

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. FRYSSINGER & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2775.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII, No. 40.

Cash Rates of Advertising.
Administration or Executor's Notices \$2 00
If published in both papers, each 1 50
Auditor's " " do 25
Sheriff's Sales, 12 lines 1 00
Each additional line 8
Estray, Caution or other Notices, not exceeding 12 lines, 3 insertions, 1 00
Tavern Licenses, single, 1 00
If more than one, each 50
Register's Notices of Accounts, each 50
On public sales published in both papers, a deduction of 25 per cent. on all matter over one square.
All other Judicial Notices same as above, unless the price is fixed by law.
12 lines of bourgeois, or 10 lines of nonpariel, make a square. About 8 words constitute a line, so that any person can easily calculate a square in manuscript.
Yearly advertisements will be inserted on such terms as may be agreed on.
In all other cases 12 lines constitute a square, and will be so charged.

Lewistown Post Office.
Mails arrive and close at the Lewistown P. O. as follows:

ARRIVE.	5 20 a. m.
Eastern through	4 01 p. m.
Western " " "	10 53 a. m.
Bellefonte " " "	2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays,	6 00 p. m.

CLOSE.

Eastern through	8 00 p. m.
Western " " "	10 00 a. m.
Bellefonte " " "	3 00 p. m.
Northumberland (Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays)	8 00 p. m.
Office open from 7 00 a. m. to 8 p. m. On Sundays from 8 to 9 a. m. S. COMFORT, P. M.	

Lewistown Station.
Trains leave Lewistown Station as follows:

Westward.	Eastward.
Through Express,	12 19 a. m.
Baltimore Express,	4 24 a. m.
Philadelphia " "	5 20 " " a. m.
Fast Line,	5 51 p. m.
Fast Mail,	4 01 " " 10 53 "
Through Accommodation,	2 35 p. m.
Emigrant,	9 07 a. m.
Through Freight,	10 15 p. m.
Fast " "	3 49 a. m.
Express " "	11 00 " " 2 35 p. m.
Stock Express,	4 40 p. m.
Coal Train,	12 45 p. m.
Union Line,	7 15 " " 8 20 "
Local Freight,	7 00 a. m.

Galbraith's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,
Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

DR. J. I. MARKS
OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and the surrounding country. Office in the Public Square opposite the Lewistown Hotel. jan13-6m

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.
A. FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash, or country produce taken in exchange for same. Give me a call at Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb 21

Jacob C. Blymyer & Co.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
LEWISTOWN, PA.
Flour and Grain of all kinds purchased at market rates, or received on storage and shipped at usual freight rates, having storehouses and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep2

AMBROTYPES AND MELAINOTYPES.
The Gems of the Season.
THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth. The pictures taken by Mr. Barkholic are unsurpassed for BOLDNESS, TRUTHFULNESS, BEAUTY OF FINISH, and DURABILITY. Prices varying according to size and quality of frames and Cases. Room over the Express Office. Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

TOBACCO!
Genuine Oriental Turkish, Im. Turkish, Rose, Favorite, Union, Kiss-me-quick, Seafarlati, &c.
No. 1, 2 and 3 CUT & DRY, very low.
ALSO,
PIPES, TOBACCO-BOXES, CIGARS,
and in fact everything that belongs to his line of business, at very low figures.
Call and examine for yourselves, and save money by buying at the Cigar and Tobacco Store of
E. FRYSSINGER,
Lewistown, Pa.
nov11

Cordage. Cordage.
ROPES, Tow Lines, Bed Cords, Clothes Lines, Twines, and other cordage for sale by
J. B. SELHEIMER.

THE MINSTREL.
FINISH THY WORK.
Finish thy work, the time is short;
The sun is in the west;
The night is coming down—till then
Think not of rest.
Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.
Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.
Finish thy work, then sit thee down
On some celestial hill,
And in its strength reviving air
Take thou thy fill.
Finish thy work, then go in peace;
Life's battle fought and won.
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,
"Well done! well done!"
Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God above;
Sing a new song of mighty joy
And endless love.
Give thanks to him who held thee up
In all thy path below,
Who made thee faithful unto death,
And crowns thee now!

TALES & SKETCHES

THE DRAB DRESS.

"Brother Fred, I've a favor to ask you." And Lita Ross lifted her face, with a beseeching expression, from a bouquet of choice flowers, which she held in her small, jeweled hand.
"A favor to ask me, Sis?" was the young man's reply. "One would think, from your serious, troubled countenance, it was the first you had ever preferred, and you were to try an experiment."
"Well, it is a sort of experiment, Fred; and before you give me an answer I want you to think, and not say; 'Oh, yes, yes,' as you always do, and then not give it another single thought."
"Well, here goes then," answered the gay handsome young man, dragging an ottoman to his sister's feet and seating himself upon it with well assumed gravity. "Your humble servant. And now proceed to business, mademoiselle."
The young girl's face assumed a thoroughly earnest expression as she clasped one of her brother's hands in both of her own, and said, while the rich color burned up into her cheeks:
"Fred, it is this: that you will drink no more wine. I tremble whenever I see you with a glass to your lips."
"Well, now, Lita, child, can you not trust me, knowing my entire self command; that I have no natural tendency that way; and that I only occasionally take a social glass when in the society of my friends."
"I know it, Fred; I know all that, but your influence is what I fear. There is Charles Chester thinks you are a perfect pattern of goodness; and as he touched glasses with you at Mrs. Reardon's, and you stood and drank together, my heartached, not so much for you as for him, knowing that he has not the self command you have and that he loves to look upon the wine when it sparkles in the cup."
"Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right; I never looked at it in that way before," said Fred, while his countenance wore a thoughtful expression.
"But, who in the name of common sense," (and now the young man smiled,) would have expected that my little fashionable butterfly sister ever found time for such thoughts as these, what with her ribbons, roses and laces? Seriously, Lita, I did not give you credit for being so much of a woman."
"Thank you for the compliment, Fred. But now promise me; I shall not be happy until you do. I have no fears for your personal safety in this matter, though I doubt your moral right to indulge in a social glass merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles upon the custom; but I fear for Charles Chester, seeing with what a relish he drinks his glass to the dregs. Promise me, Fred; come, now, do this, if you love me."
And Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly upon her brother's head.
"Well, Lita, this is something of a sacrifice to ask of me. Why, I should make myself very conspicuous by refusing a social glass. But I don't know but I'll do it, if you make a corresponding sacrifice. I don't care to be immolated upon the altar alone."
"Name it, Fred; and if it is in my power I will do it gladly."
And her soft eyes fairly danced with delight.
"Well, then, Sis, I will promise this thing if you will do what I am about to ask you. I declare I have scarcely the heart to, you look so pretty in that blue silk dress, with its lace trimmings, and your ear-rings, pin and bracelet of those tiny pearls. but you must give them up if I comply with your request."
"I will, Fred, I will."
"And wear a drab dress, without any ornaments."
"Yes, Fred."
"Next Thursday night make your first

appearance at Mrs. Thurston's. Remember, you will be subject to many remarks and will look very plain by the side of your showily dressed companions."
"I promise. Now, Fred, promise in return that you will then and there comply with my request."
"Your hand, Sis. And now remember, as long as you will wear drab, and that without ornaments, I will refuse a fashionable glass. But you do not know what a sacrifice you are making. I should not be surprised were you to retract any day."
"Well, Fred, we shall see. And now a kiss as a seal of our contract."
And Lita threw her arms about her brother's neck and covered his forehead, brow and lips with a shower of kisses, and then glided away through the hall, up the long oaken stairway to her chamber, where seating herself, she bowed her head and ejaculated:
"Thank God, Charlie Chester may yet be saved."
And the tears rained down her fair face; and when she had again looked up, there was a subdued, tender light in her eyes, never there before.
And this was Lita Ross, the pet plaything of the family, the sparkling, fashionable belle of the season, the coquette, so accounted. But there was in her heart a leaf as yet unred by any eye save that of her Maker, and on it was inscribed her love for Charlie Chester.
"Well, now, who'd have thought it?"—Fred exclaimed, as he found himself alone. I thought I had touched her dearest idol, and that she could no more deny it to her self than she could give up her right hand. But, she'll do it; I saw it in her eye—Faith, I never was so proud of her in my life. I've looked upon her as a mere child of a girl; but all at once she stands before me a noble and self sacrificing woman. And she's right about Charlie Chester; for, now I think of it, he's in danger of being drawn into a whirlpool of dissipation!—Strange I've not thought of that before! I used to think they had quite a partiality for each other; but they have outgrown it, I reckon!"
How much we pride ourselves upon our own discernment, and yet how widely do our conclusions sometimes wander from the real truth.
Thursday evening came; Frederick Ross sat in the drawing room, awaiting the appearance of Lita. There was a light, rustling step, and she stood before him, with her soft brown hair drawn smoothly from her brow, and confined plainly at the back of her pretty head, and amidst its glossy abundance were a few sprays of heliotrope, her dress was a simple drab silk, with low corsage and short sleeves, relieved by a fall of white blonde, while her tiny foot, with its dainty satin slipper of the same shade as the dress, laid quietly hidden in the thick, rich carpet.
"Come, Fred, I am ready," she said. "Am I presentable?"
"Why, Lita, love?"
Here he paused. Admiration was written on every feature of his speaking face; but he adroitly changed the expression, and concluded with—
"Yes, Lita, presentable, perhaps. But one would take you at least to be twenty-five, instead of nineteen. Faith, I had no idea it would alter you so much! Come there is an hour yet; run and put on that rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings from your hair, and let it fall in curls about your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little Sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet, and Bell will assist you. Do it, now, to please me; there's a good girl!"
Lita's cheek turned crimson and her eyes filled with tears. To think that Fred, her own brother, should tell her she looked twenty-five, and 'prim' at that! What would Charlie Chester think of her? For a moment the temptation was strong upon her. But she did not yield, for she saw in her mind's eye Charlie with the wine cup at his lips; she heard her mother's voice crying, "Enter not into temptation!" as plainly as she heard her whisper it into his ear as he turned from his cottage home a few weeks previous. It was those words, and the look of gentle sorrow that filled the mother's eye with tears that first aroused Lita's fears in regard to Charlie; and ever since that time she had watched him closely. She did not care to betray her interest in him, as he had avoided her studiously for more than a year; and, besides, she feared to wound him by forcing upon him the thought that she imagined him incapable of self control. But now she had devised a way in which either of these contingencies could be avoided.— And having obtained her brother's consent, should she yield it up simply to gratify her love for dress and admiration? No, no; she would not. More than that, she dared not. Laying her hand, in its tiny kid glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:
"Brother Fred, I shall go as I am, though I would gladly consult your taste and my own by exchanging this sombre dress for the rose colored crape; but it would not be right to me; I should despise myself. I am sorry you are going to be mortified at my appearance. I did not think, before I came below, that I look so old and prim. But of course I do, as you say so."
"Never mind, Sis; I am proud of you,

let you look as you will. I should not have loved you half so well had you meekly yielded to my request. And now run and get your hat and cloak, for the carriage waits for us at the door."
Had my readers looked closely into the eyes of Frederick Ross, they would have seen something like a tear glittering upon his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped away upon his delicately perfumed handkerchief as Lita turned from him.— And Lita thought he never looked so lovingly upon her as when he banded her into the carriage; and then she was quite sure his bearing was more than usually proud as he led her to the further end of the reception room, to present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of the house.
"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried the imperious beauty, as she tossed her stately head. "I wonder what new freak has taken possession of her?"
"Oh, she likes to make herself conspicuous, cried another lady, carelessly toying with one of her golden curls. "See how all eyes follow her. I should not care to be in her place. She looks like a quakeress matron of thirty or thirty five. You will stand quite a chance of reigning belle tonight, now that she has hidden all her beauty under a cloud of drab!"
Miss Milford, the young lady addressed, colored a little at the doubtful compliment, and, gathering up her pale blue satin dress, she sailed stately away.
"Miss Ross," said Mrs. Thurston, bending her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you give a key to the mystery that so sorely puzzles my guests to night—the plainness of your dress on this occasion?"
"I cannot at present, Mrs. Thurston," replied Lita; "but at some future time I may. I hope you do not think I have done anything improper? I have a motive that you would certainly approve of, if I were at liberty to name it."
And Lita stood blushing through her smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.
"Oh, no, Miss Ross, nothing improper; but it seems so different from your own girlish self, that it causes speculation in the minds of many. But do not let it trouble you. I think it very becoming to you, this drab dress, with its blue trimmings. In short, I never saw you looking so lovely as to night, though not so brilliant as your wont."
"Oh, Mrs. Thurston, you do not mean it; I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother Fred said, before I left home, I looked twenty-five, and so very prim, and I have felt as if it were true all the evening. It must be your partiality for me, Mrs. Thurston—indeed it must."
"Not at all, Lita; I am quite serious in my opinion, and I have heard others say the same."
"Lita Ross is Lita Ross, dress her as you may," said a light hearted girl, as she stood talking to her companions. "Just see her as she stands there with the light falling around her soft drab dress; but she looks prettier to-night than ever," continued the unselfish girl.
"Look, Harry!"
"Yes, Lizzie, there are few faces like Lita Ross,—prettier without adornments than with. I know of but one other like it in this whole assembly."
And the little white hand of Lizzie was tenderly pressed by the young man, while a soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with the crowd.
The supper saloon was thrown open, and the tables, laid with silver and cut glass, supporting all the choice luxuries of the season, presented a dazzling spectacle, under the multitude of gas jets from the rich burners, while the long polished side boards were supplied with the richest wines, reflecting a prismatic color.
"Miss Ross, what can I help you to?" inquired the gentleman who had escorted Lita to the table.
But for a moment Lita was quite oblivious. She was thinking of her brother's promise, and wondering what effect it would have upon Charlie Chester.
The ladies had withdrawn from the supper room; but still the gentlemen lingered, or returned after having escorted their fair companions from the saloon.
"Fred—Fred Ross—here take this seat by me, and while we sip our wine we will have a chat."
"Well, I have no objection to the chat, but the wine I must refuse."
"Fred Ross is a temperance man; he has signed the pledge! Three cheers for Fred Ross!"
Charlie Chester had in his hand a second glass, and just as he was about to drain its contents the words of Frank Leland fell upon his ears. He turned pale, and stood looking at Fred Ross, who sat smiling composedly upon his boisterous companions.
"Yes, just so; a temperance man, if you like it. I've signed a pledge, too, and it is useless to ask me more, for I am bound to keep it faithfully."
Lita Ross had stationed herself near the folding door, and not only had she seen all that had taken place at the sideboard, but not a word had passed that had not reached her ear. With a heart filled with happiness, she turned away, and at that moment would not have exchanged, for the richest dress around, her own simple drab.

Several weeks wore away, yet Lita was never seen in public with anything but a sombre drab.
"It is ridiculous in a child of her years," said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry goods establishment; "perfectly ridiculous. I suppose she thinks it will pass for eccentricity. But it is not; it is downright folly. If she was my girl, I'd shut her up in the house, and feed her on bread and water, before I'd see her make such a simpleton of herself. Only see that drab bonnet, with its white rush and strings, and the cape, quite suitable for her grandmother!"
"I heard her called one of the very finest dressed ladies on the street, to day, by a gentleman from Europe," replied the clerk; "and he expressed a desire to obtain an introduction to her."
"Ah, indeed," said she, tossing her head. "Show me some more lilac mories."
"Frederick Ross," said Charlie Chester, drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they left the crowd who thronged Mrs. Granville's musical assemblies, "will you walk with me? I've something to say to you—a few questions to ask, if you will not deem it impertinent in me to do so."
Frederick readily acceded to his request; and no sooner were they alone than Charlie Chester said:
"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I am anxious to know why you so suddenly left off your habit of taking a fashionable glass. It alarmed me. I said, whenever I saw you turn from me, 'is it possible he fears to trust himself, or what has wrought this change in him?'"
"Yes, Charlie, I will tell you," was the ready reply.
And then he proceeded to tell him the circumstances that led to this change in his habit, omitting to relate that his name was particularly mentioned as the one over whom Lita especially feared the influence of her brother's example.
"Your sister is an angel of goodness, Fred; you may well be proud of and worship her. If more ladies would take the stand she has done, young men would have higher inducements to break from fashionable follies; but, instead of that, they smile upon a custom which 'dear, delighted' Mrs. Grundy's sanctions, and give the cold shoulder to one who has the independence to assert and carry out his own honest intentions. You, with your wealth, are an exception. And yet I'm resolved to follow your example; and, whenever temptation is strong upon me, I will look upon Lita in her dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacrifice she has made; not so much from fear that her brother might fall a prey to the wine cup, but lest others, who have not so much self-control, might take encouragement from your example."
After a few minutes spent in discussing the subject, the two friends parted; and when Fred related the circumstance to Lita, after expressing her satisfaction, she stole away to her chamber, as was her wont, to give vent to the gratitude of her heart; and an earnest petition ascended to heaven that Charlie Chester might have strength imparted to remain true to his vow.
"Well, Lita, so this rich, talented, and handsome European, who sued so earnestly for this little white hand, has shared the same fate with your many suitors. You are an enigma, Sis, and I am afraid if I do not exert my authority you will never marry."
"I am sure I shall not, Fred, unless my heart goes with my hand," and Lita smiled a quiet smile as she looked up from her sewing. "Now, don't you leave me with such a sober face, for I assure you that I'm happy as I am."
"I doubt it, Sis," was the laughing rejoinder, as Fred crossed the door and went through the hall humming a snatch of a sentimental song.
Two years had flown by, and still Charlie Chester kept his vow inviolate. Lita had watched him narrowly, and every day in her heart she thanked God that it was so; and yet to have seen them no one would have imagined that they had even the slightest feeling in common.
Lita sat alone in the back parlor of her home, thinking of the past; of the happy hours she had spent with Charlie Chester when she was a mere child; wondering why he avoided her so studiously of late, when she was roused by a tap at the door, and before her stood the object of her thoughts. With heightened color and an embarrassed air she welcomed him, wondering at his unceremonious call. A few moments of silence followed his entrance, and then Charlie Chester drew his seat near her and said:
"Lita, Lita, my early playmate, by boyhood's love, now that I know and can trust myself, will you entrust your life, your happiness, to my keeping? I owe to you all that I have, all that I am. It was through your influence that I abandoned the wine cup just in time to save me from an inebriate's grave. O, Lita, what do I not owe you? And yet this very fact encourages me to ask for more. Say, will you become my wife?"
The small hand he held nestled more confidently in his, the brown eyes lifted to his face, with so much of truthful love in them, answered him.
And she told him of all the long years his image had been hidden in her heart; of her fears for his safety when she saw him

with the wine cup pressed to his lips, and of her resolve to save him, and the consequent adoption of her drab dress.
"And it was for my sake, and mine alone, that you were led to this sacrifice! And yet you did not know half my danger. I loved wine; my thirst for it was becoming more intense, and only a few months longer would have placed me beyond the reach of aid. But you were 'the good angel commissioned by God, to save me!'"
Lita is now a happy wife and a mother; but she still maintains her plain style of dress. She wore a drab dress on her bridal day; and as she passes along the street she is pointed out as 'the lady in drab.' But many there are who know not the story connected with it, nor that her husband will not hear of her changing it for any other color; for to him no dress is so beautiful as her DRAB DRESS.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

Contentment.—All a man's wealth or poverty is within himself; it is not the outward abundance or want that can make a difference. Let a man be ever so rich in estate, yet if his heart be not satisfied, but he is still scraping and pining for more, that man is miserably poor; all his bags cannot make him otherwise than a mere beggar. On the other side give me a man of small means, whose mind is thoroughly content with his little, and enjoys it with a quiet and thankful heart—that man is exceedingly rich; all the world cannot rob him of his wealth. It is not having, by which we can measure riches, but enjoying. Oh, my soul, be not thou carried away with the popular error—to covet and admire those things which have no true worth in themselves! Oh, God, give me to covet what my mind may be rich in knowledge, that my soul may be rich in grace, that my heart may be rich in true contentment.—*Bishop Hall.*

The Unburied Dead.—There are many people in the world who are not yet buried. There are thousands who have been dead many years, and do not know it. When a man's heart is cold and indifferent about religion; when his hands are never employed in doing God's work; when his feet are never familiar with his ways; when his tongue is seldom used in prayer and praise, when his ears are deaf to the voice of Christ in the gospel; when his eyes are blind to the beauty of heaven; when his mind is full of the world, and has no room nor time for spiritual things; then a man is dead.—*Ryle.*

Influence of a Holy Life.—There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Christianity itself owes by far the greater part of its moral power, to the precepts and parables of Jesus Christ, and to his own character. The beauty of that holiness, which is enshrined in the four biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more to regenerate the world than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—*Chalmers.*

Early Piety.—Early piety is the most beautiful spectacle in the world. Religion above every other acquisition, enriches and adorns the mind of man; and it is especially congenial with the natural susceptibilities of the youthful mind. The vivacity and versatility of youth, the tenderness and ardor of the affections in this age, exhibit piety to the best advantage. How delightful it is to see the bosoms of the young swelling with the lively emotions of pure devotion! How beautiful is the tear of penitence or of holy joy which glistens in the eye of tender youth.—*Alexander.*

A GREAT BATTLE Is Expected to take Place in Virginia.

BUT notwithstanding this the people must have
BOOTS AND SHOES,
and we would respectfully set forth our claims to public attention, first, because we keep a large and well assorted stock of Boots and Shoes for men and boys.
Gaiters, and all other kinds of shoes for women and children.
We are prepared to take measures and complete work of all kinds at short notice.
Repairing done at short notice, at
E. C. HAMILTON'S,
West Market street, a few doors west of Col Butler's, and nearly opposite Daniel Eisenbise's Hotel. mh30-64

WILLIAM LIND,
has now open
A NEW STOCK
OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,
which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles. ap19