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\$3 50 to 5 00 2 50 to 3 50, 2 00 to 2 50, 1 25 to 2 00. Children's A good assortment of homemade work on hand, and constantly making to order all the latest styles.

THE PATENT BOOTS are now creating a great excitement, and all who wish to have a pair of those pleasant boots can be accommodated at short notice.

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BEST brands Cigars, and good Tobacco, ED. FRYSINGER,

TO THE

Gazette.

Lewistown, Feb'ry 27, 1867,

Choice Poetry.

RALLYING SONG OF THE "GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC."

BY E. W. H. ELLIS, INDIANA.

I. There's a mighty army gathering throughout the East and

With banners gayly flaunting, they speed along with zest; And the motto they are shouting, "We fight for the op-

As we go marching on!" Chorus.-Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.

Their ranks are filled with heroes, who fought in deadly

To shield the Constitution, and save the nation's life, From the madden'd rebels, and the base assassin's knife, As they went marching on!

III. From the gory field of battle, from the mountain and the

Where the wood and rocks are blushing with the blood of kindred slain,

They come with arms victorious to battle once again,

As they went marching on!

They have sworn upon the altar of their country and their By the spirits of the gallant dead who sleep beneath the sod,

Their necks shall never bow again beneath the oppressor's As they go marching on!

v. They have sworn, with hand uplifted, upon the bended

They ne'er will ground their arms again till all mankind are

And every tongue once manacled shall shout for liberty, As they go marching on!

The glorious hour is coming, the day is drawing nigh When slavery and oppression shall lay them down and die, And "universal freedom" shall be echoed throughout the

As they go marching on!

VII.

Then join the Union army, the gallant, brave, and free, The young and old, the veteran, and this your motto be: "The land we love is Freedom's land,-the land of liberty As we go marching on!"

Family Recipes.

[A lady writing to the Culturist, says she has tried heretofore appeared in the Gazette, but will bear re

Blackberry Syrup.-To two quarts of juice, add half an ounce of powdered nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon, and quarter of an ounce of cloves. Boil these together to get the strength of the spices, and preserve the juice. While hot, add a pint of pure French brandy and sweeten with loaf sugar. Give a child two teaspoons three times a day. If the disease is not checked increase

Cup Cake -One cup of milk, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, and half a pound of butter, two spoonsful of Azumea. Flavor to the taste.

Golden Cake .- The yolks of eight eggs, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half cup of sweet milk, and a cup and a half flour. Add two teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor to the taste.

Silver Cake .- Take the whites of eight eggs, two cups of sugar, balf a cup of butter, three quarters of a cup of sweet milk, and three cups of flour. Add two teaspoons of baking powder. Flavor to the taste.

Cream Sponge Cake .- Take one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, half a cup of cream, and two eggs, well beaten

Cure for Soreness, Sprains, &c.-Take quarter of an ounce of oil of hemlock, quarter of an ounce of sassafras, quarter of an ounce of triginum, and half a pint of spirits of wine. When applied, rub well with the hand

Recipe for Cologne. - For one gallon of Alcohol, take one ounce and a half of oil of Bergamot, one ounce oil of lemon, quarter of an ounce oil of nutmeg, quarter of an ounce oil of lavender, and two grains of musk.

Hop Yeast.—Take three quarts of water, twelve large potatoes, and one handful of hops. Boil this down to two quarts. When the potatoes are done, peal them, and, while hot, mash them, and strain the hop water on them. Add one large teaspoon of salt, and one of sugar or molasses; also, one tea cup of yeast.

Tonic for Dyspepsia. Two ounces Virginia snake root, two ounces of hops, two ounces of wormwood. Put these herbs into a vessel with three quarts of cold water, and let them simmer two hours. Two ounces wild cherry bark soaked in a quart of cold water, twenty four hours. When the herbs are done, strain them, and when cool, strain the cherry water into them, and add three quarts of Monongahela, and bottle it for use. Dose, half a wine glass full after each meal.

Sallie Lunn.-Take a pound and a half of flour, and quarter of a pound of butter, warmed in a pint of milk; one salt spoon of salt, three well beaten eggs, and a tea-cap of yeast. Mix the ingredients well together, and set away to rise. When light, bake in a moderate

A Beautiful Story.

From Every Saturday.

THE DYKEHAMBURY CONCERT,

CHAPTER I.

'Go into society! Of course he won't, yet. Why, the old man has scarcely been dead six months, and it isn't two since the lads were drowned in the Dike, a lucky chance for him.'

'That's no matter. Mr. Hugh Carton is not a near relative. Where they fished him up from no one can

tell. And then he has an invalid sister.' To whom he is very good.'

This was from an elderly bachelor who was grim and testy, but whose testiness no one minded much. He took snuff as he said; he also stuck his cane into the carpet savagely, as though that had been the speaker, and wanted putting down.

'And I should like to know what man, worthy of the name, wouldn't be good to an invalid sister?' persisted this gentleman.

'Her brother's dancing attendance on a bevy of music-mad young ladies, and screaming up to B flat,' said Mr. Crane, pulling a face. 'Well, I don't pretend to be musical, and I have already been introduced to Mr. Carton. I should say that he is not musical either. Sorry

to disappoint you. The three Misses Grafton looked at each other and smiled. The Parish of Dykewood was eminently a musical parish. It was about to take part in a grand amateur concert, to which everybody from miles around was expected to come, and its great desideratum had long been a good tenor. Baritones there were in plenty, and these had to be pressed into tenor service; but they were thin, for the most part, like vin ordinaire; and be sides, they could not take the high notes. Now, a real tenor, after the fashion of Mario or Sims Reeves, was the thing wanted; therefore, from Mr. Hugh Carton's somewhat thin brown cheeks, moustaches, long hair, and general foreign appearance, it had been suggested as not

impossible that he might supply the deficiency.
'At any rate,' said Miss Grafton, we will not take him

at your valuation, Mr. Crane.' 'No one expects you to do so young ladies,' retorted Mr. Crane. 'The proof of the pudding-but I forgot, that's vulgar. Listen, however, to an old fogie. I venture to predict-nay, I would lay a small wager that the concourse of you-Graftons, Hetheringtons, Wilsons, every one-dont extract five consecutive words from this taciturn gentleman. I could not, and I talked about top dressing, and the crops, and the game laws—all that would naturally interest a country gentleman. I don't believe myself that he knows what it is he has come into. The only time I succeeded in attracting his attention for a moment, was when I spoke of that poor Mrs. Wynne, who lives over there, you know, almost inside his park. I suppose it is because she is a cripple, like his

'Aye,' said Mr. Crane, 'laugh if you will, ladies. I dare say you think a crusty old fellow like me wouldn't be very likely to entertain this new lion; but you may be mistaken. 'Wby, he's thirty-five if he's a day, and the gray hairs are coming.' 'His voice will be in its prime, Mr. Crane,' said the

'His voice! his voice!' exclaimed Mr. Crane; 'as if a human being was nothing but a mechanical contrivance of emitting sound. And' he added, softly, 'the man has

He got up to go as he spoke, and the girls shook hands with him good humoredly enough, for he was not so sour as he seemed, and in spite of his caustic speeches, he was rather a favorite among them.

Meantime the object of these remarks was walking about the lawn of Dykewood Park with a cigar in his

mouth; a tall muscular man, with rather a worn brown face, and eyes that would have struck a stranger as having a pitiful, hunted look in them at times. When his possession became a reality to him, instead of appearing like a dream, from which he was afraid every moment of awaking, this wore off; but at present he could hard ly believe that fortune, adverse to him from childhood, had suddenly turned upon him her pleasant smiles. There were gardeners at work in the shrubberies and

among the flower beds; and as his eye fell upon them. Mr. Carton stood still with a sudden wonder at the thought that these men were his servants, and would look to him for payment. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked out into the west, where the sky was one blaze of gold and red. The light fell on hill and dale in fitful gleams; it touched the tree-tops, and picked out bits here and there of the winding river to make it glisten like silver. The scene grew dim before Mr. Carton's eyes. He saw instead a miserable lodging under a foreign sky, where a gaunt man cowered at night over the stove, whose supply was scanty. He saw this man rising up every morning, sometimes hopeful, to be beaten back again from time to time, till hope was almost dead within him; then he saw this same man, but changed a little, for better days had begun, and his genius was making his way tardily; a newspaper was in his hand, and one finger rested on an advertisement. His breath came in painful gasps, his face grew gradually

Mr. Carton started, for one of the workmen stood before him, touching his hat, and asking instructions respecting certain trees which he thought should be cut down to improve the view. Mr. Carton could have laughed aloud at the incongruity of the thing, but he restrained himself, and gave his orders quietly.

'I might be the country squire in a farce,' he said to himself; 'I feel like playing at being a rich man. Pleasant play, though! Ah, I am thankful it didn't come too

He flung down his eigar and walked quickly toward the house. He passed the wide stone steps, which looked so imposing, pushing open a French window, and en tered a small drawing room, at the end of which was a conservatory. A young girl lay on a couch near this window, young, but with few of the marks of youth. There was not the faintest rose tint in the cheeks, from which suffering had driven the healthy blood; the hands that she stretched out to him were fearfully thin, and the large eyes which filled with tender light when they saw him, seemed too large for the wasted features. Yet in a certain way she was beautiful Hugh Carton knelt down beside the couch, and put his arm under her head

'Is it pleasant, sister?' he said. 'Are you happy here among the birds and the flowers, or do you long after bluer skies?" 'No Hugh,' replied the girl; 'there was trouble under

them.

'Ah, but it was growing lighter,' said Hugh. 'I know it was,' said the girl; 'but what of that?-They should have appreciated you before; they shall not have you now to make a slave of. I'm glad for your sake a thousand times more than my own. It seems

too good to be true.' 'It does, indeed,' said Hugh, smilingly. 'I am ready to warn my own men that sometimes I may not be able

to pay them for their work. I am only thankful that all

this came when it did.

'That's for my sake,' said the girl, clasping his neck with a sudden, passionate movement of affection. Hugh shall I ever repay you? All your life long you have sacrificed everything for me. Many a time you thought I did not know when something had to be given up, because you would not leave me to the care of strangers. You would have got on, and been famous long ago, but for me. Tell me, is not that so?'
'Perhaps I didn't want fame, Ethel,' he replied.

'Ab, but poverty would have been over then,' said Ethel; 'and if you had come to England, as he said you would have done better. Do the English justice—they always recognize talent.

'You forgot that you are praising yourself,' said Hugh.' Are not we English? But I could not have come to

England in that way, Ethel.'
'You might have changed your name,' said Ethel. 'Never,' said Hugh, curtly.

'You prefer slaving your best years away for me,' continued Ethel. 'I wonder how many brothers there

are in the world like mine.' 'And I wonder how many sisters are as patient and uncomplaining as mine, retorted Hugh. We won't talk of the old days now, Ethel. I declare that I never wished to sit in the place which these two poor lads should have filled successively before me. I never tho't of such a chance. When I read of the accident, and that advertisement for the next of kin, there was pity in the

shock as well as-but never mind.' ' No, said Ethel, 'let it rest. I have had visitors again, Hugh. That kind old Mrs. Wynne came with her daughter. It was very good of the old lady, for though she is not exactly a cripple, like I am, it is difficult for her to get about.'

'Why do they always come when I'm from home?' said Mr. Carton, and a shade passed over his face. 'It looks as if there was something ogreish about me, Ethel. 'So there is,' replied Ethel. 'You are so silent and stern-looking, like a brigand. You never open your lips to any one but me. But you must call upon Mrs. Wynne and little Bertie—they are your tenants, you know. Fancy your boasting tenants! Will you have a rent day, Hugh, and a grand feast in the park, and speeches? or will you be hard, griping, and oppress everybody?-See there! What's that coming up the avenue? A car-

riageful of ladies to call upon me, and a-what a curious-looking man!' 'It's the very fellow that bothered me about game-laws the other day,' said Hugh, laughing; as if I knew anything about game-laws. I can't stand this, Ethel.

Good bye! 'Indeed, no, sir,' said Ethel, quickly, and she caught his arm and held him fast. 'You never did leave me to bear the brunt of anything yet, and you shall not begin now. Besides, consider that you'll have to return all these calls, so stay and break the ice.'

Hugh Carton was a very singular gentleman indeed. Dykewood raised his eyebrows and didn't know what to think about him. As to his being an acquisition to the neighborhood, that seemed very dubious indeed .-Dykewood had called upon the Cartons, and Mr. Carton had returned the calls. His sister won golden opinions from all; but as for Hugh, he sat for the most part in his corner staring at the landscape with absent eyes, or pulling his long black moustache over his mouth, as if he wanted to hide a smile. Dykewood invited him to an evening party, to which Mr. Carton went, after a strong argument over the matter with his sister; and the musical young ladies were more puzzled than ever. Miss Grafton moved toward Mr. Carton's corner.

'This nonsensicle heathen has been accusing you of his own want of taste, Mr. Carton,' she said. 'I'm sure it's a libel. I am quite sure that you must at least like music.

Hugh stammered out that he 'didn't exactly know,' and the young lady's face feli. 'We did so hope that you would join the choir,' con-tinued Miss Grafton 'We want a tenor voice dreadful-

ly, and you look as if you had one.' The choir! repeated Mr. Carton, reflectively. 'Yes, our Dykewood choir,' said Miss Grafton. 'You heard us on Sunday. But really a good tenor would be uch an improvement. I am sure you have a singing face if you would only try. People very often don't

know their capabilities until they begin.' There was a very curious twitching about Mr. Carton's lips as he listened to this: The speaker did not notice it, but little Bertie Wynne did, and wondered .-He raised his eyes to Miss Grafton's tace, and said very quietly, 'You may be right, I suppose I am not too old

to learn.' He was smiling outright now, and a chorus of eager negatives of such a supposition broke upon him. 'And then, we are going to have an amateur concert,'

said Miss Grafton; and we should be so glad of your help, at Dykehambury, you know.' 'Ah!' said Mr. Carton. His face grew a shade paler, and he stretched out one hand in an aimless sort of fashion, as though searching for something. The gesture was peculiar; these people could not know how suddenly they had touched a chord in the weary, struggling

past of his, and drawn forth the old instinctive move-

ment by which he had been used in other days to draw

his sister's couch toward him and feel that there was a Mr. Carton walked home that night with little Wynne, which gave rise to many expressions of discontent, fortunately never destined to reach his ears. Bertie's servant kept a decorous distance, but there was no laughter or funny speeches now. Hugh had grown grave in the moonlight; so grave, indeed, and absent, that he would have forgotten to wish his charge good night if she had not spoken the words first; and then he remembered, and his face grew red as he spoke the parting

salute. The last words which Mr. Carton said to his sister that night must have been very comical, to judge by the amusement they created. She looked up at him with mischief sparkling in her large eyes; and twisting the corners of the mouth, about which pain had drawn many lines, she said, simply, 'Sing for them, dear Hugh-do.'

'So you have given him up!' said Mr. Crane, biting his lips

'O, of course,' replied Miss Grafton. 'It would never do to take a beginner among the Dykehambury people -they would not like it.' 'But you have asked him,' said Mr. Crane. 'Suppose

he says he will sing?—and there he comes. Besides, how do you know he is a beginner? 'I know how he turned my music over,' said Miss Grafton. 'But that's nonsense. I should have liked a

tenor solo; but we must do without it.' When Mr. Carton made his unexpected entrance into the committee room this question was still undecided .-No one spoke to him beyond the ordinary greeting, and that was cut rather short, for they were preoccupied, and, in a musical light, he was evidently nobody. He sat listening and caressing his moustache, as usual, till the debate grew warm, and then all at once the Oracle stepped forward and broke the silence.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'I believe my voice is a tenor. I will undertake this solo that you are in