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VALLEY SPIRIT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

VOLUME 13.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1860.

NUMBER 31.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Published by Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVEL. Philadelphia, the great commercialemporium of the State of Pennsylvania, is not only a splendid city, but its consolidation, certainly the largest city in the United States.

One hundred and eighty years ago, the site of Philadelphia was a wilderness, skirted by the Schuylkill and the Delaware forming the hunting grounds of the Indian warrior, where he roamed as lord of the soil, free from the deprivations of the white intruder.

Every thing connected with Philadelphia, and its settlement, indicates an enlarged mind. The name he chose is expressive, the interpretation of which is "The city of brotherly love."

THE YOUNG MEN OF THE BIBLE. Considered in a series of lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston.

THE HORTICULTURIST AND JOURNAL OF RURAL ART AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Published by C. M. Baxter, 20 Park Row, New York.

every American citizen. Its reminiscences should be dear to every American heart. It was in this ancient building, that the immortal declaration of Independence was adopted by the Congress of July 4th, 1776.

A stroll through the various rooms of this ancient building, in which were enacted those stirring scenes of revolutionary war, cannot fail to incite a love of our young but giant Republic, and especially for the civil and religious liberty, which has been secured by the gallantry and patriotism of the signers of the declaration of American Independence.

"The Old Bell," purposely cast for this edifice, is carefully preserved as a relic in the steeple. From the keel I learned its date and unfortunate fate. It was imported from England in 1752, but was cracked by a stroke in trying the sound.

"The motto of our fatherland, Cried the word in its embrace; 'Twas liberty throughout the land, And good to all their brother race; Long here within the pilgrim's belt, Had lingered—though it often peeled— Those treasonous tones that eke should tell, What freedom's proudest soil was sealed."

Carpenters Hall is situated in what is called Carpenters Court—a court running south from Chestnut Street. Its architectural finish is characteristic of the times, and, at that early period, it was doubtless regarded as a splendid building.

This Hall, the witness of that glorious union, which may be justly called the glory of the present age, should be dear to the friends of freedom. The building is two stories high, surmounted by a cupola or steeple. Its architecture is of the Roman style. It is now occupied as an auction mart. Carpenters Hall took its name from the fact, that it was erected by an association of carpenters, although seldom used for the purpose for which it was built.

SAVE THE UNION.

We fear the domestic evils that now distract our country are giving cause for joy to all the enemies of freedom in the world. The time was when a voice for disunion would have almost endangered the life of him who uttered it; at all events, his political influence would have been totally lost.

"When the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." Perhaps it were better to say, God destroys those who of their own will, become mad. There is no real difficulty in the way of our national unity. If slavery be a crime, let him who thinks so keep his hands free from it; let him say before God and man that he will have no part in it.

"Recent events, well known to newspaper readers, have shown clearly, that the most ultra views are to rule the republican party, that a sectional man is bound to be the presidential candidate in 1860.

"We acted with the republican party because we supposed it was about to cut loose from the abolition party, and take conservative, national grounds. Since it has failed to do this, we cannot act with it.

"It is a mad rage, or worse than madness, for outsiders to attempt to put down the institution of slavery in the Southern States. As well said by a distinguished man of Massachusetts at a late great Union meeting in Boston, sons of the agitators in any quarter have suggested any wilful disposition of the slave question.

"We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word. It is a truism, but one often forgotten, that there is no medium between truth and falsehood. If our religion, in our time, we are bound to change; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.

FACTS ABOUT THE BODY.

There are about two hundred bones in the human body, exclusive of the teeth. These bones are composed of animal and earthly materials, the former predominating in youth and the latter in old age, rendering the bones brittle.

The bones are moved by the muscles, of which there are more than 500. The red meat or beef, the fat being excluded, is the muscular fabric of the ox. There are two sets of muscles, one to draw the bones one way, and another to draw them back again.

The stomach is a boiler, if we may use such a figure, which drives the human engine. Two sets of muscles, crossing each other, turn the food over and over, churning it up in the gastric juice till it has been reduced to the consistency of this paste.

The lungs are two bags connected with the open air by the windpipe, which branches into innumerable small tubes, all over the inside of the lungs, each terminating in a minute air cell. The outer surface of these air cells is full of small capillaries, infinitely small veins, a thin membrane only dividing the air from the blood.

The impure portion of venous blood is carbonic acid, which having a stronger affinity for iron than for blood, passes through this membrane to a gaseous state, combines with the air in the air cells, and is expelled with the next respiration. Meanwhile the oxygen of the air unites with the blood, and becomes mixed; this passing into the heart, being mixed with chyle, it is forced through the body as life-giving and arterial blood.

The skin serves an important purpose in carrying off impurities of the system. It is traversed with capillaries of the body. It is also perforated with countless perspiration tubes, the united length of which amounts to twenty-eight miles, and which drains away from three to four pounds of waste matter every twenty-four hours or five-eighths of all the body discharges.

The nerves are another curious feature of the animal economy. They are, however, but little understood. They act as feelers to tell the wants of the body, and also as conductors to will the muscles to act. They branch out from the brain and spine over the whole frame in infinitely fine fibres, like branches or twigs to trees.

LATER FROM EUROPE.—The Anglo-Saxon, at Portland, brings Liverpool dates to the 4th inst. Many disasters are reported upon the British coast. Several American vessels have been lost. The London Times says that present appearances indicate that the contemplated European Congress will not take place.

THE HARPER'S FERRY INVESTIGATION.—The Investigating Committee of the United States Senate have sent Marshal Fish, of Northern Ohio, subpoena for Joshua R. Giddings, Ralph Plumb, and John Brown, Jr. to appear in Washington forthwith, before said Committee.

TWO LOVERS.

A ship came down on the Danube's side, The air a delicious taste, and bid 'H' on one side, she the other. 'Tell me, my dearest heart,' said she, 'What present shall I make to thee?' And back her little sleeve she stripped, And deeply did her eye she dipped. 'Fair lady Danube, give me here, Some pretty gift to please my dear.' She drew a sparkling sword aloft, Just such the boy had longed for oft. The boy, what holds he in his hand? Of such white pearls a costly band. He made it around her jet black hair, She looks a princess sitting there. 'Fair lady Danube give me here, Some pretty gift to please my dear.' Once more she tries what she can feel, And grasps a helmet of light steel. On his part, terrified with joy, A golden comb fasten up the boy. A third time clanking in the ride, 'Woe! she falls headlong on the side. The boy leaps after, clasps her tight, Dame Danube snatches both from sight. Dame Danube grudges the gifts she gave; They must atone for it in the wave. An empty shield glides down the stream, And mountains hide the sunset gleam. And when the moon is heaven did stand, The lovers floated dead to land. He on one side, she the other.

PRaise YOUR WIVES, OR A KISS IN THE CLOUD.

BY T. A. ANTHONY.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits. "A smiling wife, and a cheerful home—a what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brow, and a moody aspect. Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step. "Come," said she at last, with a side glance at her husband. There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee. Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat. "Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table. "This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down in his trousers' pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast. After removing the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still a few moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were: "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering. "I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page as he read on. "Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her." Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again on the paper. "She has made your home comfortable, your health bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it might make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too." It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was just written for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new

direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice towards his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make, and had he offered the light of praise or commendation? Had he told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from a closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work. "Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, and with all his nature he had no patience. His eye fell upon the newspaper which lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence: "A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sun shine through." Mr. Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning towards her and taking hold of the bosom upon which she was at work, he said, with a voice carefully modulated with kindness: "You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary." Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid correctness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased. "My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on. "Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and in it a slight hesitancy. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little towards him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays are already straggling through the rift it had made. "Yes, Mary," he answered softly, "and I have heard it said more than once that a good wife Andrew Lee must have." Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of her eye that puzzled him. "Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly. "What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated as he stood before her. "Do you?" It was all she said. "Yes, darling," he was warily spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange, that you should ask me such a question!" "If you would only tell me now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept. What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the smallest reward of praise for all her loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit. "You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth." "How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow." How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand around the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

SWEET NETTIE GRAY; OR, Making Love on an Apple Tree.

Everybody said that Nettie Gray was a beauty, not one of your polished city belles, but a gay, romping, saucy piece of nature's handiwork, yet gentle, affectionate, and possessing a depth of feeling and sentiment which few are able to fathom. Now, "sweet Nettie Gray," as she was called, had long been loved by one Charlie Gratton—the handsome young merchant who kept the only store the village of N—— could boast of, where he had, for some four or five years, dealt out tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, calicoes, silks, pins, hardware, and a variety of merchandise, to the villagers and the surrounding farmers, and had realized quite a little fortune; a part of which he invested in the purchase of widow Morton's beautiful cottage and grounds, which, at the death of her husband, she had been obliged to dispose of and take a cheaper place where she could live less expensively, while from the surplus of the price received for the cottage she received a nice little income. Charlie had also taken the widow's son into the store, as his increased business made it necessary to procure assistance. The salary paid to little Johnny was a material help to his mother, for which she was very grateful, and she never failed to speak a word in his praise whenever an opportunity presented. This, with the numberless acts of generosity which Charlie was never tired of performing, made him the hero of that little village, and caused him to be beloved and respected by both old and young for many miles around. To say that little Nettie Gray was indifferent to his many visits, or for the ardent love he entertained for her, would be doing injustice to her warm appreciative heart. But the spirit of mischief seemed to possess her, and though she was uniformly kind and gentle in her disposition towards her lover, and would converse freely and unreservedly with him upon any topic, yet when he approached the subject nearest to his heart, she was off like a frightened bird. Not that she was afraid of him, or that the subject was distasteful to her, (for her own heart was equally interested,) but she delighted to tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture on such occasions. She knew he loved her with all the strength of his soul, and she had no fear of alienating his affections from herself—an event which would have given her the deepest pain. Charlie had begun to think seriously of marriage; and why not? There stood the cottage embowered in trees, many of which were leaning under their heavy load of rare fruit, unoccupied. It needed only the presence of his bright-eyed Nettie to make it a Paradise. His income was more than sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant wants, and why should he not marry? Many times he had visited Nettie for the express purpose of making known his wishes, but had been as often prevented from saying what he wanted to say, by the little mischief running away at the first word he uttered on the subject. To think of supplying her place from the many fair damsels in it—who would gladly have accepted his hand, was out of the question. It was Nettie he loved, and Nettie only, and he felt sure she returned his affections, but how could he ever get married if he was not permitted to propose? "I must resort to stratagem," he thought, and he partially formed many plans to bring the little beauty to terms, and as often abandoned them. His mind was busy with such thoughts, as one bright morning in September, he walked towards Farmer Gray's mansion. He leisurely ascended the hill, at the top of which, upon a lovely table land, stood the great old house, when he was startled by a familiar voice calling: "Bring the ladder, Dick! I want to get down." And looking up, he beheld Nettie seated in the wide spreading branches of a large apple tree that stood in the field near the road. Dick, perched upon the topmost round of a ladder that leaned against a pear tree, was quietly sipping a basket with the rich fruit. "Wait a minute, Sis," replied Dick, without looking up; "I have got my basket almost full. I'll come in a minute." Dick evidently began to think there was something wrong, for as he turned round, his eye instantly caught sight of our hero coming up the road, but a few rods from where they were. He instantly descended the tree, but instead of carrying the ladder to assist his sister to descend, he gave a loud shout, threw his cap into the air, cleared the wall with a bound, and ran rapidly down the hill, shouting at the top of his voice, "O, Mr. Gratton, I've bred a oon!" Then placing his hands on the ground before him, he turned some five or six somersaults, picked up his cap, and ran with all his

might to the house. The little rogue evidently loved mischief as well as did his pretty sister. Charlie's first thought was to go to the assistance of Nettie, and he leaped the wall and approached the tree. Taking the ladder from the upper tree he was about placing it for her to descend, when a sudden thought suggested itself. "She cannot run away from me now," and not stopping to consider the ungallant act, he grasped a lower branch, and with some gay remarks swung himself lightly up and took a seat by her side. Nettie, who was an amiable girl, and could take a joke as good naturedly as she could give one, only laughed heartily at the trick her brother played on her, complimented Charlie upon his agility, and invited him to help himself to the blushing fruit that hung in such tempting profusion about them. After chatting on a variety of themes, he determined to approach the subject, and if possible, get an intelligent answer. For some time he sat in silence, then said— "Nettie, I have something to say to you." "Ah, have you?" she replied. "Well, Charlie, please help me down, and you can say it as we walk to the house." Charlie saw the mischief in her eye, and resolved to go on without heeding her request, yet he changed somewhat in his mode of attack. "Nettie, I am going to be married." "Married, Charlie, married?" "Without heeding the playful glance that was raised to his face, he went on: "Yes, Nettie; my business is now very prosperous—I have a pretty home which needs only the additional charm of a pair of bright eyes. I have found a sweet, gentle girl, whom I love with all my heart, and who is willing to become my wife; and I have resolved to marry. I have tried a long time to tell you, but you would not hear it." Nettie had listened to this speech in utter amazement. She had long believed that she was the beloved of Charlie Gratton's heart, and she meant—after she had teased him to her heart's content, to listen to his love, and become the dutiful and loving wife. But her hopes were now suddenly dashed to atoms. It was too much. A goddess came over her, and but for the support of Charlie's arm she would have fallen to the ground. Charlie noticed her emotion, and feared he had gone too far. It was but for a moment, however. She soon gained her self-possession, and sat up rightly by his side. Her face was very pale, but her eyes flashed proudly as she replied, and there was a spice of bitterness in her tone: "May I ask the name of her who has been honored with the offer of the hand of my noble friend?" "First, let me describe her. She is a beautiful girl, and possessed of a warm, loving heart. She has but one fault—if fault it can be called. She delights to tease those who love her best, and often she has given me a severe heart pang. Yet, Nettie, I love her deeply and fervently, and it shall be the object of my life to guard her from harm, to protect her, as far as I am able, from the slightest breath of sorrow, and I shall be abundantly rewarded by her love. Nettie, I have never offered her my hand, though she has long possessed my heart. I do it now, Nettie, Dearest, can you ask her name?" Nettie gave one long inquiring look as though she but half comprehended his words. "Will you be my wife, Nettie?" "What!" she replied, half bewilderingly, "are you not forever lost to me?" "No, if you will consent to be mine?" She realized what it would be to lose him; her head sank upon his bosom, and bursting into tears, she murmured:—"Yes, Charlie, I will." Soon Master Dick came bounding into the orchard, one hand filled with a large slice of bread and butter, while with the other he tossed his cap into the air, showing that he fully comprehended the state of affairs, shouting at the top of his voice—"Hello, Mr. Gratton, ain't you glad I t'reed her for you?" Both greeted this sally with a burst of laughter, and soon all three were engaged in a wild romp upon the green turf. We hardly need add that the same autumn witnessed a right merry wedding at the old mansion of farmer Gray.

FROM THE "BROTHERHOOD" PUBLISHED BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"And so you are sure your business will detain you only three days, is it? Quite sure? Because even that little time will be an age to me!" The young husband stooped down and kissed the pure, white forehead uplifted so temptingly to his gaze. "Yes, Nelly, I am certain I shall be absent no longer, unless some unlucky accident should befall me. This is Tuesday morning; Thursday by sunset I hope to be sitting here by our hearth with you and baby. Now, don't fret over my going—you are only gloomy because it is the first time I have left you since our happy marriage, two years ago. Growler will take care of you as well as I could." "Yes, yes, I know; I am not afraid, Harry. Only it will be so lonesome. Three whole days and not see your face!" The soft eyes of Nelly Walton were moist with tears. "Oh, nonsense, Nelly! you mustn't give away all I shall almost be persuaded to let the bank distill gold, though we need the money to render our own little cabin more habitable. Besides, I mean to have another room added this fall, if all works right. You'll have little to comfort you, and she's company enough for anybody, bless her heart!" The young man caught a smiling infant from the rude crib where it had been sleeping, and kissing its plump rosy cheeks, he placed it in its mother's arms. The woman caught something of the sunshine from the baby's face. "I know I am foolish, Harry; so think no more of it. I am resigned now. Give me and Lillie another kiss, and then go. The sun is high in the heavens already." "Good bye, dearest. And take care of Lillie; I shall bring her a set of corsets, and I want to meet the light of her blue eyes the first thing when I get back." "Again, good-bye, and God keep you!" Nelly watched the retreating form of the loved one until a turn in the woody path hid him from view, and then she returned to her household tasks. But her heart was not so light as usual, and the sweet voice which tried to sing to the heart was frequently drowned in tears. Nelly could not tell why she felt so gloomy at the prospect of her husband's absence, for she was wise enough, she said to herself, if that was all. It was a fine, glowing day in July; the sky which hung over the peaks of the White Mountains was blue as the breast of a violet, and the Franconian range, which loomed up just behind the little cottage, was bathed in showers of mist, that caught a tinge of gold from the radiant sunshine. True, it was a lonely spot when one came to think of that. It was two miles from any other habitation, and an almost unbroken wilderness stretched between Nelly and others of her kind. But she had lived here for more than two years—years of peace and happiness which had more than repaid her for the sacrifice she had made for leaving her elegant home in Salem, and coming to this wild with her brave pioneer husband. In the shades of three grand old mountains, in a quiet, humble dell, they had reared their roof-tree, and there the smoke from their hearth ascended— Here the first day of Nelly's widowhood had been passed; here her baby had been born, and here her heart's best love bore witness. She had no wish to quit the wilderness home, but she would have rejoiced in the companionship of those of her own sex; and it would have seemed less desolate if she could have seen the rude chimney of a neighboring cabin among the green trees. From Indiana the settlers had little to fear at present; the tribes were friendly and disposed to behave well; but the forest abounded in wild beasts, and at night the fierce yell of the wolves, and the howl of the panther disturbed the solitude. Nelly never ventured beyond the precincts of the clearing unaccompanied by her husband; and she felt no fear in wandering over their little farm, and down the slope to the meadow. The first day of Harry's absence dragged slowly away. Nelly thought she had never known so long a day before. Never seemed the sun so slow in sinking behind Mount Lafayette, and the short twilight was loth to give place to the soft gloom of night. But at last the stars were fairly out in the purple deep, the red moon pushed up her face in the east, and the stillness of the birds in the copewood left the place to silence. Nelly called in Growler to lie at her bedside, barred the door, and shut and fastened the wooden window; then commencing herself and child to God's care, she went to rest. The night passed and with the earliest dawn she arose and went about her daily labor. There was much to be done about the little house—the cow to be milked and put in the pasture, which Harry had enclosed with a strong fence of felled trees, to keep off the wild animals; the two thrifty pigs to feed, her own simple breakfast to prepare, and other household business to attend to. Beside all this, Nelly had planned a surprise for her husband, and to carry this out would cost her a day's hard toil. The little field which Harry had cleared the previous year was yellow with wheat fully ripened for the harvest, and her husband had expressed his regret that he could not be out and put into the barn before the August rains. But it was necessary for him to go to Portsmouth that day, for he owned a thousand dollars worth of stock in a bank at that place, and the quarterly interest fell due in July, and he needed it about selling some additional to his frugal household. So, while the sun shined brightly,

he had thought it best to make the journey, and trust to his return before a storm, for harvesting the grain. Nelly, accustomed to watch the phases of the sky, noticed the unmistakable signs of a change of atmosphere, and she knew full well that, before many days, the earth would be deluged in rain. She knew how to handle the reaping-hook, for women in those days frequently assisted in field work, and she determined to harvest the grain herself before Harry's return. It would be such a pleasant surprise for him, and she felt the need of occupation of some kind to make the time pass more speedily. When she had finished her work in the house, she took her babe, wrapped it in a warm blanket, and after putting Growler into the pasture with the cow, she proceeded to the wheat field. She put Lillie down by the side of a little black pig, gave her a score of kisses, and a bright sun-dipper, with which to muss her hair, and then she went to work with a will. Nelly was young, strong, and finely-developed, and by the time the sun had reached the zenith she turned to her field, but, stricken with unspeakable horror, she saw that it was gone! Chasing the opposite activity, with the velocity of the wind, was a huge brown bear, and the agonized mother caught the flutter of white garments and the flash of golden curls streaming out behind into as he fled. This she knew that her child was in the jaws of death. With frantic speed she rushed to the pasture and let out Growler, who was howling with rage, and grasping the stable door frantically to her hand, she gave chase to the dog and bear. They led her a frightful way, over crags and by precipices, among treacherous boulders that needed but the touch of a finger to fall from their places and crush her to atoms; through dense brushwood, up the mountain always, across the swift lion waters of the Penning-sawset, and at last disappeared in the side of a huge slide, which the spring freshets had brought down from the summit. The savage growl of the bear and the fierce baying of the dog gave Nelly to understand the whereabouts of the animals, and, searching for ingress, she soon found a small circular opening, which led into a sort of cavern in the side of the mass of earth and stones. Fearlessly she plunged in, for the life of her child was in peril, and what danger would a mother not dare for the sake of her children? When Harry had left her, his last words had enjoined her to take care of Lillie; he wanted to meet the light of her blue eyes in welcome when he returned, and now those eyes were gleaming out in the gloom to a den of bears! The soft white flesh would be torn by ravenous teeth, and the golden hair be dabbled in crimson blood! Nelly laid open her heart to God in an appeal for strength, and then she stood in the cavern. There were two cubs crouching in a corner, and to these the bear had thrown her prey; while she was bathing powerfully with Growler, who seemed determined to conquer, or die. One agile spring and the dog's teeth were buried in the bear's throat, and at the same moment he was locked in her deadly embrace. It was a terrible struggle, and Nelly's heart beat still, when she saw the evident failing of Growler's strength in the releasing of his hold upon his antagonist. It was no time for cool calculation, and Nelly realized that only action could avail. She flung herself upon the combatants, and with all her strength plunged the sharp sickle into the head of the bear! The blow was a fortunate one. The weapon was buried to the handle, and the steel pierced the brain of the brute. There was a wild howl of pain—then the strong paws fell apart—the dog was released, and the bear sank down upon the rocky floor of the cave. Leaving Growler to deal with her, Nelly flew to the cubs, and after a brief combat she succeeded in overcoming them, for they were quite young, and lacked the teeth and claws of their powerful dam. Once more she held Lillie in her arms! Unhurt, and smiling sweetly up into her face, the little innocent clung to her breast, and Nelly, with the fullness of her heart's thankfulness, fell upon her knee and poured out her gratitude to God for the sovereign cure which had brought her forth from danger. Nelly reached home by the middle of the afternoon, weary and faint in body, but cheerful and glad in soul. When her husband returned the next evening, he found his wheat stored in his barn, and his wife and child, guarded by Growler, sitting on the door step awaiting his coming. But his bronzed cheek grew pale and his manly lip quivered when he heard the peril of yesterday, and he clasped his treasures to his heart with a new feeling of joy in the possession, as he had before very near to losing them. Early the ensuing spring a dour hardy man, with their families, came up from the Eastern part of the State and made their home near Harry Walton's. And now there is not a lovelier place in New Hampshire than the fertile valley of the Penning-sawset. Nelly is an Editor in an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on all subjects, sets type, does proof, works the press, lays the papers, prints jobs, runs an errand, mends work, works in the garden, talks to all who call, receives blame for many things he never does, work from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M., and never collects half his dues. Who does not wish himself an Editor? Nelly's next man are admirers of justice and when justice happens to be on their side.

MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

I was twelve years old when I lost my mother. What a world of anguish is contained in that sentence! Truly he has been dead...

MY FATHER'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

I was twelve years old when I lost my mother. What a world of anguish is contained in that sentence! Truly he has been dead...

HO ELS.

INDIAN QUEEN HOTEL—To the... ST. CHARLES HOTEL, Pittsburgh... ALLEGHENY HOUSE... ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL... FRANKLIN HOTEL—Greencastle... AN ELEGANT NEW HOTEL... CHAMBERSBURG HOTEL—Corner... FRANKLIN HOTEL... THE BOSTON POST FOR 1880... CABINET WARE AND CHAIR MANUFACTORY... HOUSE PAINTING—Sierer is prepared to do all kinds of HOUSE PAINTING... REDUCED—How to get rid of them... A CHANCE FOR A BARBAIN... SHAWLS—The best assortment in town... Gentlemen, Hats & KUTER... SAWED LUMBER... NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!... Remember that Over & Brother... I don't want a good bill, (cashmere)... Over & Brother have also a special... Over & Brother have also just re... HATS & CAPS... PROFESSIONAL CARDS... WATCHES & JEWELRY... CHAMBERSBURG, Pa.,... REMOVAL. REMOVAL... E. AUGENBAUGH, DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, Jewelry and Fancy Goods...

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. J. JOHN MONTGOMERY... L. C. WELSH... LYMAN S. CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW... J. M. McCAULEY, Attorney at Law... ROBERT & CARLIE, ATTORNEYS... A. N. RANKIN, Attorney at Law... LAW PARTNERSHIP... EVERETT & STRICKLER... J. W. DOUGLAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW... HUGH J. CAMPBELL, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW... PHILIP HAMMON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE... S. SAMUEL REISHER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE... DR. W. H. BOYLE, Will attend... A. CARD, Dr. A. P. Madden, having... PHYSICIANS & DENTISTS... W. H. HEISER, JR., PEACOCK & CUTLER... COAL! COAL! COAL!!!... WE THE UNDERSIGNED, CERTIFY... SHOE BUSINESS AND FACTORIES... OVER & BROTHER, INTENDING... BLANK DEEDS—The best form of... A person in want of a good bill... ALL WANTED FARMERS IN A DE... FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN AND... LUMBER! LUMBER!!—All kinds... GRAPE CROPPERS CAN OBTAIN... TO ALL WANTED FARMERS...

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY—REMOVAL... GEORGE C. ALLEN... SILVER AND PLATED WARE... CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS... J. H. MUTTON & BROTHER... CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS... J. H. MUTTON & BROTHER... CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS... J. H. MUTTON & BROTHER... REMOVAL. REMOVAL... E. AUGENBAUGH, DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, Jewelry and Fancy Goods... CHAMBERSBURG, Pa.,... REMOVAL. REMOVAL... E. AUGENBAUGH, DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, Jewelry and Fancy Goods...

VALLEY SPIRIT

Chambersburg, Jan. 25, 1860.

LOCAL NEWS.

Our Thanks.—The Proprietors of the Valley Spirit would return their grateful thanks for the very flattering manner in which the receipt of ownership in this paper has been noticed by the Press generally. From among the many favorable recommendations bestowed upon us we extract the following from our exchanges, not at hand, and in return would beg our brethren of the Press to consider their letter for any favor that will repay their kind expressions of regard.

Railroad Meeting.—We would direct the attention of our citizens to the proceedings published in another part of our paper, of a Railroad Meeting held at Fayetteville on Saturday evening last.

Court Proceedings.—Quincy Brown—Commonwealth vs Jacob Kelly—Assault and Battery with intent to kill; on person of Hiram Bogle. A true Bill; Defendant pleaded guilty. Verdict, guilty of assault and battery. Defendant sentenced to 10 months imprisonment in County Jail. Kelly & Sharp vs Eyster for Commonwealth; McCauley for defendant.

A Sharp for plaintiff; Thomas M. Carlisle and E. Cover for defendant. Richard and Hester for David H. Newman—An action to recover the price of a lot of varnish, which defendant alleged was worth \$100. Verdict, \$17.42 for plaintiff; Kelly & Sharp for plaintiff; Stumbaugh & Carlisle for defendant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. LADIES' FRENCH LADIES' FRENCH! If you want bargains in Paris, go to CHAMBERSBURG. We will sell these quantities of Paris, to DISCOUNT. (See 2d Page.)

THE BOOK OF PLAYS FOR HOME AMUSEMENT AND PRIVATE FRATERNITY. Dramatic entertainments, being a Collection of Original and Selected Tragedies, Comedies, Plays, Dramas, Farces, Interludes, Musical Burlesques, Proverbs, Acting Characters, Recitations, Negro, Irish, and Comic Lectures and Stories, etc., etc.

MUSICAL.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.
Beautiful snow! Beautiful snow!
Quitting the sky for the earth below,

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHICKERING & SOHNS, Piano and Organ Builders.
Piano and Organ Builders, 111 N. 3rd St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOYER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED.
SHOYER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL.

Iron City College.
Iron City College.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MEDICAL.

SANFORD'S LIVER REGULATOR.
SANFORD'S LIVER REGULATOR.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

OUR AGENT - Mr. John G. ...
OUR AGENT - Mr. John G. ...
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSICAL.

PHILADELPHIA PIANO WARE.
PHILADELPHIA PIANO WARE.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WESTMINSTER FEMALE INSTITUTE.
WESTMINSTER FEMALE INSTITUTE.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHAVING SALOON.
SHAVING SALOON.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PARIS MANTILLA, CLOAK AND ...
THE PARIS MANTILLA, CLOAK AND ...
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSICAL.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.
BEAUTIFUL SNOW.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT.
NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TURNING, PLANING AND SAWING.
TURNING, PLANING AND SAWING.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRAND OPENING.
GRAND OPENING.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HARMONIST FARMER.
THE HARMONIST FARMER.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT WEDDING AT ST. LOUIS.
GREAT WEDDING AT ST. LOUIS.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HARMONIST FARMER.
THE HARMONIST FARMER.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LESTER'S LOCK STITCH MACHINE.
LESTER'S LOCK STITCH MACHINE.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THICK AND THIN WORK.
THICK AND THIN WORK.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD DR. HEATH'S LOOK OF ...
OLD DR. HEATH'S LOOK OF ...
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!!!
STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!!!
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

READ THIS, LADIES - Call at ...
READ THIS, LADIES - Call at ...
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERSONS WISHING TO CHANGE ...
PERSONS WISHING TO CHANGE ...
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR NEAT PRINTING.
FOR NEAT PRINTING.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE HOLIDAY.
FOR THE HOLIDAY.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DRINK GOODS OF EVERY DE- ...
DRINK GOODS OF EVERY DE- ...
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ORCHARD AND BEEHIVE.
ORCHARD AND BEEHIVE.
No. 111 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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TWO DEATH-SCENES - A CONTRAST.

Forever last! Forever last! exclaimed a maid on her knees... Forever last! and the words repeated through the air... Forever last! my soul was filled with terror and a sick fear...

THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

In the year 1800, just sixty years ago, the little maiden, whose picture is here given, was born... The place of her birth was a beautiful plain in the Cherokee country...

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS - Chambersburg Valley Railroad - CHARTER.

Leave Chambersburg 7:00 A.M. 2:40 P.M. 7:00 P.M. ... Leave Hartsburg 7:00 A.M. 2:40 P.M. 7:00 P.M. ...

CHAMBERSBURG SAVING FUND SOCIETY.

Persons making regular deposits in this Society will receive interest on their deposits... The Society was organized in 1852...

FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

The hardest trial of those who fall from affluence and rise to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that they are surrounded by so many in whom they once looked upon as a mark to gain their ends...

AGRICULTURAL.

Like ravens scold down for a banquet, and suddenly scold by a noise, how quickly, at the first sound of calamity, these superficial verbiages are specks on the horizon!

MISCELLANEOUS.

What constitutes a good sewing machine? It should be a simple, simple in construction, but not so simple as to be cheap...

THE TRUTH MUST BE TOLD.

H. H. Hitt's Celebrated Tetter Wash has been a long time in the market... It is a simple, but effective remedy for all kinds of skin diseases...

REMOVAL - J. P. Gray, having

removed from the city of Chambersburg, Pa. to the city of Harrisburg, Pa. ... His business will be conducted in Harrisburg...

MAIL LINE TO HT. LINOX.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the traveling community that his line of mail coaches will run from Chambersburg to Harrisburg...

CHAIR AND CABINET MANUFACTURING.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS

opened for the transaction of business in the city of Chambersburg, Pa. ... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Silk Vests, Mattresses, and Cashmere... (Overcoats of every description) ... Ready-made clothing of every description...

REMOVAL - THE UNDERGROUND

has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

CHATELAIN OF FASHION

has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

FALL AND WINTER READY-MADE CLOTHING

has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

STOVES, TINWARE, & C.

A LARGE LOT OF STOVE AND TINWARE... A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF TINWARE... SPOUTING MADE AND PUT UP AT...

WEEKLY ARRIVALS AT MILLER'S

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

TINWARE - I have always on hand

a large assortment of tinware, brass and copper... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

THE "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

CHARD COOKING TOVES.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

NEW TINWARE AND GAS FITTING

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

NEW FIRM

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

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THE FARMERS AND MECHANICS

opened for the transaction of business in the city of Chambersburg, Pa. ... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of Harrisburg...

BOOTS & SHOES.

JACOB MICKEL, 15 "VALLEY" BUILDING... (Overcoats of every description) ... Ready-made clothing of every description...

REMOVED TO NEW YORK

has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of New York... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of New York...

CHATELAIN OF FASHION

has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of New York... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of New York...

FALL AND WINTER READY-MADE CLOTHING

has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of New York... The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has removed from the city of Chambersburg to the city of New York...

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VALLEY SPIRIT JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. THE "VALLEY SPIRIT" JOB OFFICE is the most complete of any in the county... Printing in colors, booklets, and all other styles, done equal to the best city work.

VALLEY SPIRIT JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

Call and examine specimens of work... Circulars, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Checks, Cards, Pamphlets, Programs, Labels, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Funeral Invitations.

VALLEY SPIRIT JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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Call and examine specimens of work... Circulars, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Checks, Cards, Pamphlets, Programs, Labels, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Funeral Invitations.

VALLEY SPIRIT JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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