first game ended in Mons. d'Avelon's favor-he had checkmated Max and was only too sorry that Gaston was not there to witness his triumph; that gentleman had excused himself and returned to Givres soon after Max had sent off his servant. While the gentlemen played the second game, Val-Neither Max nor Gaston found any dif- entine seated herself at the plane, and by her exqusite melodies drew the greater dinner Gaston adroitly introduced the part of Max's attention, of which Mons. subject of chess, and on Max's intimating d'Avelon adroitly took advantage. Max was passionately fond of music and Valchallenged by Mons. d'Avelon to try his entine was playing the sweetest German skill. They repaired to the salon, where a | melodies—was it out of courtesy to their a servant brought a chess board, and they | guest? At all events, Max felt the similarbegan the game. Valentine retired to ity of German sentiment and French soul while listening to the entrancing

Miss Ellen stood beside the piano, carelessly turning over some music; suddenly, as if the melodies ceased to charm her, she turned and paced the darkened part of the room thoughtfully; then as suddenly took up a book and lighting another lamp and seated herself in the far-Thest corner of the room

In the meantime Max had lost his knight and shortly after his queen; the little bronze clock on the mantel struck eleven as Mons. d'Avelon exclaimed 'mate' the second time. Valentine rose from the piano and com-

ing forward cast a smiling glance of thanks at Max; he did not know how much the happiness of the master of the house, and the peace of the household in general, depended on his victories at chess. After testing the vestige of the sparkling nectar brought in after the game, and a profound discussion over the relative merits of the two players, the young officer was permitted to retire.

Mons. d'Avelon himself led him to the little chamber across the hall, and shak ing his hand heartily bade him good night.

Max bolted his door, examined the shutters, which he found securely fastened, laid his sword and revolver upon the little table at the bed side and threw himself upon the comfortable couch. That morpheus evaded his grasp was tut natural, and he lay upon his downy bed not more easily than upon the crest of a storm tossed wave—at last he was enbosomed in a flood of surging meditations, not know. ing where to anchor in safety. His brain was one mass of tormentingly conflicting thoughts. What Gaston de Ribeaupierre had told him in order to dispel the convictions that he had found his lost uncle in Mons. d'Avelon, had made but little impression on his mind He would examine the papers the Frenchman would give him, though he felt how utterly Gas ton must be mistaken; Max knew that it "How?" exclaimed d'Avelon. "Do you was the voice of nature which had impelled him to such a sudden friendship for

Was it wise to have confided in de Ribeaupierre, of whose honor he knew nothing? what was the use of reproaches now that it was too late? he must patiently await the denovement of this drama.

Resolutely dismissing the tormenting inquiries he closed his eyes and recalled the place: the memories of his boyhood days. He saw the old mansion with its tall gables rising above the surrounding wreath of lindens; the broad most and weatherbeaten stone gateways with their ancient escutcheons over which he had climbed many and many a time when a careless, happy child, and proudly sat astride the salient lions supporting the shield. He saw the little stone balcony at the corner of the house, from whence he could see his mother through the open window as she sat at her sewing, and whose attention he would call that she might admire his gymnastic performances on the broad balustrade; he saw the white doves coning and fluttering in the warm spilight on the roof of the old tower, and the grand old oak forest with its stacks of cut musical condescension. Valentine ob wood beyond the meadow-that beautifu! assure that I will rigorously observe our served this and thought she detected a forest in which he had made his first

tain the German over night, in order to stead to replace it with a fine modern villa had passed away too, and for this desecration how many many times he had blamed his wicked, profligate uncie, who had basely stolen that which would have redeemed the old home of generations of Von Davelands from ruin!

This uncle had reigned in his boyish traditions, and whose name was never mentioned save with a shudder-nothing had appeared more improbable than that "I will attend to have the little spare he should ever see him, for Max'schildish imagination pictured him dragging out a wretched existence in some undiscovered country in the antipodes, and now he was a guest under his hospitable roof, feeling anything but resentment for the man who had robbed him of his heritage. What wonderful pranks fate plays with human TO BE CONTINUED.

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