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The Two Villages. Over the river, on the hill; Never is sound of snuff or mill; Lush a village white and still; All around it the forest trees Shiver and whisper in the breeze; Over it sailing shadows go.

AGENTMAN having engaged a brick layer to make some repairs in his cellar ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work.

BRIDAL COUPLE AT THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL. What They See. Here is one of George Alfred Townsend's letters to the Cleveland Leader.

WASHINGTON, April 28, 1868. When Mr. Johnson shoved his friend, the Adjutant General, through the Tenure-of-office act, he had little idea how he was hastening the marriage ceremony of the little Bibbapron.

It is the tenderest, most quarrelsome, most tantalized, most disheartened, most foreboding period of love. No wonder that Bibbapron, when he heard of the "High Court of Impeachment," the solemnity of the spectacle, and the great learning of the managers and counsel, had but to suggest to Molly what a delightful time it would be to visit Washington, when she embraced himself and the occasion.

WEDDING PARTY IN WASHINGTON. It is to tell all the engaged folks who are readers of the Leader how to get to Washington and how to see it, that I reluctantly took Mrs. Bibbapron's diary and copy a few pages from it.

APRIL 22, 1868.—Dear me, how tired I am in Washington, the Capitol of the United States. It's not larger than New York, my husband Alonzo says, which I think is a great shame.

Half-past ten o'clock.—Alonzo, my darling husband, has been to see Congressman Starch and brought him into the ladies parlor. Pa can't abide Congressman Starch, because they differ in politics; but Alonzo's Pa is a Republican, and lent Mr. Starch a horse and wagon to bring up voters.

Mr. Starch, the colored authoress of Mrs. Keeckley's book, was in the diplomatic gallery with one of Mrs. Lincoln's dresses on, cooing through an opera glass the pimples on the face of one of the Senators. She hates his wife, Alonzo says, and means to worry her.

Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, looks very much worried. Congressman Starch says that Senator Chandler is a Fenian, and means to make a dreadful speech at poor Mr. Thornton. Alonzo is afraid that it will miss fire and kill some innocent person.

Summer is the greatest of them all, his hair so exquisite. Mr. Brooks, of New York, who gave him such a beating, was on the floor of the Senate, wearing spectacles. He is a newspaper editor, and drives a pair of cream-colored horses. He must be a dreadful man, but is right good looking.

The Capitol is the grandest, most wonderful building in the whole world. It is all marble, with a splendid dome above it, and a perfect hide-and-seek of aisles, passages, and gorgeous stairways. It looks like a marble quarry in blossom.

THE LADIES' GALLERY. We got good seats next to the Diplomatic Gallery. Alonzo pointed out the Russian Minister and his wife to me; we admired them very much till we heard that it was the Minister's coachman and cook.

Mr. Starch said he would be impeached soon with all the Judges. The Bench, he says, is rotten. (Why not give them chairs?) He said if it has not been for the Bench, the Constitution, which is the cause of all this trouble, would have been done away with long ago.

Perhaps the coolest swindle is ice-pickers. This is mean. Washington, Webster, and Mr. Starch must be incapable of it. If my husband ever comes to Congress, I mean to work him a pair of slips in red, white and blue.

Mr. Southworth, the great novelist, author of the "Deserted Step Mother." She lives at Georgetown in a haunted boarding-house. Her health is good, considering what must be her distress of mind, say two hundred pounds without jewelry.

Mrs. Swizzle, the colored authoress of Mrs. Keeckley's book, was in the diplomatic gallery with one of Mrs. Lincoln's dresses on, cooing through an opera glass the pimples on the face of one of the Senators.

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and would have become a preacher if they had not wanted him so bad for President. Twelve A. M. Oh, dear! that ever I was married! Be still, my poor soul! I have heard of the wickedness of men—now I know it! Last night I heard something like a wheelbarrow coming up stairs.

Johnson's gone up. Starchy threw the casting vote. Mingo going to be Consul-general, under Ben Wade—all hunk!

Mow I know where this dreadful Congress water gets its name. It's what makes Senators tipsy. I hope the impeachment trial will be done soon. Congressman Starch shall never get my vote.

A Little Plain Talk! The voracious Experiment indulges in the following plain talk. If the Radical papers that denounce the Ohio Legislature for obliging all parties to print election tickets on plain white paper were disposed to be fair in their criticisms, they would tell their readers that the effect of such a law would be to stop the practice of fraud and force by either party, and give perfect freedom to the voter to deposit his ballot without hope of reward or fear of punishment.

The reason why Radical editors are so bitter against this action of the Legislature, is because they see no hope of the success of the bondholders' ticket except by the appliance of the party lash to poor men whose interest lies with greenbacks and Pendleton. The laboring men of the country are getting tired of supporting bondholders and negroes in idleness, while they are obliged to sweat and toil to keep themselves from starvation.

The Greenback Question in Pennsylvania and New York. The Pittsburg Post of Tuesday, makes the following important statement: "We are informed by a Democratic Senator of this State that during the session a caucus was held of the Democratic Senators, and it turned out rather unexpectedly that there was but one dissenting vote the greenback doctrine, and that senator was a bondholder. There can be no doubt where the people are on this question, East and West, and politicians must learn to respect them or take a back seat."

The New York Herald, in an article on the greenback question, says: "One of the signs to which we refer was shown in the State Assembly last week, when it took up the Balmori resolutions offered in the early part of the session and passed them. These resolutions offered to pass a law providing, among other things, for the payment of the National debt in greenbacks."

A JACOBIN newspaper in town, wants to know, "What is electricity?" Electricity is lightning. Lightning is what struck the Radical party in Chicago, on last Tuesday. Chicago Times.

STEWART'S new store on Broadway, New York, will contain 14 acres of flooring. Mrs. E. Cady Stanton's paper, the Revolution, claims to have already 10,000 of a circulation.

In San Francisco lots that in 1866 were worth \$1,000 now sell from \$10,000 to \$15,000. The approaching completion of the Pacific Railroad has affected the rise.

A Spanish Pauper's Funeral. A Spain correspondent writes the following account of a pauper's funeral in that country: "We were warned of its approach by the sound of loud talking and laughter, and on looking out, saw a wretched coffin borne by four men smoking cigarettes, followed by a few lookers-on, all appearing equally unconcerned and preceded by two or three men, who were, I suppose, the mourners, bearing lighted candles in their hands.

Mr. Lincoln on Ca pet-suggers. When it was proposed to reconstruct Louisiana during the war, and fill the offices of that State and its representation in Congress with foreign adventurers, "Old Abe" wrote the following letter, which is applicable to these times. Under date of November 21, 1863, Mr. Lincoln wrote as follows:

DEAR SIR: Dr. Kennedy, bearer of this, has some apprehensions that Federal officers, not citizens of Louisiana, may be set up as candidates for Congress in that State. In my view, there could be every objection to such an election. We do not particularly need members of Congress from those States to enable us to get along with legislation here. What we do want is conclusive evidence that respectable citizens of Louisiana are willing to be members of Congress, and to swear support to the Constitution; and that other respectable citizens there are willing to vote for them and send them. To send a parcel of Northern men here as representatives, elected, as would be understood, (and perhaps really so,) at the point of the bayonet, would be disgraceful and outrageous, and were I a member of the Congress here, I would vote against admitting any such man to a seat.

A Warm Bath Wager. Recently while two gentlemen of this city (whom for the sake of a name we will call Long and Short) were visiting Chicago, and after having seen the elephant pretty well, finally visited a bath house. Long, knowing the others peculiar conceit, said that he (Long) could endure a hotter bath than any living man. Thereas Short fired up, and a bet was made. Two bathing tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The fellows stripped, and separated by a cloth, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word—the wager being who should stay in the longest with the hot water running. Short drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Long pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute Short said:

"How is it Long, pretty warm?" "Yes," said the other, "it's getting almighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute longer." "So can I," answered Short. "Sciss-s! squash! lightening! It's awful!" Fifteen seconds passed, equal to half an hour by Short's imaginary watch.

"I say over there, how is it now?" "Oh! it's nearly up to the bill point. Oh! Jehu!" answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape pipe. By this time Short was splurging about like a boiled lobster, and called again: "I's a y, over there; how is it now?" "Hot as the devil!" replied Long. "But—whew! sciss-s! I guess I can hold out another minute!" "The Hell's fire you can!" shrieked the now boiled Short, who rolled out and boiled through the partition, expected to find the other quite cooked. "You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?" "Why, I did not agree to," said the imputable joker. "Why in thunder didn't you leave yours out." Exchange.