NO. 51.

## CHRISTMAS-EVE. The following verses written for the Typographic ever after Oscar Lyle was her favorite. Advertiser, Philadelphia, by a true woman, simple. the editor of that paper from Monroe, Michigan :

'Tis Christmas-eye! the tireless clock is tolling the

never done;
So I sit down by the cradie, my little one to rock,
And while I sing a lullaby, I knit for him a sock. I've filled some little stockings with candy and with

darling boys.

They're sleeping sweetly in their cribs, I've tucked the clothes in tight,
I've heard them say their evening prayer, and kiss'd them both good night.

I know that, ere the daylight shall through the ed glass windows, even then he felt angels.

'John, has he come?' and in the red light that fell through the stain—the heavy folds of the drapery.

'He waits below in the way folds of the drapery.

'He waits below in the way folds of the drapery.

I've many, many thoughts to-night, and they are sad to me:
Two stockings only hang, this year, where three wore wont to be:
The tears are falling thickly as 1 think of the day When I laid that little stocking forevermore away. For the happy one that hung it there but one short vear ago

put away!

How many smiling faces, that to our nursery door
Came wishing "Merry Christmas," will come again
no more!

no more!
Their waxen hands are folded upon each quiet breast,
And the Shepherd God has gather'd those little
lambs to rest. How many pleasant visions, and, oh! what sad ones

one's face;
The stockings hanging, as of yore, around the chimthat day. ney place,
From the wee red one of baby's to grandpa's sock of Nearly a week after that, Oscar Lyle pery clutched convulsiaely in the jeweled gray.

Each in its own accustom'd place, not even one away.

visited the parsonage, and they told him Aline was unwell. He paused a moment,

made:
For those whose stockings hung there so closely side upon a rich velvet couch, looking wildly by side, in happy days of childhood, are scatter'd far and wide! | lovely in a dress of pure white muslin; yet her face wore a deeper shade of pen-

The baby's sock is finish'd—'tis sprinkled o'er with side.

The clock has struck the hour of twelve! I've put the sock away,
And by the baby's cradle I now kneel down to pray—
To ask that loving Saviour, who on Christmas morn

was given e our souls from sin and death, and fit us all give me, Oscar?'

## THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATE STANLEY.

It was a cold night. The library shut- away. ters rattled so as to make us nervous; but we pressed the strong iron bars over less disturbance. Now and then it would he left the parsonage, there was another thought no love like thine; you were my go out in a mad shriek upon the night green grave in his memory, and another angel. Yet, when I learned that wrong, watches, like the wail of a mother over a lost child-that wail of a crushed hope. Fitfully at first, as if the weeper dared not be a forgotten name in the future. to weep aloud, then more distinct, until it swelled into a thrilling wail that made one start with fright, and then it would die this. It was the night before the trial. away faintly, as if heart were breaking Yes, Mr. I'homas had been charged with and life had departed with the last notes of that sad, plaintive voice.

There is an old tree above the wing that companion; he stood by the window which overlooked the village road. He had faint. opened one of the shutters and was gazing

anxious glance, yet I saw a black horse lost in the darkness. Then followed a lines, so beautiful in its deep grief. crash of thunder that shook the earth itself, and then went rolling away among the mountains: now louder, echoing from some cliff or mooring, through some far off glen, until it died away, and stillness ensued, more sublime than the voice that

dark, mournful eyes and pale features, and her form-it was so light and graceful. And very kind and gentle, too, was Aline-ever by the sick couch of some poor stranger, or aiding the poor stranger on his lone pilgrimage. I verily believe there was not an old man who did not in Heaven. Never was there one more beautiful than Aline-none, save one.'

Willis paused for an instant as he uttered he stood in the presence of a holy vision. And, as the past went before him with stately tread and solemn mien-as the loved past ever goes before us in these telling no longer. He remembered only Long years since he had

song. As a natural consequence of her posiand her singular beauty-Aline Thomas replywas sometimes imperious and proud. She did not attempt to conceal her dislike for some of the forward who pressed their atill-expressed or too open a compliment. How it was I know not; perchance his loneliness of his, and to compassionate the nervous humor with which her presence showed pleasure in conversing with him. | court below.

They were young, then, very young, yet

back again, save in memory—then only to pets, for your feet would sink down into And hung them by the chimney-place, to please my pain us with sad regrets of dark hours for

curtain peep,
Their Merry Christmas wishes will wake me from must be like Aline Thomas, who, with ma'am. meek and reverent face, listened to the

How strange our childhood shadows half-maddened light. In yonder graveyard quietly sleepeth 'neath the wreath of flowers upon her white brow, tied with a broad white ribbon. How How many little stockings, that on last Christmas. Aline thanked him with her smiles! and eyes, and she sank into a half unconscious and goods; but no one could do it, for the Were fill'd by darling little ones have since been they were merry with their dance and with dream. their song, until the young 'squire came. He was a young lad, no older than Oscar Lyle, but proud and self-willed. And he had fallen. must kiss the queen forsooth! and Aline blushed, drew back, until Oscar came to the rescue. There was a quick movement of the youth's arm, and Walter Grayson With each succeeding Christmas eve come vividly fell like a log at his feet; while Aline,

But the pleasant vision passes, and one of darker and his cheek paled. Then, pushing the shade

Reveals how many changes each Christmas-eve has drawing-room. She lay half reclining yet her face wore a deeper shade of pen-A few still linger here to see this Christmas-eve pass siveness than was its wont, and she turned But many, many more to-night within the church- not to meet him when he entered the room. 'Alice!' he gasped, springing to her

years:
Perhaps this innocent will live to see, as I have his gift-Walter Grayson's.

joy, 1 feel that I can trust with God my much loved friend I have in this wide world, but you, prayer beaming from those dark eyes. Oscar. And you will be my friend, my pleading blue eyes to his. 'You will for- | ly, oh! how bitterly atoned for!'

hall. 'Aline told you?' he said inquir- that you forgive me, Oscar.' ingly; 'yet blame her not, for it is better | 'Aline, I am, as ever thy friend. thus. You are poor now, Oscar;' and a bitter smile wreathed his lips as he turned

'l am poor now, Mr. Thomas: vet vou them, and we could listen to the wind with Lyle turned away as he spoke, and when first met you at the parsonage, and I

a crime, by the laws of the country deemed unpardonable. A dispute had arisen between him and his son-in-law; Walter fell contains the library, and we-that is, Wil- on the floor a corpse. The villagers pitied lis and I-could hear it tussling with that the old man; and everything that could mad wind, like a human being struggling be done was cheerfully performed. The with some bitter foe. We had listened to services of the most renowned advocate it an hour or more in perfect silence. I had been procured; and many hoped that was reading by the firelight, and paused to on the morrow, Mr. Thomas might throw listen, when it ceased. I looked for my off the chains of the convict; yet they dared not breathe that hope, it was so They laid her gently upon the couch, and

One heart was bleeding all alone on that wild night, in the richly furnished boudoir There he goes-the spirit of the of that old house. The heavy drapery that fell over the large windows half con-As he spoke there was a bright flash of cealed the slender form; yet the face was resist the burning eloquence of the young lightning, and I stood by his side, watch- such a one as you might see in the ideal of ing the village road. It was a quick, an artist's dream. The dark, mournful they declared the prisoner at the bar not and his rider dash madly over the old trasting strangely with the ashy paleness shook the building; and then the yard in bridge, and the next moment they were of that young face, so lovely in its out- front filled with the crowd, all anxious

'Will he come?' and the lady pressed her face hard against the damp glass, until it-became clouded by her quick, fainting breath. Harnestly she listened, ecceded it.

window, and the fierce pattering of the the rest to hear that voice again.

Did you know Aline Thomas? She rain against the glass. Still, her face was He took Aline's hand as they grew up while you were away. She was beautiful, proudly beautiful, with her the pale features were lit by a wild, intense the pale features were lit by a wild, intense aged rector. excitement. Yet, she could see nothing

-nothing, only that gaunt old sentinel by the window, its huge form blackened by approaching night, and the long, brick the carriage drove off, and she could no went down again to his brothers. wing looking dark and shadowy in the longer see him from the window, she sank shadowy became the objects to her view, that young heart had gone forever. dream of her when he dreamed of angels and the rain beat more faintly against the

window-pane. She drew back with a cold shudder, and allowed the rich drapery to fall back to its that last sentence, and I saw a shade of place, while she sunk deeper and deeper suppressed grief pass, like a cloud in a amid the rich pile of cushions; and a sweeps over the hills he hastens to the they lay down beside the brook to have a swift wind, across his face. I knew that smile—it was a bright smile—flitted over grave of Aline, and clasping the cold mar-drink. that pale face. She was in dream land. Oscar Lyle again stood by her side, lean- the long night. It is there that his mad this water comes from? ing against the chancel rails in the old vil- fancy has taken him to-night. lage church, listening to the voice of the latter years-I turned my face, and left good rector; again she wandered through buried it out of his sight. He heard the the pale moonlight, with the church-spire to see what the weather is going to be for face, like a ray of sunlight over a summer

'Oscar, do you doubt me?' taste; perchance from the natural kind- a dark shadow, as it now and then swept ness of her heart, that led her to see the past the window. It was the old tree. The rain still beat fiercely against the win-

to a marble-topped table. A small lamp You might see them any summer eve- of frosted silver was burning upon it; and had three sons-Peter, Paul, and John. ouching, and teeming with mother-love, came to ning, sitting side by side in the red twi- near it stood a tiny bell of silver. She John was Boots, of course he was the light, talking as familiarly as brother and grasped it with an impatient motion, rung youngest. I can't say the man had anysister of the future, and of the past as it sharply, and then sunk back upon the hours away,
ny household all are sleeping, dreaming of well. And then there was Aline's father, couch, the shadows deepening upon her hadn't one penny to run against another; And my household all are sleeping, dreaming of Christmas day.

My countless varying duties are finish'd one by one, Still, there's always something left—my work is an evening for pleasant converse.

Those

Vet you could not hear the fall of looked for but starving to death. a strong, fine looking man, and good old pale face. The clear, silvery chimes and so he told his sons that they must go out hearts; yet, alas! the past never comes footsteps, so heavy were those rich car-

> them as if in a bed of clover. 'John, has he come?' and she beut Sitting there, in the old village church, eagerly forward, one white hand clutching big that it took away all the light from the 'He waits below in the vestibule,

'And is it he?' and her form trembled

'It is the barrister, ma'am.' 'You are sure, it is he, John?'

'I am, ma'am. 'Ah, how kind-and in such a storm.'

started from the apathy into which she 'I told him nothing.'

'It is well, then ; the hour ?' 'It is past midnight."

'So late! and I have been musing here so long, and of him.' She checked herto view:
I see again my childhood's home, and every loved weeping and trembling, tore the wreath self, a deep blue suffusing her cheek. from her forehead, and would sing no more 'You may show him in, John,' and she sank back upon her couch, the white dra-

A shadow fell over the carpet, and the noble form of the advocate stole into the room. He rested one arm upon the marble mantel, and stood gazing upon the beautiful being before him, a bitter smile resting upon his fine features. 'Aline!' broke in a soft whisper from his lips. 'Oscar!'

She sprang forward, murmuring that dear name, and would have thrown herself into his arms, but he waved her back with She glanced up—he knew all then; the a proud gesture, and stood silent, with Where will his tiny footsteps wander in future stained border of her head-dress—it was that haughty smile still resting upon his Jack went off from their home. pale features. She had sunk back upon 'It were no fault of mine, Oscar, if I the couch, trembling like a wounded dove, came to the fire-wood, and up along one done,

'It were no fault of mine, Oscar, if i the couldn't turn from thee,' she said. 'He is my or like a bright flower, blighted by the by one;
But, whether a life of sorrow, or whether a life of tather, and it is his wish; he is all the cold winter wind—an earnest, pleading

Oscar! Oscar! spare me! I am wretchbrother in this dark hour. You will for- ed! I am punished! Spare me! spare me give me Oscar?' And she laid her hand I repent! He is dead-he for whom I left upon his arm, and raised those large, you. Oh! it was a solitary fault! Bitter-

'Oh, save me! same me! she cried, 'May God forgive thee, Aline-I never interrupting him, and stretching out her for Heaven.

That He would guide our footsteps, and fill us with the would guide our footsteps, and fill us with the can. He turned away, and Aline Thomas arms in supplication. Let me know that That we may sing together a Christmas hymn above was alone. The rector met him in the you are my friend in this dark hour, and

'And will you save him-my father "If God's will remits."

'May heaven bless you.' 'Aline,'-and the same cold smile shall feel proud to call me friend.' Oscar | wreathed his lips-'I was young when I loved form had been buried in a lone spot my heart was crushed; yet in that dark a fir. in his heart. Aline Thomas was now to hour, I found a friend-my mother; and on her I lavished all my young affections. When poor, she shared my poverty, and It was a wild night, just such a night as cheered me on to brighter days. I became wealthy, and she smiled upon my home,

sharing my wealth.' 'Yet, Oscar, forgive me! only say that

vou forgive me.' 'You are forgiven, Aline! and you may forget the blighting of one young heart. Has he gone?' and Aline pressed her him. hands wildly upon her forehead. 'I have seen him-yet oh! what a meeting!' and

she sank upon the floor.

There was a wild cry, no louder than the notes of a bird, yet so full of agony. watched by her side that night, for she was ill, very ill—yet it was heart sickness. The trial was over; and Mr. Thomas was acquitted. The jurors,

stern men though they were, could not eyes beamed with a tender softness, con- guilty. Then rose a cheer, so loud that it and eager to estch a view of the young

barrister. He soon appeared, with a fine-looking woman leaning upon his arm, followed by the old man and Aline. He greeted them yet there was no answer-no sound save kindly, pausing now and then to grasp the rustling of the old trees against the the proffered hand of one more eager than

He took Aline's hand as they reached

They never met again, Oscar Lyle be-

lies in the village church-yard. The old man lives alone in the vener they came to a brook. They were thirsty, ble in his arms, watches there all through

He watches by the grave of Aline!

him to the communion of that sweet the old wood, visited Fairy Knoll, and dream. He remembered the story he was their old haunts again, and wove those this almanac, Mrs. Partington believes in brook comes from, indeed! Have you never wild forest flowers into bright wreaths, no other. She has it by her bedside, and heard how water rises from a spring in the sitting there on the old stone bench, in looks at it every morning before she rises earth? wind no longer; he heard only that low in the distance. She dreamed, and the the day. If it fails in telling correctly, this brook comes from, said Jack. voice, now musical with laughter, now with smile of trusting faith stole over that pale she never suspects the almanac to be wrong -the elements must be. The last eclipse, cloud. She thought he was doubting her depicted in the book, she looked at through him. Nothing could stop him. On he went tion—for she was the rector's daughter— constancy, and she lisped a wild, fervent smoked glass for a month before it hap. So as he went up and up, the brook got pened, and hoped it wouldn't be postponed smaller, and smaller, and at last, a little on account of weather. It was a wicked way farther on, what do you think he saw? Again she was clasped to that manly trick which Ike once played upon the old why a great walnut, and out of that the breast, and a wild cry of joy warbled up lady by putting last year's almanac in water trickled. tentions upon her, or her displeasure at an from her throat; and then she started place of the current one. Everything 'Good day!' said Jack again. So you The bright dream had passed. She started went wrong. The eclipses and thunder lie here, and trickle down all alone? from the couch, and gazed out into the about this time, didn't come off as notified. 'Yes I do,' said the walnut; and here silent admiration was better suited to her night; yet, she could discern nothing, only It rained and hailed when fair weather was have I trickled and run this many a long predicted, and bright sunshine when she day, waiting for you.' put her tubs out in anticipation of a shower. She didn't discover the trick till December, took up a lump of moss, and plugged up dow-panes, and she could hear a faint, when she severely talked to the boy about the hole that the water might not run out.

The rain still peat heroely against one faint, when she severely talked to the boy about the hole that the water might not run out.

Then he put the walnut into his wallet inspired him; for these or other reasons mournful, dismal sound, like the rattling she soon distinguished Oscar Lyle, and of hail—it was the rain dripping in the his taking such liberties with the weather; but was rejoiced to find the almanac right. 'Well now,' said Peter and Paul, 'have

She sprang from the window and turned BOOTS AND HIS BROTHER.

Once on a time there was a man who thing more than the three sons, for he

Now, a bit of the man's cottage was the King's palace, and you must know, just against the King's window's a great oak King's palace. The King had said he would give many dollars to the man who enough for that, for as soon as ever one; with excitement, while her heart beat chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew wildly, and her dark eyes shone with a in it stead. A well, too, the King had dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all the neighbors had wells, but he hadn' any, and that he thought a shame. So the King said he would give any one A moisture gathered in those large, dark | hold water for the year round, both money King's palace lay high, high upon a hill, Did you tell him, John?' and she and they hadn't dug but a few inches before they came upon a living rock.

But as the King had set his heart on having these things done, he had given it out far and wide, in all the churches of the kingdom, that he who would fell the oak in the King's court-yard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the Princess and half the kingdom. Well, you may easily know there was many a man who came to try his luck; but for all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving, it was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock didn't get softer either. So one day those three brothers thought they'd set off and try too, and their father hadn't a word against it; for even if they didn't get the Princess and half the kingdom, it might happen they might get a place somewhere with a good master; and that was all he wanted. So when the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said 'yes' at once. So Peter, Paul and

Well! they hadn't gone far before thay side of it rose a steep hill-side, as they went, they heard something hewing and hacking away upon the hill among the

'I wonder now what it is hewing away up yonder ?' said Jack.

'You're always so elever with your wonderings,' said Peter and Paul both at once. 'What wonder is it pray, that a woodcutter should stand and hack up on a hill-'Still, I'd like to see what it is, after

all, 'said Jack; and up he went. 'Oh, if you're such a child, 'twill of good to take a lesson,' bawled out brothers after him.

But Jack didn't care for what they said; he climbed up the steep hill-side towards whence the noise came, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? why an axe that stood there hacking and hewing all of itself, at the trunk of

'Good day!' said Jack. 'So you stand here all alone and hew, do you? 'Yes, here I've stood and hewed and hacked a long time, waiting for you,' replied the axe.

'Well, here I am at last,' said Jack as he took the axe, pulled it off its shaft, and stuffed both head and shaft into his wallet. So when he got down again to his brothers, they began to jeer and laugh at

' And now, what funny thing was it you saw on the hill-side?' they said. 'Oh, it was only an axe we heard,' said brother Jack.

So when they had gone a bit further they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shoveling.

'I wonder now,' said Jack, 'what it is digging and shoveling up yonder there at the top of the rock,' 'Ah, you'r always so clever with your

wonderings,' said Peter and Paul again, as if you'd never heard a woodpecker pecking at a hollow tree.' 'Well, well, said Jack, 'it would be

fun just to see what it really is.' And so off he set to climb the rock, while the others laughed and made fun cf him. But he didn't care for that; up he climbed, and when he got near the top what do you think he saw! Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving. 'Good day!' said Jack. 'So you stand here alone and dig and delve?'

'Yes, that's what I do,' said the spade, the carriage, and assisted her in-then the | and that's what I've done this many a long day, waiting for you.'

with a wild intensity upon his; and when handle and put it into his wallet, and then ' Well, what was it, so rare and strange,

deepening gloom. Fainter and more down among the cushions—the light of said Peter and Paul, 'that you saw there chapter. at the rock?' 'Oh, said Jack, 'nothing more than came a renowned barrister; but Aline spade; that was what we heard.'

So they went on again a good bit, till able mansion, and whenever a storm all three after their long walk, and so 'I wonder now,' said Jack, 'where all

'I wonder if you're right in your head, said Peter and Paul, in one breath. 'If you're not mad already, you'll go mad very 'Yes! but still I've a fancy to see where

So up alongside the brook he went in spite of all that his brothers bawled after

'Well, here I am,' said Jack, as he

you found out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been! 'Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of, said Jack, and so the others are now fully prepared to supply their cust laughed and made game of him again, but public with all kinds of SEASONABLE GOODS, Jack didn't mind that a bit.

'After all, I had the fun of seeing it,' said he.

So when they had gone a bit farther they came to the King's palace; but as every one in the Kingdom had heard how they might win the Princess and half the realm, if they could fell the big oak and dig the King's well, so many had come to had sprung up, which was so stout and try their luck at the oak that was now twice as large and stout as it had been at first, for two chips grew for every one they hewed out with their axes, as I dare say could fell the oak, but no one was man you all bear in mind. So the King had now laid it down as a punishment, that if any one tried and couldn't fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and both his ears were to be clipped off. But both his ears were to be clipped off. But John Parkira, the two brothers didn't allow themselves 718 ABOH STREET to be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak, and Peter, as he who could dig such a well for him as would was the eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as it did with every one else who had hewn at the oak-for every chip he cut two grew in its place .--So the King's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him on the island. Now Paul, he was to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow, and so the King's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island; and his ears they clipped closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.

> So now Jack was to try. 'If you will look like a marked sheep, we're quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you'll save yourself some bother, said the King, for he was angry with him for his brothers' sake. 'Well, I'd like just to try first,' said Jack, and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his

> wallet and fitted it to his haft. 'Hew away!' said he to his axe, and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so that it wasn't long before down came

> When that was done, Jack pulled out his spade; so the spade began to dig and delve till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well soon dug out, you may think.

> And when he got it as big and deep as he choose, Jack took out his walnut and laid it in the corner of the well, and pulled

the plug of moss out. Trickle and run,' said Jack; and so the

time the well was brimfull. Then he had felled the oak which had shaded the King's palace and dug a well in the palace yard, and so he got the Princess and half the kingdom, as the King had said; but it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears.

have 'got hold of an original allectude that never was printed before. A student in one of our State colleges was charged by the Faculty with having had a barrel of the Faculty with having had a barrel of cures Cuts and Woulds immediately and leaves no scar. ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to the rules and usage. He received a summons to appear before the

President, who said: 'Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room.'

oarrel of ale in your room.'

Yes, sir.'
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Solvent Proprietors, Norwich, Ct. vised me to try a little ale each day as a THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES tonic, and not wishing to stop at various places where this beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my

'Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from it?'
'Ah, yes sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks ago, I could

scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease.' We believe the witty student was discharged without reprimand. At least he

ought to have been. SLIGHTLY METAPHYSICAL .- 'A frog,' says Professor Bump, is an amphibious animal what lickers on cold water, and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does himself. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a mill pond. He is a warmint

what ain't so bad when boiled on a gridiron. A school for poor children having read The large, mournful eyes were fixed it took the spade and knocked it off the lambde and put it into his wallet and the beautiful to be wellet and the lambde and put it into his wallet and the lambde and t examined by the benevolent patroness, Lady \_\_\_\_, as to their recollections of the 'What, in particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children? said the lady. 'Aiting camels, my lady,' was the

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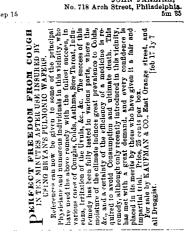
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Dr. Whitfield—Sir: This is to certify that I have been still intended with the Rheumatism for many years, and have tried many things said to be cures without any relief. I am employed drying sand for the P. R. R. and having to be in the damp and steam nearly all the time, I was afraid that I never would get well again. One of my arms have been so bed that I was afraid I would lose the use of it altogother; it was one was now a painful that I had to find you other hand whenever I wished to change its pointom. The other day, has so much relieved me that I can now raise my arm without difficulty and it is getting as strong as ever.

From the wonderful improvement it has made in my health, I can recommend Mishler's Herb Bitters with the greatest confidence to all those afflicted with the Rheumatism for many years, and have tried many things said to be cures without any relief. I am employed drying sand for the P. R. R. and having to be in the damp and steam nearly all the time, I was afraid that I never would get well again. One of my arms afraid that I never would get well again. One of my and have tried many things said to be cures without any relief. I am employed drying said to be cures without any relief. I am employed drying said to be cures without any relief. I am employed drying said to be cures without any relief. I am employed dry

MANEEM, Nov. 5th, 1863. MANHIM, Nov. 5th, 1863.

B. Mishler—Dear Sir: I have been selling your Bitters for a long time, and have used it myself for Neuralgia, which has entirely cured me, and my customers use it and think it to be the best Bitters they have ever heard of. Indeed it has given entire satisfaction in every particular. I intend to keep a full supply on hand all the time at my hotel, "Washington House," Manheim. A. H. BEIST. SHEAFFER'S CHEAP BOOK STORE
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An Independent Democratic Daily, Saml-Weekly and Weekly Newspaper.

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The World, to which the New York Weekly Argus has been united has to-day five times the aggregate chemistion of any Democratic or conservative newspaper. It addresses weekly more than 100,000 subscribers and coastant purchasors, and ranches at least RALF A RELEGY readers. With the steady increase in circulation which it now enjoys, these numbers will be doubled by the 187 of January, 1864. Nothing less than this should saify those who believe that the only hope of restoring the Union and the authority of the Constitution over a new distracted and divided country, lies in wresting power from the hands of those whose finaticism has helped to proveks, invite, and prolong the war; and that to accomplish this end, no means is so effective as the diffusion, through able and enterprising newspapers, of sound political knowledge among the working men, the thinking men, and the voting men of the North.

Enterprise, industry and money will be liberally expended to make Tax World THE BEST NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA. Its news from very part of the world will be early and authentic. Wherever the telegraph axtends, or railroads run, or steamboats ply, it will gather the latest intelligence. It has a large staff of accomplished correspondents with at the foderal armize, who will telegraph and write to us the latest news from the various seats of war. It has correspondents and respondent swith states and seaters and mechanics of the Corops, of the Cattle, Produce, and Money markets, comprehensive and accurate. Realising that the bone and sinew of the country are to be found upon its farms and information and news concerning Agriculture and manufactures, and will endeavor to make its issues peculiary valuable to the Parmers and Mechanics of the country.

The war in which the nation is engaged against armed and creak. Many of those who, within the limits of the Constitution loving men, of whetever former name and Constitution loving men,

whether armed in rebellion at the South or insidiously planting the seeds of disunion and essential disloyalty at the North.

It will oppose every violation of THE CONSTITUTION.

which is the only hope and bond of Union, and our only authority for exhorting or compelling the allegiance of the South.

It will oppose every infraction of THE LAWS,

in high places or in low, by reckless and misguided parti-sans, or by the administration which has been their example.
It will fearlessly exercise the Freedom of the Press; it will constantly uphold and defend Freedom of Speech, twill fearlessly exercise the Freedom of the Press; it will constantly uphold and defend Freedom of Speech, and Freedom of the Ballot.

To the lawless acts of the Administration, its arbitrary and unjust arrestrand expatriations, its denial of the right to the writ of habcas corpus, its illegal proclamations, its brogation of State and federal laws, its despotes accumulations of ungranted power, and its subversions of the safe-gnards of civil. AND PRESONAL INDERT, it will constantly oppose the letter and spirit of our supreme law and the advocacy of sound doctrine, until American freemen shall be roused to the recovery of their rights, their liberties, their laws, and their limited and well-balanced government, by the resistless decision of the ballot.

Profoundly-impressed with the desire to contribute all that it may to the great work of this generation—namely, to restore our national unity, and to place the United States sgain foremost among the nations of the carth, and first in the peace, prosperity and happiness of its people—The World seeks from those who desire such things their sympathy and support, and, above all, the favor of Him who contractors are constructives.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LITERATURE AND PASHION. The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of heir friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be THE LADY'S FRIEND, and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fablicus. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnots, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and the miners interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literature.

ETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the ry Department, of the following UNRIVALLED CORPS OF WRITERS: Mrs. M. F. Tucker, Mrs. M. F. Tucker, Yanny M. Raymond Frac's H. Sheffield, Mrs. L. D. Shears, Caroline A. Bell, Annie F. Kent, Sophia May, Harris Bryne, Mrs. Z. B. Spencer, Mattie Dyer Britts, Annie Russell, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Sara J. Rumsey, Clara Doty, Harr't W. Stillman, Minnie Msy, Arthur Hampton, T. J. Chambers, Barbara Brande, and other tale Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "Kast Lynne," &c. Agune, &c.
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