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Law of Newspapers.

The courts have passed the following opinion in the case of *Subscriber v. Editor*, which is of great importance to the publishers of newspapers.

1. If a subscriber who does not give express notice to the contrary, is considered as assenting to the terms of the subscription.
2. If a subscriber after the discontinuance of the paper, the publisher may continue to send them until they are paid for.
3. If the subscriber refuses or neglects to send their paper from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.
4. If a subscriber moves to other place without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

Hit Him Again.

The following capital anecdote we find in the *National Intelligencer*.

Gen. T., of New York, a gentleman of known wealth and liberality, was not long since called upon by a person to obtain his signature on a petition for the abolition of capital punishment. The person unfolded his papers and documents, and presented a tiresome speech, stopping occasionally to deposit a mouthful of tobacco juice upon a nice parlor carpet. Gen. T. was in favor of diminishing capital punishment, but doubted the propriety or expediency of abolishing them in all cases. At the expression of this opinion his visitor began to bridle up and prepare to lay down his arguments with greater force; and in order to give greater facility to his enunciation, he took from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco, and threw it upon the white marble hearth, saying he wished the General would be so good as to inform him in what case capital punishment could ever be justified or defended.

"Well," said the General, "it strikes me, that if we are going to abolish capital punishment, there are two cases which should be made exceptions."

"Two cases, are there?" said the petitioner.

"Well, sir, I should like to hear them stated and the arguments for them."

"The first," said the General, "is that of clear cold blooded, premeditated murder. I think the person who lies in waiting, or in ambush, with malicious premeditation, the life of a fellow creature, ought to forfeit his life in return. He deserves to be hung."

"Well, I have abundance of argument to meet that occasion," said the visitor.

"Now I should like to know what is your other case?"

"The other case," said the General, "is that of the animal that walks on two legs, calls itself a man and carries a mouthful of disgusting filth into a clean house, and there pours it forth upon the carpet and scatters it over the hearth. Such a being is certainly not fit to live in decent society, and I do not know of any better or more ready mode of getting rid of him than to hang him. With these two exceptions, I think I should be willing to sign your petition for the abolition of capital punishment."

The visitor gathered up his papers, thrust them into his pocket, and with a very blank look hastily withdrew. He has not called since to receive the General's signature.

THE SQUIRE'S INDIGNORANCE.—Old Squire H. was a very successful and substantial farmer, in an interior town of Massachusetts, and a more amazing eater never lived in any town anywhere. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Well, at a certain time one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most voraciously. In the course of the forenoon, he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie and cheese. At noon his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon luncheon was like that of the forenoon. When he came home to supper his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantial. He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he tasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed he tasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till midnight, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W., one of his neighbors, went to condole with the "Old Squire."

"Faithful Bolles," said the old worthy, "I like to have died last night. I'll never eat another roast apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me."

AN OUT-TRAVELED TRAVELER.—They have out at Atlanta, a hotel keeper named Thomson, who is considered rather sharp at a joke, but he sometimes meets his match, as the following story goes to prove:

A traveler called very late for breakfast, and the meal was hurriedly prepared. Thomson feeling that the food was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies around the counter, who worked away in silence, never raising his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork or by any act acknowledged the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather vexed the landlord, who, changing the range of his battery, struck his thumbs in his arm holes and said: "Now, mister, confound me if I ain't made all the apologies necessary, and more too, considering the breakfast and who gets it, and I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse-looking, and a deal of a sight sadder breakfast than this, several times."

The weary, hungry one laid down his tools, swallowed the bit in his tin, and modestly looking up at the fuming landlord, exclaimed: "Is what you say true?"

"Yes, sir," "Well then, I'll be blamed if you ain't out-traveled me," said he.

A FAIR REPROACH.—In selecting the over of Harvard College from children denunciations, a Methodist complained that his church was not represented.

"But is not—was a Methodist?" someone asked.

"No, he is a backslider," the Methodist replied. "All right," the backslider was very numerous, and ought to be represented in the Board," was the response.

HAMMONTON!

ELWOOD!

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AGRICULTURAL.

Does Farming Pay?

There is a class of persons, by no means small, particularly found in our large villages, towns, and cities, who consider farming as a life of extreme drudgery, excessive labor, and as a perfect hindrance to obtaining a good acquaintance of all the polite forms of good society. Nor is this all. They seem to have a commercial spirit about them, and utter with the utmost assurance the assertion that "farming does not pay."

We are sorry to say that there are many discontented farmers, and farmer's sons, who echo the same sentiments, who endeavor to sell their farm—their little all—and then hasten to some village, to engage in keeping store, or something else they fancy easy. Or else, if not this, the old father and family stay at home, pinch themselves by every variety of self-denial, to obtain the where-withal to put their son through a college—either educational or business—so that he can graduate ready to enter some general profession, as lawyer, doctor, or minister, when the range is already full.

Undoubtedly success in farming requires the exercise of as much, and in some cases more, ability than any other except certain literary occupation. Evidently success requires the application of the principles of knowledge; that knowledge can come only through study, and that study must have application and books and papers.

Some of the best farmers, perhaps a majority, have attained their success by taking a judicious assortment of agricultural papers; and by reading them carefully, remembering the best items by effort, and following by practical experiment, have reached the winning point.

We propose to quote a few instances, showing that farming can be made as successful as any pursuit; and of all choices of occupation it is assuredly the most pleasant and independent.

Perhaps one of the most curious instances of successful Western farming is the case related by A. D. Richardson, in the well-known letters to the *Tribune*, entitled "On the Border—a sketch of Kansas."

"Judge L. D. Bailey, president of the State Agricultural Society, has 2,400 acres, fifteen miles south-west of Lawrence. In 1864 he sold his corn in the ear at home for \$1.35 per bushel. On the first of August he bought 160 acres of wild prairie for \$900. He cut and mowed the grass by machinery, and could gather only about half of it, if the west had not been burned over the previous winter, and was so matted with dead hay that the machine could not work. After the hay was cut and cured, his neighbors sneaked it 'on shares.' The Judge's bill was 130 tons, which he sold on the ground for \$1,050. Thus his first crop from the wild prairie paid for the whole tract and the cost of cutting and stacking the hay."

"The Country Gentleman," in Albany, says in reference to this subject:

"Amos Lawrence, of Boston, kept a record during a long life of all his mercantile acquisitions, and found out that of every hundred who entered business ninety seven failed of success. A similar record kept in the city of New York showed a result but little more favorable. Agriculture, while it does not produce such sudden occasional accumulations of wealth as trade, is not attended with the sudden dissipation of estates that trade often witnesses."

"A merchant may make a hundred thousand or more in a year; the same business reduces many who are reputed wealthy to poverty. A thousand young men who engage in the cultivation of the soil accumulate a large aggregate of property, than a thousand who enter trade."

"If a thousand farmers are the less educated, they are, nevertheless, more successful as a body. Their business must be greatly superior, thus to outstrip their smarter competitors. Either admission, therefore, proves nothing against farming."

"It may be laid down as an impracticable position that no industrious farmer, who has studied his occupation well, and who exercised a medium share of judgment ever failed in his business."

"If the farmer has been behindhand, it has been occasioned by extravagance in some other quarter, or by meddling with speculation, or by office seeking, or some neglect."

"Many instances are known where men have begun life with little or nothing, and have become accumulated, by farming exclusively, fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and some even more."

"A young man in Western New York, with a few hundred dollars to commence with, owned, before he was fifty, a farm of 700 acres of fertile land, from which he saved annually an average of about five thousand dollars."

"Men who have made twenty or thirty thousand by farming may be counted by thousands; and never, in a single instance, have any of them incurred any danger of becoming bankrupt."

Mr. A. C. Fulton, of Davenport, Iowa, states, in the *Domestic Farmer*, that the gross receipts from his farm of 62 acres, in 1864, amounted to \$10,111. The net profit, after deductions, expenses, etc., was \$7,005. 20 acres were put in wheat and corn, the remainder in onions, potatoes, and sorghum. It was the onion crop, undoubtedly, which afforded such large profit.

We remember particularly an instance of unusual success in the culture of onions. One gentleman living at Marblehead, Mass. raised 7,000 bushels of onions from 14 acres of land, equaling 500 bushels per acre. Three hundred to 400 bushels are a very

common yield, and 800 to 900 are not unusual. They usually bring \$1 per bushel, although they range sometimes as low as 50c. If kept until spring, and sold, they will realize an advance of 50 to 100 percent upon the last fall's prices. The above crop was sold for \$5 per barrel. Total for the crop, \$14,000.

An editor traveling in the central part of this state, in 1862, gives the following examples of success in ordinary farming:

"Isaac N. Sexton, of Venice, Cayuga Co., N. Y., occupied 100 acres, which he bought seven years ago at \$60 per acre, making the farm cost \$6,000. He paid \$3,000 at the time of purchase; during the seven years he has replaced poor fences with durable ones, added farm-buildings, and paid the remaining \$3,000. The annual net profit, besides supporting a family comfortably, was over \$500; which, placed continually at interest, with a similar yearly addition, would amount in a life of forty years to \$100,000."

"Fayette Van Liew, of Scipio, same county, who had \$1,000 five years ago, paid half the amount, or \$500, as the first payment toward an eighty-acre farm, costing \$5,200; the remaining \$500 was applied to purchase animals and implements. He has paid a yearly average of \$640 for the 80 acres in the five years, and reduced the debt to \$1,800."

"George H. Chase, of Springport, purchases a 150-acre farm, for \$50 per acre, and, after occupying three years in learning his new trade, has now, in seven years, drained the whole, and made other improvements, all paid by the products of the land; and has been offered \$100 per acre, or double its cost, for its improved value."

"Henry Woodford, of Conquest, same county, has a farm of 123 acres, which he bought five years ago for \$6,400, paying ward it \$3,000. He has since paid the remaining \$3,400 from the farm, besides constructing several hundred rods of board-fence. In other words, he has cleared over \$800 yearly (counting interest), besides supporting his family."

"Peter Hodson, of the town of Venice, occupies 140 acres, of which 100 acres were bought twelve years ago, and 40 since added. At the time of the purchase he had no means. He ran in debt for the whole. From this land he has paid for all in the 12 years, besides erecting a \$1,200 barn, and making 21 miles of underdrain. His farm is worth \$12,000; that is, he has cleared \$1,000 annually."

It is not unusual for energetic young farmers to clear \$1,000 annually from good 150-acre farms, besides supporting a family. If this course were continued for 40 years, with each yearly sum placed at interest, and interest on interest on interest added, it would amount at the expiration of this period to \$200,000.

We might quote many more instances of such success; and we may say with all candor that there is no occupation under the sun so sure of a livelihood and, if accompanied with skill and knowledge, so profitable as the right royal, pleasant occupation of farming.—*Independent*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Two Partings.

The following instructive history is from the Philadelphia *National Baptist*. It should serve as an awful warning to those who place the intoxicating cup to the lips of others:

One winter evening, many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come Emma," called her mother at length, "I am afraid that you forget that Mr. B. is waiting for you."

No, Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy flush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thoughts, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass, had been, "This is the color which he likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B.'s evident admiration, turned to her mother, saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room, many a glance of admiration was at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to be able to monopolize Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length toward its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B. was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house, with a smile, offered him a glass of wine.

"No, thank you; I do not drink it," was his reply.

"I believe what nonsense," she returned.

"No one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass, it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady; "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hands, and with a smile which few could have resisted, said,

"Come James, you will just take this one glass."

"No, Emma," he answered with a painful effort. "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B.," said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye; "now, take your choice."

"I must bid you good-bye, then, Emma, if it comes to that," he said, sorrowfully; "I would gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do."

So saying, he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill-mannered fellow; who cares?"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B. was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incident of his parting with Emma was almost forgotten.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employment who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B.," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B., partially relenting, "I will try you. Come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up, with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B. sent to his residence to ask the reason.

"Ah! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children."

Mr. B.'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room bare of furniture, while the children, sitting by the bedside, were crying for bread.

A few kind words and a promise of something to eat, soon dried their tears; and hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood, smiling at their delight, the mother burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, Mr. B., can't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what?"

"Don't you remember Emma?"

Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and you refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it, but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire!"

It was some moments before Mr. B. could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said, compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly; say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir, in the country."

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes, sir," she answered sadly, "but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B.; "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment, "Good-bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies, who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pass now and ask yourselves the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a drunkard's wife.

NOTE. The above sketch is no imaginary picture, but one drawn from real life. Any one wishing to verify the facts of the case can obtain the name and residence of the gentleman referred to, by calling at the office of the *National Baptist*, No. 540, Arch street, Philadelphia.

How Mr. Lincoln Endorsed the Negro.

In the third year of the war, William Johnson, a negro messenger in the Treasury Department, who added to his pay and his duties the emoluments and honor of being President Lincoln's friend, went to Wm. J. Huntington, the cashier of the 1st National Bank in Washington, to borrow one hundred and fifty dollars on his note of hand.

Mr. Huntington, who is as kind to the poor as he is rigid in adhering to the rules of good bank management, listened favorably to the financial proposition of William, and asked him what he wanted to do with the money.

"To finish my little house," said he. "I have to require a responsible endorser; can you give me one?"

"I reckon I kin," replied William, straightening himself up with solid dignity. "I kin give you Abram Lincoln!"

"Oh! he will do," said the cashier, who turned to his desk and drew the notes for seventy-five dollars each, payable respectively in sixty and ninety days. William got Mr. Lincoln's endorsement, and got his money.

When the first note fell due, it was not paid, and Mr. Huntington, soon after, having business at the Treasury Department, sought for the colored defaulter to his big bank. William was not in his messenger's chair. Poor William was dead. The cashier, in the course of time, having occasion to do some business with Mr. Lincoln, took with him William's two promises to pay. After concluding his interview with the President upon the matter principal in hand, he said, "Mr. Lincoln, the barber who used to shave you, I hear, is dead."

"Oh yes," interrupted the President, with feeling; "William is gone. I bought a coffin for the poor fellow, and have had to help his family." "Well, Mr. Lincoln," resumed the cashier, "I was going to say that I had in the bank two small notes of William's, endorsed by you, which I will now surrender to you. 'No you don't!'" said Old Abe, with lively firmness, and uncurling himself upward in his arm-chair.

"I endorsed the notes, and am bound to pay them; and it is your duty to make me pay them." "Yes," said the cashier; "but it has long been our custom to devote a portion of our profits to charitable objects, and this seems to me a most deserving one." Mr. Lincoln, however, stood firm on his obligation and his purpose to pay his endorsements.

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, I will tell you how you can arrange this," finally said Mr. Huntington. "The loan to William was a joint one between you and the bank. You stand half the loss, and I will stand half. You pay one of the notes, and I will cancel the other."

Old Abe flung his leg over the arm of his chair in that irresistibly funny way he frequently had of assuming over a proposition. He thought a while, the light playing all over his expressive face, then, straightened up, his sweet, patient eyes full of laughter.

"Mr. Huntington," said he, "that sounds fair, but it is insidious; you are going to get ahead of me; you are going to give me the smallest note to pay. There must be fair divide over poor William. Keckon up the interest on both notes, and chop the whole right straight through the middle, so that my half shall be as big as yours. That's the way we will fix it."

And that is the way the grand man "fixed" the discharge of all his obligations—scrupulously exact, religiously honest, proudly independent.

The cashier laughed, and as he handed the notes to Mr. Lincoln, said, pointing to his signature upon their backs, "After this, Mr. President, you can never deny that you endorsed the negro." "That's a fact!" said old Abe, laughingly; "but I don't intend to deny it." And doesn't the negro endorse him and his works? God bless his memory!

The True Story of Cinderella.

The story of Cinderella is familiar to every one and yet there are few who treasure it up as in any respect true. But it has a foundation and a reality, that really need no fairy god mother, with her pumpkin and her rats, to make an entertaining tale. It is as follows:

In about the year 1730 a French actor by the name of Thevenard lived in Paris. He was rich and talented, but he had no wife, and we may believe he had never loved any one, but gave all his affection to those ideal characters that he could represent so finely on the stage. One day as he was walking leisurely about the streets of Paris he came upon a cobbler's stand and his eye was attracted by a dainty little shoe which lay there waiting repair. His imagination began immediately to form the little foot that must fit such a neat little shoe. He examined it well, but only to admire it more and more.

On going to his own house he seemed haunted by the little shoe. He fancied it tripping over his heels, he could hear the music of its tread—in fact there was nothing among all his rich and elegant treasures that seemed half so beautiful.

He dreamed of the shoe, and awakened to resolve to find the owner. There was a magnetic thread of life coiled up in that little bit of leather that was strong enough to hold him fast.

He went to the stall of the cobbler again, but could learn nothing in regard to the owner of the shoe. This only increased his eagerness and made him more determined to know to whom it belonged. Day by day he was disappointed but not discouraged. He waited and sought; all the time he was drawing more and more an imaginary picture that grew out of the thoughts that circled about the cobbler's bench.

At last the little foot needed the little shoe. Thevinaud met the owner, a poor girl whose parents belonged to the humblest class. But the ardent actor thought not of estate or family. His heart had already pronounced the little one his wife, and he was brave and good enough to heed what his heart said.

He married the girl with no question of what people would say, and felt joy enough in hearing the tread of those light, nimble feet through the silent rooms, to pay him for his sacrifice of people's approval.

This is a true story of Cinderella and from which the child romance sprang.

LAMP WICKS.—It is said that a strip of woolen cloth is far superior for lamp-wicking to that in common use; it may be cut any length as long as it is of the proper width; it gives a more brilliant light, has less heat, less dirt, less trouble in trimming and less liable to explode. The above information will be useful to people living in the country, who frequently have to send a considerable distance for a wick suitable for their lamp.

The Soil

is a fine sandy and clay loam, suitable for all grains and grasses, and is pronounced the finest quality for gardening and fruit raising. It is a marine deposit, with a marly substance mixed all through it, in a very commuted form, and in the exact condition to support plants with proper farming it is very productive and profitable, easily worked, and warm and early. The top of the land is slightly undulating, and is called level; it is free from stones or rocks. It is the best fruit soil in the Union. Pears, Apples, Peaches, Quinces, Cherries, all berries, Raspberries, Grapes of all kinds, and all other fruits are raised here in immense quantities, and they are sought after by the dealers and command the best prices in the market.

Hammonton is already celebrated for its fine fruit and wine.

From two hundred to five hundred dollars are cleared, free from expense, per acre in the fine fruit culture. Sweet Potatoes, Melons, and all the fine vegetables delight in this soil; this branch of farming pays much better than grain raising, and is much easier work.

is unsurpassed; direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City. The Railroad Company leaves cars here to be filled with fruit every day in the season; they are filled in the afternoon, and the same night or next morning by daylight are in the market, where the highest cash prices are obtained, without any other trouble to the producer than delivering the produce to the car. None of the land now offered is over one and a half miles from the Railroad.

The Market

is unsurpassed; direct communication twice a day to Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City. The Railroad Company leaves cars here to be filled with fruit every day in the season; they are filled in the afternoon, and the same night or next morning by daylight are in the market, where the highest cash prices are obtained, without any other trouble to the producer than delivering the produce to the car. None of the land now offered is over one and a half miles from the Railroad.

The Climate

is mild and delightful the winters being short and open, out-door work can be carried on nearly all winter, while the summer is no warmer than in the north. Persons wanting a change for health will be satisfied here; the mildness of the climate is soon beneficially felt by delicate persons and those suffering from Dyspepsia, Pulmonary affections, or General Debility; as hundreds here will testify. This section has long been known for its health, and during the summer months tens of thousands flock for health. No Malaria, Chills and Fevers in this section.

The Water

is pure and soft, of the best quality. It issues from a depth of twenty feet, and is found from ten to thirty feet. Wells are cheaply made here, as there is no rock to go through. We have the best stores in the country, where goods are sold as cheap as they are in Philadelphia or New

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GREAT
Bargains!!
— Small Profits
And Quick Sales.
AT
CLARK'S
EMPORIUM!

I take this opportunity to return my thanks to the people of Hannamton for their past favors and solicit a continuance of the same. Knowing that people will, as they ought, seek their own interests, and trade where they can do the best, I have determined to adopt a plan by which I shall be able to sell my goods at the lowest figure. To do this I must pay cash for all goods and I can only do this by selling for cash in return. I have determined

On and after the First of July, NEXT, to

Sell Only For Cash!
Or Ready Pay.

With the Cash I can purchase goods at less prices and I can determine to sell all my purchases at a profit of no more than the advantages that can be had with ready money.

Great Reduction!

Come all and examine Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere. I am ready to show goods at all times.

FLOUR & FEED

Of all kinds and of the best quality, on account on hand.

Stoves and Tin Ware.

JUST RECEIVED, a lot of Superior Stoves of **EASTERN MANUFACTURE** which will be sold **AT REASONABLE PRICES**, together with a good assortment of **PHILADELPHIA STOVES.**

Those that are interested in the *Saturday* will find it well worth the same before the First of July, 1874. **At 17 1/2 Cts.**
Hannamton, June 27, 1874.

EDWARDS & LAWRENCE,



EXCELSIOR CLOTHING HALL,
S. E. Cor. Second and Market Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

Clothing for Men and Boys.
(Cloth, Suitings and Trimmings.)

Department for Custom Work.
Agents for the Philadelphia

FOUR WARE.—A few lots of Choice country produce, such as Apples, peaches, etc., for sale at the lowest prices. Inquire of **H. W. EDWARDS**, at the Excelsior Clothing Hall, 17 1/2 Cts. Hannamton, July 3, 1874.

1000 1000 1000
On "Hill Road."
For Sale by **W. A. L. 1874**
Hannamton, April 25th, 1874.

32-10m WM. T. HOPKINS.

Hewn Timber.

We have on hand at Blained, 10,000 ft. of
PINE TIMBER, 12 to 18 feet long, 12 to 6 inches
through. Square on two sides. We will sell it
at \$15 per thousand.

55 20 IRVING & RICH.