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Farmers and others burning wood can find one of the best wood Cooking Stoves used.—This excellent Stove is made heavy for use, takes a stick of wood 28 inches long, has a very large fire place and oven, bakes well, and got up in good style. Will warrant it to do its work well, and give good satisfaction. It comes much lower in price than stoves of this kind generally. sep17

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All kinds of Parlor, Room, Bar, Hall and Cook Stoves, on hand and for sale at reduced prices by FRANCISCUS.

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THE NE PLUS ULTRA of cook
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Housekeepers, buy at Hoffman's.
Don't forget, if you want good Stoves, Pump Chains, Oil Cloths, Nails, Steel, Iron, Cutlery, Vices, Belows, Chisels, Gils, &c., F. J. Hoffman's Mammoth Hardware Store, and you can be accommodated. sep3

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

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

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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. A number have been sold and have given entire satisfaction. Also, other Cook Stoves, for coal or wood, Parlor Air Tight Wood Stoves, Coal Stoves for parlor, store, office and shop, at HOFFMAN'S.

DRUGS, DRUGS, DRUGS,
Medicines, Medicines, Medicines,
Paints, Paints, Paints,
Glass, Glass, Glass,
Oils, Trussers, Trussers,
At HOFFMAN'S.

New Arrangements.
AFTER returning our sincere thanks to our numerous friends and customers for their continued patronage, I would inform them that I am still to be found at
The Old Stand
With a desire to bring my business nearly to cash, after the first of April our credit terms will be Thirty Days and accounts not to exceed Fifty Dollars. We hope still to conduct our business so that we shall enjoy the good will of our numerous customers, and that the number may be greatly increased.
mar12 F. J. HOFFMAN.

Moral and Religious.
BE IN TIME.
(Published by request.)
The voice of wisdom hear!
Be in time, be in time!
To give up every sin
In earnest now begin—
The night will soon set in!
Be in time, be in time!
Ye aged sinners hear!
Be in time, be in time!
Your sands are moving fast,
Your die will soon be cast—
Ye aged men, make haste!
Be in time, be in time!
Though late you may return,
Be in time, be in time!
Though late you may return,
You're not too old to learn
While the lamp holds out to burn!
Be in time, be in time!
Ye who are young in years,
Be in time, be in time!
You say you're in your bloom,
And far from the dark tomb—
But mind your day will come!
Be in time, be in time!
Backslider, dost thou hear!
Be in time, be in time!
Thy sinful course forsake,
And thyself to prayer betake—
Thy deathless soul's at stake!
Be in time, be in time!
Should you the work delay,
You're undone, you're undone!
Should you the work delay,
And squander life away,
Death will be a solemn day!
Be in time, be in time!
Oh, should the door be shut!
When you come, when you come;
Should God in justice say,
Depart from me away—
'Twill be too late to pray!
Be in time, be in time!

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT"
What a text for a sermon! I wonder if the painter of these few words upon that rough board knew that he was going to be a street preacher, and to the wandering, wayward soul point the way. "All men are preachers," says a German proverb, "forever pointing to others the way, but never walking therein themselves." Every man who paints upon a board "keep to the right," is a preacher, whatever his life may be. If this one command stood alone in the book called holy, it would be sufficient to guide to Heaven.

Keep to the right in the highway. No matter whether poverty in rags, or wealth in ermine, meet you; if you move steadily on to the right there will be no collision or jostling. Keep to the right in life's highway. Never ask what saith law or custom; ask which is the right way, and zealously walk therein. Keep to the right, young man! Your happy home is on the right. Your beautiful sister is pressing her face to the window pane watching for your coming. She loves you with all the ardor of her poor young soul; go to her and learn wisdom and purity. Your mother awaits you. She has whispered your name in her sweet prayer—has asked good angels to lead you away from sin and temptation. Your good father, weary and worn, has gone to his dreams, sighing as he went, "Would to Heaven my child would keep to the right!"

Keep to the right, daughters of fashion! Avoid the path marked out by soulless men and weak minded women; it leads through thorny ways to an early grave. Do not barter your glorious inheritance for glitter and gold. Do not waste the wealth of your large soul in the whirlpool of folly. To the right you will find true, brave hearts to welcome you into the field of earnest labor. There will you learn life's great lesson—a holy mission.

Keep to the right, faltering sister! Let not the siren song of the seducer lure you into the crowded path on the left—it leads to degradation. Robbers are in the way who will steal your peace of soul, your angelic beauty, and your priceless purity.

True, the path at the right has few travelers, but the few are glorious souls. They have not bowed down to the golden gods of man's making; they have not borrowed the flimsy garb of virtue of the Lord, nor masks of sham christianity to serve his majesty the devil in. They have asked the nearest way to Heaven, and are clearing a road that way.

A bright and beautiful bird is hope. It will come to us amid the darkness, and sing the sweetest songs when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes and tightens the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been wearing away.

A good name is above all price.

A BAD MARK.—It is a bad sign for a boy to be seen throwing stones at every dog, or pig, or bird he sees in the street. It shows that such a boy has an unfeeling heart. He don't care how much suffering he may cause a poor innocent bird or animal. What if he breaks a wing or a leg—he only laughs at the agony which he caused. Boys, never cultivate such a cruel disposition. Never cause anything that has feeling pain, if you can possibly help it. I am afraid if you begin with tormenting the poor, innocent brutes, you can after a while injure your playmates and associates. Some have already been seen to throw stones at poor boys just for the fun of it, or rather, to gratify the evil disposition of their hearts. Ah! many men have been hung for murder, or they have been sent to the State Prison, just because they cultivated such bad dispositions when they were boys like you. They commenced by becoming cruel to animals first, and then to boys, and so, little by little, their hearts became hardened till they could even kill a man. Think of this the next time you are tempted to pick up a stone to throw at any innocent thing that has life and feeling.—*Children's Friend.*

THE PRICE OF LIQUOR.—"There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food and firewood of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of my children, and the peace of my home—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, the fees I have robbed from the schoolmaster, and the innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink! for more I will yet pay for it. There's my character as a man, my profession as a Christian, I give up all—give me drink! More yet I have to give. There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed—these—these—all my hope of salvation! I give up my Savior, I give up my God! I resign all! All that is great, good and glorious in the universe I resign forever that I may be DRUNK!"

God has written on the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem, upon the rain drops that refresh the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert, upon its deep chambers and upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all His works He hath written, "None liveth for himself!"

THE SKEPTIC AND HIS DAUGHTER.
Suggested by reading a newspaper paragraph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter, on the eve of her death, when she asked the stern inmate in whose faith he would have her to die—his or her mother's?
"The damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow;
The past, with all its scenes has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future which in vain
My feeble eyes desire;
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose stern faith to die?"
"In thine? I've watched the scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
When ere the Christian's humblest hope
Was placed above thy own;
I've heard the speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh away the doubts that
Cluster round the tomb."
"Or is it in my mother's faith,
How fondly do I trace
Through many a weary year long past
That calm and sunny face!
How often do I call to mind,
Now shrouded beneath the sod,
The place, the hour, in which she drew
My early thoughts to God!"
"Twas then she took this sacred book,
And from the sacred page
Read how its truths support the soul
In youth and falling age;
And bade me in its precepts live,
And by its precepts die,
That I might share the home of love
In worlds beyond the sky."
"My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the being who hath blessed
This cheered path of mine,
And promised eternal rest!
Or die, my sire, in thine?"
The frown upon that warrior brow
Passed like a cloud away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheek
That flowed not till that day:
"No, not mine," with choking voice,
The skeptic made reply—
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die!"

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home! A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—*Rev. C. Hamilton.*

MISCELLANEOUS.
SHOCKING CASE OF SUPERSTITION IN ITALY.
A striking and almost incredible example of the invocation of diabolic aid, under circumstances which betray a great degree of avarice and cruelty, has recently occurred on the shores of the Adriatic, in the province of La Marca.
A lady of some property, residing generally at Aqua Santa, in the Papal dominions, but bordering upon the Neapolitan territory, in which she has also property, has become possessed with the strongest conviction that in some part of her estates there is a hidden treasure of enormous value, but that all her attempts at its discovery are systematically opposed by evil spirits.
Having been informed by some trustworthy old woman, who bears the reputation of being a *strega*, or witch, that nothing could ally the spite of these hostile spirits and lead to the discovery of the treasure except sacrificing to them a male child of good parentage and under six years of age, this treasure seeking signora has for some months in quest of a child adapted for her purpose, and not too closely guarded for her kidnapping intentions. About a month ago she cast her evil eye upon a fine little boy belonging to an English lady residing at Porto di Ferno, and watching her opportunity, contrived to entice the child away whilst rambling with its mother and playing about on the seashore.
The consternation of the mother at the child's disappearance may be easily imagined. Her husband being absent from home at the time, she sent a young man, her son-in-law, in quest of the child and of the treasure seeker who had inveigled him away. Towards night the young man succeeded in tracing the fugitive to a solitary house at a considerable distance, into which he endeavored to obtain admittance, but was repulsed by the hostile demonstrations of a body of armed retainers. He then proceeded to the neighboring town of Arcoli, to procure the assistance of the police, with a sufficient force of whom he returned to the solitary house, but too late to arrest the kidnappers, who had decamped with their victim. Meanwhile, the father of the child returned to his home, and having learnt the catastrophe, came out likewise in hot pursuit, which resulted, after several days' research, in the discovering of the hiding place of the lady and child at a curate's house in the Neapolitan dominions.
During this interval the lady's house at Aqua Santa was subjected to a judicial search, and evidence was obtained that the child was to have been sacrificed there on Christmas day. An altar had been prepared, with wax torches and all kinds of accessories, to immolate the boy to Satan! An ambuscade was established around the dwelling in consequence of this horrible revelation, and a party kept constantly on the watch, in case the lady should return to her habitual residence.
In the meantime, the father having come up with the fugitives, demanded his child from the curate who harbored them; but the priest refused to comply, except on condition of a full pardon to the lady. Unwilling to pass over so heinous a transaction, the infuriated father appealed without delay to the bishop of the diocese, who took instant measures to rescue the child and to arrest the lady, who is now undergoing a trial for witchcraft, and will most likely be punished accordingly.
The Pope takes the greatest interest in the proceedings, and is punctually informed of every point of interest developed by the examination. The child was absent from home about five days, during which time the mother nearly lost her senses, and has hardly yet recovered her tranquillity. She is the sister of an English gentleman who has been for many years engaged in one of the banking establishments of Rome.

A Sad Misstep on the Threshold of life.
The case of Charles Albaugh, who was this afternoon sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, is a sad one. He is quite a young man, the son of highly respectable parents at Mount Gilead, and but a fortnight since was married to a young lady of one of the first families in that place. He had been employed to carry the mail from Mount Gilead to the railroad, about two miles distant. Frequent complaints of mail robberies in that direction had been made, and decoy letters were sent by Special Mail

Agent Prentiss, resulting in the arrest of young Albaugh on the 28th of last month. Judge Wilson took his youth and the circumstances of the case into consideration when he fixed the term of punishment—three years in the penitentiary. What a beginning of life for a young man who but a few days before had linked an estimable young girl's destinies with his!—*Cleveland Herald of the 12th.*

ARIZONA.
We pity the map makers. Their task is endless. Between the drawing and the engraving new empires spring into existence. The howling wilderness of yesterday is to-day the field of eager speculation, and the subject of Congressional contention.

It is curious to look over the map by the aid of which one studied the geography of North America only a few years ago.

We have before us one such relic of departed boyhood. Its titlepage declares it to have been printed in 1833—only twenty-five years ago. Upon it the names of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, the Indian Territory, &c., are unknown.—The boundaries of the western part of the United States are ambitiously extended to "fifty-four, forty," but Mexico stretches northward to the latitude of Connecticut, and eastward to the Sabine.

Across what now comprises the teeming valleys of California and the vast plains of Utah, are written the words, "unexplored region." Some wild conjectures are embodied respecting this unknown region.—Thus, in the place where Great Salt Lake ought to be, is represented a sheet of water some two hundred miles long, entitled "Lake Timpanogos," with a river flowing out of it to the westward, right across what we now know to be the high ridge of the Sierra Nevada, into the "Bay of Sir Francis Drake"—that is our Bay of San Francisco. Along that wild Pacific coast there is no vestige of a city, or any settlement, laid down, but two lonely whale ships are represented ploughing their way northward, as if

They were the first, that ever burst
Into that silent sea?
How great the contrast now!

And yet something of the wildness of this picture was owing to the ignorance or indifference of the geographer. A portion of his "Unexplored Region" had been traversed by Spanish discoverers nearly three centuries before, and Spanish settlements had existed there for at least two centuries. Nothing is more remarkable in those regions than the extent to which they were settled by Europeans and the progress made at an early period in agriculture, mining, cattle-breeding and the like, and the subsequent decline or destruction of these settlements by the incursions of the fierce Apaches and Camanches.

These remarks apply especially to the proposed Territory of Arizona, which is beginning to excite so much interest. This name is applied to a vast region extending from the Rio Grande to the Colorado of the West, lying mainly north of the Gila, but including also the "Gadsden purchase," south of that river. It is elaborately described in a letter recently published from Mr. John R. Bartlette, who was lately the Commissioner of the United States for ascertaining the boundary between our territory and that of Mexico.—*Mobile Tribune.*

John Mitchell turned Know Nothing.—Our readers recollect an anecdote of John Mitchell, the Irish refugee, published a short time since in the Gazette, in which he is represented as having said to a darkey he owns or hires, "Sambo, we are going to open the African slave trade, and bring regular jet black, ivory toothed, Guinea niggers into this country. What do you think of it?" Sambo replied, "Well, massa, tink it would be a good ting, and keep all these low Irish out."

John seems to have been thinking seriously of the darkey's answer, and has finally resolved to be guided by his superior wisdom, for he is now denouncing in the Southern Citizen—the paper he publishes in Tennessee—the naturalization laws, and fears that, unless they are repealed, "the United States is in danger of being made the common almshouse *refugium peccatorum* and penal colony of the world."—*Cin. Gazette.*

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.