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Rates of Advertising.

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Philadelphia Advertisements.

Straw Goods—Spring 1852.

The Subscriber is now prepared to exhibit to Merchants and Milliners his usual heavy stock of Ladies' and Misses'...

Straw and Silk Bonnets, Straw Trimmings and Artificial Flowers; Palm-leaf, Panama and Every Variety of **SUMMER HATS** for Gentlemen; which for Extent, Variety and beauty of manufacture, as well as uniformly low prices, will be found unrivalled. **THOMAS WHITE,** No. 41 South Second Street, Philadelphia. February 13, 1852—3m.

Front Street Wire Manufactory. WATSON & COX, SIEVE, RIDDLE, SCREEN AND WIRE CLOTH MANUFACTURERS. No. 46 North Front Street, Corner of Coomb's Alley, between Market and Milberry (Arch) streets, Philadelphia.

WHERE they continue to manufacture, of superior quality, Brass and Iron Wire Sieves of all kinds; Brass and Copper Wire Cloth for Paper Makers, &c. Cylinders and Dandy Rolls, covered in the best manner. Heavy Twisted Wire for Spark Catchers. Sieves of superior quality for Brass and Iron Foundries. Screen Wire, Window Wire, Safes, Traps, Dish Covers, Coal and Sand Screens, &c. Also, Fancy Wire Work of every description executed in the neatest manner. Orders for City and Country received and promptly attended to. Sugar Mills, best quality. Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1852—3m.

Burning of Barnum's MUSEUM. Wilder's Patent Safe again the Victor! PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 1st, 1852. The Salamander Safe which I purchased a few years since, and which was in use by Messrs. C. G. Henderson & Co. at the destruction of their store in the building known as "BARNUM'S MUSEUM," on the 30th ult., has this morning been got at, and the interior woodwork with some Stereotype plates which were in the safe during the fire (the books having been removed), are found to be UNHARMED. I have this day purchased from Mr. John Farrell another "Patent Salamander," and would confidently recommend these well known safes to all who wish security against accidental fires. GEORGE S. APPLETON, We fully concur in the above, and would also add that the large WALL FIRE-PROOF, near which the above safe stood, has also since been opened, and although the outside appearance is good, and the walls of the same still standing, the interior is charred to ainder. C. G. HENDERSON & CO., Late Seventh and Chestnut Streets. THE GENUINE "HERRING'S" (Wilder's Patent) SALAMANDER'S FIRE-PROOF SAFE, which received the Prize Medal at the great Women's Fair, and are universally acknowledged to be the most perfect security against fire now known, can be obtained of the only authorized Agent in this State, JOHN FARRELL, 31 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. 258 safes of all other kinds, having been taken in part for the "HARRING'S," will be sold at very low prices. Philadelphia, Jan. 30, 1852—3m.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING. A NEW AND COMPLETE assortment of the latest and most fashionable style of **Men's and Boy's Clothing,** manufactured in the best manner, may be had at the lowest Cash Prices at **GEO. CULIN'S Clothing Establishment,** South-east corner of Market and Second sts., PHILADELPHIA, embracing a choice assortment of **Dress and Frock Coats, Cloaks, Sack Coats, Bangout Coats, Business Coats, &c.,** together with his usual extensive variety of English, French, and American Cloths and Winter Fabrics, suited to the wants of men and boys, both for dress and business garments. Particular care has been taken to procure a complete assortment of goods adapted to the new style.

Winter Coats, PANTALOONS, VESTS, &c., in which he would invite special attention, and particularly to his new assortment of **FURNISHING GOODS,** consisting of Shirts, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, &c.; all of which are offered at the lowest possible cash prices, and as cheap as any other Clothing Store in the Union. Parents who desire Boys' Clothing are earnestly invited to examine the stock, as the greatest care has been taken to provide the most durable patterns and desirable styles, at the most economical rates. A Small Notice taken at part for goods. September 26, 1851—4prily

BOOTS AND SHOES. JUST opened, a large assortment of Boats and Shoes, consisting of Gentlemen and Ladies' Gaiters and Heavy Laid Winter Shoes. Families wanting shoes might save by calling and examining our stock before purchasing elsewhere. **JOHN KENNEDY,** nov21'51

HARDWARE, of all kinds, at unusually low prices, for cash, at oct74 F. G. FRANCISCUS'S.

New Arrangement.

AFTER tendering our sincere thanks to our numerous customers for their liberal patronage for a number of years past, we would state that, having a number of accounts due that we are anxious to have closed up, we have resolved to OPEN A NEW SET OF BOOKS, and endeavor to close up all our accounts as soon as possible up to 1st February. After this we purpose bringing our business nearer to cash. We shall continue to accommodate our friends as heretofore, excepting that all accounts made after this period, we desire to have settled up at the end of 60 days. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Dried Peaches.

A FINE stock of splendid Dried Peaches, at \$2 50 per bushel. Also, Par'd Peaches—for sale by F. J. HOFFMAN.

Groceries—Great Reduction!

WE have just received a large assortment of superior Groceries, which we are determined to sell for cash lower than the same quality of goods can be regularly purchased elsewhere. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Burning Fluid and Pine Oil, ALWAYS ON HAND.—As we manufacture Burning Fluid extensively, we can furnish dealers with it lower than they can get from the city. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

CORDAGE—Always on hand, a fine assortment of Ropes, from 1/4 in. to 1 1/2 inch. Also, Twines, Tie Yarn, Cotton Laps, Bags, &c. F. J. HOFFMAN.

Drugs and Medicines.

THIS branch of our business continues to receive due attention. Our Drugs and Medicines have been selected with the greatest care, and purchasers may rely upon getting Medicines of good quality.

Wholesale purchasers are invited to give us a call, as we can sell them Drugs and Medicines at a small advance on city prices.

Copal Varish, good, at \$1.75 to 2.00 per gallon. Pure White Lead, \$2.00 per keg. Glass, 8x10, \$1.62 1/2 per half box. Putty, 6 1/2 cts per lb. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

HARDWARE STORE.

IN this branch of our business we defy competition. As we have no occasion to buy on credit, our goods are well purchased, and therefore we can furnish our numerous customers with whatever they may want at a price and of a quality that must give entire satisfaction. Enumeration here would be folly, as additions to the stock are constantly being made. Sketching is all that we will pretend at, and the imagination of the reader, or a personal examination, must fill up the picture.

Saddlery and Coachware. Always on hand, an extensive assortment, and at prices the most reasonable will not grumble. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Leather and Shoe Findings.

OUR stock comprises a large assortment of Red and Oak Sole Leather, Kips, Patent Leather, Men's and Women's Morocco, Cochran and Pink Linings, Upper and Grain Leather, Shoe Tools, Thread of all kinds, Pegs, Bristles, &c. &c., for sale low for cash. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

NAILS! NAILS! GREATLY reduced in price—\$3.00 a 3 25 per keg. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Lamps. FLUID Lamps, Pine Oil Lamps, Oil and Lamp Glass, and Britannia, which for variety of color, shape, style and size, are unequalled—low, very low, for cash. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Flour and Feed Store. CONSTANTLY on hand, Wheat Flour, Corn Meal, Corn in the ear, Oats, &c. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

OIL CLOTHS. FLOOR, Table and Carriage Oil Cloths—a fine assortment always on hand. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

CHAINS. EVERY KIND, comprising Dog, Log, Fifth Trace, Halter, Butt, Tongue, Spread, Cow and Breast Chains, &c. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

PAPER. WALL, Window, Printing, Wrapping, Letter and Cap Paper—wholesale and retail. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

BRUSHES. OUR stock, which is large and selected with reference to the wants of the community, comprises all kinds of Blacking, Scrubbing, Horse, Sweeping, Dusting, Hair, Clothes, Table, Infant, Wall, Paint, and Varnish Brushes, at reduced prices for cash. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

IRON. Blacksmiths and Others, Look to Your Interests! Great Reduction in the Price of Iron! WE are now selling Irem & Co.'s celebrated iron as follows: For Assorted Bar Iron, 3 1/2 cts. " Horse Shoe, 3 3/4 " " Nail Rod, 4 1/2 " We will also sell a good quality of English Tyre and other English Irons at the extremely low price of 2 1/2 cts. per lb. These are our strictly cash prices. We have also on hand Plough Irons, Small Rounds and Squares, from 1/4 up to 1 1/2 inch. American Steel of superior quality at 5 cts. per lb. Other steels low. fe6 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Poetry.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Among the most tender and beautiful of the Irish Melodies is that known as "THE MEETING OF THE WATERS." In the summer of 1807, Moore paid a visit to the vale of Avoca, in the county of Wicklow, where the two rivers Avon and Avoca meet, a most lovely and enchanting spot. This visit suggested the song which has since been so wide a favorite, and which has since associated the vale of Avoca with all that is charming and romantic.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet! Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill, Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near, Who made every scene of enchantment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

"Where now is Henry Clay?" This question was not long since tauntingly asked by a Locooco of a Whig. The latter thus answers through the Louisville Journal:

Where is he? Ask the mighty host Of freedmen in our native land! A million voices will respond, While each one proudly clasps his hand To his warm heart, and with a tear For him they honor, answer—NEAR!

Where is he! In the frozen North, In the vast empire of the West, In the sweet lowlands of the South, That rallying name is known and blest: On land, the watchword of the free— The sailor shouts it on the sea!

Where is he? Far beyond the reach Of fierce and unforgiving foes— In vain does malice strive to crush Colossal genius with its blows— The arrow winged with envious aim, Break on the bright shield of his fame!

Where is he? When the would-be great, The party pignims of to-day, Are all forgot, mankind will weep Around the hallowed grave of CLAY! Where then will their names who dare Defame him? Echo answers—where?

A Select Talt.

From Arthur's Temperance Talt. THE PLEDGE. BY E. ARTHUR, EDITOR OF THE "HOME GAZETTE." Concluded.

Two hours brought his regular dinner-time, when Jarvis, who began to feel the want of food, returned home, with new and strange feelings about his heart. One impulse was to tell his wife what he had done, and what he was doing. But then he remembered how often he had mocked her new springing hopes—how often he had promised amendment, and once even joined a temperance society, only to relapse into a lower and more degraded condition.

"No, no," he said to himself, after debating the question in his mind, as he walked towards home; "I will not tell her now. I will first present some fruit of my repentance. I will give such an assurance as will create confidence and hope."

Mrs. Jarvis did not raise her eyes to the face of her husband, as he entered. The sight of that once loved countenance, distorted and disfigured, ever made her heart sick when she looked upon it. Jarvis seated himself quietly in a chair and held out his hands for his youngest child, not over two years old, who had no consciousness of its father's degradation. In a moment the happy little creature was on his knee. But the other children showed no inclination to approach.

The frugal meal passed in silence and restraint. Mrs. Jarvis felt troubled and oppressed—for the prospect before her seemed to grow more and more gloomy. All the morning she had suffered from a steady pain in her breast, and from a lassitude that she could not overcome. Her thin, pale, careworn face, told a sad tale of suffering, privation, confinement, and want of exercise. What was to become of her children she knew not. Under such feelings of hopelessness, to have one sitting by her side, who could take much of her burdens from her, were he but to will it—who could call back the light to her heart, if only true to his promise, made in earlier and happier years—soured in some degree her feelings, and obscured her perceptions. She did not note that some change had passed upon him; a change that if marked, would have caused her heart to leap in her bosom.

As soon as Jarvis had risen from the table, he took his hat, and kissing the youngest child, the only one who seemed to regard him, passed quickly from the house. As the door closed after him, his wife heaving a long sigh, and then rising mechanically, proceeded to clear up the table. Of how many crushed affections, and disappointed hopes, did that one deep, tremulous sigh, speak!

Jarvis returned to his work, and applied himself steadily during the whole afternoon. Whenever a desire for liquor returned upon him, he quenched it with a copious draught of water, and thus kept himself as free from temptation as possible. At night he returned, when the same troubled and uneasy silence pervaded the little family at the supper-table. The meal was scanty, for Mrs. Jarvis's incessant labour could procure but a poor supply of food. After the children had been put to bed, Mrs. Jarvis sat down, as usual, to spend the evening, tired as she was and much as her breast pained her, in sewing. A deep sigh heaved involuntarily her bosom as she did so. It caught the ear of her husband, and smote upon his heart. He knew that her smile was feeble, and that constant labor fatigued her excessively.

"I wouldn't sew to-night, Jane," he said. "You look tired. Rest for one evening."

Mrs. Jarvis neither looked up nor replied. There was something in the tone of her husband's voice that stirred her feelings;—something that softened her heart towards him. But she dared not trust herself to speak, nor to let her eye meet his. She did not wish to utter a harsh nor repulsive word, nor was she willing to speak kindly to him, for she did not feel kindly,—and kind words and affected cheerfulness, she had already found, but encouraged him in his evil ways. And so she continued to ply her needle, without appearing to regard his presence.

Her husband did not make another effort to induce her to suspend her labour; for under existing circumstances, he was particularly desirous of not provoking her to use towards him the language of rebuke and censure. After sitting silent, for perhaps half an hour, he rose from his chair, and walked three or four times backwards and forwards across the room, preparatory to going out to seek a coffee-house, and there spend his evening, as his wife supposed. But much to her surprise, he returned to their chamber, in the adjoining room. While still under the expectation of seeing him return, his loud breathing caught her quick ear. He was asleep!

Catching up the light, as she rose suddenly to her feet, she passed with a hasty step, into the chamber. He had undressed himself, was in bed, and sound asleep. She held the candle close to his face; it was calmer than usual, and somewhat paler. As she bent over him, his breath came full in her face. It was not loaded with the disgusting fumes that had so often sickened her. Her heart beat quick—the moisture dimmed her eyes—her whole frame trembled. Then looking upwards, she uttered a single prayer for her husband, and gliding quietly from the room, sat down by her little table, and again bent over her work. Now she remembered that he had said, with something unusual in his tones—"I would not sew to-night, Jane; you look tired; rest for one evening"—and her heart was agitated with a new hope; but that hope, like the dove from the ark, found nothing upon which to rest, and trembled back again into a feeling of despondency.

On the next morning the trembling hand of Jarvis, as he lifted his saucer to his lips at the breakfast-table, made his wife's heart sink again in her bosom. She had felt a hope, almost unconsciously. She remembered that at supper-time his hand was steady—now it was unsteady. This was conclusive to her mind, that, notwithstanding his appearance, he had been drinking. But few words passed during the meal, for neither felt much inclined to converse.

After breakfast, Jarvis returned to the shop, and worked steadily until dinner-time, and then again until evening. As on the night before, he did not go out, but retired early to bed. And this was continued all the week. But the whole was a mystery to his poor wife, who dared not even to hope for any real change for the better. On Saturday, towards night, he laid by his work, put on his coat and hat, and went into the front shop.

"So you have really worked a week, a sober man, John?" Mr. Lankford said. "Indeed, I have. Since last Sunday morning, no kind of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips."

"How much have you earned this week, John?" "Here is the foreman's account of my work, sir. It comes to twelve dollars." "Still a fast workman. You will yet recover yourself, and your family will again be happy, if you persevere!" "O, sir, they shall be happy! I will persevere!"

Another pause ensued, and then Jarvis said, while the colour mounted to his cheeks—"If you are willing, Mr. Lankford, I should like you to deduct only one-half of what I owe you for those furs I took from you, from this week's wages. My family are in want of a good many things; and I am particularly desirous of buying a barrel of flour to-night."

"Say nothing of that, John. Let it be forgotten with your past misdeeds. Here are your wages—twelve dollars—and if it gives you as much pleasure to receive, as it does me to pay them, then you feel no ordinary degree of satisfaction."

Mr. Jarvis received the large sum for

him to possess, and hurried away to a grocery. Here he bought, for six dollars a barrel of flour, and expended two dollars more of his wages in sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, &c. Near to the store was the market-house. Thence he repaired, and bought meat, and various kinds of vegetables, with butter, &c. These he carried to the store, and gave directions to have all sent home to him. He had now two dollars left out of the twelve he had earned since Monday morning, and with these in his pocket, he returned home. As he drew near the house, his heart fluttered in anticipation of the delightful change that would pass upon all beneath his humble roof. He had never, in his life, experienced feelings of such real joy.

A few moments brought him to the door, and he went in with the quick step that had marked his entrance for several days. It was not quite dark, and his wife sat sewing by the window. She was finishing a pair of pantaloons that had to go home that very evening, and with the money she was to get for them, she expected to buy the Sunday dinner. There was barely enough food in the house for supper; and unless she received her pay for this piece of work, she had no means of getting the required sustenance for herself and children—or rather, for her husband, herself and children. The individual for whom it was intended was not a prompt paymaster, and usually grumbled whenever Mrs. Jarvis asked him for money.

To add to the circumstance of concern and trouble of mind, she felt almost ready to give up, from the excessive pain in her breast, and the weakness of her whole frame. As her husband came in, she turned upon him an anxious and troubled countenance; and then bent down over her work, and pined her needle hurriedly. As the twilight fell dimly around, she drew nearer and nearer to the window, and at last stood up, and leaned close up to the panes of glass, so that her hand almost touched, in order to catch the few feeble rays of light that were still visible. But she could not finish the garment on which she wrought, by the light of day. A candle was now lit, and she took her place by the table, not so much as glancing towards her husband, who had seated himself in a chair, with his youngest child on his knee. Half an hour passed in silence, and then Mrs. Jarvis rose up, having taken the last stitch in the garment she was making, and passed into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes she came out, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the pair of pantaloons that she had just finished, on her arm.

"Where are you going, Jane?" her husband asked, in a tone of surprise, that seemed mingled with disappointment. "I am going to carry home my work." "But I wouldn't go now, Jane. Wait until after supper."

"No, John. I cannot wait until after supper. The work will be wanted. It should have been home two hours ago." And she glided from the room.

A walk of a few minutes brought her to the door of a tailor's-shop, around the front of which hung sundry garments exposed for sale. This shop she entered, and presented the pair of pantaloons to a man who stood behind the counter. His face relaxed not a muscle as he took them, and made a careful examination of the work.

"They'll do," he at length said, tossing them aside, and resuming his employment of cutting out a garment.

Poor Mrs. Jarvis paused, dreading to utter her request. But necessity conquered the painful reluctance, and she said, "Can you pay for this pair to-night, Mr. Willets?"

"No. I've got more money to pay on Monday than I know where to get, and cannot let a cent go out."

"But, Mr. Willets, I—"

"I don't want to hear any of your reasons, Mrs. Jarvis. You can't have the money to-night."

Mrs. Jarvis moved slowly away, and had nearly reached the door, when the thought of her children made her to pause.

"I cannot go, Mr. Willets, without the money," she said, suddenly turning, and speaking in an excited tone.

"You will go, I'm thinking, madam," was the cool reply.

"O, sir," changing her tone, "pay me what you owe me; I want it very much."

"O, yes. So you all say. But I am used to such make-believes. You get no money out of me to-night, madam. That's a settled point. I'm angry now—so you had better go home at once; if you don't, I'll never give you a stitch of work, so help me—"

Mrs. Jarvis did not pause to hear the concluding words of the sentence.

"What shall I do?" was the almost despairing question that she asked of herself, as she hurried towards her home. On entering the house, she made no remark, for there was no one to whom she could tell her troubles and disappointment, with even the most feeble hope of a word of comfort.

"Does Mr. Jarvis live here?" asked a rough voice at the door.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, here is a barrel of flour and some groceries for him."

"There must be some mistake, sir." "Is not this Mr. Jarvis?" "Yes." "And number 40?" "Yes." "Then this is the place, for that was the direction given me."

"Yes, this is the place—bring them in," spoke up Jarvis, in an animated tone.

The drayman, of course, obeyed. First he rolled in the barrel of flour; then came a number of packages, evidently containing groceries; and, finally, one or two pieces of meat, and sundry lots of vegetables.

"How much is to pay?" asked Jarvis. "Twenty-five cents, sir," responded the drayman, bowing.

The twenty-five cent piece was taken from his pocket with quite an air, and handed over. Then the drayman went out, and that little family were alone again. During the passage of the scene just described, the wife stood looking on with a stupid and bewildered air. When the drayman had departed, she turned to her husband, and said—

"John, where did these things come from?" "I bought them, Jane." "You bought them?" "Yes, I bought them." "And pray, John, what did you buy them with?"

"With the quarter of a dollar you gave to me on Monday." "John!"

"It is true, Jane. With that quarter I went and joined the Washington Total-Abstinence Society, and then went to work at Mr. Lankford's. Here is the result of one week's work, besides this silver," handing her all that remained, after making the purchases.

"O, John, John," the wife exclaimed, bursting into tears, "do not again mock my hopes. I cannot bear much more."

"In the strength of Him, Jane, who has promised to help us when we call upon Him, I will not disappoint the hopes I now revive," Jarvis said, slowly and solemnly.

The almost heart-broken wife and mother leaned her head upon the shoulder of her husband, and clung to his side with a newly-revived confidence, that she felt would not be disappointed, while the tears poured from her eyes like rain. But her true feelings we cannot attempt to describe, nor dare we venture to sketch further the scene we have introduced. The reader's imagination can do it more justice, and to him we leave that pleasing task, with only the remark, that Mrs. Jarvis's newly awakened joys and hopes have not again been disappointed.

BANKS' Drug and Variety Store Still Ahead.

HAVING just returned from Philadelphia with a new and varied stock of GOODS, the undersigned invites the public to give him a call. In addition to his stock of pure and fresh DRUGS, he has on hand Spices of all kinds, fine Dairy and Table Salt, pure White Lead; Copal, Cosch, Japan and Shoe Varnishes; a variety of Nuts; Butter, Soda, Sugar and Water Crackers; Old and Young Hyson, Imperial and Black TEAS; a great variety of Hair and Tooth Brushes, RICE and SOUP BEANS, &c. &c., immutable, at A. A. BANKS' Variety Store. Lewistown, Dec. 12, 1851-tf.

SHOULDER Braces, a new and superior article, at A. A. BANKS' Variety store. HOVER'S INK—Black, Blue, Red and Carmine, the best in the market, cheap at d19 BANKS' Variety store.

FRUITS.—Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, Prunes, the first of the season, at d19 A. A. BANKS'.

PINE OIL and Burning Fluid, just received and for sale at d19 BANKS' Variety store.

CIDER VINEGAR—A new supply—first rate—just received at d12 BANKS' Variety Store.

FOR THE TEETH—Tooth pastes and Powders, in great variety, at d19 BANKS' Variety store.

HAVING Cream, a delightful article, softening the beard and easing the labor of shaving at BANKS' Variety store.

PERFUMERY—Bay Rum, Cologne, Verbena, Sweet Briar, Patchouly, Jenny Lind, Jasmine, Rose, at d19 BANKS' Variety store.

CIGARS.—A great variety of CIGARS, bought low and selling accordingly. Lovers of the weed, the place to get a good and cheap article, is at BANKS' Variety store.

FOR CHRISTMAS.—Beautiful ornament-knick-knacks. Also, GINGER SOAPS, admirable imitations in appearance, of fruit—a new article, just received and for sale at d12 BANKS' Variety Store.

Stationery! Stationery! BLUE and White LETTER PAPER. B Gilb edged " " Assorted colors " " Plain and Fancy note " " Blue and White Foolscap " " Envelopes, Watfers, Quills and Steel Pens, at d19 A. A. BANKS'.

Fish, Salt, and Plaster, FOR sale by JOHN STERRETT & Co. At the Lewistown. June 27-1f