ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos	1yr.
One Square	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.00	12.00
Two Squares	3.00	3.50	6.50	9.00	20.00
Three Squares	4.00	5.25	9.00	17.00	25.00
Six Squares		11.50	17.00	25.00	45.00
Quarter Column		13.50	22.00	40.00	60.00
Half Column		20.00	40.00	60.00	110.00
One Column		30.00	60.00	110.00	200.00

Professional Cards $1.00 per line per year.
Administrator's and Auditor's Notices, $3.00.
City Notices, 20 cents per line 1st insertion, 15 cents per line each subsequent insertion.
Ten lines agate constitute a square.
ROBERT IREDELL, Jr., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXIV. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 9 1870. NO. 43

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer
No. 45 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGANT PRINTING.
NEW DESIGNS
LATEST STYLES
Stamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Constitutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads Envelopes, Letter Heads Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Printed at Short Notice.

Coal and Lumber.

A. FILBERT. B. OTTO. H. M. OTTO. G. W. MILLER

FILBERT, OTTO & MILLER,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

LUMBER,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

MILL ON CANAL, WEST OF MAYNARD STREET
OFFICE AT THE MILL
W. F. CRANE AGENT. 4 aug 70-1y

REVIVAL!!

The subscribers having leased the "Old Hope Coal Yard," would respectfully announce to the citizens of Allentown and the public in general, that they have just got

IN

a superior assortment of

COAL

Consisting of Stove, Egg, Chestnut and Nut from the BUCK MOUNTAIN MINES.
Orders left with A. A. Huber, Sieger & Hottenstein, at the Eagle Hotel, Hope Rolling Mill, or the Yard, will be attended to in a

BUSINESS

like manner.
Orders for Coal by the car filled at short notice and at the lowest prices.

Always on hand a large stock of

BALED HAY,

which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

L. W. KOONS & CO.,

at the "Old Hope Coal Yard,"

Hamilton Street, corner of Lehigh Valley Railroad,

ALLENTOWN, PA.

L. W. KOONS. R. F. DONAGHEY.
oct 19 —1y

JAS. M. RITTER, CHAS. W. ABBOTT, OWEN RITTER

JORDAN STEAM

PLANING MILL,

SASH, DOOR,

AND

BLIND MNUFACTORY,

Union Street, near Jordan Bridge, Allentown,

RITTER, ABBOTT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Outside Blinds, Inside Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets Balusters, Pickets, Stair Railings, Window Frames, Door Frames, Glazed Windows, Black Walnut Mouldings, &c.

SCROLL SAWING, TURNING, PLANING, MATCHING, FLOORING and RIPPING,

DONE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

ALSO, STAIR BUILDING done and HAND RAILING made to order.
Having now had almost three years' possession of the Mill, refurnished it almost wholly with new and improved machinery, and having none but experienced workmen, we are prepared to defy competition from at home and abroad, both in price and workmanship.
Do you contemplate building? Call at our Factory and satisfy yourself with a personal examination.
Drawings for buildings, brackets, patterns for ornamental work, scrolls for porches, can be seen at all times by calling at our office. Any information to the builder furnished cheerfully and freely, by calling at the Manufactory, on Union street, at the Jordan Bridge, Allentown, Pa., or by letter through the post office.
aug 3-1y] RITTER, ABBOTT & CO

REMOVAL!

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

WILLOUGHBY R. TREXLER

(SUCCESSOR TO TREXLER & BROS.,)

Hereby announces to the public that he has bought out the well-known LUMBER YARD of TREXLER & BROS. and extended the same to the property adjoining, at the corner of Tenth and Hamilton streets, where he will be constantly prepared to supply all demands that may be made upon him in the way of

BUILDING MATERIALS

of the best quality, and at the lowest prices. His stock consists in part of
WHITE PINE and
HEMLOCK BOARDS and PLANK,
WHITE PINE HEMLOCK and
YELLOW PINE FLOORING
PINE and HEMLOCK,
FRAMING TIMBER,
JOISTS and SCANTLING,
of all lengths and sizes;
MICHIGAN PANEL LUMBER,
POPLAR, OAK, ASH,
WALNUT and CHERRY LUMBER
Sawed, Shaved and
CYPRESS SHINGLES,
POSTS, RAILS, and
PICKETS, of all lengths;
ROOFING and PLASTERING LATHS, &c., &c.

DRY LUMBER

will be made a specialty, and a full supply of all kinds constantly kept on hand.
Persons in need of lumber for large buildings will find it greatly to their advantage to call, being constantly ready to fill orders for all kinds of lumber used in barn building, upon the most favorable terms, and at the shortest notice.
Every article belonging to a first-class lumber yard is constantly kept on hand.
Thankful for past favors, I invite my friends to call and inspect my stock. Respectfully,
june 15-1y W. R. TREXLER

A NEW FIRM AND

NEW LUMBER YARD!

TO BUILDERS!

TREXLER & WEAVER

Would hereby announce to the public that they have just opened a new Lumber Yard on the spacious and convenient grounds so long occupied by TREXLER BRO.'S on Hamilton street, near Tenth, north side, where they are now prepared with a full assortment of everything pertaining to the business, comprising in part
YELLOW PINE, WHITE PINE, SPRUCE and HEMLOCK FLOORING, WHITE PINE BOARDS, SCANTLING and PLANK of all sizes and well seasoned.
FRAMING TIMBER, Superior HEMLOCK JOIST and SCANTLING of assorted sizes.
CEDAR, CYPRESS AND WHITE PINE SHINGLES of extra quality.
HEMLOCK and SPRUCE PLASTERING and SHINGLING LATHS, and a large assortment of WEATHERBOARDING, also WHITE OAK PLANK and BOARDS of all thicknesses.
WHITE PINE and SPRUCE PALINGS and PICKETS, superior to anything in the market
WHITE PINE and HEMLOCK FENCE RAILS, WHITE OAK and CHESTNUT POSTS, &c., &c.
All desirous of purchasing Lumber to as good advantage as is offered at any other Yard in the county, are requested to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Satisfaction Guaranteed in Quality and Price.

The Senior member of the firm would hereby express his thanks for past favors while a member of the firm of Trexler Bros., and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, promising to apply his best endeavors to render satisfaction to all patrons of the New Yard.
Respectfully,
ED. W. TREXLER. THOS. WEAVER
august 31 —tf

FROW, JACOBS & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

ROUGH & WORKED LUMBER

SASH DOORS AND BLINDS,

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Orders from the trade solicited sep 15-1y

Plumbing and Gas Fixtures.

GAS FIXTURES.

ROBERTS & KOONS,

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS,

No. 87 WEST HAMILTON STREET,

2 DOORS BELOW NINTH STREET, ALLENTOWN.

All kinds of Gas Fixtures of the best makers, Hydrants, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps,

DEEP WELL PUMPS,

Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Circulating Boilers, &c., &c. Special attention given to putting up Portable Gas Works in town or country. All work warranted.
apr 7-1y

FEED THE HUNGRY,

AND CLOTHE THE NAKED!

You can be provided and be made comfortable at the

MAMMOTH STORES!

Water Proof Cloth,

Or REPELLANTS of all the different mixtures.
CLOTH, CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, TWEEDS,
A full line for BOYS' SUITS.

UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

ALSO,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. We will guarantee it to be to your advantage.
Respectfully,
E. S. SHIMER & CO.,
705 and 707 Hamilton St., Allentown, Pa.

Financial.

ALLENTOWN SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

Organized as "Dimes Saving Institution,"

NO. 58 EAST HAMILTON ST.,

(NEARLY OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN HOTEL,)

PAYS SIX PER CENT. INTEREST FOR

MONEY ON DEPOSIT.

This Institution, the oldest Saving Bank in Eastern Pennsylvania, has been in continuous and successful operation for ten years, and continues to pay SIX PER CENT. INTEREST on money for one year, and special rates of interest for shorter periods.
All deposits of money will be held strictly confidential.

Executors, Administrators, Trustees, Assignees, Treasurers, Tax Collectors,

and other custodians of public or private moneys, are offered liberal rates of interest.
Farmers, Merchants, Laborers, and all who have money to put on interest for a long or short period will find our Institution an agreeable and advantageous one in which to do business. We especially invite LADIES to transact their banking business with us.
MARRIED WOMEN and MINORS have special privileges granted by our charter—having full power to transact business with us in their own names.
Money deposited with this Institution

IS SAFE AND WELL SECURED,

by a Capital stock and surplus money [illegible] curity of over SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, and [illegible] addition, the Board of Trustees have, as required by t[illegible] harter, given bonds under the supervision of the Court in the sum of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which bonds are registered in and held by the Court of Common Pleas of this county for the security of depositors.
Our Iron Vaults are of the most secure and extensive kind known in this country, as a personal inspection will show, and to which we invite our friends and customers. We refer to this, believing that safe Burglar Proof Vaults complete the safety and reliability of a good Saving Bank.
WILLIAM H. AINEY, President.
CHRISTIAN PRETZ, Vice President.
REUBEN STAHLER, Cashier.

TRUSTEES:

William H. Ainey, Charles S. Bush,
Christian Pretz, John D. Stiles,
F. E. Samuels, Benj. J. Hagenbuch,
George Brobst, Samuel Sell,
Nathan Peter. jan 12-tf

5-20'S AND 1881'S

BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED

ON

MOST LIBERAL TERMS.

GOLD

BOUGHT AND SOLD AT MARKET RATES.

COUPONS CASHED.

PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission Only.

Accounts received and Interest allowed on Daily Balances, subject to check at sight.

DE HAVEN & BRO.

40 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

MACUNGIE SAVINGS BANK,

Hamilton, between 7th and 8th Streets

ALLENTOWN, PA.

Money taken on deposit at all times and in any sums from one dollar upward, for which

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

will be paid.
Deposits may be withdrawn at any time. Persons desirous of sending money to any part of the United States or Canadas, will have their matters promptly attended to, and without any risk on their part.
Gold, Silver, Coupons, Bonds and other securities bought. DAVID SCHALL, President.
W. C. LICHTENWALLNER Cashier. sep 29-tf

MILLERSTOWN SAVING BANK,

MILLERSTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY.

This Institution will be opened on or before the 1st day of April. Money will be taken on deposit at all times and in any sums from one dollar upwards, for which

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

per annum will be paid.
Deposits may be withdrawn at any time. Also, money loaned out on favorable terms.
JAMES WEILER, *President.*
FRANKLIN SHIMER, *Cashier.*
J. F. M. Shifferts, George Ludwig,
Frederick C. Yohst, Christian K. Henninger,
David Donner, William Saliday,
Isaac Griebel, Gideon F. Egner,
Horatio T. Hertzog, Benjamin J. Schmoyer,
James Singmaster mar 16-6m

KUTZTOWN SAVINGS BANK,

(Organized under State Charter in 1869.)

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT, and 6 per cent. interest will be allowed. For shorter periods special rates will be paid.
Also, money loaned out on FAVORABLE TERMS. Said Bank is located in the Keystone House, in the borough of Kutztown. JOHN H. FOGEL, President.
EDWARD HOTTENSTEIN, M. D. Cashier.

TRUSTEES:

F. J. Slough M. D., J. D. Wanner, Esq.,
David Fister, H. H. Schwartz, Esq.,
W. B. Fogel, Daniel Clader,
Richard J. Knerr, Jonas Miller

GIRARD SAVINGS BANK,

(Organized under a State Charter),

NO. EAST HAMILTON STREET,

NEARLY OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

Monies received on deposit at all times from one dollar upwards. Pays SIX per cent. interest for six months or longer. Four per cent. on daily balance, subject to check at sight. Gold and Silver, United States Bonds and other Securities bought and sold. Interest collected on Government Securities at fair rates.
All deposits of money will be held strictly confidential, and may be withdrawn at any time.
Married women and minors have special privileges granted in our charter, having full power to transact business with us in their own names.
This Institution is a legal depository for monies paid into Court, and receives money in trust from guardians, administrators, treasurers, tax collectors and others.
MONEY LOANED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.
PHAON ALBRIGHT, President.
H. G. HARTZELL, Cashier.
Directors—Phaon Albright, James F. Kline, Tilghman Mertz, David Weida, Aaron Eisenhart. jel-3m

FARMER'S SAVINGS BANK,

Incorporated under a State Charter of 1870.

Fogelsville, Upper Macungie township, Lehigh Co.

This Institution has been organized and opened under a State Charter. MONEY will be taken on deposit at all times and in any sum from $1 and upwards, for which

6 PER CENT. INTEREST

WILL BE PAID.

Deposits may be withdrawn at any time.
Also money loaned out on favorable terms.
WILLIAM MOHR, *President.*
R. H. FOGEL, *Cashier.*

TRUSTEES:

Dr. H. A. Saylor, J. H. Straub,
Daniel Moyer, David Peter,
Jonas Rauch, Samuel Kuhns,
Daniel H. Creitz, William Stein,
William Mohr [apr 6-6m

FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK,

Located at the corner of Hamilton street and Church alley, in Lion Hall, second story, opposite the German Reformed Church, in the City of Allentown, is organized and ready for business. *It will pay SIX per cent. Interest on all deposits except business deposits, for any period of time, to be calculated from the date of deposit.*
To secure which, the Trustees of the Institution have filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Lehigh County, under the direction of the Court, a bond in the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars, conditioned for the faithful keeping and appropriation of all such sums of money as shall be placed in charge of said FRANKLIN SAVINGS BANK, whether as deposits, or shares of stock, which bond may be enlarged by the Court whenever it may be deemed necessary.
In addition to this, the Act of Incorporation makes the Stockholders *personally liable to the depositors in double the amount of the Capital Stock* of the Bank, which is fifty thousand dollars, with liberty to increase it to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
These provisions will make it a very desirable and safe place of deposit.
Besides, it may be proper to state that the deposits will be kept in one of the *safest and best protected vaults in this city.*
Arrangements will be made to furnish drafts on the cities of New York and Philadelphia
S. A. BRIDGES, *President*
J. W. WILSON, *Vice President*
J. E. ZIMMERMAN, *Cashier.*

Trustees:

Daniel H. Miller, S. A. Bridges,
John Holben, J. W. Wilson,
William Baer, J. E. Zimmerman
D. H. Creitz, Peter Gross,
Edwin Zimmerman. mar 30.

TO LOAN.—THE ERIN SAVINGS BANK will loan 20,000 in large or small amounts, where six per cent interest will be paid in gold or its equivalent in currency, every six months. Government Bonds borrowed as cash or bought at market rates. Apply to
WM. L. YOHN,
july 18-tf N. 7th street, above Linden

PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE.—A NEW COURSE OF LECTURES, as delivered at the Penna Polytechnic and Anatomical Museum, 1205 Chestnut St., three doors above Twelfth, Philadelphia, embracing the subjects: How to Live and What to Live for; Youth, Maturity and Old Age; Manhood Generally Reviewed; The cause of Indigestion; Flatulence and nervous Diseases accounted for; Marriage Philosophically considered. These lectures will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents by addressing: Secretary of the Penna. POLYTECHNIC AND ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 1205 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penna. une 22-1y

PILES OR HEMORRHOIDAL TUMORS, all kinds, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by W. A. McCANDLESS, M. D., 2001 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
I desire to say to those afflicted with any kind of PILES, Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching, that there is positively no kind of deception in the cure of these diseases, the cure is perfect and permanent, and without the slightest danger, without the slightest injury to the patient in any way, and without caustics or instruments. I also cure Fistula Fissures, Prolapsus and Ulceration of the lower bowels. Patients must visit me and can remain at my house till cured, if they desire. Can refer you to over 1200 persons cured in Philadelphia alone.

Medicinal.

THE KIDNEYS.

The Kidneys are two in number, situated at the upper part of the loin, surrounded by fat, and consisting of three parts, viz.: the Anterior, the Interior, and the Exterior.

The anterior absorbs. Interior consists of tissues or veins, which serve as a deposit for the urine and convey it to the exterior. The exterior is a conductor also, terminating in a single tube, and called the Ureter. The ureters are connected with the bladder.

The bladder is composed of various coverings or tissues, divided into parts, viz.: the Upper, the Lower, the Nervous, and the Mucous. The upper expels, the lower retains. Many have a desire to urinate without the ability; others urinate without the ability to retain. This frequently occurs in children.

To cure these affections, we must bring into action the muscles, which are engaged in their various functions. If they are neglected, Gravel or Dropsy may ensue.

The reader must also be made aware, that however slight may be the attack, it is sure to effect the bodily health and mental powers, as our flesh and blood are supported from these sources.

GOUT, OR RHEUMATISM.

Pain occurring in the loins is indicative of the above diseases. They occur in persons disposed to acid stomach and chalky concretions.

THE GRAVEL.

The gravel ensues from neglect or improper treatment of the kidneys. These organs being weak, the water is not expelled from the bladder, but allowed to remain; it becomes feverish, and sediment forms. It is from this deposit that the stone is formed, and gravel ensues.

DROPSY

is a collection of water in some parts of the body, and bears different names, according to the parts affected, viz.: when generally diffused over the body, it is called Anasarca; when of the abdomen, Ascites; when of the chest, Hydrothorax.

TREATMENT.

Helmbold's highly concentrated compound Extract Buchu is decidedly one of the best remedies for diseases of the

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM AND GOUTY AFFECTIONS.

Under this head we have arranged

DYSURIA, or difficulty and pain in passing water;
SCANTY SECRETION, or small and frequent discharges of water;
STRANGURY, or stopping of water;
HEMATURIA, or bloody urine;
GOUT and RHEUMATISM of the KIDNEYS, without any change in quantity, but increase in color, or dark water.

It was always highly recommended by the late Dr. Physick, in these affections.

This medicine increases the power of digestion, and excites the absorbents into healthy exercise by which the watery or calcareous depositions, and all unnatural enlargements, as well as pain and inflammation, are reduced, and it is taken by men, women and children. Directions for use and diet accompany.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 15, 1867.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist:
Dear Sir—I have been a sufferer, for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent Physicians, experiencing but little relief.
Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.
I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedies. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs, and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my family physician as an excellent combination, and with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it for three weeks was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a permanent cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.
I am now able to report that a cure is effected after using the remedy for five months.
Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use in such affections.
M. McCORMICK.

Should any one doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. WM. BIGLER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. THOS. B. FLORENCE, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. B. KNOX, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. BLACK, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. PORTER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. GRIER, Judge, United States Court.
Hon. G. W. WOODWARD, Judge, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. PORTER, City Solicitor, Philadelphia.
Hon. JOHN BIGLER, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. BANKS, Auditor General, Washington, D. C.
And many others, if necessary.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Beware of Imitations. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price—$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address H. T. HELMBOLD, Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, New York.

None are genuine unless done up in steel-engraved wrapper, with fac simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

gust 3 H. T. HELMBOLD.

DR. DORN'S MISTAKE.

BY JANE ALISON.

Miss Wilmar's doctor was dead. Now we all know it is very hard to any one to lose a physician on whom one is dependent, and to whom one is greatly attached. To Miss Wilmar it was particularly so.

Miss Wilmar, I must tell you, was a maiden lady of some forty-five years; very rich, very whimsical (as rich people often consider that they have a right to be), and rather nervous and fussy, withal; fancying herself ailing a hundred times oftener than there was any need, and convinced that she could not live a week without her physician to examine her pulse and look at her tongue.

Therefore, you can see, at once, that the good lady was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. What was she to do, she had not the slightest idea. The possibility of any one else taking the place of Dr. Dennet was ridiculous in itself. She was perfectly satisfied that there was no physician equal to him, anywhere. She sighed deeply, and felt that now she was to be pitied indeed. She should never enjoy anything like health again.

And you can see, too, that if Miss Wilmar should get over this conviction, and allow herself to be persuaded that there existed in the world another physician worth trusting, it would be a very good thing for him; since, dependent on frequent medical advice as she fancied herself ill, her doctor's bill must necessarily be large.

Her friends said, "Now, what will poor dear Miss Wilmar do?"

And more than one physician in the town thought within himself what a particular profitable thing it would be for him if he could get Miss Wilmar for a patient with her very many ailments, and her very prompt remuneration for service rendered.

Mrs. Leonard, an old friend of Miss Wilmar, called on that lady to condole with her, and to offer advice.

"What a great pity, Miss Wilmar, that you have lost your physician. It must come very hard to you."

Yes, Miss Wilmar said, it did come very hard to her. She didn't in the least know what to do. She would be very glad if anybody could advise her in the matter! She certainly couldn't live without a physician—a physician she must have. But what physician? There was the difficulty.

"Why don't you try Dr. Gray?"

"Too slow! I never should get well under his care in the world. He'd make me so nervous with his excessive moderation!"

"Dr. Markham, then?"

"He's just the opposite. Comes blustering in like a whirlwind, and won't hear what you have to say, hardly. Gives a patient no time whatever to describe symptoms. I want somebody with some feeling!"

"Dr. Hale?"

"I hate homoeopathy. I thought you knew it."

"So I did, but I thought I'd mention him. Well, Dr. Carlton, if they won't do!"

"Wouldn' have him to prescribe him for my cat!"

Mrs. Leonard laughed. She didn't see what Miss Wilmar could do. Half a dozen good physicians were within a stone's throw, almost, as one might say, and yet she would have none of them.

"What do you think of Dr. Dorn? or haven't you thought about him at all? He didn't occur to my mind before, being somewhat now here. But I have heard him spoken well of."

"To tell you the truth, I was thinking of him just before you mentioned his name. I won't have any of the others. And I should run some risk, any way. At all events I believe I'll think about having him."

To a good many people in this world, it is a relief to have made up one's mind, even with the prospect of running a risk. And when Miss Wilmar's mind was made up, as it was shortly, she felt very much better—quite cheerful, indeed—and keeping Dr. Dorn in her mind almost constantly, she got very soon to feeling as if she were quite well acquainted with him; so that the good lady actually bowed very civilly to him the next time she met him in the street.

Now this was quite elevating to Dr. Dorn's feelings; for he knew, as well as any other physician in the place, that Miss Wilmar was on the lookout for a new medical adviser; and from the peculiar earnestness with which she regarded him, he could not but flatter himself that she had been turning over his case in her mind, which, as we know, was very true indeed.

As Mrs. Leonard had remarked, he had not been settled in the town a great while; and he was not very widely acquainted. But his manners were plausible, he had already become hand-in-glove with one or two rich families; and we must here mention that this was very gratifying to the doctor; for he liked exceedingly the society of the rich and great; and poor patients he did not by any means desire. So that thus far his prospects were very pleasant ones indeed. He thought to himself that he should very soon be a rising man in the place—thought much of, and looked up to. And when the rich Miss Wilmar bowed so graciously to him, he quite congratulated himself, as of course everybody thought he had good reason to do.

And it soon appeared a fact. For, not three days after this, Miss Wilmar, being attacked somewhat severely with neuralgia, sent for him at once. He happened to be at home and went immediately to see her.

The meeting was a very pleasant one; for Miss Wilmar, as we have said, having set her mind on employing him, and thereby becoming used to the idea—which went a great way with her—and having, moreover, heard favorable accounts of him from some of the families where he visited, was quite prepossessed with him already.

And when she had had half an hour's conversation with him, she liked him still more. He entered into her feelings so completely, she said—was so full of sympathy—seemed so clearly to understand her case, in fact, though different, of course, from Dr. Dennet, yet he was more fitted to take his place, in her estimation, than any physician she had ever known.

He prescribed for her—the prescription was successful. She had never experienced more decided relief even under Dr. Dennet's care. For one ailment and another, she was obliged to send for him again and again; and every occasion gave her new faith in the doctor and his treatment. So that Dr. Dorn became established as Miss Wilmar's physician, and she congratulated herself very much upon the fact—and so did he.

In fact, Dr. Dorn said to himself that he had made a considerable step in the world. He had been preferred before every old established practitioner in the town. Miss Wilmar was rich—prompt in her payments—needing frequent advice—what a good thing for him—for his reputation—for his purse! A very fortunate man was the doctor.

We have said, Dr. Dorn did not like poor patients. In fact, they were considered by him as particularly troublesome, and often very unprofitable. If he could have commanded a class of patients of the stamp of those among whom he had already made so successful a beginning, he would have been satisfied. As it was, he was determined to aim at nothing less; so, when called to attend a person in the humbler walks of life, he was only annoyed, and made his visits as brief, and, we may add, as unsatisfactory as possible, to all parties.

He was sitting, quite at leisure, in his office, one evening, with his feet on the fender, and dreaming golden dreams of the future. Miss Wilmar had promised to introduce him to a wealthy family where Dr. Dennet had been employed, and in which he, in turn, was likely to gain favor. He was congratulating himself anew and building castles in the air which seemed altogether too beautiful to be unreal, when the bell rang and dissipated them most effectually for the moment.

A little girl of ten or twelve years came in, with timid and hesitating step. A little girl with a cheap gingham dress and a coarse straw hat that had seen service.

"What do you want?" asked the doctor, gruffly.

The child looked up, half frightened.

Old Mr. Gray was sick; would Dr. Dorn come and see him.

"Who is Mr. Gray and where does he live?" asked the doctor, indifferently.

"Our neighbor, sir," said the child, "he lives at No. 20."

"Well, well! I don't know where you live. Can't you tell me the name of the street?"

In her confusion, she had forgotten. She told him now—a street on the outskirts of the town, composed of only a few straggling, old-fashioned houses that had long and long since seen their best days, and were mostly occupied now by very humble and unpretending people indeed.

"Hum—ha! What ails him?" was the doctor's next question.

"Rheumatism, sir. He's very bad to-night."

"Had any physician before?"

"Dr. Dennet, sir—but he's dead."

Dr. Dennet had been a favorite among the poor.

"It's not a convenient distance to-night; couldn't you have got a doctor somewhere nearer home."

"Mr. Gray sent me for you, sir"

The doctor went unwillingly enough; reached, in the darkness, the old fashioned brown house that pictured itself to his memory. Found old Mr. Gray suffering a good deal, a circumstance which, however, failed to awaken Dr. Dorn's sympathy, but rather made him the crosser instead. So that he was unnecessarily short and gruff, and seemed likely to frighten and worry the poor old patient more than to help him. Mrs. Gray, a gentle, lady-like, though somewhat nervous elderly woman was affected quite as much as her husband at the doctor's quite indecent, and almost rude manner, but did her very best to smooth, and conciliate, and please; so that, to have seen her half-terrified politeness of manner, one would have pitied the poor old lady very much indeed.

It is perhaps needless to say that the doctor had at once taken note of the surroundings. They were plain, old-fashioned, like the house—lumbering, well-worn furniture; patched curtains; a home-spun carpet, patched too. He made his visit short as possible.

"You'll come again, to-morrow or next day?" asked Mrs. Gray, following him to the door, and speaking as if she were asking a great favor, which she had no right to ask.

The doctor half promised, roughly and uncivilly, as usual, and banged the door behind him, without having the grace to say "Good night."

He did not go again for three days—then only dropped in as he was going by. Old Mr. Gray was very little better, and complained, in his gentle, feeble way, and made the doctor crosser than ever.

Poor old Mrs. Gray actually felt as if they had asked too great a favor of the doctor in requesting his attendance. She mentioned to him that she had heard of him being so excellent a physician—her niece Hetty had recommended him—would he wait a moment and see her? Hetty had only just stepped into the other room, and would be very glad to see him.

"Can't stop, ma'am," answered the doctor, in tones quite contrasting with the smooth and cheerful ones accustomed to greet the ear of his rich patient, Miss Wilmar. "And I think, ma'am your husband's getting along—will do very well. Let him continue the application as directed. There's no need of my coming again."

Not coming again! and poor old Mr. Gray hardly relieved in the least! Mrs. Gray looked just a little rising pride from her gentle eyes, but said nothing, produced a pocket-book containing a great deal more money than the doctor would have believed could have been found in the house, and paid, without a moment's question, the fee he demanded. It was an exorbitant fee, too, considering what Dr. Dorn believed to be the circumstances of his patient. To tell the truth, he was surprised at being paid so promptly and liberally. He looked a little puzzled—lingered a little; but not a word said Mrs. Gray or her husband—only waited for him to go, which he did very slowly, bidding them a tolerably civil good morning.

"Well aunt!" ejaculated Miss Walnter, stepping out from an adjoining room, as the doctor left the house. "This is what you get by living so that upstarts like that think you're no better than paupers! To be sure it's none of his business, or that of anybody else, if you choose to live to suit yourself. And he may reckon on having had the last of your money, or mine either. Not a step does he set in my house again! I'll have another physician to-morrow."

And so she did. And Dr. Dorn, astonished and mortified, never knew the reason till one fine day he discovered that Miss Wimar herself was the "niece Hetty" of whom Mrs. Gray had made mention; and said to himself that he had made a very great mistake indeed.

A CHANCERY CLIENT.—One sultry afternoon in the summer of 1840, a firm of three Pontiac lawyers were startled from their various employments of figuring interest on slow notes, dozing over Blackstone, and penning dunning letters for men who never thought of paying anything, by a sharp, shrill query proceeding from a dilapidated individual—

"Do up chancery business here?"

"Yes."

"Got a big amount I want done up. A fellow has got six tax titles on my farm—I've got to have a divorce right off—I want an injunction against a road tax—but all this ain't half; and I want to make a lumping bargain and give my note on time."

He was politely informed that with strangers terms were "cash."

This was a staggerer. He stood in a brown study for 10 minutes, looking down on his bare toes, and then broke out with:

"Well, Squire, if we can't deal, had not you got such a thing as a pair of second-hand boots you could let a fellow have?"

—Some of the owners of wells up in the oil regions are very much annoyed by the tricks played upon them by certain parties, who drop nitro-glycerine torpedoes down the wells at night and burst the whole subterranean arrangements into immortal smash. The best method of avoiding such catastrophes, in our opinion, will be to bring the wells into the house and lock them up in fireproof safes every night. Or else a man might be kept at the bottom of each well to throw the torpedoes back as they come down.

CRIME AND REPENTANCE.

The Story of a Private Mad House.

BY JANE GRAY SEAVER.

It was a dark and gloomy day that my Uncle John was buried. The steady rain drops pattered against the window panes, and the wind moaned piteously through the long gallery where hung the ancestral portraits of the Arneaux family.

Beneath the windows, hung with rich damask opening upon the wide marble hall, stood the silver-mounted casket which contained the mortal remains of my only friend. The friends had not begun to assemble, and I crept stealthily in to take a long and loving farewell of my much beloved uncle. Flowers were scattered in profusion upon the costly casket. Uncle John was fond of flowers, and had given me a little bed in one corner of the extensive flower garden at Linwood that I might cultivate his favorites as well as my own. And every morning, when my violets and forget-me-nots were in bloom, my first care was to pluck a nice bouquet of them for his study.

"Poor, dear uncle," I whispered, touching my lips to his cold, white brow; "poor Uncle John, they have given costly exotics and other fragrant flowers, but neither violets nor forget-me-nots." And I ran out into the dripping rain and plucked a handful of his favorites, and stole back and laid them upon his breast. "Poor uncle," I again whispered, "have you forgotten your poor little Vivian, whom nobody loved but you!" A hurried step upon the marble floor admonished me that I had already lingered too long in that spot, and before I had time to secrete myself beneath the heavy hangings of the windows, my aunt seized me by the shoulder, shaking me severely, saying:

"You naughty little creature, what are you doing here, desecrating the dead with these wet, dirty flowers?" and snatching them rudely from their resting place and stamping them upon the cold, hard marble, which was neither so cold or hard as her own heart. "Go, child, instantly to the kitchen, and let me not see you here again or I will chastise you severely."

"Let me kiss my poor, dear uncle once more?" I begged, piteously.

"No, you shall not, you miserable little pauper," she hissed, with suppressed rage, into my ear. I turned to leave the hall when my attention was attracted by the rapid movement of a linden bush against the window, and a woman's face was pressed close against the panes. I had nearly shrieked, when she placed her finger warningly upon her lips, and beckoned me to her.

My aunt, so intent upon erasing all signs of my love tokens, had not noticed this side scene; so I crept out of the back door into the garden, and stood face to face with the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She was richly clad in heavy black silk, a mantle of the same material was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, her head was entirely free from covering, save the luxuriant mass of purple black hair, which hung in wavy tresses over her finely shaped neck; her eyes were large, dark, and expressive of much sorrow; whilst her face was marble white. Something in that face carried me back to my infancy; something in that voice awakened scenes long gone; and something in that gentle touch, as she laid her hand caressingly upon my head and said:

"God bless you, Vivian, darling!" carried me back to a time when a beautiful lady used to take me upon her lap, and tell me fairy tales.

"Vivian, darling, he is dead!" she exclaimed as she laid her soft hand upon my head, and pointed in the direction where the corpse was lying. "He is dead—may heaven have mercy on his soul! But he was not, as you supposed, your only friend. There are those living who love you and will see you righted. But a little while longer will you be forced to bear the scorn and contumely of those who hate you, and then justice will be done, and when that time comes you will see me again. Farewell, my precious one! Farewell, but not for a long time!" and kissing me over and over again, and pressing me warmly to her bosom, the beautiful lady disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

After my uncle's death, I was handed over entirely to the housekeeper's tender mercies, who said the mistress had told her to bring me up to be a good servant, as that would be the position in life that I would fill when I was a little older.

I was no longer allowed to share with my cousin the care and instruction of our governess, but was sent to the parish school.

My aunt would no longer call me Vivian; she said it was not an appropriate name for a servant to bear, and that hereafter I would be known by the euphonious appellation of "Hannah."

On the morning of my twelfth birthday, my aunt sent for me to come to her room.

"Close the door, Hannah," she said as I timidly entered her boudoir. "Now, come here," and as I approached, she grasped my arm harshly. "Look at Miss Eva," she said pointing to my cousin, who was seated in a little velvet easy chair at her mother's side. "Well, Hannah, you are hereafter to act as her servant. I can no longer keep you in idleness, do you hear, Hannah?" she added, giving my arm a pinch. "You are to come to her room every morning at eight—mind, you come just on the strike—give her a bath, and dress her, and see that you keep her hair curled nicely, and—here, what are you doing with this mess of stringy red hair hanging down your back?" she asked, catching my long golden ringlets in her hand, and pulling them till I cried out with pain. "Twist it up into a knot this instant, or I will cut it close to your head."

"Oh, mamma," chimed in Miss Eva, "make her cut it off; it would be so nice to dress my dolly's head with."

"Yes, Miss Eva is right; that is the best use it can be put to," said my aunt; "so bring the scissors, Hannah."

But before I had succeeded in my search for the obnoxious instruments, old John, the footman, came up to announce the arrival of two gentlemen, who desired an interview with my aunt—an interview at which, so the gentlemen said, I was to be present.

A moment later and my aunt was seated in the centre of the long room below, with me at her side. A deathly pallor usurped her natural florid complexion, her head was supported upon her right hand, whilst with the left she applied vigorously her smelling salts to her nose.

Directly in front of her were seated two gentlemen. One an elderly man, held a small roll of paper, and seemed to be leading the conversation. The other, a tall, fine looking man, with a light beard, and a pleasant hazel eye, arose as I entered, and approached me, taking my hand, and led me up in front of my aunt, saying:

"This, then, is my niece, Miss Vivian Arneaux."

"She is the child that my husband brought home soon after he brought me here, saying it was his sister's, whose parents had died, leaving her destitute," faltered my aunt.

"Well, madam," said the gentleman who had remained seated, "I am a magistrate, and can only act towards you as the law requires; and to begin, allow me to introduce to you Dr. Campbell, the head physician of a private insane asylum, who has something of interest to communicate. Now, doctor," he continued, "we will hear your testimony, if you please."

Dr. Campbell testified to the fact, that nearly eleven years previous to date, John Arneaux, Esq., had brought to his asylum a lady of great personal attractions, whom he called his wife, and whose mental faculties, so he said, had been seriously impaired since the birth of her daughter, nearly one year of age. And he now deemed it wiser to separate her from the child, who would remain under the care of the mother's nurse, an old trustworthy family servant. Also, that at the end of the the second year, the said John Arneaux came to him and announced his intention of marrying again, as there was no probability of the future recovery of his wife. He also stated that his first marriage had been a private one, and therefore he was considered a single man; and the recent death of his father had placed him in possession of Linwood Hall, where he should immediately take his bride. Dr. Campbell concluded his evidence by stating that upon one condition only had he agreed to remain quiet, and not interfere in this unholy business, namely, that he, John Arneaux, should take his child home as an adopted one, and immediately make a will by which she should be recognized as his own, to which he readily assented.

Dr. Campbell then went on to say:

"It was supposed that Mrs. Arneaux died in a state of lunacy in the asylum in which she had been placed, but such was not the case. She still lives, and is as sane this moment as myself. In fact she never was otherwise. She was placed in durance by her husband who had bribed me—God forgive me!—he having conceived an unholy passion for another woman. Come forth, Mrs. Arneaux!" he exclaimed aloud, "and claim both your child and your rightful inheritance!"

The door of the adjoining room opened, and the beautiful lady who had accosted me in the garden, came forth, and catching me to her bosom covered me with kisses.

"Now, madam," said the magistrate, addressing my aunt, "it is patent to all present that this young lady, Miss Vivian Arneaux, is the only legal heir to the estate of John Arneaux, Esq., (deceased.)"

My aunt fainted, and was borne to her room.

Aunt Mollie and old John were particularly well pleased with the turn affairs had taken, and my studies were resumed, and I was allowed to wear my hair in ringlets.

Thirty years have winged their flight to eternity since that day. A beautiful girl, another Vivian, my all, has just entered with a fresh nosegay of my favorite flowers, plucked from the same little bed which long years ago my uncle John (as I always called him) dedicated to me. And a tall manly form now stands at my elbow anxiously awaiting my pen to be laid aside.

"Come, come, Vivian," says a pleasant voice, "that will do for to-day." And a pair of warm lips touched lovingly my forehead, and I lay aside my pen.

A MENAGERIE IN A TORNADO.

The Columbus *Journal* gives details of the destruction of Van Amburg's Menagerie tent by a tornado at Belleville, Ohio, during the exhibition on October 21st. It is likely that the story is somewhat exaggerated.

It appears that on that day Van Amburg's Menagerie happened to be in the village, and in the evening an audience of some thousands of people, gathered from many miles around, had assembled to see the animals and to witness the performance advertised in connection therewith, consisting of feats of trained animals, there being no circus attached to the exhibition.

Now to understand what follows it should be understood that Van Amburg's tent is not like a circus tent, a circular wigwam affair with a single centre pole, but an immense oblong pavilion, equal in length to six circus tents joined side by side and supported by six centre poles like the six masts of the Great Eastern steamship, and innumerable smaller poles, all of which are securely fastened by guy ropes extended to stakes drived deeply in the ground. Within this pavalion, extending upon the right from the entrance, the extreme length of the tent, were the cages of the wild beasts. At the far end facing the entrance, stood the cage of the great eland and the rhinoceros, a couple of camels, tethered and the elephants, Tippoo Saib and Hannibal, Jr. Upon the opposite side were the seats for the audience, rising in tiers from the ground to the height of the tent, as is common in all traveling exhibitions. At the moment when the whirlwind struck the tent the spectators were all seated, and in the vacant space in the centre of the ground the performers attached to the menagerie had just commenced exhibition of feats by some of the dogs and ponies belonging to the establishment. There was no wind stirring, nor the slightest indication of any unusual agitation of the elements.

Outside the tent, an eye-witness informs us, five minutes before the disaster the stars were shining brightly, and scarcely a breath of air was moving. Suddenly, miles away in the distance, was seen a huge black cloud, reaching apparently from the heavens to the earth, advancing with lightning-like rapidity driving tremendous whirls of dust before it, directly toward the tent in which these unsuspicious people were so pleasantly enjoying themselves. The experienced managers saw the danger, and immediately a crowd of the men were sent inside to lower the top of the tent, so as to offer less surface to the approaching storm. But in credible as it may appear, before the audiedce had scarcely noticed the unusual movements of these men, the tornado had taken the immense tent, with its six ponderous masts, clear and clean over their heads, rising like a balloon, and falling directly afterward in the adjacent fields, a mixed and tangled mass of cloth, lumber and cordage, leaving the spectators sitting bewildered in the open air. At the same moment many of the cages were overturned—among them the dens of lions and leopards in the centre, which in their fall, crushed Langworthy, the "Lion King," under them, so that he was picked up for dead. The large elephant broke loose, and started for the open fields. All this before the people on the seats really comprehended what had happened. The next instant it seemed as if the fountains of the deep had overflowed, so heavily came the rain.

The reader can easily immagine the scene of terror which ensued. The beasts howling, women and children shrieking, the rain pouring in torrents, the night pitchy black, a mass of terrified humanity, surrounded by howling animals, frantic with excitement, and every one prey to the direct apprehension of still more terrible horrors. But so judicious were the measures taken by the managers, that of all these terrified and bewildered people, none were seriously injured except a couple of children, who, being seated high, had been struck by some of the ropes or blocks as the tents had flown over their heads. Torches were soon produced, order restored, and in an hour the men were busily employed in repairing the damage to the tent, so that on the following day the company exhibited, as advertised, in the town of Mount Vernon, many miles distant. Langworthy's injuries were not so serious as at first supposed, and he was enabled to resume his performances, at Newark, on Monday last.

— The *Bee* wants the National Capital removed to Philadelphia, where it was called

JEREMY TRAIN—HIS DRIVE.

It was Jeremy Train who sat down to his tea
In his holiday clothes, looking prim as could be.
The cravat on his neck had a marvelous tie,
And his boots were as bright and as black as his eye,
And his whiskers and hair, which were turning to gray,
Had been colored and curled at the barber's that day;
And forgetting a little bald spot on his head,
And a stoop in the back, any one would have said
That the hearty old drover had seen less of life,
By a dozen of years, than his sad little wife.

Mistress Barbara Train sat and served him his toast
As polite as a princess, but pale as a ghost.
There was a fire in her eye which her tears could not quell,
And a pain in her heart which her tongue might not tell;
For she loved the old drover too well, and she knew
She had ceased to be charming and he to be true;
And she saw at a glance, as she handed his tea,
That his dress was for somebody younger than she,
And was not for a man. Alas! who could it be?

Naughty Jeremy Train, you had better refrain,
For the wind has turned east: it is going to rain.
It is cruel to harness your delicate mare,
And expose her to-night to this terrible air.
Oh! the night will be fearful: the night will be dark:
You will come to some evil, believe me: and hark!
How the storm-wind comes on through the woods with its roar!
How it buffets your windows and bangs at your door!
How the sky gathers blackness from minute to minute!
Forbear! There are mischief and misery in it.

"Every drover must look to his bargains, you know;
And Mackay has a heifer, as clean as a doe
And as plump as a partridge. He wishes to sell,
And the evenings are long, and perhaps it's as well
Just to fasten the trade when one finds him inclined;
But our farmer Mackay often changes his mind."

'Twas a truth that he told to the questioning eye
Of his wife, but it artfully covered a lie.
Well she knew that old Train was a slippery chap;
But she brought out his dreadnaught, and fastened his cap,
And she held to the window her flickering light
As he passed o'er the threshold out into the night.
Then the dear little soul, with a sigh and a groan,
Hurried back to her knitting and thinking alone.

Ay, the evenings were long, but her thoughts were the same,
With their griefs and regrets and their anger and shame;
And they brought her too soon to the merciless keep
Of a pillow that knew not the secret of sleep.
She remembered the days when her features were young,
And when Jeremy wooed with his smooth-going tongue;—
When her form was as bright as a fay's in the dance,
And the thrill of her voice and the light of her glance
Called her suitors around her, with hearts in their hands,
And with feet swift to answer her lightest commands.
Well-a-day! That was past, and could ne'er come again
To the desolate lot of old Barbara Train!

Then she reddened with anger to think that the charms
She had borne, pure as snow, to her Jeremy's arms,
And had held for his own, in the truth of a wife,
Till they faded away in her vanishing life,
Were the sum and the substance of all he had sought;
While her delicate soul, with its feeling and thought,
And her heart, with its loyal affection and trust,
Like the husks of sweet fruit, had been trod in the dust.

Then her eyes filled and flowed with the tenderest tears
As she called back to mind all the beautiful years
When her children were round her, a clamorous brood,
And when she like a bird-mother brought them their food,
Until one and another spread wings for their flight,
Some to build other nests in the world, or to share,
And the rest to fly upward: her heart told her where.

But in all of her musings, whatever their hue,
She was haunted that night by a face that she knew,—
By the mischievous face of sweet Maggie Mackay—
Which returned every time that she drove it away,
And persisted in coming till, vexed with herself,
Dear old Barbara Train laid her work on the shelf
And her hand on the Bible, and started to read;
But the first words she said were—"*a heifer indeed.*"

From "Jeremy Train—His Drive," an illustrated Poem in Scribner's Monthly for November.

How One Thousand Dollars In Greenbacks "Went Up."

On Friday night last, says the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, a drover named Bear, hailing from Greene county, called at Mr. Portzer's hotel, at the East Liberty cattle yards, and asked for a private room. Mr. Porzer said he had no private room but would give him a bed with two gentlemen whom he knew to be honest. Bear said he had a thousand dollars in money and a check for one thousand dollars on the Waynesburg Bank which he carried in a belt around his body. On being assured that his room mates were honest he retired. Saturday morning he arose and went out into the yard, when he made the fearful discovery that his belt was gone. He had not thought of it while dressing, or before leaving his room. He hastened at once to Mr. Portzer, and reported that he had been robbed. A great hubbub was raised; the room mates were suspected by Bear, and in turn they suspected that Bear was "playing off." He was too much alarmed and excited, however, not to have been actually robbed, and failing to find any clue to the money, he went to the telegraph office to telegraph stoppage of payment of the check at Waynesburg. As he put his hand into an inside pocket in his vest, to get small wallet which he carried there, he felt something familiar—it was the end of his belt, which had become loose and worked up his back! And this was the way the thousand dollars in greenbacks "went up." Bear had to "come down" handsomely, make all amends possible, and "stood treat all around."

— The Philadelphia City Councils are again agitating the subject of a paid fire department.

— It is said that about 8000 Deputy Marshals will be sworn in by election day, in New York.

— In Philadelphia some of the fire underwriters are getting scared at the heavy losses of the last two years, and fifteen foreign companies have withdrawn their agencies.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* claims for George A. Gray, Jr., of that city, the honor of conceiving the idea of the Gatling gun or mitrailleuse. The first one was constructed there in 1861.

—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has a libel suit on hand, J. W. Sewell claiming that that journal damaged his character to the extent of $50,000, by stating that he was acquitted on a charge of adultery by a legal trick. Sensitive Sewell!

Last year San Francisco exported 7,800,000 sacks of wheat, the most of it the product of California. In 1869 the wine product of the State was 4,000,000 gallons, and this year it will be about 7,000,000 gallons; and it is estimated that there are now $30,000,000 in growing wine in the State.

—A child was lately born at Montague, Mich., without arms, but with appendages like the wing of a bird, with a thumb and forefinger at either appendage, but in all other respects a well developed male child. It lived twelve days and weighed twenty-four pounds.

—By the returns now in from the South it is evident that no Southern State will show a large increase of population except Texas. The gain in the whole territory south of the Potomac and the Ohio, exclusive of Missouri, is not likely to excel a million and a half, or thirteen per cent. Missouri has gained about half a million, but nearly the whole of this came from the north or from Europe.

—A New Jersey paper tells how champagne is made from cider. A barrel of cider, costing say $6, will yield one hundred and twenty bottles of champagne, which, at say $3 per bottle, will sell for $360 by the addition of a little Rhine wine, alcohol, sugar, and carbonic acid gas. And now, it says, cider has its imitators in turn. The bogus cider makers buy dried apples and soak them. The water is mixed with alcohol, simple syrup, and carbonic acid, bottled, and sold for cider.

—There is to be a lively suit over the Astor House. The Stetsons pay $55,000 a year rent, and their lease has yet five years to run. The Western Union, it appears, offered $70,000 a year to Wm. B. Astor, who, because the present proprietors of the hotel happened to be somewhat in arrears for rent, agreed to transfer the lease without the knowledge of the Stetsons. As soon as they were informed of this emphatically "snap judgment," they promptly discharged the debt they owed, and insist upon their right to keep the house until their lease has expired. The Western Union Directors declare that Astor has fully committed himself to them, and if they do not get the hotel they will demand of the millionaire at least $100,000 in damages.