Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIOUS RANCHE;

OR,

A Scout With Kit Carson.

BY LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BROKEN HOME," "RED KNIFE," "THE BOY MAGICIAN," ETC., ETC.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—In a former narrative, "*Red Knife*," or *Kit Carson's Last Trail*," I had the honor of presenting, from strictly authentic sources, a series of Colonel CARSON'S exploits and adventures which occurred in 1862. In the present record, I have gone back to some of the great scout's earlier experiences, namely, to a series of events in which he figured prominently during the summer of 1861, and the following winter. L. L.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCOUT AND THE SAVAGE.

The afternoon was fine—the Great Plain in full verdure.

And Kit Carson, in the midst of this beauteous solitude, was as happy as the birds around him.

He was riding eastward, on the Santa Fe route, just east of Fort Larned, in Kansas.

At length he drew rein.

He had reached an affluent of the Arkansas river, and found himself in the edge of a considerable growth of timber by which the banks of this affluent were lined. Looking through the openings in the verdure before him, he saw, half a mile away, to the eastward, a single horseman approaching at an easy pace.

"What!" he ejaculated. "That fellow must be a red-skin—more or less red-skin, any how. And yet he has a white woman on the horse before him. What is still more singular, that white woman seems to be sleeping. What can this mean?"

Continuing to advance, the strange horseman was soon near enough to be seen with considerable distinctness by the watcher.

"There's minkery here," muttered Kit, under his breath, his eyes lighting up sternly. "That woman isn't taking this ride into the red-skin country of her own free will."

In a minute more the stranger reached the creek, in which he proceeded to water his horse, an Indian pony.

"I know him now," said Kit to himself. "It is that infernal Fleet Foot, the half-breed."

The savage thus designated was one of the most villainous looking fellows the scout had ever encountered.

His long, tangled hair, his hideous features, his wretched garb, his dirty complexion, his black, bloodshot eyes, all gave him a most repulsive aspect. His arms—for he carried a hunting-rifle, a revolver, and a rifle in plain sight—gave to his ugly exterior a ferocity that was actually startling.

The recognition of the savage having been thus completed, Kit turned his glance upon the object the savage was holding upon the pony in front of him.

This object, as Kit had said, was a white woman, or rather a white girl. Her long, fair, hair was dishevelled, dying wildly about her shoulders and half hiding her face, but it could be seen that her features were deathly pale, and scratched and bleeding in places, as if she had been struggling terribly with her captor. That she *was* a captive, Kit instantly knew by the fact that her hands were tied behind her, and he next saw that she was not sleeping, as he had at first supposed—nor dead, as he had for an instant feared—but that she was in a death-like swoon!

Ignorant of the gaze bent upon him, the half-breed, whose arm still encircled the slight figure, pushed away the dishevelled hair from the pallid features that he might look upon them.

For a moment he seemed fascinated with the view of the pale, fair countenance, so rarely beautiful, even in its death-like rigidity, and then he bent his head and kissed the half-parted lips, not once merely, but again and again!

"This tires me out," said Kit to himself. "I must change my position a little—just enough to get the girl's head out of line—and then—"

At this instant, and just as the scout began moving into the desired range, the half-breed happened to look beyond the face of his captive to the ground, when his eyes encountered the tracks left by Kit's horse.

In another instant he had detected Carson's presence.

"It's you, eh, Mr. Fleet Foot?" called the scout.

The savage was silent.

"I see it *is* you," added the scout.—"Who is that with you?"

"My new squaw," was the answer.

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Fleet Foot," said the scout.

"What more?" was the response.

"I know that this young lady is not going willingly to the country of Fleet Foot," continued the scout, with calm energy. "I know that she has been stolen, and it is in vain for Fleet Foot to say that she is his squaw."

"Well, what then?" was all the savage deigned to answer.

"The case is just this," continued Carson. "You will have to deliver the girl up to me, that I may take her back to her people."

"That I will never do," rejoined the half-breed limitly. "This girl is nothing to you, nor have you any claim upon me. Why should we quarrel? I can as much a white man as a red-skin, and the young lady might have a worse fate than to be one my wife, even if she be come my wife unwillingly. There is no possible call for you to interfere with me. The course for you to take, Mr. Carson, is for you to wag your tongue your own business, and leave me to mine."

As he ceased speaking, he uttered a wild cry of command to his pony, which instantly bounded away to the southward at full gallop.

The scout raised his rifle.

The figure of the miserable was now fully uncovered, presenting a fair mark, but Kit was compelled to realize, in view of the bounding motions of the pony, that he could not fire upon the desperate villain without the greatest risk of killing their captive.

"The accursed trait!" he ejaculated, his long-repressed wrath breaking forth. "Were it not for sacrificing the girl But I can at least pursue him!"

He struck his horse sharply with his heels, and the animal bounded away at the top of his speed.

"It was a long time before the chase thus begun showed which horse could make the best time. The pony was carrying the most weight, but he was much fresher than the scout's horse, so that the one circumstance for a time counteracted the other. At length, however, the increased weight told upon the pony. The scout commenced gaining.

"I shall catch him," muttered Kit, again speaking under his breath. "How can I save the girl from his desperation?"

At this moment a wild cry of dismay burst from the fugitive.

Just before him, not ten rods distant, he had marked a deep and abrupt declivity in the plain, the bed of one of those creeks so numerous in that region.

As quick as lightning, the hunted miscreant had comprehended that he could not cross this creek at that furious pace, the depression being too wide for a flying leap. He had also comprehended that he could not stop the pony's wild pace in season to avoid it.

The scout saw all this too, and smiled grimly as he realized that a tumble was inevitable.

It was in vain that the half-breed, reduced to one hand, pulled upon the reins, sawing, and jerking the pony's mouth. The animal would neither turn nor stop, and in another instant had hurled himself into the abrupt abyss, actually turning a somersault in the air, and sending Fleet Foot and the girl flying through space to the opposite slope of the creek.

At that same moment, as it seemed, the scout threw his horse back upon his haunches at the very edge of the creek, and slipped from his saddle, revolver in hand.

"I have you now, Fleet Foot!" he shouted, leaping toward the prostrate savage.

But, as terrible as had been the shock, as quick as had been the scout's movements, the half-breed had gathered himself up from the dust in which he had been rolled; had sought and found his unconscious captive; had drawn his huge hunting-knife and revolver; had placed himself in a double posture of assault and defence beside the motionless figure; and thus, at the instant of Kit's advance, he found that the desperate ruffian was still active, still deadly, still undaunted.

"Not a step nearer!" was the half-breed's defiant cry, while his face glowed like a furnace. "I am still master of the life of this girl, and even of yours! At a touch, at a breath even, I will fire upon you with one hand, while I plunge this knife into the girl's heart with the other. I've said it, and I swear it!"

Riveted to the spot he had gained, the scout stood erect, not ten feet distant from the revolver directed at him—not ten feet from the knife uplifted above the bosom of the captive—and there he remained motionless, not daring to stir, nor even to breathe, less the half-breed should fulfil his terrible menace.

"It was the first and last time," said Kit, in narrating these things afterward, "that I was ever *treed on the ground!*"

And there the two men stood, three motionless and silent, thus glaring at each other, with that helpless girl between them.

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PLAINS.

The strange scene which had arisen between the scout and the savage had a singular termination.

As Kit, revolver in hand, faced Fleet Foot—but without daring to advance a single step, lest the unscrupulous wretch should kill the unfortunate girl—he was suddenly startled to see that the girl's eyes had opened widely, brightly and consciously upon him!

Before he could move, however—before he could even fully realize that the captive was conscious and observant—she had passed from under the uplifted hand and murderous knife of the half-breed, and was descending to the bottom of the creek!

At the same instant a wild appeal for help burst from her:

"Save me! save me!"

The swift gleams of lightning do not move quicker than Kit responded to that cry.

At a single bound he was upon the half-breed, whom he stretched senseless and bleeding with a furious blow upon the head from his revolver.

Thus stricken pro-trate and helpless, the miscreant was instantly bound.

"Thank heaven!" then murmured a voice that was singularly musical, despite its intonation of excitement.

Kit sprang to the maiden and cut her bonds.

Never was seen a fairer, brighter, or sweeter picture of womanhood than that she presented.

She was scarcely sixteen, and was even small for her age; but her lithe, lovely figure possessed remarkable strength and agility, and its rare qualities were further enhanced by a soul of the most glorious type.

"You have saved my life, Mr. Carson," she immediately added, grasping his hand—"saved me from a fate worse than a thousand deaths! I thank you from the depths of my soul, and shall remain your grateful debtor forever!"

Thoughts of the dreadful fate from which he had saved her—thoughts of the misery that would be spared to her loved ones by her preservation—caused the slight figure to sway and tremble, for a moment, like a reed in the blast, and Kit felt tears of joyous gratitude falling upon the hand she had so feelingly imprisoned.

"You are not seriously injured?" he asked.

"No, sir. Only little scared—a little timidled!"

"You're a brave girl, I see," said the scout, with a heartiness which showed that her words and bearing had gone to his heart. "Your face seems familiar to me, and I dare say I ought to speak your name as readily as you have spoken mine, but somehow I can't quite place you!"

"Oh, everybody knows you, Mr. Carson," was the rejoinder. "But with me the case is different. I am too small to be remembered. I must tell you, therefore, that I am Effie Lyon!"

"Not Colonel Lyon's daughter? Colonel Lyon of New Mexico?"

"Yes, sir. I am Colonel Lyon's daughter!"

"What? the very girl who has been at school for a year past in Leavenworth?"

"The very same, Mr. Carson?"

At this assurance the countenance of the scout fairly beamed upon Miss Lyon. He again took her hand with a fatherly tenderness.

"You'll excuse me, Effie," he said. "I ought to have remembered you at sight. My excuse is that I am always on the wing, and that a succession of new faces is every day presented to me. There is another excuse too, Effie, in your case; it has been some time since I saw you."

The small face became wreathed with a look of contentment.

"And now, to explain matters," continued Kit, glancing at the half-breed's prostrate figure, and perceiving that he was still unconscious. "Tell me your story first."

"It is not a long one," began Effie. "As you seem to be aware, I have been attending school in Leavenworth. It was agreed that father should come for me at vacation—"

"Let me tell you why he didn't," interrupted the scout. "He was nearly killed, about the twentieth of June, in an encounter with the red-skins, and for ten days he hovered between life and death."

"Father! nearly killed? faltered Effie, more disturbed by this news than she had been by her late terrible peril.

"And I knew nothing of it!"

"But he's out of danger now," resumed Kit, "and will soon be himself again."

"But why didn't Edgar come for me father being unable to do so?" asked Effie, opening her eyes wide in wonder.

"Edgar?" rejoined Kit. "Who is Edgar?"

"He's a young gentleman who has been visiting in our family once in a while for a year or two past. I mean Edgar Coleman."

"Well as you are an only child, Effie, I dare say that you are the particular member of your family who is responsible for the visits of this young gentleman."

"I need not deny it," responded Effie, as a rosy flush swept over her pure cheeks; "for you will see that I am and as I did not hear from him, I became anxious about him. I feared that he might have fallen into the hands of the Indians. Every day added to this fear, and at last I determined to set out for home without waiting longer for an explanation or for man-arrival.

"And you did so?"

"Yes, sir. I joined a wagon train that was just starting for Santa Fe, and we came on safely and pleasantly enough until noon of to-day, when, during a brief halt at a crossing, when everybody was busy, and while I was gathering flowers along the wooded banks of the creek, this fiendish savage pounced upon me, stilled my cries, bore me to his pony, mounted with me in his arms, and got off unseen by wading up the creek and keeping to the cover of the bushes on its banks."

"The villain!" ejaculated Kit. "He must have been watching his opportunity!"

"He was. It turns out that he saw me in Leavenworth, before the train started, and that he has been hovering about it ever since, watching for a chance to seize me. He told me so himself."

"Do you know who and what he is?"

"Only so far as I have seen with my own eyes—that he is a half-bred, and a terrible villain."

"I can tell you something about him. He is called Fleet Foot, and his reputation is well worthy of his name. I do not pretend to keep the run of many of his species; in fact, I have trouble to tell one red-skin from another, so far as the generality of them is concerned; but this fellow has chanced to be brought to my notice occasionally for several years, and I have never heard of him anything but evil. As he never follows any business, it's likely that he gets his living—by taking it wherever he can find it."

"He's a thorough demon," affirmed Effie.

"He talked love to you, I suppose?"

"Yes; and at last, to save himself trouble, he tried to bind my hands behind me, and then came such a desperate struggle that I at length fainted:—This must have been an hour since, or just before you saw me."

"He has scratched and bruised your face, I see."

"Well, he got about as much as he gave me," said the little heroine coolly.

"You have torn your sacque and dress, I see, in several places, and soiled them."

"And lost my hat altogether. But I can tie a handkerchief over my head, and the rest does not matter."

"Well, Effie, you can travel, anyhow?" "I am glad to see you take your awkward adventure so coolly. But tell me where it was that you began to recover your senses—to know where you was?"

"It was just before the red-skin undertook to run away from you. I hope you didn't think I was unconscious all that time. I knew a thing or two, you may be sure. I must have groaned some in coming to, but the red-skin was too busy with you to notice it. At last, when I realized all that was going on, and recognized you—that was when you and he were talking so earnestly—I knew enough to feign unconsciousness and watch for a chance of deliverance. When we tumbled into the creek, I fell upon the red-skin, as good luck would have it, and did'nt get so much of a shock as I expected. And this is the whole story."

"I'm glad you fared no worse," commented Kit. "And now for our prisoner. I never killed a red-skin in that helpless condition, unless the guiltiness of blood is fresh upon him. It is our duty, however, to extract the reptile's fangs—in other words, disarm!

"He suited the action to the word, adding:

"I will carry away his weapons, of course, a mile or two, and then hide them in some place where he will not be likely to find them."

"Then you will give him his liberty? It would not do, I suppose, to leave him where he is?"

"No, Effie. Some of his four-legged relatives—the wolves—would come and eat him before morning."

"His pony has vanished."

"Yes. He is doubtless miles away by this time."

"Then the red-skin will have to continue his journey on foot?"

Kit unfied his hands, but tied his feet, and left him, Effie remarking:

"In that way we shall get a good start of him."

"That's the idea," rejoined Kit.

Then the couple resumed their journey. The scout was well acquainted with an honest rancheman named Woodbury, who lived on the Arkansas, about ten miles from the scene of this adventure, and they started for it. Conversing pleasantly by the way, the couple rode forward at a fair pace, Effie knowing no fear by reason of the scout's presence, and Kit knowing none by reason of his matchless ability and experience.

The sun was just setting when the couple, after a long and wearying ride, came in sight of the ranche they were seeking.

"There it is," said the scout, indicating a dark object on the distant horizon.

The travellers had now arrived near enough to the ranche to see its outlines distinctly, and accordingly fixed their attention upon it.

"The door is closed," observed Kit, as the couple rode nearer, "and so are the windws. But the proprietor is as brave as the bravest, as you may know by the fact of his living here. I dare say he has seen us approaching."

As they advanced still nearer to the lonely ranche, they noticed that a strange air of desolation pervaded the premises. Not a sign of life was visible, and the little garden inclosing the house had been given up to weeds.

"This is odd!" muttered Kit. "Mr. Woodbury had a very beautiful garden when I was here last summer. But I now see no stock, no signs of occupancy whatever."

"He may have moved away," suggested Effie, "and a different sort of man may now have possession of the place."

"That's so; or the red-skins may have killed him," returned Kit, over whose face had come a sudden shadow. "I'm not pleased with the looks of the thing, any how! The house itself has gone to the dogs since I was here. It's rather late to retreat, however," he added, looking up at the sky, out of which the light of day was fading, with the abruptness peculiar to the plains. 'Now that we are here, we may as well make a call. In the morning it will be dark, and we'll do well to be prompt in our observations and inquiries.'

By this time the travellers were within a few rods of the stone wall projecting the door-way of the ranche, and here Kit drew rein, looking sharply about him.

"The place looks more and more deserted," he said to Effie, in a low tone. "I do not see so much as a dog. Just sit where you are, Effie, while I step to the door."

CHAPTER III.

THE RANCHE—A SURPRISE.

Dismounting, the scout made his way cautiously to the entrance of the house, and then, seeing no one, into the dwelling itself, finding the door unfastened.

In the course of a minute he returned to his young companion.

"There is no one here," he announced.

"Perhaps the late conduct of the red-skins, of which we were speaking, has frightened Mr. Woodbury away?"

Kit shook his head.

"Mr. Woodbury has not been here lately," he asserted. "There hasn't been a stroke of work done on the place this summer!"

"He may have gone away last fall, then, and not have returned?"

The scout again shook his head.

"I fear your former sugestion is the true one," he remarked.

"Namely, that the Indians have killed him?"

"Yes. The door is full of bullets, and the front walls are burnt and smoked, in places, as if the red-skins had fired into them at short range. I fear Mr. Woodbury has been killed!

"Has the house been ravaged?"

"No. Everything appears as Mr. Woodbury would have naturally left it only in a disordered state. The furniture is here, such as it was, the dishes, the household stuff of every description, but everything is dirty, damaged and going to pieces. I'll tell you just what I think, which is, that somebody has killed Mr. Woodbury and that this somebody has taken possession!"

"Is there any sign of this somebody having been here lately?"

"Yes. I cannot say how lately, but I should say within a day or two, although the fearth is perfectly cold.—There is a pale of water in the pantry, part of a ham, a bag of corn, a bag of flour, a dish of salt, and various other articles of food. There is a bed of skins in each room, which look as if lately occupied."

"This is very singular," commented Effie. "Mr. Woodbury must have a strange successor. Who can he be?"

"I think he's a red-skin;"

"And why?"

"Because the lock and bars, which have been burst from the door, have not been replaced. This shows that the occupant is not afraid of the red-skins!"

Effie mused a moment upon this unexpected condition of affairs, and then asked:

"Well, what shall we do?"

Before replying, the scout looked at his horse scrathingly, assuring himself that the animal was very tired.

"Well! halt here a little while," he then said; "long enough to take a bite ourselves, and allow Dobby to judge to part of that barn in the pantry."

"I shall be glad to rest a while," observed Effie, as she alighted. "I am very tired!"

"Naturally enough, after all these adventures. But a good supper, and a good night's rest will bring you out again. Walk in, and make yourself at home. I'll just slip Dobby in the corral, so that he will not stray off in the darkness."

"They made a fire, and had a coarse, but comfortable meal.

"Such a supper, with our hunger, is better than a feast without appetite," remarked Effie.

"I don't know why we shouldn't put up at this hotel until morning," observed Kit, as he also looked contentedly about him. "True, the landlord is absent, but we can get along without him."

"I think the only question is as to whether we can get along *with* him, if he should chance to return during the night."

"I'l answer for that contingency. On the whole, I think we will do well to stay here until morning. There's a room for each of us, and plenty of buffalo robes to make us comfortable.

As he spoke he laid some more wood upon the fire, to light up the interior of the ranche, and a bright body of flames almost instantly illuminated the scene around him as perfectly as it could have been illuminated by the sun at midday.

"Look out that!" suddenly cried Effie, in a startled whisper, as she leaped to her feet. "What is that?"

"That? Where?" demanded the scout.

"That writing, in red letters, upon the wall behind us!" exclaimed Miss Lyon, the blood receding from her face, while her form shook violently.

She pointed to the wall opposite the fireplace—the wall upon which those ruddy flames shown so vividly—and there the scout beheld several lines of coarse and irregular writing, evidently the work of a human finger, which had again and again been dipped in blood.

This terrible revelation was follows:

"I am attacked, this 10th of March, by Fleet Foot and a dozen others. Already terribly wounded. Expect to go under, as the door can't hold out much longer. JOHN WOODBURY."

It was a message from the dead!

The mystery of poor Woodbury's fate stood terribly revealed.

In his last moments, mortally wounded, he had written with his finger, and with his own blood, that fearful message.

Before the scout and his companion could withdraw their gaze from that dreadful revelation, they were further startled by sounds that came to their hearing from without the ranche.

Then their eyes met.

"I hear footsteps!" murmured Effie.

"And voices also!" replied Carson.

At the same instant a dog was heard snuffing at the entrance of the ranche. Then the dog began barking furiously, while the sound of hurried footsteps arose in front of the door!

The scout and his companion were startled.

Their minds were so full of the terrible fate which had overtaken the former occupant of the ranche, poor Mr. Woodbury, as revealed by that strange writing on the wall, that they could think of nothing but red-skins.

The approaching footsteps became louder.

"Who can they be?" whispered Effie. "Indians?"

"We shall soon see," was Kit's answer. The above is the kind of a 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 May 7, 1870, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger is is mailed to subscribers at three dollars a year. 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.

Virginia.

Virginia is among the first of the States to receive the impetus of the wave of immigration now rolling southward; and at this time her material prospects are fast brightening. Travellers through the State describe a large percentage of the passenger travel on her railroad trains as being composed of incoming settlers and those who are prospecting over the country with a view to purchase. Her large land-holders have reversed the old policy, and are now willing, and even anxious, to sell their estates in small or large tracts, and are extending a cordial welcome to the immigrant, whether from the Northern States or from Europe. Thousands of acres of the best agricultural lands on the continent are daily changing hands, and the territory of Virginia is fast filling up with an industrious and thrifty class of yeoman.

The mineral wealth of Virginia, although known as far back as the Revolution, is just being appreciated. The iron-workers of Pennsylvania, whose ore-beds are every year becoming more expensive to work, have been securing large tracts of valuable iron-bearing lands, in the region between the Blue Ridge and the Greenbrier river. There is an area of 200 miles in width by 120 in length, through the middle of which passes the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which probably contains iron enough to supply the United States for the next thousand years. Beyond it, in the Kanawha Valley, are deposits of coal especially adapted for iron smelting and steam purposes, upon which a thousand years demand will leave scarcely an impression. The extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio Road is now building through this valley.

A Distressing Case of Hydrophobia.

Our readers will remember the extended notice we gave of the progress of the disease of hydrophobia, and the consequent death of Solomon Haley, a citizen of Springfield, on the 23d of March. The attendant horrors of that case are about to be repeated in another which has come to our notice. The wife of Mr. Haley is now lying at her residence, on East Columbia street, suffering from the dreadful effects of hydrophobia. Last Thursday morning, Dr. S. E. Adams, the physician who had waited upon her husband during the last and worst stages of his sickness, was called in to prescribe for her. The doctor, examining the condition of his patient, was impressed with the prominency of the symptoms of hydrophobia. There was that burning in the throat, a difficulty of swallowing, a secretion of dark, ropy, vivid phlegm in the throat, which distressed the patient to the utmost degree. The aversion to water was so decided that by orders there was none brought into the room where she lay. On Saturday the progress of the disease had more fully developed the symptoms, and the worst fears of Dr. Adams were confirmed. The patient had the greatest difficulty in swallowing, could not bear the sight of water, a breath of air distressing her exceedingly, and the bed-clothes, which started a current of air near her was unendurable, and light was very painful. There was the convulsive grasping at the bed and attendants to prevent her, as the patient declared, from leaping through the roof, one of the most common symptoms of hydrophobia. Thus far the patient has not become dangerous, but the disease may at any moment break out in its worst form. By order of the physician she has been kept in a dark room, with no attendants save those of her physician and son, and all exciting causes, such as light and water, must be removed.

Mrs. Haley was never bitten by a rabid animal, but it is well known that the virus can enter the system through a pin scratch, and be thoroughly inoculated by it. She was a careful attendant upon her husband during his illness, and handled constantly the cloths which had been used in wiping the saliva from the frothing mouth of her husband. A fair supposition is that she became inoculated in this manner. By the way, on Sunday morning, after the treatment of Dr. Adams on the evening previous, the patient appeared much relieved, and strong hopes are entertained at the present time, by the physician, of recovery, but the case may turn at any moment, and the full effects of the disease be developed.—*Springfield (Ohio) Advertiser.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

$25 THE FOLSOM IMPROVED TWENTY-Five Dollar Family Sewing Machine. The cheapest First-class Machine in the Market. *Agents wanted in every Town.* Liberal commission allowed. For terms and circular, address, A. S. HAMILTON, General Agent, No. 700 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIVIDEND.—THE DIRECTORS OF the Lancaster and Lititz Turnpike Road Company have this day declared a dividend of One Dollar and Fifty Cents per share, payable at the Farmers' National Bank of Lancaster, on and after Monday, May 2d, 1870.
M. T. HUEBENER,
April 14, 1870. ap2-3t Treasurer.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN election for Directors of the Penn Township Horse Insurance Company will be held at the public house of Jacob Busser, Jr., in said township, on Saturday, May 7th, 1870, between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M.
JACOB BUSSER, Jr.,
ap14-3tw4t Secretary.

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS ARE HEREby cautioned against negotiating for a certain vendue note drown on the 19th day of February, 1870, payable nine months after date at the Banking House of Reed, Henderson & Co., by E. J. Knox and John Knox, in favor of Martin Y. Greenleaf, for the amount of one hundred and sixteen dollars, the property purchased was unsound, and returned to said Greenleaf. We therefore refuse to pay said note.
E. J. KNOX,
JOHN KNOX.
ap27-6tw3t*

PUBLIC NOTICE.—THE ORDER FOR the Adjourned Courts of Quarter Sessions, Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, commencing Monday, June 6th, 1870, have been issued by the Hon. Court, in the amount of the freeswing and repainting of the Court rooms. By order of the Court.
GEO. BRUBAKER,
District Attorney.
ap27-tw3t

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Karns & Williams, at Gap, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are requested to make settlement, and those having claims will present them for payment to the undersigned without delay.
H. S. KERNS,
ap27-2tw3t T. B. WILLIAMS.

CLOTHING.

W. L. BEAR. WM. YOUNG.
CHILDREN'S BOY'S AND YOUTH'S
CLOTHING EMPORIUM!
EAST KING STREET,
TWO DOORS EAST OF THE COURT HOUSE.
SUITS FOR ALL AGES,
MADE OF THE BEST MATERIALS,
AND IN THE LATEST STYLES.
A variety of beautiful patterns constantly on hand. We intend to make this a specialty.
Agents for Merchant Tailors' Celebrated Stylish Ishmont, one of the oldest and best in the country.
Ladies' Dresses, Cashmere, Broche, Wool, Crape, and all other Shawls; Gentlemen's Coats, Pants and Vests, Kid Gloves, &c., dyed, scoured and refinished in the finest manner.
☞ Clothing repaired and renovated with neatness and dispatch. ap2-1mdaw

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

WOODWARD'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
MUSIC STORE,
NO. 22 WEST KING STREET
Pianos, Organs, Melodeons,
Violins, Violin Bows, Cellos Bows,
Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes,
Tambourines, Guitars,
Fingerolets, Harmonicas,
Drums, Fifes,
Triangles, Tuning Forks,
Music Books, Music Folios, Music Stands,
Piano and Melodeon Covers, Piano and Melodeon Stools; Strings of all kinds; Sheet Music, Music Books, Music Papers and every description of Musical Merchandise.
ALL ORDERS filled promptly at the usual *Wholesale and Retail Prices*, and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
☞ Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to.
A. W. WOODWARD,
n22-1ydaw No. 22 West King St., Lancaster.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WILLIAM MILLER'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
WEST KING STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.
Four Doors West of the Corner of Water and West King Streets, and Nearly Opposite the "King of Prussia Hotel."
The subscriber hereby notifies the public that he has always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES,
Gaiters of all kinds and sizes, for Men and Children, which he will sell at the lowest cash prices. Having a long experience in the business, he hopes to be able to satisfy the wishes of his fellow-citizens who may favor him with a call.
After four years services in the army he has returned to civil life and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
☞ Customer work of all kinds promptly attended to. ap-1tw

ROOFING SLATE.

ROOFING SLATE—PRICES REDUCED. The undersigned has constantly on hand a full supply of Roofing Slate for sale at Reduced Prices. Also, an extra LIGHT ROOFING SLATE, intended for slating on shingle roofs. Employing the very best slaters all work is warranted to be executed in the best manner. Builders and others will find it to their interest to examine the samples at his Agricultural and Seed Warerooms, No. 28 East King street, Lancaster, Pa., 2 doors west of the Court House.
We have also the Asbestos Roofing for flat roofs, of which we are sole agents, and which cannot be used. It is far superior to Plastic or Gravel Roofing.
dec12-1ydaw GEO. D. SPRECHER

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

AMERICAN
WALTHAM WATCHES
AT THE COMPANY'S PRICES,
And warranted by the Company sent with every watch.
Price List and descriptive Catalogue sent to any address.
Orders filled by express C. O. D. with privilege of examination before paying the money. Address,
ALEXANDER R. HARPER,
ap20-1mw10 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS W. BAILY,
IMPORTER OF WATCHES,
No. 622 Market Street, Philadelphia,
Would respectfully call attention to his new and carefully selected stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, &c.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ESTATE OF JACOB DELLINGER, LATE of Manor twp., dec'd.—Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in said township.
GEO. S. MANN,
a5-6tw14 Executor.

ESTATE OF NATHANIEL JENKINS, late of Fulton twp., dec'd.—Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent, to make known the same to him without delay.
GEO. JENKINS, Executor,
a5-6tw14* residing in said township.

ESTATE OF JOHN S. HACKER, LATE of Lititz, Warwick twp., dec'd.—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.
CHARLOTTE HACKER,
Lititz, Lancaster co.
JOSEPH S. THOME,
a5-6tw14* Mt. Joy twp., Lancaster co.

ESTATE OF HENRY SNYDER, LATE of West Cocalico township, 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.
JOHN BARINGER, Administrator.
m30 6tw 13

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH MANN, (Widow) late of Manor township, dec'd. Letters of administration on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said decedent 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.
ap13 6tw*15 BARNHERD MANN, Farmer.
Administrator.

ESTATE OF JOHN BOUGART, LATE of Rapho twp., Lancaster Co., deceased.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Lancaster county, Pa., to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of Martin Beppus, Executor of said deceased, to and among those legally entitled to the same will attend for that purpose on Monday, May 9th, 1870 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.
N. E. SLAYMAKER, Jr.,
apr 13-4tw-15. Auditor.

ESTATE OF JAMES PERCELL LATE of Manheim twp., Lancaster Co., deceased.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of S. H. Reynolds and James T. Dunn, Administrators de bonis non., to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit for that purpose on Tuesday, May 10th, 1870, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
W. H. WILSON,
apr 13-4tw-15 Auditor.

ESTATE OF REV. DANIEL HERTZ, late of Ephrata twp., dec'd.—The undersigned Auditors, appointed to pass upon exceptions filed to the account of Edwin Hertzler and Barcker and Curtis Fry, Executors of the will of said decedent, also to ascertain the debts due by the estate and how far said debts are barred by the statute of limitation, and to make distribution of the balance, if any, in the hands of said Executors, will sit for the purpose of their appointment on WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, when and where all persons interested may attend.
AMOS SLAYMAKER,
GEORGE M. KLINE,
GEORGE NAUMAN,
apl3-4tw15 Auditors.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—NOTICE IS hereby given, that Samuel B. Moore, of Drumore Township, Lancaster county, Penna, and Margaret his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, dated April 9th, 1870, assigned and transferred all their estate and effects to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of the said John K. Landis, he therefore gives notice to all persons indebted to said assignor, to make payment to the undersigned without delay, and those having claims to present them to
ADAM KONIGMACHER, Assignee,
m30-6tw*10 Residing in Ephrata twp

ACCOUNTS OF TRUST ESTATES, &C.—The accounts of the following named estates will be presented for confirmation on MONDAY, MAY 16, 1870:
Jno. L. Binkley's Assigned Estate, Jesse Landis, Assignee.
Simon R. Weaver's Assigned Estate, Samuel Weaver, Assignee.
Jno. F. Hostetter's Assigned Estate, Jno. M. Stehman, Assignee.
Benjamin Groff's Assigned Estate, A. B. Hackman, Assignee.
Abin. Loyer's Assigned Estate, J. F. Frey, Assignee.
Barbara Landis' Trust Estate, Ephraim Bender, Committee.
Peter Trout's Trust Estate, A. K. Witmer, Committee.
W. D. STAUFFER,
ap26-4tw16 Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, April 18, 1870.

PLUMBING, &C.

JOHN J. WEAVER. J. SELLERS PENNOCK.
WEAVER & PENNOCK,
PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM FITTING,
27 NORTH SEVENTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
ap13 3mw15

HYDRAULIC RAMS, WATER WHEELS,
WIND MILLS AND PUMPS,
PUT UP IN A SUBSTANTIAL MANNER.

BONDS.

UNITED STATES
BONDS
BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED ON MOST LIBERAL TERMS.
GOLD BOUGHT AND SOLD
At Market Rates.
COUPONS CASHED.
Pacific R. R. Bonds Bought & Sold.
STOCKS Bought and Sold on Commission only.
Accounts received and Interest allowed on daily balances subject to check.
DE HAVEN & BRO.,
40 South 3d Street, Philadelphia.
feb 22 1ydaw

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

J. W. F. SWIFT, No. 13 North Duke st., Lancaster.
B. C. KREADY, No. 24 East King street, 2d floor, over Skiles' New Store.
EDGAR C. REED, No. 16 North Duke st., Lancaster.
B. F. BAER, No. 19 North Duke st., Lancaster.
FRED. S. PYFER, No. 5 South Duke st., Lancaster.
A. J. SANDERSON, No. 48 East King street, Lancaster.
S. H. PRICE, Court Avenue, west of Court House, Lancaster.
A. J. KAUFFMAN, No. 238 Locust street, Columbia, Pa.
WM. LEAMAN, No. 5 North Duke st., Lancaster.
A. J. STEINMAN, No. 4 South Queen st., Lancaster.
H. M. NORTH, Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa
D. W. PATTERSON, Has removed his office to No. 63 East King st
SIMON P. EBY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE WITH N. ELLMAKER, Esq., NORTH DUKE STREET, LANCASTER, PA. a25 1ywd38*

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IN STOCK FOR IMMEDIATE USE OR MADE TO MEASURE.
BUSINESS SUITS AT $14, $16, $18, $20, & $25.
DRESS SUITS AT $20, $25, $30, $35, $40,
SPRING OVERCOATS, $6, $8, $10, $12, $15, AND $20.
EVANS & LEACH,
628 Market Street, Philadelphia,
Samples of Goods, and directions for Self Measurement sent post free on application.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR CASH REFUNDED.
IN STOCK FOR IMMEDIATE USE OR MADE TO MEASURE. 3mw
m30

QUEENSWARE, &C.

TYNDALE, MIT
CHINA, GLASS AND
NO. 707 CHESTNUT
Fine Paris
The best stoneware in the market,
WHITE FRENCH CHINA,
DECORATED DINNER, TEA, and
GLASS ENGRAVED ON THE PREMISES,
or matchings, in the best manner.
FIRST-CLASS GOODS ONLY
Letters of inquiry in regard to prices, &c., of