

Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.



BREFF FUM SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

SCHLIFFLETOWN, Moy der 6t, 1869.

MISTER FODDER ABRAHAM:

Se hen mich beholva un betrohya om letshita Dinshdog we de leckshun in der Shtadt war for Shool Superintendent. Der very deihenker wu fershpucha hut mich nominata, so dos se for mich vota konta, is ous gebaeckt. Er war all right, for mich, bis mer in de Shtadt kumma sin, so about euf uhr formiddogs. Om middog essa war er net un de wert dog om warts-house wu mer uf g'shtelt hen, un yusht we de leit awfonga hen ins Court House nei tau gea, hohls mich der bettie wann er net grawd ivver de shtrose kumma is mit about a holb dutzend onnery Correctors, grawd hinlich dem ding was se der Chief Duck heasa, un aw grawd ins Court House nei g'shlippt un hen sich all dort 'wendich nei g'luckt un en rum, so dos er se watcha hut kenna, un grawd holta. Eans fun denna Correctors wu in der Shtadt wohna is uf g'shtept un hut hands g'sheakt mit mer un sogt, "how-di-du Mister Schwefflebreenner," un "how-di-du, hob" ich g'sawt. "Ich sea der George hut widdar amohl so an set kerlis un sich rum de er mannesha konn" secht er. "Yah," sogt ich "es guckt so—ich glawb now aw dos unser Schlifftowner Corrector wu dort neavich eam luekt—der Sensawretzer—back uf mich geat."

"Yah," secht er, "der George eayent ean, un feert ean on der naas rum yusht we er will." Er hut mer donn aw des ding ouferlich explained. Secht er, "der George wil ewva absolut seller Nufer nei lecta for Superintendent, un wann er dut don ferluss dich druf dos er aw geid macht ous dem ding, for du weasht," secht er, "wann donn soddiche de net exactly fit sin for shool holt, un difficulty hen certificates tau kreeya, dem George ols so about fuf dahler odder so in der sock nei shlippa donn deat er ewva ols sei influence ussa mit em Superintendent for net so pertickeler sei en cana de certificates tau geva."

"Exactly so" hob ich g'sawt, "ich fershtes shun. Sella very George is, glawb ich, aw a lawyer warra uf der same weg—nouse godga noch Indiana wu se net so pertickeler sin, un hut dort sei shreives grickt dos er a lawyer is, un donn widdar tsurick noch Pennsylvawny, un grawd sei sein rous un a office uf g'fixt ols an realer lawyer."

Well, denk ich, lus es now gea we will, wann se mich net lecta donn meaya se mich oll mitnonner infrieda lussa, un ich huck mich onna un du amohl dem weasa tau g'gucka. We se ons vota sin gonga, is mers fore kumma dos wann seller Nufer nei rous deat we gor nix. Yusht so donn un wann hut ols eaner for Evans gevote—sheer ollas war geaya ean. Un e well se ons vota wara is mer a nees kleanes reimy in der kup kumma—yusht tewa lines, awer se sin goot, un doh sin se:

"Sheer oll de nawwa rufer, Geana nei for seller Nufer." Un so is es gonga bis de shtedder amohl awfonga hen tau vota, un donn hut mer aw heara kenna dos es noch Evans leit hut, un aw fun denna de der George net on der naas rum feera konn. Evans shtock is nuf gonge, slow un shure. We de shtedder all g'votet kot hen war er yusht about a dutzend votes hinlich em Nufer, un ols widdar Evens, un noch amohl Evans, bis se sheer gorly eawa wagra. Donn denk ich, doh kennt dem George ferlicht doch noch so an kleany muck nei folla. Un so is es fort gonga, es townshipp noch em onner, bis es on oit Warwick kumma is, wahra se exactly eawa—a yeades on a hundert un sex. Now denk ich, now geat de hatz de bohr ous. Warwick is now der Appymatticks for ean odder der onner. Awer es war grawd decide. Eaner roof, Evans, un donn noch eaner, un don, denk ich, Bully for alt Warwick, un noch amohl Evans fum Hawasbarrick, un hit him again, noch eaner fum Kisselbarrick—all right—Evans ahead, un mein George, der leader un Chief Duck un sei crmy kreddura wu er on de nawwa nei g'feert hut hen eara kep g'henkt we g'led-derty hawna, un g'sichter hen se g'hot so long we shelling bicher, for der Evans war leckt mit sinf votes ahead. Awer ich konn der sawya, we der President de vote od gelessa hut, donn hen se amohl an round heel musc gevva—so g'shtompt un de hend geclapt dos es recht gedunnert hut. Ich bin donn on uf an ob—war g'satisfied—un bin ons uf, hob my bill betzahlt un ob uf der heam weg, fullens g'satisfied dos seller Chief Duck amohl sein brender shnavvel ordlich ferdeihenker shlick ob g'shpitz grickt hut. About a halb stund noch dem dos ich derheam aw kumma bin is aw der Sensawretzer on

mein house, odder, in onnery warta, on der Schlifftowner Posht Office ferbei, aw un em heanweg, un so shet hut er geuckt das wann an shofe deeb war. Eb er an ring in der naas g'hot hut hob ich net seana kenna, for er is mer tsu shtorrick g'fahrta. Ich bin now g'satisfied, un de Bevvy aw.

PIT SCHWEFFLEBRENNER.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

John Smith—you've heard of him—is very bashful; is too bashful in truth. He was born and raised in the country. His father gave him a good education and allows him plenty of money. But John, with all other attainments, never could accustom himself to the society of females, not because he did not like the girls, but because his shy nature would not permit him to associate with the fair sex. It once happened, not very long ago either, that John's father had some very important business to transact in the city. He also had some very particular affairs to attend to at home, which demanded his personal attention, and not possessing the power of ubiquity, he delegated his son John to transact that in the city.

John, being thus commissioned, immediately proceeded to the city and to the residence of his father's old friend, whom he found to be a very nice old gentleman, with a beautiful daughter, and gold spectacles. John was ushered into the parlor (a new thing for him,) and motioned to a seat—no! a sofa (another new thing). But we must use his own language: I took my seat and made observations. Everything was fine! Fine carpets, fine sofas, fine tables, fine curtains, fine books, fine pianos, fine everything, and especially a fine young lady, who was dressed in fine silk, fine satin, and who had fine curls, and a fine appearance generally.

After chatting with the old gentleman a few minutes, he took down his hat, told me to make myself at home for an hour or two and left—left me alone with his daughter and a small, mischievous boy, the young lady's brother. I didn't relish the situation at all. The idea of keeping a city belle engaged in conversation for two hours; perdition! Silence reigned in the parlor for a short time, you may bet. I amused myself as much as possible with the boy—that is I loaned him my knife and watch key, and watched him cut holes in the carpet with one, and spoil the other. I don't know what I would have done had it not been for that boy—he was so good to attract one's attention, you know.

It's true, he asked some startling questions, occasionally, such as this, for instance: "Are you goin' to court sister Emily?" but such things must be expected under such circumstances. Miss Emily, thinking no doubt, that to be a good hostess she must keep her guests engaged in conversation, asked me "how I liked country life," etc. She said that "it must be a beautiful sight to see the laborers, male and female, romping on the new mown hay on New Year's day; that she always did think she would like to spend a Christmas in the country a nut gathering with the village lads and lassies; that it always had been a mystery to her how they got eggs off the trees without breaking them.

In return, I thought to keep up my part of the conversation, it was necessary for me to quote poetry and the like, which I did. Among other quotations, I unfortunately repeated the well-known lines of Shakespeare: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we will." At this juncture, the boy, who had perched himself upon my knees, looked very earnestly in my face and said: "Divinity shaped the end of your nose mighty curious."

I'm certain that I wished somebody would spank the young rascal. We talked of hills, mountains, vales, cataraacts—I believe I said waterfalls, when the boy spoke up and said: "Why, sister's got a trunk full of 'em up stairs—papa said they are made out of hoss hair." This revelation struck terror into me and blushes into the cheeks of my fair companion. It began to be very apparent to me that I must be very guarded in what I said, lest said boy might slip in his remarks at uncalled for places; in fact I turned my conversation to him. I told him he ought to go home with me, and see what nice chickens we had in the country. Unluckily I mentioned a yoke of calves my brothers owned. The word calves rained all. "The little fellow looked up and said: "Sister's got a dozen of 'em, but she don't wear 'em only when she goes up in town o' windy days."

"Leave the room, you unmannerly little wretch!" exclaimed Emily; "leave immediately!" "I know what you want me to leave for," replied he; "You can't fool me—you want to set in that man's lap and kiss him like you did Bill Simons the other day—you can't fool me, I'll jest tell you. Gimme some candy like he did; then I'll go. You think because you've got the Grecian bend that you're smart. I know a thing or two. I am mad at you, anyhow, 'cause pap would a bought me a top yesterday, if it hadn't been for your getting them curls, doggone yer! You needn't turn so red in the face, 'cause I can't see it for the paint. There ain't no use in winking at me with that glass eye o' yours, 'cause I ain't goin' out'a here, now that's what's the matter with the purps. I don't care if you are twenty-eight years old, you ain't no boss of mine, you old fool."

That is all of the story that John related. He says he don't know how he got out of the scrape.

DID NOT DANCE.

There are persons in Illinois who have the proper reverence for places of public worship. One of this class having had the misfortune to be detained in Chicago over Sunday, slowly sauntered down Wabash Avenue in the hour of morning service. Arrived at the Church, and stopping a moment, the organist commenced playing one of those lively compositions with which the "performance" of religious service is now generally commenced. Just then a gentleman passing into the church invited him to enter and take a seat.

"Not exactly, mister," replied our friend; "I ain't used to such doins on Sunday; and, besides, I don't dance!"

A BACHELOR ON BABIES.

It is difficult for a bachelor to understand what there is in a baby to admire, or to love. No doubt babies are a wise provision of nature; but I have always fancied she would have been wiser if she had furnished the article in a more advanced state. Women have said that our sex is unendurable from the time they leave off kissing us as babies and begin to kiss us as men. Those women were certainly half right. Respecting feminine babies, only those are agreeable who are sixteen and upwards; and they are quite as much babies then as when the poles of their little lives are pargoric and teething-rings. What is there, what can there be of interest in a baby, properly such? Will some one tell me? I have been diligently pondering the question for twenty years, and to no purpose. I have even gone to see babies, regardless of sex and convenience, to discover, if possible, the secret of their charm. Their beauty and wonderfulness were told me beforehand; but when I stood in their crimson presence, anxious to be delighted, they only sought to astonish me with such necromantic feats as swallowing their own fists—feats which I, with the taint of original sin, regretted they never quite succeeded in. When I went very near them, or attempted by magnetic manipulation to quiet the roar of anger and defiance my society caused, they insisted upon pulling out my hair—with which I never was superfluously supplied—by pulling the sockets of my eyes with their cherubic fingers.

I pity babies from my inmost soul—I always did; but I cannot like them—for they are not likeable. They must suffer, poor little creatures; if they did not they would not keep up such an infernal noise. Babies don't want to be born, I am confident; I remember I didn't, but I wasn't consulted; if I had been I shouldn't have been here. When babies are dragged from delicious nothings and peevish chaos—so the common teaching run—into a feverish existence, composed of flannel, and soothing-syrup, and horrid old nurses, it is not singular they protest against the change, and clamor to be taken back. I sympathize with them fully. Those were my feelings exactly, and I've felt cheated ever since I opened my infant eyes, and saw what an unpleasant world I had gotten into. I struggled to return through the medium of measles, summer complaint and scarlet fever; but not one of them would take me, much as I wanted to go. Several other babies, whose acquaintance I made subsequently, were luckier than I. The measles gave them a return ticket, and, as I've seen nothing of them since, I conclude they liked the other place best.

Babies are not to blame for being disagreeable; they can't help it. They want to be let alone and kept out of sight, if they are well bred; but their foolish parents won't let them have their way, unless the word is differently spelled. The unfortunate babies must be taken into the light, and looked at, and criticised, and poked in the ribs, and asked to laugh a little. The idea of laughing under such circumstances! Crying is much more natural and they cry, of course. Who wouldn't? To put a sensitive and sensible baby on exhibition, and insist on its playing a comedy part with a dozen pins in its flesh, and several doses of medicine internally, revealing the ignorance of physicians, is much like insisting that a bearded son should dance a horn-pipe at his mother's funeral.

Nor are babies bound to resemble their father, or mother, or both at a time. They must have a confused notion what their personal appearance is after being assured they are exact counterparts of their parents, aunts, uncles, grandfathers, grandmothers, and all their contemporaneous relatives. The truth is they don't look like anything in particular but themselves. Babies are an abused race. All manner of wrongs is put upon them. They are compelled to make bores and simpletons of themselves on every possible occasion, by parents who seem to consider that parenthood, the commonest thing in nature, is a special privilege, and proper cause for pride. What miracles, if mothers are to be believed, babies are constantly performing! They lie in the cradle and breathe without the smallest assistance! They roll out of bed, and the fact that the law of gravitation is not suspended for their benefit is deemed providential! The water wets and the fire burns them, which, of course, it does not do for ordinary infants.

What a wild insanity comes to the begotten of Babel! One does not marvel when she should be a little crazed about these things; there is a reason for mothers being so. But men are little better. How many men of common sense and practical wisdom I know who had descended with me upon the infant mania, and failed to understand it; and who, having become fathers themselves grew to be lunatics of the worst sort! I am a friend of babies so long as they are confined to the nursery, and their wonderful accomplishments restricted to private entertainments. I believe they would be better and do better if their parents were wiser; but so long as mothers and fathers persist in making little fools of them, declaring they are wiser than every one knows they are not—forcing them into positions they are unfit for—that can be expected of the tiny creatures? I have been told that I was one of the homeliest and most disagreeable infants of the period; that my reputation in that way was such that women, both young and old, came from miles around to see and pinch me.

I hope I won't be understood as a foe to infants, for I am not. I am their friend; and, being their friend, I have sought to show how and wherein they are wronged. I am aware I have a delicate theme; possibly there may be new mothers and fathers and many Baby-worshippers of both sexes who will think me a wretch and a brute, and all that sort of thing, because I am unable to perceive the beauty, and charm, and wonder of the diminutive divinities I have tried to represent to the best advantage consistent with truth.

—Don't speak ill of old maids. They are the true angels who have refused to make man miserable by marrying him. —When may young ladies be said to be economical? When they resort to tight lacing to prevent waist-fullness.

STATE NEWS.

YORK COUNTY.—Mrs. Jacob Strickler, of Hellam township, fractured her right leg by falling from the porch.... On Monday last week, Henry Drabaker, while at work roofing a mill in Windsor township, fell from the top of the building, breaking both legs and suffering other severe injuries.... The Wrightsville Star says there has been much activity among the raftmen, and lumbermen have added large amounts of lumber to their stock.... A barn belonging to Samuel Waltmyer, near Stewartstown, with its contents, was destroyed by fire, having been set on fire by a small child. Loss about \$25000 and no insurance.... The Hanover Saving Fund Society have declared a ten per cent. dividend for the last six months.... Conrad Kauffman of Littlestown, aged 75 years, died suddenly from the effects of strong drink.... The Hanover Spectator says the wheat crop looks very encouraging.

BERKS.—There are twenty-six churches in the city of Reading.... Wm. M. Baird, Esq., the new Collector of Revenue, and Maj. John Fritz, the new Postmaster of Reading, entered upon their official duties on the 1st inst.... C. F. Evans, Esq., is about to publish a new Sunday paper in Reading. He is the right man for such an enterprise.... A colored Odd Fellows' Parade will take place at Reading on the 10th of next month.... A new City Hall is to be erected at Reading.... Rev. B. Peters Pastor of the Reading Universalist Church is going to take editorial charge of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Times.... Heads of rye made their appearance in Cumru township last week, and a specimen is on exhibition in the Journal Office.... The amount thus far received as donations to the Womelsdorf Orphan's Home, from various sources, foots up \$20,557.78.... John Haldeman was found drowned in the Senykill a few days since, at the foot of Penn street, Reading. He fell into the river whilst intoxicated.... A correspondent of the Journal is very favorably impressed with Pricetown. He says the place surpasses any other he has ever seen, of equal size, in genuine Christianity, having Lutheran, German Reformed, Baptists and Methodists. He also refers to the "curious circumstance" that the Pricetowners are nearly all relatives of each other—every body seems to be every other body's brother, or sister-in-law, nephew, cousin, or something of the kind, and all are given to "raising pretty girls." Happy family—the Pricetowners, who, all, by the way, read FATHER ABRAHAM.

CHESTER COUNTY.—Miss Hopper, a highly respectable young lady, was knocked down, near the Orthodox Friends Meeting House, in West Chester, on Thursday evening of last week, by some ruffian.... Scarlet fever prevails among the children in East Caln township.... Miss Ellie Vickers, of Lionville, was severely injured by a fall from a horse one day last week.... Daniel Stubbs, one of the leading and most respectable citizens of West Nottingham, died on the 29th ult.... A mad dog was shot on Saturday last in West Chester.... The storm which prevailed on Thursday of last week, was very severe in East Marlborough, Westtown, East Fallowell and other parts of the county. The rain was very heavy and hail fell in large quantities. In Pocopson a school house and several telegraph poles were struck by lightning. In Westtown the house of John E. Marshall was struck, and also the house of Thomas S. Young, of East Fallowell.... Some time back the lumber office of H. Graham & Son, at Coatesville, was entered and the safe opened and robbed of a small sum of money and papers. The Postmaster has since received a package containing the papers with a letter from the burglar, requesting him to deliver them to the owners, and says: "Your lumber merchants are a healthy set of fellows, to have a safe large and strong enough for a banking institution and only \$16 in cash therein. I had expected at least \$500 or I would not have taken the trouble to open it. The next time you have anything less than \$500 just paste a notice on the door to that effect and it will never be troubled by me, providing you have it subscribed and sworn to before a justice of the Peace. I return these papers which were taken through a mistake, for I never take or destroy what is of no use to me. From your distant friend B."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. Some days after one of the English steamers had left Liverpool, a bright-looking boy, about eight years old, was found on board, who had been concealed in the vessel since she left port (which, by the way, is quite a common occurrence). He was questioned by the officers as to how he came there. He stated that he was an orphan, and had a great liking for the sea, and that his uncle in Liverpool, being poor and unable to support him, had hid him in the vessel just before sailing, so that he might go up to Halifax and live with his aunt. It seemed like the old story to the officers of the vessel, and they accused him of being helped by the crew, and tried their utmost by coaxing and threatening to have him divulge that some of the sailors had taken him aboard and gave him food. But they availed nothing—the little fellow would tell no other story. At last one of the officers feeling sure that the boy was deceiving, took him by the arm, and said: "I am going to make you tell the truth;" and taking him to what is called the brig, said: "In one half hour I shall hang you unless you tell me which of the sailors has been feeding you." It was of no use—the boy would not lie; and when the officer told him sternly that he had only two minutes to live, the little fellow said: "Sir, may I pray?" and immediately sunk down on his knees, and lifting up his little hands in an attitude of prayer, slowly repeated the Lord's Prayer, amid the upturned faces of the passengers and crew of the vessel, who had anxiously been watching the result of the officer's experiment; but on seeing the brave boy whose love for truth was stronger than that of life, and hearing him so firmly repeat his prayer, it was too much for their doubts and caused a very affecting scene, and the apparent rough officer burst into tears and hugged him as though in reality he had just escaped death. After this event the boy was a young hero in the ship. He was praised and treated with dainties, each one anxious to do something for such a noble boy; and when he arrived at Halifax he was taken by the same officer who had doubted him and fitted with a nice suit of clothes, and carried to his aunt, with a hearty God's blessing for his future career.

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868. EDITORS EXPRESS: Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentist, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. Persons visiting the commodious offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every late scientific improvement in his line of business. H. B. PARRY.

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Watches! Watches! Watches! CLOCKS, CLOCKS, CLOCKS. The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a large and full assortment of the GENUINE AMERICAN WATCHES, of different weight and finish, to suit all, which are sold upon the most reasonable terms, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Keeps also on hand a good assortment of CLOCKS. Call and examine the goods before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. HENRY Z. ANDREWS, (Jan 1-68) No. 3 North Prince Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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J. B. KEVINSKI, DEALER IN SHEET MUSIC, PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS, And Musical Instruments Generally. Sole Agent for STEINWAY & SONS' WORLD RENOWNED PIANOS. Also Agent for PRINCE & CO'S ORGANS and MELODEONS. No. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET, Lancaster, Pa. GOOK AMOHL DOH! Hoof aw in J. B. KEVINSKI SEIM MUSIC SHOPT. KLOPFER, OBYELLA, MELODEONS, un alle sorta musc Instrumenta! Der Kevinski is agent for dea berecenty Steinweh Pianos—Klopfers heest mer so uf delich. Der plat is No. 3 NORD PRINCE STREET, LANCASTER. N. B. For a first raty gooly Geig, odder an Accordeon, odder a Tawerick-Pell, odder enich onners musc Instrument, klee odder gross, sheept yusht ni on Kevinski's, No. 3 Nord Prince Shtroce, Lancaster. [no20-ly]

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