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Original Poetry.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness, thou mistimed theme,
Of ignorance and love alike the dream;
How plain thy law, and quaint thy dress,
How few enjoy thy loveliness?
Love is happiness in all its range,
Happiness is not, where love is strange.
I am happy to love my race,
Happy to love my God and grace,
Happy to love the beautiful,
Happy to love the dutiful,
Happy, if in love, Truth maintain,
Happy, if in love, Right sustain,
Happy, if in love, kindness bring,
Happy, if in love, times the string:
And so from love I go astray,
From happiness I take my way.
An always happy in my love,
The more I love, the happier I prove,
In this one rule I keep in view,
Only to love the Right and True.

E. G. Highland, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

THE FRONTIER WEDDING.

One day in early winter my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as we should be expected to remain all night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expectant bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door, waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! Marm! here's the elder and his woman! They're nothing but folks! She's got a man's hat on, and a turkey wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's—crooked as a cow-horn squash."

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain! "Sal, you're a bride," said Mr. Morrison from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot! Sal, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that cow-dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of that cheer for the minister's wife and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mr. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward, wiping his face on her apron. "How do you do, elder? How dy'do you do marm? Must excuse my head—hain't had chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it? Shoo there! Bill drive that turkey out of the bread-trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Laws, if she ain't actually a shivering!" cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some more wood. Here marm, take this hot cow-dodger under yer lap—it's as good as a soap-stone."

A fearful squall announced the execution of the rooster and shortly afterwards he was bouncing about in a four quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal, returned to her churn; but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the contents, and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill, cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take care—don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty. Dick, do keep your feet out of the buttermilk; it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered."

Drive that hen out; quick; she's picked up a pound already! There, Sal, do try and churn a little more keeferl. If you are a gwine to be spliced to-morrow, you heedin't run crazy about it!"

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bride elect, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over eating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the events of the morning, I signified my desire to retire.

APRIL.

I hear through all the solemn pines
The South wind's pleasant flow,
And see the clouds, like happy things,
O'er fields of azure go.
While all the sorrow from the earth
Seems melting with the snow.

The robin and the bluebird sing
O'er meadow brown and bare;
They cannot know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there:
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.

And see will sing, though all our days
Seem dark with pain and loss
We know that sorrow's furnace heat
Consumes alone our cross;
We know that our dear Father's love
Gives both our crown and cross.

Oh, while beneath the snow-drift buds
The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-tossed bough the bird
Still builds his happy nest,
Praise God for all the good we know,
And trust him for the rest!

AN INTERVIEW WITH SURRATT.

The interest attaching to the prisoner, John H. Surratt, now in confinement in the Washington jail, charged with complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, induced your correspondent to seek and obtain an interview and conversation with him.

Contrary to the current reports of the close confinement and careful observation in which the important prisoner is held, I found him occupying temporarily the watchman's lodge in the jail yard. The yard in which this rather luscious prisoner is situated is enclosed by a brick wall eighteen or twenty feet in height, having two gateways leading into other yards, surrounded by walls about ten or twelve feet high. I did not examine these gateways to see if they could be easily opened; but they appeared to be fastened simply by a bar on the inside. If this was their only fastening, and they could be opened as easily as appearances indicated, the security for prisoners was not very great, as the outer yards were filled with rubbish that could quickly aid one desirous of scaling the walls.

The prisoner sat in a chair by an open window, reading a small volume, the character of which I did not inquire. On my entrance he rose, and advancing toward me with a friendly smile, he extended his hand, acknowledged an introduction with a very friendly smile, and a courteous shake of the hand. Not expecting to meet so notorious a character in such a place, I was somewhat taken by surprise when the name was pronounced, and, after shaking hands, ventured to inquire once again the name. "Surratt," replied my new acquaintance, with a smile. "I think I have heard of you before," I remarked; to which he quietly responded, "Very likely."

In stature I should judge him to be five feet six or seven inches high, rather slender in form—almost delicate, perhaps—and apparently twenty-eight years old. His hair is a very light auburn, nicely cut and trimmed, parted behind and combed forward. He wears a moustache and goatee rather more positive in their adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, Sallie might have gone to the dickens.

"Alas, it might have been!"

HARD TIMES.—The cry of "hard times" is heard on all sides. Every newspaper contains it—every business man echoes it. It is the universal complaint all over the country. We fear that before the year of 1867 is past we will see "hard times" in all the poverty and wretchedness which lack of employment, stagnation of business and general prostration of industry, cause.

My conversation with this man was not so full and free as could have wished. He evidently was in no mood to talk on the topics that were most prominent in my own mind, and the witness to the interview precluded me from making any efforts to get his confidence. After a few commonplace remarks, I ventured to ask him a leading question in regard to his escape to and concealment in Canada.

Putting on one of his most offensive smiles, he replied, "I have nothing to say about that. His manner of reply, more than his words, conveyed my mind that he considered the passengers that would tend to make him famous hereafter—a mystery for the world on and with which to associate his name. "But," he added, "there was no secrecy about my leaving Canada. I went on board a steamer at mid-day, wholly without disguise, and with hundreds of people on and about the wharf. The steamer had fully two hundred passengers, with whom I associated freely during the voyage. Nobody recognized me, though there were those among the passengers that I recognized." He would not say what steamer this was, nor from what port it sailed, more than that it was one of a regular line leaving a large city.

He spoke of meeting St. Marie in France. He claims that he recognized St. Marie first and that they travelled to Italy together. He manifests no vindictiveness toward this witness for having discovered him to the authorities, but considers him a "treacherous" fellow, and thinks he was mistaken in his character. Surratt says that he had information of St. Marie's "treachery" before it was fully accomplished, and was kept advised from time to time of the steps taken to secure his arrest. Had the actual arrest been delayed one day longer, as Surratt had reason to expect it would be, he would have been beyond the reach of his pursuers, his arrangements for desertion and flight

THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY—NINETY-TWO TONS OF COIN IN SAFE.

The vaults of the United States Sub-Treasury are said to exceed in size those of the Bank of England. The strong and burglar-proof manner in which they are constructed excites the admiration of all beholders. There are two of these immense vaults, one at each corner of the Pine street end of the rotunda. The rooms are perhaps twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide, and ten or twelve feet high. They contain no windows; there is but one door opening into each, and gas-lights are kept burning inside.

The internal appearance of these vaults has a striking resemblance to a fashionable tomb in Greenwood Cemetery, rows of cases being arranged around the sides of the room, each about two feet square, with iron doors attached. There is one door for each case, and when the apartment has been filled with bags of gold or bundles of greenbacks, the doors are closed. Each case will hold a million of dollars, put up in bags of five thousand dollars each. In a case is thus filled, the door is closed, and a seal is affixed in the presence of the Naval Officer and the Surveyor of the Port. It takes one hundred bags to hold half a million of dollars. In the first vault entered there were seventy-two compartments arranged round the room, which formed a tier somewhat higher than a man's head.

Running over the top of these was a balcony with an iron railing in front; there was piled up in this balcony, in one heap, six millions of dollars, in five and ten dollar bills; one-half million of dollars in internal revenue stamps, fifty thousand dollars in fractional currency, put up in large paper boxes, and five and one-half millions in United States bonds.

The floor of the vault rests on thirty feet of solid masonry, from the ground up. On the top of this granite are two feet of wrought iron, and between the iron plates a space filled up with bullets. If a rogue should succeed in boring through the granite and iron, the moment his drill touched a bullet that would commence to revolve, and by the time he had penetrated it another ball would drop in its place; in this way he would soon find that he had an endless job before him and the attempt to get into the vault would have to be abandoned.

The sides and top of the room are composed of eight feet of granite and two of iron arranged in the same manner as for the floor. This safe, as it is called, was invented by Mr. Isaiah Rogers. Mr. Rogers once remarked that if the people at the Treasury building should happen to get locked out of the safe it would take him a month to break into it. A night watch is kept to look after these strong boxes, but they are considered perfectly safe without a watch.

After the doors to be opened, one after the other, before we can enter the safe. Each one of these doors weighs two tons and contains locks of different patterns. A lever is so arranged that after the doors are closed four large iron bolts are thrown across the doorway, resting in sockets which have been made in a pillar of wrought iron. If a thief should succeed in cutting the hinges of one of these doors, usually considered to be the most vulnerable point, the door would not drop down from its place, and nothing would be gained.

Like the deacon's celebrated one-horse shay, these doors are made as strong in one point as in another, and the hinges show no signs of weakness. It will take a fearful earthquake to shake them down.

No good idea can be given to the reader of their operation, but a few general remarks may be of interest. The first door has one of Dobb's Eureka locks; there is a key hole for this, and the outside combination which is divided into the letters of the alphabet, the nine units, and fractions of figures. The combinations which may be made by this arrangement are endless, and no one can open the lock, shoving back the bolts, unless he knows the words, figures and fractions which have been used in locking the door.

Even if a person was so fortunate as to get from Mr. Birdsall the combination, he must have the key to the lock to manipulate it correctly. The second door contains an Islam lock, which is altogether different from Dobb's lock. The third door has L. Gale's Monitor lock, and the fourth door contains Gale's double Treasury locks. From one of these doors, after it has been fastened, a portion of the lock is taken off, and put under lock and key in some secret place. Without this it would be useless to attempt to get into the safe.

The second vault is much larger than the first one described, but just as difficult to get into. There are one hundred and twenty cases in this room where gold can be put and sealed up. At the time we looked into the vault there were ninety tons, or forty-five millions of dollars in gold stored in the room, and twenty millions in paper. The greenbacks, as they are paid into the Treasury, are put up in packages of one thousand bills each, all of the same denomination. A package of one dollar bills contains one thousand dollars; of five dollar bills, five thousand dollars; of five hundred dollar bills, five hundred thousand dollars.

In one small box we were shown six small packages, each of which contained one million of dollars. Money is handled in the Treasury building in a wholesale manner, packing trunks standing about full of it, large wheelbarrows on wheels being used to carry it in, &c. The sight of it becomes so common that

MAN'S VANITY.

Women, when their sex is accused of vanity, will acknowledge "the soft impeachment." But men will roundly deny it. This does not, however, diminish in women the conviction that the vanity exists, notwithstanding all disclaimers. Take the vanity of dress. That women should be careful to dress as well as others, is often given as an instance of their vanity. Are there not many to whom the length of their hair, the color, the placing of the buttons, the set of a shirt front, the width and shape of a collar, the fashion of a necktie, are objects of unceasing anxiety. The time which women spend in arraying themselves has often been made matter of reproach.

But it is with our knowledge that men will spend more than an hour in dressing for a dinner. If a woman spend much time in getting up, we have at least a touch of art as the result of the pains taking; but a man with a coat, vest, and trousers, is distinguishable from all the others of the sex at any social gathering.

Closely connected with the vanity of personal appearance. No women consult their glass with more anxiety than many men. Wrinkles and gray hairs are greivous to them; and the restorative arts of the beautifiers are not devoted exclusively to the service of the fair sex. Do not men grieve when they begin to lose their good figure? Do they not subject themselves to tortures in the matter of boots? Are all those beards and moustaches cultivated and kept in order without thought; and is there no exultation when these appendages are abundant and of the desired color and texture? What pains must be taken that the line which divides men's "back hair" may be straight! Double glasses and pairs of brushes, contortions of body and much agony of mind, must be brought into requisition before the desired effect is accomplished.

The vanity of opinion is the vanity of influence over the other sex. As "birds of the creation," they feel they ought to have influence; and we never met a man, however mean and insignificant, who was not firmly impressed with the notion that, if he so willed it, all the women of his acquaintance would be "at his feet." There is also the vanity of opinion—perhaps we ought to say of the infidelity of opinion. Occasionally women dogmatize; but they are in most cases ready to admit that there are subjects about which they do not know everything.

But when men utter an opinion they seem to consider it final, and that any one who disagrees with them is either a knave or a fool. They may not say so, but it is evident they think it.

A CELEBRATED French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband and in order to point her out, I will ring my knavery at her head." He lifted his book and every female head instantly ducked.

In a nobleman's park, about ten miles from Hyde Park Corner, in England, the following notice is stuck up: "Ten shillings reward. Any person found trespassing on these lands, or damaging these fences, on conviction will receive the above reward."

CHINESE JUGGLERS.—Ibn B. tuta, an Arabian traveler, who spent the thirty years between 1825 and 1855 in wanderings in the East, relates that one night he fell in with a Chinese juggler. He says:

"He took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long things were passed, and laying hold of one of these slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. There now remained only a little of the end of a string in the juggler's hand, and he desired one of the boys with, assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the string and we lost sight of him also. The juggler then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the string and disappeared also. By and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, and last of all the head. Then he came down himself, and all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all blood; but presently he took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us. All this," adds the veracious traveler, "astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind."

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—In order that our readers may be prepared for the dog days of 1867, we publish the following cure for hydrophobia. Cut it out and put in your receipt book for future reference:

"Take the root of elecampene one ounce and a-half, cut fine, then boil it into one pint of new milk down to a half pint; take this three mornings, fasting, and eat no food until four o'clock in the afternoon. It should be taken every other morning; the last two doses must weigh two ounces each. This remedy will have the desired effect if taken at any time within twenty-four hours after the accident."

YANKEE COWBOY.—One evening, as I was sitting by Hatty, and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I: "Hatty, if a fellow was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she: "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she: "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me, but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I: "Suppose it was me?" And then you ought to see her pout her lips, and sez she: "I don't take no supposes!" Well, now you see there was nothing for me to do but touch the trigger and let the gun go off.—So bang it went. Sez I: "Lor, Hatty, it's me, Won't you say yes?" and then there was a lullaballoo in my head, I don't know 'zactly what took place, but I thought I heard a "Yes" whispering somewhere out of the skirmage.

BILL SIMPSON'S LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

Many years ago the Legislature of Tennessee passed an act to organize the county of McNairy. At that time the county embraced in the limits of Snake, was occupied by a sturdy set of backwoodsmen, totally unacquainted with courts, jails, etc. The country assembled at the appointed site for the purpose of cutting logs, making boards, etc. The only theme of daily conversation, when the men were assembled, was the court. None of them had seen a court in session, as yet developed. Each one would give what his idea of a court was.

None, however, were entirely satisfied until Bill Simpson was called on to give his ideas. He said he knew all about a court—that he had a lawsuit in North Carolina. One of his neighbors' hogs kept coming when he fed his hogs until it got fat. One morning he got so all-fired mad that he shot the hog. He thought it would not do to throw it away, so he cleaned and salted it. Shortly after, his neighbor and a man came to his house, he examined the smoke-house, and took him to town and put him in a little office. About three months after that, this man came and took him to a large room. A large man sat upon a high bench—a man was sitting at a desk—about a dozen fine dressed men set in a place around. The man put me in a pen just behind them.

He then called in twelve men; they took seats in a box in front of the fine dressed men. The man that was writing gave the twelve men a book and said something about Bill Simpson and the State. Then one of the fine men read something about Bill Simpson and the hog, and he and another of the fine dressed men had the biggest quarrel you ever heard. I thought they would fight every minute, but they didn't. It was Bill Simpson and the hog, and the hog and Bill Simpson, and sometimes Mr. Simpson, but devilish seldom. After they had quit quarrelling, the big man talked a while to the twelve men, and they went out and staid a short time and came back and said something to the man at the desk. The man on the bench said something to the man that put me in the office, and he took me out and tied me to a persimmon tree and commenced fighting me with a cowhide, and it made me so all-fired mad that I shook all the persimmons off the tree.

A YEAR'S WORK OF DRAM SELLING.—Carefully compiled statistics show that sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

One hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

Twenty thousand children are yearly sent to the poor house for the same reason.

Three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

Four hundred suicides follow these fearful catalogues of miseries.

Two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to private and public charity.

Two hundred million dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost from the same cause.

EASILY SATISFIED.—We think the following article reflects the feelings of ladies of a certain age in almost every city, town or village:

A young woman had been converted at the camp meeting. The good minister told her that she had faith; the Lord would give her whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words, she one evening retired to a grove, and fervently prayed the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees near by, and being disturbed, gave out a "who—oo—oo." She was overjoyed, and with the greatest thankfulness of spirit, answered back, "Anybody, Lord, so it's a man!"

CONSOLATION FOR THE POOR.—Lord Byron said "The mechanics and workmen who can maintain their families are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of higher life." Another author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, and bringing them home his wages at night."

ADVERTISING.—A farmer near Montreal says no one need tell him that advertising won't cause a big rush; for he advertised ten bushels of grapes for sale, and the next morning there was not one left—the boys stole them all.

"JOHN," said a careful father, "don't give Cousin William's horses to my oats—you know they have legs." "Yes, sir," said John, moving toward the barn. "A-h-h-h," said the father, "give them to my horse, you know they have legs."

"SEVENTY-EIGHT," New York Herald office, advertises for a tall clerk who is handsome and a rapid penman; salary \$250. Address in own handwriting. This gentleman evidently believes that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

A SICK man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself of considerable—to a medical friend, who at each new item of disorder exclaimed, "Charming! Delightful! Try go on!" and when he had finished, the doctor said with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct!"

A FIRE-EATING Irishman challenged a barrister, who greeted him by an acceptance. "The barrister being very laze, requested he might have a prop. "Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone." With pleasure, replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next." This joke settled the quarrel.

DEATH comes to a good man to relieve him; it comes to a bad one to relieve society.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Seven percent will do.

The most common things are the most useful; which shows both the wisdom and the greatness of the Great Father of the family of the world.

JONES called on the man who restores old paintings, and requested him to try to restore one stolen from his residence a year ago.

THOMAS J. INGHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAPORE, Sullivan County, Pa.

GEORGE D. MONTAGNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE in Union Block, formerly occupied by JACOB CARLSON.

W. T. DAVIES, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa., Office with Wm. W. Egger, Esq., Particular attention paid to Orphans' Court business and settlement of decedent's estates.

MERCUR & MORROW, Attorneys at Law, Towanda, Penna., The undersigned having associated themselves together in the practice of Law, offer their professional services to the public.

PATRICK & PECK, Attorneys at Law, Office in Union Block, Towanda, Pa., formerly occupied by Hon. Wm. Ellwood in Patrick's block, Athens, Pa. They may be consulted at either place.

H. B. MCKEAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., Particular attention paid to business in the Orphan's Court. July 29, 1866.

HENRY PEET, Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa., Jan 27, 1867.

W. H. CARNOGHAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Union Block, Towanda, Pa., attention given to collecting claims against the Government for Bounty, Back Pay and Pensions. Office with E. B. Bickel, Esq., No. 12, 1866.

DR. H. WESTON, DENTIST, Office in Patton's Block, over Gonner's Drug and Chemical Store. Jan 26, 1867.

EDWARD OVERTON JR., Attorney at Law, Towanda, Pa., Office in Monroes Block, over Frost's Store, July 13, 1865.

JOHN N. CALIFF, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Towanda, Pa., Also Government Agent for the collection of Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty.

DR. STILES, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, would announce to the people of Bradford County, Pa., that he has permanently located at the place formerly occupied by Dr. G. W. Stone, for the practice of his profession. Particular attention given to the treatment of women and children, also to the practice of operative and minor surgery. Oct. 2, 1866.

DR. PRATT has removed to State street, (first above B. S. Rossel & Co's Bank). Persons desiring medical consultation, will be most likely to find him on Saturday of each week. Special attention will be given to surgical cases, and the extraction of teeth. Gas or Ether administered when desired. July 18, 1866. D. S. PRATT, M. D.

DOCTOR CHAS. F. PAINE.—Office in Gonner's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. Calls promptly at all hours. Towards, November 28, 1866.

EDWARD MEERKS—AUCTIONEER. All letters addressed to him at Sugar Run, Bradford Co. Pa., will receive prompt attention.

FRANCIS E. POST, Painter, Towanda, Pa., with 10 years experience, is confident he can give satisfaction in Painting, Graining, Staining, Glazing, Papering, &c. Particular attention paid to Jobbing in the country. April 1, 1866.

J. J. NEWELL, COUNTY SURVEYOR, Orwell, Bradford Co., Pa., will promptly attend to all business in his line. Particular attention given to running and establishing old or disputed lines. Also to surveying of all unpatented lands as soon as warrants are obtained.

HERSEY WATKINS, Notary Public, is prepared to take Deeds, Acknowledge the Execution of Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, and all other instruments, affidavits and oaths, and is sworn to before me.

The opposite of the Banking House of B. S. Russell & Co., a few doors north of the Ward House, Towanda, Pa., Jan. 14, 1867.

D. K. KNAPP, Dealer and Dealer in Groceries and Ladies' Goods, Hats and Caps, Silverware, Clocks, Gold Chains and Finger Rings, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold Pens, Spectacles, Silver ware, Plate, and all other goods, and is prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Groceries, and other articles, belonging to the Jewelry Store.

Particular attention paid to Sewing, at his old place near the Post Office, Waverly, N. Y. Dec. 3, 1866—41.

WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA., On Main Street, near the Court House. Oct. 8, 1866. C. Y. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL, TOWANDA, PA. Having purchased this well known Hotel on Bridge Street, I have refurnished and refitted it with every convenience for the accommodation of all who may patronize me. No pains will be spared to make all pleasant and agreeable. May 9, 56—41. J. S. PATTERSON, Prop.

SNYDER HOUSE, a four story brick building near the depot, with large airy rooms, elegant saloons, and a large hall, is now open for Ladies use, and is the most convenient and only first class hotel at Waverly, N. Y. It is the principal office or stage station, and express. Also for sale of Western Tickets, and in Canada, on Grand Trunk Railway. Fare to Detroit from middle #1, is cheaper than any other route. Apply for tickets as above to WARD HOUSE, TOWANDA, PA.

Establishing and care of Horses at reasonable rates. Waverly N. Y., Oct. 26, 1866—30. C. W.

SMITHBORO, N. Y. Having rented and refitted this well known Hotel, I am ready to accommodate all who may favor me with a call. I have a large Hall attached, suitable for lectures, dances, &c. Passengers carried to and from the depot, and the Hotel. No pains will be spared to make every thing agreeable and comfortable for the traveling public. Jan. 10, 1867. Proprietor.

NEW ARRANGEMENT AT THE NEWS ROOM AND BOOK STORE. The undersigned having purchased the BOOK STORE AND NEWS ROOM of J. J. Griffith, respectfully invite the old patrons of the establishment and the public generally, to call and examine our stock.

ALVORD & BARBER, S. W. ALVORD, F. E. BARBER.