

OLUME VI.

WATTS.

TEE

RRISBURG PATRIOT

WEEKLY PATRIOT GRATIS!

# EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

#### How the Gates Came Ajar.

I can hear my mother weeping-

A glimpse of the light in the darkness

Where the gaies shut after me;

The splendor will shine so far Bet the angel answered, "I dare not

Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,

Her hand on the hand of the angel

Turned was the key in the portal,

Unloosed was the golden bar,

Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

Tenderest heart in heaven,

But may catch the glory afar,

Are the keys of the gates ajar.

Since she in the Saviour's bosom

Now there's never a sad-eved mother

DOOM OF THE "BETSY JANE."

CHAPTER I.

"See how upon her gallant course she gots, Her white wings flying -never from her foes; Who would not cash a twenty dollar check?" To move the wonarch of her painted week?"

O, Love ! 'be well-spring alike of man's

b ighiest earthly hope and joy, and of man's

darkess ca thly gloom and despair! Eut for

the firme which thou with thme inextin-

guishable torch dost kindle upon the altar

of humon hearts, a gallant back now slam-

bering far down where the purple mullet

and the gold-fish rove would still come

home to her haven under the bill, and the

ful constellation of American literature !

novelist had not been called upon to add

It was about the middle of the afternoon

on the 15th of June, in the year 1867, that

a beautifully modeled smack, bark-rigged

time for me mory and for tears.

"Boaiswain, aboy ?"

voice abaft the mizzen capstan.

mauds of his superior officer.

dask as midnight.

touching his hat, said :

fearful than the first.

"But hold !"

cried in a voice of thunder :

The Betsy Jane-the Eagle of the Sea, as

she was foudly t, "med by her gallant crew

waters as a painted clock upon a painted

pond. Suddenly a tall, majestic form ap-

peared upon her hurricane deck, and walk

ing proudly to the starboar, ! bulk-bead,

exclaimed in tones, which rank out upon

the stagoant air like the notes of a trumpet:

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a stentorian

And at the same moment there stepped 1

gas b consisting principally of a pair of irow-

iuch a sailor. Touching his tarpaulin with

the fore-finger of his right hand by way of

salute, he waited respectfully for the com-

"Belay the quadrant and report instant-

ly the hour," said the captain with a fear-

ful frown, at the same time bending upon

his subordinate a brow with passsion as

The boatswain descended the narrow

steps leading to the binnacle, and in a few

moments refurned to the deck, and, again

"Just on the stroke of three bells, your

excellency." "Now then, inexorable dog, begone !"

exclaimed the captain, with a frown more

Knowing that disobedience was death.

"Have you reefed the forecastle abaft

"And have you lashed the mainmast to

the marlin spike, as directed ?" asked the

the man turned to obey, when the captain

And instantly the boatswain held.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply.

sets and a shirt collar bespoke him every

-lay as still and undistarbed upon the

-BYRON.

She laid and the touch sufficed\_

She is lopely and cannot see

O turn once the key, dear angel,

Let the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the blessed.

Twas whispered one morning in heaven, That the little child angel, May, In the shadow of the great white portal Sat sorrowing night and day ; How she said to the stately warden, He of the key and bar, "O angel! dear angel! I pray you Let the beautiful gates ajar."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

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he Great Weekly. 1873.

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1873. THE WORLD. A new political era is opening before the Country. The negro-cycle of our politics has rounded to its conclusion through civil war, social vio-ience, industrial disorder, and has caded in giv-ing freedom to four millions of the negro race, and the ballot to its adult males.

to every man's business and bosom as never be-fore, being vital to private prosperity and the maintenance of a Democratic Republic. For not only are the manifold encreachments of Federal upon State powers and of both upon the large liberty of American freemen now as always to be repetled with censeless vigilance; not only is home rule or local self-government

now as always to be maintained for the best guarantee of civil liberty and of national great-ness, but, besides, the victories of peace which are to give splendor to the new political era must be won against every advantage which even enemies of free institutions could desire

A gigantic Debt, which the honor of the coun-A gigantic beet, which the honor of the country is pleaged to pay, encumbers all our indus-trics with its oppressive burden. Nevertheless our systems of Municipal and State Taxation are crude, unequal, and defraud the poor to re-lease the rich. Nevertheless our system of Fed-eral Taxation is such an infamous nasterpiece of increasing and incomparity out to the vile uses Aud to ! in the angel child's fingers "And the key for no farther using To my blessed Son shall be given, Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,

of ignorance and incapacity, put to the vile uses of monopolists and favorites and thieves, as never anywhere has disgraced modern civiliza-tion since Louis XIV., with his methods of taxation rather than its amount, paralyzed the in-dustries of France. And along with the Tariff, which prohibits the export of our manufactures, abridges the number of our industries, cuts down the profits on the exports from all our farms, plantations and mines; abolishes our shipping from off the high seas, and filches \$5 from the people's pockets every time it puts \$1 into the U.S. Treasury.-along with this en-gine of oppression, stupidity and fraud goes a

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## THE WELVLY WORLD

and painted a lovely pea-green, lay quietly ITHE WEE, "DT WORDD is our great edition (W. "dnesday) for the coun-try. It contains: 1. THE LATEST PRICES (tele-graphed from all the Mark "Is of the United States) of Live Stock, Count. "Produce, Gen-eral Produce of every kind.", "nd of Money, Stocks, and Freights in New York and Europe, 2. The Farmers' Page, with all the a. "ings of the Farmers' Club of the American Inst. "Inte, let-ters from practical farmers, and sesen, "in disat anchor off Spanish Alley in the harbor of Mobile. Not a cloud dimmed the cerulean splendor of "the beautiful aboon ;"

of which they had two. Her doting pa-rents, it is true, had one other female child, but as she was turned of her thirtieth year and was still unmarried, they had ceased to count her. Beautiful as a dream amid the flowers, it is no wonder that Maud Fitzperkins was the idol of her parents.

### Fair as a litly. Lovely as the rose, Every day her beauty Sweeter charms disclose.

The buttercups and joquils of but nineteen springs had bloomed along her umbrageous pathway, and the frost of nineteen win'ers had left untonched their serene Ceshness. The winds of heaven had not been permitted to visit her cheels 100 maried their alabaster loveliness. Her father was one of the wealthiest residen's of Spavish Alley, and could well affo d to lavish upon his almost only daughter every luxury be market afforded. Petted and spoiled by the entire household, she ! new not the agony of a wish ungratided. Did she sigh for a bait of fiesh oysters?-her adoring wother cheerfully handed her four bits to buy them. Did she dream of a new set of patent hoops?-her idolizing father insiantly drew for this dollar and a balf and told her to go and get them. Did she order her embroidered skirts to be sta cloud and done up for a picale electrision to Frascall?-her worshiping sister immediately put the iron to the fi.e. In short there was no endearing tenderness that wealth could purchase that was not lavished upon the petted and spoiled Maud Fitzperkinsthe belle of Span h Alley.

Such was the hermne of our story at the time the gallant Letsy Jane shook her sails to the breeze on the memorable 15th of June, 1837. In gazing upon her peerless loveliness well in ght the poet exclaim :

"Come into the genden, Mand, For the black bit, night, hath flown; Come into the garden, Maud, You'h find me out here stone;"

for to meander through beds of odiferous flowers, spackling with crystal dew and kissed by the enamored beams of the rising sun-to wander thus and then with a being of such radiant beanty were indeed a touch this strongely thrilling story to the beami- of bappiness beyond the bliss of dreams.

"Such was Maud Citope Kins-Such around her shope The many mosts of loveliness

Possessed by her alone.

But let us enter the splendid mansion in which she sweetly dwells and observe in what she gracely squanders the golden hours upon this beautiful spring moining. not a zephyr disturbed with a touch of its Upon her finger we pince the rag of Cyges, invisible pinion the calm surface of the or, in the absence of that, we invoke the Bay, nor kissed the snowy blosoms of the aid of Asmodeus, and eater unscentard unmagnolias clustering on the shore. All na- announced. Sweet, del clores privilege of

"The idea of a gentleman coming to see ridiculous creature's name-silently turned and left the apartment. Mand at once laid aside her book, and

having kicked the kitten across the room and adjusted her waterfall, she threw herself gracefully into her hoops, and descended to the parlor.

For well knew the belle of Spanish Alley that Captain de Pompano had come to pay her the highest compliment that man can offer her his heart and hand. Why, then, did she enter the parlor with a cloud upon her peerless brow and a smile of scorn upon her crimson lips ? Because her hly finger was already zoned by the eugagement ring of another

Captain de Pompano was at no loss for words to declare his passion. He was a man of poetic temperament and extraordinary memory. His declaration had been cut and dried for the occasion, and now lay coiled upon the end of his tongue, like a string of many-colored beads. Man in such moments is prone to forget all he intended to say ; but Captain de Porapauo, ever distinguished for his presence of mind in peril's darkest hour, was complete master of room, he took her by the hand, and kneeling upon the magnificent two-ply carpet he thus addressed her :

"Beautiful Maud-star of my life ! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee ; and when I love thee not chaos has come agaiu ! Speak but one word of hope and lift me to the seventh heaven of terrestrial bappiness. Alas, those eyes beam not with the tender light of answering love, and those ruby lips speak only the inarticulate eloquence of scorn ! Maud-Maud, cruel. cruel Maud ! Oh, drive menot to despair Tell me at least that your heart is free, and the sweet assurance will give me life

For some moments the gentle Maud could not speak. Her emotions were too numerous. Never had she read in any novel a more beautiful declaration of love than she had just heard. Of course she was not aware that Captain de Pompano had paid the author of this five dollars for writing it. It sounded so much like a delicious romance that she was tempted to forget her yows to another and answer him "ear for tear and sigh for sigh." But she speedily mastered the weakness and was herself again.

beauty burst into a silvery laughter, which shot across the bow of the enemy, thus was distinctly heard around the next block. creating a terrific commotion on her deck. Capt. O'Groupa, hurrying on the wings you !" and again the flood of silvery laugh- of love to Maud and matrimony, had no ter deluged the whole neighborhood. In cause to anticipate a hostile collision with the midst of it Gloriana-for such was the his rival, the impetuous commander of the Betsy Jane, but his frequent encounters

with the pirates which infest the bay, had aught him the necessity of being constant-

ly prepared for any emergency. He saw the Betsy Jane unfurl the black flag-he heard the pattering thuds of grapeshot as they plunged into the bay-and his oracular and prophetic soul told him that another death-struggle was at hand. To snatch off his shirt, to bring it in contact with the roughly, and scancely a dozen f.eckles pay to any woman-that he had come to character of a "Southern Loyalist" be happened to have on board, and to nail it to the jackstaff as a substitute for a black flag, was but the work of a moment. Then instantly furling his jib-boom and belaying his larboard scuppers, he ran up the union ack to keep the gangway from going by

the board, and havit g unlimbered the hogchain and double-shotted his gua-room, he lashed himself to the mainbrace of the forward poop, and calmly awaited the coming

#### He did not have long to wait.

In much less time than we have taken to lescribe this thrilling scene the Betsy Jane, whose fiery soul was in arms, and evident ly eager for the fray, dashed up alongside the Martha Ann, and the terrible conflict the situation. Advancing to meet the love- began. With unerring precision the crew ly Mand as she walked proudly into the of each vessel threw their grappling irons simultaneously, and the velocity of the one vessel overcoming that of the other (for they were sailing in opposite directions), they suddenly came to a standstill.

"AndIthen there erose a yell As if the fiends from beaven fell Had rung the banner cry of \_\_\_\_\_!"

But let us draw a mosquito bar over the ightful scene which followed; an ordinay veil would searcely cover the case, nor conceal half its Stygiau horrors from the gaze of a shuddering world. Far be it from us to seek to curdle the warm blood of the genile reader by repeating here the fearful story of Actyum or of Lepanto.

Ten days after the celebrated paval engement between the Betsy Jane and the Martha Aun, to which we have so feebly alluded, there was a magnificent wedding in a splendid two-story mansion in Spanish alley, at which, it is hardly necessary to say, soft eyes looked love to eyes which looked the same thing, and all went merry as they | isually do on such loyous occasio

ald Fitzperkins-the belle of Spanish alley. | baif what she thought they were worth .--The bridegroom was the gallant naval On appealing to the pretended husband. o, Capt. Cassabianca O'Groupa, of the she endeavoued to s apport her. character; but being closely pressed, she nvincible Martha Ann. O'Groupa was the happiest and the luck- at length owned the fact, accommodated iest of men. Scarcely had he tisen f.om all matters amicably, put of the male and the breakfast table on the morning imme-diately succeeding his marriage, when the appeared to be a sensible, well-bred womunificent Fitzperkins handed him a check man, though in her male character she on the Freedmen's Savings Bank for twen- had always affected the plain, plodding y-seven dollars and a half, which the de- ale-house keeper. It is said they had ac ighted O'Groupa, knowing the peculiar quired in business three thousand pounds. nice, tainty of such institutions in this Both had been crossed in love when young, country, immediately had cashed, and the and had chosen this method to avoid furfond papa was scarcely less generous to his ther importunities." The female widower darling Mand. A deed of a gift of a twenty afterwards prosecuted a man for extorting dollar cow and calf, duly recorded in the money from her before the disclosure, by office of Judge Bond, will forever attest the threatening to proclaim her real sex ; and proving her case, had the satisfaction of magnitude of that paternal generosity. Never did a young couple enter upon the rearing the offender sentenced to four years' imprisonment, and exposure in the flowery field of matrimony under more goipillory. In 1777, a woman was pillocied geous auspices. in Cheapside, and afterwards sent to jail Time's ever rolling time, which bears all ts sons away, passed on as usual. Under for six months, for dressing herself in male the colling process, three days were thrown attire, and marrying three women, with back upon the irrevocable past, as the whose clothes and money she had decompbody of the drowned mariner is thrown ed at the first opportunity. In 1778, an back upon the shore-three days since the other deceiver courted and wedded an old nero and heroine of this thrilling story were woman, in hopes of gaining possession of legally authorized to feel that they carried | a hundred pounds; but instead of ingerabout them a couple of souls with but a jug the money, the woman-busband was introduced to the Lord Mayor by he cheatsingle thought and an equal number of hearts that beat as one. Three days- ed spouse, and paid the penalty of detecdays thronged with rose-leaves, flates and The Rev. David Mackenzie relates an moonbeams-and as a happy pair landed at the foot of Spanish alley on their return instance of a man getting married unintenfrom a bridal tour to Tensas and Blakely, tionally. Some thirty years ago, a decent they beheld a person standing on the wharf couple appeared in church to be married, and gazing at them with a scowl so mut- after due proclamation of the banns. They terably full of malignant hate that but for asked the clergyman to wait a bit; he waited for a hour, and then, at their rethe consciousness that there was a strong quest, proceeded with the ceremony. He a m near to protect her, the gentle bride had thought the delay arose from the abwould have screamed and taken to her sence of some expected friend, but the heels. With both arms in a sling, his truth was, it was the bridegroom who had head bound in a cotton handkerchief, and cently come out of a prize fight for the brother, who brought the bride to church, championship with a cross-cut saw or a unwilling, as he afterward said, "to go patent threshing machine, he was certain. home, after coming so far, without doing y not an object to southe into screne tran- some business, so as to make sure of the young woman," had, in all innocence, quility and repose the breast of a gentle wedded her himself, as proxy for his woman. As the reader must have already guessed, brother. How the lady and brothers arthat dreadful wreck of humanity was no ranged matters, the reverend gentleman other than the once haughty being who so forgets to tell us. Another odd match is noticed by Pepys in one of his letters-a prondly trod the deck of the Betsy Jane, It was, indeed, all that was left of the match that, for a time, served to give the once londly De Pompano. Beneath the folks of London something to talk about dark waters of the bay lies the broken more enlivening than the unwelcome war wreck of the ill-fated bark in which the re- news of the day. Two rich citizens had jected lover went forth with merciless sicel died, one leaving his wealth to a Blue-coat boy, the other making a Blue-coat girl his to seek the heart of his rival. heiress. What could be more proper than Such was the doom of the Betsy Janc. that the lucky Blues should unite their fortunes! Neither of them were out of their Reader, my story is ended. If I have nonage, but that was not allowed to interucceeded in implanting in one youthful fere with the plan. Accordingly, one Sep-tember day in 1795, the boy, dressed in blue breast a love for the pure, the beautiful, and the good, or in banishing therefrom a single desire to engage in paval purruits, satin, led by two girls; and the girl, ar-I shall feel amply repaid for the midaight ranged in blue sarsenet gown, green apron, oil I have consumed .- Mobile Register. and yellow petticoat, led by two Blue coat boys, marched from Christ's Hospital through Cheapside, to Guildhall, where Too MUCH FOR HIM .- An aged negress they found the Dean of St. Paul's waiting whose eminent picty had secured an extenfor them in the chapel. The Lord Mayor and romance, seeming unconscious that sprang into the rigging with the bound of visits, dropped in upon a neighbor, who she was herself beloved-wildly, passion- an enraged tigress, and running up the was equally well known as a tennerance gave away the bride; Eow bells pealed their best; and everybody concerned adjourned to the school hall, to take part in mainmast hand over hand, he unfurled the man and a hater of tobacco. After being an entertainment there in honor of the black flag and nailed it to the topgallant courteously received, the negress pulled happy event .- Chambers' Journal.

NUMBER 47.

SIR JOHN MOORE BURIED E. IZCOTICALLY. Not a sound was heard on the ellent street,

As home from the concert we burrhed ; or we found not a street car, carriage, or

And we felt considerably worried.

We hailed a driver we used to knew, And hurriedly asked the reason ; He said, as he sadly shock his head, That the horses were all a sneezin'

And so we silently went our way To the place where we kept our filly ; To found her weeping at eyes and nose, And shaking as though 'twere chilly.

In vain we offered her tempting oats And a "loan may h" warm and smoking ; he turned her head from the fragrant bait, And swallowed as if she was choking.

We shoo's down a bed of fresh new hay, With a bag of corn for a boister; and we gazed at the suddle overhead,

With its shining stirrups and holster.

We thought, as we looked in the glazing eye, That her troubles would soon be over; Never more would she crop the grass, Or graze on the crimson clover,

Slowly we turned from the stable door, With heart that was wildly heating ; And when we went in the early morn We found her quietly eating.

#### STRANGE MARRIAGES.

Amid the variety of strange marriages, the palm of oddity must certainly be conceded to those from which man has been excluded. One case of this sort came to light this very year, when the Edinburgh pol ce laid their hands upon a young woman who was "wanted." from information supplied by a servant girl, whom the masquerading female in question had married, while employed as a laborer in the neighborhood of Kirknewton. The couple had lived happily together for some time; but quarreling over some domestic matter, the wife resolved to part company, and inform-ed the police what manner of a husband she had married. A stranger story of the same nature is told in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1766. "A discovery of a very extraordinary kind was made at Poplar, where two women had lived together for thirty-six years as man and wife, had kept a public-house, without ever being suspected. But the wife happening to fail ill and die, a few days before she expired revealed the secret to her relatives, made The bride was the beautiful Mande Ger. her will, and left legacies to the amount of

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The newest and most approved styles of Fine and Medium Furniture, in larger variety than

any other house, at very reasonable prices. Persons furnishing houses would do well to write for our new circular, or when in Pitts-

burgh we respectfully solicit a visit to our warerooms. Don't forget the place,

C MANNOTH FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT OF

CHESTNUT STREET,

captain, with a look that showed that he was not to be triffed with.

the jibboom and furled the after yard-arm?" TERMS.—Cash in advance. Send post-office money order, bank draft, or registered letter. Bills sent by mail will be at the risk of sender. "Aye, aye, sir," was again the reply. "Then immediately belay the main-jack. brace the forward davits, and let the anchor

be taken aboard and weighed." In ten minutes the boatswain refurned 35 Park Row, New York. and reported the captain's orders fully ex-

Agents Wanted ecuted. "Very well," said that officer "now unforl the starboard locker, brace the sternsheet halyards, and head her out to sea." The unparalleled success of the "Victor Sew-The order was obeyed with the rapidity ing Machine," opens a good opportunity for Sewing Machine Agents and responsible men to of magie, and the Betsy Jane, with her

topgallant hatchway spread like a snowy take the agency for this County. For Circu-lars, samples of work and terms, address cloud to catch the freshening treeze, was soon sweeping like a majestic swan through THE VICTOR

the rippling waters of the bay. Upon the deck still stood her commanding officer, the chivabous Capiaia De Pompano. But the splendor of the scene around him brought no emotion of pleasure to his heaving breast. Alas, within that breast an insa jate vulture browsed upon the once green leaves of hope and happiness, and had already rendered it is as barren and desolate as the dreariest solitude of the

Arabian desert! That insatiate fowl was the vulture of unrequited love : "His life was in the yellow leaf; The fruits and flowers of love were gone; The worm, the canker, and the grief Were his alone!"

The victim of scorned and slight affection ! Alas ! hot punches, nor braudy cocktails, nor all the drowsy julips in the world, can medicine him to the sweet sleep he knew yesterday ! No longer the observious lover ! but now the embodied spirit of Vengeance ; and every breath he drew was the | which is so winning in the maid and charmslogan of immortal wrong !

#### CHAPTER II.

"She was a phantom of delight. The brightest star in beauty's skies, And all that's best of dark and bright Met in her aspect and her eyes."

the romancist, thus to i wede at will the sature seemed .o have read an a ticle in the Daily ----, or to have taken some other | cred penetial'a of unsuspecting loveliness. Upon a couple of chairs near the window parcotic and fallen quietly to sleep. The of a gorgeous boodwor reclines la belle che was ove of peculiar tranquility. Upon Mand, loviest she among the lovely. Her develike eyes, suffused with tender tears, he whart stood a solitary dray, the borse attach of thereto quietly but feloniously are bent with inexpressible intentre-s upon nibbing . t a bale of hay. It was indecu a

the fascinating pages of one of Ec.dle's dime novels. Leaving her lost in the bewildering spell of romance, let us look around upon this apartmeni, furnished with more than oriental splendor. Upon a man-telpiece ingeniously painted in imitation of charcoal stands a comparatively antique clock framed in pure mahogany, a bi-thday present from her adoring fathe , who at a gift entertainment paid his money and took

his choice. On either side of this wonderful piece of mechanism stands a vase of Anglo-Saxon china, the dark-brown bue of whose gilding attests its putity. From cach forth a person of Herculean frame, whose | of the e priceless vases droops a magaolia blossom which Maud's own fair hands gathered during her last visit to Choclaw Point. On an elegant what-not-but why attempt to describe the immumerable articles of vertu and brickbattery scattered around with such lavish profusion-or the couch with its rose-bued mosquito drapery -the dainty but coquet'ishly soiled nightcap hauging upon the bedpost-the sea-island hose lying beneath the couch and bearing the indescribable hue which

breathes an unanswerable argument in favor of that necessary evil the laundress-the empress trail hanging behind the door with the elliptic springs gleaming through their abraded coverings? Why note these exquisite evidences of taste, opulance and refinement, which all may describe, but which only the hand of genius can adequately im-

agine ? Nor shall we attempt a description of the elegant wardrobe of the charming Mand. Suffice it to say, it is all that painting can expres or youthful mantua-makers fancy when they love. Her recherche robe of pink mouslin de Merrimac, worn without beit, boop or collar, and open at the back to give fuli play to the emotions with which her gentle breast is filled by the thrilling page over whic't her dewy eyes wander, lighting it up with their own subdued splendor; her raven hair, partly held in place by a dark comb orpamented with rows of vit- | flash, far across the murmuring waves. reous pearls, and partly standing on end in affright at the terrors depicted in the volnme before her ; her full-orbed waterfall which she has not donned to-day, and which the playful kitten is romping on upon the hearth ; these things we shall leave to the imagination of the reader.

CHAPTER III.

#### She never had in love been crossed Who let this foolish maxim fail: 'Twas better to have loved and lost

left the peerless Maud Fitzperkins seated at the window of her gorgeous boudoir reading the latest novel. As the gentle mon. Dashing his spyglass against the creature thus sar and read the story of love scupper and flinging his hat overboard, he sive reputation, in walking her usual round ately beloved-and must ere long become the subject of the most wonderful romances, the door of her chamber turned noiselessly upon its hinges, and her sister-a sweet, gushing, full-blown rosebud of thirty summers, though carefully kept in the background, as if

-the door, we say, turned, etc., and the sister of Maud entered the room, bearing in her hand a card.

Upon that card was inscribed the name of Captain de Pompano. Mand cast an imperious glance at the name and exclaimed, with that petulance

ing in the wife : My goodness gracious me ! I do wonder what that fellow's come back here for ? "We do, we do !" again cried the crew. He's a fool if he thinks I'm going to have enthusiastically.

You'd just as well get up and take a chair, cap'n,' she said at last ; "it's no use talking; you've come the day after the

feart. "Then you love another?" exclaimed Capt. de Pompano, springing to his feet while streaks of chain-lightning flashed f.om his flaming eyes.

"I do," murmured the frightened girl. as she blushingly owned the soft impeachment.

"And are engaged to him ?"

"I am." "And his name is---"

"Captain O'Groupa, of the Martha Ann. "Then, by all the saints, the perfidious O'Groupa dies !"

With a wild and piercing scream the stricken girl fainted and fell with her exquisite feet in the grate and her lovely head in the spittoon. Clearing the house at a single bound, having paused but to kick away the spittoon and adjust a stray hoop or two, Capt. de Pompano rushed frantically down the street, and dashing into "The Sailor's Repose," called for a claret puach.

The heart-broken lever was about to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl.

Alas! how often are we called upon in this weary world to witness such scenes ! How often do we see youth and genius squaudering in the which of despair his inestimable postal currency for the intoxicating beverage !

CHAPTER IV.

No more shall feel the Captain's tread, o more shall feel the Capitan S Nor sail the watery main : The harries of the Martha Ann Have plucked the Betsy Jane. -O, W, HOLMES.

The conclusion of the first chapter saw the white-winged Betsy Jane plowing her way "o'er the dark waters of the deep-blue Bay," as the poet tastefully observes. Upon her quarter-deck stood the unhappy De Pompano, for whom Hope had ceased to smile, and o'er whose wounded spirit fell Despair brooded like a demon dark as Erebus ! As he strode the deck his brows indicated a breast swept by a tempest of thoughts too deep for tears! Ever and anon his eagle glance wandered, like an electric

"If the log lie not," he at last muttered in a boarse whisper, "we are nearing the mouth of Dog river. If the accursed hound is to return to the city to-night, it is high time he had left the shore.'

Suddenly the man at the masthead announced a sail in sight. "In what quarter?" eried Capt. De Pom-

pano, while a fresh conflagration seemed to rage in his dark eyes.

"To the windward, abaft the headlight," was the reply.

Capt. De Pompano turned and gazed eagerly in the direction indicated. He instantly recognized the Martha Ann by the sancy cut of her jib. The recognition seemed to transform him iuto a mauia deyard-arm. Then descending the mast with from her pocket a long pipe, and comthe rapidity of a thunderbolt, he seized menced smoking some very strong tobacco. his meerschaum and fiercely piped all hands to the infinite disgust of ber host.

on deck. When the crew, consisting of the boatswain, the cook, and the chambermaid, had assembled at the startling call, Capt. Pompano, with nostrils dilating, and eyes affame, pointed to the ebon ensiga floating darkly above them, and hoarsely exclained: "Behold ye yonder flag ?"

"We do, we do," shouted the crew in one voice.

"And do you see her ?" exclaimed the captaia in a voice of thunder, pointing to the Martin Ann, which came dashing on not a hundred yards distant.

"Yes."

Christain?"

The man maintained his composure sev-

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a

"Do you believe in the Bible, aunty?"

"Do you know there is a passage in the

scriptures which declares that nothing up,

clean shall enter the kingdom of Heaves

eral minutes; but the funce and smoke

soon became too powerful for him, and

"Yes, brudder I specks I is."

rising from his chair, said :

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes, brudder."

#### 

WAGES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,-Before the discovery of America it is said that money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by act of the Brita day's work was fixed to are or the brit-ish Parliament, in 1355, at one penny per day; and in 1412 the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops—then in prison in migland—was three half pence per day. At this time, twenty-four eggs per day At this time, twenty-four eggs wer sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for our pence, a fat goose for two and a half cence, a hen for a penny, wheat three sence per bushel, and a fat ox for six shillings and eight pence. So that in those days, a day's work would buy a hen or two dozen eggs; four days' work would buy a pair of shoes. On the whole, human

Than never to have loved at all." -FANNY KEMBLE. At the conclusion of the last chapter we

# im." "O Maud ! he's such a nice fellow !" said or sister ; "I am sure if he were to come "see me\_\_\_\_" "To see you !" and the willful young "Then clear the deck for action and go seizing a one-ounce howitzer (of the Capt. "To see you !" and the willful young "Then clear the deck for action and go seizing a one-ounce howitzer (of the Capt. "Well, Chloe, you smoke and you can-not enter the kingdom of Heaven, because not enter the kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so melean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?" "Why, I spees to leave my breff behind "Why, I spees to leave my breff behind