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Choice Extracts.

OUR EARLY LOVED.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Our early loved—how their memory clings
To the hearts that love no more!
Like a rose that still in its sweetness springs,
Where a garden's pride is o'er;
Tho' the weeds and thorns may long have defaced
The place of the perished flowers,
Yet that lingerer gladdens the cheerless waste
With the bloom of its brighter hours!

Our early loved—hath their after path
From our steps far parted been?
Hath the hand of power, or the flame of wrath,
On life's barriers risen between?
Yet still, in our dreams, their shadows come,
O'er the parting waste of years,
Though the path is marked with many a tomb,
And its sands are wet with tears!

They come with a light left far behind
On the distant mountain's brow,
Where the sunrise shone on the waking mind
That is dark with shadows now;
But ever as the morning star returns
To brighten the evening shades,
The lamp of their memory brighter burns,
As the spirit's daylight fades.

Our early loved—have we found them changed
In the gloom of our winter days—
And their bright looks blanched and their looks estranged,
Till they scarce return our gaze?
But far in the land where storms or time
Can no longer sear or chill,
In the light of our memory's cloudless clime
We shall find them changeless still!

Hath the grass on the grave grown rankly green
Where we laid, so long ago,
Our first affections, all unseen,
In their deep and quenchless glow?
Alas! for the dust so darkly piled
O'er the bright but buried gem;
But safe are the treasures Death hath sealed—
"For there comes no change on them!"

We may love again—and the later ties
Of life may be bright and strong;
But if broken, never in memory's eyes
Will their fragments shine so long;
And the shrines of our childhood's stainless faith,
We may leave them far and cold;
But the heart still turns to the stars of youth
With a love that ne'er grows old!

MERCY.—Mercy is Goodness in tears. Goodness is kind to the good; Mercy is kind to the bad. Goodness, extendeth a helping hand to him that can already walk; Mercy to him that is prostrate and cannot rise. Goodness makes good men out of nothing; Mercy makes good men of bad men. Goodness puts living man into a beautiful garden and bids him dress it; Mercy erects the cross and bids dying man look and live. Goodness gives to the younger son the portion of goods that falleth to him; Mercy sees the prodigal a great way off, and has compassion, and runs, and falls on his neck, and kisses him. He that makes light of Goodness, sins; he that makes light of Mercy is doubly damned.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK.—Hush! Why should you speak against the character of a female? It is all she has to depend upon in this world. Just give the impression wing, that she is not so good as she should be, and it will fly to every nook and corner of the town. The story you whisper will return in tones of thunder, to astonish even yourself, who was the first guilty wretch to repeat so base a story. A word has often proved the ruin of a virtuous soul—a word thoughtlessly spoken, it may be—but reported by an evil mind. Suppress any thought which, if uttered, might injure the character or the feelings of another. A thought may be stifled at its birth, but a word spoken, may never be lost. Weigh everything you utter, so that none can misconstrue your language or receive a wrong impression. Above all, never, even in jest, whisper words, which, if true, would throw a blight upon a spotless reputation.

Agricultural.

GARDENING OPERATIONS.

March is a busy month to the gardener, requiring energy and judgement, with a determination to accomplish whatever he undertakes. No farmer should be without an abundant supply of vegetables throughout the year; it is a daily comfort, a precursor of health, and with many a luxury, that from a dilatory disposition he never enjoys.

The first crops in the ground should be peas, beet, radishes, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, and onion sets. ☞ Manure well, and dig or plough deep. ☜ Sow extra early and marrowfat peas in rows, the former two feet and the latter three feet apart, and three inches deep. Set in rows eighteen inches apart, and the seeds about two inches apart and one inch deep. Scatter a few seeds of early scarlet radish over the ground before it is raked; they will be up in a few days, and fit to pull before the others have much progress; pull the radishes as soon as ready; hoe the ground well, and thin out the beets next month to four inches apart. Sow a patch of yellow or white summer radishes. Sow early butter and Indian lettuce; the first will be ready in May, the other in June. Sow celery in rich, light, warm soil; make the earth fine, and water freely; it is a profitable market crop. Sow onion seed very thick in shallow drills, to grow sets for next season. The early horn and Altringham carrots are the best flavored; sow the former in drills eighteen inches apart, and the latter twenty to twenty-four inches.—They do not like richly manured soils. Sow tomatoes in a pot or box for an early crop; place it under glass or in the kitchen window, where it will appear quickly and be ready to plant out about the end of April or towards the middle of May. A few early turnips are advisable; if you do not sow early, you will not have a crop till the fall sowing. Cabbage are indispensable (so I think); sow early York, oxheart, and drumhead, and make a second and larger sowing of the latter to plant out in June, for fall and winter use; also remember red Dutch cabbage for pickling; they are a beautiful garniture for table, and to many very palatable.

Miscellaneous.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"Caroline, I wish you would remain a moment," said Mr. Warren, as his daughter was about to leave the parlor.

"Well, papa," she said "what is it?"

She strove to look unconscious, but her varying color, and the nervous movement of her lips, betrayed secret agitation; in fact, she suspected the purpose of her parent.

"I thought," said Mr. Warren, "that, when I forbade young Collins my house, you were prepared to submit to the prudence of my decision. We talked the matter over, Caroline, if you remember, and I was at considerable pains to convince you that he was idle, wasteful, and, I feared, dissipated, in short a very unfit person for any woman to trust her happiness with.—You silently agreed with what I said, at least, you said nothing in reply. I fancied I had persuaded you, for I thought your own good sense, to which I appealed, would see the matter in a light similar to that in which I and your mother beheld it. Judge then of my inexpressible pain, when I saw you walking, arm in arm, with him, in the outskirts of the city, to-day."

He paused, and Caroline held down her head abashed. "I was not mistaken," she said, to herself, "it was pa whom I saw."

Mr. Warren waited for more than a minute, for her to reply, but, as she continued silent, he went on—

"Now, Caroline," he said, "I wish you to look on me, as what I am, the best friend you have in the world, and one who has no motive, much less any wish, to advise you wrong. It is a common mistake of young people, especially of those of your sex, to suppose that their parents wish to tyrannize over them in the affair of marriage. Believe me, nothing is generally further from a parent's thoughts! It is not unfrequent indeed that a father differs from a daughter as to the wisdom of her uniting herself with a certain suitor; but, in such cases, the father is, nine times out of ten, right, and the child wrong. The parent, from his knowledge of men, from what he hears on the street, and from other sources, usually arrives at a juster conclusion respecting a young man's character, than a daughter, who has little, or no means of ascertaining the truth. In the case of this young Collins, I *know* him to be extravagant, idle, occasionally intemperate in his habits, and head over ears in debt; besides this, he has a violent temper. I beseech you, Caroline, my dear, do not give way further to this infatuation of yours."

As Mr. Warren spoke, he approached his daughter and tenderly took her hands. She burst into tears, looked up into his face, and said—"Oh! but papa, I love him, and he loves me: he says, he will throw himself away if I do not marry him: surely, surely, if I *can* I *ought* to reform him."

Mr. Warren shook his head. "Caroline," he said severely, "this is sheer folly, miserable infatuation! No woman ever reformed a man, whose principles were so loose as those of Collins; a wretch, who, in his own words, will throw himself away if you do not marry him. Listen to my words, child, for you are weaker than I thought, and I must rule where I would prefer to persuade—if ever you marry Collins, from that hour this house is shut against you."

The tears of Caroline flowed faster. Mr. Warren, after a turn or two across the room, softened again, and addressed her in kinder tones—

"My child," he said, "I speak thus for your own good. I know, if you marry Collins, that you will regret it, and I would, by interdicting it, spare you much future sorrow. I will never urge you to unite yourself with any man you do not fancy, however excellent I may think him to be; this, I promise you; and on your part, I shall expect you to give up this acquaintance. To-morrow, I will look for your promise to this effect. Go, now, and think of it: I am sure you will obey me."

He stooped down, and kissed her tenderly; and then Caroline still weeping, rushed from the room.

But was it to think, as her father desired, of her duty?

Alone, in her chamber, she recalled, at alternate moments, the words of her parent and the insidious persuasion of her lover: and alas! the latter had most influence with her.

Caroline was not exactly a weak girl, but she had fallen into a bad set at school, and from it imbibed many hurtful notions of a child's duty to her parents, especially in a case of supposed affection. She had read, not good novels, but visionary romances; and these had strengthened her mistaken ideas. Her present suitor was a handsome, designing libertine, who, knowing her father to be rich, desired to possess the daughter's hand, as with it, went a large fortune. The finished manners of Collins, had easily won her liking, for we cannot call it love, and, imagining herself to be in a similar position to her favorite heroines, she regarded the opposition of her father as oppressive and unreasonable.

That very day her suitor had urged her to elope with him, and she had consented to do so; but her parent's kind expostulation had, now for a time, shook her purpose. Finally, however, the vanity of being the heroine of a runaway match, as well as her biased views respecting the supposed injustice of her father, induced her to fulfil her promise; and, at the dead of night, she left her home forever.

We say, left her home, for she never had another. Mr. Warren proved true to his threat, and was the more inflexible, because Caroline had eloped, on the very night he had plead so earnestly with her. "She left me, with my kiss still warm on her cheek," he said; "she preferred another, and a stranger to me; she treated me, not like her best friend, but like an enemy; and henceforth she is banished from my heart."

Yes! she never again had a home. Her husband took her to a hotel, where they remained for several weeks, hoping daily to receive a summons from her father; but, as none came, they were forced at last to retire to a cheap boarding house. Here, amid indifferent society, Caroline, who had been tenderly nurtured, learned soon to feel acutely the advantages of which she had deprived herself, and yearned for her old home.

If her husband had really loved her, or if she could have continued to persuade herself that her father had been unjust, she might have found some alleviation in her altered fortunes. But her husband, angry that Mr. Warren was inexorable, now began to punish Caroline for her father's firmness, by neglecting her; and left her, evening after evening to amuse herself, while he spent the hours at the billiard table, in the theatre, or with some gay friends over a bottle or two of wine. It was now that Caroline saw the correctness of the judgement, which her father had expressed respecting Collins. She not only soon learned that he was both idle and a spendthrift, but discovered that he was intemperate, passionate, and unprincipled.

Often, when he came home excited by wine, he would address her in the most brutal manner, charging their present poverty on her or rather on her "niggardly father," as he called Mr. Warren, to her face. At last, one night, he returned, in a state of violent excitement, from the gaming table, where he had lost largely; and, finding Caroline weeping, struck her a blow, in a fit of passion, that felled her to the floor, where she lay bleeding.

And this was the end of her dream of romance! Into this life of slavery, into this deep degradation, her vanity had led her! Ashamed to tell the truth and throw herself on her father for protection, she endured, for more than a year, every variety of insult from her husband; her health, meanwhile, consuming away, and spirits, which had once been so high, utterly broken.

Oh! how often she repented of her folly.—How, when she had heard of others of her sex forming clandestine marriages, she would shudder, and exclaim—"alas! the chances are they will be yet as miserable as I am. Can they not see, that the man, who persuades them to disobey their parents, shows, in that very thing, a want of principle that promises little for their happiness with him?"

But the cup of her misery was not yet full. She had been married a little over a year when her husband left her to visit a neighboring city; and, though she waited his return long after the promised day, he never came. At last a letter from him was put in her hands; and the missive announced, in the most unfeeling terms, that he had left her forever.

She sank in a swoon, and lay for hours before she recovered. When she regained consciousness, it was to shudder at her condition; for she was penniless, with board for many weeks due, and not a friend on whom she could call for the slightest loan.

Suddenly, the parable of the Prodigal Son came up to her memory.

"I will arise and go unto my father," she said, humbly, in the words of that beautiful story; and, with the exclamation, she went forth, to seek her old home and sue for forgiveness, heart broken as she was.

It was snowing fast, but she did not heed it. She had thrown on her bonnet, and a light shawl; but had forgotten to change her thin shoes, or to assume a cloak. The melting flakes penetrated her slight attire, but she hurried on, breasting the wild tempest.

She arrived, at last, in the proud square where her father lived; and stood, a few seconds after, in front of the house. The window shutters were still open, though twilight had set in, and through the lace curtains the ruddy glow of the fire within shot athwart the stormy night. A sharp pain twitched her in the heart; she felt faint; and, staggering up the steps, just managed to pull the bell, when consciousness deserted her.

The servant who answered the door started and cried out when he saw an apparently lifeless corpse lying on the steps, with the fast falling snow rapidly covering it; and Mr. and Mrs. Warren, who were sitting by the parlor fire, coming out to learn the cause of the disturbance, staggered to behold, in this emaciated form their disobedient child.

They took her in, they wrapped her in warm clothing, they laid her in her old bed; but it was all of no avail. She revived just enough to ask forgiveness, and received it from them weeping. Then murmuring blessings on them, she died.

This may be thought a fancy sketch; but it is not. It may be considered an excessive case, it is not that either. Caroline Collins, or Warren, as we would rather call her, was early delivered from her sufferings; and in that, terrible as death may seem to the young and happy, she was blessed. There are others, victims of runaway matches, who drag on an existence so miserable that the grave itself would be a relief.

But, as the Scripture impressively says, "they that sow the whirlwind, shall reap the storm."

MARY BLANE.

I once did know a pretty girl,
And took her for my wife—
She came from Louisiana,
And I liked her as my life.
We happy lived together—
She never caused me pain;
But on one dark and dreary night
I lost poor Mary Blane.
Oh! farewell, farewell, poor Mary Blane!
One faithful heart will think of thee;
Farewell, farewell, poor Mary Blane,
If we ne'er meet again.

When in de woods I go at night,
A hunting for some game,
A darkey came to my old hut,
And stole my Mary Blane.
Long time's gwan by, it grieb'd me much,
To think no tidings came;
I hunts de woods both night and day,
To find my Mary Blane.
Oh! farewell, &c.

I often asked for Mary Blane,
Old Massa he did scold,
And says, "you saucy nigger boy,
If you must know, she's sold."
If dat's de case she cannot live
Throughout a weary life;
Oh! let me die—and lay me by
My poor heart-broken wife.
Oh! farewell, &c.

ON NAT'RAL HISTORY.—"I read tother day in a book on nat'ral history, that frogs was amphibilious animals. I shouldn't wonder, because where bull-frogs is very plenty, the people in the neighborhood suffers much with the bilious fever and yaller janders; and it seems reasonable like, that the frogs livin' in the swamps should be more amphibilious than the folks as only lived near the mashes. I have often heard the things calling out for more rum. Maybe natur intended rum to be used for them kind of complaints, and instink teaches the frog so. Any how, it is better tasted than that nasty quynyne what the Doctor gives us, and I do hear that in the western country, corn whisky is much used to keep off the fever and ager. I feel a sorter queer and shaky myself, and believe I'll try a drop of old Jamaky, with some nutmeg and sugar."

MEDICAL RECIPES.—To sharpen the Appetite—swallow a whetstone.

To give tone to the Stomach—get it lined with bell metal.

To prevent the Tic-dollar-owe—never run in debt.

For a tightness of the Chest—first get your heart open with some mild charitable laxative, and the lid of your chest will open easily.

For the Neuralgia—cease taking too much of the old-ralgia.

To cause a White swelling to disappear—cover it with shoe blacking or Japan varnish.

To prevent the Hair from turning gray—make up your mind to dye.

For a Cataract—darn your eye.

For a Felon—arrest and imprisonment.

For Fits consult our tailor.

A PUZZLE.—My father is my son, and I am my mother's mother. My sister is my daughter, and I am grandmother to my brother.

Who'll answer the above puzzle?

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST SPEECH.—'Fifty-two Sons of Temperance,' exclaimed the old lady, 'and twenty-five Daughters too! Why, bless me, how many children has aunt Tempy got? And I hear them talk about Cadets of Temperance. What sort of debts are them? But no wonder she owes debts, when she has so many children to maintain—how I pity the old crittur.' And the old lady pulled her spectacles down on her nose and resumed her knitting.

A SAD ADIEU.—Hear the outpourings of an honest heart, at regret for the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables:—

"Farwell! farewell! old trousaloons,
Long time we've stuck together;
Variety of scenes gone through,
And braved all sorts o' weather!"

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of his party to a lamp post. It is also a bad sign to see a fellow lie down in the gutter, supposing it to be his bed, and commence calling a poor innocent hog all sorts of hard names, mistaking it for his wife.

'What is the chief use of bread?' asked an examiner at a recent shool examination. 'The chief use of bread,' answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, 'the chief use of bread is to spread butter and molasses on.'

To the Honorable the Court of Quarter Sessions of Mifflin County.

THE petition of WILLIAM F. MOYER, of the Borough of Lewistown, in said county, respectfully represents: That he is well provided with house room and the conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, at the house he now occupies in said borough. He therefore prays the honorable Court to grant him a license for keeping a public inn or tavern, and he, as in duty bound, will pray, &c.

W. F. MOYER.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the Borough of Lewistown, in which the above mentioned inn or tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify that William F. Moyer, the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with houseroom and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers or travellers.

A. P. Jacob	F. McCoy
Daniel Ziegler	Thos. Van Valzah
Samuel Frank	D. Sunderland
Wm. Ross	Charles Heisler
David McClure	James Waream
Geo. Carney	George W. Knox.
John G. McLaughlin	mh8—3t

TO THE HONORABLE, the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Mifflin, now composing and holding a Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in said County:

THE PETITION of Jacob Bearley, of the borough of Lewistown, in said county, respectfully sheweth: That he occupies a house in said borough, on the bank of the Pennsylvania Canal, near the Lock, which has been heretofore occupied as a public house of entertainment, and is desirous of continuing to keep a public house therein. He therefore prays your honors to grant him license to keep a public house at the place aforesaid, for the ensuing year, and he will ever pray, &c.

JACOB BEARLEY.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the borough aforesaid, recommend the above named petitioner, and certify that the inn or tavern above mentioned is necessary to accommodate the public, and to entertain strangers and travellers, and that the petitioner above named is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers.

John M'Kee,	G. W. Woods,
George Siegrist,	Jacob Maurer,
John M. Wiley,	James Irvin,
James G. Brown,	John Threlkeld,
John Levy,	Wm. Charters,
Martin Webb,	Thos. R. M'Kee.

Lewistown, March 8, 1850—3t*

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Mifflin.

THE petition of William Brothers, of Brown township, in said county, respectfully represents, that he is well provided with houseroom and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travellers at the house he now occupies in said township. He therefore prays your honorable court to grant him a license for keeping a public inn or tavern, and he, as in duty bound, will pray, &c.

WM. BROTHERS.

We, the subscribers, citizens of Brown township, in which the above mentioned inn or tavern prayed to be licensed is proposed to be kept, do certify that William Brothers, the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance and is well provided with houseroom and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Machy	John McBride
Wm. Henry	D. C. Miller
Abner Thompson	Josiah Kerr
Alexander Reed	John Zook
John Albright	John Magwigan
Jos. Reed	John D. Hooly
John Kerr	James C. Hughes. [m8.3t

To the Hon. A. S. Wilson and his Associates, Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County of Mifflin.

THE petition of Charles Caughlin respectfully showeth: That your petitioner occupies a commodious house, situate in the Borough of Newton Hamilton, which is well calculated for a public house of entertainment, and from its neighborhood and situation is suitable as well as necessary for the accommodation of the public and the entertainment of strangers and travellers. That he is well provided with stabling for horses, and all the conveniences necessary for the entertainment of strangers and travellers; he therefore respectfully prays the court to grant him license to keep an inn or public house of entertainment there—and your petitioner will pray, &c.

CHARLES CAUGHLIN.

We, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Newton Hamilton aforesaid, being personally acquainted with Charles Caughlin, the abovenamed petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is prayed for, and do hereby certify that such house is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers or travellers—that he is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with houseroom and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers. We therefore beg leave to recommend him for a license, agreeably to his petition.

Saxfear Mishley	James C. Giles
John McLaughlin	T. Buckley
James Ewing	John Robb
Jas. Gamble	John Balsbach
Joseph Laughlin	Sam'l Morrison
Robert Fields	J. M. Barton
William Black	William Allen
Jos. H. Thompson	Chas. Bower. mh8—3t

Mackerel, Shad and Salt.

JONES' is the place to buy them cheap.
nov.17. C. L. JONES.

TO THE HONORABLE, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Mifflin:

THE PETITION of Joseph Sourbeck, of the borough of Lewistown, in said county, respectfully sheweth: That he occupies a house in said borough, in Market street, opposite the Jail, which has heretofore been used and occupied as a public house of entertainment, and is desirous of keeping a public house therein. He therefore prays your honors to grant him a license to keep a public house at the place aforesaid for the ensuing year.

JOSEPH SOURBECK.

We, the subscribers, citizens, of the borough aforesaid, recommend the above petitioner, and certify that the Inn or Tavern above mentioned is necessary to accommodate the public, and to entertain strangers and travellers, and that the petitioner above named is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Robert H. M'Clintic,	M. Buoy,
A. Blymyer,	J. R. Crawford,
Francis Thompson,	Zachariah Orner,
A. G. Harvey,	Robert A. Jackson,
W. Butler,	Daniel Fichthorn,
Samuel Grunden,	Z. Rittenhouse.

Lewistown, March 2, 1850.—4

TO THE HONORABLE, the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of Mifflin:

THE PETITION of John Robinson, of Union township, in said county, respectfully represents: That he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travellers at the house he now occupies, in said township. He therefore prays your honorable court to grant him a license for keeping a public Inn or Tavern, and he, as in duty bound, will pray.

JOHN ROBINSON.

We, the subscribers, citizens of Union township, in which the above mentioned Inn or Tavern prayed to be licensed is proposed to be kept, do certify that John Robinson, the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Kauffman,	Jacob Hartzler,
John Stroup,	Joseph Hoar,
Shem Yoder,	Isaac Yoder,
H. S. M'Nabb,	John Peachey,
Jos. A. Bell,	Levi Glass,
Joel Zook,	Christian Zook,
John Zook,	James Poe,
March 2, 1850—4]	John Macnab.

Carpets! Carpets!
At Jones' Carpet Hall

CAN be seen the most splendid assortment of every grade and quality—Rag, Venitian, Ingrain, and Imperial; RUGS &c. These Carpets are direct from the celebrated manufactory of A. B. Culton & Co., in Chester county, and warranted good—no auction trash. Call and see. C. L. JONES'
Oc27. *New Cheap Cash Store.*

Umbrellas.

SILK, Cotton, and Gingham, a large assortment for sale very low, by the piece or dozen—50 cents, 60 cts., 70 cts., 80 cts., 90 cts., $1 00, $1.12½, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, Silk at $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 and $4.50.
C. L. JONES'
nov3. New Cheap Cash Store.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinets, and Vestings,

IN endless variety, at every price and quality, for sale 20 per cent. below the usual price, at C. L. JONES'
nov3. New Cheap Cash Store.

THREE PLY CARPETS!

BEST quality three-ply Carpets warranted—selling at $1.12½ per yard, such as is sold at other stores for $1.37½ and $1.50. Also, a splendid assortment of other Carpeting, Rugs, &c., at C. L. JONES.
November 17, 1849.

BLACK ALPACAS.

OF these goods a large assortment on hand, for sale by the piece or yard very low—12½ cents, 18¾ cts., 25 cts., 31 cts., 37½ cts., 44 cts., 50 cts.. 56 cts., 62½ cts., 75 cts., 87½ cts., $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50; also a handsome assortment of Bombazines.
C. L. JONES'
nov3. New Cheap Cash Store.

Queensware & Glassware.

QUITE an extensive assortment just opening at the New Cheap Cash Store.
Gilt French China Tea Setts.
do do do Plates.
White Iron Stone Tea and Dinner Sets.
do Granite do do do
Light Blue do do do
Floring Blue do do do
Toilet Sets, 6 pieces; Plates of all kinds and sizes by the single or dozen; also a large assortment of Cups and Saucers, by the single Set; Gravy Bowls; Soup Tureens; Molasses Pitchers; colored and white glass Candlesticks; Preserve Dishes, in endless variety; French china Mantle Ornaments; Saltcellars, various patterns; Castors; Tumblers; Glass Jars, various sizes; stone Jugs; stone Jars; large Turkey Dishes, white, blue and mulberry, also steak Dishes to match; Bowls, Pitchers; sauce Dishes; and a large lot of common Cups and Saucers, all offered for sale at unprecedented low prices for cash, at
C. L. JONES'
nov3 New Cheap Cash Store.

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.
CHRISTIAN HOOVER,
Justice of the Peace,

CAN be found at his office, in the room recently occupied by Esquire Kulp, where he will attend to all business entrusted to his care with the greatest care and despatch.
Lewistown, July 1, 1848—tf.

M. MONTGOMERY,
Boot & Shoe Manufacturer
MARKET STREET LEWISTOWN.

CONTINUES to manufacture, to order, every description of BOOTS AND SHOES, on the most reasonable terms.—Having competent workmen in his employ and using good stock, his customers, as well as all others, may rely upon getting a good article, well made and neatly finished.
January 22, 1848—tf.