JEWELRY, &c.

OXTOBY & DUFFIELD

104 MARKET STREET,

Below McLure House.

American and Foreign

WATCHES,

Plain and Ornamental

CLOCKS,

Every Style and Shape of

JEWELRY,

Gold, Silver and Steel

SpectacleS,

&c., &c., &c.,

At Wholesale and Retail.

☞Special attention given to the repair of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, &c. All work guaranteed. Jan15

GROCERIES.

CORN! CORN! CORN!

WINSLOW'S

CELEBRATED CORN,

FOR SALE BY

D. K. IRWIN & CO.

nov19

PRIME NEW CROP NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES—400 barrels of the above direct from Louisiana Plantations, now arriving and for sale by PAXTON & OGLEBAY.

NEW CROP NEW ORLEANS SUGAR.—A few hogsheads arriving; also, Porto Rico and Refined Sugars, on hands and for sale by PAXTON & OGLEBAY.

SUNDRIES—SUNDRIES.

150 Bags Rio Coffee.
200 Packages Bright and Black Tobaccos.
75 Barrels Fine and Extra Syrups.
200 " Family Flour.
50 " Flint Hominy.
Mackerel, Herring and Codfish.
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas.
Sodas, Indigos, Spices and Es's Coffee.
Choice Factory and Goshen Cheese.
Rice, N. C. Tar and Carbon Oil.
Soaps, Candles, Lead, Shot and Powder.
White Beans, Starch, Batting, Buckets, Tubs and Washboards.
With many other articles, on hand for sale by dec15 PAXTON & OGLEBAY.

C. H. BOOTH & CO.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

FAMILY GROCERIES,

BOAT STORES, PRODUCE,

FRESH AND CURED MEATS, LAKE ICE, CANNED FRUITS, &c.,

Corner of Monroe and Water Streets,

WHEELING, W. VA.

In connection with the house there is a Wharf Boat, and it is the design of the firm to do a Forwarding and Commission and Storage Business, act as Steamboat Agents and furnish all desirable information pertaining thereto. jy14

HENRY K. LIST, GEO. H. PARKS, EUGENE LIST, BENJ. DAVENPORT, D. C. LIST, JR.

HENRY K. LIST & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, BACON, LARD, CHEESE, ETC.,

Corner Main and Quincy Streets,

WHEELING, W. VA.

PORK PACKING ESTABLISHMENT,

FULTON, (NEAR WHEELING.)

In succeeding to the business of the late firm of List, Morrison & Co., we desire to thank the trade for the liberal patronage extended to the house with which the senior partner has been connected for over twenty-five years.

Our long experience with the wants of the trade of this section, and our ample facilities for the transaction of the Wholesale Grocery Business, lead us to believe that we can offer inducements not surpassed elsewhere.

In connection with our regular business as heretofore, we have leased a first-class Pork Packing Establishment, and have secured the services of Mr. John Bayha, an experienced and skillfull Packer, by which arrangement we are enabled to sell Bacon, Mess Pork and Lard, at the very lowest rates, for stock of superior quality.

We intend to offer special inducements to Cash and Prompt-pay buyers. We request an examination of our stock and price list.

Jan1 HENRY K. LIST & CO.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR

New Goods,

I'll offer my entire Stock from this day till the

1st of March,

At Greatly Reduced Prices

HENRY ROEMER.

French Merino, Empress Cloth, Alpaca Luster and Poplins, reduced 25 per cent.

FURS, FURS,

A few set of Fine Pitch Furs, which I will sell for Less than cost to Close Out.

White & Col'd Blankets at Cost.

Gents' Undershirts and Drawers, Ladies Undervests, Hoop Skirts and Corsets, selling at 50 per cent less than usual prices.

HENRY ROEMER.

JUST RECEIVED.

15 Pieces, yard wide (extra quality) Bleached Muslin for 15 cents. 25 doz. red bordered Towels, cheap; a large lot New Styles of Calico; also, Handsome Styles of fine Chintz Calico; New Ginghams, best in the city for the money, 15c.

HENRY ROEMER,

No. 35, cor. Main and Biddle Streets,

ja18 CENTRE WHEELING.

PITTSBURG IRON WAREHOUSE!

METCALF & BURT,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Painters' Best Pittsburgh Iron,

NORWAY BARS, NAIL RODS,

English, Swedish and American Steel, Anvils, Bellows, Vises, Rasps, Files, Bolts, Nuts, Burdens' Horse Shoes, Forged Horse Nails, Ground Wagon Boxes, Thimble Skeins, Blacksmiths' Tools, &c. Also, Snow White and Common Lime, Hydraulic Cement, Plaster Paris, Land Plaster, &c. jan8

FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES. We are prepared to fill orders promptly for Pittsburgh or Cincinnati Safes, Vault Doors, House Safes, Iron Shutters, Doors, &c.

METCALF & BURT,

jan8 56 Main Street.

AGENCIES.—STURTEVANT'S Celebrated Fan Blowers, 'Oriental' Stoves and Furnaces, Woods' Philadelphia Ornamental Iron Works, Ohio and Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal Company. Anything in the above line furnished promptly. METCALF & BURT,

jan8 No. 56 Main Street.

DAILEY'S CITY HOTEL, (FORMERLY SPRIGG HOUSE) will be open for business on Tuesday, January 25th.

JOHN DAILEY, Proprietor.

Wheeling, Jan. 21, 1870.

The Glades Hotel at Oakland, Md., will be closed from this date until summer. jan24

CHECKS, WITH REVENUE STAMPS, neatly printed at this Office.

DRY GOODS.

STONE & THOMAS,

Golden Bee-Hive Store!

NO. 174 MAIN STREET,

WHEELING.

SECOND STOCK

—OF—

WINTER DRY GOODS

Prices Greatly Reduced!

OUR STOCK WAS NEVER LARGER OR MORE DESIRABLE.

French Merinos Reduced fully 20 per cent. Beautiful Goods, all colors, 50 to 75 cents per yard.

Silks, BLACK SILKS and DRESS SILKS down 20 per cent.

Wool Delaines, (Double Width) as low as 37½ cents.

Dress Goods Of all GRADES 20 to 40 per cent lower.

Alpaccas BEAUTIFUL LUSTRE, worth 75, at 50 cents.

Shawls, The largest and most desirable stock ever offered. Prices reduced fully one-third.

Arab Shawls Worth $10 00 at $7 00; worth $8 00 at $5 00. A choice selection of Patterns.

Repellants, 20 pieces in stock all Styles and Grades, very cheap.

Blankets Of every grade and price; the best assortment in the city.

Flannels. We keep the Heaviest and Best Bar Flannel in the city.

Prints, 10,000 yards best makes at 12½ cents.

Muslins, BLEACHED and BROWN at lowest wholesale prices

Furs In full line, for Ladies and Gents, guaranteed at less prices than any house in the city.

Carpets, OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW BLINDS, CARPET CHAIN in full line.

All Goods Sold Cheap for Cash!

Call and examine for yourselves.

dec8-d&w STONE & THOMAS.

NEW

SPRING GOODS.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

New York Mills Bleached Muslins.

"Semper Idem" and Lonsdale Muslins.

Fruit of the Loom and Wamsutta Muslins.

10-4 and 5-4 Bleached Sheetings.

Merrimac and Sprague Calicos.

Heavy Hand-wove Irish Linens.

Richardson's Fine Irish Linens.

Large Stock Jaconett and Swiss Edgings.

Fine White Ballard Vale Flannels.

Irish Poplins and other Dress Goods.

Buffalo and Silk Finished Alpacas.

Table Diapers and Toweling.

J. S. RHODES & CO.

feb5

BEFORE REMOVING TO

No. 40 Monroe Street,

One Door Below Market,

I will sell all goods at greatly reduced prices.

NEW PRINTS,
MUSLINS,
SHEETINGS,
TABLE LINENS, &c.,

Just received at

J. H. SMITH'S,

Jan31 No. 122 Main treet.

Seller's Imperial Cough Syrup.

For Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, &c. The best known Remedy for all Pulmonary Complaints. Contains no Spirituous Ingredient, and may be used in all cases with the Utmost Confidence.

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

Lenora, Michigan.

R. E. Sellers: Dear Sir—I have used Dr. Sellers' "Imperial Cough Syrup" considerably for the last year and believe it to be the best article of the kind in use, and fully equal to its recommendations.

W. B. LINCOLN, M. D.

JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, N. Y., Proprietor's Agent.

dec10-d&w

BEDCORDS—JUST RECEIVED and for sale at reduced prices, Fifty Dozen Hemp Bedcords.

mar21 CHAS. H. BERRY.

GRAND DRAWING.

GRAND

Property Distribution!

$19,000 in Real Estate!

$16,000 in Dry Goods!

$1,000 in Greenbacks!

SMALL RISKS AND LARGE PRIZES

1417 PRIZES! 18,000 TICKETS!

The Drawing to Take Place at Marietta

Positively on the 31st of March,

OR MONEY REFUNDED!

NO POSTPONEMENT FROM ANY CAUSE!

The recommendation of friends, and the suggestions of many ticket-holders, have induced us to make a change in our Schedule by increasing the number of Prizes in Dry Goods, and adding $1000 in Greenbacks. As a further assurance to ticket-holders, F. E. PEARCE, Esq., Cashier of the Marietta National Bank, has kindly consented to act as Treasurer, with whom all moneys received for Tickets will be deposited until after the drawing and the delivery of the deeds and property to the fortunate parties entitled thereto. Thus the integrity of our enterprise is fully guaranteed.

These changes necessarily require more time, and a postponement of the distribution has therefore been made. We flatter ourselves that the increased attractiveness of the schedule will be a sufficient apology.

SCHEDULE OF PROPERTY:

1 Three Story Brick Store	$16,000
1 Two Story Brick Dwelling	3,000
1 Hall's Patent Safe	250
1 Show Case	40
1 Lot of Desks, Show Cases, &c	75
1 Platform Scale	35
2 Packages Dry Goods, $1,000	2,000
5 " " " 500	2,500
1 " " "	300
4 " " " 250	1,000
1 " " "	400
10 " " " 200	2,000
2 " " " 150	300
15 " " " 100	1,500
20 " " " 50	1,000
34 " " " 25	1,000
200 " " " 10	2,000
1000 Pairs Alexandre's and Jouvin's Kid Gloves	2,000
1 Prize Greenbacks	100
2 " " $50	100
4 " " 25	100
20 " " 10	200
100 " " 5	500
1417 Prizes amounting to	$36,000

Price of Tickets.

1 Ticket	$2 00	10 Tickets	$18 00
3 Tickets	5 00	25 Tickets	45 00
5 Tickets	9 00	50 Tickets	90 00
8 Tickets	14 50	100 Tickets	175 00

THE STORE

Is a first-class Brick, the northwesterly third of a substantial and elegant block, erected in 1867. It is situated in the centre of business, in the beautiful and flourishing City of Marietta, Ohio, and is 24 feet on Front street by 80 feet deep, three stories high, with a cellar under the whole. It is finished in the finest style, and there are no handsomer store-rooms in the State outside of the principal cities. The lot is 24 feet by 180 feet, with a rear front on Post street, and is increasing in value.

THE DWELLING

Is a good two-story brick; in excellent repair, and contains eleven rooms. It is finely located in the village of Williamstown, on the Ohio river, opposite Marietta, and commands a beautiful view of the city and river.

THE DRY GOODS

Are new, fashionable, of the best quality in all respects, and purchased expressly for the retail trade. They consist of fine Cloths, Cassimers, Dress Goods, Domestics—in short, a full line of all Goods usually kept in a First-Class Dry Goods Store. The Goods will be appraised by two merchants of this city—The appraisers to be chosen by the ticket-holders.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS!

Best Farmer's Paper and the Best Lady's Magazine.

Any person sending us $10 for a club of 5 Tickets, we will give Orange Judd's American Agriculturist for one year.

Any Lady sending us $20 for a club of 10 Tickets, we will give Godey's Lady's Book for one year.

☞All persons who desire to participate in the Grand Distribution are requested to send their orders at once. Do not delay until the last moment, but forward your orders promptly, and give us time to make the entries correctly.

☞Remittances may be made by Bank Drafts, Post Office Orders, or Registered Letters. *Write names and address plainly.* Orders containing remittances may be addressed to F. E. PEARCE, Esq., trustee. All other communications to the undersigned.

The distribution will be superintended by a competent committee, and will positively take place at the time designated. For Agencies and Tickets, address

BERKLEY & DUTTON,

MARIETTA, O., Feb. 1, 1870. MARIETTA, O.

What Those who know the Firm say.

The undersigned take pleasure in testifying to the honesty and straight-forwardness of the Messrs. Berkley & Dutton. The patrons of their Distribution can rest assured that the utmost fairness and honesty will be their greatest aim, so that all will have equal chances in the prizes offered. They would further state that the valuation put upon the property, is not *fictious*, but *real*, and is in every respect as represented.

L. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Probate Judge.
LEWIS ANDERSON, County Treasurer.
J. V. RAMSEY, County Auditor.

☞The advertisement of Berkley & Dutton's "Grand Property Distribution," to take place in Marietta, March 31, 1870, will attract attention. The property they offer is of the best in Marietta; and the complete responsibility of Messrs. Berkley & Dutton, who are among our most prominent business men, will be fully accorded by every person who knows them.—*Marietta Register.*

DISTRIBUTION OF BERKLEY & DUTTON.—It is proper to remark that we are personally acquainted with the gentlemen who compose the firm, and their reputation for integrity and honor stands deservedly high. Those who purchase tickets may be assured of being honestly dealt with. We say this on our own responsibility.—*Marietta Times.* feb10-Sat-eoww

The Intelligencer.

THE following poem by Miss Phœbe Carey was read at the anniversary of Miss Anthony on Tuesday evening:

TO MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTH-DAY.

We touch our caps, and place to-night
The victor's wreath upon her,
The woman who outranks us all
In courage and in honor.

While others in domestic broils
Have proved by word and carriage,
That one of the United States
Is not the state of marriage.

She caring not for loss of men,
Nor for the world's confusion,
Has carried on a civil war,
And made a *Revolution!*

True, other woman have been brave,
When handed or hus-banded;
But she has bravely fought her way
Alone and *single-handed.*

And think of her unselfish strength,
Her generous disposition,
Who never made a lasting prop
Out of a proposition.

She might have chose an honored name,
And none have scorned or hissed it;
Have written Mrs. Jones or Smith,
But, strange to say, she *missed* it.

For fifty years to come may she
Grow rich, and ripe, and mellow,
Be quoted even above "par,"
Or any other fellow!

And speak the truth from pole to pole,
And keep her light a-burning.
Before she cuts her stick to go
The way there's no returning.

Because her motto, grand, hath been,
The right of every human,
And first and last, and right or wrong
She takes the side of woman.

"And perfect woman, nobly planned,"
To aid, not to amuse one,
Take her for all in all, we ne'er
Shall see the match for Susan!

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

That was Grace Carden's first anonymous letter. Its contents curdled her veins with poison. The poor girl sat pale and benumbed, turning the letter in her hand, and reading the fatal words over and over again.

There was a time when she would have entirely disbelieved this slander; but now she remembered, with dismay, how many things had combined to attach Henry to Jael Dence. And then the letter stated such hard facts; facts unknown to her, but advanced positively.

But what terrified her most was that Henry had so lately told her Jael Dence loved him best.

Yet her tossed and tortured mind laid hold of this comfort, that not the man only, but the woman too, were loyal, faithful spirits. Could they both have changed? Appearances are deceitful, and might have deceived this anonymous writer.

After hours of mere suffering, she began to ask herself what she should do?

Her first feminine impulse was to try and find out the truth without Henry's aid.

But, no; on second thoughts she would be open and loyal, show Henry the letter, and ask him to tell her how much truth, if any, there was in it.

The agony she endured was a lesson to her. Now she knew what jealousy was, and saw at once she could not endure its torments. She thought to herself he was quite right to make her dismiss Mr. Coventry, and he must dismiss Jael; she should insist on it.

This resolution formed, she lived on thorns, awaiting Henry Little's next visit.

He came next day, but she was out.

She asked the servant if he had said anything.

The servant said, "He seemed a good deal put out at first, Miss, but afterwards he said 'No, it was all for the best.'"

This was another blow. Grace connected these words of Henry in some mysterious way with the anonymous letter, and spent the night crying: but in the morning, being a brave, high-spirited girl, she resolved to take a direct course; she would go down to the works, and request an explanation on the premises. She would see the room where Henry was said to pass so many hours with Jael, and she would show him that the man she loved, and lived for, must place himself above suspicion, or lose her forever. "And if he quarrels with me for that," she thought, "why, I can die." She actually carried out her resolution, and went early next morning to the works, to demand an explanation. She took the letter with her. As she went along she discussed in her own mind how she should proceed, and at last she resolved to just hand him the letter and fix her eye on him. His face would tell her the truth.

She drove up to the great gate: there were a good many people about, talking, in excited groups.

The porter came out to her. She said she wished to see Mr. Little.

The porter stared: the people within hearing left of talking, and stared, too, at her, and then at one another.

At last the porter found his voice. "Mr. Little! why, we can't find him anywhere, dead or alive."

Just then, Ransome came out, and, seeing Miss Carden, gave a start, and looked much concerned.

Grace surprised this look, and her own face began to fill with surprise, and then with alarm. "Not to be found!" she faltered.

She did not know Mr. Ransome, but he knew her; and he came to the carriage window, and said in a low voice, "Miss Carden, I am the Chief Constable. I would advise you to return home. The fact is, there has been an explosion here, and a young woman nearly killed."

"Poor creature! But Mr. Little! Oh sir! Oh, sir!"

"We can't find him," said Ransome, solemnly; "and we fear—we sadly fear—"

Grace uttered a low cry, and then sat trembling.

Ransome tried to console her; said it was just possible he might have not slept in the works.

The porter shook his head.

Grace sprang from the carriage. "Show me the place," said she, hoarsely.

Ransome demurred. "It is an ugly sight for any one to see."

"Who has a better right to see it than I? I shall find him, if he is there. Give me your arm; I have heard him speak of you."

Then Ransome yielded reluctantly, and took her to the place.

He showed her Henry's room, all rent and mutilated.

She shuddered, and, covering her face with her hands, leaned half fainting against her conductor; but she soon shook this off, and became inspired with strange energy, though her face was like marble.

She drew him, indeed almost dragged him, hither and thither, questioning him, and listening to everybody's conjectures; for there were loud groups here of work-people and town's-people.

Some thought he was buried under the great chimney in the river, others intimated plainly their fear that he was blown to atoms.

At each suggestion Grace Carden's whole body winced and quivered, as if the words were sword-cuts; but she would not be persuaded to retire. "No, no," she cried; amongst so many, some one will guess right. I'll hear all they think, if I die on the spot: die! What is life to me now? Ah! what is that woman saying?" And she hurried Ransome toward a work-woman who was haranguing several of her comrades.

The woman saw Ransome coming toward her with a strange lady. "Ah!" said she, "here's the constable. Mr. Ransome, will ye tell me where you found the lass, yesternight?"

"She was lying on that heap of bricks: I marked the place with two pieces of chalk; ay, here they are; her head lay here, and her feet here."

"Well then," said the woman, "he will not be far from that place. You clear away those bricks and rubbish, and you will find him underneath. She was his sweetheart, that is well known here; and he was safe to be beside her when the place was blown up."

"No such thing," said Ransome, angrily, and casting a side look at Grace, "She lay on the second floor, and Mr. Little on the first floor."

"Thou simple body," said the woman. "What's a stair to a young man, when a bonny lass lies awaiting him, and not a soul about? They were a deal too close together all day, to be distant at night."

A murmur of assent burst at once from all the women.

Grace's body winced and quivered, but her marble face never stirred, nor did her lips utter a sound.

"Come away from their scandalous tongues," said Ransome, eagerly.

"No," said Grace; and such a "No." It was like a statue uttering a chip of its own marble.

Then she stood quivering a moment; then, leaving Ransome's arm, she darted up to the place where Jael Dence had been found.

She stood, like a bird, on the broken masonry, and opened her beautiful eyes in a strange way, and demanded of all her senses whether the body of him she loved lay beneath her feet.

After a minute, during which every eye was rivited on her, she said, "I don't believe it; I don't feel him near me. But I will know."

She took out her purse, full of gold, and held it up to the women. "This for you, if you will help me." Then, kneeling down, she began to tear up the bricks and throw them, one after another, so far as her strength permitted. The effect on the work-women was electrical: they swarmed on the broken masonry, and began to clear it away brick by brick. They worked with sympathetic fury, led by this fair creature, whose white hands were soon soiled and bloody, but never tired. In less than an hour they had cleared away several wagon-loads of debris.

The body of Henry Little was not there.

Grace gave her purse to the women, and leaned heavily on Mr. Ransome's arm again. He supported he out of the works.

As soon as they were alone, she said, "Is Jael Dence alive or dead?"

"She was alive half an hour ago."

"Where is she?"

"At the hospital."

"Take me to the hospital."

He took her to the hospital, and soon they stood beside a clean little bed, in which lay the white, but still comely face of Jael Dence; her luxuriant hair was cut close, and her head bandaged; but for her majestic form she looked a fair, dying boy.

"Stand back," said Grace, "and let me speak to her." Then she leaned over Jael where she lay.

Gentle women are not all gentleness. Watch them, especially in contact with their own sex, and you shall see now and then a trait of the wild animal. Grace Carden at this moment was anything but dove-like; it was more like a falcon the way she clutched the bed-clothes, and towered over that prostrate figure, and then, descending slowly nearer and nearer, plunged her eyes into those fixed and staring orbs of Jael Deuce.

So she remained riveted. Had Jael been conscious, and culpable, nothing could have escaped a scrutiny so penetrating.

Even unconscious as she was, Jael's brain and body began to show some signs they were not quite impervious to the strange magnetic power which besieged them so closely. When Grace's eyes had been close to hers about a minute, Jael Dence moved her head slightly to the left, as if those eyes scorched her.

But Grace moved her own head to the right, rapid as a snake, and fixed her again directly.

Jael Dence's bosom gave a heave.

"Where—is—Henry Little?" said Grace, still holding her tight by the eye, and speaking very slowly, and in such a tone, low, but solemn and commanding; a tone that compelled reply.

"Where—is—Henry Little?"

When this was so repeated, Jael moved a little, and her lips began to quiver.

"Where—is—Henry Little?"

Jael's lips opened feebly, and some inarticulate sounds issued from them.

"Where—is—Henry Little?"

Jael Dence, though unconscious, writhed and moaned so, that the head nurse interfered, and said she could not have the patient tormented.

Ransome waved her aside, but taking Grace Carden's hand drew her gently away.

She made no positive resistance; but, while her body yielded and retired, her eye remained riveted on Jael Dence, and her hand clutched the air, like a hawk's talons, unwilling to lose her prey, and then she turned so weak, Ransome had to support her to her carriage.

As Grace's head sunk on Ransome's shoulders, Jael Dence's eyes closed for the first time.

As Ransome was lifting Grace Carden into the carriage, she said, in a sort of sleepy voice, "Is there no way out of these works, but one?"

"Not that I know of; but I will go at once and see. Shall he drive you home?"

"Yes. No: to Doctor Amboyne."

Doctor Amboyne was gone to Woodbine Villa.

She waited in his study, moving about the room all the time, with her face of marble, and her poor restless hands.

At last the Doctor returned: they told him, at the door, Miss Carden was there: he came in to her with both hands extended, and his face working with emotion.

She fell sobbing into his arms; sobbing, but not a tear.

"Is there any hope?"

"I have one. May he not have left the country, in a fit of despair? He often threatened. He talked of going to the United States."

"So he did. Ah, he called on me yesterday afternoon. Might not that have been to bid me good-by?"

She looked so imploringly in Doctor Amboyne's face that he assented, though full of doubt.

And now there was a ring at the bell, and Mr. Ransome came to say there was a little postern gate, by which Mr. Little might possibly have gone out, and the porter not seen him; and, what was more, this gate, by all accounts, had been recently opened: it was closed before Bolt and Little took the premises.

Mr. Ransome added that he should now make it his business to learn, if possible, whether it had been opened with Mr. Little's orders.

Grace thanked him earnestly, and looked hopeful; so did Dr. Amboyne.

"But, Doctor!" said Grace, if he has gone away at all, he must have told somebody. Even if there was nobody he loved, he would tell—ah! Mr. Bolt!!"

"You are right. Let us go to him at once."

They found Mr. Bolt in quite a different frame of mind from their own; he was breathing vengeance. However, he showed some feeling for Grace, and told the Doctor plainly he feared the worst. Little had been down-hearted for some time, and at last, he (Bolt) had lost patience with him, and had proposed to him to take an annual payment of nine hundred pounds instead of a share, and leave the concern. Little had asked two days to consider this proposal. "Now," argued Bolt, "if he meant to leave England, he could not do better than take my offer: and he would have taken it, before he left. He would have called, or else sent me a letter. But no: not a word. It's a bad job: I'm fond of money, but I'd give a few thousands to see him alive again. But I don't think I ever shall. There are five hundred thousand bricks of ours in that river, and a foot and a half of mud."

While they were both shuddering at this dark allusion, he went off into idle threats, and Grace left him, sick and cold, and clinging to Doctor Amboyne like a drowning woman.

"Have courage," said Doctor Amboyne. "There is one chance left us. His mother! I will telegraph to Aberystwith."

They drove together to the telegraph office, and sent a telegram. The Doctor would not consent to frighten Mrs. Little to death. He simply asked whether her son had just visited or written to her. The answer was paid for, but four hours elapsed, and no answer came.

Then Grace implored the Doctor to go with her to Aberystwith. He looked grave, and said she was undertaking too much. She replied, almost fiercely, that she must do all that could be done, or she should go mad.

"But your father, my dear!"

"He is in London. I will tell him all when he returns. He would let me go anywhere with you. I must go; I will!"

At four o'clock they were in the train. They spoke to each other but little on the way; their hearts were too full of dire forebodings, to talk about nothings. But, when they were in the fly, at Aberystwith, going from the station to Mrs. Little's lodgings, Grace laid her head on her friend's shoulder, and said, "Oh, Doctor, it has come to this—I hope he loved his mother better than me." Then came a flood of tears, the first.

They went to Mrs. Little's lodgings. The landlady had retired to bed, and, on hearing their errand, told them, out of the second floor window, that Mrs. Little had left her some days ago, and gone to a neighboring village for change of air.

Grace and Doctor Amboyne drove next morning to that village, and soon learned where Mrs. Little was. Doctor Amboyne left Grace at the inn, for he knew the sight of her would at once alarm Mrs. Little, and, in a matter so uncertain as this, he thought the greatest caution necessary. Grace waited for him at the inn in an agony of suspense. She watched at the window for him, and at last she saw him coming toward her. His head was down, and she could not read his face, or she could have told in a moment whether he brought good news or bad.

She waited for him erect but trembling. He opened the door and stood before her pale and agitated; so pale and agitated she had never seen him before.

He faltered out: "She knows nothing. She must know nothing. She is too ill and weak, and, indeed, in such a condition, that to tell her the fatal news would probably have killed her on the spot. All I dared do was to ask her with assumed indifference if she had heard from Henry lately. No, Grace, not for these three days."

He sat down and groaned aloud.

"You love the son," said he; "but I love the mother: loved her years before you were born."

At this unexpected revelation Grace Carden kissed him, and crept on his shoulder. Then they went sadly home again.

Dr. Amboyne now gave up all hopes of Henry, and his anxiety was concentrated on Mrs. Little. How on earth was he to save her from a shock likely to prove fatal in her weak condition? To bring her to Hillsborough in her present state would be fatal. He was compelled to leave her in Wales, and that looked like abandoning her. He suffered torture, the torture that only noble minds can know. At midnight, as he lay in bed, and revolved in his mind all the difficulties and perils of this pitiable situation, an idea struck him. He would try and persuade Mrs. Little to marry him. Should she consent, he could then take her on a wedding tour, and that tour he could easily extend from place to place, putting off the evil time until, strong in health and conjugal affection, she might be able to endure the terrible, the inevitable blow. The very next morning he wrote her an eloquent letter; he told her that Henry had gone suddenly off to Australia to sell his patents; that almost his last word had been "My mother! I leave her to you." This, said the Doctor, is a sacred commission; and how can I execute it? I cannot invite you to Hillsborough, for the air is fatal to you. Think of your half-promise, and my many years of devotion, and give me the right to carry out your son's wishes to the full.

Mrs. Little replied to this letter, and the result of the correspondence was this: she said she would marry him if she could recover her health; but *that* she feared she never should, until she was reconciled to her brother.

Meantime, Grace Carden fell into a strange state; fits of feverish energy; fits of death-like stupor. She could do nothing, yet it maddened her to be idle. With Bolt's permission she set workmen to remove all the remains of the chimney that could be got at; the water was high just then; she had a barge and workmen, and often watched them, and urged them by her presence. Not that she ever spoke; but she hovered about with her marble face and staring eyes; and the sight of her touched their hearts and spurred them to exertion.

Sometimes she used to stand on a heap of bricks hard by, and peer, with dilated eyes, into the dark stream, and watch each bucket, or basket, as it came up with bricks, and rubbish, and mud, from the bottom.

At other times she would stand on the bridge, and lean over the battlements so far, as if she would fly down and search for her dead lover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TRANSPORTATION.

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PASSENGER TRAINS WILL RUN by the following schedule on and after December 5th, 1869—Wheeling time:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS.

EAST—LEAVES	WEST, VIA C. D. & D.
Wheeling daily at ... 4:40 p. m.	*Leave Wheeling daily at ... 2:10 p. m.
ARRIVES AT	Bellaire ... 4:20 p. m.
Grafton ... 9:10 a. m.	ARRIVES AT
Parkersburg ... 4:45 p. m.	Cambridge ... 7:30 p. m.
Cumberland ... 2:00 p. m.	Zanesville ... 8:50 p. m.
Baltimore ... 8:55 p. m.	Newark ... 10:20 p. m.
Wash'n City ... 10:20 p. m.	Columbus ... 11:35 p. m.
	*Sundays excepted.

MAIL TRAIN.

EAST—LEAVES	WEST, VIA C. D. & D.
*Wheeling daily at ... 11:40 a. m.	*Leave Wheeling daily at ... 2:40 a. m.
ARRIVES AT	Bellaire ... 2:20 a. m.
Cameron ... 1:20 p. m.	ARRIVES AT
Grafton ... 5:10 p. m.	Barnesville ... 5:00 a. m.
Parkersburg ... 10:45 p. m.	Cambridge ... 6:30 a. m.
Cumberland ... 11:00 p. m.	Zanesville ... 7:40 a. m.
Harp's Ferry ... 1:15 p. m.	Newark ... 9:05 a. m.
Winchester ... 3:00 p. m.	Columbus ... 10:35 a. m.
Baltimore ... 5:10 p. m.	*Sundays excepted.
Wash'n City ... 6:20 p. m.	
*Sundays excepted.	

FAST LINE.

EAST—LEAVES	WEST, VIA C. O. D.
Wheeling daily at ... 5:20 p. m.	Leaves Wheeling daily at ... 8:20 a. m.
ARRIVES AT	Bellaire ... 9:10 a. m.
Grafton ... 11:05 p. m.	ARRIVES AT
Cumberland ... 4:10 a. m.	Barnesville ... 10:50 a. m.
Harp's Ferry ... 8:20 a. m.	Cambridge ... 12:05 p. m.
Winchester ... 10:05 a. m.	Zanesville ... 1:35 p. m.
Hagerstown ... 9:50 a. m.	Newark ... 3:00 p. m.
Baltimore ... 11:55 a. m.	Columbus ... 4:40 p. m.
Wash'n City ... 1:00 p. m.	Sandusky ... 10:45 p. m.

Trains on the Main Line make connections at Baltimore with trains for Philadelphia, New York and Boston. At Relay House, via Washington City, for all points South.

Central Ohio trains make direct connection at Columbus for all points West and Northwest.

Tickets to all principal points can be procured at the office.

JOHN L. WILSON,
Master of Transportation, Baltimore.
R. T. DAVIES,
dec7 General Agent, Wheeling.

Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad.

ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 15, 1869, Trains will run as follows:

LEAVE	EXPRESS.	MIXED.	MAIL.
Bridgeport	5:55 a. m.	8:15 a. m.	2:00 p. m.
Steubenville	7:00 a. m.	10:55 a. m.	3:06 p. m.
Wellsville	8:00 a. m.	1:25 p. m.	4:35 p. m.
Alliance	11:20 a. m.	.....	5:35 p. m.
ARRIVES AT			
Cleveland	2:00 p. m.	.....	7:30 p. m.
Crestline	4:40 p. m.	.....	10:10 p. m.
Fort Wayne	11:55 p. m.	.....	3:15 a. m.
Chicago	6:50 a. m.	.....	9:20 a. m.
Pittsburg	10:35 a. m.	3:25 p. m.	6:55 p. m.
Harrisburg	10:25 p. m.	2:00 a. m.	5:20 a. m.
Baltimore	2:20 a. m.	.....	9:00 a. m.
Washington	6:00 a. m.	.....	12:30 p. m.
Philadelphia	8:10 a. m.	6:30 a. m.	9:40 a. m.
New York via Allentown	6:00 a. m.	10:00 a. m.	12:00 a. m.
New York via Philadelphia	6:45 a. m.	10:41 a. m.	1:00 p. m.

Tickets to all principal points in the East and West can be procured at the Union Office, in McLure House, and at the Station at Bridgeport.

F. R. MYERS,
dec2 General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Hempfield Rail Road—Change of Time.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, FEB. 7th, 1870, the train on the Hempfield Railroad will run as follows:

Leave Washington ... 7:00 a. m.
Arrive at Wheeling ... 9:30 a. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Wheeling ... 3:00 p. m.
Arrive at Washington ... 6:00 p. m.

W. D. BURTON,
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