Poetry.

GO AHEAD!

In our Country, blessed by Freedom,
Which has onward, upward sped,
Let the happy, loyal millions
Sing the cause of "Go Ahead!".
Go ahead! surrender never!
We will lead the world and ever
Go ahead!

Ev'ry mother to her baby,
Should, beside its cradle bed,
Proudly sing—not "Hush! my darling!"
But the song of "Go ahead!"
Go ahead, you blessed baby,
You'll be President, it may be—
Go ahead!"

Though not born in stately palace,
But within a cot or shed,
In our happy States United,
Ev'ry man can go ahead—
Difficulties proudly braving,
With our banner proudly waving
Go ahead!

Here a farmer or mechanic
Is as noble as a king—
Bowing only to his Maker,
"Onward pushing, he can sing,
"Come my friend, and come my neighbor,
Let us all, in honest labor,
Go ahead!"

Not in vain our patriot fathers
For Columbia fought and bled,
When their sons in paths of progress,
Free and happy, go ahead;
Go ahead, and still aspire—
On and upward, high and higher!
Go ahead!

If, then, you've an honest calling—
To yourself and country true—
Roll your sleeves up! buckle to it!
Go ahead, and "put it through!"
"Time and tide will wait for no man,"
Hurry up! don't be a slow man;
Go ahead!

If you stumble, do not grumble—
All your croaking will be vain;
Keep your lip as stiff as ever—
"Up and at it" once again!
Clench your teeth and through them mutter,
I'll to earn my bread and butter,
Go ahead!

Miscellaneous.

MARGARET'S TEST.

"If ever I marry," said Margaret Baily to her cousin Olivia, "It will be a man who does not live entirely for himself, but who, out of the benevolence of a charitable heart, will not pass unheeded the cry of the widow and orphan who call on him for relief."

"You speak warmly, Margaret."

"Because I feel it. I have always thought that a charitable man would make a good husband."

"But how will you be able to judge of this? You are an heiress, and, of course, have many suitors. Do you not believe that any one of them would be willing to don a charitable mood for a while, if they supposed that upon this issue depended the hand of the wealthy heiress?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Margaret, thoughtfully; "but," added she suddenly, "an idea has just come into my head, by which I think this embarrassment can be avoided."

"What is that?" asked Olivia, curiously.

"Let me confess, in the first place, that among all who are generally considered suitors for my hand, perhaps fortune would be the more appropriate word, there are none whom I would think of as a husband except Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth. The former, you know, is wealthy; the latter a clerk dependent on his income, which, I should judge, was not large. Now I have a mind to subject these two to a test."

"A good idea, how will you manage it?"

"You know there is a poor family in Allen street—the one of whom we heard to-day, consisting of a widowed mother, who is sick, and three young children. Now I am going, anonymously, of course, to recommend them to the charitable offices of both Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth, and we will see the result. They will not recognize your hand-writing, therefore, I want you to take pen and pencil and write at my dictation."

Olivia brought the writing materials, and her cousin dictated as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the case of a poor family now living in a single room in Allen street, who, in consequence of the illness of the mother, who has hitherto supported them by plain sewing, are reduced to extreme want.

little aid at this time would be to them like the visit of an angel from Heaven. Will you extend it? At least call upon them, and you will be convinced that this is but a simple statement of the truth.

"CHARITY."

The note was copied, and dispatched through the Post-office to the address of both gentlemen.

Perhaps three days afterwards, Herbert Lee called at Margaret's residence. Margaret adroitly led the conversation to objects of charity and charitable institutions.

"Ah," said Lee, "that reminds me of an odd circumstance. I received a letter the other day, recommending to my notice a poor family in Allen street. It was signed Charity, and very earnestly advised me to go and see them."

"And did you go?" asked Margaret, quickly.

"Not I!" was the laughing reply. "I haven't time to waste hunting up all the destitute families in the city. I should have my hands full."

"But the family may be suffering from want."

"If they are, Charity would be in better business in relieving them himself than in sending anonymous letters of advice to others."

Would Herbert Lee have laughed so merrily if he had know the effect of his want of feeling on her whom he was most anxious to please?

"I think, after all," said Margaret, when Herbert had withdrawn, "that I must go and see Mrs. Green Myself. If Henry Ainsworth is no more charitable than Herbert, she will fare hard."

The ladies arrayed themselves for a walk. A few minutes brought them to the residence of the poor widow of whom they were in search.

To their surprise, they found, on being admitted, that a cheerful fire was glowing in the stove, while a pleasant smell of dinner filled the apartment. On a table by the side of the widow were some medicines. The hearth was brushed up, and the room, though scantily furnished, presented a neat and comfortable appearance.

Margaret looked around in surprise.

"I was dead to believe," said she, "that you were in great want."

"So we were," said Mrs. Green; "but, thanks to the generosity of a noble young gentleman who stepped forward to our relief, we are no longer so."

"Indeed, who has thus befriended you?"

"His name is Ainsworth. He sent for a doctor for me, and, at his own cost, purchased food and coals, so that, by the blessing of God, I hope soon to recover my health, and then all will go right once more."

After a little more conversation, Margaret and her cousin withdrew, leaving Mrs. Green some money for her present necessities.

That evening, Herbert Lee offered his hand to Margaret Baily, and to his surprise, no less his discomfiture, was rejected.

A week afterwards Henry Ainsworth made his appearance. He seemed unusually thoughtful.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Margaret, gaily.

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and then replied, "I will tell you the subject of my thoughts, and ask you to forgive me afterwards. It is, I know, an act of presumption for a poor clerk to speak of love—of marriage to a wealthy heiress, but I cannot keep it secret longer—I love you, Margaret, with truth and sincerity. Do you pardon me?"

"No," said Margaret, promptly, "for you have said nothing that requires it. And if you indeed think me worthy of taking, you may have me and welcome."

"Do I hear aright?" was the delightful reply. "How have I deserved such good fortune?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. I had resolved never to marry one unless he was charitable. Last week you received an anonymous letter, recommending a poor family to your charitable notice. I find you have visited them and relieved their necessities. I feel that I can safely trust my happiness in your hands, since you have so nobly stood the test.

"Truly," said Henry Ainsworth, as his eyes lighted up with gratitude, "charity is its own exceeding great reward."

On the Track.

The other day I heard a mother ask her little son to do something.—"In a minute," he said. She spoke again. But it was one, two, three, four, five minutes before he minded her.

It makes me think of the switch-tender's boy. What if he had waited a minute before minding his father? A switch-tender in Prussia was just going to move the rail, in order to put a coming train on a side-track, when he caught sight of his little son playing on the track. The engine was in sight, and he had not a moment to spare. He might jump and save his child; but he could not do that and turn the switch in time; and if it were not done, the on-coming train would meet another train, and a terrible crash and smash would take place. The safety of hundreds of lives depended upon his fidelity. What could he do? What did he do? 'Lie down! lie down!' he called, with a loud, quick voice to the child; and seizing the switch the train passed safely on its proper track.

Did the heavy train run over the little boy? Was he killed? Was he crushed to pieces? No, for he did just as his father told him, and did it instantly. He fell flat between the rails and the cars went high over his head; and when the anxious father sprang to the spot, there he was alive and well; not a hair was touched.—It was his quick obedience, you see, that saved his life. He did not stop a minute. Even a moments hesitation would have been too late.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay me,"—"Say it darling."
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmered,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all," I know."

"Pray the Lord," the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the clear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
This might trust my heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

A Story for Swearers.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or any place.

"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go to the village churchyard, to-night at twelve o'clock, and swear the same oaths which you have uttered here, when you are alone with your God."

"Agreed," said the man, "'tis an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came. The man went to the graveyard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. All is outside the graveyard, not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "Alone with God," came over him with a wonderful power. The though of the wickedness he had committed, and what he came there to do darted through his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he had come to utter the earnest cry went up—

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

A Called Witness.

The Baton Rouge Advocate gives the following extract from the testimony of a witness examined about the participation of one Sam Bowman in a late robbery. When asked if he knew the prisoner, he said:

'Oh, yes, I bought ice cream from him often.'

'What is his name?'

'That is none of my business; got somethin else to do sides follerin people about to find out dar names.'

'How do you know that this is the same man.'

'Don't I tell you, boss, I'se bought ice cream from him lots of times. Of course he is de man. Don't I recolect his painted wagon and his sassers and the way he holered ice cream. Of course he is de man.'

'What were you doing when the robbers came to Mrs. Clark's?'

'Nuffin, I was asleep.'

'How did you know that they were on the place?'

'Ain't I got ears.'

'How long did you stand out in the yard watching?'

'Till my feet was cold.'

A Good Story.

A good story is told of a New York Judge. This Judge had been out on a batter with some convivial friends, slept it off and took his place in the court next morning. A young woman of the town was brought up for robbing a man, and the Judge sentenced her accordingly ten term upon the Island.

"Please, may I speak to you Judge?" said the girl.

"Certainly."

She said apart: "Judge, you told me last night that if I were ever brought before you, you would see that I should be taken care of.'

The Judge stepped back without a moment's hesitation and uttered earnestly:

"Was he your uncle? Indeed this makes a strange escape for one so young. Gentlemen," said the Judge, resuming the bench, 'I know this young lady. There must be some mistake. Her uncle was that excellent jurist, Brown, whose history is so fresh to those of you from Chatauqua. I must take the responsibility of dismissing the case. It is indeed fortunate."

Somebody met Gen. Henry A. Wise in Richmond of Tuesday week and inquired:

"General, have you voted yet?"

"No."

"Well, I suppose you intend to vote early and often?"

"No, sir; I would not touch either one of their d—d parties with a ten foot pole."

The General's position is changed from fighting it out in the Union to one of total inactivity.

SWAIN is not advancing very rapidly toward the establishment of a Democratic Government. The present state of affairs in that Bourbon-cursed nation is by no means encouraging either to the friends of peace or of free Government. The monarchists still possess considerable strength, and there seems to be imminent danger of a bloody civil war between the two parties. It had been well for Spain if the report of Louis Napoleon's death had been true.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

An ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvass drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day,
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried.

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel
Astounded, soul after soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blamed, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But, O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er that earliest parting pass,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

Proof Reading.

All printers and editors, says the St. Louis *Dispatch*, will appreciate the remarks of the New York *Watchman* on this subject, a part of which we insert. If the readers of newspapers understood one half of the difficulties in procuring accuracy, instead of wondering and scolding at mistakes, they would be surprised that there are not many more. How few persons appreciate the services of a proof reader! He is one of the most important agents in the production of a correct literature, and the one of whom no reader seems to think. His is the most thankless of all employments among men. Let him bring out a paper without a fault for weeks in succession, and nobody thinks of him. But let him allow an error to go uncorrected, and immediately he is known only to be censured. He has no thanks for his laborious patience, but blame if he is not faultless. He is certain of one or two things—forgetfulness or censure. We take this occasion to give our conscience satisfaction by saying that we now and here forgive all and every single error our proof readers have failed to correct, and thank them for all accuracy they have secured for our journal during the year, and for the correction of all our mistakes of carelessness or ignorance, made by these watchful and vigilant gentlemen.

In general human life is much after this fashion A man goes on through years of blameless living and no one notices or thanks him; but an error, a mistake, a slip will attract to him the attention of censure. None but God knows what struggles, what watchfulness and what patience have been necessary to secure the propriety which has marked his course for years; nor what circumstances of trial created the weakness which caused him to let go his hold for a moment. God is not unmindful, is the blessed assurance of Holy Scripture. Let us be the proof of the last year, and correct for the new edition of the next. Let us be watchful and forbearing towards the faults of others.

A Boy's Trials.

We do not think that any boy ever put on his first long-tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twisted his back half off looking at it in the glass, and then, when he sots out of doors, it seems as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky, the cow turns to look at him, his very shadow mocks him. The very beards creak with consciousness of the strange speclacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stop a light in the garret window, nod with derision. If he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the thing assumes its most terrific stage; his legs get all mixed up with embarrament, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt against them, moved by the wind of his own agritation; he could not feel any worse were it a dish rag, to be worn by him as a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church, and sits down with his coat tail under him; but he is still apprehensive of Sunday School, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to swing his long-tailed blue.

The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away; yet a multitude take the initiative before their hearts are presentable. It is a great trial to a tough or tender age. For any overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing there are a dozen girls within, and knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory round of the rooms without stepping on their toes, and then sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them in ono's pockets, is an achievement which few can boast. If a boy can get far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at one end, he may stand a chance to spend a pleasant evening; but let him not flatter himself that the trials of he evening are over. There comes at last the break up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy, so mischievous and unimpressible, as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy having the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and hooking his elbow, stammers out the words: 'Shall I see you home?' She touches her fingers to his arm, and thus they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as goslings. As soon as she is safe within her own doors, he struts home, and really thinks that he has been and gone and done it.

Jumped the Broom Stick

A few days since a warrant was issued from St. Louis court for the arrest of a truant husband. The alledged offense consisted in abusing his wife and deserting his family. The culprit being arraigned the hapless "better half" was put on the stand.

'This man is your husband, is he?' inquired the Judge.

"Oh, yes, your honor!" was the confident reply.

When were you married?"

"Sir?"

When did you marry him?"

"About a year ago."

What minister performed the ceremony?"

"Sir?"

"Were you married at church? thundered the magistrate.

"No—sir—We—just jumped the broomstick."

The man wasn't fined.

A COUPLE of gentlemen observing a pretty rough-looking customers leaning against a lamp-post, much under the influence of tarantula, made a bet as to politics. Approaching him, one of them said: 'How do you stand uncle? You'r a Demorat, are you not?' 'Democrat be——d! I admit the symptoms, but, if I know myself, I'm on ozzer side.

A DULL fellow speaking of an acquaintance to a journalist, said: "He is very timid; he couldn't say boo to a goose." "How do you know?" inquired the journalist. "Did you try him?"

AN officer having been spoken off as "a poor colonel," a bystander remarked that he "knew nothing about his kernel, but that he always thought that he was a bad nut."

"The Old Woman."

Once she was "Mother," and it was "Mother, I'm hungry," "Mother, hand my jacket," "Mother, pat up my sleeves" and "Mother," with her loving hands would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the imperious little early pats that made her so many steps and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now she is the "old woman;" but she did not think it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love.

Never was there a more noble son than he—honored of the world and the staff of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair. She only knew how she loved the child, and felt that amid the mists of age her infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the mother's tender ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish heartless, and "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodical. She is "the old woman," wrinkled, gray, and blind.

Pity her, O, grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheek.

A Farm Picture.

What a vivid sketch is that which George Willaim Curtis draws on some country homes: "I think of many and many a sadeyed woman I have known in solitary country homes, who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through the melting heat and pinching cold, to hold back poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an over-increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning and scrub at night, and scold all day long! How care blurred the window like a cloud, hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heel, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with blind idleness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers in the wood above. As I think of these things of the solitary, incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep—too weary to read, to talk, to think I do not wonder that the mad houses are so richly recruited from the farm houses, as the statistics show that the farmer's daughter hangs enchanted over stories in the weekly paper of the handsome Edward Augustus, with white hands and black eyes—nor that the farmer's son hears the city bells that long ago rang to Whitington, Turn again, Whitington, Lord Mayor of London,' ringing to him as he pauses in the furrow, 'Turn again, plowboy, millionaire and merchant!'"

POINTS OF A GOOD COW.

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn,
She's clean in her jaw, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank and wide in her loin.

She's broad in her rib and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, with never a hump;
She's wide in her rips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders and thin in her thighs.

She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail,
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

Silvers of Wisdom.

Early impressions are the most lasting. The foul kiss and fust licking cum under this hed.

Things that are writ for bread are apt tew taste ov the emptings.

Reputashun is a good deal like a bonfire; you have gut tew keep piling on the shavings if you don't the flame will soon subdow.

Good wil is sumthing like good luck, the more soon and unexpected it iz, the better.

Them who make the most blow have the least fragrance; it is jess so with the holerhunk.

The best edukashun a man receives in this life he gits jest before he dize, and mostly consists in forgetting what he has larnt before. The world looke with cold respock upon an ackt ov justiss, but heave up their hats at a display of mercy yet the one is the strength ov virtue, while the others often its greatest weakness.

The mind that has more imaginashun than sense, iz like a goose—fust rate tew fli down hill.

I don't think the wurld hez onny civilizatoin to spare, but I think she hez more than she kan manage well.

Peotri, to be excellent wants tew be like natur but about 4 times as big.

I have wated pashuntly for twenty-five years for the milenium to commence—and jist look at butter fifty cents a pound.

JOSH BILLINGS.

JOHN B. GOUGH's estate comprises two hundred and forty-two acres of land now in a state of cultivation. He has in one year cut one hundred and twenty tons of hay, raised over one thousand bushels of corn, and six or seven hundred bushels of potatoes. His "henery" is a great curiosity, and is, perhaps, as perfect in all its appointments as any one in the country. He has now more than a thousand fowls, including some sixty or seventy varieties, and he has supplied a great number of persons in different States in the Union. He has a fine gymnasium, built and furnished in the most approved style, a beautiful croquet ground, with every convenience for various kinds of healthy and athletic amusements. His stock includes five grade cows, three thoroughbred and four young thoroughbred with one valuable bull, the father of which sold for $4,000; two pairs of oxen, eight horses, including one elegant span, &c. His fruit trees are almost without number, with every conceivable variety. Mr. Gough's house is a museum of itself.—The walls of his drawing room, library, &c., are adorned with the richest and choicest paintings, and in almost every room may be found rare and beautiful ornaments, many of which have been presented to him by friends across the water, as well as in this country.

INTENT ON BUYING REAL ESTATE.—Caleb Cushing has gone to Spain to try to buy Cuba for Seward and Johnson.—We would suggest that it may be a little difficult to determine who has the disposal of Cuba at present. Spain herself is without any established government and is likely to have a contest between the monarchists and Republicans to determine what shall be the character of her government and who shall conduct it.—At the same time Cuba is in a state of insurrection and may have set up for herself before Mr. Cushing reaches Spain. As Uncle Sam is a little short of funds just now, would it not be quite as well to wait a little and perhaps Cuba will come herself. In the meantime Seward and Johnson might explain what became of the $2,000,000, and over, that went into somebody's pocket on the Alaska purchase.

London fines street musicians and those who encourage them.

NEW FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS JUST OPENED AT Jas. A. Fortune's IN THE DIAMOND, ROCHESTER, PENN'.

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF Dry Goods Ever brought to Beaver County, and the Cheapest.

Dress Goods, An endless Variety

REPPS all colors, MERINOS, PLAIDS ARMURES, DELAINES, &C., &C., CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, HATS AND CAPS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, AND FANCY GOODS, COUNTRY FLANNELS, Cheap.

Call Early and Secure Bargains.

We are bound to sell at Pittsburgh Prices.

Stamping, Plaiting and Machine Stitching done to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Remember the place, room formerly occupied by Nelson & Hoessler,

IN THE DIAMOND, ROCHESTER, PA.

JAMES. A. FORTUNE.

J. H. BORLAND WHOLESALE & COMMISSION DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND GUMS.

has removed from 88 Third Avenue, to the large and commodious rooms,

NOS. 53 & 55 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURGH,

And has on hand the largest and best selected stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS & GUMS

In the City, and will be sold at cheaper rates than in Philadelphia or New York. Most of the Goods are manufactured expressly

FOR MY OWN TRADE.

I would invite the Cash and Short-Time buyers to Call and Examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money.

GOODS RECEIVED DAILY.

Retail Store No. 86 Market Street, (3 doors from 5th.

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WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER. WALL PAPER.

The largest and cheapest stock of Wall Paper in Beaver County.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

A large assortment of Miscellaneous, School and Religious Books, constantly on hand at Publishers' Prices.

Gift Books Suitable for the Holidays, AT HAND.

STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY.

An extensive variety of Paper, Envelopes, Lead Pencils, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Ink Stands, &c., &c.

We are the exclusive Agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this County; those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

We are the Agent for this County for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as we can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwaters School Government for sale at Publisher's prices.

We have constantly on hand Floor Oil Cloth in large variety.

WINDOW SHADES, WINDOW OIL CLOTH, RUSTIC & PAPER SHADES.

—ALSO—

on hand Toys and Variety Goods suitable for the Holidays.

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CLOSING OUT SALE OF DRY GOODS, —AT— J. M. BURCHFIELD & CO'S FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Now is the time to get your Holiday Presents of useful articles cheap

Poplins worth 56c worth 40c,
Amures for 25c, worth 37½c.
Cloaking Cloths for $3 75, worth $4 75.
Alpacas for 50c, worth 62c.
Paisley Shawls for $15, worth $20.
Velveteens for $1 00, worth $3 00.
Blankets for $4 00, worth $5 50.
Plaid Flannel for 31c, worth 40c.
44 Muslins for 12½c, worth 15c.
Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, Bed Spreads,
Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, Hem stitched
Handkerchiefs, Evening Dress Silks, Black and colored Silks.

Call soon. Stock is new and best in city to prices.

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NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, NEW YEAR'S GIFTS. NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

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Toys, Gifts, Presents and rare Designs, I do it with pleasure, asking the aged, the middle aged and young to call. I greet you with such an assortment as has never before been exhibited in this County as to variety to select from and as to price. None will go away disappointed

It would be impossible to enumerate.

I again promise to sell lower than can be bought in any city in the Union.

CARPETS

will be sold below cost to clean out my prodsn stock. Dec18 B. MULHEIM.

FOR SALE.—150 acres of land for sale in Upshur county, West Virginia. The land lays within a short distance from Little Kanawa river, that runs into the Ohio river at Parkersburgh, Va., is about 40 miles from Parkersburgh. The Kanawa affords facilities for running lumber out to the Ohio at certain seasons of the year. The land is said to be good and well timbered, &c. is within a short distance of Oil Wells. There are two gentlemen of this county who own 400 acres between them of the same land. It will be sold low, and in payments to suit purchasers. Information, &c., had at this office.

Legal &c.

DISSOLUTION.—The firm heretofore transacting business in the Boots and Shoes business, at Beaver, under the name of J. & J. Bergner, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by the undersigned, who will pay all the debts of the firm and receive all the debts due to the firm. J. BERGNER. Dec. 16, 1868.

A Administrator's Notice.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Adam Bodman, late of Brighton Township, in the county of Beaver, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them to the undersigned. JOHN S. LITTLE, Administrator.

A Administrator's Notice.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John A. Williams, late of Economy, Beaver county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them to the undersigned. novl1 L. HALSEY WILLIAMS, Adm'r.

A Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Abner Wolf, dec'd, late of Rochester Township, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. A. B. WOLF, Administrator.

A Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. Ellen Cadzie, deceased, late of New Brighton, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOHN REEVES, Administrator.

A Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of John Hulin, dec'd., late of Brighton Tp., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOSEPH C. WILSON, Administrator.

Executor's Notice.—Whereas letters testamentary upon the estate of Jas. K. Calhoun, of Big Beaver tp., Beaver county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate, are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to JOHN C. CALHOUN, WM. McCLURE, } Admrs.

Executor's Notice.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of James Reed, of Hanover township, Beaver county, Pa., dec'd having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for payment. All persons indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned. H. A. MOON, Hookstown, ELIZA HOOD, Beaver tp., } Executors.

A Administrators' Notice.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Saml. Shrodes dec'd. of Hopewell, tp., Beaver county, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them to WILLIAM SHRODES of Mont Tp., Adm'r. Dec. 9, 1868.

J. C. Frank vs. D. B. Jeffries. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver County, No. 146 March T., 1868. Foreign Attachment in debt.

October 19, 1868, on motion the Court give judgment against defendant. Same day Mary and Adlavit of claim being filed rule on the Prothonotary to assess the damages in the above case.

Notice is hereby given that said damages will be assessed at the Prothonotary's office, on the 24th day of December, 1868, at 8 o'clock. JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro.

Nov. 18—6w

Michael Grim vs. R. Pritchard & Co. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver county, No. 140 March T., 1868. Foreign Attachment in debt.

October 19, 1868, on motion the Court give judgment against defendant. Same day Mary and Adlavit of claim being filed rule on the Prothonotary to assess the damages in the above case.

Notice is hereby given that said damages will be assessed at the Prothonotary's office, on the 24th day of December, 1868, at 8 o'clock. JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro.

Nov. 18—6w

ELECTION NOTICE. NATIONAL BANK OF BEAVER COUNTY. New Brighton, Dec. 9, 1868.

The Stockholders of the National Bank of Beaver County are hereby notified that the Annual meeting of the election of nine (9) Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House in New Brighton, on the second Tuesday of January next, 1869, the 12th day, between the hours of twelve o'clock and five o'clock of the same day. By order of the Board.

Dec. 9, 1868. EDWARD HOOPS, Cashier.

A Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Samuel Black, late of Brighton tp., Beaver county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in the city of Pittsburgh, Allegheny county, Pa., all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of said decedent are requested to make known the same to the undersigned on or before the 21st day of January next, and those indebted to said estate are required to make payment on or before that time or leave their bills with Mrs. Margaret May, in Beaver, the last week in December. SAMUEL BLACK, Admr. Dec9

Bounty Account.—Account of receipts and disbursements by School Directors of North Sewickly Tp. for bounty purposes from June 24, 1867, to June 1st, 1868.

DR.

To cash on hand and outstanding tax for the years 1864, 1865, 1866 and 1867 as per last settlement 446267—446267

CR.

By notes and bonds redeemed 2,561,86
By interest on same 128.43
By stamps 1.50
By warrant, Wilson and Daugherty Attorney fee 200.00
By warrants sundry individuals 57.50
By treasurers commission 15.05
By error in assessment 11.00—3,040,16
June 1st, 1868.
To cash on hand and outstanding tax 1,653.51

We hereby certify that the above account is correct as it stands stated,

JAMES WARNOCK, ADAM ROUSER, THOS. GILLESPIE, } Auditors.

dec 23 3t.

A Speculation.—Rev. F. D. Fast offers For Sale that valuable property on the corner of 2d Sale that valuable property on the corner of Second and Elk streets, 100 feet wide each street, and corporation alley 20 feet, in the Borough of Beaver, Beaver Co., Pa. For present business and for the future this is the most valuable property for sale in this town. Beautifully located, admirably suited to business men of Pittsburgh, and for the education of families. The lot contains a full acre, in the heart of town, well calculated to divide into four building lots. On the grounds are plenty of fruits, viz: Early and late apples, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Quinces, Siberian Crab, Plums, Grapes, Gooseberries, Currants, three varieties, Rhubarbs four varieties, Strawberries, superior quality, Shrubbery, &c. House, sixty rooms and kitchen, wash house, good cisterns, stabling, carriage house and necessary out buildings. For price and terms enquire on the premises of John A. Frazier, Beaver, Pa. Possession to suit purchaser. Dec. 9, 1868.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver County, the undersigned will expose to sale by public vendue, on the premises, on THURSDAY JANUARY 7th, 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the following described real estate of John Berger, late of Hanover Township, in the county aforesaid, deceased, to wit:—All that parcel of land situated in the township aforesaid, bounded by lands of Richard Stewart, lands of John A. Gibb, lands of James Whitham, and lands of Henry Lence, containing 33 acres and 78 perches, about one-third of the same cleared and under cultivation. Terms—one-third in hand on confirmation of the sale by the court, balance in two equal annual payments with interest from same time and to be secured by bond and mortgage. The purchaser to pay all expense of preparing and stamping deed, mortgage, &c. For further information, inquire of the undersigned, Murdocksville, P. O., Washington County, Pa. DAVID ANDERSON, Adm'r of John Berger, deceased. Dec. 9.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Beaver County, I will sell at public vendue, upon the premises on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1869, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title, interest and claim of Ann Noss, late of Rochester Tp., in said county, deceased, at the time of her decease, of, in, and to all that certain parcel or lot land situated in the township aforesaid, bounded on the north by lands of George Freisch, on the east by lands of Seans Pearl and, on the South by the track of the Railroad and the Ohio river, and on the west by lands of A. P Leacock, containing about 12 acres about 10 acres cleared and in a state of cultivation. Improvements—a good two-story frame dwelling house, orchard, &c., &c. This property is eligibly located on the line of the P. Ft. Wayne & Chicago Railway and the Ohio river, between Rochester and Freedom, about 22 miles below Pittsburgh.—Terms—one-third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the confirmation of the sale by the Court. The balance in two equal annual payments from that date with interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage. Purchaser to pay all expenses of preparing and stamping deed, bond and mortgage. For further information inquire of JACOB J. NOSS, Dec9 Adm'r of Ann Noss, dec'd.

VALUABLE FARMS FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale in Allegheny county, the amount of eight hundred acres of land in farms of one hundred acres and upwards. Some of them would be divided into 50 acre lots to suit purchasers; provided any two persons would purchase a two hundred section. Possession of these farms will be given by the 1st of April, 1869. All these farms are located within a reasonable distance of Pittsburgh.

Also, several highly improved farms situate in the counties of Beaver, Butler and Lawrence, Pa., can be had in lots containing from seventy-five to 200 acres, located in the fertile regions of these counties and adjacent to School Houses, Churches and Mills. Some of these tracts are located within five or six miles of the leading Railroads passing through the counties above named, and some of the Lands lie in the neighborhood of the Oil regions on Slippery Rock Creek.

One large body of Land, containing 1261 acres located within six miles of the Pittsburgh Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and distant 18 miles from Pittsburgh. This body of land is well calculated for grazing and for Sheep.

The contemplated Railroad from Pine Creek to Lawrence county will pass within a short distance of this body of land.

Persons desirous of purchasing should apply before the 1st of February next. After that time they would have to purchase subject to a lease of one year.

A reasonable credit will be given. Maps and descriptions of these Lands can be obtained by applying to the undersigned. Coal and other mineral underlie most of the lands.

BENJ. HUGH BRADFORD, Real Estate Agent. New Brighton, Nov. 23d, 1868.—Dec. 1-3m.

SCOURING, DYEING AND FRESHENING.—The undersigned has taken out Patents for Scouring, Dying and Pressing clothing which for excellence of workmanship and speed, cannot be equalled in the country. Clothing sent to order in first class style. Work will be taken in at any place of business in Bridgewater, at all times, and returned with but little delay to the owner.

I am the Agent for Hoyt's latest improved Sewing Machines, and also Singer's, both of which I am growing more and more in favor, the longer they are used. JOSEPH BRAUN.

Miscellaneous.

Kittanning Steam Tannery and Leather Store, Our Factory, Buildings, New Bethlehem, Pa.

CHEAPER THAN EVER, SOLD IN THIS COUNTY.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

FIRST PREM. COOK STOVE

ROBY.

No. 7, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, $24.00
No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 26.00
No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven, 28.00

Franklin Parlor Stoves

No. 1, Juno Parlor, extra heavy, 16.00
" 2, " " " 13.00
" 3, " " " 17.00

HEATING STOVES.

No. 2, Ribbed Kno, very heavy