The Marietta Journal

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor. Terms—One Dollar a Year.

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The Marietta

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thing in the Job Printing line will be
e with neatness and dispatch, and at the
est possible rates.

THE WIFE TO THE WOOER.

then, since scorn has fail'd to cure
love you press so blindly,
ce your reasons I'll endure,
answer follies kindly:
Grant that you, more fair and gay
than Luke to some may be;
Might itself, when he's away,
n never gay to me!
en go—then go: for whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

w, your summer-love may wreathe
smiles and gladness;
more often, only breathe
trouble and the sadness—
Ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy one grief of his to soothe
Than all your bliss to share.
en go—then go; for whether or no
He grieves, 'tis bliss to share!

y that he can meet or leave
hooved—content without me;
ks what snares neglect may wave—
heedless e'en to doubt me.
h! jealous cares are poor respect;
He knows my heart, my guide,
nd what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide;
hen go—then go: for whether or no
I'll *think* he *does* confide.

uke, you say, can sternly look,
sometimes speak severely;
eyes, you vow, could ne'er rebuke—
ur whispers breathe austerely.
ow know[illegible] of the coming cares
[illegible] his eyes foresee?
Felt, [illegible]ade his temper wears
[illegible] or mine and me!
Co[illegible] go: for whether or no
(D) [illegible] his smiles for me.
Pa[illegible]
Par[illegible]t, to others gives
Done[illegible] denies me;
Po[illegible], in youth to live,
City [illegible]rt to prize me!
An[illegible]rent rose be shed,
[illegible]e on the stem.
The[illegible] love can ne'er be dead,
ventic[illegible]ed to them.
the [illegible] go; *His* rival? No:
[illegible]es in them.
[illegible] rival?

HOOP QUESTION.—We some[illegible]me
luded to the fact that a bold [illegible]fort
ng [illegible]de by the fashionable fe[illegible]les
ure[illegible] to do away entirely [illegible]th
d s[illegible]s. The Empress Eu[illegible]ie
erd[illegible]em some months sin[illegible]—
en [illegible]ia, who is also a spec[illegible]n
plur[illegible]le, has made up her [illegible]d
t sh[illegible]do without hoops, and [illegible]-
th a[illegible]titled ladies who sur[illegible]d
r dis[illegible]hat hoops are exceed[illegible]y
angeri[illegible] case of fire, and he[illegible]
eeling[illegible]ssuade all the sex fro[illegible]
dulgin[illegible]e use of them. But
they [illegible] in their proscription?
s our [illegible]e opinion, that it will
be so [illegible]matter to convince the
sex a[illegible]the world that hoops ar[illegible]
becom[illegible] until they are conv[illegible]
on th[illegible] all that may be said a[illegible]
the pe[illegible] fire arising from the[illegible]
will a[illegible]o but very little. Qu[illegible]
may [illegible]this or that, if they pl[illegible]
but th[illegible]has gone by when qu[illegible]
hed [illegible]orld of fashions as wel[illegible]
e c[illegible]f which they are suppo[illegible]
o b[illegible]residing deities. Fashion[illegible]
throw[illegible]her allegiance to the po[illegible]
cal sc[illegible], and become independen[illegible]
She r[illegible]erself. She declars hoop[illegible]
be a [illegible]ing and graceful adden[illegible]
to fen[illegible]eauty. And, *voila*, hoops [illegible]
worn [illegible] fashion shall have deci[illegible]
that [illegible]ing else is still more cha[illegible]
ing a[illegible] more graceful. Mark [illegible]
predi[illegible]

Po[illegible]
ifort[illegible]
that [illegible]
betw[illegible]
quic[illegible]
eyes [illegible]
in th[illegible]
quart[illegible]
knee [illegible]
hind [illegible]
to eig[illegible]
at le[illegible]
cient[illegible]
rance[illegible]

G[illegible]
man [illegible]
Dav[illegible]
and [illegible]

A WORK HORSE.—The Ca[illegible]icultural Society requ[illegible] premium work horse shall [illegible]een and sixteen hands hig[illegible] ears; broad between [illegible] barrel; short loins; well [illegible]lders; deep chest; squa[illegible]at legs; short between [illegible]astern and hock paster[illegible]ll under him; speed equ[illegible] an hour on the road, a[illegible] at the plow; with suff[illegible]o insure spirit and end[illegible]

OF BILLIARDS.—A young [illegible]nnati, named Charles W[illegible]y made a run of five thous[illegible]red and fifty-one points.

The Marietta.

THE ART OF CATCHING THE HORSE.—A correspondent of the *Valley Farmer* truly remarks that there few things more aggravating than to be in a hurry to go to some place and have a great trouble to catch a horse. I have sometimes made the assertion that a horse. which I raise will never be hard to catch unless some one else spoils him. The way I manage is to keep them gentle from colts, handling them as often as convenient. When young horses are running to grass give them salt occasionally, and let them fondle about you, making as little show of *trying* to get hold of them as possible. There is nothing surer to spoil a horse forever than to run as if trying to hem him in, and yelling authoritatively, or scolding, when he can see, just as well as you know that he is out of your reach. To put on the cap sheaf, whip him severely for causing trouble, and my word for it, the next time you want to catch him he "will not listen to the voice of your charming, charm you never so wisely."

Horses learn a great deal by signs.—In beginning to teach them to be caught, go toward them on the near side slowly and cautiously, making no demonstrations at all. If the animal begins to walk off, stop and whistle, or otherwise manifest indifference until he becomes quiet again, then approach as before.—When you are so close as to be confident he will not escape you again, then speak kindly and hold up your right hand, and be ready to touch him on the withers, and thence pass it along the neck until you can get hold of his head, but do not seize him with a grab, as this tends to excite fear afterwards By practicing this course, using the sign, viz: holding up the hand when you are a little further away each time, a horse may be taught to stop and be caught, even when in considerable glee, (playing,) simply by holding up the hand and using some familiar phrase, such as *whoa boy*, &c.

By way of caution, however, watch his actions and intentions closely during his tutoring, and if at any time or from any cause you see that he is going to run, do not by any means say anything or hold up your hand, as the sign given and disobeyed a few times wil almost inevitably prevent your making anything out of it in future.

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN SHOT.—We take the following from a letter written by one of the Iowa volunteers, who fought in the battle near Springfield, Missouri:

I was standing, or rather kneeling, behind a little bush, re-loading my musket, just before the rebels engaged in this close work retreated. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder, and fell to the ground. Jumping up, one of our boys asked me if I was hurt? I replied that I thought not, and drew up my musket to fire, when he said: "Yes, you are shot right through the shoulder." I think it was the remark more than the wound, which caused the field, all at once, to commence whirling around me in a very strange manner. I started to leave it, with a half ounce musket ball in my shoulder, and once or twice fell down with dizziness; but in a short time recovered sufficiently to be able to walk back to Springfield nine miles where the ball was taken out.

A TERRIBLE BLOW IN BATTLE.—We have about come to the conclusion that the war correspondents for the Southern papers can beat those of the North. A correspondent of the Mobile *Appeal* says:—"Parson Rippetoe, Methodist Preacher, and Captain of Virginia company, performed prodigies at the first taking of Sherman's Polor (for it was taken, then lost, then taken again.) He cut the throat of the horse and then engaged Lieutenant Sherman in a hand-to-hand conflict with sabres. After a ten minutes' fight—both being accomplished swordsmen—he severed Sherman's head from his body in one blow."

We had a pleasant conversation with Gen. Sherman in our office on Monday last, and he did not appear to be aware that he had been beheaded. At any rate, he did not allude to the somewhat interesting event. Possibly, however, his memory may have been affected by the operation, for we cannot suppose the Southern parson would exaggerate.—*Providence Journal.*

It will take three years from the August to build the new opera Paris, and 8,000,000f. to pay

John A. Washington.

[From the Troy Daily Times, Sept. 14.]

While a party of rebel officers were "observing" our pickets near Elkwater, Virginia, yesterday, a "vagrom" bullet, hurling into their midst, perforated the uniform of Col. John A. Washington, somewhere in the region of the disphragæ, and instaneously terminated the military and mortal career of that famous individual. Famous on two accounts—first, that he was a round&about descendant of the great patriot whose illustrious name lends honor to everything with which it is even remotely connected; and, secondly, that he once had the unspeakable pleasure of being bone up in execrable wood-cuts as one of the individuals to whom John Brown and his terrible army gave such a nightmare of apprehension.

When the old partisan burst upon the sleepy denizens of Harper's Ferry, and disturbed their equanimity so seriously, Col. Washington was one whom they visited. His two hundred and eighteen pounds avoirdupois were comfortable disposed upon a feather bed, over which hung one of the swords of the immortal patriot—one that he had swung on many a battle-field and never sheathed with dishonor. As John Brown pounced into his room, the Colonel raised his nightcap tremblingly, gasped convulsively, and covered his head with the quilts incontinently, while old Osssawottmie reached out his bony fingers, clutched the sword and bore it off.

When Brown and his fanatics were fighting like tigers in the arsenal, Col. Washington was traveling in an opposite direction; but when Brown was standing chained and haltered upon the scafold, Col. Washington was there on a big black horse, wearing a red sash and looking as brave and martial as one of the paletots. By some means the sword of the *Pater Patrie* was carried away with those who escaped, and when old Brown was buried, amid the stony hills of North Elba, it lay upon his coffin.

The family were magnanimous and honorable enough, however, to restore it to its owner. Colonel John A. received it hung it up once more on the pegs over the bedstead, and it is to be hoped slept as sweetly and snored as loudly as ever, with no dread fears of "nigger insurrections" to disturb his dreams. When conspiracy assumed the form of rebellion, and the Government was threatened with overthrow, Colonel John A. took down his sword, not to defend the institutions his great ancestor had given the labors of his life to create and establish, not to preserve the constitution he had helped to frame, not to sustain the government of which he was the first Chief Magistrate—not for those purposes, but to aid the criminal wickedness of those who seek to efface all the principles Washington lived to establish; who declared that he and the other fathers "were mistaken, and incorporated a michievous error into their theory of politics:" Col. John A. was a brilliant man; a good, hearty eater; a viliant and mighty champion at wine suppers; a plesant companion in a story telling circle; a fine looking personage in uniform—but unfortunatly he was not bullet-proof, else we should not be called upon to publish his obituary. One of those painful casulties which so seriously interfere with the prosecution of little schemes like that in which himself and his fellow rebels were engaged, has removed him from the theatre of operations.

We need not say that we regret the fact—for with all his peculiarities, the history of Harper's Ferry does not show that Col. Washington was a brave man, and it is not pleasant to record the decease of a coward under such circumstances. A hero balances life against st[illegible] and willingly takes the hazard of be[illegible] if a man is not a hero, it must Colo[illegible] uncomfortable to die as the sword [illegible] Yet "he who takes the the unwo[illegible]rish by the sword," and we hope, is [illegible]endant of a noble house, the rebels w[illegible] only leader among truth will spee[illegible]nce to whom this

☞ A Pittsbu[illegible]xamplified. a fat turkey at a raf[illegible]ho had won wife was very inquisit[illegible]hose pious od of obtaining the poul[illegible]his meth- scruples at last by the wit[illegible]ed her "the *shakers* gave it to hi[illegible] that

☞ A wag being asked th[illegible] the inventor of butter-stamps; it was probably Cadmus, as he brought letters into Greece.

JOKING WITH A BARBER.—Stopping for a day or two at a village a short way from Boston, Jeems went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering, and casting his eyes about the room, he perceived that the barber drove a double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:

"Sir, you are a barber?"

"Yes, sir; have a shave?"

"And do you also keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir; have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster-knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under an oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business (the barber started) one question more; do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the barber, indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the the chair, and untying his neck cloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.

THEM PERTATERS.—Many of our readers have no doubt read the following rich anecdote. It is old, but like good wine, it will bear repetition. Those who have never "read it," will thank us for reviving it from the oblivion into which it was fast falling: Soveral legislative gentlemen were dining at a Boston hotel; one of them asked Mr. D., a gentleman who sat opposite:

"Can you reach them pertaters, sir?"

Mr. D. extending his arm towards the dish, and satisfying himself that he could reach the "pertaters," answered:

"Yes, sir."

The legislator was taken aback with the unexpected rebuff from the wag, but presently recovering himself, he asked:

"Will you stick my fork into one of 'em, then."

Mr. D. took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a finely-cooked potato, and left it there. The company roared, as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him, and rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph:

"Now, Mr. D., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. D. rose to his feet, and with the most imperturbable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, and returned it, amidst an unconquerable thunder-storm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B.—*New York Mercury.*

THE POOR AND THE COMING WINTER.—In view of the approach of winter, and the scarcity of employment, a cotemporary gives the following advice: Let every man, woman and child save now; let them even pinch themselves and families now to prepare for darker times ahead. The winter is rapidly advancing, when the want of warm clothing, comfortable fires, unbroken shoes and a host of other necessaries will be severely felt, if unprovided for now. Every shilling now squandered in dissipation or unnecessarily wasted, robs your family of some comfort. Every hour of idleness, when work may be obtained, is a crime. Look to it, men with wives and little ones, that when the hour of gloom and distress shall arrive, you shall have saved, even though it may be but a few dollars, for that time of need. He who neglects this plain *duty* is worse than unwise—he is wicked.

☞ Recruiting in Ohio is reduced to a system which is said to work admirably. A committee of prominent citizens is appointed in each Congressional District, and these Committees appointet Camp Committees who receive recruits, enrol and muster them into service at once, and clothe them. When fifty are mustered they are assigned to a regiment, and officers are detailed from [illegible]ong them to recruit each company to [illegible]*inimum* number.

LARGE FAMILIES.—In reading an account of the riches of patriarchal princes of ancient times, or of eastern countries, we are struck by the vast number of retainers by whom they were surrounded. Even Abraham, the father of the faithful, did not hesitate to arm his own household—three hundred and eighteen trained male servants, born in his house—to go out by night and attack the army of four kings, who had taken captive his kinsman, Lot. According to the modern rate of calculation, four women and children, or one woman and three children, to each male adult, the household of Abraham could not have been less than fifteen hundred and ninety. The wealth of such men was calculated in cattle. Job, in the days of his prosperity, had fourteen hundred sheep, and six thousand camels, and one thousand yoke of oxen, and one thousand sheasses. Indeed the original Latin word for money, *pecunia*, whence our word "pecuniary," means cattle as well as money, and is most probably derived from the Latin word *pecus*, sheep.

We read in ancient history of rich, patriarchal farmers and shepherds feeding whole armies on their passage from one country to another. We read in English history of the Earl of Warwick entertaining, at his different manors, thirty thousand people every day. The old feudal barons had large halls, and whole sheep and oxen were roasted daily to feed their households; and Thomas a'Becket was so very hospitable that, not having seats enough for the numerous guests that frequented his table, he strewed the floor of his hall with clean hay or rushes, for the knights and squires to sit down upon and regale themselves, without soiling their clothes or catching rheumatics in their extremities. Westminster Hall was the usual dining-room of William Rufus; and Dr. Pocock informs us that he has seen an Arabian chief dine in the streets of a town where he had come to sell his cattle, and invite all passers, even common beggars, to sit down and partake of his banquet.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—What a habit the poets have of praising the Indian Summer! And yet how few recognize that season when it really comes! Most men imagine it visits us about a month earlier than it actually makes its appearance, and so they worship the gost of that delicious period which we all look to enjoy before the rude voice of Winter bid the Autumn hence, and closes the almanac upon all but his own programme of entertainment.

The Indian Summer always seems to us like the gorgeous sunset of the year—its hectic flush is so brief and yet so beautiful. The consumptive year seems, at that time, to put forth all its vital energies anew, to array itself in its more coquettish costume, and with its warm, passionate breath, seek fondly to convince us of its hope of a long and proud existence.

But we know too well how illusory are such gay dreams of a brilliant future.—The proxysm once over, the inspiration once gone, the dying year yields up its cherished anticipations. It sadly gathers together its garment of withered leaves, coughs through the long December nights its wasted life away, and is buried in the white snow-shroud that its mother, Nature, wraps with tears about the icy form of the departed.

☞ M. Blondon's laurls are challenged by a lady, who successfully crossed the Thames the other day, or would have done so, but that some speculative commercial scoundrels cut away the lead-weights which served to steady the guy-ropes. As it was, the "lady" accomplished two-thirds of her transit with perfect ease, and, finding her further progress marred by the circumstance we have mentioned, quietly lowered herself into a boat, and was rowed ashore.

NOT A BIT OF IT.—The *Sunday Dispatch* says that "hoops are a nuisance, at home or abroad." We dont believe it. There is not a man who grumbles about hoops, who would not ridicule any woman who should appear in the streets without them, unless she wore skirts enough to ruin her health and cost four times the amount that hoops do. It's all folly to talk otherwise, men do like hoops and think their wearers are improved by them.

☞ A promising young man may do very well perhaps—a paying one much better.

☞ Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

DR. MOTT'S *CHALYBEATE RESTORATIVE PILLS OF IRON.*

An Aperient and Stomachic preparation of *cron* purified of Oxygen and Carbon by *Combustion* in Hydrogen. Sanctioned by the highest Medical Authorities, both in Europe and the United States, and prescribed in their practice.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions, indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case.

Innoxious in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:

In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Incipient Consumption, Scrofulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Mismenstruation, Chlorosis, Whites, Liver Complaints, Chronic Head aches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the face, &c.

In cases of *General Debility*, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render credible. Invalids so long bed-ridden as to have become forgotten in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female Sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, sanguineous exhaustion, crittical changes, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In *Nervous Affections* of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of iron must necessarily be salutary, for, unlike the old oxides, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and over-heating; and gently, regularly aperient, even in the most obstinate cases of costiveness without ever being a gastric purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sensation.

It is this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effectual and permanent a remedy for *Piles*, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.

In *Dyspepsia*, innumerable as are its causes, a single box of these Chalybeate Pills has often sufficed for the most habitual cases, including the attendent Costiveness.

In unchecked *Diarrhœa*, even when advanced to *Dysentary*, confirmed, emaciating, and apparently malignant, the effects have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of flesh and strength, and debilitating cough, and remitten, hectic, which generally indicate *Incipient Consumption*, this remedy has allayed the alarm of friends and physicians, in several very gratifying and interesting instances.

In *Scrofulous Tuberculosis*, this medicated iron has had far more than the good effect of the most cautiously balanced preparations of iodine, without any of their well known liabilities.

The attention of females cannot be too confidently invited to this remedy and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In *Rheumatism*, both chronic and inflammatory—in the latter, however, more decidedly—it has been invariably well reported, both as alleviating pain and reducing the swellings and stiffness of the joints and muscles.

In *Intermittent Fevers* it must necessarily be a great remedy and energetic restorative, and its progress in the new settlements of the West, will probably be one of high renown and usefulness.

No remedy has ever been discovered in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects.—Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use.

Put up in neat flat metal boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; for sale by druggists and dealers. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to

R. B. LOCKE & CO., *General Agents*,
20 Cedar-st., N. Y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, *Philadelphia.* *A Benevolent Institution established by special endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the cure of Diseases of the Sexual organs.* Medical advice given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, medicines furnished free of charge.

Valuable Reports on Spermatorrhœa, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the *New Remedies* employed in the Dispensary sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three postage stamps will be acceptable to pre-pay postage.

Address, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South 9th st., Philadelphia. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President.*
GEORGE FAIRCHILD, *Secretary.*

THE GLATZ FERRY,
Formerly Keesey's.

The undersigned having leased the above named old established Ferry and Hotel, in Hellam Township, York county, opposite the borough of Marietta, where he is prepared to entertain the public at his bar and table with the best the market affords. He would very respectfully inform the traveling public that having obtained

First Class Ferry Boats,

and efficient ferrymen, and is now fully prepared to accommodate persons wishing to cross the Susquehanna with vehicles or otherwise without delay or detention. *JOHN NOEL.*

Marietta, August 3, 1861-1y

CNEW BRASS CLOCKS—Good Time Keepers, for One Dollar. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired and charges moderate, at WOLFE'S.

PRIME GROCERIES:—Rio, Java and Laguira Coffee; Crushed, Pulverized and Brown Sugar; Superior Green and Black Tea; Rice, Cheese and Spices; Syrup and prime baking Molasses; Excellent Pearl Barley at
J. R. DIFFENBACH'S.

FRESH HOME GROUND SPICES AT *ANDERSON'S! Attention Butchers and Housekeepers.* Having a great demand for our famed *SPICES*, I have concluded to continue to keep a constant supply of *Ground Pepper, Ground Corriander, and Sweet Marjoram.*

WALL PAPERS.—We have just received another supply from the New York and Philadelphia manufactories. Purchasers can rely upon the newest styles, which will be sold unusually low at J. R. Diffenbach's.

25 BARRELS Monongahela Whisky just received, which will be sold at the lowest market rates by the barrel or gallon at the Enterprise Wine & Liquor Store.
A. D. REESE, Mount Joy.

CHASE'S *CONCENTRATED LYE*, superior to any now in use, can be had at the *Cheap Store of Diffenbach.*

E. GOODWIN'S & BRO's. Plantation fine cut Chewing Tobacco. The best in the world. For sale at WOLFE'S.

BUGGY and Sleigh BLANKETS of various styles and at much lower prices than the same sold last fall. *Spangler & Patterson.*

MADERIA WINES, full bodied and fruity, at the "Enterprise Store."
A. D. REESE, Mount Joy.

GET A NEW SPRING STYLE HAT, *AT CRULL'S,*
No. 92 Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

BRANDIES—all brands—guarranted to be genuine. *Benjamin & Co.*

DRIED FRUIT now selling cheap at DIFFENBACH'S.

SUPERIOR COAL OIL—25 cents a quart at *Dr. Grove's Drug Store.*