

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. For six months, 75 cents.

West Branch Insurance Co. OF LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Directors: Hon. G. C. Harvey, T. T. Abrams, D. K. Jackman, W. White, Thos. Kitchen.

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

W. & G. MACKLIN, McVeytown, Pa.

Map of Mifflin County, Pa.

Losses by Fire.

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1856, \$301,638 84

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1857, \$301,638 84

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1858, \$301,638 84

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1859, \$301,638 84

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1860, \$301,638 84

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1861, \$301,638 84

PAID FOR THE YEAR 1862, \$301,638 84

Dissolution of Partnership. THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

GREAT BARGAINS! The stock is new and heavy, containing a large assortment of staple

DRY GOODS, SILKS, SATINETS, CASSIMERS, JEANS, CALICOS, GINGHAMS & WHITE GOODS, CARPETS, &c.

all of which will be sold at cost up to the 1st of November, 1857.

LOGAN FOUNDRY. THE public are hereby respectfully informed that we have leased the above well known Foundry, situate on Main street, in the borough of Lewistown, a few doors south of the stone bridge, where we will keep constantly on hand

Iron Fence, Hollow Ware, Water Pipes, &c., and will make to order all kinds of CASTINGS.

W. & G. MACKLIN, McVeytown, Pa.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, STRAW GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, CEDARWARE, Groceries, Wall and Window Papers, STATIONERY, CARPETS, DRUGGETS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, LINES, OIL, LEAD, PITCH, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, Salt, Fish, Plaster, Guano, Cement, Stone Coal and Grind Stones.

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PAID FOR THE YEAR 1867, \$301,638 84

HOVER'S LIQUID HAIR DYE. THE following, from that eminent Physician of Philadelphia, Dr. Brinckle, added to the testimony of Professor Booth, only confirms what is evidenced by thousands who have used Hover's Dye.

HOVER'S WRITING AND INDELIBLE INKS are so well and widely known as to require no eulogy of their merits; it is only necessary to say that the steady and increasing demand gives the best evidence that they maintain their character for superiority, which distinguished them when first introduced, years ago.

HARDWARE! To Buy Cheap for Cash, Blacksmiths, buy at Hoffman's, Carpenters, buy at Hoffman's, Saddlers, buy at Hoffman's, Shoemakers, buy at Hoffman's, Cabinetmakers, buy at Hoffman's, Farmers, buy at Hoffman's, Builders, buy at Hoffman's, Housekeepers, buy at Hoffman's.

CONFECTIONERIES, always fresh, wholesale and retail, at HOFFMAN'S.

PAPER.—Printing Paper, best quality of Writing, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, &c. at HOFFMAN'S.

TO MARKSMEN.—Rifles and Shot Guns, Shot, Powder, Caps, &c., for sale at HOFFMAN'S.

PRESERVING and Pickling Jars, of Glass and Stone, quart and half gallon, just what is wanted for Tomatoes, Fruit, &c., at HOFFMAN'S.

STOVES! A NEW COOK STOVE FOR WOOD! Its unusually large oven and fire box and its entire suitability to the wants of the farmer, place it far in advance of any now in use.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS, Medicines, Medicines, Medicines, Paints, Glass, Paints, Glass, Paints, Oils, Glass, Oils, Glass, Oils, Trusses, Oils, Trusses, HOFFMAN'S.

PUMPS. BURNHAM'S patent double acting LIFT BAND FORCE PUMPS, for general use, suitable for mills, factories, railroad stations, &c. They are also efficient Fire Engines.

FIRE BRICK! FIRE BRICK!—For Noble, Globe, Girard, Flat Top, New World, Crystal, Fanny Forester, and Sunrise Cook Stoves, and for all kinds of Room and Parlor Stoves, can be had at the Stove Warehouse of

THE FARMER'S COOK STOVE AT THE STOVE WAREHOUSE OF F. G. FRANCISCUS, Lewistown. 300 STOVES FOR SALE LOW FOR CASH.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA of cook stoves is the Noble Cook—the most perfect now in use. Every one wanting the best cooking stove, are re-spectfully invited to call and examine this baker, baking bread equal to a brick oven. This excellent stove is warranted in every respect. For sale by

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!—Our stock of stoves this season is the largest and most varied of any stock on hand before. Our assortment embraces the New World, Globe, Sunrise, Capital, Wm. Penn, Fanny Forester, Girard, Crystal, Flat Top, &c.; all for wood and coal. For sale low by

COAL BUCKETS, several patterns, Pokers, Shovels, Sifters. Castings for all ordinary stoves, Tin and Iron Tea Kettles, Tin and Copper Bottom Wash Boilers, Stove Boilers, Griddles, Long Pans, Bake Pans, &c. In fact, all kinds of trimmings and fixtures for stoves can be had at the establishment of

SOLE LEATHER, Calf Skins, Pink Lining, do, Upper Leather, Kipp do, Madras and Tampico Morocco, with all kinds of French Kitt Shoe Findings, &c. for sale at lowest rates by

Estate of Jacob Foltz, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of JACOB FOLTZ, late of Menno township, Mifflin county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Brady township, Huntingdon county. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

PATENT KNIFE CLEANERS.—One of the greatest labor saving machines ever invented. Every housekeeper should have one. Also, Apple Parers, Bread Toasters, Preserving Kettles, brass, copper, porcelain, tinued, &c. For sale by

THE MINSTREL.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

'Tis morn—the sea breeze seems to bring Joy, health and freshness on its wing— Bright flowers to me all strange and new, All glittering in the early dew,

'Tis noon—a calm, unbroken sleep Is on the blue waves of the deep— A soft haze, like a fairy dream, Is floating over hill and stream;

'Tis eve—on earth the sunset skies Are painting their own Eden dyes— The stars come down, and twinkling glow Like blossoms in the clouds below;

'Tis midnight—with a soothing spell Are palming their own Eden dyes— The stars come down, and twinkling glow Like blossoms in the clouds below;

'Tis dawn—the sun's first rays are seen, The dew is on the grass and green— The birds are singing in the trees, And like some unseen sprite, the breeze Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees, Breathing music round the spot— But I am sad—I see thee not.

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I packed up many tokens from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift of Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the tip of my little finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there. A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome, a future home, and a sweet smiling face—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

CHAPTER II. Tall, bearded, and sun bronzed, I knoeked at the door of my father's house. The light in the parlor windows and the hum of the conversation and the cheerful laughter, showed me that company were assembled there. I hoped that my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously out.

But no—a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half suppressed smile upon the servant's face.

I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known or asked after the family, and while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head, a tiny, delicate face, with blue eyes, was up to mine—so like those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain. 'What is your name my little one?' I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her head as if to shade her eyes, (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time,) and answered in a sweet bird-like voice, 'Mary.'

'And what else?' I said quickly. 'Mary Moore Chester,' lisped the child. My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, and in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was his child and Mary's!

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a slight step and a pleasant voice saying: 'Did you wish to see my father, sir?'

I looked. There stood a pretty sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said: 'Lizzie, don't you know me?'

'Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!' she cried and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break.

There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang towards me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears! Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greet to the way worn wanderer!

And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, I grasped my father's hand while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all was not lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessings, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home. There were four other inmates of the room who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. 'Welcome home, my boy!' he said and with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. 'You have changed so that I should never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place I know.'

'How can you say he has changed?' said my mother gently. To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man when he went away—but his eyes and smiles are the same as ever! It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still.'

'Ay, mother,' I answered sadly, 'I am your boy still.'

'Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept, upon her bosom as I had done in my infancy. But I

kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full, handsome face: 'You have changed too, Frank, but I hope for the better.'

'Oh, yes, thank you for the compliment,' he answered with a hearty laugh. 'My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day.'

His wife—could I hear that name and keep silent still?

'And have you seen my little girl,' he added lifting his infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. I tell you there is not such another in the world.—Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?'

'Very much,' I faltered. 'Halloo!' cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently, 'I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—ah, Harry?' and he slapped me on the back, 'For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once—but mind old fellow you are never to repeat that ceremony. Come, here she is, and I for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation.'

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing towards me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me and I cried out before I thought: 'Not Mary!'

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room, but nothing was said—even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out from the window.

'Mary—Mary Moore,' said I, in a low eager voice, 'have you no welcome to give the wanderer?'

She turned and laid her hand on mine, and murmured hurriedly: 'I am glad to see you here, Harry.'

Simple words—and yet how blessed they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an Emperor's crown! For there was the happy group, and the dear home fireside, and their sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were fallen before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see. I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came!

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long and happy, and I hope a well spent life,—and yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with bright hair parting smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her in her infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then—for love still lives above.

A Warning—Coes Poisoned by Wild Cherry.—The Ohio Farmer reports that a man having occasion to cut down a small wild cherry tree, threw the branches over the fence into the road or common, and that two cows, after eating the leaves, died within twenty minutes, and within fifty feet of the place. That Prussic acid is contained in the leaves, &c. of this tree, we were aware, but did not suppose it existed in sufficient quantity to produce such effects.

Look for the Bee Moth.—Those having bees and wishing to keep them and have "luck," must almost daily visit their hives, (early in the morning is the best time,) and tip them up on one side and destroy the worms which secrete themselves under the edges of the hive. Unless this is carefully attended to, don't expect to be successful in keeping bees—for they are the great enemy of the bee.

Hints for the Season.—The weed well known as the "water pepper" or "smart weed," (polygonum hydropiper,) which may now be found in abundance along ditches, roads, lanes and barnyards, is an effectual and certain destroyer of the bed-bug. A strong decoction is made of the herb, and the places infested with the insect well washed with it. The plant may also with much advantage be stuffed in the cracks and corners of the room. Elderberry leaves laid upon the shelves of a safe or cupboard, will drive away ants and roaches.

Estate of Andrew Glass, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of ANDREW GLASS, late of Union township, Mifflin county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

LEVI GLASS, Administrator. sept24

SHOT GUNS.—Single and double Shot Guns, very low, at MACKLIN'S, McVeytown.