MINERS' JOURNAL, AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I will teach you to pierce the Bowels of the Earth, and bring out from the Caverns of Mountains Metals which will give strength to our hands and subject all Nature to our use and pleasure.—DR. JOHNSON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY BANNAN & RAMSEY, POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

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Having procured several Presses, we are now prepared to execute JOB and BOOK PRINTING of every description at the office of the MINERS' JOURNAL, cheaper than it can be done at any other establishment in the County, such as

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QUINTARD, WARD, & CO.
19 Pine Street, New York.
220 Walnut " Philadelphia.
121 Kilby " Boston.
COAL OF ALL KINDS BY THE CARGO.
Jan 27, '66 4-

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ROMMEL & HUNTER,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FIRST QUALITIES OF
ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS.
OFFICES—205 1-2 Walnut St., Philada.
Trinity Building, 111 Broadway, New York, Room 68.
21 & 23 Doane St., Boston.
Feb 16, '67 7-

BANCROFT, LEWIS & Co.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF THE
Celebrated ASHLAND COAL,
FROM MAHANOY MOUNTAIN.
OFFICE—111 Walnut Street, Commercial Building, Philadelphia.
New York Office—111 Broadway, Trinity Building, Room 69, ISAAC SELTZER, Agent. Boston Office—7 Doane Street. [Oct. 22, '65—43-

Pier No. 11.
LEWIS AUDENRIED & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in the best varieties of
Anthracite and Bituminous Coals.
OFFICES: 205 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 110 Broadway, New York. 14 Kilby Street, Boston.
Pioneer Shippers from Elizabethport, of LEHIGH, SPRING MOUNTAIN, HAZLETON, AND COUNCIL RIDGE COALS. ['66 13-

Pier No. 10 Port Richmond.
JOHN R. WHITE & SON,
SHIPPERS OF COAL,
No. 316 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
DEPOTS FOR STORAGE AND SALE OF COAL:
No. 300 West Thirteenth St., New York.
Third Avenue and Forty-ninth St., New York.
Ives' Wharf, Providence, Rhode Island.
August 4, '66 31-

AUDENRIED, NORTON & Co.,
Miners and Shippers of
COAL.
LOCUST MOUNTAIN—from HAZEL DELL COLLIERY.
SHAMOKIN—from ENTERPRISE COLLIERY.
GEORGE'S CREEK CUMBERLAND—from the Consolidation Mines of Maryland.
OFFICES: 328 Walnut street, Philadelphia. 119 Broadway, New York. 27 Doane Street, Boston.
April 7, '66 14-

JAMES M. REED,
No. 19 Doane St., Boston.
ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS.
SOLE AGENT, FOR EASTERN MARKET, OF
Dovey, Bulkley & Co., Miners and Shippers of Preston Coal.
John J. Dovey, Son & Co., Miners and shippers of Gilberton Coal.
June 25, '67 22-

NOTICE.
We have appointed Messrs. HAMMETT & NEILL, 217 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, sole Agents for the sale of our
SILVER BROOK LEHIGH COAL,
From Port Richmond, Philadelphia.
HOSIE & LONGSTREET, Miners.
Silver Brook, Feb 21, 1867.

HAMMETT & NEILL,
217 Walnut St., Philadelphia,
OFFER FOR SALE the FOLLOWING CELEBRATED
ANTHRACITE COALS
FROM PORT RICHMOND,
SILVER BROOK, (Lehigh.) SHENANDOAH CITY, (White Ash,) mined by Miller & Maize, SPOHN and DIAMOND VEINS, (Red Ash).
Also BITUMINOUS and CUMBERLAND COALS of well established reputation.
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OFFICES:—PHILADELPHIA, 217 Walnut St. New York, Room F, Trinity Building. PROVIDENCE, Weybosset Street. BOSTON, 23 Doane Street.
March 2, '67 9-tf

CASTNER, STICKNEY & WELLINGTON
Miners and Shippers of Coal.
Burnside (from their Burnside Col. at Shamokin) Lewis Vein (Red Ash). Locust Mountain (White Ash).
OFFICES: 29 Trinity Building, New York. 215 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 15 Kilby Street, Boston.
Wharf No. 6, Port Richmond, Philad'a.
Feb 24, '66 [May 18, '62—20-tf] 8-

Pier No. 19.
CHAS. J. & J. H. EASTWICK,
NO. 121 WALNUT STREET, PHILADA.,
SHIPPERS OF
WHITE and RED ASH COAL,
Agents for the sale of the celebrated
BURNSIDE COAL,
From the Luke Fidler Colliery, Shamokin.
March 16, '67 11-ly

Pier No. 13.
BORDA, KELLER & NUTTING,
Wholesale Dealers in Best Varieties of
ANTHRACITE & BITUMINOUS COAL.
OFFICES: 327 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 42½ Kilby Street, Boston. Room 64 Trinity Building, N. York.
Sole Agents for West Lehigh Greenwood Coal and Coal from the Locust Mountain Colliery of the Mammoth Consolidated Coal Company.
GEORGE CREEK BITUMINOUS on board at Baltimore or Georgetown. [Aug 11, '66] 11-

VANDUSEN, LOCHMAN & Co.,
SHIPPERS OF
LOCUST MOUNTAIN, LOCUST GAP, WILKESBARRE, LEHIGH, AND OTHER
WHITE AND RED ASH COALS.
Agents for the sale of the celebrated Georges Creek Cumberland Coal, from the Mines of the Consolidation Coal and Iron Company of Maryland.
SHIPPING WHARVES: Pt. Richmond, Elizabethport, Baltimore, Georgetown.
OFFICES: 201 Walnut street, Philadelphia. Trinity Building, New York. 5 Doane St., Boston.
Feb. 11, '65 6-tf

Pier 19 Port Richmond.
JOHN C. SCOTT & SONS,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
MAPLE DALE COAL.
And dealers in other approved qualities of White and Red Ash Anthracite, and Cumberland Coal.
OFFICES: Philadelphia, No. 226 Walnut St., Room No. 4, Grigg Building. N. Y., No. 119 Broadway, Walter, Bros. & Co., Agents. Boston, No. 11 Doane Street, Wallace & Moody, Agents.
Feb 23, '67—8-ly]

J. J. DOVEY. M. S. BULKLEY. WM. KENDRICK.
DOVEY, BULKLEY & CO.,
AND
JOHN J. DOVEY, SON & CO.,
(J. J. DOVEY, M. S. BULKLEY, WM. KENDRICK, J. F. DOVEY)
Miners and Shippers of the Celebrated
PRESTON AND GILBERTON COALS,
Wharf No. 20, Port Richmond.
OFFICES:
PHILADELPHIA—No. 230 Walnut St.
NEW YORK—Trinity Building, Room No. 66; H. A. Aechternacht, Agent.
BOSTON—JAS. M. Reed, Agent, No. 19 Doane St.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—H. Jones, Agent.
March 16, '67 11-

R. HECKSCHER, JR. HENRY R. BOWNS. F. A. MASON.
HECKSCHER, BOWNS & CO.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
COAL.
Office, Room 79, Trinity Building 111, Broadway, NEW YORK.
WHARVES—No. 4, Port Richmond, Phila. Foot of 20th St. East River, New York.
April 6, '67 [April 21, '66—16 14-tf

LEWIS ROTHERMEL. J. L. SHANER.
ROTHERMEL & SHANER,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
ANTHRACITE & BITUMINOUS COALS!
Sole Agents for the Sale of the CELEBRATED LOCUST MOUNTAIN COAL, from the CENTRALIA COLLIERY.
Offices:—311 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 111 Broadway, N. Y., and 3 Doane Street, Boston.
Wharves—Windmill Island, Phila.; Port Richmond.
May 19, '66 20-tf

Pier No. 15.
BLAKISTON, GRAEFF & Co.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
LORBERRY AND LOCUST MOUNTAIN COAL.
Shippers of other approved qualities of
WHITE AND RED ASH COAL.
318 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 9 Trinity Building, New York. Cor. of Kilby & Doane Street, Boston.
Feb. 14, '63 7-

MAMMOTH VEIN CONSOLIDATED COAL CO.
Our HICKORY and BROAD MOUNTAIN COALS are now sold exclusively by DAY, HUDDELL & CO.
Parties ordering from them, may always depend upon receiving a pure article.
A. B. ALMON, Treasurer.
Philadelphia, 12th Feb '67 8-tf

PHILADELPHIA, &c.

SCHUYLKILL NAVIGATION.
Shipping Wharves for ANTHRACITE COAL at Greenwich, Delaware River, Philada.

LEWIS AUDENRIED & Co.,
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE
Wolf Creek Diamond Coal Co.'s Diamond Red Ash, and Black Heath White Ash Coals.
OFFICES: 205 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 110 Broadway, New York. 14 Kilby Street, Boston.
Feb 17, '66 7-

Wharf No. 2.
REPPLIER & BRO.
OFFICES: N. E. cor. Walnut & Fourth sts., Phila. 85 Pine Street, New York. Merchants' Bank Building, Providence.

DAVIS PEARSON & Co.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF THE
CELEBRATED LOCUST MOUNTAIN WHITE ASH and SPOHN VEIN
RED ASH COAL.
OFFICES: No. 188 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. No. 111 Broadway, Room No. 9 Trinity Building, New York. No. 11 Doane Street, Boston.
WHARF—GREENWICH, DELAWARE AVENUE.
AVI PEARSON, PHILA. EMANUEL EAST, ASHLAND.

DAVIS, FALES & Co.,
SHIPPERS OF
LEHIGH, LOCUST MOUNTAIN, SHAMOKIN, LORBERRY,
AND
BITUMINOUS COAL:
Agents for Bear Valley Shamokin Coal. Preck's (Centralia Col.) Locust Mt. Coal. Plymouth Wilkesbarre Coal.
Office, No. 333 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
May 11, '67 19-

CAIN, HACKER & COOK,
SHIPPERS OF
LOCUST GAP, LOCUST MOUNTAIN, BLACK HEATH.
Also, dealers in other first qualities of
WHITE AND RED ASH COALS.
No. 214 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and Woodland Wharves, Schuylkill River.
THOMAS CAIN. MORRIS HACKER. JESSE M. COOK.
JOHN B. STRYKER, Shipper and Agent, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.
February 15, '68 6-ly

BROAD TOP.

GENERAL OFFICE
OF THE CELEBRATED
BROAD TOP WHITE ASH Semi-Bituminous COALS,
No. 104 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
ROBERT HARE POWEL, Manager.
CONNECTING OFFICES:
18 Traveler Buildings, Boston, Mass.
118 Trinity " New York.
Feb. 14, '63 7-tf

LYKENS VALLEY.

Lykens Valley Franklin Red Ash COAL.
The undersigned having the exclusive agency for sale of the above Coal, are now prepared to furnish the New York and Eastern trade with a largely increased supply of the celebrated
Lykens Valley Franklin Red Ash Coal.
This coal, from its purity, free burning and lasting qualities, is acknowledged to be the best Red Ash coal in the market.
Arrangements recently made will enable us to offer this coal to the trade at more advantageous rates than ever before and more nearly approximating the price of other Red Ash coals.
Arrangements have been completed at Port Richmond for the shipment of the above coal from the wharves of Messrs. SINNICKSON & CO., and Messrs. ROMMEL & HUNTER, to whom customers for this coal may apply or direct vessels.
J. G. MOODY & CO., 82 Trinity Building, New York.
WALLACE & MOODY, 11 Doane St., Boston.
May 18, '67 20-7m

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—A fine and well selected stock of Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, comprising all the new styles. Call and examine before purchasing. All goods warranted as represented. Calendar Clocks for Offices and Dining Rooms.
R. C. GREEN, Centre St., Pottsville.
Dec 1 '66 33-

ELEGANT Lithographic Views of the Clay Monument for sale cheap at BANNAN & RAMSEY'S Call and see them.

COAL MINE FOR SALE IN KENTUCKY,
ON THE
Tread Water Creek, Crittenden County,
Three miles from the Ohio River; 180 acres of land, the shaft in good working order, 220 feet deep, known as the BELLE VEIN, and is four feet thick—superior coal. The whole will be sold on the most reasonable terms. For further information address
J. BROOKSHAW, Du Quoin, Ill., or
JOSEPH A. HINA, Secty. Box No. 14,
Nov 2, '67—44-3m Caseyville, Ky.

NEW YORK.

PACKER, HEALY & Co.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
Lehigh, Schuylkill, Wilkesbarre, Lackawanna, Cumberland, and Elk Hill Gas Coal Company
COALS.
OFFICES—90 Nassau St., New York. 205 Walnut St., Philadelphia. 29 Kilby Street, Boston.
October 14, '64 41-ly

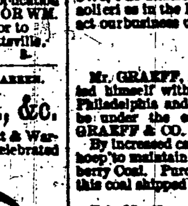
ELIZABETHPORT.

COAL. COAL.
A. T. STOUT & CO.,
Miners and Shippers of the celebrated
"Fulton" & "Stout" (Lehigh) Coals,
From the Ebervale Colliery and the Stout Colliery, near Hazleton, Pa.,
And Dealers in the best varieties of
ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS.
Delivered direct from the mines or on board of vessels at
TRENTON, N. J., ELIZABETHPORT, N. J.
N. BRUNSWICK, N. J., PORT RICHMOND, PA.
OFFICES—44 & 46 Trinity Building, 111 Broadway, New York.
A. T. STOUT. S. VAN WICKLE. G. LEE STOUT.
April 4, '64 14-

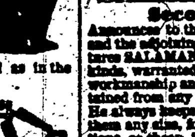
HASTINGS & Co.,
Manufacturers of Oil and Candles, and Dealers in Curriers' Oils.
MINERS' OIL IN CASKS AND BARRELS
Always on hand and for sale at the very lowest market price.
New York—184 Front St., corner Maiden Lane.
WAITSTILL HASTINGS, New York.
JOHN HASTINGS, New Bedford.
B. BANNAN, Pottsville, will supply our Oils at manufacturers prices.
Manufactory at New Bedford.
New York, May 18, '67 20-ly

FIRST CLASS COLLIERY for Lease.—The executors of James Dundas, dec'd, and the executors of Wm. Richardson, dec'd, offer for lease the Peaked Mountain Colliery on the "Catharine Grove" tract, situate in Foster Township, Schuylkill County, Penna. The lease will grant the right to mine on the north dips of the "Big Orchard," "Primrose," "Holmes," "Crosby or Mammoth," "Skidmore," and "Buck Mountain" Veins. Also, the right to establish a new colliery on the basin between the peaked Mountain and Mine Hill, and work all the veins of the basin on both dips—and likewise all coal above water level on the adjacent lands of the Forest Improvement Company, between certain points. The Peaked Mountain Colliery is worked by two shafts, and the improvements, consisting of hoisting engines, new large Cornish engine, pumps, miners' houses, &c., &c., are all in excellent condition. This most desirable property will be leased on liberal terms.
The owners will make a satisfactory arrangement with a good lessee for building a first class
BREAKER.
Further information and exhibits of maps, surveys, &c. will be given to responsible parties on application to THE EXECUTORS OF JAMES DUNDAS OR WM. RICHARDSON, 400 Prune street, PHILAD., or to CHARLES M. HILL, Agent, Pottsville.
Jan. 19, '66 3-

THOS. L. ADDISON. FRANCIS WARREN.
To Coal Dealers, Gas Co's., &c.
THE undersigned having succeeded Focht & Warren in the sole manufacture of Focht's celebrated Patent
Self-Dumping, Hoisting Scoop Buckets,



And IRON HOISTING BLOCKS, as well as in the manufacture of
Iron Cars
AND
Iron Box WHEELBARROWS,



Are prepared to fill all orders with promptness and dispatch.
NOTICE.—Being the sole owners of the Patent Right for the Self-Dumping, Hoisting, Scoop Bucket and Dock Block, we caution all persons against manufacturing or vending the same from any except ourselves or agents, as we will prosecute to the utmost limit, any infringement on the Letters Patent.
Respectfully,
ADDISON & WARREN, Reading, Pa.
August 31, '67 35-ly

JOHN R. DIEHM,
MANUFACTURER OF
COAL SCREENS,
Of the Latest and Most Approved Styles.
The undersigned who is a practical Screen Manufacturer, informs Coal Operators and others, that he is manufacturing a new COAL SCREEN, in which [illegible] will be used. HE GUARANTEES THAT THE MESH WILL ALWAYS RETAIN ITS ORIGINAL SIZE UNTIL ENTIRELY WORN OUT.
He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him.
JOHN R. DIEHM.
Railroad St., rear of Esterly's Hardware Store,
Nov. 4, '65—44-ly POTTSVILLE, PA.

SCHUYLKILL CO.

JAMES J. CONNER,
Miner and Shipper of the Celebrated
LOCUST MOUNTAIN COAL.
Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Penna.
1858 27-ly

J. M. FRECK,
MINER AND SHIPPER OF THE CELEBRATED
Centralia or Locust Mountain COAL.
Post Office Address, ASHLAND, Schuylkill County, Pa., or Centralia, Columbia County.
June 2, '66 23-

THE HILL & HARRIS COAL.
WE HAVE APPOINTED
Messrs. ROMMEL & HUNTER,
205 1-2 Walnut St., Philada.,
Our exclusive Agents for the sale of our coal, along the line of the Schuylkill, in the cities of Philadelphia and New York, and in the Eastern Markets—to whom all orders should be addressed.
By continuing to prepare our coal in the very best manner, we hope to retain our old customers and secure new ones, being prepared to do a largely increased business this year. HILL & HARRIS.
Mahanoy City, Jan. 31st, 1867. Feb. 2, '67.—5-

EAST FRANKLIN LORBERRY VEIN COAL.
My East Franklin Lorberry Coal is now sold exclusively by Messrs. CALDWELL, GORDON & Co., who are my sole Agents. Parties ordering from them, may always depend upon getting a pure article.
OFFICES: No. 118 Walnut St., Philadelphia. No. 111 Broadway, Trinity Building, New York. No. 144 State Street, Boston.
HENRY HEIL.
Tremont, March 29, '63 13-

COAL LANDS TO LEASE.—The Schuylkill Coal Company are now prepared to make leases on their lands in Foster Township, Schuylkill County. These lands are located on the very best portion of the Heckscher Basin, having over four miles run on the Daniel, Crosby, Lealor, and all the veins known in that basin, both above and below water level. Favorable leases with an abundance of timber for mining purposes, will now be made to good tenants, on application to H. H. BODY, President of the Company, No. 8 Wall Street, New York. June 22, '68—25-

LEHIGH.

THOS. HULL & CO.,
MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF
SMITH'S SPRING MOUNTAIN LEHIGH COAL,
Yorktown, Carbon County, Penna.
OFFICES:
322 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia,
JEANESVILLE, Luzerne County, Pa.
July 23, '64. 30-

LORBERRY CREEK.

LORBERRY COAL.
OWING to the undersigned, having consolidated our Three collieries in the Lorberry Region, will hereafter transact our business under the name of
MILLER, GRAEFF & Co.
MILLER, STEES & Co.
GRAEFF & NUTTING.
Mr. GRAEFF, a member of our firm, having associated himself with J. R. BLAKISTON, will reside in Philadelphia and all our coal shipped by tide-water will be under the exclusive control of BLAKISTON, GRAEFF & CO.
By increased care and attention in its preparation, we hope to maintain the reputation of our celebrated Lorberry Coal. Purchasers abroad can rely upon having this coal shipped in the very best order.
MILLER, GRAEFF & CO.
Feb. 13, '68.

Encourage Home Manufacture.
CHARLES KEHRER,
MANUFACTURER OF
SALAMANDER SAFES,
Second St., Pottsville
Announces to the business community of this and the adjoining counties, that he manufactures SALAMANDER SAFES of all sizes and kinds, warranted Fire-proof, which, in point of workmanship and finish, will compare with those obtained from any other establishment in the country.—He always keeps safes on hand for sale, and will make them any size, for Banking and other Public Institutions, as cheap, if not cheaper than they can be obtained from abroad.
He refers to Benjamin Haywood, George Bright, Thos. Cooch and A. Henderson, of this Borough, who have his safes in use. [June 13, '63—24-tf

ALL COAL MINERS, Railroad and Furnace men, or any men at dangerous work, can have their lives insured at the rate of $2 50 per year on $1,000, a term of twenty years, by addressing
JAMES H. GRIER,
Attorney at Law and Insurance Agent,
August 31, '67 35-ly Pottsville, Pa.

House Furnishing Hardware and kitchen utensils in great variety, on hand at
WRIGHT & DODS, Pottsville.

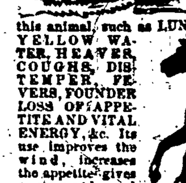
PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
ATTENDED TO IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Orders left at the stores of BOBBYSHELL & BRO. and GEORGE BERNET, Centre St., will receive prompt attention.
Old Brass, Copper and Lead bought.
GEORGE N. DOWNING,
Corner of Sixth and Schuylkill Avenue.
Pottsville, March 2, '68 9-

SILVER WARE.—Pickle Jars, Syrup Jars, Sugar Bowls, Mugs, Butter Dishes, Napkin Rings, Cake Baskets, Ice Pitchers, &c., &c. Silver Toilet Boxes lined with gold. R. C. GREEN,
Dec 15, '66—50- [Centre St., Pottsville.

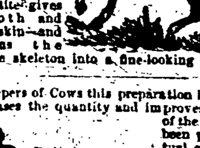
FERTILIZERS.

COMPLETE MANURE
MANUFACTURED BY
HENRY BOWER,
Grays Ferry Road, Philadelphia,
FROM
SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME, AMMONIA AND POTASH.
Warranted Free from Adulteration.
PACKED IN BAGS 175 lbs EACH.
PRICE $55 PER TON OF 2,000 LBS.
DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.
BOOTH & GARRETT, of Philadelphia, Chemists of high standing in their report of the analysis, say to us:
"The constitution of the above indicates a decided advance in the composition of a Fertilizer by the introduction of a considerable per centage of Potash, and countenances the claim involved in the name 'Complete Manure.'"
WILLIAMS & MOSS, of Philadelphia, Chemists of large experience in the analysis of Fertilizers, say:
"We find from an analysis of your 'Complete Manure,' that the name you have given it is certainly warranted by its Chemical composition; in addition to, thus cordially recommending your Fertilizer from a Chemical stand point, we should state that its mechanical condition is most excellent, being such as to admit of its use in the drill without further preparation."
The "Complete Manure" has been used largely on various crops, and the testimony thus far received proves it to be the best Fertilizer yet introduced.
Orders received and information given by
DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
40 South Wharves, Philadelphia.
August 31, '67 34-ly

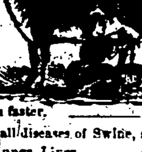
FOUTZ'S
CELEBRATED
Horse and Cattle Powders.



This preparation, long and favorably known, will thoroughly reinvigorate broken-down and low-spirited horses, by strengthening and cleansing the stomach and intestines.
It is a sure preventive of all diseases incident to this animal, such as LUNG FEVER, GLANDERS, YELLOW WATER, HEAVES, COUGHS, DISTEMPER, FEVERS, FOUNDER, LOSS OF APPETITE AND VITAL ENERGY, &c. Its use improves the wind, increases the appetite—gives a smooth and glossy skin—and transforms the miserable skeleton into a fine-looking and spirited horse.



To keepers of Cows this preparation is invaluable. It increases the quantity and improves the quality of the milk. It has been proven by actual experiment to increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent. and make the butter firm and sweet. In fattening cattle, it gives them an appetite, loosens their hide, and makes them thrive much faster.



In all diseases of Swine, such as Coughs, Ulcers in the Lungs, Liver, &c., this article acts as a specific. By putting from one-half a paper to a paper in a barrel of swill the above diseases will be eradicated or entirely prevented. If given in time, a certain preventive and cure for the Hog Cholera.
Price 25 Cents per Paper, or 5 Papers for $1.
PREPARED BY
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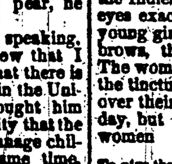

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[From the Atlantic Monthly for December.]

A YOUNG DESPERADO.

When Johnny is all snugly curled up in bed, with his rosy cheek resting on one of his scratched and grimy little hands, forming altogether a perfect picture of peace and innocence, it seems hard to realize what a busy, restive, pugnacious, badly ingenious little wretch he is! There is something so comical in those funny little shoes and stockings sprawling on the floor,—they look as if they could jump up and run off, if they wanted to,—there is something so laughable about those little trousers, which appear to be making vain attempts to climb up into the easy chair,—the said trousers still retaining the shape of Johnny's little legs, and refusing to go to sleep,—there is something, I say, about these things, and about Johnny himself, which makes it difficult for me to remember that, when Johnny is awake, he not unfrequently displays traits of character not to be compared with anything but the cunning of an Indian warrior, combined with the combative qualities of a trained prize fighter.

I'm sure I don't know how he came by such unpleasant propensities. I am myself the meekest of men. Of course, I don't mean to imply that Johnny inherited his warlike disposition from his mother. She is the gentlest of women. But when you come to Johnny—he's the terror of the whole neighborhood.

He was meek enough at first,—that is to say, for the first six or seven days of his existence. But I verily believe that he wasn't more than eleven days old when he showed a degree of temper that shocked me,—shocked me in one so young. On that occasion he turned very red in the face,—he was quite red before,—doubled up his ridiculous hands in the most threatening manner, and finally, in the impotency of rage, punched himself in the eye. When I think of the life he led his mother and Susan during the first eighteen months after his arrival, I shrink from the responsibility of allowing Johnny to call me father.

Johnny's aggressive disposition was not more early developed than his duplicity.—By the time he was two years of age, I had got the following maxim by heart: "Whenever J. is particularly quiet, look out for squalls." He was sure to be in some mischief. And I must say there was a novelty, an unexpectedness, an ingenuity, in his badness, that constantly astonished me. The crimes he committed could be arranged alphabetically. He never repeated himself.—His evil resources were inexhaustible. He never did the thing I expected he would. He never failed to do the thing I was unprepared for. I am not thinking so much of the time when he painted my writing-desk with raspberry jam, as of the occasion when he perpetrated an act of original cruelty on Mopsey, a favorite kitten in the household. We were sitting in the library. Johnny was playing in the front hall. In view of the supernatural stillness that reigned, I remarked suspiciously, "Johnny is very quiet, my dear." At that moment a series of pathetic mews was heard in the entry, followed by a violent scratching on the oil-cloth. Then Mopsey bounded into the room with three empty spools strung upon her tail. The spools were removed with great difficulty, especially the last one which fit remarkably tight. After that, Mopsey never saw a work basket without arching her tortoise shell back, and distending her tail to three times its natural thickness. Another child would have squeezed the kitten, or stuck a pin in it, or twisted her tail; but it was reserved for the superior genius of Johnny to string rather small spools upon it. He never did the obvious thing.

It was this fertility and happiness, if I may say so, of invention, that prevented me from being entirely dejected over my son's behavior at this period. Sometimes the temptation to seize him and shake him was too strong for poor human nature. But I always regretted it afterwards. When I saw him asleep in his tiny bed, with one tear dried on his plump velvety cheek and two little mice teeth visible through the parted lips, I couldn't help thinking what a little bit of a fellow he was, with his funny little fingers and his funny little nails; and it didn't seem to me that he was the sort of person to be pitched into by a great strong man like me.

"When Johnny grows older," I used to say to his mother, "I'll reason with him."

Now I don't know when Johnny will grow old enough to be reasoned with. When I reflect how hard it is to reason with wise grown-up people, if they happen to be unwilling to accept your view of matters, I am inclined to be very patient with Johnny, whose experience is rather limited, after all though he is six years and a half old, and naturally wants to know why and wherefore. Somebody says something about the duty of "blind obedience." I can't expect Johnny to have more wisdom than Solomon, and to be more philosophic than the philosophers.

At times, indeed, I have been led to expect this from him. He has shown a depth of mind that warranted me in looking for anything. At times he seems as if he were a hundred years old. He has a quaint, bird-like way of cocking his head on one side, and asking a question that appears to be the result of years of study. If I could answer some of those questions, I should solve the darkest mysteries of life and death. His inquiries, however, generally have a grotesque flavor. One night, when the mosquitoes were making lively raids on his person, he appealed to me, suddenly: "How does the moon feel when a skeeter bites it?" To his meditative mind, the broad, smooth surface of the moon presented a temptation not to be resisted by any stray skeeter.

I freely confess that Johnny is now and then too much for me. I wish I could read him as cleverly as he reads me. He knows all my weak points; he sees right through me, and makes me feel that I am a helpless infant in his adroit hands. He has an argumentative, oracular air, when things have gone wrong, which always upsets my dignity. Yet how cunningly he uses his power! It is only in the last extremity that he crosses his legs, puts his hands into his trousers-pockets, and argues the case with me. One day last week he was very near coming to grief. By my directions, kindling wood and coal are placed every morning in the library grate, in order that I may have a fire the moment I return at night. Master Johnny must needs apply a lighted match to this arrangement early in the forenoon. The fire was not discovered until the blower was one mass of red hot iron, and the wooden mantel-piece was smoking with the intense heat.

When I came home, Johnny was led from the store-room, where he had been imprisoned from an early period, and where he had employed himself in eating about two dollars' worth of preserved pears.

"Johnny," said I, in as severe a tone as one could use in addressing a person whose forehead glistened with syrup,—"Johnny, don't you remember that I have always told you never to meddle with matches?"

It was something delicious to see Johnny trying to remember. He cast one eye meditatively up to the ceiling, then he fixed it abstractedly on the canary bird, then he rubbed his ruffled brows with a sticky hand; but really, for the life of him, he couldn't recall any injunctions concerning matches.

"I can't papa, truly, truly," said Johnny at length. "I guess I must have forgot it."

"Well, Johnny, in order that you may not forget it in future—"

Here Johnny was seized with an idea. He interrupted me.

"I'll tell you what you do, papa,—you just put it down in writin'."

With the air of a man who has settled a question definitely, but at the same time is willing to listen politely to any crude suggestions that you may have to throw out, Johnny crossed his legs, and thrust his hands into those wonderful trousers pockets. I turned my face aside, for I felt a certain weakness creeping into the corners of my mouth. I was lost. In an instant the little head, covered all over with yellow curls, was laid upon my knee, and Johnny was crying, "I'm so very, very sorry!"

I have said that Johnny is the terror of the neighborhood. I think I have not done the young gentleman an injustice. If there is a window broken within the radius of two miles from our house, Johnny's ball, or a stone known to come from his dexterous hand, is almost certain to be found in the battered premises. I never hear the musical jingling of splintered glass, but my parternal heart gives a convulsive throb in my breast-pocket. There is not a doorstep in our street that hasn't borne evidence in red chalk of his artistic ability; there isn't a bell that he hasn't rung and run away from at least three hundred times. Scarcely a day passes but he falls out of something, or over something, or into something. A ladder running up to the dizzy roof of an unfinished building is no more to be resisted by him than the back platform of a horse car, when the conductor is collecting his fare in front.

I should not like to enumerate the battles that Johnny has fought during the past eight months. It is a physical impossibility, I should judge, for him to refuse a challenge. He picks his enemies out of all ranks of society. He has fought the ash-man's boy, the grocer's boy, the rich boys over the way, and any number of miscellaneous boys who chanced to stray into our street.

I can't say that this young desperado is always victorious. I have known the tip of his nose to be in a state of unpleasant redness for weeks together. I have known him to come home frequently with no brim to his hat; once he presented himself with only one shoe, on which occasion his jacket was split up the back in a manner that gave him the appearance of an over-ripe chestnut bursting out of its bur. How he will fight! But then I can't say,—if Johnny is as cruel as Caligula, he is every bit as brave as Agamemnon. I never knew him to strike a boy smaller than himself. I never knew him to tell a lie, when a lie would save him from disaster.

At present the General as I sometimes call him, is in hospital. He was seriously wounded at the battle of The Little Go-Cart, on the 9th instant. On returning from my office yesterday evening, I found that warrior veteran stretched upon a sofa in the sitting-room, with a patch of brown paper stuck over his left eye, and a convincing smell of vinegar about him.

"Yes," said his mother, dolefully, "Johnny's been fighting again. That horrid Barnabee boy (who is eight years old, if he is a day) won't let the child alone."

"Well," said I, "I hope Johnny gave that Barnabee boy a thrashing."

"Didn't I, though?" cries Johnny from the sofa. "I bet!"

"O Johnny!" says his mother.

Now, several days previous to this, I had addressed the General in the following terms:—

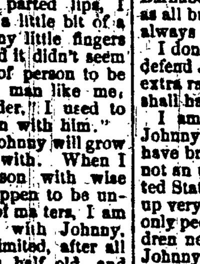
"Johnny, if I ever catch you in another fight of your own seeking, I shall cane you."

In consequence of this declaration, it became my duty to look into the circumstances of the present affair, which will be known in history as the battle of The Little Go-Cart. After going over the ground very carefully, I found the following to be the state of the case.

It seems that the Barnabee Boy—I speak of him as if he were the Benicia Boy—is the oldest pupil in the Primary Military School (I think it must be a military school) of which Johnny is a recent member. This Barnabee, having whipped every one of his companions, was sighing for new boys to conquer, when Johnny joined the institution. He at once made friendly overtures of battle to Johnny, who oddly enough, seemed indisposed to encourage his advances. Then Barnabee began a series of petty persecutions, which had continued up to the day of the fight.

On the morning of that eventful day the Barnabee Boy appeared in the school yard with a small go-cart. After running down on Johnny several times with this useful vehicle, he captured Johnny's cap, filled it with sand, and dragged it up and down the yard triumphantly in the go-cart. This made the General very angry, of course, and he took an early opportunity of kicking over the triumphal car, in doing which he kicked one of the wheels so far into space that it has not been seen since.

This brought matters to a crisis. The battle would have taken place then and there; but at that moment the school-bell rang, and the gladiators were obliged to give their attention to Smith's Speller. But a gloom hung over the morning's exercises,—a gloom that was not dispelled in the back row, when the Barnabee Boy stealthily held up to Johnny's vision a slate, whereon was inscribed this fearful passage:



Johnny got it "put down in writin'" this time!

After a hasty glance at the slate, the General went on with his studies composedly enough. Eleven o'clock came, and with it came recess, and with recess the inevitable battle.

Now I do not intend to describe the details of this brilliant action, for the sufficient reason that, though there were seven young gentlemen (connected with the Primary School) on the field as war correspondents, their accounts of the engagement are so contradictory as to be utterly worthless. On one point they all agree,—that the contest was sharp, short and decisive. The truth is, the General is a quick, wiry, experienced old hero; and it didn't take him long to rout the Barnabee Boy, who was in reality, a coward, as all bullies and tyrants ever have been, and always will be.

I don't approve of boys fighting; I don't defend Johnny; but if the General wants an extra ration or two of preserved pear, he shall have it!

I am well aware that, socially speaking, Johnny is a Black Sheep. I know that I have brought him up badly, and that there is not an unmarried man or woman in the United States who wouldn't have brought him up very differently. It's a great pity that the only people who know how to manage children never have any! At the same time, Johnny is not a black sheep all over. He has some white spots. His sins—if wiser folks had no greater!—are the result of too much animal life. They belong to his evanescent youth, and will pass away; but his honesty, his generosity, his bravery, belong to his character, and are enduring qualities. The quickly crowding years will tame him. A good large pane of glass, or a seductive bell-knob, ceases in time to have attractions for the most reckless spirit. And I am quite confident that Johnny will be a great statesman, or a valorous soldier, or, at all events, a good citizen, after he has got over being A Young Desperado.

FROM THE WEST.

Extracts of Letters from an Army Officer to a Relative in this Borough.

NEAR CHURCH BUTTES, UTAH,
August 14, 1867.

We have a delightful spot of ground tonight for a camp in a grove of cotton wood trees, and enjoy the repose we need so much. We are now on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, which we have been crossing since last Tuesday, I mean yesterday a week ago. We left the stage road and commenced the ascent sixty miles south of South Pass, and went into a hot, barren country known as the Bad Lands.

For four days we marched over a great waste of mountainous land covered with sand, vast patches of alkali, (I think nitrate of potash, looking like finely powdered salt) and parched sage brush. The only water we found was collected in shallow, sulphurous, stagnant pools among the rocks and narrow marshy places. On the third day the small quantity of water we carried with us was gone. I cannot describe the exquisite suffering we endured from the heat, thirst, and the laborious marching we experienced on the 8th and 9th inst. We toiled up one mountain only to cross the top of another, and another. The line of the railroad was of little consideration then. We were all looking earnestly for what we could not find—water, water—no matter how hot; water of any kind to moisten our parched throats and lips. Our eyes were sore with straining at the men who had been sent miles away on the flanks of the train in search of some spring or creek. The streams that were flowing a year or two before were dry, and their graveled beds lay before us like so many crooked and shallow graves of deceased rivers. The guides wondered and appeared confounded, and were cursed by these men for their ignorance. The only motion in the air was the quivering heat. The sky was cloudless and the sun was scorching. The clear atmosphere made the distant cavalrymen on the huge hills look like colossal figures. When they discovered water they were to signal us by waving their bare sabres over their heads. Their burnished arms flashed the reflections of the sun's rays on our straining eyes, but no bared steel waved in the bright light of the day. No water; how we panted as we watched for a drawn sabre. The evening came, and with it the tired and disconsolate flankers; but no water. The train halted, and men and animals dozed. A kind, gentle wind that had gathered a refreshing coolness from some distant snow-covered peak, floated over us as night came on, and that was all we had to comfort us. I fancied as I watched the gold and crimson light in the sky fade away on the vast brown barren steeps above and below me, that all the mountains in the universe were come together to stare and mock at us for trying to associate with them. An hour past midnight we were on our way again. We had marched twenty five miles and had thirty or more to go before we could reach the stage road at Bitter Creek, the only known stream about us. We toiled on, experiencing a repetition of the heat and thirst of yesterday. A stray antelope ambling across the desert, probably on the same errand we had in view, that of searching for water, was killed at daylight, and I begged its blood for my dog "Pachye," and puppy "Slouac," who were almost mad with thirst. Poor, dear Pachye, her trials and sufferings did not last long. She would not ride but traveled by my side in the shade of my horse until late in the afternoon, when she tried to get under one of the wagons.—In doing so she tottered under a heavy wheel which passed over her body. I had her in my arms in a moment, but she was dying, and soon lay dead before me. You know my affectionate disposition and how strongly I become attached to my pets.

* * * * * John and I were not the only persons who felt the loss. Pachye had gained quite a reputation in catching squirrels and finding for the men where the sage hens were hidden. All the officers and men liked her. At every mess in the command she was always welcome. At every crossing of water or difficult crossing, a soldier was ready and cheerfully willing to lift her to his saddle, where she placed her paws on his stirrup, a manner she had of asking for protection and safe conduct, in time of danger.

Before the next night came upon us, we reached an alkali lake and although the water was not palatable we enjoyed it. The day after we crossed the summit of the mountains and marched to Green river, which we crossed last Monday.

Church Buttes is the name given to three high piles of peculiarly formed rocks, formed of sand and broken pieces of sand stone.—The changes of weather have washed the sand away in many places, leaving the red stone in the shape of high thin poles that seem as if they would tumble down at the least breath of wind. I can see them at a distance as I write standing in the middle of a vast stony plain.

In a few days we will be at Fort Budger, where Gen. Dodge intends to stay until his train can repair the damages done to it in crossing the mountains. * * * *

FORT D. A. RUSSEL,
Oct. 7th, 1867.

I arrived here this morning with B Company, 2d U. S. Cavalry, after a long, tedious, windy, dusty, cold, perilous journey from Salt Lake City. Gen. Dodge and party left us at North Platte crossing, and have gone to the States. It is very cold and windy here. The Fort is three miles from the town of Cheyenne which is building up rapidly.—When I left here last July all the land was bare, and the only habitations were tents.—Cheyenne has now a population of fifteen hundred, two papers, stores, warehouses, hotels, restaurants, gambling halls, &c., &c. Three months ago it was nothing but bare prairie land. I have to wait here for orders.

OCTOBER 20, 1867.

I have just received an order directing me to go to Fort Fetterman, D. T., one hundred and seventy miles from here, situated on La Prebe Creek, seventy-five miles west of Fort Laramie. The train I go with is waiting, and I will soon be in the saddle again, traveling on a cold and perilous journey. The escort consists of recruits en route for Fort C. F. Smith. The command at Fort Fetterman consists of six companies of the 4th Infantry, two of the 2d Cavalry, and two of the 18th Infantry. Gen. Wessells, Lieut. Col. of the 18th Infantry, will command the post.—It is not on any road, and in winter time difficult of access. The only communication it has with the outer world is through carriers that are courageous enough to travel between it and Fort Laramie.

The impression here is that the commissioners will not succeed in making peace with the Indians, or that the savages will not keep peaceable. Therefore, we all anticipate a lively campaign next Spring.

[COMMUNICATED.]

BEAUTY.

Any one who studies nature, will see that to be in perfect harmony with the surroundings, is to be beautiful. Place among the gorgeous surroundings of an African landscape and scenery, a native. His skin is so dark and glossy, that it resembles black velvet; harmonizes so perfectly with the intensely-painted, tropical landscape, that no one would wish to blanch his skin, or could call him anything but beautiful. Yes, a negro beautiful.

The difference of opinion with respect to beauty in various countries, are principally as to color and form. This difference generally arises from national customs.

Among the Chinese, a man to be handsome must be large and fat, have a high forehead, small expressive eyes, a short nose, large "flappy" ears and a long mustache, the hair of which must be black. The most essential point of a woman's beauty lays in the smallness of her feet. As soon as a girl is born she is given up to the care of a nurse, by whom every precaution is taken, by bandaging the feet tightly, and other tortures, to prevent their growing. In some parts of Mexico it is so common for the ladies to submit to the amputation of the little toe, for the sake of having little feet, that five toes are regarded as belonging only to the male species.

In the province of Cumana, a beautiful woman must have thin cheeks, a long visage and extremely large thighs; to produce these requisites, the head of the new born child is pressed between two boards, and very tight bandages put above the knees.

The natives of the Ladrone Islands think no one handsome excepting those who have black teeth and white hair.

The blackest teeth are also considered the handsomest in some parts of America. The ladies of Japan gild their teeth; those of the Indies paint them red. In China small eyes exactly like pig's, are liked; and the young girls are continually pulling their eye-brows, that they may be small and long.—The women of Turkey dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It looks horrible by day, but at night shining. The Arabian women

"Mix Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful."

The Hottentots bandage the nose to have it flat. The Greeks thought a straight nose to be the most preferable. In ancient Persia the person who had an aquiline nose was deemed worthy of being made king. In some countries the mother breaks the child's nose as soon as it is born. In another the nose is pressed between two pieces of board that it may be square.

As regards complexion: In some parts of Greenland the women paint their faces blue, and in some of the South Sea Islands the faces are painted yellow. In Muscovy however fine a woman's complexion may be, she would regard herself as being positively ugly if not loaded with paint. In civilized communities the ladies paint their cheeks and lips red. They are behind their yellow and blue sisters, in the painting line at least.—The Indian beauty is thickly smeared with bear's fat; and the female Hottentot receives from the hand of her suitor, not garlands of flowers, but warm entrails and reeking tripe, in order that she may dress herself in enviable ornaments.

The Turkish ladies

"Bring leaves of Henna to imbue,
The fingers' ends with roseate hue."

Some people will do anything for beauty. To do penance for his sins, Louis the Seventh cropped his hair and shaved off his beard. His wife Eleanor, found him thus. She took it as a personal insult. She revenged herself by becoming something more than a coquette. The King obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, who afterwards sat on the English throne. She gave him, for her marriage dower, the rich provinces of Poiton and Guienne, and this was the origin of those wars which raged for three hundred years, and cost the French three millions of men, all of which happened because Eleanor had too great a love for the beautiful. MADGE.
Pottsville, Pa., 1867.

HIGH LIVING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—There are more failures occurring in the commercial cities than commercial journals are inclined to make public. Of course it is discreet to observe reticence in reference to such affairs, as publicity, to business failures frequently tends to panics which lead to disasters that might otherwise have been avoided. What we desire to state in this connection is that the cause to which these failures are attributed is not always the right one. Many merchants fail, and it is to their advantage to have it understood that their bankruptcy was brought about by fluctuations in the market which neither their sagacity could foresee nor their ability control when they occurred. Be this as it may, such are not the influences which carry seven out of every ten men to bankruptcy who reach that deplorable condition. Extravagance in personal taste, willful waste in domestic affairs, sinful exhibitions of debauchery, gluttony, pomp and show are what press many a business man, merchant and manufacturer to insolvency. High living in the leading classes of the commercial cities, a disposition to ape the grandeur of the metropolis on the part of those who live in the rural districts, our inland cities and towns, is the influence which is deranging our finances and hurrying the country to a crisis through which it cannot pass without suffering serious injury. Too many people in this country are living beyond their means. Too many men are making debts, which, at the time of their contraction, they have not the remotest prospect of paying. Too many husbands are indulging their families in a style of living which their incomes do not warrant them in keeping up. Too many wives are arrayed in costly garments charged on the merchant's books as "bad debts." If the American people could be induced to abstain from the extravagance into which they have fallen; if business could be done without speculation; if men were content with fair profits, and confined themselves within the limits of their means, we would soon be the most prosperous people in the world. But we have yet to learn what it is to be prudent, economical and thrifty. All follies have their penalties. The indiscretions of the nation, like those of individuals, must be atoned for in some way; and surely the indiscretion of *high living* will yet require atonement most terrible to endure.

NOT long ago a politician entered the private office of the editor of the TRIBUNE, in a great state of indignation at some article Greeley had written. H. G., was sitting at his desk scratching away, and, though violently accosted, never looked up. The irate politician roared out, "Horace Greeley, I charge you with betraying the best interests of your party. You are a secret foe to radicalism. You do us more harm than you do good. Confound it, if you'd go over to the Democrats, body and soul, it would be the best thing you could do. You stay with the Republicans, and stab them in the dark. You are the worst enemy radicalism ever had in this country. I once thought you honest, though I knew you to be a fool. Now I'll swear you are a scoundrel and an idiot." Here he paused again for breath, as he had several times before, expecting H. G. to make some defence, or at least reply to the ferocious charges. But he was disappointed. The veteran journalist remained at his desk as patiently unconcerned, still scribbling at his editorial. The politician attempted to give vent to another burst of indignation, but he was so mad he couldn't speak, and after a spluter of epithets hurried to the door. The philosopher then lifted his head for the first time, and called out in his high, shrill voice, "Don't go off in that way, my friend. Come back and relieve your mind!"

A large eagle chased a pigeon into a house in New Haven, Conn., both flying through an open window. The bird of freedom was captured.

William B. Davidson, a notorious desperado, was hanged by a mob near Denver City, Colorado, last week. He died denouncing his executioners.

Dickens refused a $2,000 Chicago offer, and Chicago is virtuously indignant and thinks "he isn't much anyhow."

PEN, PASTE AND SCISSORS.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius continues. A telegram to the New York Herald states that the mountain is still sending forth pillars of fire from the old and newly formed craters, and the display is magnificent. There are seven streams of lava in full flow.

The Union Pacific Railroad is finished to the Rocky Mountains, 525 miles west from Omaha, and will be completed thirty miles farther, to the highest point on the route, in January. The rock cutting on the western slope will continue through the winter.

In New York, the Sun says, every branch of mechanical labor is overstocked, and that the numberless mechanics flocking into the city from the country in search of work, had better remain in the rural districts, where the dull season can be bridged over at less expense than in New York.

At Brazil (Ind.) the Western Iron Company have just succeeded in smelting iron with the block coal found in that neighborhood. The coal contains no sulphur and abounds in large quantities in that region. Its adaptability to smelting purposes will contribute largely to the wealth of Indiana.

Two young fellows, aged respectively sixteen and twenty-one years, have passed the Summer in jail at Danbury, Conn. Becoming tired of confinement, one of them recently wrote a letter ordering their release, signed it with the name of the State's Attorney, who lived at Norwalk, and sent it to a friend at the last-named town, who promptly remailed it to the jailor, and the prisoners were released. The perpetrators of this bold forgery have not yet been recaptured.

SCHOOL-WHIPPING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A judge in Allegheny, Pa., in a school-teacher-whipping-boy case brought before him, charged the jury that "it was the duty of the boy to submit to the directions of the teacher, so far as he had capacity to understand them; and if a spirit of insubordination was manifested the teacher had a right to inflict punishment. There was a sentiment gaining ground in the community, that all corporal punishment in schools was illegal, and that moral suasion only should be used. To this doctrine the court could not subscribe for the reason that, if carried out, our schools would soon become disorganized, and their usefulness impaired."

His directions to the jury in this case were summed up as follows:—"A teacher, in inflicting corporal punishment upon a pupil, must exercise reasonable judgment and discretion, and must in no case go beyond the limit of moderate castigation, either in degree or mode, and within that limitation must be governed as to the manner and severity of the punishment by the nature of the offense, and size and apparent powers of endurance of the pupil." The jury, after a short deliberation, found a verdict of "not guilty," and divided the costs between the prosecutor and the defendant.

HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.—A lively local in Chicago, in recording the various incidents of a day's experience in the Police Courts, thus epitomises from the testimony of a garrulous witness, a description of how a genuine Irish "dispute with fists" commenced: "A woman is up for disorderly conduct, and before a word can be spoken, she commences—'Yer honor, I went to Mrs. O'Flaherty's to get fish. Mrs. O'Flaherty stood behind the counter. Good mornin', Mrs. O'Flaherty, says I. Good mornin', says she. Have 'oo fish? says I. I have, says she. How much are they? says I. Twopence, says she. They shtink, says I. You lie, says she. Whoop! says I, and she hit me over the mouth th' ould divil.'"

STEEL rails are growing in popularity on our American railways. Several roads now have them on their lines, and it is now stated that the Boston and Providence railway is laying them on several parts of its line, and has adopted the principle of laying steel rails as fast as the iron ones wear out and have to be replaced. In one place, at Roxbury, where steel rails have been in use upwards of a year, one hundred and twenty trains or locomotives, pass over them daily, and as yet there is no perceptible wearing away. Iron rails had to be relaid seventeen times a year at the same place.

BELGIAN RAILS.—The export of rails from Belgium amounted, in the first seven months of this year, to 59,800 tons, as compared with 3600 tons in the corresponding period of 1866. The increase in this year is attributable to the large demands on Russian account. A further order for 20,000 tons of rails for Southern Russia has been received by two firms.

A STEAM BUGGY has been running with success, for some time past, on the roads about Boston. It attains considerable speed, and appears to be light and entirely under the control of the driver.

The managing editor of the London Times is paid the same salary as the President of the United States.—Ex. And probably he earns it better, in giving more satisfaction to his employers than A. J. does to his.

SUPPLY OF GOLD AND SILVER.—In 1865 the principal gold producing countries in the world yielded 559,587 pounds troy of gold, and upwards of 400,000 pounds of silver.

Educational.

J. A. M. PASSMORE, M. S., Editor.

PERMANENT CERTIFICATES.

The following explanations are published for the benefit of those teachers desirous of making applications for the Permanent Certificates, provided for in Section 12 of a Supplement to the School Law, approved April 9th, 1867:

The applicant must be twenty-one years of age, and must hold a Professional Certificate, granted or endorsed by the County Superintendent of Schuylkill County.

He must have taught a Common School for three Annual School terms.

He must be recommended by the County Superintendent, and Board or Boards of School Directors in whose employ he taught the last three Annual School terms.

The proper blanks to be filled up by the teacher can be procured from the County Superintendent. Blank forms are also published in the June number of the Pennsylvania School Journal. These blanks must first be presented to the Board or Boards of Directors, next to the County Superintendent, and afterwards to the Committee on Permanent Certificates.

If the applicant has taught for one Board the three Annual School terms required by law, but one blank is necessary. If he has taught for one Board two terms, and for another one term, two blanks are required, and three blanks are necessary, when the applicant has taught for three different Boards—one term for each.

All Professional Certificates granted prior to the first Monday of June, 1866, cease to be valid on the first Monday of June, 1868. If then renewed, they will be valid two years longer. No application will be considered unless History of the United States is included among the branches named on the Professional Certificate.

It is the intention of the Committee to meet and consider applications for Permanent Certificates, as soon as a number of applications have been made. As there are quite a number of teachers in the County, who are entitled to these certificates, it is hoped that they will not delay in taking the necessary steps to procure them, so that this meeting of the Committee can be had at as early a day as possible. Blanks properly filled up and signed should be directed to the undersigned, at Pottsville. The time of meeting of the Committee will be published in the educational departments of the Miners' Journal and Pottsville Standard.

J. J. CAKE, Sec'y Com.

[COMMUNICATED.]

FOND parents, did you ever reflect on the future of those who are intrusted to your care and training? Did it ever occur to you that education is the principal difference between him whose culture and refinement attract, almost God-like admiration, and the most degraded of the man species, whose chief title to a membership in the human family, is his bodily resemblance?

This idea is worth an evening's meditation. Duty requires that you act wisely in this matter. It is not your special duty to prepare your son for the practice of law, medicine or theology, nor is it your duty to educate your daughter for a music teacher; but it is your duty to fit them for the stern duties of life, that are awaiting performance; it is your duty to prepare them to become useful men and useful women.

Do you wish your son to become a farmer? Educate him; let him learn the nature of the soil upon which the success of his calling depends. Do you intend that he shall become a master mechanic? Educate him; teach him geometry, philosophy and drawing, and your high hopes are more likely to be realized. It is to educated mechanics that we owe our many inventions—the muscle and back saving machinery of 1867.

Should you prefer to have him become a merchant, be sure you give him mental capital before you entrust him with your hard-earned dollars; if you are convinced that any fool can get money, intrust your fortune to an ignorant adventurer, and if you do not pray before hay making time, that you had heeded a timely warning, and if you will not conclude that business is a poor business for one who is not "posted," we will reconsider our opinion.

If such are the strong claims that education has upon you, be sure to do something to further its cause. Send your children regularly; in every way co-operate with the teacher, and no words of our are required to tell what the result will be. OLAMOI.

The following is a list of the teachers employed in the public schools of Mahanoy City, and the salaries that they respectively receive per month:

Elijah Bull, Supt.	$75 00
T. J. Middagh, High School	60 00
O. O. Tiffany, Grammar, No. 1	60 00
J. C. Purcell " " 2	45 00
Mary Richardson	33 00
E. C. Hoffman	29 00
Lizzie Jeffreys	25 00
Mary Davis	25 00
Ella Richardson	25 00
Julia A. May	20 00
Emma Divin	20 00