The Pittsburgh Post.

JAMES P. BARR, Editor and Proprietor. SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1863. ESTABLISHED 1842.

HERNIA OR RUPTURE.

Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Hernia or Rupture cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.
Rupture or Hernia cured.

Marsh's Radical Cure Truss.

Ritter's Patent Truss.

Fitch's Supporter Truss.

Self-Adjusting Truss.

Dr. Banning's Lace or Body Brace, for the cure of Prolapsus Uteri, Piles, Abdominal and Spinal Weaknesses.

Dr. S. S. Fitch's Silver Plated Supporter.

Pile Drops, for the support and cure of Piles.

Elastic Stockings, for weak and varicose veins.

Elastic Knee Caps, for weak knee joints.

Ankle Supporters, for weak knee joints.

Suspensory Bandages.

Self-Injecting Syringes; also every kind of Syringes.

Dr. KEYSER has also a Truss which will radically cure Hernia or Rupture.

☞ Office at his Drug Store, No. 140 WOOD STREET, sign of the golden Mortar. Persons writing for Trusses should send the number of inches around the body immediately over the rupture.

DR. KEYSER will give his personal attention to the application of Trusses to adults and children, and he is satisfied that, with an experience of twenty years, he will be enabled to give satisfaction.

Self-Injecting Syringes.
Self-Injecting Syringes.
Self-Injecting Syringes.
Self-Injecting Syringes,
Of every kind.

Sold at DR. KEYSER'S, 140 Wood st.

Suspensory Bandages,
Suspensory Bandages,
Suspensory Bandages,
Suspensory Bandages,
A dozen different kinds,
A dozen different kinds,
A dozen different kinds,
A dozen different kinds,

At DR. KEYSER'S, 140 Wood street.
no10-1yd&w

DR. KEYSER'S

PECTORAL SYRUP

CURES CONSUMPTION,
CURES BRONCHITIS,
CURES COLDS,
CURES ASTHMA,
CURES ALL DISEASES
OF THE LUNGS.

I invite attention to some of the most extraordinary cures by my

PECTORAL SYRUP.

They are at home, and any one who has doubts can inquire of the persons who have been cured by it.

DR. KEYSER IS PREPARED AT ANY TIME TO EXAMINE LUNGS, WITHOUT CHARGE, FOR ALL THOSE WHO NEED HIS MEDICINES.

ATTEND TO YOUR COLDS.—A case of five years' standing cured by DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 11, 1860.

DR. KEYSER: My wife has been afflicted with a bad cough and difficulty of breathing for five years, which for several years back had gradually merged in violence. The complaint has been hereditary, and she had been treated by several physicians without any relief. In this state of her case, I procured some of your Pectoral Cough Syrup. I bought, the first time, a fifty cent bottle, which relieved her very much; then called and got a dollar bottle, which cured her entirely, and she has now no trace of the former disease, except weakness. I would add that I used the medicine myself for a cold and cough, the medicine cured me by taking one dose. I express my entire satisfaction with the medicine, and you are at liberty to publish this if you desire to do so.

WM. WILSON,
Alderman, Fifth Ward.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 18, 1858.

DR. KEYSER: I have been, more or less, in my life, affected with the severest of colds and hoarseness. At times my throat would become so closed as to prevent my speaking above a whisper, and by taking a few doses of the above syrup it would relieve me entirely.

In recommending this medicine, I must unhesitatingly say that is the best remedy I ever found, purporting to cure the above, nor should any family be without this remedy for diseases so prevalent.

Yours, most respectfully,
EDWARD J. JONES,
Cashier Citizens' Deposit Bank.

COL. PRATT AND DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP.

DR. KEYSER—*Dear Sir:* Excuse the delay in my acknowledging the excellence of your Pectoral Cough Syrup sooner. I take great pleasure in saying that it is all you say it is. It knocked the *sixes out of my cough* and the worst one I was ever afflicted with. I have not used more than one-half of the bottle, and I can and do wish that all who are afflicted would give it as fair a trial as I have done, and they will be proud to say, "It is no quack medicine." I would not suffer another such an attack for any consideration, or at any cost. I am confident I can breathe more freely than I ever did. I shall always acknowledge a debt of gratitude for inventing so excellent a remedy. You are at liberty to use my name in this regard, as you think proper.

R. F. PRATT,
Messenger Common Council, Pittsburgh.
Pittsburgh, May, 11 1859.

N. B.—I am no stranger to my fellow citizens, and all who entertain doubts can consult me personally. R. F. P.

PITTSBURGH, April 25, 1857.

READ THE TRUTH.—DR. KEYSER: I have a daughter who has taken several medicines for a bad cough, without benefit—among them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I purchased from you a bottle of your PECTORAL SYRUP, and before she used half a bottle she was relieved. The second bottle cured her entirely of her cough.

JOHN BAKER,
Robinson street, Allegheny.

DR. KEYSER'S PECTORAL SYRUP

Is prepared and sold by

DR. GEORGE H. KEYSER,
140 Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
no10-1yd&w

Medical.

Great Discovery.

KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON,

FOR THE CURE OF

Weak Stomachs, General Debility, Indigestion, Disease of the Nervous System, Constipation, Acidity of the Stomach, and for all cases requiring a Tonic.

THIS WINE INCLUDES THE MOST agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnesia Oxide combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics, Yellow Peruvian Bark. The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostrations, of an efficient Salt of Iron, combined with our valuable Nerve Tonic, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes of muscular flabbiness, removes the pallor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, try

KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

This truly valuable Tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensible as a Tonic Medicine. It cost but little, gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life. I now only ask a trial of this valuable tonic.

Counterfeits.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS—AS KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of *Dyspepsia and Debility*, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by S. A. KUNKEL, and has his stamp on the top of the cork of every bottle. The fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favor.

The BITTER WINE OF IRON is put up in

75 CENT and $1,00 BOTTLES,

And sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the country. Be particular that every bottle bears the *fac-simile* of the proprietor's signature.

GENERAL DEPOT
No. 118 Market st., Harrisburg, Pa.
For sale by Dr. KEYSER, Agent.
140 WOOD STREET.
oc6-6md

MEDICAL CARD

F. X. DEROLETTE, M. D.,
From the Medical Faculty of Paris, France, Ex Intern (Assistant Physician), of Hotel Dieu, Charity Hospitals, &c. Date of Diploma, 1826.

Ladies Diseases, result of nervousness and debility, &c., neuralgia and sick headache, (hemicrania) attended with complete success.

OFFICE 57 GRANT STREET, Sessel's Building.

TO THE PUBLIC.

ESPECIALLY THE IGNORANT AND falsely modest of all denominations

Treat Secret and Delicate Disorders, Self-Abuse,

And Diseases or tuations common and incident in youths of both sexes and adults married or single. Because Dr. BRANSTRUP publishes the fact of his doing so, the ignorant and falsely modest are dreadfully shocked, and think it a great sin very immortal and for contamination and corruption among their wives, promising sons and daughters, then family physicians should be cautious in keep their mouths, lest the cause of Dr. BRANSTRUP, (extract published) lest a lucrative practice might be lost to them among all Diseases, Gonorrhoea and Gleet, Strictures, Seminal Emissions, Impotence, sprung up as mushrooms and who compose society, intelligence, sense, &c., to dollars and cents, mysteriously meanly or illgotten. It is to publicity, however, that numerous parents and guardians are thankful that their sons, daughters and wards, previously feeble, sickly and of delicate condition and appearance have been restored to health and vigor by DR. BRANSTRUP, besides many before and after marriage through him have been saved much suffering, anxiety, mortification, &c. Spermatorrhea or nocturnal emissions, are completely cured in a very short space of time by his new remedies, which are peculiarly his own. They are compounds from the Vegetable Kingdom, having seen the fallacy of the Mercurial treatment, he has abandoned it and substituted the vegetable. Female diseases are treated with marked success—having had over forty years (40) experience in their treatment in hospitals of both the Old World and in the United States, leads him to say—to all with a fair trial, health and happiness will again bloom on the now-pallid cheek. Trifle no longer with mountebanks and quacks, but come and be cured. Consumption and all its kindred diseases, of which so many annually fill our countries, can now be received, providing they attend to it in time. Full particulars can be had of my treatment by procuring a copy of the Medical Adviser, which is given gratis to all that apply. Having the advantage of over forty years experience and observation, consequently, he has superior skill in the treatment of special diseases, and who is daily consulted by the profession, as well as recommended by respectable citizens, publishers, proprietors of hotels, &c. Office, 85 Sandusky street, near Diamond street. Private communications from all parts of the Union strictly attended to. Direct to DR. BRANSTRUP,
Pittsburgh Post Office.
de8-1y

10,000,000 SAVED.

GLEASON'S KEROSENE CRATER

WILL WARM FOOD FOR THE BAby, heat water or steep herbs, &c., for the sick, make warm water for shaving or toddy, cook a few oysters, boil or fry eggs, make tea and coffee, toast bread, &c., &c., in less time and expense than by any other means known. Used on any lamp without obscuring the light. Price 25 cents, by mail postage paid, 50 cents.

Also a Patent Lighter for lighting lamps without removing the chimney. For sale wholesale and retail by

WELDON & KELLY,
oc5 146 Wood st., agents for the manufacturers

LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER MINES,
—AND—
SMELTING WORKS.

Park, M'Curdy & Co.,

Manufacturers of
Sheath, Braziers' and Bolt Copper, Pressed Copper Bottoms, Raised Still Bottoms, Spelter Solder, &c. Also importers and dealers in Metals, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Fire, &c.

☞ Constantly on hand, Tinners' Machines and Tools. Warehouse, No. 149 FIRST and 120 SECOND STREETS, Pittsburgh Pa.

☞ Special orders of Copper cut to any desired pattern. fe21:1yd&w

BARGAINS
IN
CARPETS.

JUST OPENED AT
M'CALLUM'S
87 FOURTH STREET.

A large assortment, which will be sold at a very great reduction from late prices. au10

TO BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS.

WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING a superior article of

LIME,

Which we are prepared to deliver from our COAL YARD, 509 LIBERTY STREET.

Best quality of

FAMILY COAL,

Always on hand as usual.
my9t DICKSON, STEWART & CO.

PORTLAND PRICES.

Men's Calf Double Sole $3; Double Upper Boots, $4; do do Dress Boots, $3; Men's Double Sole heavy Balmorals, $1 90; Men's Double Sole Congress Gaiters, $2 25; Men's Brogans of all kinds from $1 50 to $2 50; Women's Morocco Heel Boots, $3; Women's Double Sole, sewed Heel Boots, $1 50; Women's Morocco sewed Balmorals, $1 25; Women's custom made sewed heel Boots, $2; Women's Congress Gaiters, 90c. Also a very large assortment of Misses' and Childrens' Shoes at low prices, at

NO. 98 MARKET STREET,
2d door from 5th street.

25 BOXES OSWEGO CORN STARCH—Just received and for sale by GEO. A. KELLY, 69 Federal st. Allegheny.

Medical.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

"GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY."

HARVEY'S CHRONO THERMAL FEMALE PILLS

HAVE NEVER YET FAILED (WHEN the directions have been strictly followed,) in removing difficulties arising from

OBSTRUCTION, OR STOPPAGE OF NATURE

Or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from Spinal Affections, Prolapsus Uteri, the Whites, or other weakness of the Uterine Organs. The Pills are perfectly harmless on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate females without causing distress; at the same time

THEY ACT AS A CHARM.

By strengthening, invigorating, and restoring the system to a healthy condition, and by bringing on the monthly period with regularity, no matter from what cause the obstruction may arise. They should, however, NOT be taken the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time, as miscarriage would be the result.

Each box contains 60 Pills. PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

DR. HARVEY'S TREATISE

On Diseases of Females, Pregnancy, Miscarriage, Barrenness, Sterility, Reproduction, and Abuses of Nature, and emphatically the LADIES' PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER, a pamphlet of 70 pages, sent free to any address. Six cents required to pay postage.

☞ The Pills and Book will be sent by mail, confidentially, when desired, SECURELY SEALED, and prepaid, on receipt of money by

J. BRYAN, M. D., General Agent.
No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

☞ Sold by all the principal Druggists.

☞ **Joseph Fleming**, Druggist, corner of the Diamond and Market st., agent for Pittsburgh.
oc6-ondaw

MANHOOD;

HOW LOST! HOW RESTORED!

Just Published, in a sealed envelope. Price 6 cts.

A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, treatment and radical cure of Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Emissions, Sexual Debility, and impediments to Marriage generally, Nervousness, Consumption, Epilepsy and fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, resulting from Self-abuse, &c., by ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the *Green Book*, &c.

☞ **"A Boon to Thousands of Sufferers."**

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps by Dr. C. H. J. C. KLINE, 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4086.
se16-3m-d&w.

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Moths in Furs, Woolens, &c., insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.

Put up in 25c, 50c and $1 boxes, bottles and flasks; $3 and $5 flasks for Hotels Public Institutions, &c.

"Only infallible remedies known."
"Free from Poisons."
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."

Sold wholesale by all large cities.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

☞ Beware of all worthless imitations.

☞ See that "C. T. Co." name is on each box, bottle and flask before you buy.

Address HENRY R. COSTAR,
Principal Depot, 482 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ Sold by R. R. SELLERS & CO., and B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., Wholesale Agents, Pittsburg. sy10-6mdeodaw

WM. B. FARR & CO

STEAM FITTERS SUPPLY HOUSE

No. 84 Wood st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ GUARANTEE ALL KINDS OF Steam Engines, varying from three to one hundred horse power, and suited for Grist Mills, Saw Mills, Factories, etc.

Have constantly on hand a full assortment of Engine and Machinery Belting, and for Mills, Manufactories, and other Saw Mills.

Have constantly on hand and ready for shipping, Steam Gauges, Whistles, Brass and Iron Globe Valves, Shafting, Brackets and Pulleys in every variety, and contemplate the manufacture of Wooden Patterns for Machinery and Machine Cards.

Our prices are low, our machinery manufactured of the best quality of materials, and warranted in all cases to give satisfaction.

☞ Orders from any part of the country solicited and promptly filled. fe21:d&w

STEAM WAGON WORK.

ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER

WAGONS,
CARTS,
WHEELBARROWS,
STORE TRUCKS,
HAY AND STRAW CUTTERS.

C. COLEMAN.
oc27-1yd Marion Avenue, Allegheny City.

J. DUNLEVY,

NO. 4 DIAMOND,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

MASTIC CEMENT

T. F. WATSON,

MASTIC WORKER,

Is prepared to Cement the exterior of buildings with improved Mastic Cement, cheaper and superior to any done heretofore. This cement has no equal; it forms a solid and durable adhesiveness to any surface, imperishable by water or frost, and equal to any quality of stone.

The undersigned is the only reliable and practical workman in this cement in this city.

I have applied this Cement for the following gentlemen, whom the public are at liberty to refer to:

J. Bissell residence Penn street,	finished,	5 yrs
Jas. McCandless, Allegheny,	do	5 yrs
J. H. Shoenberger, Lawrenceville,	do	5 yrs
J. D. McCord, Penn street,	do	4 yrs
A. Hoeveler, Lawrenceville	do	3 yrs
Girard House Pittsburgh,	do	5 yrs
St. Charles do	do	5 yrs

Address Washington Hotel Box 1306,
Pittsburgh P. O. feb20:1yd

WALL PAPER.

FOR AUTUMN OF 1863.

A complete assortment of beautiful

PAPER HANGINGS

Of all styles, at prices lower than can be again offered. For sale during the season by

W. P. MARSHALL,
e8 87 Wood Street.

SAVE YOUR GAS BY USING GLEASON'S Anti-Flickering, American and Imperial Gas Burners, a sure saving of twenty-five per cent. The Anti-Flickering is just the thing for the Office. Call and see them burn at the Gas Fitting and Plumbing Establishment of

WELDON & KELLY,
no6 164 Wood street.

BUTTER—

3 bbls prime Roll Butter,
1 bbl " Fresh Packed Butter,
4 kegs " " "

Just received and for sale by

GEO. A. KELLY,
no30 corner of Market and First streets.

Banking Houses.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF PITTSBURGH.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,
Washington City, Aug. 5th, 1863.

WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, in the County of Allegheny and State of Pennsylvania, has been duly organized under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "an Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States Stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved February 25th, 1863, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking.

Now THEREFORE, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the said FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, county of Allegheny and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office, this 5th day of August, 1863.

HUGH McCULLOCH,
(SS) Comptroller of the Currency.

The First National Bank of Pittsburgh, Pa.,

LATE PITTSBURGH TRUST COMPANY.

Capital $400,000, with privilege to increase to $1,000,000.

The Pittsburgh Trust Company having organized under the act to provide a National Currency, under the title of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PITTSBURGH, would respectfully offer its services for the collection of Notes, Drafts, Bills of Exchange, &c., receive money on deposit and buy and sell Exchange on all parts of the country.

The success which has attended the Pittsburgh Trust Company since its organization in 1852, will we believe be a sufficient guarantee that business entrusted to the new organization will receive the same prompt attention.

Having a very extensive correspondence with Banks and Bankers, throughout the country, we believe we can offer unusual facilities to those who do business with us.

The business will be conducted by the same officers and directors

DIRECTORS:

James Laughlin,	Jas. K. Nimick,
Robert S. Hays,	Alexander Speer,
Thomas Bell,	Francis G. Bailey,
Thos. Wightman,	Alex. Bradley,

Samuel Rea,
JAMES LAUGHLIN, President
JOHN D. SCULLY, Cashier.
August 5th, 1863:d&wtf.

W. J. KOUNTZ..... PHILIP MERTZ

KOUNTZ & MERTZ,
BANKERS,
No. 118 Wood St., second door above Fifth Street,

DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND Domestic Exchange, Coin, Bank Notes, and Government Securities. Collections promptly attended to. apl1

GOLD, SILVER, DEMAND NOTES Certificates of Indebtedness, Quartermasters Certificates.

7 3-10 Bonds and Coupons,

and all other government securities, bought by
W. H. WILLIAMS & CO.,
mh26:d Wood street, corner of Third.

AMERICAN HOUSE.

BOSTON

IS THE LARGEST AND BEST ARranged Hotel in the New England States; is centrally located, and easy of access from all the routes of travel. It contains all the modern improvements, and every convenience for the comfort and accommodation of the traveling public. The sleeping rooms are large and well ventilated; the suites of rooms are well arranged, and all completely furnished to families and large traveling parties, and the house will continue to be kept as a first-class Hotel in every respect.

Telegraph in the house to all parts of the country. HENRY RICE, Proprietor.
Boston, Sept. 1863. se12:6md

GROVER & BAKER'S

Premium Sewing Machines.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL

Ever Awarded to Sewing Machines in Illinois.

These machines were awarded the Highest Premium, *over all competitors*, for *the Best Family Sewing Machines*, the *Best Manufacturing Machines*, and the *best Machine Work*, at the following STATE FAIRS of 1863:

New York State Fair.
First Premium for family machine.
First Premium for double thread machine.
First Premium for machine work.

Vermont State Fair.
First Premium for family machine.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.
First Premium for machine work.

Iowa State Fair.
First Premium for family machine.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.
First Premium for machine work.

Michigan State Fair.
First Premium for family machine.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.
First Premium for machine work.

Indiana State Fair.
First Premium for machine for all purposes.
First Premium for machine work.

Illinois State Fair.
First Premium for machine for all purposes.
First Premium for machine work.

Kentucky State Fair.
First Premium for machine for all purposes.
First Premium for machine work.

Pennsylvania State Fair.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.
First Premium for beautiful machine work.

Ohio State Fair.
First Premium for machine work.

And at the following County Fairs:

Chittenden Co. (Vt.) Agricultural Society.
First Premium for family sewing machine.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.
First Premium for machine work.

Champlain Valley (Vt.) Agricultural Society.
First Premium for family machine.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.
First Premium for machine work.

Hampden Co. (Mass.) Agricultural Society.
Diploma for family machine.
Diploma for machine work.

Franklin Co. (N. Y.) Fair.
First Premium for family machine.
First Premium for manufacturing machine.

Queen's Co. (N. Y.) Agricultural Society.
First Premium for family machine.

Washington Co. (N. Y.) Fair.
First Premium for family machine.

Saratoga Co. (N. Y.) Fair.
First Premium for family machine.

Mechanics Institute (Pa.) Fair.
First Premium for machine for all purposes.
First Premium for machine work.

The above comprises all the Fairs at which the GROVER & BAKER MACHINES were exhibited this year. At nearly all of them the leading Sewing Machines were in competition.

The work made upon the Grover & Baker Sewing machine has received the First Premium at every State Fair in the United States where it has been exhibited to this date.

Sales Rooms, No. 18 FIFTH ST. Pittsburg, Pa.
oc29:2mdaw A. F. CHATONEY, Agent.

A LARGE STOCK OF

NEW SHOES

AT DIFFENBACHER'S,

NO. 15 FIFTH STREET,

embracing Gent's, Ladies, Misses and Children's wear in great variety. sell

JUST RECEIVED—

Laird's Bloom of Youth for the complexion and skin.
Drake's genuine Plantation Bitters.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla.
Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer and Balsamum.
Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial.
Hagan's Magnolia Balm.
Stearling Ambrosia for the Hair.
Holloway's Family Medicines.
Lindsey's Improved Blood Searcher.
All of Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines.
Pure Glycerine and Honey Soaps.
Glycerine Cream and Cold Cream, for chapped hands, face, &c., at

GEO. A. KELLY'S
Wholesale and Retail Drug Store,
No. 69 Federal st., Allegheny.
oc24

REMOVAL OF LIVERY STABLE.—The undersigned having removed his Livery Stable from the rear of the Exchange House, to the corner of First and Smithfield street, in Conn's old stand, is prepared to furnish carriages, buggies, and saddle horses upon the shortest notice. Also horses kept at livery at reasonable rates. Undertaking and all arrangements for funerals will receive his special attention.

NEAL BRIGHLAND.

DAILY POST.

HOW COULD I?

BY ANNIE BIGELEW.

He carried my satchel to school,
And me through the drifts carred, too;
Could I think why he hugged me so close?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

At eve he tied under my chin
My hood with its bright ribbons blue;
Why he gazed in my face could I tell?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He told me my eyes were so black,
The brightest of any he knew;
I blushed and looked down; could I help it?
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

He left on my cheek a warm kiss,
Then off with the lightning's speed flew,
If I could I'd have scolded and stamped;
If I couldn't, how could I? could you?

'Twas long years ago, and since then
He has spoken words loving and true;
I only leaned close to his breast,
For how could I help it? could you?

THE BLUE FLOWERS.

"There's a blue flower in my garden
The bee loves more than all—
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small."

'Oh, jolly, jolly!'

That was Aggie French's way of expressing satisfaction, and her companion looked up, expectant of news.

'My letter is from Georgiana Ash,' she explained. 'You must have heard of her—the handsomest blond you ever saw; eyes half blue, half amber; and hair neither brown, nor yellow, nor red, but just exactly gold. The fun is, Thorne used to be in love with her before he knew little Alice Devon, and they say she jilted him—it was before he came to his fortune—for a richer suitor. Any way, she isn't married, and it will be curious to see how Thorne will take her presence here in this house, where there are so few of us that we can't help being intimate. Of course he can't run away and leave Alice, and we shall see what we shall see when my Lady Magnificent comes. For my part, I never did believe first love a disease quite so easy to get over as mumps and measles. I'm told Thorne had it hard. I like stories in real life a great deal better than out of books—they're twice as spicy. I promise myself rare fun in watching the romance.'

Quiet Mary Everett sighed, a little sadly, but did not answer. She loved Alice Devon, though their friendship had been of weeks only, and the prospect of the coming 'fun' was far from exhilerating.

Just then Alice came in so radiantly happy. Her brown hair tossed about her primrose cheeks, her soft, innocent brown eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a few rare wild flowers in her hand. Thorne was behind her, looking on as she exhibited her treasures with a smile and an eye-glance which revealed more than he was aware of love and pride.

'See,' cried the soft, clear tones, 'you've been hunting in vain for these little beauties all summer, and we've found them. Do you smell the sea breath in them? We got them among the rocks, where they look forever out toward the waves, and at high tide the water comes up among the rocks. How blue they are, just like a bit of summer sky! I'm going for them often, and since they are mine by right of discovery, I'll call them treasure-trove, for I don't like those polysyllable botany names.'

She was a pretty picture, in her delicate morning dress, with her young, innocent girl's face, the round hat, with its bunch of wild roses and meadow grass swinging from her arm, and the blue flowers in her hand.

She and Thorne were happy enough, both of them, to have moved any tender heart to let them dream on. But Aggie French's heart was not tender. Not that she was very cruel—only thoughtless, fond of fun, and a little careless what wounds her self-indulgence might inflict. She looked wickedly into Thorne's eyes, and said:

'I had a letter from an old friend of yours this morning—Miss Georgianna Ash. She is coming here to day or to-morrow. She does not know she will meet you. What a pleasant surprise it will be!'

It was fortunate that Alice Devon was busy just then with Mary Everett, who was asking her some question about her morning ramble. She was spared from reading the signs which revealed so much to Aggie French—the sudden quiver of Thorne's moustached lip, the bronzed face a few shades paler, the smile that tried to be careless and failed. Little Alice only heard the cool answer:

'Ah. I haven't seen her for five years. She used to be a stylish, handsome girl. I wonder if she's faded?'

She thought to herself that, for old friends, her lover seemed to take very slight interests in the prospective new comer.

When they came in together again from their afternoon walk, Thorne and Alice, some trunks were in the hall, with G. A. painted in black letters upon their covers.

'The new guest, I suspect,' Alice said, lightly. Thorne was too self-conscious to reply. He bit his lip and was silent.

When Aggie French heard him going by her door, after he had left Alice, she put her head out with a malicious whisper—

'She's come—been with me a couple of hours. Now she's in her own room, dressing for tea.'

It was just at sunset when all the party before mentioned, and a half dozen more were gathered in the low, old fashioned parlor ready to go in to supper. Mary Everett, who had never before met Miss Ash, looked at her critically as she stood beside Alice Devon; the two having just been introduced by Thorne, who, whatever he might have been betrayed when taken by surprise, was perfectly self-possessed now.

There was no disputing that the newcomer was the handsomest woman at 'The Shoals.' It was a grand, regal style which swayed a power of its own. The tall, full, figure; the matchless complexion, with its color clear and bright as down; the great, magnetic eyes; the tawny gold hair, filling the silken net not full; the mouth so ripe and tempting—all these, with the self understanding, the aplomb of twenty-five years. In that stately presence little Alice Devon, with her seventeen years and her primrose face, looked uniformed and childish. But there was something about her most sweet and tender and touching, which made Mary Everett think of a rosebud with the morning dew still on; and glancing back to the other she hummed, half under her breath, a snatch of an old nursery song:

"The sunflower with her brilliant crown
Looked lovely and tempting to the bee;
Yet not one drop of honey he found
In her wonder cup of gold and brown—
She was false at heart, though fair to see."

Aggie French had not arrived at the whole truth about the separation between Miss Ash and Howard Thorne. She had not jilted him. They had given each other up mutually. It was the fortieth lover's quarrel, perhaps; for Miss Ash was of tempestuous temperament, and Thorne not over patient. It was the one too many, and five years had passed without their seeing each other. In the meantime some of Thorne's relations had died and left him a fortune, making him better worth winning. Miss Aggie was mistaken, too, in thinking that her friend came to 'The Shoals' without knowing that her old lover was there. No allusion to the knowledge had escaped her in the letter; but the certainty of meeting him had been her sole motive. To do her justice, she did not know of his engagement. She learned that for the first time in her two hours with Miss French before tea. It dismayed her, not a little. It was an obstacle she had not foreseen, and she did not feel entire faith now in the success which had seemed so certain before.

When they were introduced she looked at Alice anxiously. She was not blind to the youth and freshness against which she must contend. She acknowledged herself that the girlish face, with the bunch of blue flowers (the treasure-trove) in the soft hair, had a sweet charm of its own. She almost despaired—not quite.

For some days she held herself rather aloof from Howard Thorne and his little betrothed. When anything brought her in contact with them, she was playful sometimes, sometimes a little reserved and sad, though kind always. There was so much variety in her moods that Thorne grew interested before he knew it in watching them. He began to realize, now he observed her more closely, how royally beautiful she was. She had been far less so in the old days when he had thought the whole universe bounded by her smile. Her manner had changed too. She had been imperious then—she was so still at times; but oftener there was a tender, half-pathetic softness in words and ways which made him think she had grown sadder with the sad years. Had her life missed him? There was a subtle flattery in the thought against which his vanity was not proof.

He was not untrue towards his little love in all these speculations, at least not unconsciously, but they were dangerous. Very dangerous when, one day, he suffered himself, sitting idly and alone on the piazza, to wonder what would have been the result of his meeting again with Miss Ash if he had never seen Alice.

Just then she came up the walk in her lovliest mood. Tenderness in a person to whom Nature has given the seal of sovereignty move us far more than in those gentler persons to whom it seems indigenous. She looked sad, this Lady Magnificent, as Aggie French had dubbed her. She was simply dressed, in a robe of fleecy white, with a few flowers stuck for sole ornament in belt and bosom. Her eyes were downcast. There was a stain as of tears on her cheek. Some impulse he should have resisted drew Thorne to her side. Are there moments in all lives when our good angel forsakes us? Half unconsciously he said to her:

'Miss Ash—Georgina, we were friends once—I do not like to see you sad.'

The great amber eyes turned on him a look of mute reproach. After a moment she said, with a trifle of the old petulance:

'I do not like to have my moods noticed. It is not generous of you, with all you want in life, to look out from the safe shelter of your happiness and watch how I bear loneliness and heartache.'

'All I want in life!'

He repeated the words after her dreamily, as if he were questioning himself whether indeed he had what he most wanted in life. The past seemed to be throbbing in his heart—tingle in his pulses. Were the days dead in which he had been this woman's lover? They had turned, mechanically as it were, and were passing down the shaded path which she had walked up alone. For a while neither spoke. What subtle magnetism was in her presence that made it thrill him so just to walk by her side. He stole a look at her at length. She was pale to the lips, and slow tears were stealing from under drooping lids. A sudden mad impulse swayed him—a wild longing to read her heart. He put out his hand and touched hers. He spoke with a tone that would be obeyed:

'What is it? I will know. Is it any thought of the past, or of me, which moves you?'

Ours turned her eyes, full of reproach, upon him.

'What right have you, Alice Devon's lover, to the past or me? Be content with your own joy. It should be piquant enough without the zest of enhancing it by contrast with my misery.'

The mention of Alice Devon struck a pang, sword-keen, to his heart. He was not a bad man; nay, he was perhaps better than most men. He respected his plighted word—he loved Alice. Still he had not strength enough to espape from the baleful spell which was closing around him.

'Your misery!' he cried. 'Do you, whom all the world envies, know what misery means? Tell me. I will know.'

Again that long, reproachful look from out those amber eyes.

'Howard, for shame! You must not, you shall not torture me, now when all ties between us are over. Do you think I would have parted with you in anger that last time if I had not thought your love was strong enough to bring you back? We were both wrong—we ought to have forgiven each other. But why talk of it? You are better off; and I—perhaps I am not too severely punished for the share of blame that was mine.'

Thoughts swam through his brain deliriously. See, his youth's love, loved him—was suffering for him—had loved him all the while. He looked at her, more beautiful than ever in her sorrow, her tenderness. After all, was not the old love the true love?

'If I were free—' he began.

'Of what use would be freedom?' she interrupted him passionately. 'You were free five years.'

'But I did not see you. Oh, Georgie, this is cruel. You should have come before, or not at all.'

Just then steps crushed the sand near them. Around a sudden turn in the winding path came Mary Everett, with Alice, his Alice clinging to her arm.

'We heard a few words—we could not help it,' Miss Everett said, with eyes of stern rebuke, leading her friend by.

Howard Thorne cursed his fate as he saw his little love's pale face, with the heart-break settling over it, almost like the shadow of death. He knew now where his heart was—saw what brief madness had passed him. He would have given half the universe to be able to go to Alice's side and tell her the truth. But he dared not approach her. For the first time in his life he felt like a coward. He stood and watched her, silently, as she moved away—his darling, whom he had been mad enough to lose. Then he turned with a look in his eyes that made Georgiana Ash tremble.

'I am free now; and, as you said, of what use is freedom?'

Neither spoke again until his cool good-by, when he had gone up the path with her to the house-door.

Then he rushed back into the thick shrubbery, among the rocks, across to the sea. He was almost wild enough to bury all wrong, sorrow, shame, in those treacherous waters. He knew his fate was sealed. There would be no hope for him. Alice was not unforgiven; but she was true, and claimed truth—a woman, and would accept no divided heart. Explain as he would, he knew she would never believe him or understand him. She never could know how it came; and if he offered explanation she would believe that only honor, only sorrow for her, held him; and those mad moments could never be atoned for.

Just then he turned. He was standing in the very nook where they had gathered the blue flowers. Some others, their sisters, were nodding in the cleft. He gathered a bunch, and laid them carefully in a pocket book, which he carried in his breast.

'They shall go with me into other scenes,' he said, his sad eyes kindling again with the gleam of a new resolve. 'I have held back from giving my life to my country because Alice's love made the offering too costly. Now I will go. It will be better for her if I die.'

He found a note on his table when he went home, and in it these words only:

'Be merciful enough not to write to me or ask to see me. It would be of no use. What I heard, what I saw, can never be explained out of memory. I forgive you. I do not think you meant to be false. When you told me you loved me I believe you thought so. I shall go away to-night and leave you to the love you have found again.'

He obeyed her—made no useless attempts at explanation; and watched from his window to see her go away with a calmness more terrible and despairing than any passion of agony.

Later in the evening came another note from Miss Ash this time. It was worded, oh! so skilfully; begging his pardon; telling him how innocent she was of wrong design; blameless of everything but the love and sorrow she could not help, and the letting him speak to her at all.

Howard Thorne smiled grimly as he twisted her soft words and lighted his cigar with them. All her blandishments were powerless