THE LEHIGH REGISTER, ALLENTOWN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1869.

The Lehigh Register.

ROBT. IRDELL, Jr., *Editor and Proprietor.*

ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER 13, 1869.

Now that the election has been decided we hope partizan journals will devote a little space to the people and their interests. Business men have met every depression in trade with the hope of a revival after the election and the hopes have seemed to be grounded upon reason, for there is no substantial cause for dull times. The harvests have been as bountiful as we can ever expect them to be; men are not idle except from choice; the workshops, the foundries, the rolling mills and the furnaces are all running; and the only hard times that are experienced are borne by the mercantile classes. And even among the latter the dullness of trade is not a general visitor. While some are doing nothing, others are making money as fast as they ever did, and the complaint is not so much from a want of customers as from a want of money. And this difficulty is what we want to overcome.

To do this the Democratic journals must learn that their financial success depends more upon the prosperity of the country than upon the mere election of their favorites to office. They must cease their unwarranted attacks upon the financial policy of the Government. When a statement of the public debt is made, which shows a reduction, they must learn to regard it more as a public benefit than as a calamity to the Democratic party. With this correction of their policy the whole people, the uneducated Democracy as well as those of the Lord has favored with reasoning powers, will once more look upon the Nation's Debt as a thing of course, always rejoicing when the announcement is made of its decrease and never doubting our ability to eventually pay it off and lift from the country the burden of National taxation. The debt will be a secondary consideration and the thoughts and energies of the people will be devoted to industrial and business enterprises.

Then there are matters of a local nature. The subject of changing legal interest from six to seven per cent. in Pennsylvania has not received the attention it should from the country press. We believe the scarcity of money here is owing in some degree to its being exported to New York at a profit of one per cent. This is not the sole cause, but it brings to view the question whether our State would not be benefited by increasing the rate of legal interest to seven per cent. We believe in the power of law when strictly and justly enforced. Now, the usury laws are a dead letter, but so was the whiskey tax law until greatly modified. Would it not be well to so modify the usury laws that they will meet the design of their makers and be a protection to the hard-working men of the State? These are the subjects which affect the people more than any others. The Legislature is the power that can do much good, and if the old cry comes up again that our representatives will not do any work for the people unless they receive pay outside of that already received from the people, the press is the power to compel them.

As President Grant has been claimed by the free-traders, we are glad to be able to place before our readers the following catechism, as being a complete answer to the slander. The advocates of Protection to American Industry may rejoice that our present Chief Magistrate governs the country for the country's good and that in him the laboring men of America will find their most steadfast friend:—

In traveling through the State of Pennsylvania, General Grant's attention was directed not only to the scenery, but also to the resources and industries of the State, and he took occasion to express his opinions in familiar and informal style to the gentlemen who accompanied him.

In discussing the Agricultural and Manufacturing Interests of the country, the President remarked that the annual importation of iron and steel, and other manufactures which could be as well produced at home, amounted to more than $100,000,000. This he supposed to be what was required for consumption over and above the domestic supply, and he asked a gentleman familiar with the iron business, within what length of time the home product of iron might be expected to become sufficient for the country.

In reply to this, Mr. M. stated that the amount imported did not indicate an inability of the country to produce all that is needed. That the prosperity of domestic manufacture stimulated demand and enabled consumers to buy and pay for kinds and shapes of foreign iron, not made in this country, or not made so cheaply here. That notwithstanding the prosperity of the business the average profits were not larger than those derived from capital invested in other ways, and that duties under the present tariff were not so high as to prevent foreign competition, yet high enough, if maintained, to extend the home manufacture, and ultimately to obviate the necessity of making large purchases abroad.

The President then said that he thought it very desirable that we should have a sufficient supply from domestic sources, and thus benefit the labor of the country, and effect a saving of the millions of dollars now annually expended for foreign iron and steel.

Mr. M. alluded in terms of commendation to Mr. Boutwell's successful management of the Treasury, and of the large reductions of the public debt which he had effected.

The President responded by saying that Boutwell was doing nobly.

The weighty words show that the President understands the importance of stimulating home industry as a means of benefiting the workingman, and of sustaining and improving the financial credit of the government.

THE Phoenixville *Republican* is the name of a new paper published by one of our former students in the art. We hope the *Republican* will meet with ample success, as it is unquestionably the best paper published in that town, and what is more important it has a *principle* and works for it with a will.

NEWS ITEMS.

—The citizens of Roxbury have voted almost unanimously against the annexation of that town to Boston.

—The recent floods have completely stopped navigation on the Champlain Canal. Two weeks will elapse before it can be repaired.

Horace Greeley has signified, his willingness to accept the nomination for Comptroller.

—The Presbytery of Baltimore, by a vote of 23 to 12, have accepted the proposition of the General Assembly for a reunion of the Old and New Schools.

—During a circus performance at Philadelphia, on Thursday, Madame De Berg, the well known equestrienne, was thrown from her horse and had her arm broken.

—The gross earnings of the Central Pacific for the six months ending September 30, amounted to nearly $3,300,000 in coin, of which fully two-thirds has been from local business.

—An attempt was made on Thursday to assassinate the pugilist Billy Dwyer in San Francisco. He was shot twice, and is in a critical condition. The assassin was arrested.

—George Morrison of Cincinnati, ticket agent of Robinson's circus, was fatally stabbed at Richmond on Thursday, by Charles Spalp, who, it is alleged, mistook him for another man.

—The California wheat crop is enormous. The receipts of wheat and other grain from the interior continued to be large, and it is said that not less than twenty thousand tons are awaiting shipment along the line of the Western Pacific Railroad, in addition to the vast quantities already sent over the line.

—Mounted letter-carriers have been introduced into the mail service of Chicago. The experiment is begun with ten men and ten horses. The entire city has been redivided again into districts, the new division reducing the size of many, and greatly increasing the size of some, the latter in the outskirts and sparcely settled portions. Care has been taken in the new arrangement that the business community be much better served than ever before.

THE DAY IS OURS.

THE KEYSTONE STANDS FIRM

GOVERNOR GEARY RE-ELECTED BY 8000 MAJORITY.

OHIO IS TRUE TO THE OLD FLAG.

HER MAJORITY AGAINST TREASON 15,000.

Republicans of Lehigh! we congratulate you upon the noble part you took in yesterday's battle. Here at the Twenty-million-aire's home, where the money-bags of the great railroad king were opened freely and corruption ruled the hour we have met the enemy under the old flag and have kept our ground. The boasted power of the "Ring" with the funds of the county to back them, with all the machinery of the county government prostituted to their use, is a myth. Their boasted 2200 majority has been beaten down to 1500.

The result in the State is most glorious. Governor Geary's majority is estimated at from 5000 to 8000. From the scattering returns which were received at this office up to 2 a. m., this morning, it was impossible to get at the exact figures, but the above are nearly correct. Judge Williams' majority will exceed Geary's by several thousand in the State.

THE COUNTY.

First Ward, Republican majority	99;	Rep. gain	48
Second Ward, Democratic "	18;	Rep. gain	38
Third Ward, Republican "	22;	Rep. gain	2
Fourth Ward, Republican "	51;	Dem. gain	32
Fifth Ward, Democratic "	163;	Dem. gain	1
Sixth Ward, Democratic "	125;	Rep. gain	6

Wm. H. Kleckner, candidate for High Constable, majoring in Third Ward, 85. Tilghman Good, Democrat, elected Alderman over A. K. Wittman, Republican, by 18 majority.

Catasauqua, Republican majority 93; Democratic gain 22
S Whitehall, Democratic maj. 138; Republican gain 6
Salisbury, Democratic majority 265; Dem " 9
Slatington, Republican majority 77;
Washington, Republican maj. 158; Democratic gain 7
Heidelberg, Republican majority 173; Democratic gain 13

The following dispatches were received during the night:—

Columbia City Dem. maj. 40; Dem. gain 146.

Somerset Borough and township Rep. maj. 256; gain 10.

Brady's Bend Republican majority 121. Washington Democratic imajority 44. Middleton Borough Republican majority 81; gain 64. Chester county—Kennett township 77 Republican majority. South Lebanon Democratic majority 35.

Schuylkill county—Port Clinton Democratic majority 31; Democratic gain 9. Cressona Republican majority 67, Democratic gain 9; Treverton Republican majority 16; Port Carbon Republican majority 106; Democratic gain 19. Palo Alto Democratic majority 74. Pottsville Democratic gain 73.

Montgomery county—Bridgeport Republican majority 21; loss 3. Norristown, Republican majority 25. Bridgeport 21. Conshohocken 18. Whitemarsh 108.

Northampton county—Easton, 214 Democratic majority; Democratic gain 120. Hanover township 36 majority for Packer; Republican gain 12. Bethlehem 185 majority; South Bethlehem 155. Heavy Democratic gains throughout the county.

Lancaster county—Mount Joy Democratic gain 52.

Adams county—Gettysburg Republican majority 108; Republican gain 9. Oxford township Democratic majority 67; Democratic gain 1. Democratic Committee estimate their majority at 300; Republican gain 42.

Philadelphia City—4000 Republican majority. Republican gain of 4175.

Chester County—1900 Republican majority.

Carbon County—Summit Hill gives Geary 121 majority, gain of 103. Mauch Chunk 52 Republican majority. Democratic gain of 77 over Grant's vote. Estimated majority in the county 750.

Bucks County—Bristol Borough gives Geary 28 majority. Returns from Doylestown Borough and township and New Hope show a Republican gain of 81. Richland township gives 198 Democratic majority, same as last year. Quakertown gives Geary 19 majority, Williams 22.

Berks County—Reading city shows Democratic gain of 184.

Dauphin County—Republican majority 1400. Democratic 300.

Allegheny County—Republican majority 6000.

Jefferson County—Republican majo ity 54. Republican gain 22.

Luzerne County—Democratic majority 2500. Republican gain 950.

Erie County—Republican majority 2500.

Greene County—Democratic majority 1600. Republican gain 52.

Crawford County—Republican majority 1500. Democratic gain 130.

Fayette County—Democratic majority 800. Republican gain 138.

Westmoreland County—Estimated Democratic majority 1500. Democratic gain 266.

Delaware County—Estimated Republican majority 1000. Democratic gain 250.

ELECTION IN NEWARK.

The election for Mayor in Newark yesterday shows a Republican victory with a gain of over 400.

OHIO.

A despatch from Columbus, Ohio, says leading Democrats concede the defeat of Pendleton by 15,000 majority. With such a majority for our State Ticket we have surely carried both houses of the Legislature, which will secure the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment.

THE BOY MAGICIAN;

OR,

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

Late one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple on an island in the South Pacific.

He was of middle age, tall, thin, and gaunt, with rugged features and sorrowful eyes, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence.

Beside him was a grim stone idol, in grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself which he had just finished, as was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands.

"It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little suspect that I have cut my name and story into the base of this idol."

He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as follows:

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester, of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger from Charleston to Hong Kong, *via* Cape Horn, in the ship 'Hecla.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days, during which my companions perished, I reached this island. The idolatrous inhabitants made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continually by day, but have nevertheless made three attempts at escape, and shall soon make another—doubtless my last, as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family, at Norfolk, Va. Find behind this inscription this 7th day of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated these lines in silence, and then aroused himself, looking warily around.

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he muttered, "and every time I was caught, and visited with tortures. To be caught again in such an attempt will be certain death. Yet I will risk all the first opportunity that offers. This longing for freedom and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is that?"

He gazed in perfect stupefaction to the eastward, far out upon the ocean.

There, miles and leagues away, was a ship, her white sails gleaming as she lay becalmed upon the waters.

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sobbingly, "At last, oh Heaven! At last my prayer is answered!"

THE PRISONER'S HOME.

On the east bank of the Elizabeth river, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific.

Near the close of a lovely afternoon in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front verandah.

The mother was a lovely, sweet-faced, sad-eyed woman of two-and-thirty years.

The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of child and woman.

"You are thinking of father, dear mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze.

"Yes, child. Your father, my husband; where is he? Somewhere under the sea waves, wrecked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore? It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as living."

"It is so with me, mother," said Amy, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living—that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. "If anything were to happen to me, Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty."

"Are we not rich, then, mother?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so, dear, until three years ago," replied the mother sadly.

"Your father was a merchant and shipowner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. But two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the outstanding debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy, thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with ours, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Ally Bell. Colonel Nichols is Ally's guardian. The Colonel has nothing his own, excepting a farm or two up country which were not risked in the business."

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden gate swung on its hinges, and a boyish figure came lightly up the walk.

"It's Ally, mother—it's Ally Bell!" exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you."

The young girl ran lightly down the verandah steps and met the new-comer, linking her arm in his and drawing him gently toward the house.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Colonel Nichols. Bright and gay and handsome, Allen Bell was also impetuous, ardent, and intelligent—one of those noble, manly boys who mature early into grand and noble men. Boy as he was, he loved Amy Lester with a pure and chivalrous love, which bade fair to deepen in time into the great love of his life.

He was the bearer of a letter from his uncle to Mrs. Lester, and having delivered it, he strolled with Amy down the wide garden walks into the cool shadows of a grove at the bottom of the garden.

"I've been expecting you this good while, Ally," said Amy with charming frankness. "I thought you would be down here to try those scientific experiments to-day."

"We'll try them to-night, Amy," replied Ally. "The blue lights show better at night. I'm getting along finely in my chemistry, Amy. I like it best of all my studies."

"I am sure you do," said Amy earnestly. "You are the nicest boy I ever saw."

Ally Bell laughed aloud. Amy's child-like simplicity and out spoken truthfulness were her greatest charm in his eyes.

"The sight of that brig yonder," said Ally, "reminds me that I promised to meet Colonel Nichols on board of it directly after I delivered that letter to your mother. I must go now but you may expect me as soon as it's dark."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

For a minute the youthful lovers stood at the garden gate, toward which they had slowly walked, and here they parted soberly—Ally to go down to the brig where had engaged to meet his uncle, and Amy to return to her mother.

She found Mrs. Lester, the open letter in her lap, silent and motionless as a statue, her attitude that of profound despair.

"What is it, mother?" cried Amy in wild alarm, springing to her side.

Mrs. Lester looked at her daughter with a woe-stricken face.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, turning to that brave, childish heart for strength and comfort, "Colonel Nichols writes me that we are beggars. He reminds me that he has asked me three several times to marry him. And, Amy, he says he knows your father to be dead, and he offers himself to me for the last time. He reminds me of my ill health, of your youth and helplessness. And he says"—and Mrs. Lester's voice broke down in a tempest of sobs—"that on the one hand he offers me wealth, comfort, and happiness, on the other poverty and sorrow. If I refuse him he swears to turn us out of our home to-morrow."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Amy, with a sharp cry, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

CHAPTER II.

ALLY ENTRAPPED.

Before Ally Bell reached the brig lying at the wharf, his uncle, Colonel Nichols, had been there and arranged with the Captain, who went by the name of Hiley, to carry Ally off to China, for which service the Colonel promised to give the Captain the brig and ten thousand dollars, *in case the boy never came back.* Hiley was a murderer, whose real name was Sproqils, and Colonel Nichols knew it. And Colonel Nichols had robbed Mrs. Lester, and now wanted to rob his nephew and have him murdered, and Hiley knew that, and resolved that Ally Bell should never see Norfolk again.

"Where is the lad?" he asked, as he and Colonel Nichols finished drinking success to their nefarious schemes, to which the Colonel replied:

"He should be here at this very moment. Ah, I here his step on deck now! Here he comes!"

Even as he spoke Ally Bell came hurrying into the cabin, his face flushed with pleasurable excitement.

"I'm just in time to see you off, Captain Hiley," he said, not noticing the guilty looks of the conspirators. "The wind is fair, and the crew anxious. A good voyage to you, Captain. Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet and must be pretty."

"Aye, aye, Mr. Allen," responded the Captain heartily. "Didn't you see my collection of shells in yonder state-room? No? You are welcome to your choice of them all, sir."

He advanced and flung open the state-room door.

Ally bent forward and looked in.

With a quick thrust, Hiley pushed him into the little room and hurriedly locked the door.

With an exultant smile Colonel Nichols said adieu, and went ashore.

The next minute the hurried trampling of feet was blended with the songs of the stout seamen, as the brig moved slowly from the wharf toward the sea.

Ally's first thought, on finding himself shut up in Captain Hiley's state-room, was that the two men were joking—merely intending to scare him a little, and then let him out; but he soon discovered that the *Quickstep*—the brig was so named—had left her wharf, and was standing down the Elizabeth river toward the ocean.

The truth flashed upon him.

"I see it all!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Hiley is taking me to the sea with him! Captain Hiley!" he shouted, pounding on the wall, "open the door this minute! Let me out, or it will be bad for you!"

No reply was made to him—no attention paid to his cries.

He saw that he was fast, and was stunned by the knowledge of his situation.

CHAPTER III.

LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where he was at work. He waited till night and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dungeon where they nightly confined him; and then suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered one of them, and paddled out to sea in the direction in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength and had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen, and yet no ship had been found; and how the wind was rising and a storm was threatening.

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken!" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?"

At that moment when hope was dying, he beheld a sight that turned all his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy.

There, to the northward, was the ship, standing directly towards him, with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not a half a mile away.

"Yes, there she is!" he shouted. "She is coming this way. I am saved—saved!"

He raised his arms to heaven in a mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud, the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer.

He redoubled his wild shouts, his heart and soul in his voice.

An answering cry came suddenly from the ship's deck, and she drew steadily nearer, swerved from her course slightly, and a rope was thrown from her deck, falling into his canoe.

He seized the rope in desperate eagerness, and a group of sailors leaning over the ship's side drew him aboard.

In an instant more the ship had resumed her course, and was moving in stately fashion before the breeze.

"Safe at last!" murmured Lester, leaning against the bulwarks, weak and nerveless as an infant. "Oh, the gladness of this hour!"

Poor man! He did not dream at that moment that his adverse fate was even then relentlessly closing around him; that he was on one of his own ships—the *Cyclone;* that that ship was commanded by a bitter foe in league with Colonel Nichols, who, on recognizing him, would without remorse consign him again to the mercies of the Pacific in his Indian canoe.

On inquiry Lester learned that the vessel was the *Cyclone,* and in the light of the cabin lamp recognized her Captain. Tearing off his priestly robe, and wiping the stain from his face with its coarse folds, he exclaimed:

"Captain Sales, don't you know me?"

"David Lester!" cried the Captain, turning ashy pale, and grasping his stationary seat as though he had received a shock.

Lester wiped his brows and sat down, the Captain taking a seat opposite him.

He had so much to ask, that his emotions choked his utterance, and prevented him from observing the look of deadly hatred with which the Captain regarded him. But he finally piled his questions fast, and learned that his wife yet lived, that his daughter Amy had grown into a lovely girl, and that both wife and daughter had long mourned him as dead. He also learned of his wife's poverty.

"Colonel Nichols settled up the firm affairs," said the Captain reservedly, "and there was nothing left for Mrs. Lester. She has been living on his bounty these two or three years! When your interest in this ship was sold, I bought it. The Colonel owns the other half!"

"But this is a base fraud!" exclaimed Lester. "The Colonel has been untrue to the trust I reposed in him. I have had suspicions of his integrity during my long exile, but I have never dared to entertain them. I'll make matters straight on my return. I can prove my claims and bring him to justice, the dastardly villain! My poor Margaret!" and he groaned.

Lester's threat concerning Nichols seemed to stir up all the malice of the Captain's nature. He beheld his interest in the ship, prudently acquired, threatened, and his fated victim yet living to foil his villainous plots. And now wanted to rob his nephew and have him murdered, and Hiley knew that, and resolved that Ally Bell should never see Norfolk again.

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"And you brought him back!" cried Nichols, in that shrill, incisive whisper, putting his livid, scared face close to that of Sales, and fairly startling the latter by the glance of evil meaning that shot from his bloodshot eyes.—"You let him live—you, who will loose by his life and gain by his death!"

A regretful expression crossed the face of Captain Sales.

"If I did, I didn't mean to!" he exclaimed. "The fact is, Colonel, I meant to dispose of him in the quickest manner. I thought there was a big storm coming, so I set him adrift in an open boat. The storm blew over, and Lester, I am sure, made for the nearest Islands. He was in a frail boat, the poorest of the lot, and I allowed him only a small allowance of provisions."

"Then he may be alive now on one of those Pacific islands!" ejaculated Nichols.—"And he may be picked up by a vessel at any time, and come back to ruin me. I was sure he was dead. Tell me his story as he told it to you."

Sales complied with the order, while Col. Nichols paced the floor with hurried steps.

"Yes, he must have gone back to the island he escaped from, or to some neighboring island," cried Nichols, when his confederate had concluded. "What a cursed fatality seems to pursue me! Sales, Lester is liable to come back, as I said before, at any time.—His return would be my ruin. I tell you," he added excitedly, "I have done things for which he could send me to the state prison. I should have to fly with the officers of justice on my track, and I should never dare return to claim any nephew's fortune. Sales, Lester must not come back! He shall not come back!"

"And how are we going to prevent it?" asked Sales. "No doubt he went back to the land in the Sea, and was set to idol-carving again; but he may escape again, or a friendly ship may rescue him, or some chance set him free—"

"But there shall not!" interrupted Nichols, with increasing agitation. "Is the *Cyclone* seaworthy?"

"Yes, Colonel. She's in splendid order. Could be got to sea at an hour's notice, if she were provisioned."

"Provision her at once. See to everything. She must be off within twenty-four hours.—I am going in search of David Lester."

"What! to rescue him?"

"No," hissed Nichols; "to destroy him." He continued his walk with increasing violence.

"And I without go along; Margaret Lester and her daughter shall go with me! I succeed, and Lester perishes, his wife shall become mine. If I fail," and his eyes gleamed luridly, "and I arrive out there, to find that he has been rescued, I shall hold his wife and child as hostages, and demand my safety as the price of their freedom."

"I'm in with you, Colonel," said Sales admiringly. "And what is more, I can keep every one of the crew by being a little liberal with them."

"Then go to work immediately. Set the men to unloading. Provision the ship, and be sure to provide wine and dainty stores for the woman and girl. I will send aboard furniture for three state-rooms, and one of my servants to set them in order. The servant will accompany us, to cook for and wait on the ladies. You understand?"

"Yes; but how are we to get the ladies aboard?"

"They must be taken aboard to-night, and we must slip out of the Roads in the darkness that comes before daylight. You and I will go up to Mrs. Lester's cottage soon after dark, and gain an entrance into the house. The rest will be easy."

This programme, with amplifications, was resolved upon. Nichols provided his confederate with the necessary funds, and they separated—Sales to return to the ship, and Nichols to make certain purchases, and to send his servant down to the *Cyclone.*

They did not meet again until evening.

The shadows were falling thickly when the two stealthily approached the cottage of Mrs. Lester, and as stealthily entered her garden, approaching the house while keeping in the shadow of the trees.

Mrs. Lester and Amy were in the parlor, the windows of which were wide open, the security of months having restored Mrs. Lester's former confidence. The two men could see the elder lady seated in her arm-chair, and the young girl, dressed in white, at the piano, upon which she was softly playing, accompanying the instrument with her voice.

The room was not lighted, both mother and daughter loving the gray twilight shadows.

On the steps of the kitchen porch, the colored serving-woman was sitting, and in the garden old Nicholas Collins and his wife were holding a lively discussion on some domestic question.

"Now is our time!" exclaimed Nichols, in a whisper. "Get the woollen socks over your boots? Good! Come along softly. I know Mrs. Lester's room, and the girl's adjoins it. Old Collins sleeps in the rear part. Now for it!"

The confederates softly mounted the steps of the verandah, entered the unlighted hall, and stole up stairs, unheard and unseen. The next moment they had secreted themselves in the closet adjoining Mrs. Lester's room, and were ready for the execution of their villainous project. The New York Ledger containing the continuation of this story is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated October 30, and in it you will get the next installment. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world.

Marriages.

KERN—DECH.—On the 5th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. John Kern, of Lower Mt. Bethel, to Miss Jemima Dech, of Lower Nazareth.

SCHREIBER—BOAS.—On the 7th inst., by the Rev. J. F. Fahs, Mr. Joseph D. Schreiber to Miss Celie S. Boas, both of Allentown.

KOCH—DILLINGER—On the 10th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Rath, Mr. Lewis Koch to Miss Olivia Dillinger, both of this city.

Deaths.

LEVAN—On the 9th inst., at Coplay, Francis B., oldest son of Benjamin S. Levan, Esq., aged 33 years, 3 months and 4 days.

SCHWENK—On the 8th inst., in this city, Mrs. Catharine Schwenk, aged 73 years.

MEYER.—On the 12th of October, near Weaversville, Mrs. Catharine Meyer, widow of the late Peter Meyer, aged 80 years.

Special Notices.

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR YOUNG MEN, on the Folly of Passion in Youth and Early Manhood, with SELF HELP for the erring and unfortunate. Sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Box P, Philadelphia, Pa. May 19-1y*.*

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St. New York.

SCHENK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEAWEED TONIC AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These medicines are recommended by the proprietor as follows: Pulmonic Syrup to ripen the mucous matter in the lungs, and then the patient coughs easily and raises the matter with less pain than any other medicine. Seaweed Tonic to mix with the Pulmonic Syrup and the food will make good blood. Schenk's Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the ducts of the gall-bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon relieved; the stools will show what the Pills can do; nothing has ever been invented except calomel (a deadly poison which is very dangerous to meddle with even with great care), that will unlock the gall-bladder and start the secretions of the liver like Schenk's Mandrake Pills.

Liver Complaint is one of the most prominent causes of Consumption.

Schenk's Seaweed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and alterative, and the alkali in the Seaweed, which this preparation is made of, assists the stomach to throw out the gastric juice to dissolve the food with the Pulmonic Syrup, and it is made into good blood without fermentation or souring in the stomach.

The great reason why physicians do not cure consumption is, they try to do too much; they give medicine to stop the cough, to stop chills, to stop night sweats, hectic fever, and by so doing they derange the whole digestive powers, locking up the secretions, and eventually the patient sinks and dies.

Dr. Schenk, in his treatment, does not try to stop a cough, night sweats, chills, or fever. Remove the cause, and they will all stop of their own accord. No one can be cured of Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Canker, Ulcerated Throat, unless the liver and stomach are made healthy.

If a person has Consumption, of course the lungs in some way are diseased, either tubercles, abscesses, bronchial irritation, pleural adhesion, or the lungs are a mass of inflammation and fast decaying. In such cases what must be done? It is not only the lungs that are wasting, but it is the whole body. The stomach and liver have lost their power to make blood out of food. Now the only chance is to take Schenk's three medicines, which will bring up a tone to the stomach, the patient will begin to want food, it will digest easily and make good blood; then the patient begins to gain in flesh, and as soon as the body begins to grow, the lungs commence to heal up, and the patient gets fleshy and well. This is the only way to cure Consumption.

When there is no lung disease, and only Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, Schenk's Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills are sufficient without the Pulmonic Syrup. Take the Mandrake Pills freely to all bilious complaints, as they are perfectly harmless.

Dr. Schenk, who has enjoyed uninterrupted health for many years past, and now weighs 225 pounds, was wasted away to a mere skeleton, in the very last stage of Pulmonary Consumption, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the above said medicines, and since then recovery many thousands similarly afflicted have used Dr. Schenk's preparations with the same remarkable success. Full directions accompany each, make it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenk, unless the patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his Principal Office, Philadelphia, every Saturday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. He is also professionally at No. 32 Bond Street, New York, every other Tuesday, and at No. 33 Hanover Street, Boston, every other Wednesday. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with his Respirometer the price is $5 00. Office hours at each city from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

DR. J. H. SCHENK,
15 N. 6th St., Philada., Pa.

mar 10-1y*.*

Special Notices.

DISEASES OF THE SCALP

PRODUCE GRAY HAIR AND BALDNESS!

The use of

HALL'S VEGETABLE

SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

will restore it to its natural color and promote its growth. Our treatise on the Hair sent free by mail.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., Proprietors

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS AND CATARRH treated with the utmost success by J. ISAACS, M. D., and Professor of *Diseases of the Eye and Ear, (his specialty) in the Medical College of Pennsylvania, 12 years experience,* (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 93 Arch street, Philadelphia. Testimonials can be seen at his office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. Artificial eyes inserted without pain. No charge for examination. jan 27-1y*.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings Co., N. Y.

For Sale and To Let.

420 BURIAL LOTS FOR SALE.—The undersigned offer for sale 420 new Cemetary lots immediately adjoining the Union Cemetary, on Tenth street.

The lots will be sold by subscription, and immediately after the whole number are disposed of they will be awarded by lot in the same manner as in the organization of the Union Association. Plats or plans of the premises can be seen at our office. no 6-2 GOOD & RUHE.

TO LET.—A REASONABLE LEASE will be given on the Easton State Quarry, situated in Plainfield township, Northampton county, Pa., near Stockerton. It consists of number one flat-vein, blue, workable slate, fully equal to the well-known Chapman Slate, with a good water power and a full rigging of pumping and hoisting machinery. Persons desirous of an opportunity of this kind will please examine for themselves, and apply to Reuben Roth, Stockerton P. O. O. L. SCHREIBER, President mar 3-'69

FOUR HUNDRED FARMS FOR SALE, ranging in price from $400 to $50 per acre, according to improvements, location &c. Good soil, genial climate, good markets. These farms are situated in Virginia and Maryland, some in the immediate vicinity of Washington and others from 50 to 200 miles from the Capitol. Address or call on J. D. GANGWERE 455 Massachusetts Avenue near Sixth street Washington, D. C.

ADJOURNED ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

Will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1869, on the premises, at 10 o'clock A. M., all that

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY,

of Wm. M. Kistler, situate in Lynn township, Lehigh county, consisting of a

STONE GRIST MILL,

With four pairs of stones, the machinery of which is entirely new and complete, and all the best and recent improvements. The WATER POWER is never failing. Also, a

SAW MILL,