

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

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LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN

COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2793.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1864.

New Series--Volume XIX. No. 6.

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

ARRIVE.
Eastern through, 5 48 a. m.
" " and way, 4 21 p. m.
Western " " " 10 55 a. m.
Bellefonte " " " 2 30 p. m.
Northumberland, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 6 00 p. m.

CLOSE.
Eastern through, 8 00 p. m.
" " and way, 10 00 a. m.
Western " " " 3 15 p. m.
Bellefonte " " " 8 00 " "
Northumberland (Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays), 8 06 p. m.
Money can be forwarded through this office in sums from \$1 to \$30, by the payment of the following fees: From \$1 to \$10 ten cents; \$10 to \$20 fifteen cents; \$20 to \$30 twenty cents.
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.
Pittsburgh and Erie Express, 3 13 a. m. 9 14 p. m.
Baltimore Express, 4 48 a. m.
Philad'a Express, 5 48 a. m. 12 18 a. m.
Fast Line, 6 10 p. m. 5 26 " "
Mail, 4 21 " " 10 55 " "
Fast Mail, 10 55 " " 3 44 p. m.
Harrisburg Accom'n., 10 47 a. m.
Emigrant, 10 20 p. m. 1 20 a. m.
Through Freight, 3 50 a. m. 9 30 " "
Fast " 12 10 p. m. 12 40 p. m.
Express " 5 00 p. m. 9 24 " "
Stock Express, 1 15 p. m. 11 50 a. m.
Coal Train, 7 30 " "
Union Line, 7 30 a. m. 7 00 p. m.
Local Freight, 7 30 a. m. 7 00 p. m.
Guthrie's Omnibuses convey passengers to and from all the trains, taking up or setting them down at all points within the borough limits.

WILLIAM LIND,
has now open
A NEW STOCK
OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,
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AND
MELAINOTYPES.
The Gems of the Season.
THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth. The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder 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.

Kishacoquillas Seminary
AND
NORMAL INSTITUTE.
WILL commence its winter session, OCTOBER 12, 1864, and continue twenty weeks. Cost for Board, Furnished Rooms, and Tuition in English Branches, \$75. Fuel, Light and Washing extra.
For particulars see catalogue.
S. Z. SHARP, Principal.
Kishacoquillas, Sept. 21, 1864.

Academia, Juniata Co., Pa.
COMMENCES its Summer Term May 4th, 1864. For circulars address
Mrs. O. J. FRENCH, Principal, or
ANDREW PATTERSON, Proprietor.
ap6 1864-ly

JOHN R. WEEKES,
Real Estate Agent, Collector and
County Surveyor,
LEWISTOWN, PA.

OFFICE in the Court House, opposite the Commissioners' Office. sept14-1f

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

Look Repairing, Pipe Laying, Plumbing and White Smithing
THE above branches of business will be promptly attended to on application at the residence of the undersigned in Main street, Lewistown.
jan10 **GEORGE MILLER.**

CARPENTERS.
SELHEIMER'S is the place to buy the best and cheapest Hand, Rip, Tennant, Compass and Cross Cut Saws; Planes, Bits, Hammers, Hatchets, Squares, Rules, Chisels, Augers, Augur Bits, Drawing Knives, Spoke shaves, Bevels, and all other Tools in your line. The carpenters all buy at
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THE MINSTREL.

TO ONE I MAY NOT NAME.

When in the dreams of spirit-watching slumbers,
There come strange visions of ideal scenes,
Unseen when earthly sense the true sight cumber,
Unknown except the spirit intervenes—

When the soul's longing brings an answering presence
Which haunts our waking hours forevermore—
Teaching the thoughtful mind the spirit's prescience,
Recalling dreams that we have dreamed before—

Then will I come, the clay-life spurning,
And steal among thy visions unawares,
And following my spirit's highest yearning,
My truest thoughts shall mingle with thy prayers.

Then would I have thee look, without emotion,
Into the depths of my unfathomed soul,
For all is calm beneath, as the great ocean,
And thou canst read it as a written scroll.

We little know how near the angel's hover,
Watching, like noon-day stars, our common way,
Till some great grief our spirit's eyes uncover,
And we can see beyond the things of clay.

I see thee more, by angel troops attended,
Led by a hand the world can never see—
So much the spirits have thy life befriended,
That holy things seem natural to thee.

I see thee live a life of abnegation,
Treading a path which few have ever trod,
Turning aside from every fond relation,
Unconcerned to thee and God.

Thus have I watched thee from a higher station,
Tracing thy loveliness in every task,
Daring to look thee with the soul's oblation,
Asking no claim an angel may not ask.

TALES & SKETCHES

JESSIE, THE LAME GIRL.

In all the pretty village of Snowdonville, there was not a prettier or happier little maiden than Jessie Harris. She was the only daughter of a poor, hard-working widow, who had lost a husband and received a son on the same night. George Harris had been a quarryman in the large stone works that were a few paces from his little house, and had been killed by a fall down a deep shaft. His widow heard the news while she was anxiously waiting his return to bless his newborn son, their only boy. Little Jessie, then about three years old, and George, the infant son, was thus left fatherless. Much sympathy was shown in Snowdonville for the widow; and the wealthy ladies, Mrs. Ralston, Mrs. Howitt, and some others, sent her plain sewing to do, paying her a fair price, and thus enabling her to support herself and children comfortably. At the time my story opens, Jessie was about eleven years old, and George eight. Jessie was the beauty and pet of the village school. With dark, wavy hair, soft hazel eyes, and a rich healthy complexion, she had a right to claim the first; and her talent and industry won her the last. 'As pretty and smart as Jessie Harris,' was quite a saying in the village.

My story opens on a dark, blustering winter evening, when the snow fell thick and fast, and the high wind threatened to shake in the windows of the little cottage where my heroine lived. Widow Harris was sitting near the fire sewing; and Jessie's nimble fingers kept time with hers as she put a patch on George's school coat. George, as a special privilege, lay on the settee, ready for bed, but permitted to stay with his mother, because the wind made him feel afraid to go up stairs alone.

'Mother,' said Jessie, 'Miss Miles said something very nice to me to-day.'

'What was it?' inquired her mother.
'She said that if I study very hard and improve as much as I have done, I will be able to take the school, when I am old enough. She wants to give it up, but she is so much attached to all the girls that she will not do so until some one can take her place that she can feel confidence in. Mother! Mother! what was that?'

They were all on their feet with white faces and trembling figures. A fearful crash followed by a shriek of agony, had caused Jessie's exclamation. With trembling fingers, Mrs. Harris unlatched the door. The wind blew it open, and drifted the fallen snow into the room. Nothing was heard for an instant but the howling of the wind; then came a low moan; and a voice cried 'Help!'

'Mother, some one has fallen into the quarry.' And Jessie sprang out. 'I know every step of the way; do not fear for me.' Then raising her voice, she cried: 'Courage! I am coming!'

Her mother followed; and, heedless of the raging storm, Jessie went forward to find the sufferer.

'Call again! where are you?'

There was no answer.

'Mother,' she said, turning round, 'run to the village for help. I am small and light; I will go down into the quarry.'

'God keep and preserve you!' said her mother, 'for you go on your errand.' And, with this blessing, she left the child alone in the storm.

Gathering her skirts up around her, Jessie began to descend into the quarry. The huge masses of stone, though covered with snow were uneven enough to afford her a foothold, and at last she reached the bottom. It was a large hollow; and for an instant her courage failed her, as she thought of the discouraging task she had undertaken; then, with a fervent inward prayer, she began to feel for the person whom she had come to seek. The darkness bewildered her; her own voice was lost in the noise of the storm and her heart was sinking with despair, when voices above reached her ear. Just then her foot struck against some-

thing; she stooped, and feeling, pushed aside the snow to lay her trembling hand upon a cold human face. 'Here! here?' she cried, 'he is here.'

The lantern gleamed brightly above her at the mouth of the quarry; but no one stepped forward to answer Jessie's call. The descent which her light feet and small figure had accomplished was dangerous for large, heavy men; and they were deliberating what to do. A flask of brandy and a lantern were lowered by ropes; and Jessie was directed to raise the man's head and pour some of the spirit down his throat. She did so; and with a great struggle, consciousness returned to the sufferer.

'Mother,' cried Jessie, 'it is young Mr. Ralston!'

'Ask him, if we lower a chair, if he can sit in it until we haul him out.'

'Yes, yes!' said the young man hastily. 'I was coming across, and the piece of stone I stepped upon loosened and rolled down here. I lost my balance and came after it.'

This was said in a low, weak voice to Jessie, who called aloud: 'Lower the chair.'

Slowly along the snowy sides, a chair fastened by many ropes, was lowered. It was some time before the stiff, wounded young man could get into it; but at last it was effected. 'How will you get up?' he said, turning to his brave deliverer.

'I will come after you,' was the reply, in a cheerful voice.

Seeing the chair safely on its way up, she began to climb the stones to go up, as she had come down. She was nearly at the top, and those above were watching with breathless interest, when another stone gave way, and she fell back. A cry of horror rose on the air.

'I am alive,' she cried; 'don't fear, mother; it has only fallen on my legs; lower the ropes; I can hold on by my hands.'

With frantic eagerness, she tried to rise; but the heavy stone across her limbs held her pinned fast. Awful visions of dying there, floated with awful distinctness through her brain, and, with a wild cry, she fainted.

Struck with admiration at her heroic conduct, and horror at the accident, one of the men placed himself in the chair, and was lowered to rescue her. When he again came up, with the small, insensible figure lying so still and pale in his arms, there was a unanimous murmur of sympathy through the now large crowd. The squire's son, young Ralston, had fainted again on reaching the mouth of the quarry, and had been carried home; all the rough men and sympathizing women who had braved the storm to aid the 'man lost in the quarry' gathered about the little figure. Gentle hands lifted her from the arms of her deliverer; and she was carried to the little cottage. Her mother, chilled and despairing, laid her upon the little bed; while George crept from his stool by the fire to gaze at his sister, whom he had last seen so full of life and energy, and who now lay so still and white. The room was cleared of all but a few sympathizing neighbors; and the doctor bent over the little inanimate form.

I spare my readers the details. Five weeks later Jessie sat upon her little arm-chair with the consciousness that that was her place for the rest of her life. If you had raised the shawl which covered her limbs, you would have seen that both legs were amputated just below the knee. It was hard—it was bitter to have all her young dreams of life end in this. Jessie murmured loudly. Her mother in vain tried to check the bitter tears which would fall from the poor child's eyes. She had been sitting alone one afternoon, full of bitter, melancholy forebodings, when a carriage stopped before the window. A young man, wrapped in a large cloak, got out first, then a lady. Jessie knew them. It was young Louis Ralston and his mother. Mrs. Ralston had been very kind in sending her messages and delicacies during her illness; but she had not visited her before. Mrs. Harris was out, she had gone to take home some sewing; and George was with her; so the visitors, entering the little kitchen, found Jessie alone. They came to her chair, and stood, one on each side. For a moment there was a deep silence, and then, with a deep cry, Mrs. Ralston bent over the child. 'My child! my child!' she cried and then she knelt down and buried her face in Jessie's lap, while her frame shook with convulsive throbs. The young man seemed as powerfully affected, and unable to speak. At last, bending down, he said: 'My angel preserver, may God in Heaven bless and comfort you! Oh Jessie, that this should be your reward for saving my life!'

'Mr. Ralston,' Jessie began—
'No, no! call me Louis; we are brother and sister now; this has made us so. I should have been here before; but the physicians forbade it. I was somewhat injured but am well again.'

'Jessie,' said Mrs. Ralston, 'if a mother's prayers and gratitude for the savior of her son's life can comfort you, oh, how truly they are yours! But for you I should be childless. You will think of this, my child, and let it comfort you.'

'I will! I will! God forgive me for complaining when he has let me save a life!'

and for the first time peace shone in the child's face.

From this day, there was no desire of Jessie's heart that was not gratified. Young Ralston himself provided her with books, pictures and instruction; and his mother let no day pass without visiting the cottage. They would have been very glad to have taken the poor child to their own luxurious home; but Jessie refused to leave her mother. The child's whole current of thought had changed since the Ralstons first visited the cottage. With prayer, with hopeful, loving trust in the Almighty hand that had seen fit to prostrate her, she stilled all repinings, and was truly grateful for love and kindness to her.

Six years passed on; and again I wish to take my readers to the little cottage. The widow is at her sewing still in a chair by the fireside; opposite to her is seated Jessie, who looks older than when we last saw her, and in other respects somewhat changed. The rich dark hair is gathered off from her broad white forehead and falls in soft curls over her shoulders. Her face is pale but very beautiful in its soft, loving expression, and the large soft eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, are full of intelligence and pure holy light. Her small, slight figure is covered by a thin white shawl, and the tiny white fingers are busy in knitting George, a tall manly youth is seated beside her, bending over a sum.

A low sigh from Jessie made her mother look up.

'What is the matter, darling?' said she.

'I was wishing, mother, that I was of some use in the world.'

'Why, Jessie, you are of use. You help me in my sewing; you draw now most beautifully, so Mr. Ralston says; and then you knit a great deal.'

'Besides helping me with my studies,' chimed in George.

'Yes,' said Jessie, thoughtfully, 'but I have a great deal of useless time. You know it wearies me to draw or sew for many hours together, and I was thinking how I might employ this time, and not be a useless burden on my dear, kind friends.'

'Jessie!' said her mother, warningly.

'Well, I won't say it again. Now, I have a proposition to make. You know that in the village there are many of the children who are too poor to pay for their education at the village school, and they are growing up ignorant, and some of them vicious. Would it not be a good work to have them here for a few hours every day, and try if I could not instruct them?'

'But Jessie,' said Mrs. Harris, 'they are the very scum of the village. All the decent children are at the village school.'

'I know that.'

'Some of them swear fearfully,' said George, 'and I fear that some of them would be impertinent if anything displeased them.'

'Will you let me try? I do so long to be of some use in the world.'

'Why, Jessie!' said a frank voice at the door, 'is that you I hear talking in such a plaintive tone? What is the matter?'

'Oh, Louis! are you there?'

'Yes, half frozen. It is snowing.'

Jessie started, whispering, 'It is the anniversary.'

With admirable tact, young Ralston bent over her, saying: 'I left my mother praying for the preserver of her son's life.'

Jessie thanked him with a bright beaming smile and then told him her scheme. At first he shook his head, but, seeing that her heart was set on the idea, he consented to act as her ambassador in the village and collect all the 'little ragamuffins' that were willing to come.

One week later, Jessie awaited, with a fast beating heart, the coming of her first class. It was very small. One little girl only had summoned up courage enough to come. Her report was so favorable that the next day three little boys and two little girls came; and, in the course of a month, the room was filled each day. There was something in the pale, pure face and slight frame of their teacher that awed the class at first, then won their respectful love. No profane word ever fell upon the ears of the young girl. Errors to correct she found in plenty; but with a low, sweet voice, and that indescribable holiness that encircled her, she drove away all protinaty, all impiety. Rough boys went home with their minds filled with a higher ambition than they had ever felt before. Girls bent to her at their departure, with their minds blessing the sweet gentle teacher who had won them from ignorance, perhaps from vice. And so passed her life. Trials she had among her class, but with gentle patience she made rough places smooth. Some ingratitude, too, came to trouble her, but she never failed in her efforts. It is now thirty years since Jessie Harris fell down the quarry, and if, in passing through Snowdonville, you ask who is the most useful and best beloved person in the village, they will point out a little cottage, and tell you its occupant, Jessie Harris, fills the place.

Mrs. Harris is dead, George is a lawyer in the South, and Jessie lives alone, excepting her maid, one of her old scholars, who almost worships her mistress. Gentle, meek and hopeful, she lives an example that none are so unfortunate that they can be of no use in the world.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Clasp the hands meekly over the still breast—they've no more work to do; close the weary eyes, they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there's no more pain to bear. Closed alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whisper.

O, if in that still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance and kindly word, and clasping hand, have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No, frown gathers on that marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiseled lip—no flush of wounded feelings mounts to the blue-veined temples. God forgive you! for your feet too must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue ask, 'can this be death?'—your fading eye linger lovingly on the sunny earth—your clammy hand feel its last feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! no word of greeting from the household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips? No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!
O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Alas for love if this be all,
And night beyond.

What is life? Darkness and formless vacancy for a beginning; or something beyond all beginning; then next, a dim lotos of human consciousness finding itself afloat upon the bosom of waters without a shore; then a few sunny smiles and many tears; a little love and infinite strife; whisperings from Paradise, and fierce mockeries from the anarchy of chaos; dust and ashes, and once more darkness circling round as it from the beginning, and in this way rounding and making an island of our fantastic existence.

MISCELLANEOUS

Artemus on the Draft.

Artemus Ward, Jr., is again before the public, ventilating his ideas on the draft: A grate many people air getting exempted. I know a chap who wanted to get exempt becuz he had no old widow mother to support him. Another youth said if he went to war his mother would have to stop taken in wash, as he was the only son she had to maintain. It's astonishing 't wot a skurcity of male people there is between 20 and 45 years. Those wot aren't over 45 are under 20. They never git past 22. Hardly.

I onct knowd a femal wot was under 20. She was splendid. Her name was Mariar, thort much of her. Praps I thort mucher of her parients' 89 acher farm. But she was a sweet gal. She had beautiful eyes, one was crosseyed an' the other squinted. She used to look at me 2 ways at onct. An' such small feet. Her gators was small enuff for me by stuffing rags into the tose of 'em. I won't say anything about her teeth. She had no teeth to say anything about.

She was a Hairs. That's wot ailed her. Her Guvner was a Breckinridger. I nite he arst me what I wars. 'I'm an Army Contractor,' sez I, atelling him a confounded wopper, but Mariar was lookin' at me 3 ways and I scarcely nowed wot I war sayin. 'Wall,' sez the ole man, 'ef you are a army contractor you must be a Breckinridger, for they get all the contracts and the Union men dus the fightin.' '2 troo!' sez I. I maid Mariar a nomeris number of presents. I bot her a dollars worth of joolry, consistin ov a gold watch, a buzzin pin, an earrings an things—upwards of severil of the larst.

But she was always morely pleased when I took her a hunk of yaller Jack. It wos a splendid sight to see her eat yaller Jack. After kordin her severil weeks, I thort it was time to bring things to a climax. I nite took her a sooperb big chunk of yaller Jack, an after she put herself outside of it I sez to myself, now is the excepted time, as the Scripitors remarks. I had been 2 weeks in learnin sum big words with which to ask her to be mine, an I got down on my knees be4 her to say 'em, when sez she—

'Gimme another hunk ov that candy before you begin to pray.' This nockt all the wind out ov me sales, as it were, an I didn't no wot to say, an cum putty near saying it. But I wasn't a going to give up the ship, so to speak. I squatted side ov her, took her alabaster hands in mine, lookt into her eyes and faintly articulated: Mariar, I luv you a good bit wuss no nothin. Will you walk throo life's thorny path with me? Me heart kept bobbin up an down in me buzz as tho it warnted to break its bonds an sore away, as the Poick sings. But I don't think Mariar understood me

figgerative langwidge, for sez she, 'Not a walk. I don't intend to travil throo enny thorny path without I kin ride. You're a old fool, that's wot you ar,' an I guess I was, for I left the damsel without pressin me soot. As I become wiser I grow older, an have since larned that a gal don't mean all she sez. Not by a hart a dozzin.

When a femail calls a chap a old fool, she thinks he's a hunky boy, as Ben Affick sais. I pity Mariar. When she found I didn't cum bac she took up with a love cove who sported good store close. She took him for a gentleman, but after marryin he turned out to be a dirty Pess man, which busted her hart and killed her ded! Rest quiet in peace. E poor busted up Union. I suppose you don't no wot those Latin means? I don't no too. The right wing of the rebel army is in Virginia, the left in New York. An I'm in Washington. As alurs, A. WARD, JR.

A Curious Similarity.

A remarkable resemblance between fact and mythology has recently come under our notice. Most of our readers have read the story of Cephalus and Procris. Procris, the wife of Cephalus, was of a suspicious and envious disposition. Thinking her husband loved another, she followed him when he went to hunt, and heard him speaking in endearing terms to the wind. Supposing that he was addressing her rival, Procris groaned. Cephalus, thinking it a wild boar's grunt, (a supposition not very complimentary to Procris' voice) fired his arrow into the thicket, which lodged in the heart of Procris.

Now to our modern fable:—township, in Montgomery county, was favored as the birthplace of Julia Amarinta, a susceptible rustic damsel, who was wooed and won by another rustic named John. But after marriage John did not prove the ideal of a husband; he did not express sufficient interest in the health of the race of doves, he smoked too much, he drank not a little, and worse than all he went continually to a village where a ladies' boarding school was located. Distrust is of the nature of fire and fuel, suspicion the spark that lit the conflagration. Convinced of his infidelity, Julia followed him to the village, he whistling innocently, she watching eagerly. Upon coming to the town, he passed three men standing at a corner, and she on the other side of the road distinctly heard one of them exclaim, 'Going to see her, John,' and a general laugh followed. It she was before suspicious, she was now convinced. He entered a one-story building. Julia put her ear to the crack, and although she could not see, she could hear. John—her John—crossed the room, crying out, 'Are you glad to see me, Fanny? Shake hands! that's a good girl! yes, you are a beauty, my love!'

Julia wanted no more, but returned to her desolate home, shut herself in her room, and pleasantly eased her trouble by swallowing a dose of laudanum. John, on returning with his new dog Fanny, found his house desolate, and his wife dead. Married ladies, remember, and never be jealous of your faithful husbands; and if you must be envious, never commit suicide on account of a girl, until you are sure she is not a quadruped.—Phila Ec. Tel.

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