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1872. THE AGE. 1872.

The Leading Democratic Newspaper in Pennsylvania.

Prepare for the Presidential Campaign—
Circulate the Documents—Now in the line
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Energy in the Present Danger—Double Assurances
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THE AGE is the firm and earnest advocate of Democratic principles as declared by the founders of the Republic and embodied in its institutions. To defend and maintain them in its constant aim, and it is the persistent and vigilant advocate of reform, general and municipal. It has sought no alliance with any clique or class interests; it has been subject to no corrupt influence, but has labored, without fear or favor, for the good of the people.

While no expenditure is spared in any of the channels of newspaper enterprise, the AGE is aided by an official patronage, but relies on the subscriptions and support of individual Democrats, who would maintain the principles of their party, and of intelligent opponents who desire to see men and measures freely canvassed, and hear both sides of public questions. Few men of any party deny that free and fearless discussion by the press is now the best defense of the interests of every citizen, against fraud, speculation and injustice.

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John L. Reifsnider, Westminister, Md., Wholesale and Retail Dealer in BRUSSELLS, 3-PLY, INGRAIN, HEMP, HOMEMADE, RAG AND LIST CARPETS, Matings, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Hassocks, Looking Glasses, Groceries, Paints, Oils, Glass, Woodware, Hardware, Queensware, Silver plated Ware, Gas Fixtures, Housekeeping Articles, &c. &c.

Cash Bargain Store, H. L. NORRIS & CO., HAVE received and opened this week a large stock of FALL GOODS.

FOR MEN: wear the best of cloths and jeans, in great variety, also Tweeds, Jeans, flannels, &c., from 12 1/2 cts. up.

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Gloves, Hosiery, Towels, Napkins, Handkerchiefs, Balmaine, and Fancy Goods in great variety.

SHOES and Groceries: We invite an examination of our present stock, and guarantee prices as low as the lowest.

H. L. NORRIS & CO., sep 28

Select Poetry.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

BY MAY BILEY SMITH.

I've come to the dear old threshold
With eager, hating feet,
To see the old-fashioned room,
That once was so white and sweet;
To taste of the apricot mellow
That ripened on the garden wall;
To set my teeth in the poppies
That grew in the orchard fall;

To quaff the hopped nectar
From the well-cooled bowl;
And to see the old-fashioned child,
In the little meadow pool;
And I thought, as I looked on the clover,
And I thought, as I looked on the clover,
"The sweetest to be going thither,
To the tone of the robin's song!"

I passed by the uncut hedges,
And up through the thicket walk,
And found the fall of my footsteps
In the meadow ground;
There are no prints in the doorway,
No gleams left in the hall;
The weeds grow high in the arbor,
And the rattle rank and tall
Had thrived on the sweet-breathed hills
That lean on the lattice wall.

The little white house is empty,
Its ceilings are cobwebbed o'er;
And the dust and mold are lying
In the meadow ground;
There are no prints in the doorway,
No gleams left in the hall;
The weeds grow high in the arbor,
And the rattle rank and tall
Had thrived on the sweet-breathed hills
That lean on the lattice wall.

No dimpled faces of children
Brightened the window pane;
Never a voice of laughter
Rings along the hallway;
So I turned through the daisies yellow,
That nodded to me as I passed,
And I thought, as I looked on the clover,
"The sweetest to be going thither,
To the tone of the robin's song!"

But I found a worm in my apples,
And I found them sadly away,
And I found the pool and the river
In the meadow ground;
I eagerly tore the grasses
Away from the bubbling spring;
And I found the pool and the river
In the meadow ground;
I eagerly tore the grasses
Away from the bubbling spring;

A black snake crept from his hiding
And hissed in the grasses wild—
And I bent my head in the rashes,
And I thought, as I looked on the clover,
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OLD MUSIC.

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And hear the melody and choir,
Of olden song—of strains sublime—
Like a choir of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Some o'er the meadow, some o'er the flow,
Lapping their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

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