

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish...

There is no eye but hath its inward weep...

There is no breath but hath its inward sigh...

There is no lip but hath its inward smile...

There is no hand but hath its inward grasp...

There is no foot but hath its inward tread...

There is no soul but hath its inward quest...

Oh, blessed light, that glides our night of sorrow...

Oh! bath of life for one healing hour...

And the affections spring not from the ground...

Our Saturday Night.—We Buried Her at Sundown.

To-day an old friend came to our private room and asked:

"Did you know — of Milwaukee, when you lived there?"

"Yes."

"Did you know his daughter, who attended the — Ward school?"

"Not the very pretty girl, who was so quick, attractive, and so full of promise?"

"The same."

"What of her? It is years since then — we saw her in school one day, a little innocent girl, the pride of her parents, and the loved of all. What of her?"

"She is dead!"

"Well?"

"She died in this city this morning early. Poisoned herself last night, and the keeper of the house where she is says she must be taken away this afternoon, for a dead person in the house kills luck."

"Tell us more."

And he told us a heart-rending history. Years ago, some of the calendar counts, the one who had tired of life was a child in Milwaukee, a distant city of the West. She was quick, bright, attractive, and over-possessed by her many. Her temper was hot — her charms many. She lived for excitement. She went aside from the path her loved parents had so well walked, and loitered in the bowers of that incipient sporting life, where the most delicate taste of the fruit, and inhale the perfume of attractive flowers growing so beautifully on deadly vines. The poison went to her brain — the early life became warped as present pleasures were planted for future pain.

She came and went — she roamed and romped like the butterfly that creeps not for the water — she sat, and rode, and walked and talked, and rested with those who were loafing on her young life — till home became irksome and, when those who loved her best did kindly ask her of the present, she rebelled, and inhaled more of the poison, which drove the good from her heart.

She thought bowers were houses — rambles here and there amid vines and flowers were walks on the road to life.

And when the flower fell and the thorn pricked her soul, instead of returning to the true path and seeking only the love of one, she tried other labyrinths, and yet others. But alas! The flowers fell every where, and everywhere the ugly thorns followed.

Then she left her home. Under a veil and an assumed name, she went to other cities — she came to this and drank deeper of the poison which gave fewer and yet fewer hours of pleasure and more and more days of grief.

She was sought by this one — by that one. She gave to this one and to that one. Keeping nothing for herself, living only on the froth, and never drinking of the pure water beneath. With her back upon hearts, hope, happiness, and true manly friendship, she sought her home in the whirl, and lived to float, and drift, and be tossed from arm to arm, as whim, fancy, or devil-leading passion drew the ribbon, or shot glances from watching eyes that were but detectives for baser souls within.

With our friend we went to her room. Up Broadway, and then into a side street, the ring of a door-bell brought a negro woman to open the walnut door of a palace, so called. Up stairs to a brilliantly furnished bedroom — three of us, beside the undertaker and his assistant, with a plain coffin.

Softly — in here. Ah! She will not waken. We looked, and the tears came into our eyes, for all she was a dead unfortunate. She was once a girl — once a woman — once a loved child, beside whose little bed fond parents have stood and gazed on her sleeping beauty, and thanked God for her coming.

Finery everywhere. Silks, jewelry, articles of the toilet — pictures on the wall, dresses spoiled by wine, books of prose and poetry.

A slipper on her right foot — silk stockings fitted her beautiful ankle — little plain gold and three diamond rings on the fingers of her left hand, with a single diamond stone ring on the fore finger of the right. A watch and chain lay motionless on the bureau, stopped at fifteen minutes past four. Wonder if her life ran down then? God only knows! A little white kitten, with ribbon of blue about its neck, was sleeping on the pillow, beside her was an empty ounce vial, which had contained laudanum.

She lay partly across the bed — one hand under her head, as if sleeping — her beautiful hair disheveled, but such a sad, sick, desolate look on her face, the tears would not keep back.

She had died as she lived, in her finery. In her hand was a letter — a good, kind, heart written letter from one who had known her — who, for years had tried to save her, for he loved her dearly. And the letter, with this chapter, was sent to the writer, miles away, that he may know that the wayward, giddy, whirling, careless, beautiful, thoughtless girl he loved, for all she was not true to herself, was taken to a quiet grave by one who have kind hearts, and who will never reveal his secret, for thus do those fraternally bound by each other.

She has gone, poor heart-wretched, desolate-souled, beautiful one. Let us hope to the care of those who will not pluck to destroy — who will fold her in loving embrace, and keep her with renewed purity for the one who so loved her, yet whose honest love and kind interest had so little weight with her here.

Her trunk was full of finery, and cords, and pictures, and letters from the gay and thoughtless — full of odds and ends of a poisonous festival! And in a little box, as if sacred, the picture of father, mother, a sister and two brothers. What shall we do with them? Send them home? They know not where she was, or is! They only know that she is away, but under what name, what doing, alive or dead, they know not, for all they have often sought, as we know. Shall we tell them, or carry the secret with others and others, we hold, to the grave? What would our readers do? What would be right?

A hearse and a carriage. At dusk or nearly. Stendly we move on down the street, meeting thousands. We put her in a plain coffin, for her life had been too plain of joy to mock her corpse and a grotesque with a gilded case. The beautiful one she had despised — would not preserve — would not confide in the keeping of the one she loved her, so infatuated was she with the life she wanted to lead, so we would not insult her corpse with the hate of her life!

She rested — but oh! that sad, heart-wrecked, pity-pleading face, seeming to cry out from its perishing stillness — "Oh! God! Oh! man! Give — give — give! O! give me back to that life, that truth, that purity, that heart — that all that would have been my salvation! O God, pity me, for the world does not! And give me rest, if I cannot have that hope, that faith, that bliss, that happy future I might have had but for careless wanderings.

Over the river we bore her away. We met others like her on the streets, little caring or dreaming who was in the hearse ahead, or the carriage following. We took her away as they will be taken.

If the graves of the lost ones could cry out! Who could listen to the terrible wail? The love and passion songs of earth; the discordant unions of perdition, sufficient of themselves to curse millions and hold their souls down to agony. Oh! the present; the future! The minute; the eternity! Oh! Father in Heaven, give us all will and power to save, but no heart to wrock, to destroy.

We buried her as the sun went down on this beautiful Saturday Night. And we rode slowly home as the hearse went its way for another, or to wait an order!

And we looked out of the carriage window as the dead one can look out of the window of the past to see where she mistook the road! And we saw people hastening to and fro — this way and that way, eager to reach home. Poor girl, she was eager to reach the grave, anywhere, rather than in her wild, heart-rending, soul-harrowing thoughts.

Well, she is gone. God be kinder to her than she was to herself here! Fearful was the load she took with her! Every flower a thorn, every rattle a walk with hounds, every reckless dalliance a garment of torture woven on earth with the bright side out, to be worn there — with the sting piercing the soul.

And God pity her parents, and him who loved her, loved her in accordance with my-sins orders. She is at rest, the torture that drove her to death may purify her, we hope they will.

To-night we are going on a visit. To the bedside of our friends. We will kiss them while they sleep, and they will not know that we were there. We will straighten the coverlets over the hearts and to the throats of those we love, will kiss them again and pray God to keep them all in the right path. And we will go for hours before we sleep to the bedades of those miles and miles away, and see which are to be lost or saved; to the bedades of those who sleep in sin and reckless, undaring passion, and kiss them once never so softly for the mothers and fathers who have lost them forever. Then we will go to the little beds of the poor children whose parents do not care for them or their sobbings, and drop a tear of pity for their future. Then to the sleeping forms of those who have lost loved ones in the terrible whirl, and whisper of the meeting Over There, where the trunks will return, and then to the cribs, cradles and beds of those who have good fathers and mothers to watch over them, and will with the loving and the living look with joy and pride on the sleeping ones, who little know their childish dreams that while they sleep, while all is still, warm hearts are beating and tear-glistening eyes are looking and praying that they may live for those who most truly love them; from God to man, and not to be taken to the grave as was the poor, storm-tossed, heart-wrecked, beautiful child of misfortune we in sadness helped bury this Saturday Night. — "Brick" Pomeroy.

ENTAILED DIAMONDS.—It is said that three Roman ladies, the Princesses Borghese, Viano, and the Duchess Salviati, represent to each more than five millions of dollars in diamonds. These jewels are the accumulated wealth of centuries, and are strictly entailed. When to be worn, the owner for the time being gives a receipt for the same to the custodian, a confidential servant, whose father and grandfather before him have probably died in the same office. The lady may wear them when and where she pleases, always with the formality of the receipt, and followed by a restitution of the same next day; but she can not take them with her to foreign parts; they can not leave Rome; in short, they are loaned to the wife of the head of the family, and are considered pretty much in the light of crown jewels. The owner were permitted to carry her diamonds to Paris and exchange them for paste she could easily purchase happiness.

A Michigan woman mortgaged her cook-stove in order to raise seven dollars to give her husband, he having promised to leave her for that amount.

TEA IN A TARTAR TENT.—I had taken the precaution to bring an empty bottle, and a paper of needles, which we immediately presented to the good woman of the tent. We had not long to wait for gratitude to show itself. Putting a large caldron over the fire, she threw in some tallow, and after this melted, poured in a quantity of water to which, as soon as it had begun to boil, was added a liberal quantity of tea and salt, and small pieces of the fat of a sheep's tail. When this was done and a handful of parched millet sprinkled over the surface, the good woman served it up in wooden cups, putting into each one a lump of cheese about the size of an egg. We stood almost agitated, frightened at the hospitable offering which our presents had called forth; and, indeed, a decoction of tallow, fat, salt, and cheese is certainly a formidable compound for a Western palate. But notwithstanding the epithets with which we reviled the mixture, in a language fortunately unintelligible to our hosts, the cups were repeatedly filled, and as often emptied. Before we had left Mongolia this Tartar tea had become a favorite beverage with all of us. — Prof. Pampely.

CHARCOAL FOR HORSES' WOUNDS.—Many years ago, I recollect a horse being brought into the yard of Joseph Bignal, a celebrated man for keeping hunters, at Crovden. The horse was very much affected in the wind, and could hardly move from distress. In a very few days this animal did its regular work as a hunter, with perfect ease and comfort to itself. Tar water was the cure. Tar is carbon, and charcoal is also carbon; charcoal in the powder is more easily given than tar water. I have tried it with most beneficial effect; and I think it stands to reason that the removal of noxious gases and flatulence from the stomach of the horse must improve his wind and condition. Tar is frequently given with benefit in cases of chronic diseases of the respiratory organs; but effects are totally different from those produced by charcoal (carbon). — London Field.

STARTLING PHENOMENON.—The sun-gazers say that a phenomenon is in progress, whose results cannot be predetermined. A great wave of magnetic light, is rolling from the sun towards the earth, and has already reached half the distance, or forty-five millions of miles. The wave flashes and convulsates at intervals, and so sensible are its effects, that two astronomers, one in London and one in Oxford, making entirely independent observations, supposed that the dark glasses of their telescopes had been broken, or put out of range, so sharply did the light flash upon the eye. It is predicted that near the close of next year this wave will reach our terrestrial sphere. There are varied surmises what the effect may be. Some think it will produce convulsions, similar to those, or perhaps more intensified, which evidently have taken place in past times. — Philadelphia Star.

A California paper is down on a man who backed out of a fight when he had both his ears chawed off.

The bachelors of Louisville are going to give a banquet to the young ladies. It is thought that something may come of it.

The free-lovers of New York denounce marriage as a "gigantic infamy." It is that the experiment of their leader, Geesley?

Mushrooms are a dollar a dozen in Boston. There are some live ones in this section who might be furnished cheaper than that.

The darkies have commenced succiding in an account of blighted affection, &c. Next they'll be in the breach of promise business.

Augusta, Georgia, has shut down on organ-grinders, and its streets no more resound with the melodious strains of "Captain Jinks."

A short and stout woman got caught in a "squeezing machine" in a Dundee yarn factory, recently, and came out lifeless, but twelve feet long.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REGISTERS NOTICES.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed in record in this office for inspection of interested parties and all others in any way interested and will be present to the Orphans court of Centre county to be held at Bellefonte on the 24th day of January next. A. D. 1870.

1st. Partial accounts of J. G. Meyer, Guardian of William Catherine, John Jacob, Philip and Daniel Meyer, Minor Children of Magdalena Meyer, late of Haines Township deceased.

2d. The account of Sarah Bowrey, Administrator of the Estate of Haines Township in the County of Centre, deceased, as settled by Simon Role, her attorney in fact and acting administrator.

3d. The account of Sarah J. Hale, John Mills Hale, and W. W. Hale executors of R. C. Hale, late of Philadelphia, in the County of Centre, deceased.

4th. The account of Jane Lucas, (was Jane Jacobs) administrator of Nelson Lucas, late of Snow Shoe Township, deceased.

5th. The account of John Grove administrator of Peter Grove, late of Grove Township, deceased.

6th. The account of Jacob Meyer administrator of George Meyer, late of Haines Township, deceased.

7th. The account of George Korman (guardian of Eliza Smith, (formerly Eliza Burdell) daughter and heir of John Burdell, late of Grove Township, deceased.

8th. The account of Joseph Grambsy administrator of all and singular, the good and chattels, rights and credits of Sylvester Grambsy, late of Haines Township, deceased.

9th. The account of Michael Harper, guardian of Sarah L. Hosterman, Minor child of John Hosterman, late of Haines Township, deceased.

JOHN H. MORRISON Register

LEVI MILLER. Having purchased the interest of J. B. Batts, Esq. in the late firm of Batts & Miller, is now prepared to carry on the

GROCERY BUSINESS in all its various branches. He will be found, as usual, at Bunkle's old stand, Main street, next door to Bunkle's bakery. All sorts of groceries in abundance. 14-411.

WATCHMAN CHEAP JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, OPPOSITE THE BUSH HOUSE

DRUGGISTS.

A NEW APOTHECARY and DRUG STORE, located in BROCKERHOFF'S NEW BLOCK, Bellefonte, County of Centre, Penn'a.

The undersigned have the pleasure to inform the citizens of Bellefonte, Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties in general, that they expect to be ready by Monday, 21st inst., to open their

NEW DRUG STORE for the accommodation of the public, and they hereby extend a cordial invitation to all who may be interested, and wish to obtain

FRESH, PURE AND GENUINE MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, DRUGS, and such articles as are kept in a first class Drug Store, lately selected with great care and discretion in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, by the senior partner of the establishment, who has had

30 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN THE ART. He also speaks, reads and writes the German language, as well as the English tongue, being fully as well acquainted with the Nomenclature in that language of the business as with the Latin and English Terms and Technicalities of the Art, and hence we can, and will accurately and

CAREFULLY COMPOUND PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS in either Language, AT ANY HOUR-DAY OR NIGHT. Night Customers will please pull the Night Bell.

We modestly ask for a share of public favor and patronage. Our stock consists of Pure and Genuine Medicines, Chemicals & Drugs, in all their various forms and styles of preparation used by regular physicians.

We also keep a large assortment of the finest EXTRACTS AND PERFUMES For Ladies. HAIR, NAIL and TOOTH BRUSHES; CLOTHES, PAINT and VARNISH BRUSHES.

THE VERY FINEST AND BEST CUTLERY. C. O. M. B. S. of all kinds, style and quality, such as IVORY, GUM and HORN. BIRDS CAGES and BIRD SEED.

PURE WHITE LEAD and ZINC IN OIL-CHINA GLOSS. LINSEED OIL, FISH OIL, SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE, and all the FANCY COLORED PAINTS, DRY and in OIL.

FURNITURE and COACH VARNISHES, and also DEMARK VARNISH, and a few approved PATENT MEDICINES, and lastly, a well selected and large stock of WALL PAPER, at reasonable prices, via FROM 10 CENTS TO \$20 PER ROLL.

PLEASE GIVE US A CALL! ZELLER & JARRETT Bellefonte, Pa. June 16, '69 14-25

GREEN'S DRUG STORE.—Room 2, YARBS HOUSE. The undersigned respectfully announces that he has removed his well known

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE, to the new room (No. 3) under Bush House hotel, which he has fitted up for that purpose and having largely increased his stock, is now prepared to furnish his customers with pure

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, PURE WINES and LIQUORS, for medicinal use, Dye-Stuffs, with almost every article to be found in an establishment of the kind, such as Horse and Cattle Powder, Coal Oil, Alcohol, Linseed Oil, Glass, Paints, Putty, Sponges. Also the largest and best collection of

PERFUMERY AND TOILET SOAPS ever brought to this place. Tobacco and cigars of the most approved brands, constantly on hand. As would call the attention of the public to his stock of notions, consisting of Hair, Tooth, Nail, Flesh and Paint Brushes, Cutlery, Pipes, Drinking Cups, Chess Men (Inlaid), etc. Also, a large variety of TOYS FOR CHILDREN.

Particular attention given to preparing PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS and family receipts. Having had more than twelve years experience in the business, he feels confident he can render satisfaction to all who favor him with their patronage.

FRANK P. GREEN, DRUGGIST, 111-112 Room, No. 3 Bush House

SCHOOLS.

BELLEFONTE ACADEMY. A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

Next session opens on Wednesday, September First, with every facility for the education of youth in all the studies which constitute a liberal and polite education.

Special attention is given to Music and Drawing. Vocal Music is made a regular branch in the course of study, and is taught to the pupils without extra charges.

The Principal is assisted by an ample corps of tried and capable teachers, the united aim being to insure the moral, cultural, and general education, as well as the intellectual improvement of the pupils. Each scholar has a due share of individual attention.

Parents who wish to place their children in school out of the Institution, can find pleasant homes, and at reasonable rates in the town. For further particulars address: Rev. J. P. HUGHES, Principal.

FURNITURE.

S. H. WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in COTTAGE FURNITURE.

All kinds of TURNED WORK furnished to the trade at CITY PRICES.

Also TURNED PALINGS, BALUSTERS, and HAND RAILING, furnished to Builders.

Upholstering, Repairing Furniture and every thing pertaining to the business promptly attended to.

Factory near Blanchard & Co's. Planning MILL ELEGANT HEARSE, ever in this part of the country.

WARE ROOMS? OPPOSITE THE BUSH HOUSE BELLEFONTE, PA.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY. JOHN BRACHBILL, Manufacturer and dealer in HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

SPRING STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA. Keeps constantly on hand a choice assortment of Mattresses, Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Bedsteads, &c. A very fine selection of WALL PAPER, will always be found at LOW PRICES.

10-46-6m. FURNITURE WARE ROOM. Howard Street, Bellefonte, Pa., where

Bureaus, Lounges, Sofas, Hat Trunks, What Nots, Stairs, Chairs, Extension Tables, Etc., of every description, quality, and price, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment of the kind in Central Pennsylvania.

HENRY P. HARRIS. LIQUORS. LATER AND BETTER NEWS. Notwithstanding that times are hard, and other public expressions, intense excitement reigns at the

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE. In the marble front on Bishop street, Bellefonte, Pa., where is kept constantly a full supply of the

BEST LIQUORS. At prices lower than can be found elsewhere outside of Philadelphia. His stock consists of the best

Old Rye, Bourbon, Monongahela and Old Irish Whiskies; Holland Gin, Cogniac and other Brandy; Jamaica and New England Rum, German, Madeira, Lisbon, Sherry and Port, Cordials, and

All kinds of Straps, which he is selling so low as to astonish all. J. B. EITZEL, DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES & LIQUORS.

In the room formerly occupied by the Keystone Bakery, on Bishop street, Bellefonte, Pa., takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps constantly on hand a supply of choice Foreign and Domestic Liquors. All casks warranted to contain the amount marked.

The attention of practicing physicians is called to his stock of PURE LIQUORS, suitable for medicinal purposes. Bottles, jugs, and demijohns constantly on hand. He has the ONLY PURE NECTAR WHISKY in town.

Liquors are warranted to give satisfaction. Liquors will be sold by the quart, barrel, or tierce. He has a large lot of BOTTLED LIQUORS of the finest grades on hand.

Confident that he can please customers, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. THE WINCHESTER RIFLE, IS SHOTS. SPENCER RIFLE, 8 SHOTS. DOUBLED BARREL RIFLES. Double shot guns, Revolvers, Cartridges, &c. Gun repairing in all its branches.

THEODORE DEBCHNER, Bush's Arcade, High St., Bellefonte Pa. 14-39-ly.

HOTELS-SALOONS.

BROKERHOFF HOUSE. ALLEGANY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. HOUSE & KROM, (Proprietors.)

A first class hotel—comfortable rooms—prompt attendance. All the modern conveniences and reasonable charges.

The proprietors offer to the traveling public and to their country friends first-class accommodations, and careful attention to the wants of guests, at all times, at fair rates. Careful hostlers and good stabling. An excellent table well served. A bar, supplied with the best of liquors. Servants well trained, and everything requisite in a first class hotel.

Our location is in the business portion of the town, near the post office, the court house, the churches, the banks, and the principal places of business, rendering it the most eligible place to stop for those who visit Bellefonte either on business or for pleasure.

An omnibus will carry passengers and baggage to and from all trains free of charge—14-21

BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PENNA., W. D. RIKARD, Proprietor.

This elegant hotel, having come under the supervision of the undersigned, he would respectfully announce to the public that he is prepared to accommodate them in the style of the best houses in the city. The Bush House is a magnificent building, splendidly furnished, and capable of comfortably accommodating THREE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is situated near the depot, and convenient to all places of business, and is the best hotel in the city of Pennsylvania. Its waiters are obliging, polite and attentive. Its tables are supplied with the most select and delicious food, and its bar supplied with the best of liquors. For guests from the cities to spend the summer months in the country, the proprietors will be happy to receive the public as often as they wish to call.

W. D. RIKARD, Proprietor. GARMAN'S HOTEL—DANIEL GARMAN, Proprietor.

This long-established and well-known hotel, situated on the southeast corner of the Diamond, opposite the Courthouse, having been purchased by Daniel Garman, he announces to the former patrons of this establishment and to the traveling public generally, that he has thoroughly refitted his house and is prepared to render the most satisfactory accommodations to all who may favor him with their patronage. No pains will be spared on his part to add to the convenience and comfort of the guests. All who stop with him will find his table abundantly supplied with the most sumptuous fare the market will afford, done up in style by the most experienced cooks. His bar will always contain the best of liquors. His stabling is the best in town, and will always be attended by the most trustworthy and attentive hostlers. Give him a call, one and all, and he will be happy to receive you, and with their accommodation. An excellent library is attached to this establishment, which strangers from abroad will find greatly to their advantage.

CONRAD HOUSE. A HOTEL ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. Located in the marble front on Bishop street, Bellefonte, Pa., opposite the Brokerhoff House.

A HOTEL ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. First class bar, restaurant, rooms and stabling. Persons desiring meals and lodging at fair rates, can at all times be accommodated.

AN EXCELLENT BILLIARD ROOM, with three tables, new and in perfect condition, always open at proper hours, and suitable for the lovers of this pleasing and exciting game. Perfect order maintained in the house. Profanity and disorder promptly suppressed. No persons not allowed to frequent the saloon nor to play without consent of the proprietors. Meals at all hours. Hot coffee and tea always on hand. H. H. KLINE, Proprietor.

CUMMINGS HOUSE. Wm. J. HOESTERMAN, Proprietor.

BELLEFONTE PENNA. The undersigned, having assumed control of this fine hotel, would respectfully ask the patronage of the public. It is prepared to accommodate guests in the best of style, and will take care that his tables are supplied with the best in the market. Good stables attached to the hotel, and all attentive servants. The traveling public are invited to give the Cummings House a call. 14-29-ly

NATIONAL HOTEL. MILLHEIM, PA. JONATHAN KREMER, Proprietor.

Having purchased this admirable property, the proprietor takes pleasure in informing his friends, that he has refitted and furnished it from top to bottom, and is now prepared to accommodate travelers and others in a style that he hopes will prove not only satisfactory, but pleasant. His table and bar, will not be excelled by any in the country.

His stabling is large and new, and is attended by experienced and attentive ostlers. 14-29-ly

EXCHANGE HOTEL, HUNTINGDON, PA.—J. MORRISON, Proprietor.

This old establishment, having been leased by J. Morrison, former proprietor of the Mount Hope House, has been entirely refitted and furnished, and supplied with all the modern improvements and conveniences necessary to a first-class hotel. The dining room has been removed to the first floor, and is now spacious and airy, and the chambers are all well ventilated, and the proprietor will endeavor to make his guests perfectly at home. Passengers for Bedford Springs will find this the most eligible stopping place in Huntingdon. 7-15-71-ly

MONTOUR HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN.—E. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.

This elegant hotel, formerly known as the Washington House, on Water street, is now ready for the reception of visitors and boarders. It has been elegantly furnished, and the table is always supplied with the best. Visitors to Lock Haven will find this the most eligible place in the city. A free bus conveys the guests of the house to and from the various trains. 14-20

RAIL-ROADS. PHILADELPHIA & ERIE R. R. WINTER TIME TABLE.

Through and direct route between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and the GREAT OLD REGION OF PENNSYLVANIA. ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS. On all Night Trains.

On and after Monday, Nov. 25, 1869, the Times as follows: —WESTWARD. Mail Train leaves Philadelphia..... 10:30 P.M. do do Lock Haven..... 11:20 do do arrives Erie..... 5:30 A.M. Erie Exp. leaves Philadelphia..... 11:40 do do Lock Haven..... 12:30 do do arrives Erie..... 10:00 A.M. Elmira Mail leaves Philadelphia..... 8:00 do do Lock Haven..... 8:50 do do arrives Lock Haven..... 7:45 P.M. —EASTWARD. Mail Train leaves Erie..... 10:30 A.M. do do Lock Haven..... 11:20 do do arrives Philadelphia..... 11:00 P.M. Erie Exp. leaves Erie..... 6:20 do do Lock Haven..... 7:10 do do arrives Philadelphia..... 4:30 P.M. Mail and Express connect with Oil Creek & Allegheny River Railroad. Baggage checked through. ALFRED L. TYLER, Gen. Supt.