Legal Notices.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH BERR, LATE of Penn twp., deceased.—Letters of Administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township.
EMANUEL KEENER,
mar3-6tw9 Administrator.

ESTATE OF DAVID KELLER, LATE OF E. West Donegal twp., deceased.—Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same will present them for settlement to the undersigned, residing in the Borough of Elizabethtown.
SAMUEL EBY,
mar3-6tw9 Executor.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.—ASSIGNED ESTATE of Henry Kreider, of Eden township, Lancaster county.—Henry Kreider, of Eden twp., having by deed of voluntary assignment, dated February 3rd, 1869, assigned and transferred all his estate and effects to the Creditors of the undersigned, for the benefit of the said Henry Kreider, they therefore give notice to all persons indebted to said assignor to make payment without delay, and those having claims to present them to
MARTIN K. KREIDER,
Residing in Lancaster city.
DANIEL D. HESS,
Residing in Eden twp.,
feb 24 6tw 8) Assignees.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE OF Jacob Bleiler, late of West Hempfield twp., dec'd.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of F. S. Bleiler, Administrator, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will attend for that purpose on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of APRIL, A. D., 1869, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
mar17 4tw11) J. W. F. SWIFT, Auditor.

ESTATE OF SILAS OMOHUNDRO, late of the City of Richmond, Virginia, deceased.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of Wm. Carpenter, Administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, arising from the sale of real estate owned by the decedent in the State of Pennsylvania, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will attend for that purpose ON FRIDAY, THE 30TH DAY OF APRIL, 1869, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, Pa., where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
H. B. SWARR,
mar 24 4tw 12 Auditor.

BANKRUPT NOTICE.
In the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. } In Bankruptcy.
In the matter of SAMUEL M. BRUA, Bankrupt.
Eastern District of Pennsylvania, ss.
A Warrant in Bankruptcy has been issued by said Court against the Estate of SAMUEL M. BRUA, of the County of Lancaster, and State of Pennsylvania, in said District, who has been duly adjudged a Bankrupt upon Petition of his Creditors, and the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupt, to him, or to his use, and the transfer of, any property by him, are forbidden by law. A meeting of the creditors of said Bankrupt, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at Lancaster, in said District, on the 5TH DAY OF APRIL, A. D., 1869, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Office of A. SLAYMAKER, No. 6, South Queen street, in the City of Lancaster, Pa., one of the Registers in Bankruptcy of said District.
JOSEPH GAINTNER,
Dep. U. S. Marshal.
m24 2tw 12) 9th District, Pa., as Messenger.

Union Pacific Railroad.

1026 MILES OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD ARE NOW COMPLETED.

And 334 miles of the western portion of the line, beginning at Sacramento, are also done, but

200 MILES REMAIN

To be Finished, to Open the Grand Through Line to the Pacific. This Opening will Certainly Take Place Early this Season.

Besides a donation from the Government of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the Company is entitled to a subsidy in U. S. Bonds on its line as completed and accepted, at the average rate of about $26,500 per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, for which the Government takes a second lien as security. Whether subsidies are given or not by other companies or not, the Government will comply with all its contracts with the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Nearly the whole amount of bonds to which the Company will be entitled have already been delivered.

FIRST MORTGAGE BOND AT PAR.

By its charter, the Company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, *and no more.* These Bonds are a First Mortgage upon the whole road and all its equipments.

THEY HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN, AT SIX PER CENT., and, by special contract, both PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD.

The U. S. Supreme Court has recently decided that this contract is in all respects valid and of legal obligation.

Such securities are generally valuable in proportion to the length of time they have to run. The longest six per cent. gold interest bonds of the U. S. (the '81s) will be due in eight years, and they are worth 112. If they had thirty years to run, they would stand at not less than 125. A perfectly safe First Mortgage Bond like the Union Pacific should approach this rate. The demand for European investment is already considerable, and as the competition of the work will doubtless carry the price to a large premium.

SECURITY OF THE BONDS.

It needs no argument to show that a First Mortgage of $26,500 per mile upon what for a long time must be the only railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States is PERFECTLY SECURE. The entire amount of the mortgage will be about $70,000,000, and the interest $1,800,000 per annum in gold. The present currency cost of this interest is less than $2,500,000 per annum, while the gross earnings for the year 1868, FROM WAY BUSINESS only, on AN AVERAGE OF LESS THAN 700 MILES OF ROAD IN OPERATION, WERE MORE THAN

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,

The details of which are as follows:

From Passengers	$1,024,005 97
" Freight	2,040,234 19
" Express	51,423 08
" Mails	136,235 59
" Miscellaneous	91,626 27
" Government troops	101,077 77
" " freight	449,416 23
" Contractors' men	205,179 69
" " material	968,430 32
Total	$5,068,651 61

This large amount is only an indication of the immense traffic that must go over the through line in a few months, when the great tide of Pacific coast travel and trade will begin. It is estimated that this business must make the earnings on the road from FIFTEEN TO TWENTY MILLIONS A YEAR.

As the supply of these Bonds will soon cease, parties who desire to invest in them will find it for their interest to do so at once. The price for the present is par and accrued interest from Jan. 1, in currency.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED OCT. 1st, containing a report of the progress of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application.

WM. PAINTER & CO.,
BANKERS AND DEALERS
—IN—
GOV'T. SECURITIES, GOLD, &c., &c.,
NO. 36 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
m3 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wood and Coal.

WM. McCOMSEY & CO.,
DEALERS IN
LUMBER AND COAL,
YARD—N. W. CORNER OF
PRINCE AND WALNUT STREETS,
LANCASTER, PA.

Keep constantly on hand and for sale a general assortment of LUMBER AND COAL at prices as low as any other yard in the city. Also, Oak, Ash, Poplar and Cherry Lumber.
116-tfdaw WM. McCOMSEY & CO.

Miscellaneous.

RED KNIFE;
OR
KIT CARSON'S LAST TRAIL.
BY LEON LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE WAGON TRAIN," "THE WITCH FINDER," "THE WATER WOLF," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE GLORIOUSLY STAKED!

Towards the close of a beautiful day in June, 1867, a man and woman, mounted upon fleet horses, came galloping over one of the great plains of the West, and drew rein in the shade of a clump of cotton-woods upon the bank of a beautiful river. They had ridden far and rapidly. Their steeds were panting, and covered with sweat and foam.

"We must give the horses a breathing spell" said the former, slipping to the ground; and his companion nodded a graceful assent, as she followed his example.

The couple were evidently father and daughter.

The man was in the prime of life, hale and hearty, with a large frame, which was sinewy and athletic, without ceasing to be refined and prepossessing. He had the keen, shrewd look peculiar to the advance-guards of civilization, and there was an honest, frank expression on his sun-browned face that proclaimed his integrity and courage.

In her way, his daughter was equally picturesque and attractive.

In the early flush of womanhood, with a pure, sweet, and tender face, with eyes darkly glowing, with coral-tinted lips, and cheeks softly flushed with the hue of the rose, with amber curls floating behind her, she was as graceful as a gazelle, as light-hearted as a bird, as lovely as a flower, and as spirited as an untamed antelope.

The stream by which the couple had halted was Wood river, a branch of the Platte, in Nebraska, at a point fifty miles northwest of Fort Kearney.

"Are you tired, Miriam?" asked the hunter, George Dane, with fatherly solicitude.

"Tired, father?" rejoined the maiden with a happy laugh. "Oh, no. How could I be tired after a day like this? Every minute has been filled with pleasure and excitement. I feel as fresh as yonder bird.

The father smiled understandingly, with a look full of the fondest affection.

"I can guess the cause of your lightness of heart," said he, smilingly. "The return, now daily expected, of a certain Hubert Earle, from the mines of Idaho, may account, I suspect, for your present gladness."

A heightened color appeared on Miriam's face, for the name mentioned was that of her lover. She answered the glances of her father, however, with a frankness that attested his entire sympathy with her, and said:

"True, father, my heart has been unusually light for several days past. How could it be otherwise, since I know that Hubert is coming?"

Mr. Dane did not reply. He was looking with kindling eyes, over the fair flower-dotted plain; and his next remark showed how widely his thoughts had strayed.

"I wonder what mother has been doing without us all day, Mariam. She must be lonely, with no one to speak to or share her meals. I shouldn't wonder if we could see our home from this point," and his face lighted up with a soulful glow. "Our cottage is not more than seven miles distant; let me see?"

He drew from his coat a pocket glass, adjusted it to his sight, pointing it in a northerly direction, and gazed through it long and earnestly, towards his ranche upon Carney's Fork.

"Yes, I see it," he said, at last, with a long, deep, and joyful inspiration, as if the sight refreshed him in every nerve. "There is our cottage, as plain as day. I can even see the vines you planted before the windows, Miriam. And there, on the grape-vine bench, under the big elm, sits your mother, busy at her sewing. Bless her! She does not imagine we are looking at her. Look, Miriam."

He yielded the instrument to his daughter, who obeyed his injunction, her lovely face glowing with smiles as she regarded the distant home-scene.

"Dear mother!" she murmured. "It is a treat to her to be able to sit out under the trees without fear of molestation. There are no hostile Indians hereabouts now—are there, father?"

"No. Red Knife, as you have already heard, was killed yesterday by a settler, and his band has retreated towards the mountains. I will confess, Miriam, that during all the time we have been in the West, I have not felt so light-hearted and care-free as since we received news of Red Knife's death. You have just seen how this joy bubbles over in me. Red Knife was a demon, rather than a savage."

Miriam shuddered, and her features even paled at the memory of the Indian mentioned.

"He never spared a pale face," she said, striving to speak calmly. "Desolation and cruelty marked his path. For more than three years he has raged to and fro upon the plains like a raveningwolf. He was the terror of the border."

"You have named him appropriately, Miriam," said the hunter. "He had a fiendish hatred of the white race, and his victims have been many."

Mr. Dane held out his hand for the glass, and Miriam was in the act of restoring it, when a strange, gasping, panting sound startled them both, and sent them quickly to their saddles.

The hunter wheeled his horse and looked down upon the river bank, from which direction the sound had come, his manner self-possessed, but his countenance indicative of alarm. The maiden followed his example.

Her eyes were the first to discover the cause of the sound that had startled them, detecting a man's figure creeping along through the undergrowth of bushes lining the shore.

At the same moment their presence in turn was detected, for the man dropped suddenly among the protecting bushes, as if he had been shot.

"An Indian?" whispered Miriam, drawing from her bosom a revolver.

The hunter shook his head, continuing to watch the spot at which the man had fallen, his hand on his rifle, his manner that of one ready for action.

Suddenly, as the man showed a haggard face peering cautiously from his concealment, Mr. Dane's anxious countenance broke into a smile, and he cried out:

"Hallo! is that you, Thompson? Do you take us for Indians, that you skulk there in the bushes?"

The individual addressed was silent a full minute, as it seemed, from sheer amazement; then he sprang out from his hiding-place with a cry of relief, and advanced swiftly towards the father and daughter.

He was a man of middle age, of the ordinary type of backwoodsmen, strong and brown and stalwart, of the rude, rough type that seems to belong to the border. His face was haggard and white, although covered with perspiration. His breath came through his parted lips in quick, uneven gasps. He had run far and swiftly, and looked as if about to drop from fatigue.

"What has happened, Thompson?" asked Dane, with keen anxiety, the man's singular appearance giving him a sudden shock of alarm.

"The Indians!" gasped Thompson, scarcely able to command his voice.—"They are coming! Red Knife and his band—divided—my wife—my children! Help me! Help me!"

"What talk is this?" cried Dane, agitated in spite of his efforts at self-control. "Red Knife was killed yesterday—"

"He was only wounded," interrupted Thompson. "He is coming to take his vengeance on us settlers. He has divided his band into two. They were up at the Deer Fork this morning, and are now coming this way. The points to be struck are your house and mine."

"My God!" ejaculated Dane, as his informant paused in his excited, breathless narration.

"A horse! a horse!" cried Thompson, reeling with fatigue. "I can go no further on foot. My wife, my children—God pity and save them!"

He looked from the hunter to his daughter in agonized and mute supplication.

Dane snatched the glass from Miriam's hands and placed it to his eyes.

He looked to the northward—saw his pretty cottage, his wife busy at her needle under the trees—and glanced at the dim line of the horizon stretching away eastward and westward from his home.

Suddenly the glass dropped from his hands—his face blanched to the hue of snow. From the west, seeming to emerge from the clouds of scarlet and gold, he had beheld a band of mounted Indians riding boldly towards that unprotected home, towards that unconscious and helpless woman.

With a frenzied cry, he put spurs to his horse, and dashed away like a madman, shouting to his daughter to follow him; at the same instant Thompson staggered forward and fell in the maiden's path, holding up his hands in anguish.

"My wife! my children!" he groaned. There was no hesitation in the soul of the brave Miriam.

"Mine is but a single life; he has seven depending on him," she said, aloud.

As she spoke, she leaped from her saddle, and with a gesture, commanded him to take her place.

"But—your danger!" faltered Thompson. "The Indians—"

Miriam again pointed to the saddle.

"Go," she commanded. "Think only of your family, and be gone!"

Still Thompson hesitated, sweeping the horizon with eager glances, to assure himself that no immediate danger threatened. A change came over his face as he looked, and he uttered a wild cry, catching up the glass Mr. Dane had let fall, and looking through it.

The sight he beheld convulsed him with terror.

Not a mile away, to the west, he saw coming over a ridge in the plain, and approaching rapidly, a considerable body of mounted savages.

"They're coming—a band of redskins—directly towards us!" he gasped. "I'm lost! Fly, Miriam, while you have the time!"

The maiden took the glass and gazed through it an instant at the approaching foe. A strange light appeared in her eyes—a light possessed only by those upon whom God has bestowed a consciousness of His great protection—the light of a heroism which death itself cannot master.

"Sure enough," she murmured. "They are coming! The leader is Red Knife. Go, neighbor Thompson—on the instant!"

"We can ride together!" cried Thompson.

"No! The horse is tired. We have been to Willow Island. We should be overtaken before we had gone two miles!"

"Then we'll die together!"

"No! no! You must mount!"

With a grasp so sudden and firm that it startled him, the maiden pushed him towards the horse, and in another instant he found himself, more by instinct than by thought, seated in the saddle.

"Away, Selim!" cried Miriam to her steed, with an imperative gesture. "Away!"

The horse broke furiously over the plain, giving Thompson only time enough to flash a look of gratitude towards the maiden, as he dashed away to the northeast, towards his menaced home.

A moment later, Mr. Dane looked over his shoulder—took in at a glance the situation of affairs, recognizing the peril well as the heroism of his child—bowed his head solemnly, as one submits to the inevitable, in approbation of her conduct, and then he swept on to the rescue of his wife, his soul torn by such emotions as are seldom brought to battle together.

And Miriam, throwing herself flat upon the ground, remained alone upon the plain, in the very path of a score of mounted Indians, who were galloping towards her with the swiftness of the wind!

CHAPTER II.

A CURIOUS AND STARTLING MYSTERY!

Skirting the Black Hills, forty miles west of Fort Laramie, a party of horsemen were riding eastward.

They had left Fort Bridger eight days before, taking the route of the North Platte, and were now following the Oregon emigrant road, among those long ridges, dry beds of rivers, and sterile plains, by which the region of the Black Hills is distinguished.

The bulk of the party consisted of ten cavalrymen, under a lieutenant, who were returning to Fort Laramie, their post of duty. They were well mounted, and had several led horses in their train, loaded with their provisions and appurtenances of travel.

The balance of the party comprised three civilians, who had seized the opportunity of crossing the mountains under military escort. Two of these were emigrants who had settled near Fort Bridger, but who had tired of the great solitude, or been frightened by the Indians, and were now returning eastward in search of homes nearer the haunts of civilization.

The third civilian was Hubert Earle, the lover of Miriam Dane, the settler's daughter, whom we have just left in such deadly peril.

He was a splendid specimen of American manhood, magnificently formed, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, as vigorous as an athlete, and rode his horse, a fiery Mexican steed, with the grace and ease of a Centaur.

At the moment of his introduction to the reader, he was riding in the rear of the little train, busy with his own reflections, which were evidently as bright as the morning itself—the forenoon preceding the events we have recorded.

His thoughts were wrapt in the sweet memory of Miriam, who had wept so bitterly at his departure, and who, he expected, would smile so joyously at his return.

"The dear little soul!" he murmured aloud. "Where is she now?"

His eyes darkened with tender sweetness, his lips quivered with the ineffable love that flooded his being with a happiness akin to pain. He pictured their meeting, the pretty home they would share together, the years they would spend in each other's society, the tender mutual love and care that would bless all their coming days.

He had left her a poor adventurer, to seek his fortune among the mines of Idaho. He was returning to her a more than moderately rich man, with bills of exchange in his chamois money belt of sufficient value to support them both in luxury as long as they might live.

It was not to be wondered at that his thoughts were pleasant.

Suddenly he was aroused from his trance-like silence, by cries of delight from his companions, and by the fact that they had checked their speed.

Looking around him quickly, he beheld the cause of the unusual excitement. To the southward, at no great distance, a small herd of buffaloes was grazing lazily, seemingly not at all alarmed by the near presence of a formidable enemy.

The wind was blowing from them, the horses were fresh, and he looked at the tempting game, Hubert felt the spirit of the hunter grow strong within him.

Giving rein to his horse he galloped along the line to speak to the lieutenant, but was met half way by that officer, whose sparkling eyes and eager demeanor attested to a kindling of Nimrod-like zeal.

"What do you say to an hour's sport, Mr. Earle?" shouted the lieutenant, as he down upon his friend, for Hubert was a decided favorite with ever member of the party.

"I think it would be a downright shame to turn our backs on such splendid game," was the quick response.

"Who could eat a dinner of salt pork, with those fat buffaloes so near us?"

The lieutenant smiled, glanced up and down the line, reading eager longing in the faces of his men, and resolved to carry out his own and the general desire.

At a word of command from him, the party set out at a quick gallop for the scene of action.

The buffaloes allowed the enemy to approach quite near, the wind favoring the hunters; but at length began to snuff the air uneasily, to shake their heads, and to look for the cause of their apprehensions.

A moment later they had beheld the enemy, and, with frightful bellowings and mighty tramp, had begun their wild, mad flight to the southward.

The chase was a long one; and it was not till the hunters had run the buffaloes upon a spur of the Black Hills that they got a good chance at them. They then brought down several plump young buffaloes, and dinner speedily became the watchword.

"It is noon, and we'll have dinner," said the lieutenant, observing that the baggage animals with their drivers were approaching. "Kindle a fire, boys, and we'll have steaks and roasts in abundance."

While this order was being carried into effect, Hubert and several others were engaged in surveying the scene.

"A lonely and desolate spot," said Hubert, thoughtfully. "It looks as if man had never before visited it."

"And no wonder," returned Brydges, "since it's five miles off the route. What could any man want here, unless he might be in pursuit of buffaloes?"

There being no answer to this question, Hubert proceeded to find an excellent grazing spot for his horses, tethered him, and flung himself on the ground in the shadow of the hill. The lieutenant and a portion of the men followed his example.

Plenty of low bushes were found dry enough to burn, and several fires were soon kindled. The choicest portions of the buffaloes were readily prepared for cooking, and it was not long before the odor of burning flesh was diffused on the air; four or five hungry soldiers serving as cooks.

It was a wild picnic scene on those lonely wilds, and every man there enjoyed it with true gipsy zest.

Suddenly a shout from one of the men who were strolling around, arrested the attention of the others.

"Hallo, boys!" he cried. "I'm blest if here isn't a cave in the hill! Come, see the hole under these bushes. You never saw anything hidden neater in your lives."

"Jones thinks nobody ever saw a cave before," said one of the loungers. "For my part, I think more of something to eat, than of a hole in the ground."

This sentiment was echoed by the others, but the inquisitive cave discoverer, nothing daunted, approached the fire, took from it a torch, returned to the butte, parted the bushes, revealed a dark aperture in the face of the rock, and disappeared within it, his light giving back a yellow glare for a second after he had ceased to be seen.

The camp revelry went on, the cooking progressed, the minutes passed, and Jones did not reappear.

"If that fellow had found a gold mine in there he wouldn't call one of us," growled the lounger who had before spoken. "I wonder what Jones *has* found. I'll jest take a look, as dinner isn't ready."

He rose lazily, abstracted a stick of burning wood for a torch, proceeded to the cavern entrance, and disappeared from view.

"Probably," said Hubert," there's a large cavern under that hill. If we had time, it might pay to explore it. Under the present circumstances, I am like Brown, and prefer my dinner to scientific explorations."

The meal seemed to be nearly ready, for the rattling of tin cups and dishes began to be heard; the lieutenant's small camp-chest was unpacked, and the cooks shouted to the strollers to come to dinner.

"Have Jones and Brown come back?" asked the lieutenant, as he rose to a sitting position, and glanced toward the cavern.

The men replied in the negative.

"Go after them then, King, and hurry them up," said the officer. "We must resume the march after dinner, and cannot afford to waste time here."

King, a fine young soldier, took a torch, and entered the cave.

The dinner was dealt out—hot savory steaks and roasts—the coffee measured, and the meal commenced, but none of the men who had entered the cave made their appearance!

"How singular!" ejaculated Brydges, testily and impatiently. "What can keep those men? King has been gone ten minutes. Here, Sergeant Halsey, hurry those men up!"

The Sergeant, a brown, strong man of middle age, hesitated, and ventured to stammer:

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant, but I think there's something wrong inside the cave. There's three men in there—all hungry and knowing that dinner's ready. Surely they'd come back if they could. Perhaps there's wild beasts, or some strange kind of gas that smothers 'em or,—"

"Nonsense, Sergeant!" interrupted the Lieutenant, frowning. "I give you five minutes to bring these men back. Go!"

The sergeant's face paled, but, without another word, he took up a torch and entered the cave, disappearing from the gaze of his friends.

The minutes passed, the lieutenant and the men ate their dinner mechanically, awaiting anxiously their expected return; yet none of the four came back.

The words of the sergeant had made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers. A general gloom fell upon the camp, and the men cast frequent and fearful glances in the direction of the cavern. Even the lieutenant and Hubert felt a strange depression creeping over them, which neither could resist.

What can be the matter?" at length demanded the officer. "The sergeant's in trouble, I should Judge, by this long absence. There can't be gas in the cave, or if so, he would probably have had time to cry out. There can't be wild beasts, for those four men were all well armed, and would at least have fired. Which of all you men will go into the cave and learn what the matter is?"

There was a general shrinking back. Every soldier was brave in an Indian fight, but not one dared to face a mysterious and unknown danger. Not one wished to risk the complete and total disappearance from earth and human knowledge that had befallen his comrades.

"Whoever will venture in search of the missing men shall receive from me a hundred dollars in gold!" exclaimed Hubert, in his clear, ringing tones. "Who speaks first for the money?"

The offer was tempting; but it was not accepted. Not a word of reply was made to it.

Hubert hesitated, giving a brief thought to Miriam, his loved and waiting Miriam! His face then glowed with a heroic light, and he said, in tones that did not falter:

"I will go in search of the men, Lieutenant Brydges. Only, your party is now small, and if I do not return in twenty minutes, you may resume your journey."

"But, Earle," expostulated the lieutenant, "this is positive madness. You must not risk your life. We will wait a while, and if the men do not return, we will move on!"

"They may need help," replied Hubert, steadily. "They may have encountered—well, God knows what, I can't imagine. If I fire my rifle, come to me. If I fail to return within the time appointed, move on!"

He went up to the nearest fire, picked up a blazing stick, arranged his rifle for instant use, approached the mouth of the cave, peered into it cautiously, and listened intently for some sound of life within.

No sound came. All was still as death within the cavern.

The next instant Hubert had vanished therein.

All was now breathless suspense.

The lieutenant and his men gathered around to listen for the report of the rifle. The minutes passed, but it came not. Five minutes dragged by—ten—fifteen, and still no sound reached their ears. They could see a brief space into the cavern, by the light of their own torches, but nothing but rocky walls and floor met their gaze.

Twenty minutes were thus passed. The time was up, and Hubert had not returned.

The men looked at one another with pallid faces. As if turned to stone, they stood an awe-stricken group about the cavern's mouth, until the minutes had more than made up an hour—and still they lingered.

During this time they had cleared away the bushes from the mouth of the cave. They had tried again and again to peer into the dark depths of the opening, but could not. The lieutenant had called repeatedly to Hubert, but received no answer. At length he proceeded to tie a rope around his waist and descend into the sinister abyss, but his men objected unanimously.

"What's the use?" asked one. "There's something here that no mortal man can conquer."

"We can't risk your life, lieutenant," said another. "Just think how few there are of us."

The time continued to drag on.

At last, when two full hours had passed, Lieut. Brydges staggered to his feet, and said:

"This is horrible—terrible beyond expression! We have lost four of our comrades and this noble young stranger has ventured in to share their fate. Fearful cave must hold the secret of their fate, be it what it may. Let us go."

Without a word, but with white faces—in a sort of mute terror, the men mounted their horses and resumed their journey. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated April 10, 1869, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at three dollars a year. The publication of Rev. Dr. Tyng's great story, which has been written expressly for the Ledger, is just commenced in the Ledger, so that our readers will get the whole of these two stories in it. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern, have articles in every number.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREby given to the public, that hereafter all recognizances in criminal cases must be renewed by the defendants appearing with their sureties in open Court, before the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Lancaster county, on or before the Friday of the regular week of said Court, otherwise they will be forfeited and sued out according to law.
GEO. BRUBAKER,
m20-4tdaw District Attorney.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Wright & Smith, dealers in Dry Goods and Groceries at Kirkwood, Lancaster county, Pa., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted are requested to make payment to either member of the late firm.
m26-3tw12 SAMUEL H. WRIGHT.
March 3, 1869. JACOB SMITH.

MECHANICS' BANK,
NO. 36 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
(INQUIRER BUILDING,)
DEALS IN
UNITED STATES BONDS, STOCKS, GOLD, SILVER AND COUPONS.
DRAFTS GIVEN ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.
COLLECTIONS MADE PROMPTLY.
INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS
JOHN M. STEHMAN,
GEORGE BRUBAKER,
JOSEPH CLARKSON,
SAMUEL SLOKOM,
m22-1md&6mw Bankers as Stehman, Clarkson & Co.

Life Insurance.

FARMERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PENNA.
INCORPORATED 1853.
CHARTER PERPETUAL.
ASSETS LIABLE FOR LOSSES.....$773,573.62
H. KRABER, President.
D. STRICKLER, Secretary and Treasurer.
Insure perpetually, or for one, three, or five years.
The only Mutual Company in Pennsylvania that has never made an assessment in 15 years of heavy business. No part of its premiums goes into the pockets of stockholders, hence it saves to its members 20 to 30 per cent. of stock rate insurance. All losses promptly paid.
HERR & RIFE, Agents,
No. 3 North Duke street,
f13-1mwdatfw Lancaster, Pa.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS.
APPROVED JULY 27TH, 1868.
CASH CAPITAL - - $1,000,000
PAID IN FULL.
BRANCH OFFICE:
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,
PHILADELPHIA,
Where the general business of the Company is transacted and to which all general correspondence should be addressed.
OFFICERS:
CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee.
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice President.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.
This Company offers the following
ADVANTAGES:
IT IS A NATIONAL COMPANY, CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, 1868.
IT HAS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF $1,000,000
IT OFFERS LOW RATES OF PREMIUMS
IT FURNISHES LARGER INSURANCE THAN OTHER COMPANIES FOR THE SAME MONEY.
IT IS DEFINITE AND CERTAIN IN ITS TERMS.
IT IS A HOME COMPANY IN EVERY LOCALITY.
ITS POLICIES ARE EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.
THERE ARE NO UNNECESSARY RESTRICTIONS IN THE POLICIES.
EVERY POLICY IS NON-FORFEITABLE
POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN WHICH PAY TO THE INSURED THEIR FULL AMOUNT, AND RETURN ALL THE PREMIUMS, SO THAT THE INSURANCE COSTS ONLY THE INTEREST ON THE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.
POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN THAT WILL PAY TO THE INSURED, AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF YEARS, DURING LIFE, AN ANNUAL INCOME OF ONE-TENTH THE AMOUNT NAMED IN THE POLICY.
NO EXTRA RATE IS CHARGED FOR RISKS UPON THE LIVES OF FEMALES.
IT INSURES, NOT TO PAY DIVIDENDS TO POLICY HOLDERS, BUT AT SO LOW A COST THAT DIVIDENDS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.
CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS AND FULL PARTICULARS GIVEN ON APPLICATION TO THE BRANCH OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, OR TO
E. W. CLARK & CO., Philadelphia,
General Agents for Pennsylvania and South ern New Jersey.
KREADY & HERR,
Agents for Lancaster County,
LANCASTER.
B. C. KREADY. C. G. HERR.
mar 24 oct9 3mdaw

COLUMBIA INSURANCE COMPANY
JANUARY 1ST, 1868.
CAPITAL AND ASSETS, $670 832 73.
This Company continues to insure Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss and damage by fire, on the mutual plan either for a cash premium or premium note

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

CAPITAL AND INCOME.	
Am't of premium notes, $863,575 93	
Less amount expired..... 216,339 22	
	$647,236 71
Cash receipts, less commissions in '67	58,722 13
Loans	10,000 00
Due from agents and others	4,161 18
Estimated net assessment No. 7	26,000 00
	$751,120 99
CONTRA.	
Losses and expenses paid in 1867	$46,722 13
Losses adjusted, not due	16,560 12
Balance of Capital and Assets, Jan. 1, 1868	670,832 73
	$751,120 99

A. S. GREEN, President.
GEORGE YOUNG, Jr., Secretary.
MICHAEL S. SHUMAN, Treasurer.
DIRECTORS:

R. T. Ryon,	William Patton,
John Fondrich,	John W. Stacey
H. G. Mis ch,	Geo. Young, Jr.
Sam'l F. Laird's,	Nicholas Gibbons d
Amos S. Green,	John B Bachman,
Hiram Wilson,	Robert Crane,
	Michael S. Shuman,

For insurance and other particulars apply to
Real Estate, Collection & Insurance Agents,
No. 3 North Duke street, Lancaster, Pa
nov2 1dAw

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

1869. H. Z. RHOADS & BRO. 1869
We ask the attention of purchasers to our unbroken stock of goods herein, selected and manufactured to our own order for the
FOR THE NEW YEAR
which we are selling at very Low Prices.
FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
BY THE BEST
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN MAKERS.
DIAMOND, CORAL, AMETHYST, GARNETT, AND ALL KINDS OF
PLAIN AND ENAMELED GOLD JEWELRY,
HAIR JEWELRY
MADE TO
ORDER WITH FINE GOLD MOUNTINGS.
Special attention paid to furnishing
WEDDING PRESENTS.
OF
STERLING AND COIN SILVER.
We have a Watchmaker from the Swiss Factory to do repairing, and warrant all work.
H. Z. RHOADS & BRO.,
(Next Door Below Cooper's Hotel,)
WEST KING STREET, LANCASTER, PA.
nov25 1tw47

TO AMERICANS VISITING EUROPE.—The Banking House of NORTON & CO., of Paris and London, having entered upon their new premises, are prepared to show every attention to American Travellers. To obviate the difficulties and expense attendant upon the purchase of letters of Credit to Europe, Messrs. NORTON & CO. have arranged to receive American currency, United States and Railway Bonds or American Gold at the value in Paris, placing the amount at once to the credit of depositors. Parties before leaving for Europe should have their correspondence plainly addressed to care of
NORTON & CO., 4 Broad St., N. Y.,
6 Rue Scribe (Grand Hotel) Paris,
or 5 Lothbury, London.
mar173mw

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The partnership heretofore existing between A. W. & J. R. Russel, in the Hardware business, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, A. W. Russel withdrawing from the firm.
A. W. RUSSEL,
JOHN R. RUSSEL.
PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that John R. Russel has associated with him Henry D. Musselman, Jno. W. Hubley and Wayne G. Bender, for the purpose of conducting a General Hardware business, under the following named firm, RUSSEL, MUSSELMAN & CO.
JOHN R. RUSSEL,
H. D. MUSSELMAN,
J. W. HUBLEY,
W. G. BENDER.
CARD.—A. W. Russel would respectfully return his sincere thanks to a generous public for the very liberal patronage he has always received, and hopes the same liberality will be extended to the new firm of Russel, Musselman & Co. A. W. RUSSEL.
Lancaster, Jan. 1, 1869. jS-6tdAdmw

PARK HOTEL,
ON THE AMERICAN PLAN,
Cor. BEEKMAN and NASSAU STS.,
Near City Hall Park, NEW YORK
GEORGE WIGHT, PROPRIETOR.
N. B.—Located in the very heart of the wholesale business, this is one of the most conveniently located Hotels for Merchants Business men and others visiting the city.
112 6mdaw

Miscellaneous.

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A Favorite Medicine with all classes is Davis' Pain Killer.
IF you have Painter's Colic, Use the Pain Killer.
NO Medicine is so popular As the Pain Killer.
KEEP the PAIN KILLER always at hand.
IF you have a COUGH or COLD, Use the Pain Killer.
LOOK out and not get caught without a bottle of Pain Killer in the house.
LET everybody use the Pain Killer for Sprains and Bruises.
EVERY Sailor should carry a bottle of Pain Killer with him.
REMEMBER the Pain Killer is for both Internal and External use.
The PAIN KILLER is sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Family Medicines. Price 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1.
PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors.
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Physicians who have failed to cure their patients should try this medicine before they give the case up, as we know very many valuable lives have been saved by being persuaded to give it a trial.
DON'T DESPAIR because all other remedies have failed, but try this, and you will not be deceived.
The proprietors of this valuable BALSAM take pleasure in calling to it the attention of all medicine dealers, desiring that they procure a supply of it, and recommend it to their afflicted patrons and friends. m16-4w
IT WILL CURE WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.
DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE

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