# BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us See to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. LINCOLN.]

W. W. BROWN, A. B. HUTCHISON, } EDITORS.

BELLEFONTE, PA., FEBRUARY 24, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 8.


## RESTAURANTS.


RESTAURANT. The undersigned would inform the citizens of Bellefonte and community in general, that they continue to accommodate their friends at the Restaurant North of the Diamond, opposite the Court House.

Oysters in every Style,
Best Phil a. Lager Beer,
Porter, Ale and Sarsaparilla,
Pies, Cakes, Candies. &c. Also
FREE LUNCH EACH DAY.

Hours, 9 A. M. to 12 o'clock, M. Give us a call.
ja13'69.1y. HOY & CO.

THE GEM RESTAURANT.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

THE undersigned avails himself of this method of informing the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. and the traveling community in general, that he has opened a first class

*GEM RESTAURANT,*

in the basement of Bush & McLaine's new hotel near the Pa R. R. Depot. He keeps constantly on hand

Oysters in every style. Roast Chicken, Pork Steak, Ham and Eggs, Fresh Fish. Veal Cutlets, Cod Fish Balls. Baked Fish, Roast Turkey, Beefsteak, Fried Sausage, Mutton Chaps, Tea and Coffee, Clam Chowder, Lombs Fries. Fried Eels, and everything to suit the taste. Feeling assured that general satisfaction will be given, he invites all to pay him a visit.

JOHN MALIPHANT,
ja13'69.1y. Bellefonte, Pa.


## HOTELS.


GARMAN'S HOTEL.

DAN'L GARMAN, *Prop'r.*

This long established and well known Hotel, situated on the southeast corner of the Diamond, opposite the Court House, having been purchased by the undersigned, he announces to the former patrons of this establishment and to the traveling public generally, that he has thoroughly refitted his house, and is prepared to render the most satisfactory accommodation to all who may favor him with their patronage. No pains will be spared on his part to add to the convenience or comfort of his guests. All who stop with him will find

HIS TABLE abundantly supplied with the most sumptuous fare the market will afford, done up in style, by the most experienced cooks.

HIS BAR will always contain the choicest of liquors.

HIS STABLING is best in town, and will always be attended by the most trustworthy and attentive hostlers.

Give him a call, one and all, and he feels confident that all will be satisfied with their accommodation.

AN EXCELLENT LIVERY

is attached to this establishment, which strangers from abroad will find greatly to their advantage. ja6'69.1y.


## BAKERY.


NEW BAKERY. The undersigned respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity, to his

NEW BAKERY,

on Bishop Street, as the only place where the best quality of
BREAD, CAKES,
PIES, CONFECTIONERIES,
MINCE MEAT, of our own Manufacture. The best Norfolk Oysters by the Can or Quart. Also cooked in all styles: (i e) Fried in Crumbs, Fried in Butter, Fancy Roasts, Stewed Oysters. Scolloped Oysters, Oyster Pie and Clam Chowder.

A private room neatly furnished and carpeted, for ladies or social parties. A special invitation is hereby extended to all.
ja13'69.1y. S. J. McDOWELL.


## MISCELLANEOUS.


AGENTS WANTED FOR

*SECRETS OF THE GREAT CITY,*

A Work descriptive of the Virtues and the Vices, the Mysteries, Myseries and Crimes in New York City.

If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how Shrewd Men are ruined in Wall Street; how Countrymen are swindled by Sharpers; how Ministers and Merchants are Blackmailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are Managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how stock and Oil Companies Originate and how the Bubbles Burst, read this work. It contains 35 fine engravings; tells all about the Mysteries and Crimes of New York, and is the Spiciest and Cheapest work of the kind published.

PRICE ONLY $2 50 PER COPY.

☞ Send for Circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address, JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION.—Inferior works of a similar character are being circulated. See that the books you buy contain 35 fine engravings and sell at $2.50 per copy.
feb10'69.

AGENTS WANTED.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED

TO GOOD MEN TO SELL MACHINES.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE,

THE FARMERS PRIDE,

THE STUMP & GRUBBING MACHINE.

It will do more work in one day than Ten Men with grubbing hoes can possibly do, and leaves no roots or stumps to sprout up in the spring. After grubbing with this Machine the farmer can cut his grain or grass the first season with the Reaper or Mower.

It does its work effectually. Any person or persons desirous of making money, will do well to
Address, J. C., Box 227,
feb3'69.3m. Bellefonte, Pa.

[The Elk county paper and the Emporim *Independent*, Cameron Co, Pa., will please insert the above advertisement six times, and send bill to Bellefonte *Republican*.—Ed.]

EDWARD W. MILLER,

(Late of Young, Moore & Co.,)

WITH

*ISAAC P. CHALFANT,*

AUCTION JOBBERS IN HOISERY

GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.,

No. 57, NORTH THIRD ST., PHIL'A.
ja13'69.tf.


## RAILROADS.

MIFFLIN & CENTRE CO. Branch R. R

NORTHWARD.

No. 1, leaves Lewistown at 7.20 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 8.15 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Penn'a R. R. 11.15 a. m., arrives at Milroy 12.15 p. m.
No 3, leaves Penn'a R. R. 4.05 p. m., arrives at Milroy 5.00.

SOUTHWARD.

No. 1, leaves Milroy 8.40 a. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 9.40 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Milroy 1 15 p. m., and arrives Penn'a. R R. 2.10 p. m.
No. 3, leaves Milroy 5.07 p. m. and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 6.00 p. m.

Stage leaves Bellefonte every day (except Sunday.) at 11 a. m, and arrives at Milroy 4 30 p m
Stage leaves Milroy every day (except Sunday) at 5.30 p. m. and arrives at Bellefonte 10 30 p. m.
Stage leaves Bellefonte for Pine Grove Mills every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 a. m.
Western mail closes at 4 00 p. m.
Lock Haven mail closes at 10.00 a. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE R. R.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

Through and direct route between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and the
GREAT OIL REGION OF PENN'A.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS
On all night Trains.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 23th 1868 the Trains on the Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia, 10 45 p.m
" " " Lock Haven... 9 31 a. m
" " arr. at Erie .......... 9 50 p. m
Erie Express leaves Phila...... 11 50 a m
" " " Lock Haven... 9 50 p. m
" " arr. at Erie........ 10 00 a m
Elmira Mail leaves Philadelphia 8 00 a. m
" " " Lock Haven... 7 45 p. m
" " arr. at Lock Haven 7 45 p. m

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie........... 10 55 a. m
" " " Lock Haven... 11 21 p. m
" " arr. at Philadelphia.. 10 00 a. m
Erie Express leaves Erie......... 6 25 p. m
" " " Lock Haven 6 10 a. m
" " arr. at Phila...... 4 20 p. m

Mail and Express connect with Oil Creek and Allegheny River Rail Road. Baggage Checked through.

ALFRED L. TYLER,
*General Superintendent.*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY

AND

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCHES.

OPENING OF TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCH TO CLEARFIELD,

41 MILES NORTH OF TYRONE.

On and after Monday, February 1st, 1869 two Passenger Trains will run daily (except Sundays) between Tyrone and Lock Haven, and one Passenger Train between Tyrone and Clearfield—as follows:

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.

Mail Leaves Lock Haven at.........2 30 p m
"......"....Milesburg......".........3 55 p m
"......"....Bellefonte......".. ......4 12 p m
Arrive at Tyrone at..................6 05 p m
B. E. Express leaves L Haven at..10 20 a m
"........."...Milesburg "...11 48 a m
"........."...Bellefonte "...11 55 a m
Arrives at Tyrone at................... 1 20 p m

EASTWARD.

Mail leaves Tyrone at................. 8 50 a m
"......"...Bellefonte at...............10 50 a m
"......"...Milesburg at...............11 02 a m
Arrive at Lock Haven..................12 30 p m
B. E. Express leaves Tyrone........ 7 00 p m
"........."...Bellefonte at.. 8 50 p m
"........."...Milesburg at.. 9 05 p m
Arrives at Lock Haven at..........10 30 p m

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD.

NORTHWARD.

Clearfield Mail leaves Tyrone at.. 9 00 a m
"........."......"....Osceola at..10 40 a m
"........."......"...Philipsburg..11 10 a m
Arrive at Clearfield at................ 1 00 p m

SOUTHWARD.

Leaves Clearfield at.................... 2 00 p m
"........."........."................... 2 55 p m
"........."........."................... 4 15 p m
Arrive at Tyrone at...................... 5 50 p m

CONNECTIONS:

Passengers leaves Clearfield at 2 o'clock p. m, Philipsburg at 3 55 p. m, Osceola at 4 15 p m.. arrive at Tyrone at 5 50 p m., making connection with Cincinnati Express East at 6 17 p. m., and with Mail West at 6 44 p. m., on Main Line; also with Bald Eagle Express, leaving Tyrone at 7 00 p. m, arriving at Bellefonte at 8 45 p. m., at Lock Haven at 10 30 p. m., connecting with Erie Mail East on the Philadelphia and Erie road at 11 21 p. m. arriving at Williamsport at 12 40 a. m.

Returning, passengers leaving Williamsport at 8 15 a m. on Erie Mail West, arrive at Lock Haven at 9 31 a m, connecting with Bald Eagle Express leaving Lock Haven at 10 20 a m, arriving at Bellefonte at 11 55 a m, Snow Shoe City at 5 35 p m, and Tyrone at 1 20 p m, connecting with Way Passenger West at 1 40 p m, and Mail East at 3 31 p m, on Main Line.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 2 30 p m, and Bellefonte at 4 12 p m, arrive at Tyrone at 6 05 p m, connecting with Cincinnati Express East 6 17 p m, and Mail West at 6 44 p m, on Main Line.

Passengers leaving Tyrone on the Clearfield Mail or the Lock Haven Mail, connect from the Day Express East and the Phil'a. Express West—and on the Bald Eagle Express, connect from the Cincinnati Express East and Mail West.

GEO. C. WILKINS, *Sup't.*
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
*Gen. Sup't.*

## MEDICAL.


PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

That the Science of Medicine has reached a period of its history, when it may be said that CONSUMPTION can be cured, is a most gratifying, although unlooked-for event.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMTION,

is a justly celebrated medicine. It is prepared by Hazelton & Co., Warren, Pa.

It is for sale Wholesale and Retail.
HIRAM LUCAS & BRO,
Howardville, Centre Co. Pa.
Agents for Centre county

HORSE FOR SALE.—Any person wishing to purchase a good driving or riding horse, can be accommodated by calling at this office. The horse is good and safe The purchaser can have his choice of two, mare or horse. Also a good cow for sale.—For particulars, call at the office of the
a20'69.tf "REPUBLICAN."


## OUR TERMS
### FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING

The "BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN" is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING. in Bellefonte, Pa., by

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,

at the following rates:
One year (invariably in advance,) $2.00
Six Months,......"........" ......."......$1.00
Three Months,."........"........"..........50
Single Copies.."........"........"......... 05

It is Republican in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free. subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8.00 per annum.

Advertisements of 10 lines, or less, $1.00 for one insertion, and 5 cts. per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

| SPACE OCCUPIED. | 3 mos. | 6 mos. | 1 year. |
|---|---|---|---|
| One inch (or 10 lines this type) | $5 | $8 | $12 |
| Two inches | 7 | 10 | 15 |
| Three inches | 10 | 15 | 20 |
| Four inches | 11 | 17 | 25 |
| Quarter column (or 5½ inches) | 12 | 20 | 30 |
| Half column (or 11 inches) | 20 | 35 | 55 |
| One column (or 22 inches) | 35 | 55 | 100 |

All advertisements. whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper Books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications relating to business of this office, to
A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

## LODGES.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No 268. A. Y. M. meets on Tuesday evening of or before the Full Moon.

Constans Commandery. No. 33, K. T., meets second Friday of each month.

I. O. O. F. Centre Lodge, No. 153, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall, Bush's Arcade.

For the conferring of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.

For Degree of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. G. T.—This Lodge every Monday evening.

## Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H.C. Pardoe, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church. High St., services at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Byron McGann, pastor.

Lutheran Church. Linn St., services 10½ a. m, and 7½ p. m. Rev. J. A. Hackenberger, pastor.

Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present

Catholic Church, Bishop St; services 10½ a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. T. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of creek; services —

African M, E. Church, west side of creek; services at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinsell, pastor.

## DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

*President*—Andrew Johnson.
*Vice President, pro tem.*—Benj. F. Wade.
*Secretary of State*—William H. Seward.
*Secretary of Treasury*—Hugh McCullough.
*Secretary of War*—J. M. Schofield.
*Secretary of Navy*—Gideon Wells.
*Secretary of Interior*—O. H. Browning.
*Postmaster-General*—A. L. Randall.
*Attorney General*—Wm. M. Evarts.

STATE.

*Governor*—Jno. W. Geary.
*Sec'y of Commonwealth*—Frank Jordan.
*Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth*—Isaac B. Gara.
*Auditor-General*—John F. Hartranft.
*Surveyor-General*—Jacob M. Campbell.
*Treasurer*—W. W. Irwin.
*Attorney General*—Benj. H. Brewster.
*Dep'y-Att'y General*—J. W. M. Newlin.
*Sup't of Com. Schools*—J. P. Wickersham.
*Dep'y Sup't of Com. Schools*—C.R.Coburn.
*Sup't of Soldier's Orphan Schools*—Geo. F. McFarland.

COUNTY.

*President Judge*—Charles A. Mayer:
*Associates*—{ John Hosterman, William Allison,
*Prothonotary*—James H. Lipton.
*Register & Recorder*—J. P. Gephart
*Sheriff*—D. Z. Kline.
*Dep'ty Sheriff*—D Woodring.
*Dist. Att'y*—H. Y. Stitzer.
*Treasurer*—A. C. Geary.
*Commissioners*, { Wm. Keller, Wm. Furey, John Bing.
*Clerk*—John Moran.

BELLEFONTE BOROGH'

*Chief Burgess*—E. M. Blanchard.
*Ass't* " Capt. C. T. Fryberger.
*Chief of Police*—Wm. Shortlidge.
" Wm. Felty.
" Amos Mullen.
" Charle Cook.
*Town Council*—Wm. P. Wilson, *Pres't.*
" S. M. Irwin, *Clerk.*
" Robert Valentine,
" A. S. Valentine,
" Jas. H. McClure,
" F. P. Green,
" John Irwin, Jr..
" Elias W. Hale,
" Jacob V. Thomas,
" Geo. A. Bayard,
*High Constable*—James Green,
*Borough Constable*—James Furey.
*School Directors*—John Hoffer, *Pres't.*
" Geo. B. Weaver. *Sec'y.*
" Wm. McClelland, *Tre's*
" S. T. Shugart,
" D. M. Butts,
" Dan'l McGinley.


WAGON HUBBS, spokes and felloes, large and small, at
IRWIN & WILSON'S

LAMPS, every variety and kind at
IRWIN & WILSON'S


## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.


J. G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High St. ja6'69.y

JAMES H. RANKIN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Armory building, 2nd floor. ja6'69 1y.

SAMUEL LINN. A. O. FURST.
LINN & FURST, Attorneys at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.tf.

EDMUND BLANCHARD. EVAN M. BLANCHARD.
E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law. Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.1y.

H. N. M'ALLISTER. JAMES A. BEAVER.
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte Penn'a. ja6'69.1y

W. W. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Penn'a., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care

E. C. HUMES, *Pres't.* J. P HARRIS, *Cash'r.*
FIRST NATIONAL BANK Of Bellefonte. Allegheny St., Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN H. ORVIS. CYRUS T. ALEXANDER.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Conrad House, Allegheny St. ja6'69.1y.

URIAH STOVER, Licensed Autioneer, will attend to all sales entrusted to his care.—Charges reasonable. Address, Uriah Stover, Houserville, Centre Co., Pa. ja6'69.6m.

GEORGE F. HARRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon; Pension Surgeon for Centre county, will attend promptly to all professional calls. Office on Hight Street North Side. ja27'69.1y.

J. D. WINGATE D. D. S., Dentist. Office on the corner of Spring and Bishop streets, Bellefonte. Pa. At home. except the first two weeks of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. ja6'69 1y.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office up-stairs in J. H. McClure's new Building. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times, and all hours. ja13'69.y.

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S. Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte. Penn'a. Every Description of Plain and Fancy printing done in the neatest manner, and at prices below city rates. ja6'69.

D. G. BUSH. GEO. M. YOCUM.
BUSH & YOCUM, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to them, with promptness. Office on Northeast Corner of the Diamond, in Mrs. Irvin's stone building. ja13'69.y.

WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections, and all other legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law building, Allegheny street. ja6'69.

WM. H. BLAIR. H. Y. STITZER.
BLAIR & STITZER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte. Pa. Can be consulted in both the English and German languages. Office on the Diamond, next door to Garman's Hotel. feb10'69.1y.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET

BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.

The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte.—Choice meat of all kinds always on hand. ja6'69.1y. R. V. BLACK.

CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
HENRY BROCKERHOFF, *President.*
J. D SHUGERT, *Cashier.* ja13'69y.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber. in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain.—Perfumery, Hair Oils. Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja13'69.1y.

AARON R. PAUP. J. T. SALMONS. LEVI R PAUP.
PAUP, SALMONS & CO., Contractors and Bricklayers, Bellefonte. Pa., adopt this method of informing those wishing to build that they will furnish Brick and lay them. by the job, or by the thousand. Will set Heaters, and do all kinds of work in their branch of Business. ja20'69.1y.

J. H. TOLBERT, AUCTIONEER Would respectfully inform the citizens of Nittany Valley in particular, and the people of Centre county in general, that he has taken out a license and holds himself in readiness to cry Vendues, Auctions, or other sales at all times, and at all places with in the limits of Centre and Clinton counties. Charges reasonable. ja27'69.1y.

J. W. RHONE, DENTIST. Boalsburg Centre Co., Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession. Satisfaction rendered. and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week. commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon. ja13'69.1y.

INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE. Joseph A. Rankin of this Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: Lycoming Mutual, York Company, Pa., Insurance of North America, Enterprise, and Girard of Phila., Pa., Home, of New Haven, and any *other* reliable company desired. Also, Provident Life Company of Phil'a., and other good Life Companies. ja6'69.1y.

O. W. VANVALIN. O. B. LAMBERT.
VANVALIN & LAMBERT,

PLASTERERS! PLASTERERS!!

We adopt this method of informing the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity that we have entered into partnership in the

PLASTERING BUSINESS.

All jobs entrusted to us will be done in the shortest time and in the most workmanlike manner. From our long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give full satisfaction to all who may favor us with their work. Address, or call on
VANVALIN & LAMBERT,
feb17'69.6m Bellefonte, Pa.


## Original Poetry.

*For the Republican.*

### THE BROKEN HEART.

BY C. C. M'B.

Like to the perfumed summer breeze
That flits through azure fields above,
Was the rich manly voice that woke
In her, the first sweet dream of love.
So gentle, innocent and true,
Soon owned her heart, its mystic power,
It wound its thralls still closer 'round,
And love grew stronger hour by hour.

Oh, she was beautiful, her brow
Was pure and white as drifted snow,
And her downy cheeks were daintily tinged
With the crimson life-currents ebb and flow;
Her hair was golden, like bright threads of light,
And her soft lustrous eyes,
O'er-brimmed with tenderness, and their bright hue
Claimed kindred with Italias skies.

Alas! that he who woke this dream,
Was treacherous, vile and vain;
He cared not for the heart he wrecked,
It gave him pleasure thus to give *her* pain.

He knew her love for him was warm and true;
He knew it was to her lifes sweetest part;
He coldly bade her to forget, thus said adieu,
And left her with a breaking heart.

He left her in a strangers home,
To wish each day that she were dead;
He left her with the crushing word
That in one path they might not tread.
And others came with kindly words
To win her from corroding grief;
Gently she put them all aside, and said,
That naught but *death* could bring relief.

A titled honored head in homage bent
At this poor broken lilys shrine;
Love, he had not to give, she said,
Nor name. nor fortune—" They are not mine."

Pining, she lived—so fading day by day,
Until she seemed no more of earth a part,
At length one summer eve she passed away.
'Twas thus she lived, and thus she died,
Died of a broken heart!

* * * * * * *

But where will her deceiver rest?
Ah, whither can he fly?
To escape the sin that's on his soul,
The curse that's ever nigh?
God pity him and forgive, oftimes pray I,
This crime of deepest dye!

LOGAN'S GAP, PA.

## Select Miscellany.

### Struggle in a Chimney--A Fearful Position.

A man will go blind, and mad, too, from fear; I have seen it happen, and if you don't mind listening, I will tell you the story. I was apprenticed to a builder when I left school, and soon got to like the trade very much, especially when the work was perilous, and gave me a chance to outdo the other lads in daring. "Spider" was my nickname in those days, given partly on account of my long legs, for I had outgrown my proportions, and partly because they said I could crawl along a roof like my namesake. When I was about three-and-twenty, I was working with the famous Mr. ——, and went down to Swansea, with his picked hands, to carry out a contract he had taken in that town.—While there, I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had seen in Wales, and that is saying a good deal. For a time I fancied she liked me, and that I was getting on very well with my love making, but I soon found my mistake, for an old lover of hers joined our men, and Mary gave me the cold shoulder directly. You may believe this sweetheart of hers (who was called Ben Lloyd) and I were not the best of friends in the world; but I am not the sort of fellow to harbor malice, and when the biddings to the wedding went round, and I knew that my chance was gone, I made the best of it. I kept my sore heart to myself, and determined to beat down jealousy by being great chums with Ben.

I went to the wedding, and there were not many days when I did not steal half an hour to sit by his fireside, which was as bright and cozy and homelike as you would wish to see—Mary being the soul of order and industry. It is not, perhaps, the usual way of driving out envy, to go and look at the happiness another man has done you out of, but then you know the proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and so it was I got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister, and Ben had no cause for jealousy, although there were plenty of evil tongues ready to put him up to it.

The contract was nearly up when a lightning conductor upon one of the highest chimneys, over at Llanelly sprang, and the owner of the works offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr ———, when be told us of it.

I touched my cap and accepted it off hand, and then Ben stepped up and said h'ed volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master, "you are the steadiest-headed fellows I have. The price is a good one, and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work, but take the first calm morning and get it done quietly."

So it was that, some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves at Llanelly, and all ready for the start The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the cradle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

There had been very few people about when we entered the yard, but as we got higher I saw that the news had spread, and that the streets were filling with sight-seers.

"There's plenty of star-gazers, Ben," I said waving my cap to them. "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Cannot you keep quiet?" answered Ben, in a strange tone; and turning to look, I saw that he was deadly pale, and sat in the bottom of the cradle hudd'ed up together, with his eyes fast shut.

"You're not frightened, old chap?" I asked.

"What's that to you?"

"Oh, nothing: only we are getting up pretty quickly, and you'd have a better head for work if you would get gradually used to the height."

He said nothing, and never moved.—Then looking up, I saw we were close to the top—a few yards more and we would be there; yet those who were turning the windlass were winding with unabating speed. A sudden chill ran through my blood, and set my flesh creeping. They had miscalculated the distance, and with the force they were winding at, the rope must inevitably break when the cradle came in contact with the block. There was no time to attempt a signal, only an instant to point out the danger to Ben, and then to get hold of the rope, and, by going hand over hand, reach the coping before the cradle came up. This was done almost quicker than I can tell you, Ben following.

The cradle came on; then, as I anticipated, the rope gave a shrill, singing sound like a rifle ball passing through the air, and snapped. Down went the cradle, and there we were left, nearly eight hundred feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping barely eighteen inches wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man, and cried:

"Tell me where I can kneel, Harry, show me where I can pray to Almighty God, for I cannot die this way!"

"Hush lad," I said, "don't lose heart. God can hear you just as well sitting as kneeling, and if you try to get up, you'll tumble, to a moral certainty. Think of Mary, man, and keep up."

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that, if he did not mind, he would overbalance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it, boy?" he said, hoarsely. And then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind. So, pushing myself to him, I placed my arm around his waist, and worked round to the rod, which I put in his hand; and then I looked below to see whether they were trying to help us, but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither, and, as I afterwards knew, all in the greatest consternation—the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near that we were for the time forgotten. I was straining my eyes, in the hope of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of a new danger, for, looking around, I saw Ben champing with his teeth and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began edging his way towards me, and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end as I moved away, keeping as far off as I moved away, and, scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for see me he could not—that was my only consolation Once, twice, thrice, he followed me around the mouth of that horrible chimney; then, no doubt thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on his feet. What could I now do to save his life? To touch him was certain death for myself, as well as for him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we should go over together To let him stand up was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered that if he died she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought in my mind, I suppose; but, thank God, there was a stronger than Satan near, and, at the risk of my life, I roared out, "Sit still, or you will fall, Ben Lloyd!"

He crouched down, and held on with clenched teeth, shivering and shaking.

"Sit still," I repeated, from time to time, watching, with aching eye and brain, for some sign of aid. Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clove to my mouth, and the perspiration running down, blinded me. At last—at last—hope came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces were turned upward; then some one who had got a speaking trumpet shouted, "Keep heart, boys; we'll save you!" a few minutes more and the kite began to rise; higher and higher it comes, on and on. How I watched the white-winged messenger, comparing it in my heart to an angel; and surely, as an angel was it permitted to come to us poor sinners, hanging on the verge of eternity. Up it came, nearer and nearer and nearer, guided by the skillful flyer. The slack-rope crossed the chimney, and we were saved.

I could not shout hurrah, even had I dared; but in every beat of my heart was a thanks-giving to the God I had never truly known till that hour, and whose merciful Providence I can never doubt again.

The block was fixed, the cradle came up again, and Ben, obeying my order, got in. I followed; but no sooner did I touch him than he began trying to get out. I got hold of him, and, taking it in his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was, grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting, shrieking, and praying all the way down, while the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. As we came near the ground, I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer, then suddenly all was silent, for they had heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground scarcely a man dared look in. The first who did, saw a horrible sight; for, exhausted by the struggle and excitement, so soon as the cradle had stopped I had fainted, and Ben, feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth into my neck!

No wonder the men fell back with blanched faces—they saw that Ben was crazed; but they thought he had killed me; for, as they said, he was actually worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us and pulled Ben off me. I soon came round, but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow; and when he did come out of the asylum he was never fit for his old trade again, so he and Mary went out to Australia, and the last I heard of them was that Ben had got a couple of thousand sheep and was doing well.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after, finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face height. So, you see, that morning's work changed two men's lives.

### A Model Love Story.

Who, after reading the epistle below, addressed to "the young man of her heart," is prepared to say that the art of telling a love story in tropes and figures of speech has become one of the lost arts? No one, we opine. If there is another charming and suggestive simile that can be added to the long list, called into requisition by the fair writer, we would like to know what it is:

DYERSBURG. August 5, 1868.

*My Own Dear Fred:*—Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it, like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill thro' it like Spanish needles through tow-linen trowsers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mudpuddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues on a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly.

When I first beheld your saintly perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a humble-bee under a glass tumbler; my eyes stood open like cellar-doors in the country towns, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drank in the sweet infection of love, as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whisky punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift up myself by my shoe-straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When "Aurora," blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay-bird piped his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the springhouse; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig ariseth from his bed, and goeth forth for his morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide, and when the lowing cows come home at milk time, I think of thee. And like a piece of gum-elastic my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse painted with gold, and the brass slide to your immaculate neck-tie fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than an old coat, and whiter than seventeen-hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me full in the womanly breast, it perforated my entire anatomy like a load of bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckers with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bird's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like blue-birds out of their parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hill side. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to your presence, and to pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty housewife pours out the hot coffee. Away from you, I am melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June-bug of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, are nibbling at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts as an old cheese is bored by skippers.

My love is stronger for you than the smell of old butter, sweitzer kase, or the kick of a mule. It is purer than the breath of a young calf, and more unselfish than a kitten's first catterwaul. As the song-bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so long I for thee. You are fairer than the speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fixed in sorghum molasses; brighter than the top knot plumage on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy-kisses, raisins, poundcake, and sweetened toddy, altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and win to me your affections, I shall be as happy as the bird in a cherry tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will feel terrible pain, and I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall from the flourishing vine of life, like an untimely branch. And in coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a clod upon the last resting place of

LUCILLA.

## Odds and Ends.

—The cup that cheers not—the hiccup.

—A hole in a man's profit—a large RENT.

—Flowers that should always be pressed—tu lips.

—Old maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

—Moderation is the silken string running through the chain of all the virtues.

—The coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "a parcel of holes sewn together.

—A young man married a girl rather than be shot by her brother—thinking a miss better than a hit.

—A Kentucky farmer is exhibiting an egg in the shape of a dumb-bell, laid by one of his eccentric hens.

—Ike's last trick was to throw Mrs. Partington's old lady down from the third floor to see an alley-gaiter.

—The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

—An editor says, "our best things will be found on the outside," that's the way with the most of the world.

—Carefully avoid those vices which most resemble virtue; they are a thousand times the most ensnaring of all vices.

— A revenue officer charged Noah with brewing beer in the ark, because he saw a kangaroo going on board with hops.

—What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, the other sews what she gathers.

—Look out for paint—as the girl said when the Man About Town went to kiss her last week. He was careful and didn't disturb it—the paint.

—The New York Society for the prevention of gambling captured thirty-two clerks last month, in the different gambling saloons of the city.

—Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them until they have been a short time in hot water.

—The woman who is bent on marrying a man because he is a lion, should remember that it does not neccessarily follow that she will become a lioness.

—A debating society had under consideration the question, "is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The decision arrived at was, "No; but impossible."

—A gentleman, on taking a volume to be bound, was asked if he would have it bound in Russia.

"Russia is too far off. I will have it done here."

—A white boy met a colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for.

"I specs so it won't poke itself in other people's business."

—There is nothing that so much tends to keep the fire of love burning as those little attentions that show the loved one is ever present in your thoughts—little in themselves but important in effect.

—A letter bearing the following superscription was recently received at the Silver City post-office, from Iowa:

Augustus Jones, a web-foot scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cord-wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho.

—A teacher in trying to explain passive verbs to a class, said to one of the boys, 'Now observe: If I say, 'John is beaten," what is John's relation to the verb? "John gets licked," answered the boy. "No no, you blockhead; what does John do? "I dun know, unless he hollers!"

—"Pa," said a young hopeful, "will you get me a new pair of skates if I'll prove to you that a dog has ten tails?" "Yes, my son." "Well, one dog has one more tail than no dog, hasn't he?" "Yes." "Well, no dog has nine tails, and if one dog has one more than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails." The father gave the boy his skates.