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ROBERT IREDELL, JR., PUBLISHER,
ALLENTOWN, PA.

The Lehigh Register.

VOL. XXV. ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1871. NO. 49.

ROBERT IREDELL, JR.
Plain and Fancy Job Printer,
No. 603 HAMILTON STREET,
[A]LLENTOWN, PA.
ELEGAN[T] [A]N[D] 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.

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

Union Street, near Lehigh Valley Depot, Allentown.

RITTER & ABBOTT,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Outside Blinds, Inside Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets, Balusters, Pickets, Stair Railings, Window Frames, Door Frames, &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 five 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, scroll- 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

A. FILBERT. B. OTTO. G. M. OTTO. G. W. MILLER
FILBERT, OTTO & MILLER,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
WLLIAMSPORT, 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 no tice 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. E. DONAUGHEY.
oct 18 —1y

Carpets and Oil Cloth.

RICH AND ELEGANT
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &C.
S. C. FOULK.
NO. 19 S. SECOND ST., PHILA.,
(First Carpet Store below Market, East side.)
Invites attention to his splendid assortment of Imported and American CARPETS, which will be sold at a very small advance. Goods warranted as represented so that all can buy with confidence and satisfaction.
nov 23-tf

Spectacles.

SPECTACLES! SPECTACLES!!
EYE GLASSES, &c.
A large and complete assortment of all kinds of Spectacles, Eye Glasses, &c., at
CHAS. S. MASSEY'S,
NO. 23 EAST HAMILTON STREET,
ALLENTOWN, PA.
Having devoted a great deal of care and attention to the Spectacle business for the last few years, I find that my business in that line has increased so much that I have determined to make it a SPECIALTY. There is no article manufactured in which there is so much deception practiced as there is in Spectacle Glasses. Knowing that the public have been frequently humbugged by parties pretending to have a superior article of Glasses and charging exorbitant prices for them, besides trifling upon the necessities and infirmities of age, I have taken pains to select a large and complete assortment of the finest and best Glasses ever manufactured, thus affording all persons needing Spectacles an opportunity of purchasing at reasonable prices. Persons having any difficulty in being suited elsewhere will do well to give me a call, as I feel confident that no one will fail to be suited. Remember the old stand, No. 23 East Hamilton street, opposite the German Reformed Church, Allentown, Pa. jun 23 '08-tf

Clothing.

GREAT ATTRACTION!
NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
CLOTHING! CLOTHING
GRAND SPRING AND SUMMER OPENING.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
T. OSMUN & CO.,
Successors to Metzgar & Osmun.
BARGAINS
AT THE
GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM
IN REIMER'S BUILDING.
NO. 605 HAMILTON STREET,
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We would inform the citizens of Allentown and the surrounding country that we are prepared with a large stock of goods for
FALL AND WINTER WEAR,
and offer them to the public at reasonable prices. To those who buy their Clothing ready-made, they are prepared to offer BARGAINS.
WHOLE SUITS MADE TO ORDER!
COATS, PANTS AND VESTS
Cut and made in the latest style, and by the best workmen.
OUR STOCK OF
CLOTHING, CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES
is larger than it has been before, and we intend to sell at very SMALL PROFITS, and give our customers the benefit of our low purchases.
Great quantities and varieties of
NECKTIES, CUFFS, COLLARS,
And everything in the line of
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MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS' and CHILDREN'S
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
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Don't forget the place, No. 605 Hamilton street, third door above Sixth street.
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mar 24 tf

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FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
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PHILADELPHIA.
PARLOR, DINING-ROOM,
AND
CHAMBER FURNITURE.
Of the Latest Styles and Best Manufacture.
ALSO,
Feather Beds and Mattresses.
sep20-3m

CONSHOHOCKEN
BOILER AND COIL WORKS,
JOHN WOOD, JR.,
MANUFACTURER OF
TUBE, FLUE AND CYLINDER BOILERS, BATH AND STEAM CIRCULATING BOILERS.
All kinds of Wrought Iron Coils, Tuyers for Blast Furnace Gasometers, Smoke Stacks, Blast Pipes, Iron Wheelbarrows, and everything in the Boiler and Sheet Iron line. Also, all kinds of Iron and Steel Forgings and Blacksmith work, Miners' Tools of all kinds, such as Wheel Buckets, Picks, Drills, Mallets, Sledges, &c.
Having a Steam Hammer and set of tools of all kinds, and skilled workmen, I flatter myself that I can turn out work with promptness and dispatch, all of which will be warranted to be first-class.
Patching Boilers, and repairing generally, strictly attended to. apr 17

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THE TRACK!

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FOR TH
FALL AND WINTER
OF 1871!
WITH ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHOICEST STOCKS OF
DRY GOODS!
To be found in the City embracing the Latest and Newest Novelties of the Season, adaptable for Ladies' and Men's Suitings, guaranteed to be sold at
BOTTOM PRICES!
October 11-

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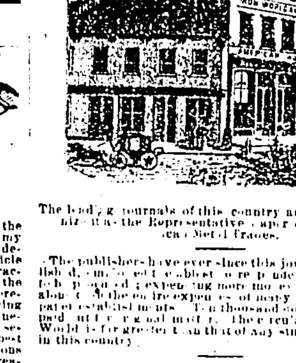

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The publishers have ever since this journal was established, made it their ablest paper, and sufficient to [illegible] expense upon [illegible] to make it the best journal in the country. [illegible] in this country.

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If you are in the metal trade, take a metal paper. It will save you more than its cost. If you are a manufacturer take the journal that advocates your interests.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS

From a large number of notices from the press, we select the following:
[From the Chicago Journal of Commerce.]
THE IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.—A Representative of American Metal Manufacturers, Workers and Dealers.—This is the title and description of a neatly printed and profusely illustrated folio of thirty six columns published by the Iron World Publishing Company, Pittsburgh. The issue before us is volume 2, No. 14. Its editorial description of manufactures, recent improvements, correspondence, market reports, etc., indicates industry and ability. It deserves the patronage of all interested in the prosperity of American manufactures in general. It will, however, be more particularly interesting to those engaged in the iron and hardware trade. Such will welcome its weekly returns as an essential aid in every department of their business.
From the Cincinnati Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bulletin.
A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER.—We are pleased to note the evidences of success in the IRON WORLD, of Pittsburgh. It is young, healthy and vigorous, and has vastly improved in appearance and tone during the past three or four months. It is now one of the most attractive business organs in the country. It is edited with marked ability, and, as its name implies, is devoted to the iron and metal interests of the country. Its market reports of metals, hardware, manufactures, &c., are very full, complete and reliable. It is paying it a high, but merited compliment, to say that it is the leading organ of the iron and metal interests of the United States. Manufacturers and metal dealers everywhere should subscribe for the IRON WORLD AND MANUFACTURER.

SAMPLE COPIES MAILED FREE.
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IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,
Iron World Building,
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THE GREAT TARIFF JOURNAL
FOR WORKINGMEN.
SENT ON TRIAL three months for 25 cents. The AMERICAN WORKING PEOPLE is one of the finest publications in the World. Contains 16 pages or 64 columns of reading matter designed to entertain, instruct and advance the best interests of workingmen.
Illustrations of prominent workingmen in each issue. Numbers to those ads of subscribers. Only $1.50 per year, or on trial three months for 25 cents. Write your name, Town, County and state plainly, enclose the money, and address
IRON WORLD PUBLISHING CO.,
IRON WORLD BUILDING, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents Wanted on Salary or Commission.
nov22-3t d nov29-tf w

DRS. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
Proprietors of the
Gallery of Anatomy and Museum of Science,
807 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.
Have just published a new edition of their lectures, containing most valuable information on the causes, consequences and treatment of diseases of the reproductive system, with REMARKS ON MARRIAGE and the various causes of the LOSS OF MANHOOD, with full instructions for its complete restoration; also a chapter on VENEREAL INFECTION, and the MEANS OF CURE, being the most COMPREHENSIVE WORK on the subject ever yet published—comprising 200 pages. Mailed free to any address for Twenty-five cents.
Address Drs. JORDAN & DAVIESON,
CONSULTING OFFICE,
1625 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.
sep 29-1y d w

ESTABLISHED IN 1819
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT.
J. & W. JONES,
No. 432 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa
BRANCH OFFICE, COR. 9TH AND VINE.
Dye Silks, Woolen and Fancy Goods of every description. [illegible] Dyeing Ladies and Gentlemen's garments [illegible] and [illegible] colors. Crape and [illegible] Shawls cleaned to look like new. Also, Gentlemen's Apparel, and Curtains, cleaned or re-dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned or dyed to look like new. Call and examine our work before going elsewhere.
aug 25-2mo w

LAST NOTICE.
Secure Your Christmas and New Year Gifts.
$1,000,000$
By the authority of the act of the Legislature of Kentucky, of March 13, 1871, the Trustees of the Public Library of Kentucky will give a
GRAND GIFT CONCERT.
AT LOUISVILLE, KY.,
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.
100,000 TICKETS OF ADMISSION, $10 EACH CURRENCY; HALF TICKETS, $5; QUARTER TICKETS, $2.50. Tickets will be sent by registered letter; the money for them may be sent by P. O. money order, greenbacks, or draft.
Each ticket consists of four quarters, value $2.50 each. The holder is entitled to admission to the Concert, and to the value of the gift awarded to it or its fraction.
$550,000 IN GREENBACKS will be distributed to holders of tickets, in gifts from $100,000, the highest, to $100 the lowest, being 721 gifts in all.
The Concert is for the benefit of the
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY
THE CITIZENS BANK OF KY. IS TREASURER. And the Corporators and supervisors are the Hon. Thomas E. Bramlette, late Governor of Kentucky, and twenty-seven of the most distinguished and respectable citizens of the State.
The undersigned, late principal business manager of the very successful Gift Concert for the benefit of the Mercantile Library at San Francisco, has been appointed Agent and Manager of this Grand Gift Concert.
The drawing and distribution will take place in public, and everything will be done to satisfy the buyers of tickets that their interests will be as well protected as if they were personally present to superintend the entire affair.
For tickets and information apply to
C. R. PETERS, 12 Main St., Louisville, Ky.
No. 8 Astor House, New York
H. N. Hempsted, No. 410 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
M. A. French, Virginia City, Nevada
M. A. Wolff, No. 316 Chestnut street, St. Louis.
Tickets also for sale in every prominent place in the U. S.
Owing to the general derangement of mails and advertisements consequent on the disastrous conflagrations in the West, the sale of tickets in that quarter is extended to Nov. 30, 1871, at which time the main office, 120 Main street, Louisville, Ky., will close for adjustment of accounts and business. No orders except by mail will be filled after Dec. 10th. The New York office will close Dec. 10th; other agencies Dec. 5th. Every ticket unsold Dec. 10th will be cancelled by its number. The drawing will take place in public, Dec. 16th, 1871, commencing at 7 a. m., and continue until the 721 gifts are awarded. Circulars of awards will be sent to every agency as soon as they can be issued. Payment of awards will commence Dec. 19, at 9 o'clock a. m. Circulars of awards will be sent to all ticket buyers as soon as possible. No order will be filled at main office or less than $10.
nov15-4w] CHAS. R. PETERS, Manager.

FURS! FURS!
LADIES, if you want to buy Furs, go to the well-known and most reliable store of
W. KEINATH,
Importer and Exporter of Furs,
710 ARCH STREET,
(OPPOSITE ST. CLOUD HOTEL,)
PHILADELPHIA,
Where you have the selection from the most extensive assortment of all descriptions at the lowest manufacturing prices.
Sets from $5.00 up to the most Costly Russian Crown Sable
HUDSON BAY and MINK SABLE,
ERMINE, CHINCHILLA, SQUIRREL, and every variety of the latest styles
SACQUES of Sealskin, Persians and Astrachan.
ALL KINDS OF FUR TRIMMING,
Also the finest assortment of FANCY ROBES, WHITE FOX, BEAVER, WHITE POLAR and BLACK BEAR, HUDSON BAY WOLF, &c.
ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.
CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE
WM. KEINATH,
No. 710 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
nov15-3m w

ALLENTOWN
ROLLING MILL CO.,
Successors to
THAYER, ERDMAN, WILSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
BRIDGE CASTINGS,
RAILROAD TURN TABLES,
MILL GEARING, SHAFTING,
Furnace, Rolling Mill and Mining Work,
&c., &c., &c.
N. B.—All work guaranteed and delivery prompt.
L. H. GROSS, Sup't.
august 9-3m w]

LADIES' FANCY FURS!
JOHN FAREIRA.
718 Arch Street,
Middle of the Block, between 7th and 8th Sts., South Side, PHILADELPHIA,
Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of
FANCY FURS
FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.
Having imported a very large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, would respectfully invite the readers of this paper to call and examine my very large and beautiful assortment of Fancy Furs for Ladies and Children. I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable House in the city. All Furs warranted. No misrepresentation to effect sales.
JOHN FAREIRA,
nov 1-3m 718 Arch St., Philad'a.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

BY J. HARVEY SMITH.

I was sitting in my study, reading Moliere, when she entered the room—perfectly unannounced at that.

I looked up, and saw an angel in white Marseilles, flounced; jaunty blue hat, about size of a saucer, tipped to one side in a most bewitchingly heart breaking manner; and she wore cream-colored kids, and carried a white pongee—taken all in all, a fairy!

She smiled at me, and held out her hand.

I took it mechanically. What did this mean?

She pouted—ah! those cherry lips!—and stamped her little No. 1 impatiently on the floor.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she said, pettishly.

I murmured that I was delighted—entranced. So I was—such visions were not of every-day occurrence to me.

"Well," said she, gleefully, "that's a comfort! Now, they told me that you wouldn't receive me—that I would be turned out of doors."

"Reptiles!" said I.

"But I came—and you're not angry?"

"Angry!"

I could say no more.

Then she walked up and down the room.

"How do you like my dress?" she asked, revolving before me as if on a pivot.

I murmured something about "angelic superbness."

"I did intend," she said, half doubtfully, to get a dress of gray satinteen, with the underskirt cut as usual, and trimmed with deep plaiting—the spaces to be filled with bias folds above the plaitings in a band of velvet silk—the over-skirt quite in front, and square—the side gores rounded up four inches longer, and looped up into a jonnier. That, with a pretty little sacque with open sleeves, trimmed to match the under-dress, would be nice, wouldn't it?"

I murmured an unqualified assent—not that I understood what she was talking about, for she uttered the full description in one breath; but then I didn't know what I was saying.

"But," said she, "I bought this Marseilles because I like it. Don't you?"

"I admire your taste," I said faintly; for I was fast losing my senses, through wondering as to who and what she was.

"You're a dear, good fellow!" said she, rapturously; "and I know we'll get on famously together.

So she intended to stay here! I was getting into very deep water!

"Now, then," she continued, "show me some place to put my things, and then you and I will have a talk."

I mechanically pointed out a small room opening out of the library. She hurried in. I sat like a statue carved from adamant. Deeper water.

Presently she returned, divested of little hat, pongee and kids. Dainty and jaunty as the little hat was, it never could be such a head dress as that curly black head of hair; and the bare hand was certainly prettier and its dimples showed better than when gloved. I could not speak—I only looked.

She cast a searching glance around the library.

"Horrid dirty!" she said, disdainfully.

"When has it been cleaned?"

"About a year ago," said I meekly.

She gave vent to a pretty little scream.

"A year? Shocking! Oh, I couldn't sit down in a room that hasn't been cleaned for a year! This must be put to rights."

She said this in a very determined tone, and then set to work. She converted my linen coat into an apron, tied a cunning little handkerchief over that pretty head, and snatching up the fly duster, dusted away valiantly—raised a cloud of dust in which I sat gazing on the vision! What did all this mean? I consulted Moliere, my standing authority, but Moliere could give no explanation. Could she be an angel, sent to cast a ray of light over my dismal path of life? Perhaps! but did angels wear white Marseilles, and talk about satinteens and jonniers? Impossible! It must be a dream.

She suddenly paused, and came to me through the cloud, and held out her arms, and said.

"Roll up my sleeves, please. I can work better with them up."

I did roll the white sleeves up, and then immediately scouted the idea of its being a dream. Could I dream of such arms, with such a beautiful dimple in the elbow?

Certainly not! They were real! I did not think that a sculptor would have been proud to have them for a model, because I was morally certain that any sculptor would have been distracted at the sight, and have dropped his chisel, despairing of ever doing them justice.

And then she dusted, and while she dusted she sang. What a voice! Don't mention Nilson—I won't hear of it!

And then she drew up a chair, and sat down beside me, having first removed the handkerchief and the improvised apron. Then she shook her curls and addressed me.

"My dear uncle, let us have a talk."

Her uncle! If my heart had suddenly changed to a lump of lead, it couldn't have sunk any quicker then it did then!

"You know," she continued, "that you wrote me a letter saying that you considered it best for me to stay at the farm until you wrote again. But, then, I didn't want to stay; I felt so lonely away out there, hardly seeing a new face once a month, for the twelve years I have been there—for you know you left me there when I was six years old. Well, I thought I would come up to the city; so I took the fifty dollars and bought this suit. Mrs. March picked it out for me. You know she has been in the city, and so I came; and you're not angry, are you? Because, if you are, I'll go right back again, uncle—indeed I will!"

My feeling during this brief speech had been very painful. I gradually awoke to the fact that it was all a blunder—that the visit of this angel was not intended for me, and I felt very bitter over the discovery; but my duty was plain.

"My dear child," said I, humbly, "will you have the kindness to inform me what your name is?"

She opened her eyes, and then laughed.

"Why," she said, "surely you cannot have forgotten me? Little Bess, you know.

"Little Bess?" I repeated.

"Bessie Ludlow," she said, gravely. "Your niece."

"No," said I, sadly; "not my niece. I have no niece! There has been some error. My name is Floyd."

"Then," said she, "you are my uncle—Mr. Richard Floyd. I saw the name on the door, and I came in. Now you do remember me, don't you?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Ludlow," said I, calmly, "but I am not your uncle. You saw the name of 'R. Floyd' on the door; my name is Robert."

"Then," said she, helplessly. "where is my uncle?"

I felt bound to confess my ignorance, whereat she sat looking incredulous. I explained that, strange as it might seem, I did not know everybody personally who happened to rejoice in the same surname as myself.

"But," I said, cheerfully, seeing her look blank, "we can soon find out. Here is a directory. Now your uncle's name is Richard Floyd?".

"Yes."

"His occupation or profession?"

"Eh?"

"What does he do for a living?"

"Nothing. He's rich—awful rich!"

"Ah! a gentleman? Behold! two Richard Floyds, both gentlemen. Let us hope they are. Now get ready and we'll go and find your uncle."

She stood by my side in the street, and looked ten times more bewitching than ever. We walked along the streets, and how my male friends stared and wondered and envied me.

We found the first Mr. Floyd just stepping into his carriage, in front of his house. He was big, pompous and vulgar. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your niece, Mr Floyd," I said, and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

"Nothing of the kind—not my niece, an adventuress, no doubt. You're a swindler, I suppose. Drive on."

I inwardly vowed to assassinate that man some dark night. My companion grasped her pongee fiercely.

"Oh, I could beat him!" she said, savagely.

I trembled at this outburst.

"But, however," she said, laughing, "that's not my uncle. He's a very quiet man. I saw him about eleven years ago. He only came to see me once—I suppose because I am a poor relation."

Here she laughed, as if being a poor relation was something funny—which it isn't.

Then we tried the second Mr. Floyd; he was the uncle. We found him reading a book of sermons.

I accosted him, introduced myself and his niece. Then I explained everything, and turned to go.

He stopped me, and inquired if I would do him a favor.

I answered that I would.

"Then," said he, calmly, "take this young lady and put her in the cars. I desire her to return immediately to Cedar Farm."

"Uncle!" said she.

"Niece!" said he. "Do as I bid you—I am your only friend. Don't make me your enemy by foolishness. Stay at Cedar Farm, and I am your friend; leave Cedar Farm, and you may regret it! Go!"

We went

She sobbed. (Looked prettier than ever.)

"I can't go back," she wailed. "They don't know I left. I'm afraid to go back."

"Then," said I, "what will you do?"

"I don't know," she said defiantly—(prettier still.) "But I won't go back!"

I found myself in a nice predicament—young lady, aet 18, on my hands, a bachelor, aet 30. What was I to do?

A sudden thought! I would!

"My dear," said I, "I will take care of you."

"You!" (Astonished and prettier.)

"Yes, I! Marry me! Instead of my niece, be my wife. Will you?"

She could not give an answer immediately. Such important questions require deliberation. She was silent for two minutes, and then she said:

"I like you."

"Bless you!" said I.

"And you want some one to take care of you?"

"I do."

"I will marry you, for that room isn't half dusted."

She was angelic! She was an angel! I embraced the angel!

"And that little room is such a cunning little one!"

Words fail to express how handsome she was!

We are married!

And that's the way it happened.

APPRENTICES TO TRADE.

The Bad Effect of Trades-Unions.

We copy the following common-sense view of a very important question from the Mechanic's Advocate, an excellent paper, edited and published by bona fide mechanics, and not, as is so often the case with workingmen's journals, by noisy demagogues who never did a day's honest work of any kind:

The Chicago Tribune has an energetic article on the subject of the stringent rules in regard to apprentices adopted by the trades-unions. It speaks of the difficulty encountered by the boys of Chicago in getting employment. It says there are hundreds of boys in that city, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who daily go from store to store, and office to office, anxiously and often piteously seeking employment. Assuming that there are five thousand boys in that city, of a proper age to learn a mechanical trade, the Tribune says if they were all presented to employers it is not likely that more than one in a thousand, or five out of the five thousand, could find an employer who would dare give him a place, and why? The Tribune thus answers: "The right to apprentice oneself and to learn a trade is no longer recognized in the United States. Boys may present themselves by legions, employers cannot take them except at the risk of closing their shops and having no other workmen." The Tribune adds:

"The trades unions of the country have enacted laws which exclude all except a limited number of boys from the mechanical trades. Each trade has prescribed the number of apprentices who shall be permitted to work. Thus in one trade, the allowance will be one apprentice to five journeymen; in others, one apprentice to ten journeymen; and this limitation is not regulated by the aggregate number of journeymen, but to the number employed in any one shop, or by any one master. Thus where the regulation is that one apprentice shall be allowed to every five journeymen, if there be six, seven, eight or nine journeymen in that shop, only one apprentice can be employed. If the employer have ten journeymen, and thus be entitled to take two apprentices, and for want of work, or other reason, should discharge one journeyman, he must also discharge one apprentice. Ordinarily, under that limitation, where their are two hundred workmen of a particular trade engaged in a city, there ought to be forty boys learning the business; but, in fact, these workmen being distributed in irregular numbers, in thirty or forty shops, it may happen, and as a rule is the case, that the number of apprentices does not exceed twenty. In all shops employing less than the regular number of journeymen, no apprentice is allowed; and that in ten shops employing four journeymen each, not an apprentice can be found, nor would one be tolerated."

We often hear exhortations from the press and other sources to the youth of the country, "Learn a useful trade." It is good advice, for every community abounds with idle boys, and with those who are not idle but cannot find appropriate employment. Thus it is not so easy to learn a trade as it is supposed. The rules of the trades-unions obstruct the way of the youth of the country to useful avocations. In the professions and other pursuits the bars are down, and any one who will may enter. It is true the consequence is that they are overstocked, but no one suffers thereby except the incompetent and the unworthy. The trades-unions, however, embarrass and restrict the industrial energies of the community, and multiply the number of idlers and drones. Nay, multitudes of robust youths are growing up with nothing to do, exposed to the temptations incident to idleness, and destined, perhaps, to prey upon the community in some way, even if it be by ending their days in the penitentiary. There is no more unjustifiable and demoralizing monopoly than that of a right to follow a trade.

THE MESSAGE.

When in any State paper every sentence is a text, says the Press, it is difficult to write upon it within the limits of a newspaper article. This is most emphatically the case with the President's message. It is a model business paper—a compression of facts that reads like an invoice. Every word means something, and every sentence tells or suggests something. It is a paper clear, comprehensive, and concise, which every voter can read and ought to read; and than this no higher praise can be awarded.

Let us briefly etch the main grand features of the message:

First. General Grant—and Pennsylvania thanks him therefor—takes a bold and decided stand on the question of Protection. His financial policy having resulted in a reduction of the debt so gratifying that it calls for a reduction of taxation, the President recommends that in readjusting the tariff it be done so as not to disturb home production or reduce the wages of the American laborer. For this recommendation the President will be remembered in the workshops and at the firesides of hundreds of thousands of grateful men.

Second. The President stands now, as in the past, on his tried old platform of the "Enforcement of the Laws." The Kuklux of Carolina and the polygamists of Utah alike must render obedience to the United States statutes no matter how local custom, or passion, or pride may conflict.

Third. The President presses in a variety of shapes his already historic policy of Retrenchment and Economy. The national debt has been reduced during the year eighty-six millions and by this reduction of principal and the refunding of a portion of the loan the annual interest account has been lessend nearly seventeen millions. The magnificent exhibit alone should satisfy the country on this point, but the message throughout abounds in practical and pregnant suggestions and recommendations in the way of economical management and the saving of outlay and of force.

Fourth. The President makes haste to lift from the shoulders of the people the burdens of the war. The message recommends, in view of the rapid diminution of the debt, the abolition of all internal revenue taxes, save those on liquors, tobacco and stamps. This sweeps away the income tax—the tax on the bonds and securities of corporations, which trammels the investment of personal property, the blood of the nation—and simplifies at a dash the whole system, sweeping away nearly the entire cumbrous machinery of war taxation. Another term of Grant, and we may almost hope to extinguish the fatal legacy of the dying Democratic party.

Fifth. General Grant carries the flag of Radical Reform. Nearly every paragraph reveals how its author is instinct with the life of progress. He declares:

For stringent legislation providing against the dealing in or ownership of slave property by American citizens in any country;

For the more practical recognition of the brotherhood of man in our diplomatic relations with the Asiatic races;

For the postal telegraph reform, and

For civil-service reform, which he declares "shall have a fair trial."

Could there be any better evidence that our political chief, now as when leading the army, is heading the advance of the country?

TRAIN.

A wild Nashville man thus writes up this singular fellow:—Those who have not seen him ask what he is like? He's like everything. He's a simoom of India—a gentle zephyr from the downs of Devon; a whirlpool off the coast of Norway—an eddy in a New England trout brook; a tornado from the plains of Texas—a soothing, summer breeze from the hop-yards of Minnesota; an incarnate denunciation—a merciless, sweeping Iconoclast; a Miser in praise—a Prodigal in abuse; a modern reversed Atlas, who stands on, instead of carrying the world; an overpowering Egotist, without vanity; the very lightning bug of possible reformations; the Modern Hercules, who undertakes the job of cleansing the Augean stables of society, government, religion, morals, law, physic, education—everything. He's the Credit Mobilier; the Credit Foncier; the prospective sextillionaire; the next President of the United States; the embodiment of International; a huge Syndicate, a *blasé* traveler, who has seen this little world, and who aspires to a jaunt over Saturn and adjacent planets. He's the chain-lightning orator of the new dispensation; he's the reckless bull in the chinashop of the world; he's a Rochefort on a big scale; a little Commune all by himself; he's a self-winding machine, continually throwing off intellectual pyrotechnics, and gathering them broadcast over the world; he's a human mower and reaper—mowing down (in his imagination) follies and errors, blunders and iniquities, and reaping all the fame that comes from the improvements time works in its natural course; he is, in fact—Train, and nothing but Train; the only living Train, who, when dead, can never have an imitator.

AN amusing instance of Hibernian simplicity is given in the following little story told us by a friend, in words we give it:

Molly, our housemaid, is a model one, who takes the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has abhorrence of dirt and a sympathy for soapsuds that amounts to a passion. She is a blustering, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, blundering Hibernian, who hovers about our book-shelves, making war upon our love papers, in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners.

One day she entered our library in a confused and uncertain manner, quite different from her usual boasting way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held out arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she said:

"An' it plaze your honor, I'm a poor girl as hasn't much larnin', an' ye sees, plaze yer honor, Paddy O'Reilly (an' the better than him doesn't brathe in ould Ireland) has been writin' me a letter—a love-letter, plaze yer honor—an'—an'—"

We guessed her embarrassment, and ventured to relieve it by offering to read it for her. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton between her fingers.

"Sure," she resumed, "an' that's jist what I want; but it isn't a gentleman like yourself that would be liking to know the secrets between us, an' so"—here she twined the cotton quite nervously—"if it will only plaze yer honor, while yer reading it, so that you may not hear it yerself, ye'll jist put this bit of cotton in yer ears an' stop up yer hearin', an' thin our secrets'll be unknown to ye."

We hadn't the heart to refuse her, and, with the gravest face possible, complied with her request; but often since we have laughed heartily as we related the incident.

The Prince of Wales is considered out of danger.

Two additional Spanish vessels have arrived at Port-au-Prince, but no hostile demonstration has been made against the Hornet.

The broken West India cable has been recovered.

A woolen mill has been burned at London, Ohio.

Several marine disasters are reported on the Lakes.

An Example for Would-be Suicides.

The Courier-Journal relates the following suggestive incident:

There is a gentleman of the middle age, who might be summoned as a witness for a walk of half a block, who assures us that there 's never any sense in self-destruction. He declares that when he was a young man he was madly in love. His love was returned and there was every prospect of a happy result. Of a sudden, however, an event came to pass which put marriage out of the question. So what did this young gentleman (we mean the middle aged gentleman who was at this time indicated a young gentleman), what did this young gentleman do?

This is what he did. He went and purchased him two horse-pistols; he dressed himself in his handsome suit of clothes, and called at the farm house which sheltered the object of his heart's desire. It was a moonlight summer night. So what did this infatuated young man ask the young lady to do? He asked her to take a walk. The young lady—she was a very proper young lady and loved this young man quite to distraction—assented of course, and they strolled. They strolled into a deep wood "far from the haunts of men" and out of reach "of any voice or eye." They sat down upon a log, and the young gentleman very plainly told this young lady that they could never be man and wife, and all the whys and wherefores, which were, indeed, conclusive. The young lady, like an affectionate, dear girl as she was, began to cry, whereupon our hero produced his two horse-pistols, loaded down to the muzzle with buck shot.

"Susan," says he, and there was solemnity in his voice, and a terrible earnestness in his eye. "Susan," says he.

Susan looked up, frightened to behold the murderous weapons gleaming in the moonlight.

"What are you going to do?" says she.

"I am going to get over this in thirty minutes," he says sternly, taking out his watch, "and you shall do the same thing, or I'll kill you first and then kill myself. I mean it, Susan. Don't doubt it."

She did not. She sat and mused, and he sat and meditated, and time ran along with the moonbeams, that trotted round the watch-dial. At the end of twenty-nine minutes he said: "Time's up. I believe I had rather live without you, Susan, than die with you. What do you say?"

"Them's my sentiments," says Susan.

"Good," says the infatuated young man, replacing his watch in his vest pocket and firing off the two horse pistols in the air. "Let's go home and say no more about it."

They went home. Susan was married to another gentleman inside a year. Our hero is still a bachelor—a jolly bachelor—with plenty of money and friends and health; and he says now and then, referring to this episode in his young career: "Now, wouldn't I have been a blarsted fool if I had let the thirty minutes run out? Why, sir, Susan is old, fat and ugly, and has nine children; and as for me—why, I feel as young as a gal with ribbons."

Certainly the gentleman does, and is moved beside by the sweet consciousness of having saved not only his own life, but the life of an innocent young woman, and the lives of nine innocent young children, by an act of severe, but practical wisdom and virtue; and which is commended to all seekers after suicide.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of our delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
At interest four fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers.
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And my word, for it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying with a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the papers and I read.
Of some new pills in force:
He bought a box—and he is dead!
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew two men, as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the paper, and his life
Is happier than a King's,
His children can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down, and broke his crown
And killed him—"very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Not from the printers sneak,
Because you borrowed from his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due;
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

TWO WOMEN FIGHTING A BEAR.

An Alarm from the Pig-pen—Two Women go to the Rescue—In the Clutches of the Bear—The Escape.

For the past six weeks the neighborhood of Otter's Hole, on the southern confines of Delaware county, New York, has been pestered with bears. Not unfrequently these animals have made their appearance among the people. A few have been shot by the hunters. On Thursday one of these gruff customers visited the farm of Jacob Beardsly, a sort of farmer, hunter, and woodman, who has for nearly twenty years occupied a small clearing in Otter's Hole.

The sun was behind the mountains, but it was not yet dark. Mr. Beardsly was in the woods nearly two miles distant. Mrs. Beardsly and her daughter, a girl of sixteen, were in the house. The pigs in the pen behind the dwelling were squealing for their evening meal. The daughter of the farmer was preparing the food, and was in the act of picking up the swill pail to go to the pig pen, when the dog set up a loud barking behind the house. At the same time the whine of the pigs was changed from the monotonous call for food to a fierce cry of terror.

A BEAR IN THE PIG PEN.

Mrs Beardsly told her daughter that the dog was worying the pig, and at once went to the back door to call the dog away. She was surprised to see a bear attempting to get out of the pig pen. He had a shote weighing perhaps eighty pounds under his arm. The dog was trying to prevent Bruin's departure, while the unfortunate pig was squealing with all his might and endeavoring to wriggle from the uncomfortable hug of the bear. Mrs. Beardsly and her daughter took in the situation at a glance. As there were no men about the place to call for help, Mrs. Beardsly grabbed a small iron bar, such as is used in loading flag-stones, and went for the bear. The daughter followed her with an axe. They ran out to the pig-pen and began an indiscriminate attack on the bear. This attack greatly encouraged the dog, who forthwith sprang into the pen and grappled with Bruin. The bear finding himself sorely pressed, released his hold on the pig and closed in with the dog. Unfortunately for Towser, he was, in an unguarded moment, caught in the embrace of the bear. He let out a series of howls that moved the hearts of the two women.

A GIRL'S HAND TO HAND FIGHT WITH THE BEAR.

The girl, axe in hand, sprang lightly into the pig pen, and with a well-directed blow caused the brute to loosen his hold on the dog. But matters were fast growing worse. No sooner was the dangerous animal forced to drop the dog than he turned fiercely on the brave girl. The fight became desperate. The axe was swung vigorously, but his bearship easily warded off the blows with his fore paws and fast pressed the girl into a corner, where she could no longer defend herself. Meanwhile the dog renewed his attack in the rear of the bear, but without effect. The monster succeeded in getting the girl in his fearful embrace. The mother was standing outside of the pen. Seeing the desperate situation of her daughter, she jumped into the sty, and with the iron bar dealt terrible blows on the head and neck of the savage beast. These blows, together with the onset made by the dog, caused the bear to forego his murderous intentions toward the girl. She escaped from his clutches with her dress almost torn from her person and bleeding from wounds inflicted in the struggle. Again she took the axe and with true courage kept up the fight.

FLIGHT AND DEATH OF THE BEAT.

The bear now became alarmed. With a single bound he went over the edge of the pig pen, the dog hanging to his hind quarters. When but a few feet from the pen, the bear once more turned on his tormentors, and would without doubt have vanquished his foes, had it not been for the timely arrival of two men, who, while passing the farm house had heard the noise of the fight. They were on their way home from the wood lot, where they had been working during the day. One of them had a rifle on his shoulder, and without ceremony he put an end to the struggle by shooting the bear. The women were then looked after. The young girl was so severely hurt that she was unable to help herself out of the pen. She was carried to the house, and one of the men went to the nearest neighbors for assistance. Both mother and daughter were found to be suffering intensely from excitement. Proper restoratives were administered, and they passed the night comfortably. At last accounts both of them were able to be about the house as usual.

THE BEAR

weighed 242 pounds. The carcass was divided up among the neighbors, who not only appreciated the savory meat but loudly praised the heroic actions of Miss Beardsly and her mother.

A SINGLE bad man may give an evil name to a whole neighborhood, a corrupt municipality may inflict injury upon a nation. Thus the American character, which on the continent of Europe has always had an unenviable notoriety for extravagance, is now, in consequence of the rascalities of Tweed and his fellow robbers, in danger of being also saddled with a reputation for downright dishonesty. M. Paul du Chaillu, who has lately returned from a visit to Sweden, states that even the peasants of that country are well acquainted with the fact that some twenty millions of dollars have been stolen from the citizens of New York, and that they shrewdly add that no one will go to prison for it. The name of Tweed is said to be as well known as that of Judas, and to be held in pretty much the same odor. When Reuter, the continental news agent, sent over Europe the news of Tweed's re-election, the liberal journals of Belgium, France and Germany mourned over it as a triumph of crime, while the conservative press cited it as a proof that the American people were not capable of self government. Notwithstanding the reform victory in New York, it will be some time before we recover from the injury inflicted upon us in this way by the misdoings of the Tammany gang, while if, after all the show that has been made of bringing them to book, they should be allowed to escape without punishment, a blow will be stricken at free institutions which will echo around the world.—*Scranton Republican.*

STEWART'S HOME

The Workingwomen's Hotel, now in course of erection by A. T. Stewart, on Fourth avenue and Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, New York, will, when completed, be, without, the largest building of the kind in the world.

The building is seven stories high, and has a frontage on Fourth avenue of 168 feet 6 inches by 200 feet on Thirty-second and Thirty third streets. In the centre is an open court yard 80 feet square. The roof, which is nearly completed, is the latest improved Mansard. There will be 500 rooms in the hotel, capable of accomodating 1100 ladies. The four immense elevators for the accomodation of the boarders will be worked by steam. All the walls throughout the building are two feet four inches thick, and fire proof, the best cement, instead of lime, being used in their construction.

The principal part of the building is of iron, of which several thousand of tons have been used. Although the work is being pushed forward as fast as safety will allow, the immense structure cannot be made ready for occupation before the spring of 1873. The hotel will be conducted on the European plan and will be open to all working women of good character, who will be provided with every comfort on the lowest possible scale of prices. Attached to the hotel will be sewing and reading rooms, furnished with books and papers in every language.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7—Both houses of Congress adjourned until Monday. At Thursday's session very little business of importance was transacted in the House, that body being occupied the whole of the morning in the reading of the postal codification bill, and holding no afternoon session. The Senate session was given up to the introduction of miscellaneous bills, one being to regulate the pay of commanding officers, another fixing the salaries of certain officials in the executive departments, and a third to reduce the rates of correspondence by telegraph and to connect the telegraph with the postal service. All of them were tabled. Mr. Scott called up his resolution for the arrest of contumacious witnesses in North and South Carolina, the discussion on which continued until the recess, after which an executive session was held.

JUDGMENT has been given in Philadelphia against City Treasurer Mercer, which will do much to save the city from future peculations. The jury found him guilty on five counts. A motion for a new trial being made, Mercer renewed his bail—the sum of $100,000. Judge Paxson instructed the jury to inquire who has charge of the city money, as Mercer has been pronounced a defaulter and no successor has been appointed. We are glad to see the work of purification commenced thus early in Philadelphia. The signs of the times are favorable to reform and if the people continue to assert their rights; we may expect some day, to see our Legislature something else than a tool in the hands of corrupt men.