SELECT POETRY.

BIBLICAL RIDDLE.

God made Adam out of dust
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
According to God's holy plan.

My body he did make complete,
But without legs or arms or feet;
My ways and actions did control,
And I was made without a soul.

I did my Master's will obey—
From it I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I roamed in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

A living creature I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
Then from his presence I withdrew,
Nor more of Adam ever knew.

But God in me did something see,
And put a living soul in me;
The soul to me the Lord did claim
And took that soul from me again.

And when from me that soul was fled
I was the same as when first made;
And without arms or feet or soul
I travel now from pole to pole.

I labor hard both day and night,
To fallen man give great delight;
Thousands of people young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
And happiness I cannot see;
To heaven above I cannot go,
Up to the grave or hell below.

The Scriptures I can not believe;
If right or wrong I can't conceive;
Although in them my name is found,
It merely has an empty sound.

And when, my friends, these lines you read,
(So search the Bible with all speed)
And if my name you can't find there,
It must be strange, I do declare.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

AS WOMEN WILL.

BY J. BYRON CARSITT.

Idela was very beautiful—no one could dispute that.

And everybody believed that she was as good as she was lovely, and that we will not dispute.

Certainly she was noble by right of birth as well as beauty, for her father was a young son of a very old family, and numbered warriors and king-makers among his successors.

When we know that the lady Idela moved in the first society, and that John Smith was the son of a wealthy dry goods merchant, you will understand that between them there was a great gulf fixed, which the sterling million even which John was heir to was not likely to bridge over. So great was the social distinction that of course they could never have become acquainted under ordinary circumstances.

At this time John was a shy, awkward youth of twenty, and the little aristocrat was four years older. He was starting on the grand tour, and on the same packet she was starting on the same errand, a guest of a wealthy family who had taken a fancy to her.

It is a melancholy comfort to those afflicted with that malady that every rank, age, and station in life, rich and poor, gentle and simple, is alike able to the merciless attacks of sea sickness. John, crossing the water for the first time, suffered as only those who have suffered can understand. It was when he was under the remorseless grips of this monster that Idela profferred a tiny flask of sherry, and cheered his drooping sprits with what he thought the sweetest accent that had ever fallen from mortal lips.

It was some days before they met again, but in course of their journey, isolated as they were from the rest of the world, there grew up, between the two parties, a sort of intimacy, understood to be only conditional and to cease at the end of their wanderings. Love is a cunning teacher who teaches men all things but wisdom, and John Smith was an apt scholar of his just now.

Yes, for he loved the lady Idela.

He loved her with a passion that was not altogether hopeless, but which, while acknowledging its present futility, looked for something to come sometime to break down the barrier between them. His was the quiet intensity of passion which is content to dream of the future rather than to struggle in the present.

This dream soon ended in an abrupt awakening. Lord Vernon, a young English noblemen of high rank in society, and of considerable wealth, joined the party. He had been long looked upon as the probable future husband of Lady Idela, and his present coming was to decide the issue.

From the first Smith looked upon him with aversion. John was a stout built well made man, and would have made a good figure in a heavy cavalry review, but in the drawing room his hands seemed to fall of some occupation, and his face was inclined to become red and perspire. At such times Dives hardly envied Lazarus more than John did the cool sallow face of Lord Vernon, alike imperturable in pleasure or disappointment.

John had never hinted to Idela by a word the possibility that he could have dared to raise his eyes so far above their proper range of vision as to permit a hope that she might regard with affection to enter his heart, but to assume that she was ignorant of the fact would be to place her very low down in the scale of feminine intelligence. And I am not certain but, of the two, she would betray herself the most to lookers on, for the cousin, under whose care she was, especially cautioned her to be on her best behaviour when the eligible party should make his appearance, as we have stated he had, with the openly avowed intention to woo and win the pretty little lady.

He could see, very soon, how the land lay. He had not sown his wild oats in vain, nor passed his early life in a forest to be afterward frightened by an owl. Not he. He simply saw that John was in his way, and that he must be got rid of.

A collision soon came.

It was at a small party where masks were worn in the early part of the evening, and she had promised her hand to John Smith for the next set. But, as he was leading her out, Lord Vernon stepped up and insisted that she had been previously engaged to him. She denied the fact, and he retired, merely saying in Smith's ear. "We shall meet again.

The dance, over, it was not long before the rivals met in a quiet part of the garden. Both wore small swords as part of their dress, and they had agreed to cross them without further preliminaries when a dark form rushed between them, and, unvailing the face of Idela, forbade the quarrel going further.

The rivals refused to shake hands but agreed to let the matter drop for the night at least. Stealing up to John, Idela softly said.

"You are a dear old fellow, and wont be angry if I go away with Vernon, please, and pacify him? I am afraid he was right about the engagement for the dance."

And she looked so sweetly that it would have been hard to refuse so simple a request.

The next morning he was surprised to see Vernon enter his room at the hotel, and holding out his hand, he apologized for his action the previous evening, and said.

"I have this morning experienced an amount of happiness that leaves no room in my heart for enmity. As you may not have heard, Lady Idela's father arrived last night. I waited upon him this morning on the business which I do not mind telling you, brought me here. He referred me to his daughter, and she, with considerable hesitation, I must confess, accepted my suit. Our engagement will not generally be made known, however till our return to England."

John Smith did the only thing he could do under the circumstances, and offered his congratulations, but he did it in an absent manner that fully betrayed to the other's keen eye that he was well aware of already, the extent of the love of the young millionaire had cherished for Idela.

The interview which the two parties lodged were not far apart, and fronting toward each other.

Late that night, far into the early hours of morning, John Smith sat beside the valise he had packed, gazing intently upon the embers that were fading away, and wondering if the passion now raging in his heart would ever thus die out into cold ashes. It did, he felt that there would not be left in his heart that with which another flame might be kindled. Musing thus he must have fallen asleep. The embers died, and as the room grew cold, he fancied himself upon the sea in an open boat, chilled by the air. The moon seemed shining with unnatural brilliancy, and still thinking of this, he opened his eyes. It was shining still. Surely he had not slept till daylight? And what was that peculiar hissing, crackling sound in the distance? He started to his feet—to the window—the hotel opposite was in a blaze.

He rushed out, and with him others. Some had been in advance of him. The flames were bursting from some of the windows in the front part of the house. He rushed around to the back. A small shed had burned quite away, leaving one heavy rafter, with the flames licking it, resting partly on the outer wall, and the other end against the house, just below a window. At that window, in her white night robes, with still whiter face, stood the lady Idela.

Some men had placed a ladder against the wall of the shed, and Lord Vernon ran up on it. She stretched her hands toward him imploringly, and he took a step on the burning beam, but the smoke and flames forced him back. As he hesitated another dashed wildly past him, and on the fragile bridge that trembled with every step, he rushed above the hall beneath the window at which the beauty stood.

"I knew you would save me, darling," she murmured, as he turned with her to make the perilous journey back."

Her arms clasped his neck with a warmth which was not wholy born of fear, and her lips were pressed to his for the first time. In that instant he knew that she loved him better than all beside, and she realized the full extent of his devotion to her.

They had reached the end of the frail bridge, and a stout man took her from his arms. And she, only saw Lord Vernon, the instant that she was safe, pressing his foot against the burning rafters with such force that Smith went with it into the fiery abyss below.

I can't just tell how they got him out (in such moments there is much done that one cannot afterward remember,) but saved he was, though his leg was broken, and his face scorched beyond recognition.

He did not know the reason why his support had given away at the critical moment, and Idela never told.

Of course, after that, he was months upon his bed, and while she remained in Florence she came to see him every day, and sat by his side, and talked to him, and promised that she would love him always, though she should quarrel with all her wealthy relatives for his sake. Lord Vernon had gone away the day after the fire, and left the field to his rival.

John Smith was happy in those days in spite of his wounds and pain, tho' plebeian in origin. He was happy and proud that he had done a deed that proved that he was as plucky as any of his ancestors, and if he had lived in their day, would probably have shown them so, and happy beyond measure in the hope that seemed now almost changed into fruition, the blissful hope that he might successfully aspire to the hand of Idela.

She said little upon the subject of marriage in those days, yet I know that she meant to marry him, let him come out of that room as scarred and crippled as he might. But of course, under the circumstances, she could not prolong her stay in Florence indefinitely on account of his illness. So John received a parting kiss that paid him for all the pain he had experienced, and vows of eternal constancy, and was left alone.

During all this time there had been very little said about Vernon by anybody, and nobody knew the cause of his sudden disappearance but Idela.

They met him at Baden, and for a time they mutually avoided each other. They heard that he was striving to outdo the follies and excess of his younger days, and plunging into dissipation of every kind in the most reckless manner.

She was certainly surprised at his melancholy air; she had not thought to find him so changed. And she would have preferred, for her own peace of mind, that his first words should have been, as they were:

"Forgive me!"

However she recovered her self-possession to some extent, and replied.

"I might have nothing to forgive, but for your cowardice."

"I would have come to you the next instant," said he. "I was not afraid. Do you believe it?"

Certainly she believed it, and she told him so; and so do we. He was not a physical coward, but as she knew, he had met a stronger gust of flame and smoke than any which followed, and a burning shingle had struck him in the face before he stepped back. But it was not that he meant. She told him that the cowardice of which she spoke, was pushing Smith into the flames.

"You are right," said he; "but you cannot imagine how sorely I was tempted, or how I have cursed myself for the act since. My punishment may be just, but my God! Idela, I cannot bear it. I go to despair."

And so the dreaded interview ended. ended.

The lady Idela was going home at last, to London, where her brave preserver was, to see him almost restored again to health and strength, with all his former manly beauty, as they told, unimpaired. Yet, strangely enough, she no longer felt the interest in him that she did immediately after the accident.

For when she would strive to be true to his memory, and grateful for the service he had rendered her, there would come up ever between her and her mind, the sallow, reckless face that she had seen at Baden; which, with all its marks of sin and dissipation, and passions unrestrained, still bore the traces of an ineffaceable devotion to her memory. And that was the face she saw again in Paris, only there he didn't plead as before, but only said, in a voice that tried to be calm:

"Have you forgiven me?"

And looking at that face she saw on it the traces of tears, and a drop steal down one cheek. Her own eye softened, she laid a hand upon his arm. He took the ring from his little finger, the one that she knew was to have been the sign of their betrothal before, and said, recklessly and hoarsely:

"May I put it on your hand?"

She did not refuse, but he was to desperate to say more, and stood sullenly until at length she held her hand out to him.

And so she married the scoundrel—as women will.

—A couple of boarding house beats man and woman, recently swindled a Newark lady out of four months hash, by representing that a rich uncle had died, and they would pay as soon as his estate was settled. The woman flirted with the landlady's spoony cub, and left him the following note the night they lit out:

Dearest F——: Let us not part in anger. We will never meet again; but still I love thee. Think of me in thy dreams poor boy, and forgive my "man's" lies, when I tell you he has never had but one uncle, and he was a barber. Farewell, forever.

—A family living in Detroit have a baby which is the wonder of the neighborhood. It is a month old, about six inches long, weighs one pound and two ounces, and has never cried since it was born. Some idea can be formed of its diminutive size, by the fact that its legs are no larger around than a man's forefinger. If this prodigy of a baby lives to become of age, it will rival Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt in littleness.

SOCIETY AT WASHINGTON.

A Washington correspondent gives an insight into society there, that will be found interesting. It is curious to see the stack of cards on the marble slab in the entrance hall of the house of Mrs. Secretary Fish on a bright day in the heighth of the season. It is curious when seen once or twice, but when this mountain of pasteboard has been observed many times, it ceases to be curious and becomes appalling. For, O, it means work!—tedious, and two often thankless work. Every card is a bond whose obligations rests upon the holder, and the time for the discharge of which is limited by certain fixed laws of social etiquette. From three to thirty days is the limit.

A distinguished personage whose husband's or father's rank in the political world calls for special consideration, expects a call to be returned within a week. The merest idler at the capital, whose claims upon the time and temper of a Secretary's wife have no shadow of foundation, will be grossly insulted, should her card not receive a response within a month. A lady of prominence in Washington said, last year, she thought, among other charitable aid societies, should be one for the "Relief of the Overworked Women of the Cabinet." Five hundred calls are received each week, while the season is in its glory, but most of these ladies. There are really but four days of the week when they can visit. One day they receive; another day Mrs. Grant receives; and it is usual for them to appear at each of her receptions, either as her assistants or as her visitors. There are about five hours in a day during which calls can be made. With the utmost expedition used, it is scarcely possible to make more than twenty calls in an afternoon,—or twenty five, perhaps, if one has good luck (!), and no one is at home. In four days one hundred obligations might be discharged; but what becomes of the other four hundred debtors impatient for a nod of recognition from the powers that be?

Next week another five hundred come, at least half of whom have never called before, and deeper and deeper in debt is the hospitable hostess plunged. She has other social duties, too, besides giving card for card. Dinners given and dinners eaten fill up the hours between twilight and nine o'clock, and from one to three evening parties are to be attended before bedtime. Last winter the Secretary of State, and his wife gave each week a day reception, an evening reception, and one or two dinners besides being present at numerous entertainments given at other houses. There is no provision made by act of Congress or other known legislative body for forcing such duties upon the wives of the officers of the government, but custom decided the matter long ago. The wives of the Secretaries have the worst of it because they receive more calls than any other ladies.

Soldier's Land.

Gen. Allen has offered the following joint resolution in the State Senate, which will undoubtedly pass:

Whereas, A bill has been presented and is now pending in Congress, giving to each soldier, widow, or orphans of soldiers who served in the late war the right to locate and perfect title to 160 acres of Government land without occupancy; therefore.

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives, that Congress are hereby requested and instructed to make a united effort to secure the passage of the bill now pending, to give to soldiers who served in the late war the right to locate and perfect titles to lands of the Government without occupancy; and that a copy of this resolution shall be forwarded by the Clerk of the Senate to each of our representatives in Congress, and also to Gen. John A. Logan, M. C.

Mr. Allen said that in presenting the resolution he didit in deference to what he believed to be the feeling of the people of Pennsylvania, and also of this Government in regard to the soldiers. This disposition has been to favor the soldier on account of the duty he has performed in serving his country. We all know that there are many deserving soldiers, widows of soldiers and soldiers' orphans in very limited circumstances, who cannot be benefitted by the act giving them a title to government lands after an occupancy of five years.

He believed that by giving them the right to locate and perfect the title to Government lands without occupancy, we are extending to soldiers that which was intended they should receive by the Government for their services. He anticipated no opposition to the resolution, as he believed it to be the sentiment of the Government and of the people of Pennsylvania that the soldier should be benefited in the manner indicated.

The resolution was then referred to a Committee on Federal Relations.

—Major Lawrence Talifferro died at his residence in Bedford, Pa., on Saturday at the advanced age of eighty years. He was born in Virginia in 1790, and served in the war of 1812. He was Indian agent at Fort Snelling for twenty years, and was military storekeeper in Pittsburgh from 1856 to 1861. Soon after the war broke out he was placed on the retired list, and had since resided at his home in Bedford.

A man in Schuylkill county got married a few weeks ago, and was visited by a party of Calathumpian serenaders, who demanded five dollars. He refused to give the money, but offered them wine and cake. This they wouldn't have, and they gave him a concert of unearthly sounds. Not content with this, they returned five nights in succession, keeping up the horrid din for several hours on each occasion. The newly made Benedict finally got tired of this, and had twenty-two of them arrested on a charge of riot.

Miscellaneous.

BUYERS, LOOK HERE.

It may not be a matter of special interest to the people of Beaver county to know what is transpiring between King William, Napoleon III, Bismark and Trochu in Europe, but it is a matter that effects them materially to know where they can buy fine and cheap GROCERIES.

S. SNITGER, & Co.

At their old stand in Beaver, Pa., are still furnishing to their customers everything called for in their line. They always keep a full assortment of

GROCERIES.

Flour, Feed, Coffees, Teas, Sugars, Spices,

Tobacco and Cigars;

And all other articles usually found In a First Class

GROCERY STORE.

From their long and intimate acquaintance with the Grocery, Flour and Feed business, and their disposition to render satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, they hope in the future, as in the past, to obtain a liberal share of the public patronage.

Give us a Call

and see if we do not make it to your interest to call again.

jan25. S. SNITGER & CO.

House and Three Acres of Ground For Sale.—The undersigned offers his house and three acres of ground, in Beaver, for sale. The house is on the corner of Fifth street and Spring alley. It is a two story building and contains eight rooms, a spring of water in the basement. The lot is enclosed and on it are some fruit trees grafted. Terms moderate. For further particulars enquire on the premises.

JOHN S. YEDER.

P. S. If the above property is not sold by the first of March it will then be for rent. J. S. Y.

jan26:3t.

G. S. BARKER. F. A. BAKER. C. A. BARKER.

G. S. BARKER & Co., *N w Brighton, Pa.*

AND

G. S. BARKER & Co., *Beaver Falls, Pa.*

BANKERS,

Dealers in Exchange, Co'ns, Coupons, &c., &c.—Collections made on all accessible points in the United States and Canada. Accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, and Individuals, solicited.

Interest allowed on time deposits. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. [dec21:y

Miscellaneous.

Dissolution of Partnership.—The firm of Schif & Steinfeld has been dissolved from this day by mutual consent. All those knowing themselves indebted to the above firm will settle their accounts by the last of February with M. Schif or he will be forced to give the bills for collection M. SCHIFF

jan18:1871:f M. STEINFELD.

Hoberring to the above, I beg to announce to the public of Beaver county that I will carry on, on my own account, the Dry Goods business at the old stand: and, can assure every one that this will be *the* place to get bargains, as heretofore, in Dry Goods, Trimmings, Notions, &c. M. SCHIFF.

jan18, 1871:f

The undersigned will continue the Ready-Made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring business, as heretofore kept under the firm of Schif & Steinfeld, on his own account; and, for the purpose of making room for the Spring Goods he offers, for sixty days, his entire stock of Clothing at cost. At the same time he informs the public that the renowned Cutter, W. A. Barr, has again charge of the Merchant Tailoring Department, where he will be happy to see his old friends.

jan18, '71:f M. STEINFELD.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his late residence in the borough of Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pa. Consisting of

One Two-Story Brick House

with Dining room and Kitchen attached; a good Cistern in the Kitchen door; Frame Stable, Wood House; Lumber-room and Chicken House; a Garden in a high state of cultivation, with Apple, Peach, Plum and Pear Trees; small fruit, such as Gooseberries, Currents and Raspberries; a Flower Garden and Summer House with one acre of ground more or less. The above will be sold at a great bargain, and possession given on the first of April next. For terms apply to the subscriber at New Brighton, or Scudder H. Darragh near the premises. HIRAM STOWE.

jan4:tf.

J. S. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either THE BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by

jan4:tf J. J. ANDERSON & SONS.

SAM'L MASON & SONS,

NEW BRIGHTON CUTLERY WORKS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BUTCHER,

CARVER,

BREAD &

COOK'S KNIVES,

&c., &c., &c.

Special attention is given to the

Hardening & Tempering of the Blades,

and we feel and know ourselves to be competent to make the very best, as we employ none but experienced workmen, and use the best of steel manufactured. Mason has now been in the business forty years, and his Sons are all practical workmen. We are also manufacturers of

POCKET-KNIVES,
PEN-KNIVES,
PRUNERS' KNIVES,
PENCIL KNIVES,

Made from S. & C. Wardlow's Refined English Steel, and *Every Blade Warranted.*

Special attention is called to our stock of—

Razors,
Pocket Scissors,
Ladies' Scissors,
Bankers' Scissors,
Barbers' Scissors, &c.

All orders will be promptly filled and shipped as advised.

☞ Price List furnished on application.

OFFICE AND WORKS

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa.

sep21:ly:oct1ch;dec7ch

Coal, Coal.

THE undersigned is now engaged in the COAL BUSINESS, and will supply parties with a first rate article of Pittsburgh coal at 11½ cents per bushel. Orders left at Joseph Mitchell's, Orr & Cooper's, or at the Banking House of Thomas McCreery & Co. in Beaver, will receive prompt attention. [nov16:tf] S. H. MITCHELL.

Winter, Winter! Cold and Icy!

Clothing, Clothing! Warm and heavy.

As Regular as the Seasons Change, so must we change our Light Garments for

Heavy Garments.

As the Mechanic and the Laborer go to their daily labor, and the Professional and business man to their offices or places of business, these cold and chilly mornings, the thought enters their mind—

WHERE SHALL WE BUY

Our Winter Clothing?

To the man who buys his goods ready made, we would say: Go to

To the man who has his goods made to order, or by measure, we would say: Go to

S. & J. SNELLENBURG'S,

Because they have a Cutter,

And Tailors second to none in Beaver Co.;

KEEP A CHOICE STOCK OF

Piece Goods From Which to Select;

AND THEIR MOTTO IS

"NO FIT, NO PAY."

REMEMBER,

BROADWAY, NEW BRIGHTON.

Sep14:nct26cbd:1y

The Cheapest Wholesale

BOOT & SHOE HOUSE

IN PITTSBURGH.

Joseph H. Borland,

53 & 55 Wood Street,

Manufacturer, Wholesale & Commission Dealer in

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

At New York and Boston Prices.

Agent for Philadelphia city made goods at Manufacturers prices. Orders from country dealers promptly filled and satisfaction warranted. fresh goods daily. (sep14:3m

JOHN V. M'DONALD. GEO. C. SPEYERER. W. J. SPEYERER. H. J. SPEYERER, Cash'r.

SPEYERER & McDONALD.

BANKERS,

Water St., Rochester,

☞ Interest paid on Time Deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

Government Coupons Bought on Favorable Terms. Correspondence Solicited. [nov16;1y.

Medicinal.

WARNER'S

PILE REMEDY.

Warner's Pile Remedy has never failed (not even in one case) to cure the very worst cases of Blind, Itching or Bleeding Piles. Those who are afflicted should immediately call on their druggist and get it for it will, with the first application, instantly afford complete relief, and the few following applications are only required to effect a permanent cure without any trouble or inconvenience in its use.

WARNER'S PILE REMEDY is expressly for the Piles, and is not recommended to cure any other disease. It has cured many cases of over thirty years' standing. Price One Dollar. Forsale by druggists everywhere.

No More

WEAK NERVES.

Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic is prepared expressly for Dyspeptics and those suffering with habitual Costiveness. There are very few who have not employed physicians for years to remedy what this preparation will do in a few weeks, by strengthening the nerves, increasing the circulation, restoring digestion, giving strength mentally and physically, enabling those who may have been confined for years to their rooms as invalids to again resume their occupations and all the duties of life. One trial is all we ask to enable this remedy to recommend itself to the most skeptical. It is a slightly stimulating tonic and a splendid appetizer; it strengthens the stomach and restores the digestive organs to their healthy state. Weak, nervous and dyspeptic persons should use *Warner's Dyspepsia Tonic.* For sale by druggists.—Price One Dollar.

COUGH no MORE

Warner's Cough Balsam is healing, soothing and expectorating. The extraordinary power it possesses in immediately relieving and eventually curing, the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Asthma and Consumption is almost incredible. So prompt is the relief and certain its effects in all the above cases, or any affection of the throat and lungs, that thousands of physicians are daily prescribing it, and one and all say that it is the most healing and expectorating medicine ever known. One dose always affords relief, and in most cases one bottle effects a cure. Sold by druggists, in large bottles. Price One Dollar. It is your own fault if you still cough and suffer. The Balsam will cure.

WINE OF LIFE.

The Great Blood Purifier and Delicious Drink; **Warner's Vinum Vitæ, or Wine of Life,** is free from any poisonous drugs or impurities, being prepared for those who require a stimulant.—It is a splendid appetizer and tonic, and the finest thing in the world for purifying the blood. It is the most pleasant and delicious article ever offered to the public; far superior to brandy, whisky, wine, bitters, or any other article. It is more healthy, and cheaper. Both male and female, young or old, can take the Wine of Life. It is, in fact, safe preserver. Those who wish to enjoy good health and a free flow of lively spirits, will do well to take the Wine of Life. It is different from anything ever before in use. It is sold by druggists. Price One Dollar, in quart bottles.

EMMENAGOGUE.

Warner's Emmenagogue is the only article known to cure the Whites, (it will cure in every case.) Where is the family in which this important medicine is not wanted? Mothers, this is the greatest blessing ever offered you, and you should immediately procure it. It is also a cure for Female Irregularities, and may be depended upon in every case where the monthly flow has been obstructed through cold or disease. Sold by druggists. Price One Dollar.

☞ Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of One Dollar and a Quarter. Address—618 State street, Chicago.

For sale by S. C. HANNON, Rochester; BARNES & BRO., Bridgewater, and HUGO ANDRIESSEN, Beaver, Pa.; ly:eyr:ch jan18:'71

Dry Goods.

Reduced Prices!

Speyerer & Sons

Have just Returned from the East

WITH A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

Bought at the

Lowest Cash Prices,

And will sell some goods

AS LOW AS BEFORE THE WAR!

Consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rope, Ocum, Packing Yarn, Iron, Nails, Paints, White Lead, Oil, Putty, Queensware, Willowware, Flour, Feed, Grain and Bacon, a variety of Prints, Muslins, Tickings, Delains, Checks, Alpacas, Jeans, Dimms, Crash and Hosiery; also, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Carbon Oil, 200 *bbls. of the Celebrated Canton City* AND NEW CREEK FLOUR.

Just arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail,

At Pittsburg Prices.

200 Kegs Wheeling Nails:

ONE CAR WHITE LIME;

Land Plaster, and Akron Cement;

A Large Stock of

White Lead and Paints.

A very superior quality of Strumz & Wetzel's Soaps; and a lot of Carbon Oil

Just Arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail.

ALSO, PURE CATAWBA, ISABELLA

—and—

Concord Wines,

Of our own vintage, for Medicinal and Sacramental Purposes, are highly Recommended by those who have used them.

They are also Agents for the

KNIFFEN MOWER AND REAPER,

And Pitt. Nat. Plow Co's. Plows.

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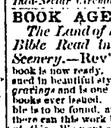

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apr29:1869—3

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