[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

SONNET TO J. KEATS.

Oh sweet, melodious Keats, thy plaintive verse
Awakens still sad echoes in my inmost heart,
Which rings responsive to thy rhythmic art,
While oft a silent memory will rehearse
Thy song, thy name, thy fate,—what could be worse?
Thy cruel destiny which tore apart
Thy soul from earth, with death's remorseless dart,
Thy country's bards in bitter numbers curse.
Oh, as thou wandérest through Elysian fields,
Let fall thy mantle on some minstrel here;
Inspire thy spirit in some happy one;
And may he wield thine ancient sceptre wields
Complete the one own unfinished sad career,
And finish all that thou hast left undone.

MIARIFE.

THE CHILDREN'S BED-TIME.

The clock strikes seven in the hall,
The curfew of the children's day,
That calls each little pattering foot
From dance and song and livelong play;
Their day that in our wilder light
Floats like a silver day-moon white,
Nor in our darkness sinks to rest,
But sets within a golden west.

Ah, tender hour that sends a drift
Of children's kisses through the house,
And cuckoo-notes of sweet "Good-night,"
And thoughts of heaven and home arouse;
And a soft stir of sense and heart
As when the bee and blossom part;
And little feet that patter slower,
Like the last droppings of the shower.

And in the children's rooms aloft
What blossom shapes do gayly slip
Their dainty sheaths, and roy run
From clasping hand and kissing lip.
A naked sweetness to the eye—
Blossom and lube and butterfly
In witching one so dear a sight!
An ecstasy of life and light.

And, ah, what lovely witcheries
Bestrew the floor, an empty sock,
By vanished dance and song left loose
As dead bird's throats; a tiny smock
That, sure, upon some meadow grew,
And drank the heaven-sweet rains; a shoe
Scarce bigger than an acorn cup;
Frocks that seem flowery meads cut up.

Then lily-breast in angel-white
To mother's knee they trooping come;
The soft palms fold like kissing shells,
And they and we go shining home—
Their bright heads bowed and worshiping.
As though some glory of the spring,
Some daffodil that mocks the day
Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of Paradise swing wide
A moment's space in soft accord,
And those dream angels, Life and Death,
A moment veil the flaming sword,
As o'er this weary world forlorn
From Eden's secret heart is borne
That breath of Paradise most fair,
Which mothers call the "children's prayer."

Ah, deep pathetic mystery!
The world's great woe unconscious hung,
A rain drop on a blossom's lip;
White innocence that wons our wrong,
And love divine that looks again,
Unconscious of the cross and pain,
From sweet child-eyes, and in that child,
Set earth and heaven reconciled.

Then kissed, on beds we lay them down,
As fragrant-white as clover's sod;
And all the upper floors grow hushed
With children's sleep, and dews of God.
And as our stars, their beams do hide,
The stars of twilight, opening wide,
Take up the heavenly tale at even,
And light us on to God and heaven.

THAT HEATHEN G. B.

OR, PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM SORROWFUL SAM.

[From Grip.]

Which I'm forced to admit,
And with tears it's confessed;
That faith in a Grit
Has no place in this breast;
For that heathen G. B. has deceived me
In a way which cannot be expressed.

And here I must note
How once, in the fray,
A message was wrote
Which it ran in this way:
"Please send me another ten thousand,
And I am as ever—John A."

I should think to excuse
Such a message of sin,
For it meant that men's views
Must be reached for with tin.
But it pains me when parties talk moral
As it far from being moral within.

For of all that came down
In a virtuous way,
On that writing, G. Brown
Half the most for to say:
For he rose like Morality rampant
And went for that naughty John A.

And yet—do I dream?
While he thundered so grand,
He was working a scheme
To corrupt this pure land;
And he made in a ring, which was shady,
What is frequent in rings—a grand stand.

And he wrote to a Grit
Which was running a bank,
And himself did commit
In a manner most frank;
"Our friends here are coming down handsome,
We must make a big push—will you plank?"

So I says with disgust
That I weaken—I pass,
There is none we can trust,
And all flesh is but grass.
This heathen G. B. is a humbug,
His political principles—gas.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

A Young Woman who Wanted a Seat for her Lover Changes her Mind.

[From the Salt Lake Herald.]

They came into the car at a wayside station together. She was in the lead, a position she is not likely to surrender as long as they travel together. A tall brunette, with a sharp face, piercing black eyes, hair black as a raven's wing, a long aquiline nose, with a mole on the side of it, a mouth the cut of which betokened determination and force. She had passed the shady side of the teens and had climbed to the apex of a quarter of a century. He was a guileless youth over whose tow-colored head some eighteen summers had passed, an innocent hobbledehoy, just released from his mother's apron strings. On him she cast loving glances, and his face, suffused in blushes, was turned with a timid, appealing look to her.

The car was crowded, and eligible seats not easily obtainable. About the middle of the car a sedate traveller occupied a seat to himself. Thither the irrepressible lady pressed her way. The sedate traveller rose, and with much courtesy invited her to take a seat next to the window, and when she was seated he calmly ensconced himself upon the vacant half of the chair. By this time the young man whom she was escorting had come up. He placed his hand on the back of the seat, looked appealingly on the face of his protectress, and timidly around the car. He was evidently embarrassed, and did not know what to do with himself. The sharp-nosed brunette eyed the sedate traveller by her side with a sharpness that almost amounted to malignity.

But the traveller sconed all unconscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, and looked away over the fields through the opposite window.

The brunette could no longer endure to see her callow beau standing forlorn, and thus she addressed the sedate traveller, whose eyes were wandering far away, and whose thoughts were with the dear ones at home:

"I say, stranger—"

"Well, say on," responded the sedate traveller.

"I say, look here, stranger."

"Well, what have you got to show me?" said the sedate man.

"Stranger, I want you to know that this young gentleman standing up there is my feller."

"Oh! I'm glad to hear it. How long have you had him? Take care of him, I suppose?"

"Now, you just look here, stranger; this young man is my feller, and I'm bound to see that nobody shall impose on him. You hear me? Now if you had any manners you'd just get right up and let him have a seat by me."

"Oh, I am very happy in your society. You cannot imagine how much pleasure it has given me to furnish you a seat where you can see through the window. Besides, I always took a special delight in being near charming ladies like yourself," replied the sedate traveler.

"But, sir, he is my feller, sir, my beau—do you understand?"

"Is that so? Who would have thought it? And does his mother place him under your protection when he goes abroad?"

"Now, you look here, stranger; me and that young man expects to be engaged, and we've been keeping company together, and me and him wants to have a talk together, and you are real mean if you don't give him a seat by me, so that we can talk, that's what I think."

The imperturbable traveller straightened up, then leaned over in the direction of the sharp-faced brunette, smiled most benignly and lovingly on her, and thus spoke:

"Charming lady, I would be most happy to accommodate you, but you see I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, wayworn and weary, and a long way from home. Besides, my heart is just now beating a tattoo of ecstatic satisfaction because of your charming presence. Being a bachelor, and so near one so lovely and engaging, how can I forego the pleasure I now enjoy? I have had dreams in my time—bright dreams—as I have wandered through this great big world, of some time meeting one to whom I could reveal all this sad heart of mine would fain no longer conceal. You are the impersonation of my dreams, and now would you drive me from your lovely side? Say, has no bird sung in your heart? I saw you come as a star rises above the horizon, and the light of your eyes has illumined my soul. Say, beautiful stranger, will you drive me hence?"

The sedate traveller ceased to speak.

The fire had gone down in the brunette's eyes, the severe expression had vanished from her face, her stern lips had relaxed their rigidity and parted just enough to reveal the ivory structure within, and in a tone that was soft and low she asked:

"Did you say you was a bachelor?"

"Aye, beautiful stranger, that's my fortunate station?"

Then the brunette turned her eyes softly upon her "feller," who stood twitching his fingers and gazing around in an abashed, timid sort of way, and thus she addressed him:

"Tom, I guess you'd better git another seat while I speak with this gentleman."

THE NEIGHBOR THAT BORROWS.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* portrays a domestic scene thus:—

"My name is Anna Catharine Fagan, sir, and to home they call me Ann, just. There's a blatherskitin' female that lives nigh on to the corner, and it's a botherin' and botherin' me every minute in the day she is, for this, that and the other thing, until I am quite entirely tired of it, and that's why I've come to ye to-night, to see what can be done to keep her away."

All the above was said in one breath, and the visitor at the Mayor's office last night threw back her check shawl, rested her red elbow on the desk and placed her chin right on her fist.

Chief Cullen asked what the matter was.

"Matter?" said the visitor, "matter! It's all the matter! She's worse than cholera; worse than measles. I'll explain it to ye. She moved two doors beyond us better than a fortnight ago. None of us knew her. She was a stranger. The first day she sent over for the loan of a few eggs. Considerin' that she was new to us, and topsy-turvy in her housekeeping on a moving day, I gave her the eggs. Next day it was a little salt she wanted; the next day a little girl came and said: 'Mrs. Fagan, and will ye be obligin' enough to lind me mother a cup of butter until she goes to market?' That was the greatest thing I ever heard of, and I gave the butter, but divil a speck of it was returned.

"She has been borrowin' and borrowin' ever since she has been in the neighborhood, sir, and it's the simple truth I'm telling yoes, that when I want anything of ours, and cannot find it, I send over to the new neighbor woman's house, and I'm always sure of getting it. The bothersome creature has the loan of everything we own, and the bad part of it is she never thinks of sindin' it back until we goes and axes for it. That's the kind of a flower she be, and we neighbors want to know whether there is law for it."

The Chief said there was no law at the Mayor's office for such cases.

"Then I'll be sent to jail before she shall ever again have anything of mine. She owes me eggs, butter, lard, coffee, sugar and lots of things. She has borrowed my preserving kettle, my flat-irons, my big scissors, my shaval, our saw and hatchet, she got the last nails we had, and bless your life she might have borrowed me husband if she thought she could have got him, bad cess to her. I tell you, Mister Police, these borrowin' neighbors I hate. I'm sick of it, and I've made up my mind to squeeze down on 'em and not lend any longer."

And Mrs. Fagan left the office, determined to get back her things and accommodate people no more.

BOGGS' BOOMERANG.

Boggs has a friend in Australia who sent him, a spell ago, a boomerang, that singular weapon used by the natives of that distant country. Boggs had read a good deal about the boomerang and had long desired to possess one, therefore his delight was very great when this gift arrived. It was of dark, heavy wood, looking something like a wooden new moon. He didn't know what it was at first, but a note accompanying the gift explained all about it.

"But you don't know how to throw it," said Mrs. Boggs, as he went waltzing around the room, swinging it above his head in a transport of delight.

"Don't I, though? Haven't I read all about it? Easiest thing in the world to manage when you know how. You see——"

The weapon accidentally slipped out of his hand as he was speaking, flew up to the ceiling, chipped out a broad piece of plastering, then it darted towards the bookcase, knocking a plaster cast of Daniel Webster off the top, which was broken in the fall (having previously been damaged considerably in the spring); then it threw a somersault in the air and made a vicious dash at the mirror, but changed its mind, apparently, within a few inches of its surface, and kicked a hole through an oil portrait of Mr. Boggs hanging by the side of it; then it described a curve rendering it unnecessary for us to describe it further—and rapped Mrs. Boggs aside the head, making her false teeth rattle like a bogus nickel in a contribution box; then it flew on the wings of the morning at a picture of "Evening," which it knocked into the middle of next week, then it tacked to the left and swooped down upon the piano boys, playing "stop dat knocking" in a highly artistic manner; then it rolated once around the room and knocked a neighbor down, who had opened the door to see what was the matter; then it thumped Boggs on the top of his bald head until he saw more stars than will be visible at all our theatres this season; then giving Mrs. Bogg, who was stretched out on the floor in a fainting fit, a farewell dig in the ribs, it darted through "Heaven Bless our Home," hung up on the window, and disappeared.

Boggs afterwards heard of it pulling door-bells all along the street, dropping through skylights and frightening people almost out of their wits by racing around empty garrets, and playing the mischief generally. He gives notice that if any one finds that boomerang he may keep it—if he can—he don't want to see it again. Mrs. Boggs is in a very nervous condition about it, and every time she hears a rap at a door she shrieks, "There it comes again!" and faints dead away.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

WANTED PIZEN.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

The other day a thin-waisted woman with a snap to her eyes entered a Detroit drug store, and without any fooling around asked:

"Do you keep pizen here?"

"Yes'm—all kinds," replied the clerk.

"You've got pizen in powders and pizen in liquids, have you?"

"Yes'm."

"Well," she said, looking around at the many bottles, "I want something powerful strong—something to lay him right out, without any fooling!"

The clerk drew back a little and said:

"I fear we can't sell you any pelson, mudam."

"You can't? What's the matter you can't?"

"You—you might not make good use of it," he tremblingly said.

"What do you mean?" she slowly asked, kind o' reaching for him across the counter.

"Why—family trouble, perhaps—your husband—you may be a little deranged, he stammered.

She gave him a look of lofty contempt and said:

"You needn't be afraid of me, bub! My head has brains enough in it to run four drug stores like this, and my husband and I get along about as well as any pair. When he gets high-nosed and tries to boss around, I pint to a chair, give him one look, and he drops. No, bub, I want that pizen to lay out a dog, and you needn't be afraid of being tooken up for tragedy."

It was put up, handed her, and paid for, and she remarked:

"Thought I was deranged, eh? I own up that I don't know anything about your old drug-store Latin, but if I can't tumble house-work around with the whole pile of your relatives for two hundred years back I'll git in the way of a one-hoss locomotive afore dark!

MISTAKEN IN THE NAME OF THE SONG.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

"Say, can you sing that—er lovely new song, the—er—um, about the fellow's mother, you know?" said an indefinite but agreeable young man the other evening, at a small social gathering, to the prima donna of the occasion. "Which young man, and what about his mother?" answered the lady, "because there is a good deal of mother in the ballad literature of the present." "I—er—don't know exactly, you know—um," replied the young man. "Was it 'Mother, kiss me in my Dreams,' or 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' or 'Lemme Kiss him for his Mother, or 'Thinking, Mother Dear, of You,' or 'Mother, Come Back from the Echoless Shore,' or 'Dear Mother, I've come home to Die'—which?" responded the beautiful and accomplished girl. "No, no," said the enamored youth; "none of those—it's something about the old woman's getting old. Oh, I know," he concluded, with a burst of relief, conviction and intelligence; "it begins, 'Mother's Teeth are Falling Out.'" The assembled company rose with enthusiasm and unanimity, and were just about hanging him to the front gate post, when his quick perceptions enabled him to discover that the title of the piece was "Father's Hair is Turning Gray." The young man stated in justification that he had a poor ear for music and a bad memory for dates.

UNDERSTOOD IT.—Our Dan remarked to his wife last evening, as he left home for the office:—"I'll be back by ten o'clock if I don't meet with any serious pull-back." "It won't be well for you to meet with any pull-backs, Daniel, serious or smiling, if I know of it," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

—A Boston butcher sent a piece of meat to an old maid's cat regularly every day for four years, and now she leaves him a legacy of $18,000. Lightning 'tis said, never strikes twice in the same place; so we advise our readers who are in the habit of sending bottles and bootjacks at their neighbors' cats, not to break off suddenly and substitute meat.—*Norristown Herald.*

JOSH BILLINGS' SAYING.

[From Josh's Farmers' Alminax.]

THE VEGETABLE BITTERS MAN.—Whenever a man gits ded broke, and kant think ov nothing to raze the breeze with, and his uncle wont have him boarding at his house enny more, and the heels ov his boots hav knawed the bottom ov his pantaloons all off, he takes rubarb root, and a fu katnip blossoms, and sum tan bark, and sokes them for 14 hours in sum cheap whiskey, and goes hellong into the liver renovating bizzness. He plasters every fence, saw mill log, stun wall and cow's back, from Portland Maine to Stockton Californy, with red and yello hand bills, offering to heal the halt, make the blind talk, and the deaf see, and renew the inside and outside ov all kreashun, for a dollar and twenty-five cents a bottle. He takes rooms at sum fust klass hotel, drives 8 in hand, and never iz seen only on a jump. He iz az full ov bizzness az a deputy superintendent ov a Sunday skool on a piknik day, and call on him when yu will, to kollekt yure little bill ov 7 dollars, he haz just left for Baltimore, or wont be home from Nu Orleans, until week after next. These men are not all ov them unskrupulous, they are kunning kritters, who hav found out, that mankind to be happy, must be cheated.

THE KROW.—I hav written sevral very poplar obituary notisses ov the krow, but find that i hav stated a good deal about them that wazn't jist so, and left unsed mutch that waz true. The krow iz az cunning az a Tombs lawyer, and just about az mutch ov a bird. Yu kant ketch one in a trap, and if yu should yu could not bile one in a pot, soft enuff to eat, in 3 weeks. A tame krow and a civilized injun may be a moral triumph on the face ov it, but when yu cum to examine the other side ov it yu will find that yu hav overdid the bizzness. If all the krows and injuns in this world were tame and civilized, yu could bid fairwell to all other manuel and mental labor, and spend all yure time and talents studying the pesky, infernal kritters. Krows assemble in the fall ov the year, 30 thousand yu them, or more, in council, and appoint their deskons for the following year. At this grate kawkuss, rezolushuns ov a inflamitory natur are passed, daming the farmers for putting up skare krows in the cornfields, plans are laid for next years steelings, and each krow swopping wives, the meeting disseminates and the krows fli away.

Don't keep but one dog, no one but a pauper kan afford to keep three.

If yu are going to make amuzements a stiddy bizzness, ketching flies iz as good as enny.

Go slo, yung man, if yu tap both ends ov yure cider barrell at once, and draw out ov the bung hole besides, yure cider aint a going to hold out long.

Eat hash washing days, and be thankful for it, even if yu hav to shut both eyes to do it.

Pills will sumtimes refuze to akt on the liver, but sawing wood never fails.

If yu want to git a fust klass situashun in sum alms house, giv all yure property to yure children before yu die.

There's lots ov men in this world that are like a rooster, they take the cockade and spurs off from them, and yu couldn't hardly tell them from a hen.

COULDN'T PERMIT HIM TO SNORE.—One of the most eccentric clergymen of Scotland of the latter part of the last century was the Rev. Peter Glas, minister of Crail. His pulpit language was broad Scotch, and his expressions, even in devotion, were particularly simple. Many of his parishioners being fishermen he usually prayed specially for their welfare. One day, using the expression, "May the boats be filled with herrin' clear up to the tow-holes" (spaces for the oars), a fisherman lustily called out, "No; no that far, sir, or we wad a' be sunk." A farmer in the parish had been in the habit of sleeping in church, much to Mr. Glas' annoyance. Mr. Glas reproved him privately, and the farmer excused himself on the ground of his arduous labors during the week. He expressed a hope that the minister would extend to him a little indulgence, adding that he would drive two cart loads of coals to the manse. Next Sabbath the farmer not only slept, but gave a very audible demonstration of the fact, "Wauken David Cowan," said the minister. On a nudge from his neighbor, administered according to the clerical request, David awakened suddenly, and after looking around, put the minister in mind of the privilege he understood to be conferred for "the twa carts." "David," said the minister, "I micht hae winked at the sleepin', but I canna permit you to snore."

GETTING SOBER.—Nobody who walks the streets of New York in the early morning can have missed the familiar experience, as he makes his devious way homeward after a night's debauch. He is not a pleasant sight. His step is heavy and uncertain. The marks of mud are on his best coat, and even his hands are uncommonly dirty. He has a sad headache and an acid stomach. There is no luster in his glaring eye. Every trace of the night's excitement has died out of his sodden face, and a profound and universal disgust is written all over it. He looks upon to-day with melancholy and remembers last evening with remorse. The speeches, the songs, the toasts, over which he has clapped and shouted with the others, how wretched and degraded they all seem as he recalls them in the dyspeptic penitence of the day after! If he had only been decent and moderate and gone home quietly at a Christian hour.—*Tribune.*

FLOORED THE TEACHER.—One of the teachers in a public school at Taunton, Massachusetts, wishing to impress his pupils, inquired the other day: "Do you think my head is stuffed with cotton?" "Yes, sir," said a very prompt but slightly deaf girl, who had misunderstood the question.

—It is announced that Norman Wiard, the inventor of rifled cannon, has filled a petition of bankruptcy in Washington. We are sorry for an inventor who ends in bankruptcy; but it is the general fate of inventors. And, as there is not much demand for cannon of any kind just now, inventors should turn their attention to the production of instruments for preserving human lives, rather than for their destruction.—*Independent.*

—"Jennie, you're my sweetheart," said a nine-year-old suitor, as he sat alone with his heart's idol, the other evening. "How can I be your sweetheart?" asked the little Miss, "when I am thirteen years old and you are only nine?" "Are you thirteen?" "Of course I am." "Well," answered the juvenile beau, after reflecting a little, "I'd a been thirteen, too, if I hadn't been sick so much when I was little."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

—Postmaster Jones, of Raiborn Centre, Ontario, wrote to the Postmaster General, "Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but this I will say, if your office pays no better than mine I advise you to give it up."

—At a recent Gloucester (Mass.) wedding a remarkably bashful man was present, who was so taken aback by being called upon for a toast at the dinner that he got up and stammered, "Charlie, my f-fr-friend, may you have a wedding once a year as long as you live."

HONEST PRIDE.—Grandfather: "Ah! children, it's a fine thing to see you all growing up such fine gals and boys. I ain't felt so proud many a day! not since I was chief follower at your poor old granny's funeral, and had a new black hat for myself an' a gallon o' gin for the mourners."

—Mrs. Livermore says girls are not particular enough about the man they marry. Mrs. Livermore is right. Many a young girl has become wedded to a man, and found out, when too late, that he could't whitewash a bedroom without streaking the walls.—*Danbury News.*

—The woman who was arrested at St. Albans with 400 yards of black silk concealed beneath her skirts could hardly have worn a "pull-back," though her arress was a decided drawback on her proceedings.

—Grumbled a Danbury man, stumbling about in his wood-house the other night: "Axe gone, saw gone, buck broken and Chandler in the Cabinet—what's the use trying to live, any way?"—*News.*

—"What can I do to make you love me more?" asked a youth of his girl the other day. "Buy me a ring, stop eating onions and throw your shoulders back when you walk," was the immediate reply.

—"He was milking the river and fell in," is the Rochester Democrat's explanation of the death by drowning of a milkman a few days since. See the pint?

—Daniel Sprague, on Balmforth ave., has a hen which can lay an egg measuring eight inches, with one hand tied behind her back.—*Danbury News.*

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S LAST WORDS.—Dr. Hunter McGuire sends to the *Richmond Dispatch* a long account of "Stonewall" Jackson's last illness. He gives the following as the General's last words:—"About half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again, feebly but firmly, 'Very good; it is all right.' A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium, 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!' 'Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!' 'Tell Major Hawks'—then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and then he said quietly, and with an expression as of relief, 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees;' and then without pain or the least struggle his spirit passed."

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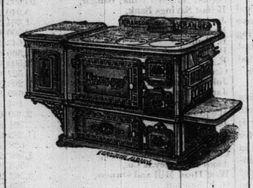

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BOXES BOTTLED WAX;
BOXES BROWN WINDSOR SOAP;
BOXES TOILET SOAPS, assorted;
BALES SENNA LEAVES;
BALES BOTTLE CORKS;
BALES VIAL CORKS;
PRESSED HOPS;
BARRELS SALT, in bags.

ANILINE DYES,

by the pound and in packages.

And all goods in my line at LOWEST PRICES and on MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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"DAILY THOUGHTS,"

BY THE REV. T. DeWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

oct 16

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NEW GOODS.

OPENED TO-DAY:—

NEW CLOTHS, for Ladies and Gentlemen's Wear;
BLACK AND BLUE NAPS;
ELYSIANS, Black, Blue, Grey and Drab;
BEAVERS, PILOTS;
Imitation Seals, Otter, Beaver, Silver Fox;
A very choice lot of Indigo Blue and Black WORSTED COATINGS;
SCOTCH SUITINGS, very serviceable, in newest patterns.

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IN which upwards of Six Hundred Writers are referred to, and Two Hundred and Twenty Figures Illustrated.

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ROUILLION FIRST CHOICE

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A LARGE VARIETY OF

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SCOTCH TWEEDS,

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1 CASE BRAIDS AND BINDINGS

10 BALES BLANKETS.

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CAMP BLANKETING

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3 CASES DRESS GOODS.

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1 do REFINED BORAX;
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1 do POWDERED PUMICE STONE;
2 do FLOUR SULPHUR;
3 do EPSOM SALTS;
2 do REFINED SALTPETRE;
1 do BLUE VITRIOL;
1 do ROTTEN STONE.

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SPLENDID VARIETY, from $25 to $150. The best value ever offered.

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IT IS UNSURPASSED BY ANYTHING IN THE TRADE

References of entire satisfaction can be given.

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SEPTEMBER 9th, 1875

By Mail Steamers, and Anchor Line Sidonian and Olympia we have received part of our

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Comprising a General Assortment from the Markets of

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NOW READY FOR PERSONAL INSPECTION OR ORDERS, WHICH SHALL HAVE OUR MOST CAREFUL ATTENTION.

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sept 11

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