The Pittsburgh Gazette.

OFFICE:
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OFFICIAL PAPER
Of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Allegheny County.

THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1869.

PETROLEUM at Antwerp unchanged.

U. S. BONDS at Frankfort, 91¾@91¾.

GOLD closed in New York yesterday at 122.

WE HAVE long since been aware of the design, on the part of certain friends of protection for iron, to throw the coal duty overboard. The N. Y. *Tribune* has now taken that position openly. All parties interested will govern themselves accordingly.

In a very just critique upon the President's Message, the Montreal *News* pays this high tribute to our financial honor:

We cannot name any other nation by whom such vigorous and honest efforts have been made to discharge their obligations; and whatever may be our natural and acquired prejudices, we are forced to confess that the United States are the first and only great community that has acted up to their pledges of freeing themselves from public debt.

THE New York *World* admits that "the XVth Article is pretty certain to be declared adopted, before the beginning of next spring," but declares that the questions, "as to the constitutionality of the ratification by the ten reconstructed States," and as to the status of Indiana, and of New York if her ratification be "withdrawn," will be "open to the future action of the Supreme Court or a Democratic Congress." This is an indefinite postponement of the promised revision. May we all live long enough to see it thus undertaken! We shall very much earlier see the opposition supporting Mr. Chase as their Presidential candidate, striving to outstrip Republicanism in their clamorous devotion to the principle of the universal equality of political rights. That will be the strongest hold for the aspiring Chief Justice, the only remaining expedient for the party, and he the only candidate who can touch it.

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE LEGALIZED.

The seven hundred women of Wyoming Territory, or as many of them as may be of lawful age, are now by law entitled to the suffrage and to hold office. We print the new law:

Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of Wyoming Territory:

SECTION 1. That every woman of the age of twenty-one years, residing in this Territory, may, at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the election laws of the Territory as those of electors.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

THE BENCH AND CABINET.

The nomination of Judge HOAR, the present Attorney General, for the vacancy on the Supreme Bench, which has existed since the death of Justice WAYNE, was transmitted to the Senate yesterday, and will undoubtedly be confirmed. The resignation of Justice GRIER was to have gone in yesterday. At his request, the paper was prepared for his signature on Friday last, but the great infirmities of his age are apparently responsible for any delay.

A new Attorney General will be called into the Cabinet. If Secretary Robeson would consent to be transferred to a post of less patronage, but of vastly greater public consequence, the country, in losing a good Secretary of the Navy, will gain a law officer of the most conspicuous ability and experience.

A LIBEL ON THE COMMUNITY.

With a single exception, the city journals take a just and intelligent view of the precise degree of responsibility of our public authorities, for the apparent impunity with which a pair of notorious rascals have so long contrived to evade the penalties of the law. We regret that the *Commercial* thinks it necessary to regard the matter in a light which none of its cotemporaries accept, and which cannot be endorsed by the judgment of any fair-minded citizen who will investigate our criminal records. We quote from the *Commercial* of yesterday:

These two men have been setting at defiance, for years, the laws of the community, and it is to be hoped that the crisis has been reached, that they will now be sent to the penitentiary and kept there. They should have been there long ago, and would have been there had the officers of justice not tampered with them. Let there be no more tampering with such desperate criminals. Let the officers of the law, both ministerial and judicial, take a hint from the tragic occurrence of yesterday, and see that not only Arnold, and Hartman, and Robinson are promptly tried and punished, but that others habitually given to rowdyism are checked up before they become equally desperate. Let there be an end to *tampering*.

We submit that these imputations upon our municipal and judicial authorities are wholly unmerited. We are happy to know that public sentiment heartily approves of the statements and suggestions in the GAZETTE of yesterday, showing where the responsibility, if any, for the existence of an unchecked grievance has properly rested. It has not been with a policy which has never failed to do its whole duty with these men, in arresting them times without number, and bringing them before the Mayor for his adjudication, or before the magistrates for commitment to abide the decision of the superior courts. Doing so much, the police exhausted its own legal functions. Nor has the responsibility rested with the magistrates or prosecuting officers of the county. We know what we say when we repeat that the Mayors have always exhausted every legal device to free the community from the vexatious presence of these scoundrels, and that the prosecuting officers, grand juries and the courts would have executed justice upon them long ago, if they had been adequately supported by the requisite testimony of complaining witnesses. But hitherto it has uniformly been the case that these witnesses would not face the music, and could not be compelled to do so. For the most part themselves persons of no character or principle, they have been bought off or otherwise smuggled away at the pinch—for the rascals have always been flush with large sums of money—and case after case has of necessity been abandoned. Not even the meanest and most notorious of thieves can, or should be, punished except through the legal instrumentalities.

A Mayor can commit a criminal for no more than ninety days—and not even that without legal proofs of his guilt. His summary powers are confined to the lesser misdemeanors, like drunkenness, vagrancy, and disorderly conduct—and both the Mayors have inflicted penalties for such offenses, without any mercy, upon this class of scamps, in all cases which would admit of it. When have Messrs. BRUSH or DRUM "tampered" with the claims of outraged law? Let us have the facts, specifically! The people have heard enough of such sweeping and intangible impeachments.

Prosecuting officers and grand juries can make no case against even the most notorious offenders, without evidence. No bill can otherwise be found, no trial had, and no penalty inflicted. That the proof has been wanting was not their fault. That it has always been wanting is lamentably the fact. The rascals have been rich, and so able to secure the legal services of very competent lawyers, and, still behind these, of the swarm of less reputable shysters who haunt the purlieus of the Court. We should not consent to see the law strained to reach the poorest thief—and we are by no means confident that it can always be enforced against a wealthier scoundrel. But the buying up of unscrupulous outsiders, or the buying off of mercenary witnesses is no just ground for thus impeaching the prosecutor, juries and courts. When have either of these ever failed to do their public duty? When have they "tampered" with any criminals?

These sweeping impeachments, in which the *Commercial* has hastened to indulge, are as unworthy of upright and intelligent journalism, as they are reflections most unmerited upon the integrity of our public authorities. If we could have less of such general abuse, and more of good wholesome advice to all good citizens to uphold, in every mode possible, the hands of those who administer the law—if fewer stones were thrown at them from a safe distance, or in the dark, and both the press and the public would aid them fairly, boldly and impartially in the execution of their duties, we should never have long to complain of our criminal plagues—and this would be fruitful of more public profit than columns of libel upon faithful officials.

The Legal Tender Act.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington, Chief Justice Chase on Monday decided the Bank Note Tax constitutional and valid. The case is one somewhat celebrated, and is known as "The President, Directors and Company of the State Bank vs. Jeremiah Penno, Collector."

The immediate question at issue was on that provision of the act of 13th July, 1866, which says:

"Every National Banking Association, State Bank or State Banking Association, shall pay a tax of ten per centum on the amount of notes of any person, State Bank or State Banking Association, used for circulation and paid out by them after the 1st day of August, 1866; and such tax shall be assessed and paid in such manner as shall be prescribed by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue." (14 U. S. Stat. 146.)

The general question, however, involved, and which has been decided negatively, was

"Whether or not the tax of ten per cent., imposed on State banks or National banks, paying out the notes of individuals or State banks, used for circulation, is repugnant to the Constitution of the United States."

It was supposed that on the issue of this case, the legality of the Legal Tender act of Congress would be decided, but the only reference made to it is as follows:

"It cannot be doubted that under the Constitution the power to provide circulating coin is given to Congress; and it is settled by the uniform practice of the Government and by repeated decisions, that Congress may authorize the emission of bills of credit. It is not important here to decide whether the quantity of legal tender in the payment of debts can be constitutionally imparted to these bills, but it is enough to say that there can be no question of the power of the Government to emit them, to make them receivable in payment of debts to itself, to fit them for use by those who see fit to use them in all the transactions of commerce, to provide for their redemption in coin or otherwise, and thus make them a currency uniform in value and description, and convenient and useful for circulation. These powers, until recently, were only partially and occasionally exercised. Lately, however, they have been called into full activity, and Congress has undertaken to supply a currency for the entire country.

"The methods adopted for the supply of this currency were briefly explained in the first part of this opinion. It now consists of coin, of United States notes and of the notes of the national banks. Both descriptions of notes are properly described as bills of credit, for both are furnished by the Government; both are issued on the credit of the Government, and the Government is responsible for the redemption of both, primarily as to the first description, and alternately as to the second. When these bills shall be made convertible into coin at the will of the holder, this currency will, perhaps, satisfy as fully the wants of the community as any mixed currency that can be devised.

"Having thus, in the exercise of undisputed constitutional powers, undertaken to provide a currency for the whole country, it cannot be questioned that Congress may constitutionally secure the benefit of it to the people by appropriate legislation. To this end Congress has denied the quality of legal tender to foreign coins, and has provided by law against the imposition of counterfeits and base coin on the community. To the same end Congress may discourage by suitable enactments the circulation as money of any notes not issued under its own authority. Without this power, indeed, its attempts to secure a sound and uniform currency for the country must be futile.

"Viewed in this light, as well as in the other light of a duty on contracts or property, we cannot doubt the constitutionality of the tax under consideration.

"The three questions certified from the Circuit Court of the District of Maine, therefore, be answered affirmatively."

The Writ of Error in the Schoeppe Case—How it was Issued.

In regard to the issuing of the writ of *certiorari* in the case of Dr. Schoeppe a misunderstanding seems to have arisen, from the newspaper accounts. The following are given as the facts:

There are two modes by which the proceedings on indictments in the Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer may be removed into the Supreme Court by *certiorari*.

1. When such writ is especially allowed by the Supreme Court or one of the Justices thereof.

2. It may be issued or sued out with the consent of the Attorney General.

In this case an application for a special allocatur was made to Chief Justice Thompson on the 4th of September last. On the 15th of that month the following affidavit was made: After a careful examination of the exceptions and allegations of error presented in this case, together with a report of the trial furnished by the counsel of the prisoner, participated in by Mr. Justice Read and Mr. Justice Sharswood, we concur in agreeing that we see no grounds for the allowance of a writ of error, and the allocatur prayed for is refused. THOMPSON, Chief Justice.

Thus the matter ended so far as the action of the Judges of the Supreme Court were concerned.

During the early part of this month, the counsel of the prisoner having given notice that a new application for the allowance of the writ would be made to the Chief Justice, the Attorney General, Hon. F. C. Brewster, interposed, and in a note to Mr. Miller, counsel of the prisoner, consented that a writ of *certiorari* might be sued out.

The allowance, therefore, was not made by the Supreme Court or any of the Judges thereof; but by the Attorney General, he having the right to give his consent to the issuing of the writ. As the case has been published, the impression is given that it was allowed by the Judges, which is a mistake.

THE President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, William Orton, and Cyrus W. Field, of the British Atlantic Company, sailed from New York last week for Europe, to negotiate, at Paris, with the French Cable Company, either for the consolidation of the three companies, under such restrictions as shall be satisfactory to the United States, or for the security of the right of the French Cable Company to land their western shore end upon the territory of the United States, the French Government guaranteeing similar privileges to an American cable company to land on the soil of France. Mr. Orton will return to the United States by the middle of January.

THE GREAT LIVING SCOUT!

BUFFALO BILL!

THE KING OF BORDER MEN!

The Wildest, Truest Story Ned Buntline ever Wrote!

An oasis of green wood on a Kansas prairie—a bright stream shining like liquid silver in the moonlight—a log house built under the limbs of great trees—within the humble home a happy group. This is my first picture.

Look well upon the leading figure in that group. You will see him but this once, yet upon his sad face hinges all the wild and fearful realities which are to follow, drawn to a very great extent, not from imagination, but from life itself.

A noble-looking, white-haired man sits by a rough table, reading the Bible aloud. On stools by his feet sit two beautiful little girls, his twin daughters, not more than ten years of age, while a noble boy of twelve or thirteen, stands by the back of the chair where sits the handsome, yet matronly-looking mother.

It is the hour for family prayer before retiring for the night, and Mr. Cody, the Christian, always remembers it in the heart of his dear home.

He closes the holy book and is about to kneel and ask Heaven to bless and protect him and his dear ones.

Hark! the sound of horses galloping with mad speed toward his house falls upon his ear.

"Is it possible there is another Indian alarm?" he says, inquiringly.

Alas! worse than the red savages are riding in hot haste toward that door.

"Hallo—the house!" is shouted loudly, as a large cavalcade of horsemen halt before the door.

"What is wanted, and who are ye?" asked the good man, as he threw wide open the door and stood upon its threshold.

"You are wanted, you black-hearted nigger-worshiper, and *I*—Colonel Mc. Kandlas—have come to fetch you! And there's the warrant!"

As the ruffian leader of the band shouted these words, the pistol already in his hands was raised, leveled, fired, and the father, husband and Christian fell dead before his horror-stricken family.

"If them gals was a little older—but never mind, boys, this will be a lesson for the uncals that come upon the Border—let's be off, for there's plenty more work to do before daylight!" continued the wretch, turning the head of his horse to ride away.

"Stop!"

It was but a single word—spoken, too, by a boy whose blue eyes shone wildly in a face as white as new-fallen snow and full as cold—spoken as he stood erect over the body of his dead father, weaponless and alone.

Yet that ruffian, aye, and all of his mad, reckless crew, stopped as if a mighty spell was laid upon them.

"*You*, Jake McKandlas, have mur dered my father! You, base cowards, who saw him do this dark deed, spoke no word to restrain him. I am only little Bill, his son, but as God in Heaven hears me now, I will kill every father's son of you before the beard grows on my face!"

"Hear the little rooster crow. He'll fight when his spurs grow, if we don't cut his comb now," cried the leader, with a mocking laugh, and he raised his pistol once more.

"Monster, you have robbed me of a husband; you shall not kill my boy," shrieked the mother, as she sprang forward and drew her son up to her own bosom.

"Colonel, there's a big gang of men comin' over the prairie. We'd better git," cried a scout, riding in at this moment.

"Aye! for I don't want to kill a woman, if I can help it. Column to the right, boys, and follow me."

In a minute, at full speed, the party dashed away after their leader, and the wretched family were left alone with the dead.

Frozen with terror and awe, the beautiful twins, Lillie and Lottie, crept out to the doorway, where their mother and brother knelt over the stiffening form of him who had been so good and kind—their dear father.

Oh, what a picture! Grief was still. Nor sob, nor tear, nor even a moan arose. They were dumb with agony—paralyzed with a sense of utter bereavement.

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It is now 1861. The old log house has disappeared, but in the same noble grove a pretty white cottage is seen. Barns and haystacks all tell a story of good farming and profitable results.

On the embowered porch of this cottage sits the widow, still in her mourning garb, worn for him whose death we have already pictured, and near her stand two lovely girls—the twin sisters, Lillie and Lottie, now in the early bloom of beautiful womanhood.

They look alike, are dressed alike and are exceedingly beautiful.

Lillie held a letter in her hand which the mounted mail carrier had left as he swept by.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! brother is coming home! he says he will be here before the sun sets on the twenty-fifth! The letter is from Fort Kearney, and has been long in coming."

"Is not to-day the twenty-fifth?" asked Lottie.

"To be sure it is, and he will be here. Our William is wild, but he never tells a falsehood. He is too proud for that! Heaven bless him!" said the mother, in a low, earnest tone.

"He is not coming alone," said Lillie. "He brings two friends with him."

"It lacks scarce a half hour of sunset," said the mother.

At the same instant Lillie, who had been looking through an avenue which led westward in the grove, cried out:

"They are coming! They are coming!"

And three minutes later, their joyous, frothy and hot, three riders at full speed dashed up to the gate fronting the cottage.

"Oh, brother! brother!" cried the two sisters, joyously, and all heedless of the stranger eyes now looking on them, they rushed out to embrace and kiss him.

Bill, or Billie, for this was he, had learned to hide all his feelings, but with a gentle tenderness he shook himself out of their embraces, and presenting his two friends by name, hurried on to meet that dear mother, who, with glistening eyes, waited to greet her idol and her pride.

"My good mother!" was all he said, as he pressed his manly lips to her white forehead.

"My dear son!" was all she said, but pages would not describe the reverence in his tone, or the undying love in her look.

Bill now presented his friends in more form to his mother than he had deemed it necessary in the case of his sisters.

"This, mother," he said, presenting a young man who, in form and appearance, resembled himself very closely, though he was an inch taller and hardly so muscular, "this is my mate—this is Bill Hitchcock, the best friend I ever had, or ever will have, outside of our own family. Three times he has saved me from being wiped out. Once by the Ogallalas, once when I was taken with the cramps in the ice-cold Platte, last winter—and once when old Jake McKandlas and his gang had a sure set on me. He and I will sink or swim in the same river, and that's a safe bet. Bill, that's my mother, and a better one never trod the footstool."

Wild Bill, with a natural grace, bent his proud head and took the hand of the lady, saying, in a tremulous tone:

"I'm glad to see you, ma'am, for I've got a good ole mother that I haven't seen this many a day, and this raypther brings her afore me!"

"And this other," continued Bill, "is Dave Tutt. He is good on a hunt, death on the reds, and as smart as bordermen are made now-adays. Now, boys, you're all acquainted, make yourselves at home. The darkey out there has got the horses, and he'll see them all right."

Three more perfect men in point of personal beauty never trod the earth.

Wild Bill, six feet and one inch in hight, straight as an ash, broad in shoulder, round and full in chest, slender in the waist, swelling out in muscular proportions at hips and thighs, with tapering limbs, small hands and feet, his form was a "study." His face, open and clean, had regular features, the nose slightly acquiline. His large bright eyes, now soft and tender in expression, were a bluish gray in color, shaded by lashes which often drooped over his bronzed cheek as he looked down, somewhat confused in female society, to which he was unused. His long brown hair fell in wavy masses over his shoulders, but it was fine, soft and glossy as silk.

The same picture will do for Buffalo Bill, only this difference noted. The eyes of the latter were nearer a blue in color, his hight one inch less, and his hair a little more wavy and a shade lighter.

Dave Tutt, nearly of the same hight, was equally well formed, but there the resemblance ceased.

His eyes were black as jet and deeply set, though his features were perfect, and, when he chose, his expression soft and winning. His hair, curling slightly, was black and glossy. But with all his beauty, there was a sensual expression about his mouth, so utterly different from that in the other two, and a fierce, passionate longing in his eyes, which made the two girls, instinctive in their purity, shrink from him.

After supper the reunited family and their guests were cozily seated in the sitting-room, when Mrs. Cody, whose face was toward the window, screamed out in sudden terror, and rose to her feet with a face so deathly pale that it seemed as if she was death stricken.

"What is it, mother?" cried Bill, springing to her side.

"The window—*he* was there!" she gasped, and then she swooned away.

"*He?* Girls look out for mother! I'll see what *he* was at the window!" cried Bill, and he sprung toward the open casement.

As he did so, a bullet whisteled past his ear and struck the opposite wall, while a hundred wild yells proclaimed that the Indians had surrounded the house.

Wild Bill, cool and collected, instantly blew out both the lights, exclaiming:

"Darkness here and moonlight out thar! We'll be all right in a shake. Jump for your tools boys, mine's handy! Gals, lay low out o' range, we'll soon let the reds know old hands are here."

The three young men, reinforced by three negroes and one white man, the farm hands, were ready to work in less than a minute, and as the Indians did not seem disposed to make a rush for the inside of the house, crept quickly to points where from the doors and windows they could pick the fiends out from their covers among the trees around.

Meantime the twins had succeeded in restoring the mother to consciousness, and to the hurried inquiry of her son as to whom she had seen at the window, replied that she had recognized the face of Jake M'Kandlas, the murderer of her husband, glaring in with a look so full of hate and vindictive cruelty that she was completely horror stricken.

"There's too many reds out there, or I'd make a rush and settle his hash!" said her son. "If he'll only stay 'till we thin 'em down a few, I'll accommodate him with a private entertainment. Look out for yourselves, girls—the boys are giving 'em Jessie, and it's about time my hand was in!"

A rapid firing had been going on from the moment Wild Bill got to the door, the Indians shooting at random, for all in the house was dark except the flash of the guns, but every now and then a yell of agony told that the attacking party were not going unpunished.

They could only be seen as they sprang from tree to tree for cover, but their terrible yells ringing through the air told that in numbers they were at least ten to one of the defending party.

"What's the stock? Won't they try to run that off?" asked Wild Bill, as his mate, standing by his side, sent a Red to eternity with a shot from his favorite long rifle.

"I expect they will. I would almost as soon lose my hair as to lose Powder Face, for the insect has carried me through more bad scrapes than I've time to count," said Buffalo Bill, referring to his favorite horse.

"And I will lose my hair afore I'll lose Black Nell, for she never deserted me. She'll kick the head off any Red that tries to mount her. But can't we get to the horses?"

"Wait till I give Dave and the boys in here their orders, and then you an' me will get to the horses and come in on 'em like as if we were fresh hands in the fight."

"That's the talk, Bill—thats the talk. Only let me and Black Nell and you and Powder Face give 'em a charge in the rear and they're gone in."

"Pepper into 'em then, till I tell the boys here where we're goin', so they'll be keerful how to shoot when we're a comin'."

Buffalo Bill now told Dave Tutt and the men, who were firing at everything they saw move move among the trees, what he and Wild Bill intended to do. The girls and his mother were not to know nothing of it till it was all over, for the latter was shure of driving off the foe by their plan as if they were in full chase of them.

Dave Tutt did not express any wish to go along, which rather surprised Buffalo Bill, for it was a duty that brave men would surely court. But there was a reason for this, as there is indeed for everything, as the reader will learn by and by.

The two friends, carrying their arms and bending low in the shadow of the graden bushes, crept away from the house until they reached a grain field beyond the trees, into which they moved swiftly. They had but a little distance now to go to reach the stock pasture, and they got to the last in the nick of time.

A half dozen dusky figures were already there, and the horses, disturbed by the firing, were very uneasy as these advanced.

Two shrill calls, understood by the animals for which they were intended, brought two noble animals, "Black Nell" and "Powder Face," to the edge of the grain field. The next instant, needing neither saddle nor bridle, the two men were mounted, and without a word, both dashed forward upon the Indians who were after the stock.

So suddenly and unexpected were these overwhelmed—not a shot being fired, only the tomahawk used—that there was no alarm in the grove. Then the two men sped on, not noiselessly now, but whooping and yelling in wild concert, and urging their steeds faster by their cries, till they were upon the rear of the astonished redskins, pouring out shot after shot with deadly effect on the enemy.

Wheeling and circling here and there, never missing a shot—it seemed as if there were twenty, rather than two—Wild Bill and our hero dashed on carrying death at every leap.

The Indians, who were Cheyennes, supposing this to be a reinforcement to those who had defended the house so well soon gave way and fled in every direction, but not before full half their number had fallen.

"Curse them, why do they shoot so careless from the house—this is the second time I have had from there," cried Wild Bill, as he wiped the blood from a wound grazing his cheek.

"There's a hole in my hat from the same quarter," said Buffalo Bill. "I'd like to know what they mean. It can't be but they know where we are. Never mind—I must hunt up old M'Kandlas now, for if mother saw him he must be here. Let's chase them, Bill, as long as we can."

The two men dashed away, and again a bullet, evidently from the house, passed so close to Buffalo Bill's head that he felt its wind.

The Indians scattered far and wide, but the two men succeeded in knocking over a half dozen more, when the thought struck them that it was better not to go far from the house lest some lurking behind would continue the attack, and they rode back.

The search for a white man among the bodies of the slain was unsuccessful, so Bill decided in his mind that if M'Kandlas had been in the party he had escaped this time.

As they approached the house they took pains to make their individuality known by signals which could not be misunderstood, therefore they were spared the perils which it seemed friends rather than foes had cast upon them during the charge.

In a short time, their horses left close in the shadow of the house, the two brave friends were in it once more.

"You can light up, I reckon," cried Buffalo Bill when he entered. "The Reds, or what's left of 'em, are off to their tribes on the run."

"Thank Heaven, you are safe," said Mrs. Crody, as she heard the voice of her son. "I hope you and your brave friend are unharmed?"

"All right, mother, but a scratch or two that cold water will heal—but are you sure you saw the face of Jake M'Kandlas at the window?"

"Yes, my son—I can never forget his face. I surely saw it."

"Then he has got off this time. I knew most of his gang had gone undry, but I didn't think he had taken up with the Cheyennes. They say that every tribe in the West but the Pawnees are going with the South. If they are we border folks will have our hands full. But we're good for 'em, arnen't we, Bill?"

"I reckon we are, if we know ourselves," said Wild Bill.

The Moon had gone down before day dawned, but the repulsed Cheyennes never bated in their headlong speed until a couple of hours after sunrise, when they had reached a thick cottonwood grove on the south bank of the Republican river.

Here, at the call of their chief, they dismounted and gathered around him. By his side, with a scowl of anger, and some show of disgust, too, in his face, stood Jake M'Kandlas, the white ruffian who had planned this foray.

Looking sternly at him, after counting the warriors left, the old chief said:

"There will be a great cry among the squaws in the lodges of the Cheyennes. Many warriors have gone down—their scalps are in the belts of our enemies and we have not a scalp to show that has been taken in return for ours. What has the Hawk of the Hills to say to this?"

"That which the Great Spirit wills to be will be!" said M'Kandlas in reply. "If we had fought as white men and charged in on them, we would now have their scalps in our belts. Big Maple would not listen to my words. He fought his way and lost half his warriors. It is not my fault. I have spoken."

"The Hawk of the Hills has spoken with a single tongue. His words are true. But the faces of the tribes will be black when we go back without scalps. What has my brother to say to that?" asked the chief.

"That if we go back without scalps, we are fools!" said M'Kandlas, quietly. "If the gun of 'Big Maple' misses fire, does he throw it away, or pick the flint and try it again? There are more days and nights than one, and plenty of pale faces are scattered about the plains. The Hawk of the Hills knows other settlements which we can reach in two or three days' journey. We can go there for plunder and scalps and then come back here, and when the fighting men are not here or are asleep we can sprinkle the bones of our dead with the blood of vengeance where they fell."

"The Hawk of the Hills speaks like a man. The heart of Big Maple was weak. It is strong again. The warriors will cook meat and eat while their horses rest and feed."

Light blazing fires emitting scarcely any smoke were now made from dry twigs, and the warriors made a hearty meal, the first for twenty-four hours. It was not long till an alarm was given by a scout. White men mounted and armed were coming in from the South.

"They are not those we fought last night!" said M'Kandlas. "They have not had time to get to this side of the river. I will ride out alone and see who they are. Let my red brothers remain where they are ready to fight or to flee, if they see that I am among their enemies."

"The Hawk of the Hills is a great brave. His words are good and his deeds go with them," said the Cheyenne chief.

M'Kandlas mounted his horse, put a bit of white cloth on the ramrod of his rifle and rode out from the shelter of the grove toward a group of advancing horsemen, some ten or a dozen in number.

They halted as soon as he was observed and scattered to look to their arms.

He rode boldly on until within two or three hundred yards when a shout of recognition rose on both sides and men rode rapidly to meet him.

They were his own men from the Black Hills, whom he had left there to carry on his business of pillaging emigrant trains, while he came down on an expedition on his own private account.

"Why are you here?" he asked, as they rode up. "What did you leave Cave-Canyon for?"

"Because we got sarched out, and scorched out and whipped out!" said one, who seemed to head the party.

"Well, boys, I'm glad you are here, for now I'll do the work I failed in last night. That infernal fiend, Buffalo Bill, with Wild Bill and Dave Tutt wiped out over twenty Cheyennes that I piloted down to the Cady place last night."

"Dave Tutt! Why he is one of us—one of our sort at any rate!" said Frank Stark, the one who had spoken first.

"Yes—he used to be, but he's with them now. I couldn't get no chance to see him alone, or I would have known what it meant. I had my own idea that he was after one of the gals, for they're purtier than any picture that ever was painted, and I know he is death after that kind of game. But ride on boys and get something to eat and then we'll plan for a nice bit of work to-night. There's fifteen twenty and thirty Cheyennes left, and they'll fight like blazes for revenge."

M'Kandlas now turned and rode back with his men to the grove, so busy in talking with them, that he did not notice a single person on a bluff beyond the river, who had evidently seen all his movements, and who rode off swiftly when the ruffian leader entered the grove.

"There are warriors from my band in the Black Hills, come to fight by the side of their chief!" said M'Kandlas to the Cheyenne chief, as he and his men rode up among the camp-fires.

"They are welcome as the rain when the earth is dry. Big Maple is glad to see them here."

"Now cook and eat, boys," said M'Kandlas, "and let your horses rest and feed till we are right. We'll then wipe out Buffalo Bill and his party, and make a raid down the river as far as we can and then strike for the Platte for a rest."

The continuation of this wild, true and exciting story will be found in the New York WEEKLY, No. 7, which can be purchased from all News Agents on and after Tuesday, December 14th. Special men-copies sent free. The terms to mail subscribers are: Single copy, one year, $3; Four copies, ($2.50 each,) $10, and Nine copies (money all sent at one time) $20. Getters up of clubs can receive two copies additional, and without a word, both subscribers at $2.50 each. All letters must be directed to STREET & SMITH, P. O. Box No. 4896, N. Y.

SENATOR M. B. LOWRY, of Erie, in replying to letters addressed him on the subject of temperance legislation, says he will not vote for a law giving the citizens of certain counties the power to vote whether the sale of spirituous liquors shall be continued within such counties, because the Supreme Court has decided that such legislation is unconstitutional. On the Sunday question he is equally explicit, saying: "I tell my German friends that the Sabbath liquor law will be everywhere enforced, and that all its violators will find it cheaper to respect it. The Sabbath laws are evidently an American institution; and wise and pure, and good men who have taken refuge with us from abroad should be willing to leave behind them practices which have destroyed every nation that has practiced Sabbath breaking. The Spaniard should leave his national custom of bull baiting and cock fighting behind him; the Englishman should forsake his shoulder hitting and ring fighting. Concubinism is lawful in some countries beyond the sea, but should not be transported here, neither should polygamy be lawful even if the majority of voters in Utah demands it. Unto the German I would say, worship God as you please, or not at all; but you must let Americans keep the Sabbath in their own way, and you must not disturb them in it."

THE importance of ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment has appeared to the Democratic friends of Chief Justice Chase in a novel and interesting form, lately. It is asserted by influential Democrats, who favor the nomination of Judge Chase for President by the Democratic Convention of 1872, that the ratification of the Amendment will be of infinite service to the Democratic partisans of the Chief Justice, inasmuch as he can bring to his support an immense negro vote which no *bona fide* member of the party can do. Pendleton, Hendricks, Hoffman, Gen. Hancock and others, being all on record as against Negro Suffrage, cannot, it is urged, receive the nomination in case the Fifteenth Amendment is adopted by the required number of States; and it is further urged by these friends of Mr. Chase that the Democrats cannot hope to beat the Republicans except with the aid of the negro vote. The Chief Justice having always been on the side of the colored men, it is claimed that he has their sympathy and confidence to a greater extent than any man in the country. In this view of the case, it is not improbable that many of the Democrats will regret to see the Amendment become a part of the Constitution.

ON Monday the Spanish gunboats at New York were surrendered in the presence of the Spanish Minister, Senor Roberts and Captain Dragon, the contractor for the Government of Spain, to the care of the Spanish frigate Pizarro, under whose convoy they leave for Havana within twenty four hours.

*This is the nom de chasse of Wm. F. Cody, the greatest hunter guide and scout in the far West, now employed in his capacity in General Augur's Department, and a great favorite with General Custer and President Grant. A man who has killed sixty-nine buffaloes in one day's hunt, has earned the name, I think.

In Brecksville, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, a few nights since, James Van Auken attempted to assassinate Mr. Andrew Butler, a neighbor, at whose house Van Auken's wife had been staying during the pendency of her application for divorce. He intercepted Mr. Butler, who was driving in a buggy, and fired two shots at him from a revolver, but without effect. Van Auken made no attempt to escape, but returned to his house, where he was arrested and taken to Cleveland. His wife obtained a divorce from him, but they remarried, and she is now applying for a second divorce.

IN the city of San Francisco the Chinese number 14,000. The occupations of these are distributed as follows: Merchants, or connected with mercantile firms, 376; storekeepers, butchers, bakers, etc., 1,200; laundrymen, 764, peddlers of fish, vegetables, etc., 216, fishermen, 50; tinsmiths, 83; carpenters and box makers, 48; artists and photographers, 16; doctors, 17; laborers, 1,000; cigar-makers, 2,760; rag and offal gatherers, 70; shoemakers, 830; factory and mill hands, 1,000; domestic servants, 4,580; miscellaneous occupations, 500.

TO PEOPLE WHO THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

At this season of the year when the human system is under heavy contributions made upon it by reason of the sudden changes of weather, it were wise in all who regard their health and happiness to betake themselves to a timely remedy. That is, if you feel a cough or cold do not defer it until overburdened nature sinks under the inordinate load, but at once seek for relief in some sure and perfect remedy like DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE or DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP. If people, estimated at their true value, human health and life, the postponements with regard to the use of remedies would rarely occur, and instead of many of the make-believes that are often used, medicines like those of Dr. Keyser, a skillful and scientific physician of nearly half a century's experience, would take their place. You can scarcely find in the City of Pittsburgh a family, some one of which has not been benefited by DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP or DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE. Both of these remedies are prepared with the most select and pure medicines that are to be obtained, and with a conscientious regard for the health of those who are to use them. Who does not know that to neglect a cough in the beginning is to invite a long attack of sickness and peradventure an incurable disease.

We speak in all seriousness to the readers of this article, and if they will reflect over our words they will see that we have more at heart than the mere object to make by it an object which most persons will allow is unworthy of an honorable man, but which sinks into comparative nothingness when compared to that of the health and lives of individuals.

We do not believe that the man is born who has made a better medicine for sudden coughs and colds than DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP. Its sales are daily increasing and hundreds of persons have been snatched from the jaws of death by its use.

The other day a merchant from a distance bought a quantity on the recommendation of a young man who had been cured by it. This is a frequent occurrence, and the merchants of our own vicinity could not fail to profit by his example. Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure and Dr. Keyser's Pectoral Syrup are distributed as no other medicines do, because a wide range in the treatment of all pulmonary and bronchial diseases.

To be had of most druggists and at the Doctor's Great Medicine Store, 167 Liberty street, where thorough lung examinations are made daily and advice given.

DECEMBER 10 1869.

PREPARATORY MEDICATION.

The human system, the most delicate and sensitive of all created things, should be duly prepared to meet the shock or shocks caused by a sudden change in the temperature of the air. Even the solid metals contract and expand under cold and heat—so that if a man were composed of iron, instead of frail tissues and fibres, circulating fluids and brittle osseous matter, his frame would not be proof against the vicissitudes of climate. As it is, it behooves every one, especially the feeble, to fortify the frail tenement of mortality against the inclemency of the present season. A wholesome, strength-supplying vegetable tonic and alterative is the appropriate medicine required, and among medicinal agents of this character, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stand *par excellence*. In a successful career of nearly a quarter of a century, the preparation has never been equalled or approached, and its cures are now larger than those of any half a score articles purporting to belong to the same class which have ever been advertised in this country. As a remedy and preventive of DYSPEPSIA, and all its complications, it may be safely asserted that it does competition and to be the standard specific of the Western Hemisphere. A course of this genial restorative at the commencement of Winter is the surest safeguard against the complaints which are caused or aggravated by exposure to cold.

NOTICES.

NOTICE.—A Special Meeting of the COLUMBIA FIRE CO. will be held at their ENGINE HOUSE, Decembrer 20th, at 7½ o'clock. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance will come before the meeting. By order of

R. J. LEDLIE, President.

DAVID HOAG, Secretary. de9 4td

BANK NOTICES.

FARMER'S DEPOSIT NATIONAL BANK, PITTSBURGH, Dec. 14, 1869.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for THIRTEEN DIRECTORS of this Bank, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, No. 86 Fourth Avenue, on TUESDAY, the 11th of January, 1870, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock P. M.

F. L. STEPHENSON, Cash'er.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, PITTSBURGH, December 11, 1869.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for Directors of this Bank will take place at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, January 11th, 1870, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

JOHN B. LIVINGSTON.

EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK, PITTSBURGH, Dec. 11, 1869.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION for thirteen Directors of this Bank will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY January 11th, 1870, between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock P. M.

A. LONG, Cashier.

PITTSBURGH NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, PITTSBURGH, December 11, 1869.

AN ELECTION FOR THIRTEEN DIRECTORS of this Bank, to serve during the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, corner Wood street and Sixth avenue on TUESDAY, January 11th, 1870, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.

JOSEPH H. HILL, Cashier.

CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH.—An election for Nine Directors of this Bank, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House on TUESDAY, 11th January, 1870, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 2 P. M.

J. E. BRADY, Jr., Cashier.

PITTSBURGH, PA., December 11, 1869.

MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, PITTSBURGH, December 11, 1869.

AN ELECTION FOR DIRECTORS of this Bank will be held at the Banking