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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE WYANDOT PIONEER.

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The Pioneer Job Office
Having lately received a large assortment of new and beautiful Job Type and other printing material, is now prepared to do all kinds of Job Work, such as
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HAVE HEARD OF
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
AND
Hoofland's German Tonic.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. Their introduction into this country from Germany occurred in
1825.
THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,
And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are
The greatest known remedies for
Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters
is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific Chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic
is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.
There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the mind, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous great.
Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by the use of the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.
These remedies are the best
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ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound healthy condition. By the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If yours of lowest reputation go for anything you want try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.
I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.
Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes. Yours, very respectfully,
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Eighth, below Coates Street.

CAUTION.
Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

Price of the Bitters, $1 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $5.
Price of the Tonic, $1 50 per bottle; Or, a half dozen for $7 50.
The tonic is put up in quart bottles.
Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the
PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
At the German Medicine Store,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.
These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, storekeepers and Medicine Dealers everywhere.
Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

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SCHAEFER & WHITE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law. Particular attention paid to Notarial and Insurance business. Office, Pierson block, up stairs. jul 2-1y

T. E. GRISELL. A. KAIL.
GRISELL & KAIL,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
Upper Sandusky, O.
OFFICE:—2d Floor, Beerys' Block.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office at White & McDonald's Drug Store, Beery's Block. Will attend promptly to all professional calls.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Upper Sandusky and vicinity. Office south room McConnell's Block, second story.

O. FERRIS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in Beery's Block, second floor, in the office formerly occupied by Ferris & Byron.

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DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, &c., corner Wyandot and Sandusky Avenues, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

McCANDLISH & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1 M'Kelly's Block. The highest price paid for butter, eggs, etc.

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DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES of all kinds. Roberts' Block. The highest price paid for country produce

BRUNNER, McCONNELL & CO.,
DRUGGISTS, and Dealers in Books, Stationary, Fancy Goods, Notions and Patent Medicines. No. 2 McKelly's Block.

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UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO,
BUY and sell Government Securities, Exchange, Gold, Silver and Uncurrent Money. Deposits received, and a general banking business conducted. Collections made and promptly remitted. Interest paid on time deposits.
G. W. BEERY, Pres't. J. A. MAXWELL, Cash.
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FRED. ELLSWORTH'S
LIVERY & FEED STABLE. Horses and vehicles to be had at any hour of the day. Stable in rear of Van Marter House. m16-6m*

Notice to Teachers.

The Board of School Examiners of Wyandot county, Ohio, will hold meetings for the examination of teachers, in the town of Upper Sandusky, as follows: On the 1st and 3d Saturdays of September, October, November, March, April, May and the first Saturdays of all other months.

No certificate will be granted except at a regular meeting, nor will any be granted unless the applicant appears in person and submits to an examination.

Written testimonials of Moral Character will be required of all applicants and those who have taught will be required to present testimonials, showing their success in teaching, and signed by the Local Directors of the school in which the applicant was last engaged.

Examinations to commence at 9 o'clock, A. M., at the School House in said town. Applicants are requested to be punctual, as none will be admitted into the class after the examination has commenced.

By order of the Board of Examiners.
HENRY MADDUX, Clerk.
January 3, 1866.—tf.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
MRS. LOUISA FROSCH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN!
Cleveland, Ohio.
Has great success in curing Chronic Diseases, using Internal and External Remedies, Electricity, Life-resusitator, (Baunsheidt) Liniments, Baths and Poultices.
Mrs. Frosch will be here again on the 14th, 15th and 16th of November, and at Nevada on the 17th.
June 11, 1868-6m

CIRCULARS and all kinds of Mercantile Printing neatly executed at the PIONEER Job Office.

What Then?

After the joys of earth,
After its songs and mirth,
After its hours to light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved so well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

The Poor Man's Jewels.

BY MRS. DENNISON.

My home is a poor one
To all who pass it by;
They cannot see its beauty,
And neither, faith, can I;
That is, in paint or timber,
In doorway or in roof—
But that it has its beauties,
I'll quickly give ye proof.

Come hither, young ones, hither,
Your father's steps are near—
That's Bet, with hair so yellow,
That's Sue, with eyes so clear;
That's Will, with tawny trowsers
Tucked in his stocking leg;
And yonder two wee darlings
Are beauty Jean and Meg.

A cluster of fair jewels,
Five in the rugged set;
If any man has it brighter,
I have to learn it yet;
And, Tom, when I am swinging
These arms with weary strain,
Their blessed faces cheer me,
And make me strong again.

I sometimes sit and wonder
"What will their future be,"
If they must delve and datter
A treadmill round like me,
And scarcely, at the year's end,
Have half a groat to spare—
And see bad men put over them,
'Twill be to hard to bear.

But then, I think, as nations
Rise in the scale of might,
God puts the poor man forward,
And gives him power and light;
And learning, Tom, will do it—
And Christian truth will show
That Heaven makes no distinction
Between the high and low.

So, though my home's a poor one,
To all who pass it by,
And none can see its beauty
Save mother, God and I;
The future may be grander
For some great glory won—
Some gem set in the ages
By even a poor man's son.

From the New York Ledger.

LOVE AND DRESS-MAKING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Do you really love me, Charley?"

"Do I really live and breathe? Now, Ruth, what's the use of asking such an absurd question as that, when you know perfectly well that I don't belong to myself at all. I'm a slave—a miserable, abject captive in the chain of your sweet eyes and gentle words and what's more, I haven't the least desire to regain my lost freedom."

"Nonsense, Charley."

But Ruth Murray said "Nonsense" in tone that clearly meant "The very best of sense," and Mr. Charles Trevor took advantage of the coquettish syllables accordingly.

They were sitting in the library of the capacious, luxurious old country house, with a bright fire of hickory logs blazing on the marble hearth, and the bay window, curtained with warm crimson folds, just revealed a glimpse of clear orange twilight, belted with the silvery cresent of the new moon! You could not distinguish much from the flickering uncertain light, but the eye of a romancist is supposed to be preter-naturally gifted, and the pen of a romancist in no way deviates from the truth in saying that Charles Trevor was tall, and dark, and handsome, with wavy black hair and frank lips, and eyes where the brown shadows melted almost imperceptibly into velvet blackness.

And Ruth Murray—what shall we say of her, as she sits there on a little cricket, with the capricious fire-gleams darting in lines of light up and down the "bugle trimming" of her piquant velvet jacket, and occasionally pausing to mirror themselves reflectively in the liquid blue depths of her lovely blue eyes! What can we say? Only that she was very small and very plump, with long, brown eyelashes, and lips red and ripe as wintergreen berries, and hair like golden water, stirred into fantastic ripples by summer evening wind! Only that she was wonderfully pretty, and coquettish withal, as most pretty girls are apt to be! Isn't that enough?

"Charley," she said, thoughtfully, playing with one of the sparkling buttons of her jacket. "I do believe that you love me—but I'm afraid your sentiments will undergo an alteration when you know that—that——"

"That what?"

"I ought to have told you before," faltered Ruth, coloring vividly, and seeming to shrink away from the ruddy shine of the embers, "only——"

"Told me what, darling?"

"That I am only a dressmaker."

"You a dressmaker! And visiting at Wardley Place?"

"Kate Wardley and I were schoolmates, Charley—and she is very kind—and she promised to tell nobody, lest people should be cold to me!"

"Hold on a minute, Ruth," said Mr. Trevor. "I didn't ask the question because the fact made one whit's difference in our relations towards one another—only I was taken a little by surprise as it were. A dressmaker, are you? Well, Ruth, I shouldn't care if you were a crossing-sweep! I love you—and that's quite enough for me."

"But, Charley, I am poor and obscure!"

"What of that? I'm not rich, by any means, but I am fully capable of working for both of us—and as for being obscure, why, we'll try and see if we cannot make ourselves a name in the world, Ruth!"

"But you are not obscure, Charles—the Trevors stand first and foremost in the circles of New York—I know that, humble little dressmaker though I am!"

"What then?"

"Why, the world will say that you have made a *mesalliance!*"

"And what care I for the world's verdict as long as I am happy in your love? Little Ruth, what sort of a mercenary renegade do you take me for. I love you—and I'm going to marry you."

There was a glitter suspiciously like tears on the long eyelashes, as Ruth felt Charles Trevor's loving glance resting on her face, and the little hand stole softly into his with an unconsciously confiding movement.

"Charley," said Ruth, in a soft, stifled voice, "I'll try to be a good wife to you!"

And then—oh, strange, inscrutable heart of woman! Ruth Murray cried, just because she was so very happy.

And the next day the gay little country house coterie broke up, and all the guests going their several ways, and owning one to another that "they had a delightful time," and the next chapter in their book of fashionable dissipation commenced.

While Ruth Murray went home to a little two story brick house where a staring tin sign bore the words, "Miss Mackensie, Dressmaker," put a small thimble upon her taper minkle finger, threaded her needle, and went resolutely to work.

The bright January sunshine was turning the crusted snow to diamonds, and making Miss Mackensie's shabby ingrain carpet look half a dozen degrees shabbier than ever—the wooden clock had just struck eleven, and Ruth Murray, in a blue delaine dress and a trim linen collar, was taking together the breadths of a gold-colored glace silk, with her rosy mouth full of pins. Miss Mackensie stood watching her, with a skirt lining depending from her bony arm."

"Ruth," said the old maid, dubiously, "I don't understand you at all."

"Don't you, Hetty? Well, that's not at all strange, for half the time I don't understand myself."

"No, but—Ruth, this arrangement seems to me so unsatisfactory—so unsuitable——"

"Don't my work give entire satisfaction?"

"I never had an apprentice learn half so quickly—those white little fingers of yours seem gifted by magic!"

"Thank you," said Ruth, bowing demurely. "The spool of yellow silk, please! Didn't you tell me that Miss Trevor was coming here at eleven to try on her apple-green crape?"

"So she said—and there is the sleigh dashing up to the door now, with the horses all foaming, and the driver in his gold-banded hat. It's a fine thing to be rich! Are you sure the dress is ready, Ruth?"

"Quite."

Perhaps Ruth Murray's cheek was a trifle pinker than usual as Miss Trevor rustled loftily into the room, but otherwise there was no shade of difference in her manner or demeanor.

"I'm afraid I'm a little behind time," began the imperious young lady, throwing off her costly ermine cape, "but—— Why, Ruth Murray! this surely cannot be you!"

"It is I, Miss Trevor."

Maria Trevor started.

"Oh! you've come to have a dress fitted—Miss Mackensi has admirable success."

"No," said Ruth, quietly; "I am Miss Mackensie's assistant."

"A dressmaker!" almost shrieked Miss Trevor.

"Yes, a dressmaker."

Maria drew herself up haughtily.

"This is very strange," she said, frigidly—"nay, it is quite unaccountable.—I thought you were a visitor at Wardley Place."

"I was."

"And did Kate Wardley know——"

"Who I was? Perfectly."

Maria tossed her head.

"Upon—my—word! this was really too gratuitous an insult to her other guests! Kate Wardley shall know my opinion of her conduct!"

Ruth had grown pale and then red, but the next moment a score of laughing dimples broke out around her mouth.

"It was dreadful to admit a dressmaker into the circle of her aristocratic friends—and it was unheard-of audacity in the dressmaker to venture within the charmed limits. Will you allow me to try on your dress, Miss Trevor?"

Maria stood haughtily silent in the middle of the room while Ruth, mounted on a stool to bring her nearer to Miss Trevor's height, put in pins here and there, and laid little folds, and basted refractory seams.

"She is pretty," thought Miss Maria, as the sunlight glanced athwart Ruth's golden hair, and showed the exquisitely fine texture of her rose-leaf skin.—"No pearl-powder there! I wonder if there was any truth in the report that Charles fancied her! The idea of our brother flirting with a dressmaker!—for of course it was nothing more than a flirtation!"

And Miss Maria unconsciously gave herself such a jerk that two pins flew half across the room, and Ruth arched her eyebrows.

"Dear me, Miss Trevor, I shall never get your dress fitted if you don't stand a little stiller!"

"Home!" said Maria Trevor, imperatively, to the coachman, as she folded the gay Afghan over her silken skirts. The promised turn in the Central Park must stand aside now—Miss Trevor was axious to impart to others the choice bit of gossip she had gleaned.

Miss Trevor was dreaming over a bit of embroidery by the fire, and Charles Trevor, standing in the bay-window, was glancing up and down the columns of the morning paper, as Miss Maria entered. It was a magnificent drawing-room, with ceilings of fresco and gold, and carpets soft and rich as finest moss, while plate-glass windows, hung with massive satin draperies, let in a softened light, and rich pictures glimmered on the walls. The Trevors were very worldly, and knew exactly how to make appearances their tool.

"Mamma, what do you think!" exclaimed Maria, breathless and eager—"that Ruth Murray, whom we met at Wardley Place—the pretty blonde I told you of——"

"What of her?" asked Mrs. Trevor, as Maria stopped for breath, and Charles looked quickly up, with a deep flush on his cheek.

"She's nothing but a dressmaker!"

"Nonsense, Maria—you must be mistaken."

"But I'm not mistaken, mamma. I saw her this very morning at Miss MacKensie's; and she tried my dress on with her own hands."

"Surely, my love, Kate Wardley would never invite a young person in that social position to——"

"But, mamma, the Wardley's are so odd, you never know what freaks they may be guilty of. The idea of a common dressmaker's presuming to associate with those far above her!"

"Stop a moment, Maria," said Charles Trevor, advancing into the room. "I have yet to learn in what respect Miss Murray is at all inferior to any of the guests at Wardley Place. In my estimation, her beauty, grace and intellect place her far above any young lady there!"

"There, mamma, I told you just how it was!" said Maria, turning to her mother. "Charles has been just foolish enough to become intatuated with her baby face and lisping voice. I wish we had never gone to Wardley Place!"

"My dear boy," urged Mrs. Trevor, "you surely cannot be in earnest."

"Mother," said Charles, quietly, "I am so deeply and entirely in earnest that I shall ask you within a very few days to welcome Ruth Murray as your son's wife!"

"Charles!" gasped the mother, "are you insane?"

"Will you receive her as a second daughter, mother?"

"Never!"

"And I never, never will recognize as one of the family!" exclaimed Maria, actually pale with anger. "Charles, how dare you so degrade us?"

"It is an honor, Maria," returned her brother, calmly, "Ruth is a jewel of the first water—more's the pity that you are blind to the sparkle."

"But, Charles—my son," pleaded the mother, "we have so depended on your making a wealthy alliance."

"Mother, I am sick of this scheming and Manœuvering," passionately spoke up the young man. "Depend upon it, I never shall become the hanger-on to a rich wife. I have too much respect for myself ever to be bought and sold in the matrimonial market. I love Ruth Murray—and I shall marry her!"

And from this position no storm of tears, reproaches, or upbraidings could induce him to swerve one hair's-breadth. It was not pleasant to be seen this domestic whirlwind; but was not Ruth Murray worth it all?

"And when will you be my wife, Ruth?"

"Only wait until February, Charles," pleaded the blue-eyed little damsel.—"I have only one relation in the world—my uncle—and he is coming to this country on the 'Severus.' I should like him to be present at my marriage."

So Charles Trevor waited, much against his will.

Maria Trevor came into the drawing room, one evening, full charged with the fashionable *on dit* of the day.

"Mamma, everybody is talking about this General Murray, who has arrived from India, on the 'Severus.' Mr. De Lay says he is one of the richest private citizens in the United States, and he has a niece who is to be his sole heiress. Couldn't we contrive to make their acquaintance? Oh, if Charles wasn't such an infatuated madman about his dressmaker-girl!"

"It's the same name," mused Mrs. Trevor; "surely they cannot be connected."

Maria laughed, contemptuously.

"General Murray connected with a dressmaker! that looks likely, don't it?"

And Mrs. Trevor owned to herself that the idea had been a very vague and visionary one.

The wedding was to be very quiet—Ruth had insisted upon this—and as she walked to the church dressed in neat gray travelling guise, leaning confidingly on the arm of her future husband, a sudden memory flashed across Charles Trevor's brain.

"I thought you expected an uncle, Ruth?"

"He will meet us at the church, Charles."

"And you've never even told me his name."

"His name?—General Murray."

"What—not the General Murray?"

"I think there is but one General Murray?" said Ruth, smiling at her lover's astonishment.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Charles, stopping short and staring down into the blue eyes,—"and are you the heiress that half the world is gossiping about?"

"I believe so, Charley."

Charles Trevor never spoke another word until the marriage ceremony required his voice, and hardly knew whether he was awoke or dreaming, when his little wife introduced him to the tall, white-haired old gentleman who had given her away, as "Uncle Archibald."

"Young man," said General Murray, "my niece tells me that she has married you under false pretences—do you regret the transaction?"

"Not a bit of it," said Charles, heartily. "I don't care whether she's dressmaker or heiress, as long as she is my own little Ruth."

"It was her own caprice," said the old gentleman, laughing. "The fact is, Ruth was so afraid of becoming a victim to some devouring fortune hunter——"

"That she turned dressmaker in self-defence," said Ruth, finishing her uncle's sentence for him. "Kate Wardley and Miss McKenzie—who had once been my mother's maid—were alone cognizant of my secret, and they have kept it well. Now it is no longer a secret.—Oh, Charley, how I trembled that night at Wardley Place, lest you should withdraw your love when—when I told you that I was only a dressmaker."

"I loved you Ruth," said honest Charles, all unconscious that any other explanation was possible.

And Ruth looked triumphantly at her uncle, with eyes that said, "Have I not won a prize?"

Uncle Archibald wiped his spectacles and smiled, and said nothing. To him Ruth was the dearest thing in all the world and he could fully sympathize with Mr. Charles Trevor.

Mrs. Ruth welcomed her mother and sister-in-law to her palace-home with a sweet frankness and cordial welcome that almost persuaded Maria in the belief that she had entirely forgotten that little episode in Miss McKenzie's room; and Maria loves dearly to talk to her fashionable friends about "darling little Sister Ruth—the heiress, you know, that Charley married!"

From the Ironton Register.

CHASE FOR A MURDERER.

How Marshal Morgan Caught Andy Price.

Eighteen Cents for a Man's Life.

For some days after the assassination of Louis Hilgenberg, a full account of which was in the Register last week, there was a profound mystery as to who committed the horrible deed. But after a while, as is usual in such cases, surmises began to float through the community, and suspicions began to find their home. So, on Tuesday night of last week, Marshal Margan started for Ohio Furnace, to cut off the retreat of certain individuals who had been reported as directing their steps that way. Finding nothing there, this officer went to the Tunnel on his route further to the East. Staying there all night, he was joined by Peter Spears, when the two started for Vesuvius furnace and, thence toward Marion.

Peter Spears, however, volunteered to show where Andy Spears was, the latter individual being under strong suspicions. Marshal Morgan and his associate, riding at night, came out on the pike, three miles this side of Marion, near where Andy lived. Learning that Andy had been there that day, they went to his house, which is a hollow back of Eliza Willis's. Finding Spears at home the Marshal put irons upon him, and then took him apart, and asked him about the "murder scrape," but Spears denied all knowledge of it. But, upon the Marshal promising not to make a witness of him, and let him go, he said that a man by the name of Andy Price, had told him on Thursday, that he was going to kill Hilgenberg on Friday night, and that he was told by Price on the following Sunday that he had killed him

Andy Spears said that Andy Price stayed at Mr Rhodes's, eight miles beyond Marion. The Marshal and his posse started thither, having pressed in a horse for the prisoner to ride. But Price had not been at Rhodes's, nor was he known there. Mr. Rhodes, however, went with the Marshal to Andy price's sister, some distance off, and learned that Andy had left there Tuesday morning at daybreak. It now being night, Wednesday, the Marshal sojourned at Rhodes's and started next morning for the river. Within five miles of the river, at a forks of the road, Marshal Morgan sent three of his posse to the mouth of the Symmes, while he with Peter Spears and the prisoner pushed forward toward Proctorsville. Here learning that a man answering to the description of Price had crossed the ferry Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, the Marshal sent the man whom he had arrested to Ironton, and with Peter Spears started into Virginia. Hearing that Price had gone from Guyandotte with an ox team, the Marshal went seven miles off from the Barboursville Road to see if the ox driver knew anything of Price.

All that he could ascertain was that the ox driver left Price one mile this side of Barboursville.—Morgan then started for Guyandotte river, several miles above Barboursville. Here he began to deal in cattle in order to conceal his mission, and was directed to Major Shelton. Finding this individual a reliable gentleman, the Marshal told him his purpose and was informed that such a man as Price had been in that neighborhood, and had inquired for Anderson's. Major Shelton agreed to accompany Morgan and Spears. They went to Anderson's, and the Marshal seeing a woman washing in the creek near by, asked her if there had been an old grey-headed man there lately. The woman replied that there had been no one there but Andy Price, and he was no grey-headed man. Morgan said he new better, where upon the feminine became deeply enraged and cursed the Marshal roundly.

In the meantime, Maj. Shelton had gone into the house, and coming out said it was all right. He had told some women there what they were after, and the women came to the door and begged them "to take Price, for he was a thief, murderer, &c." The expedition then crossed Mud river, and went to a grist mill, where they learned that Andy Price had been seen at the polls Wednesday. Losing no time, and buying but few cattle, Marshal Morgan and his comrades started for Mrs. Smith's, Price's sister.—Stopping a short distance this side of that place, the party learned that Price and his wife had come down to Mrs. smith's the day before, which was Thursday. They then went to Smith's and inquired of a man who was daubing the house, if Andy Price was there. Smith was somewhat deaf so they had to speak loud, and the women hearing Andy's name mentioned, got very uneasy. Morgan stepped into the yard to get a turnip, when he saw a woman get over the fence, and run up the creek. The Marshal and posse took after her, she crying at the top of her voice, "Get away Andy—they're after you."

Morgan caught her and endeavored to intimidate her by presenting a pistol to her face, but she wouldn't scare" and yelled the louder. The Marshal gave her a push over the bank, and rushing down the creek found Price secured. The latter was sitting down feeding a sorgo mill, when Shelton and Spears came up. He asked Morgan why he was arrested, and the Marshal told him that he had broken into his store, back of South Point, and had some calico and a pair of fine boots in a carpet sack, that he wanted back Price said if that's all, he could examine the carpet sack. In the meantime they had arrived at the house, and the women hearing them talk about the carpet sack, stealthily bore it away, but the Marshal caught them emptying it of cigars, &c, and immediately terminated their maneuvres. The fine boots, the Marshal pretended he was after, could not be found, but the course ones, which had been taken from Hilgenberg's, were, as was also his revolver.

The Marshal then took Price and started for the river—passed thro' Barboursville at 12 o'clock at night, and reached Guyandotte at 3 in the morning, when they took the steamer Crossley and arrived at Ironton before noon, Saturday.

On their way here Price confessed the whole affair to the Marshal—that he and Andy Spears Committed the murder—that he did the striking with the hatchet and Spears cut the German,s throat—that for their awful crime they obtained some old clothing, a jug of whisky and eighteen cents. He was lodged in jail with his associate in crime, to await his trial.

For this important arrest, Marshal Morgan deserves great praise as well as a good reward. He ascribes much of his success to the untiring assistace of Mr. Peter Spears, who accompanied him throuh the whole tour, and to Maj. Shelton who was with him part of the time. During the whole expedition, the party did not sleep in a bed or sit down to a table. They spent all their money and the Marshal pawned his watch for more to go on. They traveled in the night time as well as the day.

The Revolution in Spain.

An address, signed by men of letters, professors of the University of Madrid, and other gentlemen, asks the provisional government of Spain to declare free all children born in the Spanish West Indies after the 17th of September last, to grant tue political liberties of the peninsula to those possessions; and to allow them to send deputies to the Cortes (as was the case under two previous constitutions), the suffrage, to be granted to all free, twenty-five years old, and born or naturalized Spaniards, without distinction of color. The committee of the British Anti-Slavery Society have also presented an address to the provisional government of Madrid, expressed a hope that personal freedom will be at once conceded to the slave population in Cuba and Porto Rico.

The legitimist pretender to the Spanish throne has not yet left Paris. A correspondent says: "He lodges in a gentee1 but by no means sumptuous set of apartments in the Rue Cardinal Fesch. Charles VII. is a young man of handsome exterior, and grave, polished manners. The comic journals turn into ridicule the attempts of his friends in Paris to awaken sympathy for him by dwelling on his external advantages. One of them says that the prince being a bachelor, it should have suspected a certain flattering description of him, which appeared last week, to be a matrimonial advertisement. When receiving visitors, of no matter what rank, he invariably hands them a chair himself, in order to show that he dispenses for the present with the strict Spanish etiquette which forbids any one to sit in the presence of the sovereign."

The honorary secretary of the Financial Committee of the Edinburgh Spanish Evangelization Society, Mrs. R. Pendic, publishes in the Edinburgh Courant an advertisement soliciting funds for the printing and circulation of the New Testament in Spain. It says that "General Prim has declared to Senor Cabrera, one of the agents of the Edinburgh Spanish Evangelization Society, and two other exiles, that they may enter Spain with their Bible under their arms to preach its doctrines."

The Western Union Telegraph Company extended the courtesies of their wires to General Sheridan at Fort Hayes, Kansas. In the very heart of the Indian country he received the news of the triumphant victory of his great leader, and was doubtless as exultant over the news as at the surrender of Lee. What a rousing night the boys at Fort Hayes must have made of it!—*C. Herald.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Frank Bell, a brakemam on the A. & G. W. R. R. was killed by the cars on Tuesday of last week. He was an excellent young man, and his sudden and terrible death is much deplored by his numerous friends. His remains was sent to his parents who live in the vicinity of Loudonville.—*Mansfield Herald.*

Rumor says Mayor Hoffman will resign his present office in time for the vacancy to be filled by the Charter election in December.

CALAMITY IN SWITZERLAND.

Appeal to the Swiss and to the Friends of Switzerland in the United States.

A calamity has befallen the citizens of Lessin, Valais, St. Gall, and Uri, which in its immensity, stands unequalled in the annals of Switzerland. On the 27th of September rain began to fall in torrents along the Northern and Southern slopes of the alps, and continued to descend, but with little intermission, for eight days During all this time a powerful South wind raged furiously amidst the masses of snow and ice, which had lain undisturbed for centuries in their inaccessible Alpine strongholds. Every mountain rivulet swelled into a rushing stream, every stream into a torrent carrying appalling destruction in its course. The rivers of Tessin, the Rhone, the Reuss, the Rhine, and the Inn, in their relentless power, obliterated many of the choicest beauties of nature, impoverished thousands of families, and hurried hundredsto a watery grave. Heartrending and vain was the struggle of human hands against the overpowering force of the watery element. On it came, in the dead of night, terrible in its might, scattering destruction far and wide, and piling up in the meadows the mountain *debris* of ages. Rocks weighing hundreds of tons were torn from their resting places, and in their course joined the revelry of destruction. Whole forests, vinyards, and meadows—stacked with grain, have disappeared, and in many places, not a vestige of roads, bridges and fences is left; houses, mills and factories are torn from their foundations, and even cemeteries and charnel-houses have been invaded, and their contents scattered along the course of the devastation. Thousands of cattle lie choked in the mud, and thousands of our fellow beings are reduced to abject poverty. Along the Rhine, village upon village lies half buried in the mud and *debris*, and every article of beding and wearing apparel has either been swept away or rendered useless in houses where comfort, and even plenty reigned; while their verdant meadows, productive orchards, and beautiful gardens, are one mass of greyish mud. Sixty millions of francs will fall far short of the loss sustained. On such extraordinary occasions it is meet that unusual measures be adopted to alleviate at least in part the suffering of our brethren. The federal goverment of Switzerland, prompted by a feeling which it knew would meet with a hearty response from its people, at once dispatched its President to the suffering localities and ordered to the scene of devastation the various corps of sappers and miners to render all possible assistance. Ere this one million of francs will have been appropriated by the federal government, and a like sum will have been contributed by the several cantons. Already a convention of delegates from all cantons have assembled in Berne, and relief associations have sprung up in every section of the land, whose offerings will be distributed by the Central Relief Association, organized under the auspices of the federal government. Many individuals have given most liberally, and the people of adjacent countries are also busy, heart and hand, in the noble work of relieving want. Among others the King and Queen of Wurtemberg made at once a remittance, and organized a relief society over which they will preside. And we, fellow countrymen and brethren, shall we stand aloof? Shall we leave unheeded the cry of distress the pleading eye cast over from beloved Switzerland? No, no, never, never must be the ready response of every heart. The painful tidings from our sorely-visited brethren will find an echo in bountiful blessed America. A mite from every feeling heart, a gift from every generous