



## COLD CHURCH BELLS."

The following lines, extracted from an English paper, are well worth preserving:

Hush! hush! hush!

Loudly, sharply,

Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,

Merrily, fearfully,

Loudly, merrily,

Marketh the birds from the garden bower.

Clouds there are none in the fair Summer sky;

Sunshine sings huzza down from on high;

Children sing loud, as the train moves along;

"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on!"

Knelt out drearily,

Measured and measured,

Sad old bells from the steeple grey,

Priests chanting lowly;

Solemnly, slowly,

Passest the curse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall,

Bringing all—*the plume and the pall,*

*Musical old folk,* as the train moves along;

"Blessed the dead that the sun shineth on!"

Tell at the hour of prime

Matin and vesper chime,

Loved old bells from the steeple high—

Ringing like holy bates,

Over the lonely graves,

Floating up, pray! fraught into the sky.

Silently the lesson your lightest notes teach;

Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;

Ring in life from the bell to the bloom,

Roaring the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore—

Peal as ye peal of fire,

Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;

In sunshine and gladness,

Through clouds and tempest's sadness,

Bridal and burial have passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still life;

Tell us that Death ever leadeth to Life;

Life is our Labor, and Death is our rest.

It happy the living, the dead are the best.

A FRENCHMAN'S FIRST STEAM-BOAT RACE.

The steamer Washington was shooting down the Ohio, with her usual motley crowd of passengers on board, when suddenly a real boat, the Coquet, swung out from her wharf and ranged up alongside, with the evident intention of inviting her a race.

The challenge, if such was meant to be given, was tacitly accepted, for word was promptly passed to the engineer of the Washington to "twin up."

Great excitement immediately prevailed among the passengers. Old women screamed, young women fainted, or went into hysterics, and a few timid gentlemen vented to expostulate with the captain, but on being assured by him that there was "no danger, boats new and strong, and steam not half up to her proof," they became less fearful, and as the speed of both boats increased, so also did their interest in the race, till nearly every passenger on board felt quite as anxious as the captain himself to get ahead of the Coquet.

There was one exception, however, in the person of a little Frenchman, to whom a steamboat race was "something new under the sun," though from his questions to the officers, it was evident that he had a correct knowledge of steamboats and their machinery.

He was, in fact, a French engineer, but having always been accustomed to the low pressure, slow going gait of his own country, he was perfectly horrified at the reckless manner in which things were done on board the Washington.

He rushed about the deck, asking every body where he could find "Monsieur le capitaine," and when he finally encountered that officer, he exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu! capitaine, what for you to go to run so fast vor vor you call chain lightning? Eh? You will blow up, explode; burst in a thousand pieces!"

"Think so?" asked the captain in a contemptuous tone.

"Yes, sir; and by l'mm're, I shall leave the boat. You stop him, sir, and let me get off."

But instead of complying with the request of the irate little Gaul, the captain stepped into the pilot-house, and coolly slammed the door in his face.

Dispossessed in this quarter, the French man descended to the main deck, and with some trepidation approached the engine room.

On a low stool in the midst of the rapidly revolving machinery, with eccentric rods vibrating, valves lifting, and connections reciprocating all around him, sat the engineer, his shirt unbuttoned and thrown open at the bosom, his sleeves rolled up, his hat tipped back on his head, and puffing a cigar as unconcernedly as if boiler explosions and steamboat accidents were things unheard of.

Monks accosted him, and after a few moments' conversation, the engineer, perceiving that his questioner fully understood the construction and management of a steam engine, resolved to make a little sport by playing upon his fears. Politely inviting him into the engine room, he offered him a stool and a cigar, and immediately began to extol the speed of his own boat, and the numerous races in which she had been victorious. According to his account, many a good boat had blown up alongside of the Washington, in vainly trying to get on steam enough to pass her.

His anecdotes were not calculated to soothe the agitation of a nervous individual, and French fidgeted about as if his seat had been studded with thorns, or something equally uncomfortable to sit upon.

"Up to this time the boats had had just about 'tis and 'tis," but now the Comet suddenly 'blasted' several feet astern."

A general roar of dissatisfaction was given by the Washington's passengers, and French's countenance darkened as he grew bleak. Putting his mouth to the smoking pipe which had dropped from the communication between them,

"Don't you get anything, James?"

out of her?"

"Yes, sir!" replied the engineer, who hadn't begun to put in the big bells yet.

"Well, it's about time to begin," growled the captain; "that d—d old go east is half a length ahead already."

"Where's it?" is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. Now do you petition?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the engineer, in his turn, now yelld to the smoky demons down in the bowels of the boat, to know why in thunder they didn't keep up steam?"

"Don't the best we can; the reason's all gone, was the reply."

"You try barrels down there?"

"Yes, plenty on you."

"Well, diff'rent 'em."

"Aye, aye!" crowed the fire king, and in a few moments the sound of axes, the rattle of furnace doors, and the crackling of the flames gave proof that they were doing their best to keep up the reputation of the vessel.

The engineer dodged round among his machinery, cutting a bearing hole, tightening a joint with his wrench there, and ever and anon poking his head down the fire-room scuttle and singing out, "Give it to her, boys!"

The speed of the engine perceptibly increased, and soon the bewildered Frenchman could scarcely distinguish the piston rod and crosshead, as they bobbed up and down.

"Le Diable!" he cried, "she will go for tear herself in pieces! Where to your high, you call him, de clock to tell how high le steam?"

The engineer dashed to the steam gauge.

"By 'l'mm're," ejaculated Frenchy, "two hundred and forty pound! I never see such a thing in my life!"

"C'est," snickered Tom, the engineer, "You don't call that high steam, do you? Look here!"

The gauge was marked up to three hundred pounds, but it only showed one hundred and forty at this time. The steam in the boilers, however, was of much greater pressure than this, for Tom had shut off the gauge when it reached that height, to deceive any prying passenger who might chance to get a squint at it. He now suddenly opened the cock and let on the steam. As he did so, the index flew up and the dial like a flash, and brought up against a pin at the 300-pound mark with a click! "Ouf!" yelled Frenchy, starting for the door, with his hair standing straight on end.

"Oh, hold on, Monsieur Parley Vooey you hasn't seen the critter yet," said the engineer. "I want to show you round, and let you see how we Americans put things through."

With considerable reluctance, the little Frenchman consented, asking first to be allowed a look at the safety valve.

Tom led him round under the walking beam, and with a grin showed him the safety valve, and the twelve "fifty-sixes" with which it was loaded.

"What d'ables you Yankees be!" was all the poor fellow could say, but his eyes protruded so far that you might have a gnat upon them.

As they entered the engine room again, Tom pointed to the joints of the main steam pipe, from which the steam poured out at every beat of the engine, and cylinder head, which seemed to bend outward, every time the piston commenced a downward stroke. He then proposed that they should go down and see the "billets."

The Frenchman would have been quite as well pleased at an invitation from Plato to take a look in the infernal regions, as he was at this proposal, but he was ashamed to retreat, and slowly followed Tom down the ladder.

The fire room was truly a frightful place.

The furnace doors were red hot, and the steam burst angrily from every seam in the boilers, while the pounding and jarring of the ponderous machinery overhead shook the floor on which they stood like a small earthquake. The speed of the engine was now so tremendous, and she labored so under the enormous pressure of steam, that every time she turned the centers, the boiler seemed to be lifted bodily from their masonry.

The greasy, blacked freemen looked more like umps than human beings, as they savagely cut into the tar barrels, and when they were open the furnace doors and disclosed the raging fire that roared under the boilers, the illusion was complete, and the Frenchman almost expected to hear the shrieks of the lost.

The firemen would cut off the hoops from a full barrel, and take off the staves one by one, and sweep them round in the soft air, taking up a huge mass of it with each stave, and then thrust them into the glowing furnace.

After while Frenchy ventured to look fairly into the furnace, holding his hat before his face to protect it from the intense heat, but he saw there was only faint cause for alarm.

The under side of the boiler was blistered and sealed off in many places, and a stream of water ran down into the fire from around every rivet.

He called the engineer's attention to it, and was astonished at the song froid which he displayed.

"Yess," said Tom, "them bilers is' bout down for, but I reckon they'll stand a spell longer."

"But what for you don't take dose out before and have new ones? Dose are very comece."

"Now come! Why, what on earth do you want o' new bilers, while the old ones last?"

"Why, how long do you see a steam boiler in die country?"

"T'is a fact, o' course" was the cool reply.

"Am 'tive! share, mille diables!" chided the impudent Gaul, and before Tom could stop him he had sprung up the ladder, leaped out of the engine-hatch, and

in another moment was on the upper deck, and as far off as he could get.

The Washington was now far ahead of his rival and shortly after the nose-roar of her escape-pipe, as she rounded up to a landing, proclaimed that the safety-valve had been relieved of its duty, since but the Frenchman had seen enough of *that boat*; and the moment she touched the wharf, he sprang ashore with his traveling bag, uttering words in broken English, and heartily cursing all American steamboats.

## BOTH SIDES.

A man in the carriage was riding along.

A lady dressed in white dresses.

Both sides were looking like a queen.

And she was a king in his pride.

—

A woodcutter stood on the street as they passed.

The carriage and carriage eyes.

And said as he walked with his eye in the bag.

I wish I was rich and could ride.

—

There is beauty in the forest,

Where the trees are green and fair;

There is beauty in the meadow,

Where the wildflowers used to air;

There is beauty in the night,

And a soft moonbeam above;

There is beauty in the moonlight,

When it falls upon the sea;

When the blue foam created billows

Down and from joyous day;

There is beauty in the bright gleam,

That of a dark master ball,

When the world is full of beauty,

When the heart is full of love.

—

There is beauty in the fountain,

Bringing gaily at its play;

While the rainbow bows are glittering

On its silver shining spray;

There is beauty in the stream,

When a man walks by;

There is beauty in the field,

When the heart is full of love.

—

There is beauty in the brightness,

Bringing beams of a living eye,

In the warm blush of affection,

In the tear of sympathy;

In the sweet low voice whose accents

The spirit's gladness prove;

Or the world is full of beauty,

When the heart is full of love.

## SEEKING INFORMATION.

Can you direct me to the — Hotel?

I inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag, of a burly Hessian, standing on the steps of a railroad station.

"Earth," was the reply, "it's just that I

can do that game. You see you just

group that state, till you come to Thaddeus O' Multigan's shop. Then —"

"But I don't know where Thaddeus O' Multigan's shop, as you call it, is."

"O, Earth, why didn't I think of that —"

Well, then, your honor must keep on till

you get to the apple-woman's stand, on

the corner of the brick church it is, and, kape

on the right, and go till ye get to the

top of the big watch, and mind you don't

tell down their way; then you kape on a

little farther til ye come to a big tree,

and after that you turn to the right or left,

but by the tones of St. Patrick, I don't

know which."

The traveler turned in despair to a long,

dark Jonathan, the same inquiry.

"Maybe you're going to put up there?"

"Ipt, I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes, from Philadelphia," was the impatient reply; "but can you tell me where the — is?"

"For any more baggage?" said the imperturbable Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveler, conning that the only way to get the directions was to submit to the questioning.

"Going to stay long?"

"Couldn't say," was the reply, in rather a crusty manner. "But I'm in a hurry and would like to be directed."

"Wait a minute, I reckon you're a married man, ain't you?"

"No, I am not; and now I won't answer any more of those people, I have answered."

"Well, square, said the Yankee, coolly.

"I'd like to oblige you, but the truth is, I have never been in the town before myself."

In less than a minute, a carpet bag with a man attached, was seen hurriedly away from that vicinity. He didn't find asking directions of any particular advantage.

—

PASSING AWAY.—The evening breeze is passing away and wafting away on its airy wing fragments of our most precious time.

The flowers that spring around our pathway, though they hate just verged from the gloomy shades of winter, must soon decay, and the lofty trees that have scarce thrown around them their cloaks, to shelter us from the summer's heat, are passing swiftly away.

The stars which overcast the evening sky, with the rolling thunder and fiery lightning flash, its pattering rain, its howling winds, has passed away, and left all nature calm as the summer's breath.

The bright bow, the token of God's covenant to man, that was bending in the cloud. Ah! it too, has passed away.

The late, and it sweetly bent over the gloom, like a death couch, or bower over the tomb.

Likewise a visit—*the converse of friends*—or, *adieu*, just bow from my sight, passed for ever away.

The sun is passing away, but it is only that it may shine with renewed splendor when the morning dawns. Childhood, the morning of life, full of innocent joy, has already passed away. Gay, happy youth is rapidly passing away, and ere we are aware, old age will have overtaken us; for man, the noblest work of God, though he alone is fitted with reason to compare himself, a soul to feel his majesty and grace, passeth as *a flower of the field*.

"All human glory passes away; though man rear up mountains of marble, they, too, will pass away, leaving no trace of him. Earth and its sun, even time itself, is passing away.

—

TENNESSEE.—Gov. G. Hardee (Dem.) of Tennessee is, according to the latest accounts, re-elected by a majority of 8,000. In the 11th District the Opposition claim the election of Edmund Richardson of Coopersburg, but their candidate in the 1st District. If so, they will have seven out of ten Representatives—*one of four*. Both branches of the Legislature are Democratic by small majorities.

—

MISSOURI.—Gov. D. Hardee (Dem.) of Tennessee, just beginning to talk, was being severely rebuked the other day by his mother for some rashness, and while laying it down to him, with strong gestures, to desist, he said, "Young America, look out for me."

"Me—what?" replied the mother.

"Me—what?" The mother was so much astonished at this politic request, that she submitted without delay.

—

NEW YORK.—When, when and under what circumstances we die, is wisely and generously laid open to all eyes.

From the German Reformed Church,  
Bethel School.

Moses Barnes.—I have some time thought that a series of articles on the Sabbath School, its organization and connection with the Church of Christ, its various styles, and the like, would be interesting to your readers, without being so uninteresting to your readers, especially to those continuing either of the relations, to which I have referred. Should you desire such a series worthy of a place in your columns, I will endeavor to prepare a short article weekly. Will this object in view, induce you to a few leading thoughts by day or night?

My book has been sold in regard to the utility of Bethel Schools. Arguments have been advanced for and against them, and I do not contend that the reasons, which prompted me to write, do not exist; and the greatly increased intellectual improvement of the rising race—the order and formation of society, with the material supervision growing out of parental relation, render them necessary. One of the main arguments against them is that the Sabbath School assumes and takes of the hands of the parent, the natural and important trust of training their children to the higher and more sublime truths of religion, which are unfolded in the study of the Word of God; that the Sabbath School fails in dissipating this natural trust, from the fact, as it is alleged, that they are confined to youthful and inexperienced teachers—teachers, who, they say, are unacquainted themselves, and wanting in the essential elements necessary to make them proper instructors.

This objection, although it embodies much that is true, I regard as altogether too general. It is not my intention to argue the question at issue, no consideration could induce me to do so. The article I have taken of it is rather to call the attention of the churches to it.

I purpose simply to give my views of the Sabbath School and its relations, the result of some years experience, and to point out the duties of those, who stand in connection with them, whether in Parents, Pastors or Teachers; and if successful in awakening in the minds of others, a regard to the subject of duty, sufficient to induce them with greater zeal and activity in their work.

The Pastors generally are invited to a consideration of it.

May 11.

J. D. BURTON & CO.,  
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.—RE-

ROYAL.

George C. Allen,  
an eminent jeweler of the city of

PENNSYLVANIA.

Watches and Jewelry of entirely New  
and Beautiful Styles.

ALSO.—

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

We are daily adding to the latest article of Watches and Jewelry, every Novelty, Standard and Fashionable article.

Watches and Jewelry required in the best manner by the most judicious and experienced.

For every article of Watch and Jewelry, we have a Master Workman.

Address, 101 Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Telephone, No. 101.









## III Health in Females:

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal has a timely and excellent article on the causes of ill health in females. The writer calls attention to a few obvious sources of disease, the prevention of which is within the power of the people, but which must be overcome by the force of public opinion when that shall become thoroughly aroused to their importance. We quote the following statement from the article:

"We are aware of the amount of disease caused by the over work of young females. Our attention was strongly drawn to this subject by the case of a young girl, lately under our care who happened to be discharged from the Hospital so convalescent. She had entered for a deficiency of moderate severity, but it was soon discovered that she was in a condition of extreme debility, with pale chlorotic look which is so indicative of an impaired state of the blood, caused by want of fresh air, sunlight, exercise, and recreation. She amended slowly, under a good diet, and all the tonic medicine she could bear, including whiskey and treacle, and though far from well when she went out, was yet able to do some work. On inquiring as to what she intended to do, we learned that she was going back to the establishment in which she had worked before, at making ladies' whiskies and marmalades. At this establishment girls were required to work together in a single room, 24 hours daily."

We were also informed that the apartment was badly ventilated, and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine how any room in Boston could be ventilated, with such a number of persons in it for ten hours. The rules of the establishment do not permit any of the girls to do half a day's work, or to take their work home with them. If they do not like the terms, there are plenty more who will come in their places. Now how much chance will our patient have of recovering her health; or rather, how long will she keep the little she has, under these circumstances? Would it be at all strange that she broke down at once; or, if able to struggle on a little while longer, the pale cheeks should exhibit a hectic flush, the bloated skin give place to emaciation, and cough and night sweats announce the hideous invasion of pulmonary consumption?"

Might not some mitigation to such evils be effected without infringing upon the rights of those who employ these girls? We know it is not to be expected that dealers and manufacturers should pay higher wages than are demanded by the rate of profit which they derive from the labor employed—or what is the same thing, that they should require a few hundred of hours labor per diem? but certainly some plan might be taken to improve the regulation of the workshops, and, to diminish the overcrowding, the effects of which are so deleterious. They could not interfere with the profits of any establishment; on the contrary, we believe that a larger amount of work would be accomplished by the same hands than under the present system. It stands to reason that work women, under the cheerful influence of pure air, sunlight, and space, would accomplish their tasks with better results, than when they are habitually breathing a poisoned atmosphere.

Quack Fancy.—A great deal of company being at dinner at a great gentleman's house, an elderly spouse was laid at the side of every plate, of course, the host, commanding the entire party of guests. The fatigued host, however, did not mind it, but lay it up on the table, and said, "I'll be tested." It can be applied to the Stoppers being SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, though not applied to the greatest delicacy. It is not to be expected that any one will be induced to lay it on the fruit, or to water and poultice the stopper with a pressure.

Quack Fancy.—Oranges or Lemons with Stoppers attached, or the tops cut off, will be sold at a reduced price of \$1.00 each. The firm of Peacock, Patten, and Bedford, Counties, Pa., and Washington, D. C., are to make the Quack Fancy.

Quack Fancy.—A Merchant, who was well known in New Orleans, was sent to the market to buy oranges, and was told that the price of oranges was \$1.00 per dozen. He said, "I'll be tested." Valley Sportsman.

Quack Fancy.—We have been shown a letter from Gen. Wm. Walker to a gentleman in this city, in which he says that another tide of "emigration" will find thousands in Nicaragua in a few weeks. All rushing to embrace themselves of the opportunity to emigrate, will have to be in N. Orleans by the 18th of next month—Vicksburg, Whig.

BISHOP'S  
abrotype and Daguerrean Rooms  
have been removed to the second story of  
the Valley Spirit Building, directly  
opposite Hyster's Store, Chambers, Pa.

JOHN LEAGY'S  
SKYLIGHT ABROTYPE AND DA-  
GUERREAN ROOMS,  
Corner of the Diamond, Chambers, Pa.

At Miller's Hammock Grove, and Tins-  
tin Manufacturing Company, we have  
a fine stock of shoes, Trowsers, &c., which bear a strong  
and decided stamp of quality. Many of them being  
of greatly reduced prices. We can supply  
any article of dress, and are ready to make  
any article to order, for those who are  
not particular about cost.

"Well, many a 'Gone,' who were  
willing to realize fully the above quotation, can do so by visiting  
Aughebaugh's Antislavery Jewelry, and Watch Establishment, Main Street, near the Diamond, where a  
display of fine gold and silver articles are displayed. Those who want elegant Watch, &c., at  
exceedingly low prices should not fail to examine Aughebaugh's stock before going elsewhere."

SUFFERING MOTHERS, READ THIS!—  
The agony endured by many Mothers  
in nursing children, resulting from mere nipples, is  
but a small part of the misery of nursing mothers. But  
failure has marked the effort in nearly  
all cases, until this article, which your attention is  
directed to, is a personal effort, and mother and  
child, and relief is brought to the first, and  
therefore to the second, and thereby obviates  
the necessity of nursing.

COOPER & DRENCH,  
French Drawing, and Music,  
Miss R. H. SCHWIEZ will resume her Fancy  
Class for Ladies, on Monday afternoon, September 19.  
The Drawing Class will be reopened on Saturday  
Morning, September 24.—Terms, 50¢ per Quarter.  
Classes will be opened for instruction on the Morn-  
ing of October 1st, and will be continued to the  
end of the year.

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end of the year.

## LEGAL NOTICES.

**NOTICE.**—The undersigned, J. P. Hopkins, Justice of the Peace of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, doth hereby give notice to the inhabitants of the town of Franklin, and to all other persons, to take the Real Estate of John H. Nichols, deceased, and his wife, Mary, and report the same to the Court, hereby noticing all parties interested, to appear before the Court, at the time and place appointed, to the end of the month of October, A. D. 1859, at Franklin.

WM. G. BRYANT,  
Attala, Auditor.

**ESTATE OF MARTHA FARNHAM.**  
Died, Dec. 1, 1858, and interred in the Cemetery of the First Congregational Church, Franklin, Pa. The subscriber is requested to make payment to the subscriber, as administrator of Administration has been granted, and having claims on and dividends on the estate of Martha Farnham, deceased, to be paid to the subscriber, as administrator of the estate of Martha Farnham, deceased.

JAMES VILLE,  
Administrator.

July 10, 1859.—Franklin.

**ESTATE OF JACOB ANGLE, DE-**  
CEASED.—Notice is hereby given that letters Testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Angle, late of Franklin, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been issued to the subscriber, residing in Washington County, Md. All persons indebted to the said estate, having claims on and dividends on the estate of Jacob Angle, deceased, to be paid to the subscriber, as administrator of the estate of Jacob Angle, deceased.

DAVID M. ANDERSON,  
Administrator.

Aug. 10, 1859.—Franklin.

**PRESERVE**

**YOUR FRUITS!**

**WILLOUGHBY'S**

**PATENT**

**AIR-TIGHT**

**Stopper**

**FOR FRUIT**

**CANS, JARS,**

**OR**

**BOTTLES,**

**IS the most**

**SIMPLY.**

**Convenient,**

**ECONOMICAL**

**AND EASY!**

**single**

**advantage.**

**The**

**WILLOUGHBY'S**

**TRADE MARK**

**REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.**

**TRADE MARK**

**REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.**