

THE HOMESTEAD.

BY LADY SPENCER

It is not as it used to be, When you and I were young, When round each elm and maple tree The honeysuckles hung;

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

A Story From a German Ballad.

BY EMMA SOUTH.

'Twas night, the star-gemmed and glittering, When a bereaved mother lay tossing on her bed in all the feverish restlessness of unsoftened sorrow.

The deep stillness that rested on the hushed earth was broken by those saddest of all sounds, the bitter wailings of a mother weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

And thus slowly passed the long, weary hours of the night, and naught was heard save the solemn chiming of the clock, telling, with iron tongue, that man was drawing hourly nearer to the quiet grave.

And as the mourner lay listening to Time's slow, measured strokes, memory was busy with the images of the loved and lost. Again they were before her in all their youthful beauty; she heard their gleeful voices and felt their fond caresses.

Poor mourner! Could earth furnish no magic mirror in which thou couldst always thus see the dead living? Oh, no! for as melts the fleecy cloud into the blue depths of heaven, so passed away the blessed vision; and seeing but the coffin and the shroud, again arose on the silent air those tones of despairing anguish: "Wee is me! my sons are dead!"

Then softly and sweetly sounded forth the matin chimes, blending their holy music with the anguished cries of the bereaved mother.—In the midst of her sorrow, she heard the bell's sweet harmony, and, leaving her sleepless couch, walked forth into the refreshing air.—Morning was breaking cold and gray over the earth, and the stars were growing pale at the approaching step of the monarch of the day.

Slowly walks the mourner through the yet sleeping woods, whose flowers are folded in silence, and whose birds give forth no carols. She reaches the antique church and enters the sacred door. A mysterious light—light that is almost shade—is brooding over the holy aisles, clothing in shadowy garments the pale images of departed saints; wrapping in a mantle of dimness the carved sepulchres; throwing strange gleams over the tall white columns; and embracing, with pale arms, cross and picture, and antique shrine.

In the midst of this mysterious light kneel a silent company; each head is bowed on the clasped hands, and no sound is heard save a deep, far distant murmuring, like the voice of the mighty wind when it passes through the leaves of the dark, old pines, dwelling in some dim, solemn woods.

Suddenly every head is lifted, and the mourner sees in that vast company friends who had been sleeping long ages in the silent tomb.—All were there again; the friends of her cloudless childhood, who went down to death's cold chambers in all their stainless beauty, sinking into the grave as pure as the snow-flake that falls to the earth.

And there was the sister of her home and heart, the tried friend of sorrow shaded hours, who, in dying, left a mighty void that time could never fill. And there were the "mighty dead," they whose footsteps, when living, tracked the world with light—light that now shed a halo over their graves. And there were the meek, patient ones of earth, pale martyrs to sorrow, who struggled hopefully through the dim vapors that surround the world, and met as a reward the ineffable brightness of heaven. They were all here, all who had passed from earth amidst a fond tribute of tears and regret.

All were here save two, those two the most dearly loved among the precious company of the dead; and wildly scanning the pale group, the mother called aloud as she missed her children: "Oh, my sons! my sons! would that I could see them but once again!"

Then arose a loud voice, and it said: "Look to the east;" and the weeping mother looked. Oh! dreadful sight! there, by the sacred altar, rested a block and a fearful wheel. Stretched on these dreadful instruments of doom, in the coarse garb of the prison, wrestling fiercely with death in its most awful form, were two poor youths; and in their wan countenances, whose crime and grief had traced their fearful march, the mother recognized her lost sons.

Dismayed, heart-sick, despairing, she motionless stands; and the deep silence is again broken by a voice speaking these words:—"Mourner, whose every tone is a murmur at Heaven's will, whose every expression is a doubt of God's love, let this teach thee a

mighty truth. See the dark path of crime they might have trod; see the agony, the shame, the maternal anguish that might have swept like a desolating tempest over thy heart; then thank thy God, in a burst of fervent praise, that he took them in unsullied youth from a world of sin to a place of safe refuge."

The voice ceased, and darkness fell like a pall on the marble floor; but through the arched windows came streaming the pale moonlight, and beneath its holy rays, the mother knelt and prayed.

There fell on her heart a blessed calm, as a voice whispered to the troubled waves of sorrow, "peace, be still." And the angel of death stole softly in, and sealed her pale lips forever, whilst repentance and resignation were breathing from them in the music of prayer.

Oh, weeping mother! who art hanging garlands of sorrow ever fresh over thy children's tomb, take to thy bereaved heart, and ponder well, this "Mother's Lesson!"

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S STORY.

"Generally speaking," began the youth, "stories have what is called a moral to them; and if you don't know what that means I shall not stop to tell you."

"I matters very little who or what I am," continued he. "I have lain in silk and purple, and grew up as one born to command. I went to college, and very likely you think I was a wild, harum-scarum devil of a fellow—boasting, driving, hunting, cultivating wine, cards, and so on. Well, if you think so, you are mistaken. I was a quiet, studious young man, I might add moral; and it would have been perfectly true. I loved books, study, and peace, and was a good scholar, liked the arts, and was a quiet infant. But I still had a fiery devil in me."

"I fell in love with a little doll of a girl about my own age, and for whom I would have taken my heart out of my bosom. I could have put her in my breast to shelter her as one would a little bird; and she loved me with such strength of faith, that had I been Don Juan himself, there was such lavish trust, that I would have been converted from a debauchee into an honest man."

"She is still now as a frozen rill—sleeping like the streams of winter—she will never wake again!" "Yes, she was a lovely little trusting flower, the daughter of a worthy tradesman, who loved her as the apple of his eye! but she was worthy of a throne, and I would have given her one if I could. She is poor now, and so am I."

"Our dream of love was delicious, but very brief. She eloped with me—she became my wife. My parents heard that I had eloped with the child of a tradesman, and threatened the poor old fellow with ruin and annihilation. It would not have taken much to have broken his heart, for it was half gone already; but what was done could not be undone;—and I thought my father and mother loved me too well to thwart me, and that I had only to bring her home to give her another father and mother, who would love her like her own."

"I meant to have put her back into his bosom, and said, 'embrace your daughter, but also embrace my wife, and you can love her still!' but that day never came. I believed, however, very firmly in it, and I was happy, living in a little Eden of my own, far from the turmoil of life, and expecting then my little baby hourly."

"My parents prevented this. Yes, they hindered all. We lived in Wales at the period, and when my baby was born, and she put it in my bosom, and laid her own sweet little head beside it, I—I prayed for her, for both, and loved them more and more. Then I made up my mind to return to my father's home."

"One day I went to my little home, after walking, and I found her gone, both gone! Then the sleeping devil within me woke up. I learned from the people of the house, that a stern man, and a proud, pale woman, richly dressed, drove up in a splendid chariot, drawn by four horses, and carried off—robbed me of my wife and child. This man—this woman, were my parents. I travelled night and day, and arrived at their home in town."

"I demanded my wife; they called her a designing, cunning girl; and they said something worse of her than I could bear, and I silenced them, and made them turn pale and tremble. I demanded my child. They denied any knowledge of either. I cursed both, and left the house never to return to it again."

"I need not tell by what means I traced my Alice through stages of wretchedness and penury, till I found both mother and child dying on a mean pallet in a parish work-house."

"I could have called curses from heaven and fires from hell to avenge this unpardonable wrong—for what had this pale and tender dove done to win such an injury? But, when I saw her pale, thin cheeks, and heard her moaning, and saw her wasted babe on the half starved breast of the woman I adored, I stifled my soul; I shed no tears; I heard her utter a cry of joy and pain, and then the thin helpless hand wandered over my head, as I laid it kneeling by her side in that horrible hole, upon her breast beside my child."

"To lose a parent, to lose a mother one loves—to lose a friend one is devoted to—to lose a dog that has been your companion for long years, is all painful; what was it to this? Was it for this I had sought her? Was it thus my parents had shown their love? Was it to see her die that I had moved the heavens and the earth to discover her?"

"Take my head in your arms, my dear George," she said faintly. "Take my child in your arms, too. Kiss me—kiss the baby. You love us, do you not? God bless you! God protect you! Do not separate us. Do not forget us. I have torn much—but I loved you so dearly; and I forgive every one, as I hope to be forgiven." The rough soldiers turned away, and one of two wiped their eyes.

"Little Alice," I said, are you going without me?" "I am only going before you," she said; and I felt that she was speaking the truth. "I am

going before you; clasp me closer; let me feel your lips; lift my head; put my baby's mouth to mine!—and she died. And for an hour after I held her baby in my bosom, till I felt it cold. It was dead too."

There was a long, deep, impressive pause—and again he went on. "They made my heart desolate, wretched and void; and I—I, in turn, desolated their household, and wrecked their peace forever, as they had two passions to feed and foster—the most boundless love for me, their only child, and a pride which God forgive them, they had also given to me, and the latter the greater, they sacrificed me to that pride. Well, I trampled on their pride. They knelt to me in the dust and ashes of humility, and I scorned them."

"They offered me a bride, the fairest in the land, and I only laughed at them. They could not give me little Alice, and I had nothing else for which to ask. I had a grand funeral from that workhouse for my wife and child, and I put my name on her coffin lid, and after that day I forgot that I had a name or parents, and I felt that I had avenged Alice, for their house is a house of mourning, and the world is to them as to me—a sepulchre."

"And this is the reason that I don't care for anything that comes or goes, that happens or does not happen. I want to be dead. I want to sleep, and never wake up."

The Territory of Kansas.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian says that the proposed Territory of Kansas lies west of Missouri. It extends west three or four hundred miles, and consists principally of beautiful and fertile prairies. The timber is mostly confined to the neighborhood of water courses. There is more wood, however, in Kansas than in Nebraska, which lies west of it; and more in the eastern than in the western portion of the territory, where those treeless plains commence that stretch to the mountains. The scarcity of timber is the only drawback, and this must prevent parts of it from becoming thickly settled for a long time.

It would seem, that Providence designs these immense prairies, stretching eastward from the Rocky Mountains for a thousand miles, to be the great grazing region of North America, just as he does the Mississippi valley for grain, the Gulf States for cotton, and the Atlantic States for manufacturing. Upon the large prairies of Illinois and Missouri, however, hedges and stone fences are coming extensively into use, and the same mode of fencing will be adopted in Kansas. Coal is known to exist in different sections of the territory, and it will probably be found in sufficient quantities for fuel.

The soil is well adapted to grass and grain, and in portions of it, especially near the Kansas river, there is an excellent hemp land.—For farming purposes, that portion through which the Kansas runs, with its numerous small tributaries, is esteemed the most desirable. The soil is surpassed by none in the West, and at no very distant day the valley of the Kansas is destined to become one of the most attractive in our country. It is situated as near the centre of our country, also, as need be; Fort Riley on the Kansas, one hundred and sixty miles west of the Missouri line, being the central point of the United States, as near as can be ascertained. Along the valley of the Kansas, also, must some day pass the great thoroughfare between the Atlantic and Pacific, whether the first Pacific railroad take this route or not. Copper ore has been found also in this region.

Sinews of Iron.

We wandered into a machine shop yesterday. Every where, up stairs and down stairs, intelligent machines were doing their work, once done by thinking and toiling men. In one place a chuckleheaded affair, looking like an elephant's frontispiece, was quietly biting bars of cold iron in two, as if they had been so many oaten straws.

In another place, a fierce little thing, with a spindle shaped weapon—a sort of "Devil's darning Needle," was boring square holes through the solid wooden wheels three inches or more in thickness.

Away there in the corner of a device, about as large and noisy as a humming bird, was amusing itself cutting out pieces of steel from solid plates, as easily as children puncture paper patterns with a pin.

All by itself in another place, was a machine that whistled like a boatswain, and rough boards came forth planed and grooved, finished, ready for a place in something, somewhere, for somebody.

Every where these queer machines were busy doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; boring and planing, grooving and morticing, turning and sharpening and sawing.

Down stairs in a room by itself, as it would be alone, we found the grand mover of all these machines.

In a corner, some distance from the genius we write of, a fire was burning, perhaps to keep it "just comfortable," and perhaps, not. It was very busy—the thing was—moving an arm of polished steel, backward and forward over a frame equally polished and glittering; as one in thought sitting by a table, passes his fingers to and fro, along the smooth surface of of the mahogany.

We say it was busy, and so it was; busy doing nothing. It went nowhere—it hammered nothing, ground nothing, but just passed its ponderous arm backward and forward. It neither ate nor spoke, but there, "from early morn to dewy eve," it timed the toil going on, everywhere around and above it.

There were indeed, a few men made of flesh, sixty or so, here and there about the establishment, furnishing rather than doing the work. That thing with the iron arms works the wonders. It will work more.—N. Y. Tribune.

A sailor once had a high dispute with his wife who wished him to the devil. "Plague on me, Peg," said he, "I don't think I should fare pretty well with the old fellow, as I married into his family."

A REMNANT OF ANCIENT SUPERSTITION.—A

German, known as Dutch Charlie, was recently murdered in Colorado county, Texas. As the body was surrounded by people, an Irishman proposed that those present should successively place their hands upon the body of the deceased—believing that, whenever the murderer touched it, the wounds would commence bleeding anew. The suggestion was acted upon, and, says a correspondent of the Richmond (Texas) Inquirer, as soon as a man named Hiltbrand applied his hand, the blood began to flow. Hiltbrand was arrested, and shortly afterwards committed suicide by hanging himself.

"Lead us not into Temptation."

The pathway of the inebriate is lined with rum shops, and dangers beset him at every corner. Said a weeping drunkard, not long since, "I cannot now go to meeting or to mill, for my appetite controls me, and I cannot resist temptation. But pass the Maine Law and I could die a sober man, and, I think, go to Heaven. Without it I must die a drunkard." There is a tear in every word. And yet men who know not the strength of the devil which binds the drunkard, will deliberately place temptations in his path endangering his ruin in two worlds.

OUT AND IN.—A Frenchman, who was traveling in a canal boat, was in the cabin at the time the boat was about passing under a bridge. The captain shouted "Look out!" to the passengers at the top of his voice. The Frenchman understood him literally, and poked his head up out of the cabin. He received a severe bump upon the forehead which knocked him sprawling upon the floor. He jumped up in a great rage, scratched his head and addressed the captain in the most indignant style. "Sare! what you say 'Look out' for. Why you not say 'Look in'?"

WALKING THE PLANK.—Napoleon the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." Napoleon the little is at present busy "walking the plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties," that, for some time, has been raging underneath him.

A RAFTSMAN who had drank a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother seized him by the hair, but the current was strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about relinquishing his hold, when despairing, the drowning one raised his head above the water, and said: "Hang on, Sam, hang on—I'll treat—I swear I will."

His words were stimulating, and the other at length saved him. A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.—A lady at Columbus, in Ohio, recently inquired of the spirit-rappers how many children she had. "Four," trapped the spirit. The husband started at the reply, stepped up and asked: "How many children have I?"

The husband and wife looked at each other with an odd smile on their features, for a moment and then remained non-believers. There had been a mistake made somewhere. We remember being at a conference meeting once in Yankee Land, when one of the deacons came around asking the people if they wanted salvation. Near me sat a butcher's boy of nineteen years old, about as amenable to salvation, as a lamb in his hand would have been to mercy.

"Do you want salvation?" said the deacon, looking into his brutal face. "No, darn you—I want Sal Skinner, and the sexton won't let me take her out till meeting's over."

Then was the time we roared. "What are you doing there, Jane?" "Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."

"But what have you to dye it with?" "Beer, pa." "Beer? who on earth told you that beer would dye red?" "Why, ma, said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought that—"

"Here Susan, take this child to bed." "Good.—"Now children," said a schoolmaster, "remember what I have told you. All the misery which afflicts the world, arose from the fact that Eve stole an apple and divided it with Adam."

"Gosh!" said a tow-headed urchin, "what a pity it hadn't been our Sal. She's such a stumpy critter that whenever she steals an apple, she eats the whole on't herself."

A BEAUTIFUL CONCEIT.—Some author, we remember not who, informs us how we became indebted for the red rose. They were all of a pure and spotless white when in Eden they first spread out their leaves to the morning sunlight of creation. Eve, as she gazed upon the finchless gem, could not suppress her admiration of its beauty, but stooped down and imprinted a warm kiss on its snowy bosom. The rose stole the scarlet tinge from her velvet lip, and yet wears it.

WELL ANSWERED.—A young wife renounced with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and off she went.

The "Have Nothings" is the name of new association at Washington; composed undoubtedly, of disappointed office-seekers.

Domestic Receipts.

SEARCHING LINEN.—To those who desire to impart to shirt bosoms, collars, and other fabrics that fine and beautiful gloss observable on new linens, the following recipe for making gum arabic starch will be most acceptable, and should have a place in the domestic scrap-book of every woman who prides herself upon her capacity as a house-wife and the neatness of her own, her husband's, and family's dress; and, if she does not take pride in these things, her husband is an unfortunate man.—

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give the linens (either white, black, or printed) a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobbinet.

TO PRODUCE CHERRIES WITHOUT STONES.—In the spring, before the circulation of the sap, a young seedling cherry-tree is split from the upper extremity down to the fork of its roots; then, by means of a piece of wood in the form of a spatula, the pith is carefully removed from the tree, in such a manner as to avoid any excoriations or other injury; a knife is used only for commencing the split. Afterwards the two sections are brought together, and tied with woad, care being taken to close hermetically with clay the whole length of the cleft. The sap now reunites the separated portions of the tree, and, two years afterwards, cherries are produced of the usual appearance, but, instead of stones, there will only be small soft pellicles.

HINTS TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.—A most beautiful and easily-attained show of evergreens may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, just before the winter sets in, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after dropping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor all the winter. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

OPONDELCO.—This lotion being a valuable application for sprains, lumbago, weakness of joints, &c., and it being difficult to procure either pure or freshly made, we give a receipt for its preparation.—Dissolve an ounce of camphor in a pint of rectified spirits of wine, then dissolve four ounces of hard white Spanish soap, scraped thin, in four ounces of oil of rosemary, and mix them together.

A VERY pretty and economical finish for sheets, pillow-cases, &c., may be made from the cuttings of bleached muslin: Cut one and a half inch squares, and fold them bias, from corner to corner, then fold again, so as to form a point, soam on to the straight side on raw edge and face on a strip to cover the seam.

MILDRED STAINS are very difficult to remove from linen. The most effectual way is to rub soap on the spots, then chalk, and bleach the garment in the hot sun. TO TAKE INK OUT OF MARGARINE.—Mix, in a tea-spoonful of cold water, a few drops of oil of vitriol; touch the spot with a feather dipped in the liquid.

"Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa, he very good farmer, he make two crops in one year."

"How is that Sambo?" "Why he sell his hay in de fall, and make money one den, in de spring he sell de hides ob de cattle dat die, for want ob de hay, and make money twice."

Within the last six years, it is said, \$1,500,000 have been subscribed towards the endowment of Baptist colleges and seminaries in this country. The whole number of instructors connected with them is 151, students over 2,500. They have graduated over 4,600 students in all, and their libraries contain more than 120,000 volumes.

Of the four hundred and twenty-four inmates of the Insane Asylum at Utica during the past year, ninety were intemperate—one hundred were addicted to the use of tobacco—twenty-eight had no education—one hundred and eighty-seven were not connected with any religious denomination.

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all! The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

"Vat mit be de reason dat Shoseph wouldn't sleep mit Biffar's wife?" inquired an honest Dutchman of his boy. "Shoseph he wasn't sleepy," replied the youngster.

Some one speaking of the venerable appearance of a strap orator, says, he stood up like one of 'em, with his bald-head and hands in his breeches-pockets. An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt to his back. "Sto Hunt!" a Scotch gentleman puts the postscript stamps the wrong way upon his letters, as calls it, with a tender feeling.—Turning a funny!

The way to be happy—go without your breakfast and dinner, and see if you don't feel happy when it is supper time.

THE RED FLAG VICTORIOUS.—The Blood Red Banner floats in triumph on the "Old Corner Store," where A. M. HILLS has just opened the cheapest and most splendid assortment of Goods ever displayed before this community, and exactly adapted to their many and various necessities. Every variety of Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots, Shoes, Cloths, Cassimeres, and all other kinds of dry-goods that are unapproachable by any other similar articles, either in beauty of style, quality, or price.

Also an excellent assortment of Groceries, Hardware, Stone and Queensware, with fancy articles and novelties. He defies competition, and invites all persons to give him a call at the "Old Corner," which has truly become the "Bazaar of Clearfield." Every attention will be spared to customers and visitors, and no pains will be spared to send all smiling away, loaded with his beautiful and valuable goods, never surpassed in Clearfield. Clearfield, June 15, 1854-ly. A. M. HILLS

NEW GOODS AT THE CASH STORE.—The subscriber has just received a large and well selected stock of GOODS of almost every description suitable to the season, and all selling off at extremely low prices. He respectfully invites the attention of all who wish to buy good Goods at the lowest prices, to call at the sign of the "Cheapest Goods." Country produce of almost every description taken at market prices in exchange for goods. Persons wishing to purchase, and receive a fair equivalent for their money, will do well to give him a call. Remember the sign of the CHEAPEST GOODS, on Market street, and call and be convinced that there is truth in the words thereon inscribed. June 13, 1854. WM. F. IRWIN.

NEW FIRM.—PATTON & SHOWERS would inform the public that they have just opened a new and splendid assortment of Goods of every variety, at the old stand of H. D. PATTON at Curwensville. All their store may be found, almost everything adapted to the wants and necessities of the people of this region. Dress-goods, Lace, Laces, Gloves, Cloths, Cassimeres, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c., &c., of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Also a splendid assortment of Hardware, Queensware and Groceries. They invite all persons to give them a call, fully assured they will be able to render entire satisfaction. H. D. PATTON, J. H. SHOWERS. Curwensville, June 15, 1854-ly.

MANSON HOUSE.—The subscriber having taken this old established stand, and entirely refitted and refurnished it in such a manner as to vie with any house in the county, respectfully solicits a liberal share of public patronage. Every attention will be bestowed upon persons stopping at the Mansion House, and no pains will be spared to make them "feel at home." The bar is well furnished with the best liquors and cigars, and the table will at all times be supplied with the best of the market. He would respectfully invite the public to give him a call. JOHN LIVINGSTON. Clearfield, June 15, 1854.

HEMPHILL'S HOTEL.—The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he still remains at the old stand, where he at all times ready and willing to "entertain strangers and travellers." His bar stocked with the best liquors, and his table will always be supplied with the luxuries of the market. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a further share of public patronage. WM. J. HEMPHILL. Clearfield, June 15, 1854-ly.

R. WELCH, Silversmith and Jeweler, next door to the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. Watches cleaned and repaired. Good watches warranted for the space of one year. Jewelry, Accoutrements and other musical instruments repaired on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms. [June 15, 1854-ly.]

RICHARD GLENNIN, Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, Shaw's Row Clearfield, Pa., keeps constantly on hand every variety of Boots and Shoes—the cheapest and largest assortment in the County, which he offers for sale on the lowest terms for cash or produce. June 1st, 1854.

HORSES AND BUGGIES FOR HIRE.—JAMES CROWTHER would inform his friends and the public generally, that he keeps for hire horses, buggies, carriages, &c., on the most reasonable terms, at his Livery Stable in Curwensville. Inquire at the Stage Office.—Fleming's Hotel. JAMES CROWTHER. June 15th, 1854.

M. A. FRANK, Fashionable Tailor, "Shaw's Row," below the Mansion House, will be happy to render his services to all those wishing clothes made in the latest style, and most durable manner. Clearfield, June 15.

L. R. CARTER—Dealers in shoes, bar-iron, nails, and castings of all kinds. Also plows, and other agricultural utensils. On Second Street, under the Republican Office. [June 15, '54-ly.]

THOMAS SHRA—Fashionable Tailor, in Shaw's Row, on Market Street, below the Mansion House, Clearfield, Pa. [June 15, '54-ly.]

HARRIS, HALE & CO.—Wholesale Druggists, No. 229, Market Street, North side between sixth and seventh, Philadelphia. Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Surgical Instruments, Druggists' Glassware, Window Glass, Paints, Oils, Dyes, Perfumery, &c. JOHN HARRIS, M. D. J. SHARPSWOOD, JOHN M. HALE, E. B. ORRISON. June 15, 1854-ly.

CHARLES WINGATE, Dealer in Bonnets, Shoes, Boots, Dried Palm, Leaf Hats, No. 18, North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Second Store below Commerce Street. [June 15, 1854-ly.]

WILLIAM S. HANSELL & SON, Manufacturers and Importers of Saddlery, and Saddlery Hardware, No. 28 Market Street, Philadelphia. Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Whips, Saddle Bags, Bridle Piling, Bits, Stirrups, Buckles, Carpet Bags, &c. [June 15, '54-ly.]

BEIDELMAN & HAYWARD—Wholesale Grocers, Tea Dealers and Commission Merchants, No. 273, Market Street, Philadelphia. D. BEIDELMAN, A. HAYWARD. June 15, 1854-ly.

HOOD & CO.—Extensive Dry-goods Dealer, No. 187, Market St., Philadelphia. Keep constantly on hand a large, splendid and cheap stock of the most fashionable and elegant goods. They invite country Merchants to call and examine their splendid assortment, before purchasing elsewhere. June 15, 1854-ly.

CALEB COPE & CO. No. 183, Market St., Philadelphia. Dealers in Linens, White Goods, Hosiery, French, English and German Silk Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Hitting Cloth, &c. [June 15, '54-ly.]

A. T. LANE & CO.—Wholesale Clothing Store, No. 171, Market Street. Every variety ready made Clothing, in the most fashionable style constantly on hand. [June 15, '54-ly.]

ISAAC M. ASHTON.—Hat Store, No. 172, Market St., Philadelphia. Hats, Caps, Etc., of every variety, and the best quality always on hand. [June 15, 1854-ly.]

CONRAD & WALTON.—Hardware Store, No. 255 Market Street, Philadelphia. Hardware, Iron, Nails, &c., of every description. June 15, 1854-ly.

GEORGE J. WEAVER & CO., No. 19 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Dealers in Carpet, Chain, Yarn, Manila and Hemp Ropes, Bed-cords, Clothes-lines, &c., &c. [June 15, 1854-ly.]

BROOK TYSON & REH—Wholesale Dry-goods Store, No. 146, Market Street, Philadelphia. [June 15, 1854-ly.]

CRK & HES—No. 18 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, extensive Dealers in Books and Stationery. [June 15, 1854-ly.]