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ap6 1864-1y

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THE MINSTREE

GOLDEN GATES.

Oh golden gates, might I but eatch Might I but touch the jewelled door That swings beyond the stars! A weary pilgrim, toiling on Through mists of mortal sin, Oh, might I speak the blessed word Would give me entrance in. So thought I, as the sunset hues

In the far west grew dim. Vain longing for some path of light
To lead the soul to Him. There were cloudy pillars blazing With glory of the sun; There were tints of rose and amber When summer's day was done.

And I saw them paling, fading, Till stars caught up their light; But the golden gate was hidden Away from mortal sight. Then I called through misty shadows, I could no longer wait: "Oh, beautiful angel keepers

Show me the blessed gate!

"I tread dark places of the earth, I weary of the strife; Oh, white-robed angels, bear me up Into that holy life." Down floating through the solemn night, Came spirit tones to me: "Thy way is dark! But gates of gold Are waiting there for thee.

"Unseen, they swing in every heart, All sin-stained though it be. Rouse ye to deeds of love and faith! The Master biddeth thee. Thou mayest chime sweet golden bells Through souls now lost in sin, So shalt thou walk in white, at last, so shalt thou enter in."

No more I seek at set of sun Glearning of golden gate; The watching angels wait. Oh, golden gates, ye shine for me Sometimes, through shadows dim, Yet through your portals winds my path

EDUGATIONAL.

For the Educational Column Books.

Hardly any other gift of human ingenuity awakens so distinct a consciousness of gratitude as do books. And it is proof of man's grandeur of nature, that while he cannot eat or wear them, cannot indeed derive any immediate physical benefit or pleasure from them, still he makes and reads them by myriads. Books are a positive token of man's immaterial nature; for, when absorbed in the ideas that their words suggest, he is out of his senses, frequently with twofold truth.

Of the many uses that books serve, the principal are, to hand down from one generation to those that shall follow, a record of its acts, its philosophy, its religion—in other words to perpetuate the remembrance of the world's activities, which constitute enable the thinker to speak to the whole world the thoughts which long meditation has won for him, to impress his truth upon the minds of all. These two uses seem to indicate the general benefits that books confer; and in these will be found an abundance of causes for thankfulness. Who does not rejoice that the style of life which prevailed in Persia, Greece, or Rome, hundreds of years ago, can be known and un-derstood by us? Who is not glad to look, through the telescope that books offer, back to the days when men lived in rough disregard of one another's rights, when every difficulty was satisfactorily settled by an appeal to the god of battles, and to clubs and fists; when Fashion was yet very young and not superlatively dainty about the cut of her dress or the far-backwardness of her bonnet, when men's manners were as rough as their faces which no tear compelling razor ever marred? It is no small privilege to be able to know the miserable sufferings that ignorance and selfishness have produced, the blessed influence some benignant soul has exerted, the grandeur of character a few have gained-from these we can more justly estimate the responsibilities and wonderful possibilities of Life. Nor is it small joy to follow the glowing path some fiery spirit has trod, to grasp thoughts

unutterable consciousness of immortality. He is much to be pitied who either cares not, or is unable, to read. The earth and sky may, indeed, be as beautiful to him as to any, but he loses the marvelous wealth that books contain; he hears not the sweet story of ancient faith and honor; he walks not beside the Tiper, or the Ægean, or the Thames, and sees not the civilizations that flourished there; he lives only in the narrow present, the far-stretching halls of the past he never treads. The noble lives that have been lived are unblest to him; the music that floats through centuries and through all lands, charming the soul of him who reads intelligently, awa-

which cause the breast to swell with the

kens no emotion of gladness in him. After all, books are good only as we rightly use them. If we throw away our own judgment and conscience in reading them, and accept without question whatever they assert, we derive only harm from them. The duty of vigorous self reliance, of hearty, independent thought, is not less but more imperative when we converse with others, wiser than we perhaps, in WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1864.

of sleep, so say I of books: 'Blessed be the man who invented books.'

TALES & SKETCHES

MILLY DEAN AND THE ROBBER.

On a distant prairie, at nightfall, a wayworn and weary traveller was overtaken by When the first few flakes a snow storm. came softly drooping down he looked eagerly around in the hope of discerning a place of shelter, but none was to be seen. only the trackless waste of rolling lands and far-off hills in the direction whither he was

going, so far off that he feared he never should reach them. With the departure of light, the snow fell faster, the wind blew keener, the road over the prairie was soon hidden from view, and the traveller felt that he was lost on a trackless waste, without a star to guide him across the dangerous country.

'This is terrible!' said be aloud. 'If I had but a compass and a light, I should not fear, for I could resist the effects of cold long enough to reach the hills, and there I should find human habitations, or at least the shelter of a rock. Now I may go in a circle till I freeze, and be no nearer help. What a fool I was to leave the river side and cross the prairie just for the sake of a few miles more. But I must battle it out now-Heaven help me!'

He drew his cap down over his ears and brow, and his fur collar up over his mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in his pock ets, pressed on through the yielding snow. The gloom increased, the wind came sharper, and through his heavy clothes the traveller began to feel the effects of the cold. His teet grew numb, his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid walking, he suddenly paused.

'How do I know whither I am going? he exclaimed, 'Perhaps I have already turned aside from the straight line, and am wandering on the verge of destruction. Oh! that I could shake off this drowsy feeling that is stealing over me! I know what it is-the precursor of a rest in this cold winding sheet of snow. Great Heaven, I am freezing to death!" shrieked he, bounding forward with renewed energy. 'Action, action, action is life, and life is too sweet to lose yet!'

He hurried along with a springing motion; stamping his feet vigorously at every step, and swinging his arms to keep the blood in circulation. Yet with all these efforts he knew that the angel of death was folding his wings silently around him.

'Despair not'! he cried, 'not while the memory of loved wife and dear children is left to me. I will struggle on for your sakes, and fight the storm fiend to the last. O just Heaven! for the sake of the innoent ones whose only stay is my right arm. help me to resist, help me to triumph!"

At this moment he plunged into a hollow, and he heard the voice of a streamlet singing beneath its icy crest. At the same time the smell of wood-smoke saluted his nostrils.

'O Thou who reignest above!' he ejaculated, 'I thank thee that thou hast heard my prayer. Help is near me

He moved heavily onward through the blinding snow, and saw just before him a low shed, one more struggle, and he fell against it. In an instant he divined its character. With a last desperate effort he found the door, threw it open, and reeling in, flung bimself at full length upon the floor, knowing only that it was an atmos phere reeking with the fumes of bacon, and warm with the smoke which rose from a pan of smothering coals in the centre of the place. It was a settler's rude smokehouse, left to care for itself during the long winter's night, and the traveler's grateful heart sent up a tribute to heaven for this place of refuge in the desert of snow.

In a large log cabin in the valley of the streamlet, Milly Dean sat alone. Her husband had gone to a distant town, and the young wife was left with her baby Accustomed to the solitude, she felt safe, sat in contentment before the blazing fire; the flames leaped joyfully up the chimney, and the green logs sizzled and crackled in the heat like things of life. Outdoors the wind was howling drearily, and the snow falling heavily; but Milly cared not, for it only made the fire more cheerful.

A loud rap at the door. 'How strange! Who can that be at our door in this wild night?' she said to herself,

as she rose and went into the little entry. The rap was repeated. 'Who is there' she asked.

'For heaven's sake, let me in, I am freezing to death! was the reply. Who are you? and how came you in this lonely place on such an evening as this?" I am a traveler from below; I lost my

way, and am dying with cold. For pity's sake, let me in or I shall perish!" Milly hesitated. She was alone, and it was three miles to the nearest neighbor's. What was she to do? She paused in per-

plexity. 'Oh! save me, save me! I am dying! There was a heavy fall against the sill and then low moans. Her woman nature could stand no more; true to the instincts of her only spare me-only spare me.

books they have written. As Sancho said being, she unbarred the door and threw it open. A closely-muffled figure reeled by her looked imploringly at him. into the room, and shutting the door she followed. On reaching the fire-place, the stranger threw off his disguise, and stood erect and strong, without a sign of inconvenience from the effects of the weather. Milly retreated from him in amazement; but recovering herself, and putting the best face on the matter, she tremulously addressed the man:

'I am sorry sir, you are so cold. It is a bitter night to be abroad Will you not sit by the fire?' and she pushed a chair for-

The man made no response, but stooping over ran his fingers through the blaze; then he turned and stared at her a with a look which made her blood run cold. A bright thought came into her mind. She would pretend there were others in the house, for she had already felt afraid of the man, and bitterly regretted having admitted

'Would you like to see some of the men folks, sir?' she inquired. 'If so, I will call them from their beds.'

The man laughed hoarsely, and replied. 'Milly Dean, for that I believe is your name, you cannot deceive me. You are all alone in this house. I took particular care to ascertain that before I came. So you may as well make yourself easy on that score, and do as I bid you.'

Do as you bid me?' exclaimed Milly, in terror; 'what do you want of me.'

'I want the twelve hundred dollars in gold your husband received for his produce two days ago. You probably know where it is.

Milly sprung into the entry and would have fled, but the stranger caught her by the wrist, and dragged her roughly back. You can not escape me, young woman, he said. You will find it most convenient to make a clean breast of it at once. It will

he better for you.' Milly strove to release her arm. The rough treatment she received aroused her temper, and indignation overcame all other feelings.

'Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go, or I will call for help,' she cried. 'Call, you fool,' said the brutal fellow,

'and much good may it do you. Keep yourself still, and tell me where the money 'I will not!' she exclaimed, her eyes flash-

ing fire. 'You will not!' he replied, 'we shall

He released her wrist so violently that she reeled half across the room. Then he seized the sleeping infant from its cradle, and held it, arm's-length, almost into the blazing fire, so that the terrified mother expected to see its light garments catch the

'Now, then, where is the money? Speak out quick, or I will burn your baby to death before your eyes.'

Milly, endeavoring to reach the little one. Let me have my baby.'

But every effort was frustrated, for egain and again the strong hand of the robber thrust her back.

'See, its clothes will be on fire in a minute,' said the man, putting the helpless innocent closer to the flame. The mother looked into his eyes, and saw there looks of heartless determination. The cotton garments of the child were smoking with

'How shall it be?' asked the ruffian. Hurry, or the child dies. I have no time to waste here.'

'Any thing, any thing, only give me my child!' she cried. The next instant it was handed to her and she sank upon the floor and folded it too her bosom.

'Come,' exclaimed the man, touching her rudely with his foot, 'you have not told me where the money is. 'In the box on the upper shelf,' she said

pointing to the closet. The man found the box, placed it on the

table, and opened it, saying:
'So far, well. It is nearly all gold. I will pocket it with your leave or without your leave, just as you please.' He filled his pockets with the golden coin, and threw the empty box into the fire. Then he came and stood beside her.

'Put your baby in the cradle,' he said, 'if you wish to save its life. I have other business for you.' 'What do you mean?' cried Milly, eyeing

the man with suspicion. 'Let me have him,' he said, trying to take

'No, no, I will put the baby in the cradle myself. You shall not touch the poor little thing. Now, sir,' she continued, almost choking with excitement, 'what is it?' After having laid the pretty infant on its downy place to rest, she stood erect and waited the reply.

'I am going to kill you!' said the man. 'Kill me!' she exclaimed, her face growing pale with terror. 'Kill me! what bave I ever done to you that you should kill me?' 'Nothing nothing, only you know you

have seen me, and you will know me again. And he advanced upon her. 'O sir! let me live. Have you not done enough to take my husband's money without depriving him of his wife too? I will As she spoke, she clasped her hands, and 'I am sorry that I cannot safely grant

your request,' he responded. 'There is no help for it, so come along out of doors.

He reached out his hand to grasp Milly. But the instinct of self-preservation was strong upon her. She evaded him, flew to the chimney, snatched her husband's loaded rifle from the hooks on which it hung cocked and presented it at the beast of the robber. Her motions was so rapid that before he could prevent it, her finger had pressed the trigger, and there was an explosion. Buf with equal readiness the man had stepped aside, and the ball had passed over his head, and the next instant his grip was on her throat.

'I will teach you to handle arms,' he said. 'You would have killed me, would you? I will show you a trick worth two of that.' 'Mercy, mercy!' cried the terrified wo-

man. 'There is no mercy for you,' he ejaculated, dragging her into the entry, and fling-ing open the door. 'Out with you into the

'Hold! what is this?' exclaimed a deeptoned voice. Unhand that woman, you scoundrel'

A powerful man stood in the door-way, and dealt the robber a blow between the eyes, which struck him back into the entry. His grasp of Milly was relinquished, and she fell to the floor.
'O sir! save me,' she cried. 'This man

has robbed us, and would murder me, that I might not tell of it.'

'Fear not, madame, he shall not harm you,' responded the stranger. 'Fellow, surrender yourself'

'Get out of my way,' cried the robber, making a rush for the door, and striking at the stranger with a bowie knife. Recoiling a few steps, the stranger seized the robber by the collar, whirled him around, and threw him on his face in the snow. The robber struggled, but the stranger knelt heavily on the small of his back, and grasped

'Lie still,' said the stranger, 'or I will send a bullet through your brain.

The robber telt the cold barrel of a pistol at his ear, and obeyed. Milly quickly brought ropes at her rescuer's request, and the robber was bound hand and foot.

'It was a strange providence, the newcomer said, 'overtook me with a snowstorm on the prairie, and forced me an hour ago to take refuge in your smoke house, nearly dead with cold Milly felt the truth of the remark, and

falling on her knees she thanked her Father in heaven for her deliverance,

The next day Milly's husband came home, and when he had been told all, he remarked:

This fellow was at the tavern at the village the day I sold my produce. It will teach me a lesson, never to let strangers know when money is plenty with me, lest 'Monster, give me my child,' shrieked they be tempted to crime, and bring ruin on me and mine.

That day some sixty or seventy men gathered at the house of Mr. Dean. The robber was recognized as a notorious horsethief, who had long infested the neighborhood. There was a summary trial, and then in dogged silence, the wretch who wouln have burned a harmless infant and murdered a faithful and gentle woman, submitted to his inevitable fate. A rudely constructed gallows and a stout rope ended his existence. So, on the thinly-settled frontiers of the West, do they meet out justice to offenders against property and

There were about seventeen hundred dollars in bills found on the person of the robber besides the gold he had taken from Mrs. Dean. As there was no claimants for the bills, at the suggestion of the stranger whose life had been saved by the shelter of the smoke house, and who at the report of the rifle had rushed in the direction of the sound, a thousand dollars of the seventeen hundreds were presented to Milly in consideration of what she had passed through, and the remainder was divided around.

On that very spot there is now a thriving town, and one of the finest residences of the place is that where dwells Milly Dean and her husband.

MISCRILANROUS,

Singular Wagers.

A gentleman in Twenty third street, N. ., for his faith in McClellan's popularity, will have to make an equestrian tour of the Central Park, some Sunday, at noon, arrayed in crinoline, and all the other feminine

To comply with the terms of another bet, a gentleman in Forty-first street, N. Y., will have to drive three of his horses tandem, attached to an oyster cart, from the Battery to Macomb's dam.

A third gentleman, who lives in Brooklyn, will have to wear for a year a beaver hat, two feet in height and seven inches in the brim. He will run all to hat before his purgatorial period is over.

Christian Kohler, of Chicago, a strong democrat, bantered Peter Riggets to a wager. Riggets consented, and offered in case McClellan was elected to carry Kohler around the public square upon his back, never say one word against you, if you will provided Kohler would do the same for

him if Lincoln was elected. Kohler lost, and on Monday afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock, accompanied by an extellent band of music, he fiulfilled the conditions of the bet. Soldiers, policemen and citizens joined the procession.

Series--- Volume IX. No. 4.

Two well known oyster dealers of Boston made a bet of a barrel of oysters with the condition that they were to be purchased in Providence, R. I., and to be wheeled in a barrow from that city to Boston by the loser, having the privilege of selecting

'a good day and a good track.
A man in Providence, R. I., who had lost the wager, was seen wheeling a negro boy down street, preceded by another man beating a drum.

The terror of the desert of Sahara is being removed by the application of science. In 1860 five wells had been opened. bringing fishes to the surface from a depth of 500 feet. Vegetation is springing up around the wells, and the "desert will blossom like the rose."

Death of Capt. Joseph S. Jenkins.

Capt. Jenkins, of Hanover, York county, Pa., was killed on the 6th inst., while on picket in front of Petersburg, Va., by a rebel sharpshooter. The ball entered his forehead, killing him instantly. His remains have been embulmed and will be sent home.

Last Spring, when the 184th regiment P. V. was being organized, Capt. Jenkins was mainly instrumental in recruiting Co. G, of which he was appointed Captain. He served with marked ability and bravery in that capacity, taking part in all the marches and battles from Cole Harbor to the time of his death. Major Kleckner having been wounded at the battle of Ream's Station, Capt. Jenkins being the senior officer then present, assumed command of the regiment, and discharged the duties of that office with credit. At the time of his death he was again in com-

mand of his company.

Major Kleckner, (now Lt. Col.,) having recovered from his wounds, had taken command of the regiment. Capt. Jenkins was the last of the captains who went out with the regiment at its organization-the rest having all been wounded and captured. He leaves a wife and four small children to mourn his untimely death

At a meeting of the officers of the regi-ment, held on the 7th inst., of which Lt. Col. Kleckner was president and Lieut. S. O. McCurdy secretary, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to suddenly remove from us our muchesteemed friend and companion in arms, Capt. Joseph S. Jenkins, Therefore, Resolved, That while we bow in humble

submission to the divine decree, we at the same time deeply regret the death of our brave companion, who endured the marches and battles of a summer campaign, and feel that by his fall another name has been added to the long list of mertyrs for the cause of the Union and freedom. Resolved, That we, as officers fighting in

the same cause for which he fell, deeply feel for the bereaved family of the deceased, in whose death they have lost an affectionate husband and a kind father. We tender to them our warmest sympathies, trusting that He who has promised to be a Husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless" will comfort and sustain them in their sore afflictions.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceed ings be sent to the widow of the deceased and another to the several papers for pub-

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