Iminia



Sentinel.

H. H. WILSON.

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t Leesanen, briping. Vaniting or other in-ard grief, it gives immediate case. Used for more than half a century in the

rivate practice of one of the most emigent hydroma of Philadelphia. In now placing this arricle within the reach all our countrymen, we would remark that a little a ratio by of nurivoiled ex-Hence and that it has proved in theusand of cases, as we are received it shall in millions, a princless boon. For sale by Braggists everywhere. Address all orders to ZIECLER & SMITH.

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VERTER SHIPPER COLLEGE DRAWERS. No mills, misseringe,

Halft ERROHIERS, ye. P. BOOTS & SHOES for men, wencen & children. HAIS & CAPS for more and boys, &c., &c., (ber such is emposed of ENTIRELY VEW Groups, and all who degree any applicaour line would so well to ealt and examine ar stuck before purchasing elsewhere. Doing nothing but a Sciently Cash Business, we are enabled to sell goods at a very low figure. lose each buyers would do well to examine ur stock. We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage and 7, Bast of LOUDON & JACKMAN.

MIFFLINTOWN TIN SHOP.

I AVING purchased the Tiu and Sheet Iron Store, becated on Reidge Street, Middintown, I would respectfully inform the public that I intend to keep constantly on hand a general assortment of

Tin and Japan ware, the largest and best in the county, and as to quality and workman-ship cannot be surpassed.

SPOUTING, ROOFING,

er, Dippers, Brass, Copper, French Tinnea, ustarbed Hellow Ware, Waffle Irons Coal Barrely, Frait Cons, both common and Patent, and of various measures, always on hand and

Persons in want of anything in the above ine are requested to give me a call before with ring observiore, as I feels confident but I can suit them either as regards the article or the price.

5-3" told copper, Brass and Penter bought and the highest price peld in each or goods June 27, '06. N. E. LITTLEFIELD June 27, '66,

FRANK BUILDING MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED. -- And that can be done to prefection by onying your goods of the new from in Patteron. Their stock consists in part of Dry ords, thats and Caps, Fancy Goods, Yankee Notices, a large and superior stock of Bours mour composedly, squeezing a little deep and Shous, George S. Sait, Fish, Cheese, &c. blue on his palette out of a dainty tin companion," she murmured, "I should be ried and Cauned Fruits in great variety, fardware, Queensware, Woodenware, Our stock was purchased breastern cities at reneed prices, and we are confident we can aske it to the interest of our customers and all before making their perchases.

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PHILADELPHIA.

Select Poetry.

ESTRANGED.

And so your unloved wife is dead, And you again are free-

Have placed the marble at her head. And then come back to me? And did you think, because alone I've lived these long years through Until your locks have silvered grows,

It was for love of you? I swn, I rather loved you, when You said that part we must, But I am older now than then, And wiver, too, I trust.

An I all my love from you was turned, Befere your honey-meen Had waned. I scarcely knew I yearned. it left your sky so soon.

Elleen was rich, and I was poor, And thus it came to pass, Wealsh conquered love, as oft before,

And will again, alas! For though you loved me all the while, You took her to your breast; But ah ! her lip soon lost its emite-She knew you loved me best,

With us is o're life's sweet Spring-time, And yet to-day you've sought For that which in your free, glad prime,

You put uside as naught. But it can never, never be: Our paths are severed wide, And though upon the self-same sen, In separate barks we'll glide.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE FACTORY CIRL. BY MARY RANDOLPH.

the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the there?" room, a piece of canvass glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand. his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortably easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way that sunset light touch es the topmost branches of the old maple tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of Parket." that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair." Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily the mystery.

in her chair. "Yes, it's very pretty; but it strikes

me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teilee and your pictures."

Frank laughed good-humoredly. "Well, mether, she is pretty."

"Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambigous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Grace Teller that isn't charming and womanly and loveable?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?" "Yes, I know that she's a remarkable pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft rivulet, where I used to play when I was a boy. '

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Seymour sharp-

"Well, then, if you're not satisfied with her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour was puzzled.

my wife !" "Frank! you are crazy!"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Sey. stooped to kiss her cheek. mour composedly, squeezing a little deep tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

a goods-buying public to give us the first iting Mary Elton, and Mary bolongs to a though she extended an invitation to a house, and take in fine embroidery for a distinct terms. Highest market price paid for country pro-nee. FRANK, COOK & CO. Patterson, July 4, 1805.(f. compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cyn-stopping to remove her shawl or bonnet, young man in love is the most head-strong Miss Teller is?"

Mrs. Seymour mused a little while long- Frank, briefly and comprehensively.

silk bonnet and grey shawl and set out lady at the height of her lungs, "a facupon a tour of investigation. to-ry girl !"

"I'll find out something about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Tel er was "at home," helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of girl." fine embroidery. The room where the with the cheapest ingrain and curtained young man, with aggrivating calmness. with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat the poor little mother, with tears in her ville property is the richest girl in the blackbird was chirping noisily in the win. eyes. Tell me at once that you will give county." dow, and a stand of mignionette and vel. up that idle fancy for a girl who is in no vet blossemed pansies gave a delicate refinement to the details of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different under different eireumstances .-Grace Teller was a levely blonde, with large blue eyes, reseleaf skin and hair whose luminous ungold fell over her fore, wife." 7 and like an aureole.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily paried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm morning, this," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have as warm weather where you come from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Factorville," said Grace, composedly taking another needlefull of white silk.

"Factorville! Is that your native place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr It was a little studio, quite at the top Parker-Cynthia Parker's father-who superintends in the great calico mills

> "Very well-I have often seen him." "Are you acquainted with Cynthia?" "No-I believe Miss Parker spends

most of her time in this city." "That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour

"Cynthia often says there's no seciety cap with plenty of narrow, white satin worth having in Factorville-only the The understand a very large experience, and feels are a feeling and feels and a very large experience, and feels are a feeling and feels and a very large experience, and feels are a feeling and feeling are a feeling and feels are a feeling and feeling are a from the very basement "to see how Frank | become acquainted with Mr. Parker, and not with the daughter?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact fremently with the gentleman of whom you conk, but I never happened to meet Miss

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair-she was beginning to see through

"Perhaps you have something to do with the calica factory?" "I have," said Grage, with calm dig-

'A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Sey mour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyed crimson.

"Disgrace? Oh, no-certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way," returned Mrs. Seymour. absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind. "What will Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue, clear gaze, "only-there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, "Mother, I think she will be one day you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is-"

Mary came over to Grace's side, and

"My dearest friend-my most precious quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

this always did fancy our Frank. Then, and bursting into her son's studio like an moreover, she has five or six thousand express messenger of life-and death news,

"The lovliest of her sex," returned programme.

er, and then put on her mouse-colered "A factory girl?" screamed the old,

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have years. Miss Teller is the young lady

"I should pronounce her a very -un

"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the old gentleman who owned the Factorrespect equal to you."

"No-she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek clung close to his arm. and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that well as though I did'nt?" ever breathed this terrestial air, as well as one of the most beautiful. Mother, I you tell me ?" love her, as she has promised to be my

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limb, lifeless and despairing.

see my son marry a factory girl!"

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scralet foilage of a splendid old maple in the foreground of his and holding out her hand to the discom-

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?"

Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was wet on her eyelashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton missing pattern."

"I should rather think so," said Frank looking admirably down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies. "But your mother thinks me far beow you in social position "

"Social position be-ignored! What do I care for social position, as long as my little Gracie has consented to make the sunshine of my home !" "Yes, but Frank---"

"Well, but Grace?" "Do you really love me?"

For ans wer be took both the fair, deli-"Frank," said Grace Teller, demurely,

'I'm afraid you'll make a dreadful strong willed, obstinate sert of a husband."

"I shouldn' wonder, Gracie," And so the golden twilight faded into a purple softer than the shadow of east ern amethysis, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Gracie talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in fluding that pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soirce on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympa-

"Crying? Yes of course, I have been but cry for a week."

"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid gloved bands, "what is sort of trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady, in a mysterious whisper, "Frank has been en trapped-inveigled into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that be, the most fastidious and particudetermined on marrying-a factory girl?"

and-and I am a little surprised to find of horrid surprise, and at the same mo- traveling. The applicant at first cagerly ment a party of guests were announced, looking rather more levely than usual.

hostess hurrled away to welcome the new comers, "will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soirce! "We know so little about her," thought The old lady took her leave stiffly, and But I suppose it is all on account of Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure, she is vis- aid not ask Grace to return the call, al- Mary Elton's uncle, the judge. Here come Mr. Parker and Cynthia-dear me, very good family, if she does live in half Mary, couched in the politest and most what a curious mixture our American society is; how they will be shocked to

meet Grace Teller !" Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker tache, Mith Laura?" lisped a dandy to looked quite as much astonished as she a merry girl. "O, very much; it looks dollars of her own. But, dear me! A "who do you suppose your paragon of a had expected, but somenow it was not just the kind of astonishment on the

> "Miss Grace? You here? Why, when did you come from Factorville?"

You are acquainted with Miss Teller ?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise. "Quite well; in fact I have had the

anything to do with a common factory who owns the extensive calica factories from which our village takes its name." "Dear me !" ejaculated Mrs. Saymour: two girls sat was very plain, carpeted common factory girl, mother," said the turning, and sinking down upon a divan near her, "Why, they say the heiress of

management of her property for some

"Grace," said Prank, gravely and almost sternly, "what does this mean!"

The blue eyes filled with tears as sh "I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as

"My little deceiver! But why did'nt

"Why should I tell you, Frank! It was so nice to leave the heiress behind. and be plain, Grace Teller for a while .--And when I saw how opposed your "Frank, Frank, I never thought to mother was to our engagement, a spark of women's wilfulness rose up within me and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, come what might. Mrs. Sevmour, she added, turning archly round fited old lady, "didn't I tell you I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in her life, was at a loss for an answer.

"IT WAS MY BROTHER'S ?"

While passing along rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on a considerately slipped out "to search for a curb stone. He was apparently about five or six year old, and his well combed hair, clean hands and face, bright though well patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck the heart-broken expression of his countenane, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and, putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter .--He replied by holding up his open hand, cate little hands, and looked steadily into in which we beheld the fragments of a broken tiny toy-a figure of a cow.

"Oh! is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy shop and buy another," and we dropped a four pence into his hand. "That will buy one, will it not?" "Oh!" replied he, bursting into a paroxysm of grief, "but that was little brother Tommy's, and he

The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little heart. It was Tommy's, and he was dead!

Seeing a wretched looking lad on the plains near the Humbolt desert, nursing a starving baby, a traveler asked him what the matter was. "Wall, now," responded the youth, "I guess I'm kinder streak. crying, Mrs. Randall-I've done nothing Ole dad's drunk, ole woman's got the hysteries; brother Jim be playing poker with two gamblers; sister Sai's down thar a courtin of an entire stranger; this yere the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any baby's got the dearee the wast sort; the team's clean guv out; the wgon's broke down; it's twenty miles to the next water-I don't care a darn if I never see

Californey." tor A nobby young man in Cleveland asked employment of an individual, who lar of human beings, could be resolutely inquired whether he could ride, and he said he wanted a person for a buisuess that Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation made it necessary to do a good deal of seized at the opportunity, but was disgustamong whom was Miss Grace Teller, ed to find that the business consisted in riding a blind and infirm old horse, in a "Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her circular track, for the landable purpose of grinding tan-bark. He declined the propo-

> - Rebel General Hindman writes to the President for pardon from Carlotta, Mexico. He desires returning to the United States, and writes a very doleful letter stating his present condition as very pitiful.

> "Aw, how do you like my mouslike fuz on the back of a caterpillar !"

Ber Young ladies who faint on being proposed to, may be readily restored by whispering in their car that you were only