The Pittsburgh Gazette.

OFFICIAL PAPER
Of Pittsburgh, Allegheny City and Allegheny County.

GAZETTE BUILDING,
Cor. Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1870.

BONDS at Frankfort 95@95¼.

PETROLEUM at Antwerp, 51¼f.

GOLD closed in New York yesterday at 118¼@118¾.

WHAT FIFTEEN YEARS HAVE DONE.

This city witnesses a remarkable assemblage to-day. But little more than yesterday, thousands of new citizens came, in one body and at the same hour, into the enjoyment of political rights which, up to that hour, the Commonwealth had withheld from them. The National fiat, at a word, had raised up a race, which has been trodden under oppressive feet, from the earliest organization of human society, to the level of the most privileged manhood. The last barrier behind which human injustice had fortified itself was swept away, and forever from that hour, the State, the Republic recognizes no distinction of race except such as His will has ordained. The freest people of the world, after maintaining for a generation their humiliating attitude as the last remaining persistent defenders of human slavery, had yielded to the logic of events; to the advance of intelligence, to the resistless power of civilization, to the remonstrances of Christendom, to the manifest injunctions of Heaven, consenting to remit to his Providence alone and forevermore, all the distinctions of humanity which His alone could ordain. Never until now have we given true freedom to the long despised and oppressed. In the full measure of its first fruition, it is this race which to-day celebrates its crowning jubilee. Pure and original Republicanism inspires this hour. This jubilee of the enfranchised is the glorious apotheosis of ideas which have at last impressed their indelible marks upon our civil and political condition. The rejoicings of these men, who never before were free citizens of the Republic, are an eloquent and rich testimony to the power of truth. It is a triumph as well as a jubilee, itself the proclamation as well as the enjoyment of victory. The enfranchisement of a race attests the crowning success of twenty-five years of patient trials, a struggle which often seemed hopeless, a death-grapple with political wrongs and that great national sin, which held even the life of the Republic in its issue.

Here, upon a field which should be consecrated in the memory of that race as the birth-place of their deliverers, it is fit that all should take part in the triumphal jubilee,—who welcome the victory, and honor the strong arms, stout hearts and loyal, unshrinking faith which have won it.

The city of Pittsburgh welcomed Republicanism to its first glimpse of light and life on this continent. Here, the idea first germinated, took root and fructified. Here, the Republican party was born. Here was held, in August, 1855, the first county convention which ever took a decisive step to make Republicanism felt at the polls in the Union. A full county ticket was put in the field, and received about 2,200 votes the next October. A gathering of people, at Freeport, Illinois, in 1854, calling themselves Republicans, had established the name, but accomplished no other special results. Our county convention was full, every district being represented, and was the most respectable and spirited meeting ever held here up to that date by any political organization.

Here was held, in September, 1855, the first State Convention of American Republicanism. It nominated PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, then in prison for a contempt of Court in refusing to recognize the validity of the Fugitive Slave law, as Canal Commissioner, and gave him votes enough to break the back of the Know-Nothing party, in the election of Martin, the Democratic candidate.

Here was held, in February, 1856, the first National Convention of the Republican party. It was a magnificent gathering of intelligence, patriotism and religion. F. P. Blair, sr., was its chairman, *pro tem.*; Henry Wilson its permanent President. The late H. J. Raymond wrote its resolutions. Lafayette Hall never before or since has witnessed such an assemblage. No public meeting in these States ever collected so many of the best, purest, most honored, most deserving, most influential citizens of the land. Never will be remembered a Convention of such sanguine enthusiasm, glowing faith and lofty principles. By its order, another National Convention met in June of the same year, at Philadelphia, nominating Fremont for the Presidency. It was there that we held up polygamy and slavery, "those twin-relics of barbarism," to the execrations of a civilized world. We there invited "the affiliation and co-operation of freemen of all parties, however differing from us in other respects, in support of the principles" of freedom, the liberty of conscience and equality of rights among all citizens.

The Republicans of this county, who had but 2,300 votes a year before, for the first county ticket nominated by that party in the Union,—a ticket which bore the names of DR. GAZZAM, JOHN P. PENNY, DR. IRWIN and others well remembered, gave, twelve months after, 4,600 majority for FREMONT and the Republican platform. The figures have steadily swelled until, thirteen years after, we could give over 11,000 majority for GRANT.

In this retrospect, we prove our claim that the Republican party—which has borne its mission from victory to victory until it has redeemed the Republic, affranchised a race, vindicated civilization, and now rules a continent peopled by forty millions of freemen—was born in our city of Pittsburgh. Here was held, and in this order, its first county, State and National Conventions. Here it first took an effective political attitude, and its works attest how wisely its founders did build. Could anything be more appropriate than that here, this day, remembering that ours was the cradle in which the feeble new born babe was placed for us to guard, all of us who are Republican in faith should honor ourselves and our annals by regarding this day's jubilee as ever memorable, for the deliverers as well as the delivered. It is our decent and just right to enjoy an honest pride in beholding the achievements of our loyal faith, attested as they are in the exulting gratitude of these thousands of dusky witnesses. For they tell us not only of their emancipation from political bondage, or of the deliverance of five millions of their kindred from the cruelest physical slavery, but of the redemption of Republican Liberty from the shameful curse which had blackened it for more than three-fourths of a century.

We cannot dismiss this article, or forego the fitting occasion, without indulging in more specific reminiscences. The Pittsburgh GAZETTE has given a modest but ever loyal hand to this great work of Republican redemption. The editor of this journal, in 1855, DAVID N. WHITE, wrote the first call for that first County Republican Convention, and for that first State Convention. The hour was, politically, most gloomy. The Whig party had practically dissolved, while its opponents remained organized and everywhere victorious. A dim ray of the dawning light was caught by a watchful eye, and taken for guidance through the darkness. The idea of a true freedom was only just dawning upon struggling intellects. American liberty still involved, to the conviction of millions, the right to hold three and a half millions of fellow beings in chains. He was a bold man who spoke fearlessly for the whole unfolded truth. Mr. White dared to take the responsibility. From that hour, the GAZETTE spoke in one unvarying tone—a journal of freedom and for the freedom of men. The germ which his hand planted and watered and tended in its feeble outgrowth, expanded and grew until we see it a great tree overshadowing the continent from ocean to ocean.

From that hour ever forward, the GAZETTE has kept its hands to the same work. The personality of its editors has frequently been changed; but the impersonality of the journal has remained ever faithful to the great idea. The writer cannot forbear to specify the scholarly and Christian fidelity with which JOSIAH COPLEY upheld, the unflinching zeal, effective vigor, rare good sense, and solid statesmanship with which RUSSELL ERKETT guided these columns in the service of Republicanism. His hands never faltered in holding up that standard which his counselling support united with D. N. WHITE to raise when it first floated over the field. The senior editor at present—whom ill health for months past has detached from active duty—would not, if here, permit us to say more than that he thirty-eight years ago enlisted for the anti-slavery war,—and has not yet left the colors. He published the first distinctively anti-slavery journal in Northern Ohio, as early as 1833, was a Birney man in 1840, took part in the Republican organizations of '54, '55 and '56, was a delegate to the Fremont Convention, and has for twenty-six years past been known widely in Pennsylvania as a radical and consistent friend of Human Freedom. What the GAZETTE has been since it came under his editorial control, its readers know best.

Our readers will not complain that we have occupied so much space to day, in reminding them of what their favorite journal has wished and aimed, according to its gifts, to do, with their aid, in and out of season, for fifteen years past, in the cause of Liberty, of Law, of Light, of Intelligence, of Civilization, and of Obedience to God. The GAZETTE has fairly earned its title to felicitate the Republican people of the city and county, upon a jubilee which is really a magnificent testimonial to their own fidelity to principles, born and first nurtured in this Republican cradle.

OF Representative Craig's efforts to secure a re-nomination, the New Castle *Courant* says:

> With his record before the people we doubt his success. He may as well make up his mind to stay at home and mature his plans for a free-love divorce law. If that does not occupy his time, he might try to get up a bill that will succeed in getting the Sinking Fund out of the State Treasury and giving it away. Or he could set up another law abolishing capital punishment. In fact, it might be a good thing for him if all kinds of punishment were abolished.

NORTH SIDE CONGRESSMAN.

ALLEGHENY, April 25, 1870

EDITORS GAZETTE: Please announce, in reply to numerous inquiries upon the subject, that I will be a candidate for Congress in the XXIII District, subject to the decision of the Republican Convention, and if nominated and elected, will discharge the duties of the position to the best of my ability.

JAMES L. GRAHAM.

British Compliment to President Grant and Mr. Boutwell.

While many statesmen and newspapers are clamoring for the removal of the income tax, and asking that posterity pay a large share of the National debt, the effect should be of the rapid reduction of that debt is most beneficial to our country. It brings emigration here, and keeps up the price of American bonds in foreign markets. The following significant article, from so influential a paper as the Sheffield *Telegraph*, of March 21, is but a sample of many others which have appeared in the British newspapers:

> "What is it that has struck all Europe with wonder at the resources of America? Hardly so much the prodigious power put forth by the Northern States during the civil war as the ease and rapidity with which the money borrowed during the war is now being repaid. People said that the United States would be overwhelmed with indebtedness, and would get rid of it sooner or later in a summary way by repudiating it. The United States, however, have not only observed their obligations faithfully, but are discharging them with a rapidity which amazes while at the same time it should shame us. While England is merely devoting her actual yearly surplus of revenue to the reduction of debt, and if half or three quarters of a million are paid off in a year thinks it has done wonders, America pays off at the rate of twelve to twenty millions a year, and will rid herself of the debt long before the century has expired. The result is that her credit stands high, and she is planning the replacement of that portion of debt which is now or shortly will be redeemable by a loan at four instead of six or seven per cent. We cannot hope to reduce the rate of interest on our national debt; but it is incumbent upon us to attempt a reduction of the principal. The time may come when pauperism may be more crushing than ever, and when this or the next generation may bitterly regret that, in a time of national prosperity and with a yearly surplus in hand, no effort was made to reduce the national burdens by reducing the national debt."

Such acknowledgments as the above, in the columns of a leading English journal, ought to be regarded with pride and gratification by every American citizen. It is for the reasons so well stated by the *Sheffield Telegraph* that *The American* has not been willing to join in the clamor for a too early abandonment of the "income tax." We pay our share willingly, and shall continue so to do until Secretary Boutwell feels that he can maintain the present high credit of the Government without it. We are all benefitted by the maintenance of that credit, and ought to be willing to submit cheerfully to the opinion of those who have accomplished so desirable a result.

Warning to Husbands.

The great want of women at present is money—money for their personal wants, money to carry out their plans. I propose that they shall earn, that they shall consider it as honorable to work for money as for board, and I demand for them equal pay for equal work. I demand that the bearing and rearing of children, the most exacting of employments, and involving the most terrible risks, shall be the best paid work in the world, and husbands shall treat their wives with at least as much consideration, and acknowledge them entitled to as much money as wet nurses.

The meaning of this is, that wives are about to strike for greenbacks; so much for every baby born. No greenbacks, no more sons and daughters. No greenbacks, no more population; no more boys to carry on the great enterprises of the age. The scale of prices for maternal duties are as follows:

Girl babies	$ 100
Boy babies	200
Twin babies	300
Twins (both boys)	400
Triplets	600
Triplets (all boys)	1000

Terms: C. O. D. No credit beyond first child, the motto being, "Pay up, or dry up." Husbands who desire to transmit their names to posterity will please notice and take a new departure.

THE MYSTERIOUS RANCHE;
OR
A Scout With Kit Carson.

BY LEON LEWIS,

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

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—In a former narrative, "*Red Knife, or Kit Carson's Last Trail*," I had the honor of presenting, from strictly authentic sources, a series of Colonel Carson's exploits and adventures which occurred in 1867. In the present record, I have gone back to some of the great scout's earlier experiences, namely, to a series of events in which he figured prominently during the summer of 1863, and the following winter.

L. L.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCOUT AND THE SAVAGE.

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

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

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

At length he drew rein.

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

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

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

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

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

"I know him now," said Kit to himself. "It is that infernal Fleet Foot, the fellow's name is."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In another instant he had detected Carson's presence.

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

The savage was silent.

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

"My new squaw," was the answer.

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

"What more?" was the response.

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

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

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

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

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

The scout raised his rifle.

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

"The accursed trash!" he ejaculated, has long repressed wrath breaking forth. "Were if not for sacrificing the girl—But I can at least pursue him!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PLAINS.

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

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

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

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

"Save me! save me!"

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

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

Thus stricken prostrate and helpless, the miscreant was instantly bound.

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

Kit sprang to the maiden and cut her bonds.

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

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

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

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

"You are not seriously injured?" he asked.

"No sir. Only a little scared—a little tumbled!"

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

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

"Not Colonel Lyon's daughter!"

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

"The very same, Mr. Carson!"

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

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

The small face became wreathed with a look of contentment.

"And now, to explain matters," continued Kit, glacing at the half breed's prostrate figure, and perceiving that he was still unconscious.

"Tell me your story first."

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

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

"Father nearly killed?" faltered Effie, more disturbed by this news than she had been by her late terrible peril. "And I knew nothing of it!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And you did so?"

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

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

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

"Do you know who and what he is?"

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

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

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

"He talked love to you, I suppose?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Well, Effie, you can travel, any how!" exclaimed the scout admiringly. "I am glad to see you take your awkward adventure so coolly. But tell me where it was that you began to recover your senses—to know where you was."

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

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

He suited the action to the word, adding:

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

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

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

"His pony has vanished."

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

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

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

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

"That's the idea," rejoined Kit.

"Indians!"

"We shall soon see," was Kit's answer. The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off here can be found only in the New York Ledger, which is for sale at all the book stores and news depots. Ask for the number dated May 7, 1870, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at three dollars a year. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward Beecher, James Parton and Fanny Fern have articles in every number.

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK

In the city, in the way of
FRESH AND PURE DRUGS
Will be found at the corner of Penn and Sixth sts. (old St. Clair) streets.

AT JAMES E. BURNS & CO'S DRUG STORE,

Where you will find Family Medicines, imported Soaps, Perfumes, Colognes of every kind, sold at the very lowest prices. Also, Solace's Granulated Bi-Carb, 2 ottassia, sold at

JAMES E. BURNS & CO.'S

Corner Penn and Sixth Streets. (old St. Clair.)

PROSTRATION PLAYED OUT.

Violent purgatives, emetics, salivants, blisters, leeching and bleeding have had their day.

The sick can no longer be persuaded that the best way to cure them is to destroy the little strength that disease has left them.

Dyspeptics instead of dosing themselves with Epsom salts, aloes, colycinth, jalap, and other powerful cathartics, tone their directive organs and regulate their bowels with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Persons of bilious habit, instead of throwing the whole constitution into a state of salivation with mercurial poison, seek relief, and find it, in the operation of this wholesome vegetable alterative upon the disorders of the liver.

Invalids suffering from nervous weak and despondency, recruit their shattered energies with the invigorating aid of this tonic, and bless the day when the adulterated liquors of commerce were superseded by a medicinal stimulant, perfectly efficient and entirely harmless.

Parents, guardians and heads of families in possession of an agreeable corrective, which protects them from the evil effects of malaria, from sick stomachs, and from the disturbing influence of changes of temperature and change of water.

The weak and delicate, and all those who are in need of a tonic and their spirits revive under its bracing, invigorating, and exhilarating agency.

It is the only stimulant which cautious physicians can conscientiously recommend to ladies in the state, health, or to the aged and decrepid.

Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Ask for the United States Almanac, to be presented gratis by druggists and dealers.

Prepared by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Market and Second streets, Philadelphia.

PROPOSALS FOR SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

Proposals for the erection of the Allegheny County Soldiers' Monument (to be erected on Seminary Hill, Allegheny,) will be received at the office of the undersigned, No. 84 Grant street, (where the plans, specifications and models of stone can be seen) up to MAY 1st, 1870. The contract to be awarded to the lowest and best bidder.

A. L. PEARSON,
apr9 Chairman of Building Committee.

ESTABLISHED 1828.

HENRY HIGBY. ALBERT HIGBY. ROBT. M. CUST.

HIGBY, CUST & CO.,

No. 189 LIBERTY ST.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers and Jobbers in CHINA, QUEENSWARE, GLASS and SILVER PLATED WARE.

The attention of all requiring goods in the above line, is directed to our stock, imported directly from the best European markets, and we are now receiving a fresh and desirable lot of the above goods. apl-yrd

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL.

ED. BARKER, Proprietor,

Cor. Penn St. and 11th, formerly old Canal.

THE QUALIFIED VOTERS OF the FIFTH WARD, city of Pittsburgh, will meet at the usual time and place for holding Elections, on TUESDAY, April 26th, 1870, to ELECT ONE PERSON to fill the unexpired term of Dr. Daniel McNeal, Select Councilman.

JAMES M. BRUSH, Mayor.
PITTSBURGH, April 15, 1870. apl5

FLUTING MACHINES.

The best and cheapest Fluting Machine in the market. Price $6.00 each machine. Call and see them at

JAMES BOWN'S,
apl21 136 Wood Street.

PINCHING IRONS.

I have just received an assortment of Pinching Irons, an article used very much in the east by the ladies for curling their hair. For sale by

JAMES BOWN,
apl21 136 Wood Street.

BUTCHERS, TAKE NOTICE!

I have the finest assortment of Circular Spring Balances, with glass sash and enameled fronts, complete in every part and warranted, for sale.

JAMES BOWN,
apl21 136 Wood Street.

CANE POLES.

I have a fine assortment of Cane Poles left over from last year, which I offer at a very low price. Parties wanting should order early, so as to insure their orders being filled.

JAMES BOWN,
apl21 136 Wood Street.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREE EXCURSION
TO THE
Finest Show in the City.
D. W. EVANS'
One Price
DEPARTMENT VARIETY STORE,
JUST OPENED
IN PITTSBURGH,
AT
No. 59 Fifth Avenue.

The Proprietor, DANIEL W. EVANS, late of 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., having purchased the lease of store lately occupied by M. A. Evans & Co., would respectfully inform the citizens of this city that he opens to-day with a new feature in the retail business world, which is to be known as EVANS' "One Price Department Variety Store." Every article of merchandise at this establishment is classified according to price; otherwise, the entire stock is divided into 100s, and each placed in a separate department. These departments are conspicuously labeled, and any print, even a child, may know the price of thousands of dollars' worth of goods at a glance.

VISITORS WILL NOT BE "URGED," or EVEN ASKED, TO PURCHASE, as the Proprietor prefers to offer a little of every thing Useful, Ornamental, and Valuable, AT PRICES THAT WILL "SELL THEMSELVES," or, in clear words, to make The Department Store "Head Quarters for Bargains."

A general invitation is extended to all to call and examine for themselves.

OPEN DAY AND EVENING, at

59 Fifth Avenue,

ap25 PITTSBURGH, PA.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERIN'T OF ALLEGHENY CO. WORKHOUSE, April 20th, 1870.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH A resolution, passed by the Inspectors of the Allegheny county Prison, the fifth section of the Act of Assembly, approved the 1st day of February, A. D. 1866, being an act supplementary to an act,

"For the Better Management of the Allegheny County Prison,"

is hereby published and reads as follows:

"That when the arrangements are completed for the reception of inmates, it shall be the duty of the Inspectors to transfer from the County Prison to the Workhouse, all persons having more than ten days to serve, who shall have been committed for vagrancy, drunkenness, or disorderly conduct, and also such other persons from the district court of criminal jurisdiction of Allegheny county may direct to be transferred; and thereafter, when any person or persons shall be committed in said County of any offense, the punishment whereof, by existing laws, is or may be imprisonment in the County Jail, or Workhouse, the Court may sentence such person or persons to either the Jail or Workhouse, as its discretion, and all committing magistrates in said County thereafter shall sentence to the Workhouse all persons convicted of vagrancy, drunkenness, or disorderly conduct, or of any other offense for which they may now be sentenced to imprisonment in the County Jail, there to be fed and clothed, and treated as provided for in this act, and the rules and regulations of said House;"

And as the arrangements are now completed for the reception of MALE convicts into the Workhouse, it is recommended to and urged upon all committing magistrates throughout the county to extend the time for which parties are to be sentenced to Workhouse to as long a period as possible consistent with justice. It is especially essential that all parties, generally known as "old offenders," for their benefit, as well as that of the community and the institution itself, be committed for the longest period which the laws will allow.

HENRY CORDIER,
Supt. of the Allegheny County Workhouse.
CLAREMONT. apr26:w2t:d2t

THE BEST BARGAINS OFFERED
This Season.

AT 20 CENTS.
Ladies' Heavy British Cotton Stockings.

AT 25 CENTS.
Ladies' Heavy British Cotton Stockings
AN EXTRA BARGAIN.
AT 2 PAIRS FOR $1.00.
Ladies' Super British Cotton Stockings.

AT 20 CENTS.
MEN'S HEAVY BRITISH COTTON SOCKS.

AT 25 CENTS.
MEN'S HEAVY FRENCH COTTON SOCKS.

LADIES' AND MEN'S
MERINO GAUZE UNDERWEAR
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

MISSES, BOYS AND CHILDREN'S
COTTON STOCKINGS
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES AT
MORGANSTERN & Co's,
SUCCESSORS TO
MACRUM, GLYDE & CO.,
Nos. 78 and 80 Market Street.
mh23

AT
HORNE & CO'S.
Hosiery! Gloves!
EXTENSIVE AND CHOICE ASSORTMENTS
AT
Prices Unknown Since 1861!

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES,
A full assortment of all sizes.
COURVIOISIER'S KIDS,
At $1.75.
LONG TOP KIDS, choice shades,
At $2.00.
REGULAR MADE BRITISH HOSE,
Heavy, 25 cents.
PLAIN AND RIBBED COTTON HOSE,
10 cents and up.
DOMESTIC COTTON HOSIERY,
By Case or Dozen.
GENTS' SUPER STOUT HALF HOSE,
25 cents.
GENTS' SUPER FINE HALF HOSE.
25 cents.
Also, splendid assortments
LASHINGS,
SASH AND BOW RIBBONS,
LADIES' FANCY BOWS.

LARGE ADDITIONS TO STOCK

Just arriving, to which we invite the attention of Wholesale and Retail Cash buyers.

77 & 79 MARKET STREET
mh21

SPECTACLES.
The Eye.

Dr. FRANKS, the celebrated Lecturer on the Eye, and Manufacturer of Patent and Improved Spectacles, has returned to Pittsburgh, and is now at the ST. CLAIR HOTEL, where he adjusts his far-famed Spectacles to defective vision from an examination of the eye alone, so as to suit equally well by day as by artificial light without fatigue, from 15 to 25 years. Dr. F. may be professionally consulted on all diseases of the Human Eye, and has a large stock of his Spectacles and Eye Glasses for sale. About 4,000 pairs of these Spectacles were sold on Dr. Franks last visit in the space of three months giving the most entire satisfaction to all, as the medical gentlemen and citizens of Pittsburgh have by certificate testified.

Office, ROOM 23, St. Clair Hotel. Ladies' entrance on Penn street. apl8:STTH

REYNOLDS, STEEN & CO.,
124 Wood Street,
Importers and Dealers in
French China, Fine Cut Glass,
AND
QUEENSWARE.
The largest assortment at New York prices.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF
LADIES' GOLD WATCHES
AT
WATTLES & SHEAFER'S
102 FIFTH AVENUE, above Smithfield street.

$20 Watch for.....$25.00.
$15 Watch for.....$30.00.
$40 Watch for.....$50.00.
$45 Watch for.....$55.00.
$60 Watch for.....$80.00.
$75 Watch for.....$85.00.
All other Watches reduced in same proportion.
An elegant assortment of GOLD CHAINS on hand. Call and purchase now. apl22

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the W. M. House up to the 10th of May, 1870, for the stone work on the foundation of the main wall round the prison hallways at Claremont; also for the brick laying on said wall and the tiling in the wing in accordance with the plans in Barr & Moser's office.

apl20:w13

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WM. SEMPLE,
180 and 182 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY CITY.

Is Offering to his Numerous Patrons
EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS
IN
Price, Quality and Styles
IN
PARASOLS AND SUN UMBRELLAS,
Hats and Bonnets,
RIBBONS AND FLOWERS.

Lace Handkerchiefs,
Embroidered Handkerchiefs,
Linen Collars, Lace Collars,
Paper Collars, Paper Cuffs,
Silk Neckerchiefs, Fancy Bows.

HOSIERY, GLOVES,

Ladies and Misses Fancy Hose,
Ladies and Misses Cotton Hose.
Men and Boys' Cotton and Woolen Socks.
Black and Colored Kid Gloves, at very low prices,

Wholesale and Retail,
AT
WILLIAM SEMPLE'S,
Nos. 180 and 182 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY CITY.

ON A PAR
WITH GOLD.
WE NOW OFFER OUR
NEW STOCK
OF
DRY GOODS
AND
NOTIONS.
AT
EASTERN PRICES.
BUYERS ARE INVITED TO
Examine Our Goods and Prices.
ARBUTHNOT,
SHANNON & CO.,
No. 115 Wood Street.
ap22

Genuine Preparations.
From the Celebrated House of
PETER SQUIRE, London
Granular Effervescent Bi-Carb, Potassa, Bromide Potassa, Iodide Potassa, Citrate Iron and Quinine, Bromide Ammonium, Carb. Lithia, Vichy Salt, Kissingen Salt