

**1872. SPRING. 1872.**  
I am now prepared to offer  
**SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS**  
TO CASH PURCHASERS OF  
**TIN SHEET-IRON & CO. PER WARE.**  
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.  
My stock consists in part of every variety of  
**Tin, Sheet-Iron,**  
**COPPER AND BRASS WARES,**  
EXAMINED AND PLAIN  
**SAUCE PANS, BOILERS &c.**  
CORN SHELVES, MINE LAMPS, OIL  
CANS, HOUSE-FURNISHING HARD-  
WARE OF EVERY KIND.  
Special Attention Given to  
**HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,**  
**EXCELLENT COOKING STOVES,**  
**NOVELTY OF PARLOR COOK-**  
**ING STOVES.**  
And my Cooking Stove desired I will get  
at lowest price and grate prices—  
Old Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for re-  
pairs on hand for the Stoves I sell; others  
will be ordered when wanted. Particular  
attention given to  
**Spouting, Valleys and Conductors**  
of which will be made out of best mate-  
rials and put up by competent workmen.

**A. W. Erwin & Co.,**  
**172 and 174 Federal St.**  
**ALLEGHENY, PA.**  
Respectfully announce to their  
numerous customers, and buyers of  
Dry Goods generally, that they are  
now receiving, and are daily open-  
ing, their usual large and elegant  
assortment of Spring Goods; and  
that their capacious salesrooms are  
now filled with all the choicest nov-  
elties of the season, embracing many  
new styles and fabrics never before  
offered in this market. Special at-  
tention is requested to the stock of  
Black Alpaca, Silks, medium and  
low priced Dress Goods, House-  
keeping Goods, and Shawls.  
Having the handsomest and best  
lighted Store Room in the two cities,  
and keeping nothing but the best  
makes of goods, and guaranteeing  
our prices to be as low as the lowest,  
we are satisfied that we can make it  
to the interest of purchasers to look  
through our stock before making  
their spring purchases. To close  
buyers at wholesale, we can offer  
some special inducements; we carry  
one of the largest stocks of goods in  
this market, comprising many things  
in Shawls and medium priced Dress  
Goods, not kept in regular wholesale  
houses. We guarantee our prices as  
low as any New York or Philadel-  
phia quotations, and only ask an  
examination to convince buyers that  
we can do them good.

**A LITTLE MORE OF DARWIN'S DES-  
CENT OF MAN.**  
BY A. F. BULL.  
O Bob Jones, Esq., having just been  
converted to Darwin's theory, indulges in the fol-  
lowing melancholy reflections:  
I'm an ass, and an ape, and a frog;  
I am something of cat and of dog;  
I am something of snake,  
And of gander and drake,  
And my ancestors dwell in a bog.  
I am ornithological; oh,  
I'm an angel, and a buzzard, and crow;  
I'm a rooster, you see,  
And a little pee wee,  
And my ancestors flew high and low.  
I'm a tiger, I am, and a lion,  
With a strong disposition to fly on  
Any species of prey.  
Any time, night or day;  
Of my ancestors I'm a fit son.  
There's, besides, a good deal of me bat,  
With a portion of mouse and of rat;  
I'm a rabbit and fox,  
Such as dwell in the rocks,  
And my ancestors all were like that.  
I'm a beaver, a coon, and a hare,  
And a catamount, panther and bear;  
I'm a big buffalo,  
I'm an elk and a doe—  
As my ancestors were, I don't care.  
I'm a pig, and a sheep, and a cow,  
Though I do not have horns on my brow;  
Where they went I don't know,  
When it happened, honto;  
But my ancestors lost them somehow.  
I'm a fish—though without fin or tail—  
I'm a porpoise—without any scales—  
I'm a dolphin and trout,  
I'm a perch, cat and out,  
And my ancestors were a big whale.  
I'm a serpent (that thought I must dread),  
I'm a black-snake and big copperhead;  
I'm a great rattlesnake,  
And a hiss I can make,  
Like my ancestors long ago dead.  
I'm a worm—I'm a grub and a snail,  
Such as crawl over hill and through dale;  
I'm a moth and a miller—  
I'm a big caterpillar,  
And my ancestors dwell in a rail.  
I'm a squirrel, and poultry and game,  
I'm everything that you could name—  
Such as pheasant and duck  
(Which we shoot when in luck),  
And my ancestors were all that same.  
I'm a mere lump of flesh and of bones,  
I have sprung from the earth and the stones;  
And among them I'll lie  
And decay, when I die—  
And, alas! that's the end of poor Jones.

his partner came in he explained the pal-  
lor of his countenance by pretending a  
temporary faintness, and resumed his daily  
pursuits as though the message from home  
had been the most ordinary of enclosures.  
His treacherous friend must die; but in  
dying he must be compelled to endure ag-  
onies as lingering as those he had inflicted,  
and while the self-appointed minister of  
justice followed his usual avocation he  
planned the revenge that should be worthy  
the wrong.  
When the next stock of furs were packed  
for transportation down the river, the  
avenger made some excuse for a brief visit  
to Fort Benton, where he procured of a  
lawyer the execution of a will, leaving the  
testator's name in blank. Then return-  
ing to the ranch, he proposed that  
instead of going down the river for their  
market, this time they should go overland  
together on horseback to Fort Kearney,  
intercept the boats with their stock where  
the river Platte empties into the Missouri,  
and take the furs up the former stream to  
Fort Laramie, where they could establish  
a kind of entrepot of their business to prob-  
ably great advantage.  
The idea seemed so plausible to the  
younger man that he approved it without  
hesitation, and started immediately with  
the projector on the overland journey, ac-  
companied only by a pack mule bearing  
provisions for the way. Traveling many  
days in this style—the one wholly un-  
suspecting of the other's dark purpose—the  
two men finally reached the banks of the  
Platte, down which they followed the  
overland trail to a place called Bernard's  
Ranche, on the north fork of the stream,  
near the "Chimney Rock," and between  
Julesburg and Fort Laramie. Here they  
paused to rest, and here, in a deep canyon,  
walled by lofty rocks, and lonely in im-  
memorial, gloomy solitude, the doomed  
man was persuaded to take a noonday  
sleep from which the waking was to be  
more terrible than the most guilty dream.  
Drooped by liquor which the other had  
given him, in seeming convivial banter,  
before he slept, the doomed man awoke  
to find himself securely chained, hand foot  
and neck, to a great rock, before  
him, with eyes all smeared with blood,  
stood the brother who had waited so long  
and patiently for this man's fate. "At first,"  
relates a Western correspondent of the  
Philadelphia Press, regarding the story,  
"the bound wretch thought it was some  
rough joke practicing upon his courage,  
and returned the glare of his partner's  
eyes with a ghastly smile; but when that  
partner produced from his pocket the mil-  
l-winter letter, and read it deliberately  
word by word to the hollow echoes of the  
canyon, the smile disappeared in a look of  
death's despair. He confessed all and  
asked to be shot, but the brother had an-  
other fate in store for his victim.  
"Coolly encamping by the rock, he sat  
down to see his partner starve to death.  
On the third day the ill-fated man signed  
the deed by bequeathing all his property to  
the injured man as witness of the instru-  
ment, by the terms of which he was made  
executor of his partner's estate. He then  
wrote letters saying he had fallen very ill  
of fever on the plains, and if he did not  
recover these letters would be delivered by  
his beloved partner. All this the infuriated  
brother compelled the man to do, and  
then quietly awaited the end. Day by day  
the partner grew weaker, and the brother  
glomed over his misery, often reading to  
him the letter."  
So, chained to this rock, suffering untold  
torments of hunger and thirst, and with the  
mocking cries of his executioner and the  
words of the letter ringing alternately in his  
ears, this modern Prometheus, who had  
profaned the divine friendship, dwindled  
to a skeleton in his fetters, and on the ninth  
day died in delirium torments. "The  
avenger," concludes this striking story,  
"after burying his victim's emaciated  
corpse in the sand, directed his journey to  
St. Louis. There he gave out that his  
partner had died on his way through the  
Rocky Mountains, and in proof of his as-  
sertion delivered the letters."  
"The will was also proved and the girl  
became the dead man's heir. Two years  
afterwards the brother was shot by Indians,  
and before he died he confessed what he  
had done. Some hunters visited the  
place and dug up the skeleton, around the  
neck of which still was the chain by which  
the man when living had been fastened to  
the fatal rock. The spot is still pointed  
out to travelers, and the tale told of how  
the brother day after day ate his meals in  
the presence of his wretched prisoner, but  
would not give him so much as a crumb,  
or a cup of water to slake his thirst."

**THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY.**  
BY J. MAURICE THOMPSON.  
You ask me why I am opposed to flog-  
ging children at school. I will tell you.  
It makes them hate their teacher when they  
ought to love him. Children are  
little grown folks, if you will accept the  
expression, and like big grown folks, they  
always remember, even if they forgive a  
blow. When I was a boy I happened to  
get soundly thrashed at school pretty  
often, and I do most frankly acknowledge  
that I dislike to this day every teacher  
that ever whipped me. But I have a  
story to tell from which you may draw  
your own moral.  
I taught school once myself. It was  
down in a rural district of Pennsylvania.  
The school was a small one, and the  
scholars were mostly under twelve years  
of age. One, however, was thirteen, a  
pretty, brown-eyed girl, just as smart and  
clever as she could be and without mis-  
chievous as a mouse. Her name was—  
well, they called her Joe—Joe Milroy.  
Her parents were poor but highly respect-  
able, living on a little forty acre farm.  
Joe was one of the most unruly girls I  
ever saw. You couldn't keep her out of  
mischievous. I hated to whip her, she was  
getting so much like a woman in size,  
and I didn't like to expel her from school,  
for she always knew her lessons by heart.  
O, she had the quickest mind I ever saw.  
But, sir, she kept the whole school un-  
ruly. A little boy would throw paper  
wads across the floor, and of course I'd  
whip him.  
"Joe Milroy throws 'em and ye don't  
lam her for it," the archaic would be sure  
to say.  
"Joe Milroy made such a funny pieter  
on her slate!"  
What was I to do? Matters got worse  
and worse. Finally I went to Mr. Mil-  
roy, and kindly but frankly told him all  
about the way things were going on, and  
asked him what course I had better pur-  
sue.  
"Whip her, sir," said he emphatically,  
"whip her good! Make her mind you  
just the same as the other children—  
that's what I say. I want my child  
controlled at school, I do."  
Well, I went back to my school fully  
determined on bringing Joe Milroy to the  
mark. An opportunity was not long  
wanting. I kept a sharp look out and  
presently I saw Joe make a great funny  
picture, and throw the bit of paper on  
which it was drawn, clear across the  
room to some little boys. The children  
began giggling and tittering forthwith.  
I took my whip firmly in my hand, fixed  
my eyes sternly on Joe, and walked up to  
her. She saw I meant something, and  
her pretty, roguish face grew pallid in a  
second. I did not say a word, but raised  
my whip and gave her about ten severe  
lashes.  
"Oh, sir, oh!" she cried at first, then,  
closing her lips until they pressed into  
each other, she looked me almost fiercely  
in the eyes till my bloods curdled.  
After that I had no more trouble in my  
school. All went well to the end.  
Joe knew all her lessons, but was quiet  
and reserved. The last day came, and I  
gave the children a "treat" of candy and  
raisins. When Joe's share was given her  
she pushed it aside and would not taste it.  
I knew by this that she was brooding  
over her late chastisement. I wanted to  
part friendly with all my pupils so I went  
and sat down with Joe and said:  
"What's the matter, Joe?"  
"She looked up with great calm eyes  
I started in spite of myself. Those were  
no longer the eyes of a little girl. They  
were the eyes of a woman.  
"I will never forget your ungentlemanly  
cruelty, never," she said sternly  
as a man might have spoken.  
I tried to reason with her, telling her I  
had done it for her own good, but she  
only shook her head and compressed her  
lips.  
Well, I went away from that neighbor-  
hood never to return. Fortune favored  
me and I became wealthy. Ten years  
had made me a wiser man as well as a  
richer one. Nor was I unknown to fame.  
In a certain city whether I had gone to  
deliver a course of lectures to a young  
man's society, I got acquainted with a  
young woman, Josephine Milroy by name,  
whose father was a millionaire. With  
this young lady I fell desperately in love.  
Oh, sir, she was finely, superbly, really  
beautiful. She was well educated, grace-  
ful, and the finest singer I have heard in  
private. Her conversational powers were  
charming, and with all this she was ten-  
der and womanly.  
I pressed my suit, never dreaming of  
the little girl I had whipped in the country  
school. She gave me her heart and all  
the wealth of woman's affection it con-  
tained, and I—I gave her my very soul.  
How happy I was only a true lover,  
who feels the glorious influence of a gifted  
woman's power, can know.  
One evening my affianced bride and I  
took a stroll together in the park of the  
city. We sat down on the grassy brink  
of a miniature lake, in the centre of which  
a great sea monster in bronze threw up  
strong jets of flashing water, while all  
around him lay green, flowery islets bask-  
ing the rich glories of an early June day.  
We talked of our love and our coming  
nuptials, of the sweet, bright future that  
lay beyond. O, it was a blissful dream,  
a tender trance, a thrilling interlude be-

tween the stern realities of life. I looked  
into the soft, dark eyes of the glorious wo-  
man beside me, and down over the full,  
round, queenly form, all mine, and my  
heart swelled with pride and thank-  
fulness. Truly I was blessed beyond the  
common lot of man.  
What demon wandering over the earth  
entered me, and carried my memory back  
to the little log school-house in Pennsyl-  
vania? What tempted me to speak of  
little Joe Milroy? Ah, who can tell?  
No sooner did I mention that little school-  
house and some of its associations, than  
I saw the pallor chase the flush of love  
from my companion's face.  
"Are you that school teacher, that mis-  
erable wretch whose memory I love to  
detest?" she asked almost fiercely.  
I saw my dreadful doom at once. I  
fell at her feet and plead as only an elo-  
quent, despairing man can plead, when  
the wild, sweet dream of his love is pass-  
ing from his vision forever.  
"No, sir," she said firmly, almost  
cruelly. "I can never marry the man  
who beats me. My heart burns within me  
whenever I think of those shameful blows.  
No, sir; no, never; I will never marry  
you!"  
What I said I cannot now remember.  
I plead wildly, despairingly groveling  
there at her feet.  
It was all useless. She was as cold  
as she had been warm and relentless.  
We parted forever. And now, sir, it  
seems to me that of all the acts of my life  
there is but one I would wish to blot out,  
and that is the act I once thought so just  
and beneficial. O, if I could suffer a re-  
pent dagger through the heart for every  
blow I gave her, I would gladly bear it if  
it would give me back the pure love of  
her glorious womanhood.  
Now that I look back coolly over the  
past, there are many things in the simple  
but bitter story of my love that appears  
strange. The father of Josephine Milroy was  
one of the fortunate men whom the dis-  
covery of oil had made suddenly rich.  
He had become a great financier and a  
successful speculator. His daughter and  
I had met, after the ten years of our sepa-  
ration under such vastly different circum-  
stances, that fatal evening. Sometimes I  
hope that she will repent, but I have no  
proof that my hope has reasonable founda-  
tion. I will wait.

**"JOHN" AT CHICAGO.**  
"John," the eccentric correspondent of  
the New York Sun, professes to write a  
letter from Chicago, from which we ex-  
tract the following bits of absurdity:  
"This Westward Ho country is getting  
hood all over. It is the most prolific coun-  
try I ever saw. Early in the season as it  
is, the tables all have butter-cups on 'em.  
The Mississippi river has been ploughed  
by steamboats and it is full of currents.  
It is dangerous in St. Louis to name a baby  
Edward, because the eddies get into the  
Mississippi river.  
They raise vast, incomprehensible, im-  
pregnable quantities of barley corn in this  
section, and 13-12 of the citizens get bar-  
ley corned every Saturday night and Sun-  
day morning fetiches the rest of 'em.  
On the cars, after leaving St. Louis, I  
conversed with a female Westward Ho!  
I addressed her as Miss Ho. Says she, in  
accents sweet as the dying notes of a sea-  
sick bull-frog, "Call me Miss Nancy."  
Nancy is a lovely name, so romantic,  
so touchingly suggestive. I love that  
name, and if I had thirty-one children, I  
don't care a cent if they were all boys, I'd  
name 'em all Nancy. Like kings, I'd call  
'em Nancy on eye, Nancy two eyes, Nancy  
IX., and Nancy XII., and if they didn't  
come when I called 'em, I'd whale 'em.  
Miss Nancy informed me she had the  
statistics. "Goodness gracious!" I ex-  
claimed, "are they catching?" She said  
no; but she had the figures to show the  
quantity of grain raised in Illinois; and  
before we stopped chatting I found out  
that enough was raised to make all the  
people in that section well bred and to buy  
all the girls grow-grain silks.  
From St. Louis to Chicago the road runs  
through the worst country for ducks eyes  
ever saw. It is one per cent flatter than a  
flat pan cake, with great big fields called  
prairies. These fields are so large that  
sunrise is used for a red fence on the  
other side. The farmers drive their cows home  
with locomotives in the west and for this  
purpose every locomotive in the west has  
a cow-catcher ahead of it.  
"To-day Chicago reminds me of an apple  
with the best half eaten out; but the seed  
and the core are left, and Phoenix like she  
is arising from her ashes to become a  
beacon light for all Christendom to steer by.  
There is more energy, more of that go-  
ahead, cast iron pluck, that turns moun-  
tains to level plains and rocks into temples  
for the living, in Chicago than in any other  
place on this fastuous. Here is a case of  
energy: During the great fire a citizen  
was blown three miles up into the air.  
While shooting upward he got out his lead  
pencil and wrote a note to his builder, who  
lived at the top of a six story building,  
and as he passed the builder's residence on  
his way down he threw the note in at the  
window. The consequence was, on his  
arrival home on a litter, he found the build-  
er putting shelves in his parlor, and next  
day he was selling goods.  
Another case of energy is illustrated as  
follows: I entered a barber's shop, took  
a seat, down went my head and up went  
my heels. In less than two seconds I felt  
a queer feeling on my feet, and holding  
my head I saw a fellow with a kettle and  
brush daubing the soles of my boots—  
Says I, "What in the name of stewed  
custard pie are you doing?" He said he  
was pasting up a circus bill. Says I, "I'll  
paste you in the snoot." He left. This is  
energy.  
The citizens who shave at the barbers'  
shops have printed on the soles of their  
boots "Post no bills."  
Another case of energy is, George  
Washington was never in Chicago, so they  
haven't got any old frame building stand-  
ing in the business part of the city just be-  
cause it was Washington's headquarters.  
The Fourth of July was never celebra-  
ted until 1830, because there wasn't any-  
body to celebrate it.  
ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A narrow log  
lay as a bridge over a deep ravine. From  
the opposite ends of the log, at the same  
moment, there started to cross it a big  
Newfoundland dog and a little Italian  
greyhound; of course they met in the  
middle of the log, and of course there was  
no room for them to pass, neither could  
they go back. The light was a dangerous  
one for the greyhound, and to the water  
at the bottom he was extremely averse.  
The Newfoundland could have taken the  
leap in safety, but evidently did not want  
to. Here was a fix! The little dog sat  
down on his haunches, stuck his nose  
straight up in the air, and howled. The  
Newfoundland stood intent, his face  
solemn with inward workings. Presently  
he gave a nudge with his nose to the howl-  
ing greyhound—as if to say, "Be still,  
youngster, and listen." Then there was a  
silence and seeming confabulation for a  
second or two. Immediately the big dog  
spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus,  
bearding the log on its extreme outer  
edges, and balancing himself carefully.  
The little dog sprang through the opening  
like a flash. When they reached the op-  
posite shores the greyhound broke into  
frantic gambols of delight, and the New-  
foundland, after his mere sedate fashion,  
expressed great complacency in his  
achievement—as he surely had a right to  
do.  
Some one says that the lion and the  
lamb may lie down together in this world,  
but when the lion gets up it will be hard  
work to find the lamb.

**A. W. ERWIN & CO.**  
**172 & 174 Federal St., Allegheny City.**  
**Agents Wanted**  
FOR THE  
**FLORENCE**  
**Sewing Machine.**  
Wherever the FLORENCE Machine has been  
introduced, it has met with the greatest suc-  
cess. It is the only machine making four dif-  
ferent stitches and having the reversible feed.  
The machinery is perfect and the motions pos-  
sible. It cuts, sews, and sews fast, and sews  
close or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn  
wide or narrow hems, and folds beautifully. All  
attachments go with the machine.  
For information apply to or address  
**HECKERT & McKAIN,**  
No. 8 Sixth Street,  
PITTSBURGH,  
March 2, 1872, 3m.

**A BROTHER'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.**  
Before gold mines, oil wells and dia-  
mond fields had developed their attractions  
and practicalities for the adventurous spir-  
its of this country, the fur trade of the  
farther Northwest enlisted the energies of  
numerous speculative characters, among  
whom were two young men from St. Louis,  
who, from having been playmates in boy-  
hood and inseparable friends at college,  
became partners in a scheme of Indian  
trading for the richer spoils of the hunt.  
Both were orphans—the nearest living re-  
lative possessed by either was a sister to  
the elder of the two—and there were con-  
sequently no domestic ties to keep them  
back from the wilds or limit their absence  
thither. Ascending the Missouri river to  
the appointed trading grounds, they en-  
tered upon the conjoint adventure in the  
true, all-absorbed energy of success, and  
from the first month prospered beyond all  
their expectation, and reaped profits pro-  
portionate to early wealth. In little more  
than two years, indeed, the brotherly firm  
were rich enough to have gone back to  
civilization and lived at ease all the re-  
mainer of their lives; but, as already  
said, they had no social exigencies to call  
them back, and having contracted a fond-  
ness for their new occupation, they stayed  
on and on indefinitely. Once a year, how-  
ever, they repaired to St. Louis to sell  
their furs and divide and invest the profits;  
and upon one of these occasions the sister  
before mentioned persuaded her brother to  
take her back with him to the wilderness,  
that she might observe for herself the  
many wonders they had so often described.  
Thus during the ensuing year the ranche  
of the friends at the head waters of the  
Missouri was graced by the presence of  
an amateur "huntress," who, when the  
time came for her return home, was reluc-  
tant to leave, and doubly so because her  
brother chanced to have a sickness which  
prevented his departure with herself and  
his partner on the usual annual business  
trip to the city. The trip must be made,  
however, and it would be her only oppor-  
tunity of going for a year; so, with what  
fortitude was available under the circum-  
stances, she bade the invalid a loving  
good by, and went homeward in the care  
of the younger member of the firm. Left  
to himself, or with the company of Indi-  
ans only, the sick man pined until his  
partner's return with an unusually large  
dividend and an account of the young lady's  
arrival in St. Louis gave him energy to  
combat and conquer the fever of which he  
was a victim. Thereforth the friends  
trapped and traded as before for several  
months, at which time a midwinter letter  
from the city to the elder of the men, al-  
most killed him with the dreadful news  
that his sister had become a maniac, and  
that it was his lifelong friend who had  
made her such.  
It was another friend who wrote, and  
the words were few, but to the point.—  
"The brother happened to be alone when  
reading them, and was thus able to mas-  
ter his first furious impulse for immediate  
signal revenge upon the traitor, and sub-  
due his frenzied feelings to the cooler de-  
liberation of a scheme for retribution as  
pitiless as the offence had been. When

**NEW DRAW FEED,**  
Has just been received, and is now the Best  
Family Machine in the market. It makes the  
Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless,  
and very effective. We sell GOOD SEWING  
MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory.  
To whom will give the most liberal  
terms. The ELLIPTIC is the BESTEST MA-  
CHINE TO SELL IN THE MARKET.  
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General Agents,  
17 FIFTH AVENUE,  
PITTSBURGH,  
Feb. 24, 1872-1y.

**IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.**  
WITH THE  
**NEW DRAW FEED,**  
Has just been received, and is now the Best  
Family Machine in the market. It makes the  
Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless,  
and very effective. We sell GOOD SEWING  
MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory.  
To whom will give the most liberal  
terms. The ELLIPTIC is the BESTEST MA-  
CHINE TO SELL IN THE MARKET.  
**HOWARD EATON & CO.**  
General Agents,  
17 FIFTH AVENUE,  
PITTSBURGH,  
Feb. 24, 1872-1y.

**WHITMORE, WOLFE, LANE & CO.**  
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN  
**HARDWARE**  
Sign of the Anvil, No. 50 Wood St.,  
(Three doors above St. Charles Hotel),  
PITTSBURGH, PA.  
Invite the attention of buyers to their Spring  
Stock which is selected and price is unsur-  
passed in the country.  
They carry agents for American File Com-  
pany's celebrated Files and Rasps, Rubber  
Belting and Packing, Wilson, Rubber  
Woolen, Fibron & Co's. English Steel,  
Pittsburgh steel, Locks, Shovels, &c.  
Sold at manufacturers' prices. [25-3m.]

**SMITH & FORRESTER,**  
14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
P. McCASKEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.,  
T. C. FOGARTY, late of James & Co.,  
C. CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,**  
AND ALL KINDS OF  
**DOMESTIC LIQUORS,**  
AND IMPORTERS OF  
Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,  
No. 315 Liberty Street,  
Dec. 16, 1871-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

**WILSON SEWING MACHINE!**  
In this county, Best Machine in the World.  
Best Sewing Machine in Market. Price, com-  
plete, \$45.00. Write for catalogue for five years.  
Apply immediately to  
**SMITH & FORRESTER,**  
14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Woolen Factory!**  
Having introduced new machinery into our  
factory, we are now prepared to man-  
ufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASI-  
METS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles,  
Wool taken in exchange for goods or  
worked on orders. Market price paid for wool.  
Apply immediately to  
**EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY!**  
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872-1y.

**Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys**  
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.  
I would call particular attention to the Light  
House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving  
more light than any other in use. Also, the  
Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.  
**SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS**  
of all sizes constantly on hand.  
Special attention given to  
**Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron,**  
at lowest possible rates.

**WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS**  
now ready, and will be sent on application  
by mail or in person.  
I would like to see all my old customers and  
many new ones this Spring. I return my  
most sincere thanks for the very liberal pa-  
tronnage I have already received, and will  
 endeavor to please all who may call, whether  
they buy or not.  
**FRANCIS W. HAY,**  
Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

**GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES**  
**TO CASH CUSTOMERS!**  
**AT THE EBENSBURG**  
**HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.**  
The undersigned respectfully informs the  
citizens of Ebensburg and the public gener-  
ally that he has made a great reduction in  
prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will  
consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heat-*  
*ing Stoves,* of the most popular kinds; *Tin-*  
*ware* of every description, of my own man-  
ufacture; *Hardware* of all kinds, such as  
Knives, Scissors, Butt Knives, Table Knives,  
Pocket Knives, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Win-  
dow Glass, Putty, Tackle Cutters and Forks,  
Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters,  
Apple Peers, Pen and Pocket Knives in  
great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and  
Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammer, Boring  
Machines, Angers, Chisels, Planes, Com-  
passes, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vices,  
Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws,  
Cranks of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes  
and Snaiths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells,  
Sleds, Launches, Pumps, Wax Brushes, Clothes  
Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses  
Gades and Measures, Lumbric Sticks, Horse  
Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot  
Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Pow-  
der, Caps, Lead, &c., Old Stove Plates,  
Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern  
Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery*  
*Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware*  
in great variety; *Carbon Oil and Oil Lamp,*  
*Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating*  
*Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glass-ware, Paints, Varnish-*  
*es,* Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.  
**FAMILY GROCERIES,**  
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syr-  
ups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples,  
Figs, Raisins, Crackers, Rice and Pear-  
barley, Soap, Candles, TOBACCO and  
CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse  
Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and  
Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bot-  
tles and Manilla Papers, and many other  
articles at the lowest rates for CASH.  
House Spouting made, pain of and put  
up at low rates for cash. A liberal discount  
made to country dealers, buying Tinware  
wholesale. **GEO. HUNTLEY**  
Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867-4f.

**GEORGE W. YEAGER,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**HEATING AND COOK STOVES**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
**TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE**  
OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,  
AND GENERAL JOBBER IN SPOUTING,  
and all other work in his line.  
Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,  
ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to  
sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF"  
COOK STOVE, the most perfect  
complete and satisfactory  
Stove ever introduced  
to the public  
**STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.**  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**  
**WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-**  
AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Col-  
lege Ave., Centre Street.

**HEATING AND COOK STOVES**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
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