# Terre Haute Gazette

HUDSON, BROWN & CO., Proprietors.

R. N. HUDSON. C. W. BROWN. L. M. ROSE.

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## Les Enfants Pauvres.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

[Translation by Algernon C. Swinburne.]

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great; he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshy birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light, bitter world of wrongs
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongues.
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes.
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that snaps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power,
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs.

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

From the New York Democrat.

## Race on the Prairie.

*Eleven o'clock!*

Sharp to the second struck the bell.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, as we reached up for the iron hand-help and sprang to the floor of Engine No. 199—just starting from Chicago eastward for New York.

A more beautiful, life-giving morning we never knew. Saturday morning in that great city of the West—that eighth wonder of the world! An appointment made by telegraph to be at our office at sharp seven o'clock Sunday evening. We were in a hurry—like a pendulum vibrating between important interests; marking time and events for others.

So we asked for the quickest route—and our friend, W. C. Cleland, general manager of the Western business of the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne Railroad, gave proof that his route via Pittsburg and Philadelphia, over the Alleghany mountains, was the quickest, easiest, and the best. And so we hastened from the hotel to the depot, quick as whirling carriage-wheels and fast horses could take us, just in time for the bell—for the

"*All aboard!*

Ever by choice at the front—out of the dust and into the danger—for, in case of a collision, it would be glorious to rush into Eternity and tell them—

"The rest of the mangled delegation will be here in a minute!"

Riding on the engine! How clear and bright. Everything in perfect order The polished steel, iron and brass mirrored faces, forms and scenery. Toney Kelker, the sharp-eyed, cool-brained, steady-nerved, temperate engineer, doth well know his business, from the lightest puff of steam to the handling of that mighty mass of machinery, as a mother would the babe dandled on her knee.

The fireman rang the engine bell, and fed the glowing mouth of the tamed fiend we were on. Out from Chicago—slowly, steadily out from the cross streets, storehouses, homes of workers, crossing lines of railroads, huge granaries and mammoth elevators, where wheat is lifted and stored for market.

Out from the wide-spreading, wonderful city—past little houses and big ones—past the grimy-looking men with little signal-flags at road-crossings—past the halted processions of drays, carts, wagons, milk pogies, carriages, and business life; out into the broad, beautiful prairie country where God's mighty thunder has rolled all inequalities of elevation to a level.

Out from the city at last. Out from municipal regulation as to speed of train. At liberty now to begin our journey as the storm-clouds travel.

The fireman lets loose from the bell-rope, swings open the furnace door and with wood tickles the palate of the devil's baby we are riding on, till it inner whistles, chuckles with delight, throws out its mesmerism of power, trembles with created emotion, and seems ready to leave the smooth, silver-topped steel rails, and fly through the air.

But the little man with eyes like those of an eagle—with skull-cap drawn tight over his head—with look close upon and far-reaching the rails before him—with mind intent only on his duties and responsibilities, rests his hand on that little steel pulse-bar; the powerful pet he so masters by a touch, loses its nervousness, as does a woman when the strong arm of her fearless darling is thrown between her and danger.

Faster—faster—*faster—faster!*

Out any away! Twenty, twenty-five, thirty miles an hour. Only playing with distance as yet! We are only picking up the mile-posts slowly now, looking at them and throwing them down!

*Ha—ha!*

A rival on the road! Once more at your old tricks! Right ahead of us, as the arrow flies to its rest, runs our line of track miles away. And to our left, not more than a pistol-shot distant, is another track—that of the Michigan Southern Railroad. And like the one we are now on, straight ahead for miles till, following the mark of the builders, the road bears away to the left and the northward.

And on that track, out from Chicago, comes a fight, rakish-looking train. The lightning express. Four long, light passenger cars. But *there* is grace of motion for you! The cloud of black smoke miscegenating with the white steam lifts itself up into the air for the rushing train to pass under. The red driving-wheels of the beautiful engine reach into the distance with their connecting bar arm, short, quick, snappish, and the train rushes by. The engineer over there nods at us from his cab-window—the fireman looks at us with gyrating thumb to his nose—the brakemen on that flying train shake hands at us, as if to say," "Good-bye—if you are in a hurry send along with us." The passengers at the windows wave their handkerchiefs, and motion for us to "come on!"

Really, that is very nice, when we are in haste, and those on that train are traveling east as we are! And in less time than we have consumed in writing the two preceding paragraphs, the rival train is half a mile ahead of us, flying like a devil-kite over the flat land.

*Smile!* Not a bit. We looked at the engineer, who seemed to know his business! He looked at us once—there was a nod—it was enough. Then he looked at our young friend, C. D. Gorham, master of transportation, with us on the engine. Another answering nod.

Business now! The fireman jerked open the furnace door, and into the livid throat of our devil-pet went the wooden lunch, to be fire gravied and devoured. The engineer pulled that skull-cap a little closer over his eyes, and opened the window before him. Then his left foot reached down to the brace, as if to say something to the net-work of mechanism! Then he leaned forward just a little, like a jockey winning the Derby; he took hold of the lever and pulled so slowly, firmly, that it seemed as if he was in love with his engine-baby.

Thank you! A little more steam—and the engine whistled its thanks and laughed in a tremor of delight! Another slow pull on that lever-bar, a steady hand held there, and see how beautifully our prairie chaser settles to the work!

Faster!

*Faster!*

FASTER!

Thirty-five miles an hour! Forty miles an hour! Forty-five miles an hour! Fifty miles an hour! And still faster! We are after that rakish-running fugitive ahead of us on that other track! And that train is flying wild! The mile-posts fairly dance to us, to be thrown as it were, without notice, a mile to our rear! The engine has no time to tremble now; there is work being done! It seems as if we were fairly flattening to the track—hugging the earth—rushing like a storm-courier to eternity! The engineer looks not from the rail; his hand comes not from the bar, and still faster we rush on as never before.

Did you ever see a juggler swallow a sword? So are we swallowing the line of open space between the trains. Like two scared devils are these two engines working their best. That one over there is a beauty, but this one is "old business." We come up to the rear end of the train; the brakeman on the rear platform, as we are opposite him with the engine, turns away in disgust. Now for it, red hot! Just a little more steam, and we shoot by like a dart, as if it was *so easy!* The passengers on the train wave no more handkerchiefs; there is a long white flash of them from the windows of our cars as we look back.

We quietly motion to the engineer over there to try it again. He shakes his head and thinks, as did the Dutchman's boy, "here we are—there they are."

Then, as speed was slacked, Tony says with a smile:

"Good morning!"

And the two trains went on their way as if nothing had happened—as there had not only a race, a going a little faster than usual rate of speed, out of compliment to a perfect track and the perfection of machinery.

"A good engine?"

"You are right—the best in the world!"

"Where was she made?"

"At our Fort Wayne shops."

"A model piece of work."

"Yes, sir—our boys know their business."

And the engineer looked so lovingly and approvingly on the beauty which we rode—the strength, the polish, the perfection of ingenuity. The fireman opened the door, so we could hear the little devils in the hot throat and livid furnace laugh and chuckle over the work so well done under the guiding hand of a brave man, who could tame the elements to annihilate space.

* * * * *

And we looked at the country—at the beautiful engine—at the long stretch of railroad—at the work men had done for a purpose.

Then we sat on the cushioned seat so kindly given us by the fireman, who soon will be an engineer, and thought of the earnest workers of the land. Of the brawny-armed mechanics, whose muscle we almost envy. Of their clink-clank on anvils; of their work over hot fires; of their daily, daily work; of their wives and their little ones; of their sweet-hearts and their hopes for the future; of the work they are doing for the benefit of of their country.

And we thought of the men on farms, the women in farm-houses, the children who wish for better homes, better education, better clothing, and how proud we were to know that these working-men, working-women, and working children were, and are, entitled to the honor of making our country great.

Then, we thought as the train flew on, as the engineer managed the beautiful machinery, made by other workingmen; as the fireman threw in the wood cut by other workingmen; as we rode over the roads laid by still other workingmen; as we dashed by the homes of yet other working men; as we hastened on to help our *workingmen* in the *Democrat* office; how little our aristocracy-owned Government cares for the workers, and how it robs them for the benefit of those accursed bondholders who are above work—who own laborers as slaves—who are of no benefit to any one.

Then we thought if the were only sticks of wood, to be fed into the hot furnaces, how much lighter would be our load—how much easier life would be for the overtaxed ones who alone are making America great.

And we said, while thinking of what the sawers of wood, the drawer of water, the miners of metals, the pounders of iron, the cookers of food, the workers everywhere are doing to help themselves and help each other:

*God loves the workers of America, and damn the Power that will not protect them!*

## How Higgins Gently Broke the News.

"Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday school superintendent said with the old pathos in his voice and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said:

"Does the widder Bagley live here?"

"The *widow* Bagley. No, sir!"

"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does *Judge* Bagley live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind—it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?"

"No, not at present."

"I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o' suthin, mum, for I'm a going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon—and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to *him!*"


CLOTHING.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

MENS', YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

And Gents' Furnishing Goods,

NO. 93 MAIN STREET,

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SUMMER COMPLAINT

AND

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

Brunker's Carminative Balsam

NEVER FAILS to cure Summer Complaint in children or Chronic Diarrhœa in adults. It is indispensable for infants. Physicians acknowledge it to be the best Carminative ever brought before the public. Sold, wholesale and retail, by

H. A. DAVIS & CO.,

MAIN STREET,

1d56w16 Sole Agents for Terre Haute.


## NEW YORK STORE.

### Opinions of the Press.

From the Express, Dec. 20, 1869.

TERRE HAUTE GOING AHEAD!—It is with sincere pleasure that we notice from time to time, the improvements that present themselves to the observer, in this, our beautiful city. We can boast of our factories, machine shops, iron works, &c., and last, but not least, of our merchants. Everything for use or luxury, and for every station in life can be procured as good and as cheap here as in the larger cities, and we are glad to notice from the general tone of the trade that our merchants and manufacturers are well pleased with the patronage bestowed on them. One house in particular we would speak of at this time. The New York Dry Goods Store, No. 73 Main street, presents at the present time prominent attractions. The proprietors, Messrs. Wittenberg, Ruschaupt & Co., have been engaged in business in this city for about three months, and by strict attention to business, fair dealing, and by always keeping a large and well selected stock, they have gathered around them a large circle of customers, who, as we daily notice, crowd the New York Store, and keep the salesmen busy dealing out every kind of merchandize. Their success is not only attributed to a perfect knowledge of their business, but also to their mode of buying and selling their goods. Being supplied with abundant capital all their purchases are made for cash and from first hands, every change in the market is taken advantage of by their experienced buyers, and when their goods are placed upon their counters on sale, they are offered at the lowest possible margin upon cost. A regular system of per centage is adopted by this House, the benefit of purchases below market value is thereby always given to the customers, and by having "*one price only*," all are treated alike, all share the same advantages in buying dry goods, and truly *justice is done to all!*

The New York Store has become one of the most popular institutions of the place. If good goods at low prices, kind treatment and fair dealings, can build up a trade, the New York Store will take the rank among the largest business houses of Terre Haute.

THE New York Store is located at No. 73, Main street, near the Court House Square.

From the Terre Haute Journal, Dec. 18, '69.

Trade has now fully begun with our merchants. All are busy as bees to get their goods in order and ready for sale. One of the establishments so engaged is the New York Dry Goods Store, No. 73, Main street. Their force of salesmen has been hard at work for the past few days in opening and marking the new purchases just received and which were bought at the great forced sales in the Eastern market. To look at all the muslins, flannels, prints, shawls, dress goods, furs, etc., besides the smaller articles usually kept in in a large house of this kind, will certainly be to buy, for as regards prices, as we know from personal observation, they are certainly the lowest we ever heard of.

The one price system, as adopted by this house, works like a charm. There is no overcharging, no trying to make an extra dime. The dealings at the New York Store are fair and square, and every attention is shown to all their patrons. It is the constant study of the proprietors to place before their customers any and all goods at the lowest rates and by charging the lowest per centage upon the cost of the goods, the customer receives the direct benefit of purchases made under the market value. It is a well known fact that the New York Store has been offering unusual inducements to buyers since it was opened. The recent heavy declines in all kinds of dry goods, however, enables them to sell goods still cheaper, as their facilities for buying are unequaled.

There is nothing in the dry goods line but what can be bought at the greatest advantage at the New York Store. Their tremendous stock and low prices are bound to draw customers, and no one will need to complain of having "nothing to wear" if they trade at the New York Store.

ONE PRICE ONLY!

NO DEVIATION!

JUSTICE TO ALL!

And the best Bargains in Dry Goods

AT THE

New York Store, 73 Main Street,

*Near Cour House Square!*

NEW YORK STORE.—We made a hasty call at this large dry goods establishment on Wednesday. Messrs. Wittenberg, Ruschaupt & Co., occupy the elegant store room, 73 Main street. Their handsome banner, hung in the middle of the street, indicates the location the full length of Main street. The first floor of the building is used as a retail room and the second and third floors for notions and duplicate stock. In the spring they will open out a stock of carpet, wall paper, and shades. Their present stock of Dress Goods, including Merinos, Empress Cloths, Black Alpaca, and also lower and cheaper grades of Dress Goods, is most complete. In Shawls they have the best domestic manufacture of Shawls, &c., and a very full stock of imported Paisleys, Broche, &c., which they offer for sale at low prices. They have also a full line of domestics. To enumerate their stock in full would be an endless task.

Mr. Charles Wittenberg, the head of this house, is one of the most popular dry goods men in this State. He learned the rudiments of the dry goods business with Mr. M. W. Williams, at the Old Prairie City Store, in this city, 18 years ago. Mr. Fred. Ruschaupt, has been long experienced in the business. Mr. Harmon Schweitzer, the other member of the firm, has been long and favorably known to our citizens, having been for 12 years a leading salesman in the house of W. S. Ryce & Co., in this city.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

ANY child can be sent to the New York Store, and will buy as cheap as the best judge of Dry Goods.

THE New York Store of Wittenberg, Ruschaupt & Co., 73 Main street, Terre Haute, is now in receipt of a magnificent stock of new dress goods, staple goods, ladies dress goods, &c. They have also added to their stock a fine line of carpets, wall papers, shades, curtain materials, &c., selected by Mr. Wittenberg himself in the Eastern markets. The are clever gentlemen to deal with, and spare no pains to build up a trade.—*Paris Beacon and Blade.*


NEW YORK STORE.

# THE NEW YORK STORE,

## 73 MAIN STREET,

Near the Court House Square.

We have just received a full line of Lama and Lace Points, Lawns and Grenadines, Mozambiques and Piques, Shelland and Barge Shawls, Linens for Shawls, &c., &c., &c.

# THE NEW YORK STORE,

73 MAIN STREET,

NEAR COURT HOUSE SQUARE,

Has earned a reputation for Low Prices and Fair Dealing!

OUR LINE OF FLANNELS, JEANS, CASSIMERES, LINENS, COTTONADES, CHECKS, HICKORY, DENIERS AND TICKINGS CAN NOT BE BEAT.

# THE NEW YORK STORE,

73 MAIN STREET,

Near the Court House Square.

We are opening a full line of Prints, Bleached and Brown Muslins,

Ginghams, &c., which we will sell at our popular prices.

# NEW YORK STORE,

73 MAIN STREET,

NEAR COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

We offer special inducements in Kid Gloves, Lace Mitts, Lisle Thread,

Gloves, Silk Gloves, &c.

House Keepers will Save Money by Buying their Table Linens,

Napkins, Doylas, Towels, &c., at the

# NEW YORK STORE,

73 MAIN STREET,

NEAR COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

Linen Handkerchiefs, Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs,

Silk Handkerchiefs, Linen Fans, Silk Fans, Willow Fans, and

Parasols, cheap at

THE NEW YORK STORE, 73 Main Street,

NEAR COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

# Carpets, Wall Paper, Window Shades,

Nottinghams, Curtains, Lace Curtains, &c., at

# THE NEW YORK STORE.

73 Main Street,

NEAR COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

WITTENBERG, RUSCHAUPT & CO., Prop'rs.

9d2m


## NEW YORK STORE.

### Opinions of the Press.

From the Sullivan Democrat.

THE NEW YORK STORE, AT TERRE HAUTE.—This establishment has now one of the finest stocks of goods ever brought to that city. Their buyer is evidently a man of taste and well acquainted with the wants of the people. The stock comprises every article in the Dry Goods line from the most substantial to the richest dress goods. The business in every department is systematically and honorably conducted, there is one price only for every article, and all customers are treated with the best attention and courtesy. We predict for the New York Store a large trade, for people will buy where the best inducements are offered.

NEW YORK STORE, 73 Main Street near Court House Square.

From the Prairie Beacon and Valley Blade.

Visiting Terre Haute a few days ago, we, of course, dropped into the New York Store, and were agreeably surprised to meet our old friend Harmon Schweitzer, now a partner in this establishment. We have seen some big things in the way of Dry Goods Stores, but the New York Store looms up above them all, in quality and quantity of goods, displayed taste and systematical arrangement and general management. From the crowds of eager buyers that fill this House, we must judge that the proprietors offer extra inducements to their customers, as the accommodating clerks were busy as bees in cutting off and putting up all kinds of merchandise. We say, success to the New York Store, and the *one price system.*

NEW YORK STORE, 73 Main street, near Court House Square.

ON THE "RAMPAGE"—"NOTES OF TRAVEL."—On Wednesday morning, 8th inst., we got aboard Beattie's "Lightning Express" bound for "the East." Arrived at Merom about 10:30 A. M., when we "changed hacks" for Sullivan, at which place we arrived just in time for the train for Terre Haute. Arrived at the latter named place about 4 P. M., and put up at the Terre Haute House, of which that prince of good fellows, Capt. T. C. Buntin, is proprietor. We went "down town," and and stopped in at the "New York Store," of Wittenberg, Ruschaupt & Co., where we found quite an array of clerks, both ladies and gentlemen, busy waiting upon the throng of customers in the store, and anxious to secure a portion a portion of the good and cheap goods they have on sale. It strikes us very forcibly that this establishment is *the* store of the city. The immense variety of all kinds of Dry Goods draws buyers from all parts of the country, and the proprietors are determined to supply all their customers at the lowest prices. Try them. —*Robinson Argus.*

THE New York Store, 73 Main street, near Court House Square.

From the Hoosier State.

THERE is one House in the beautiful city of Terre Haute that will not fail to attract the attention of any one passing down Main street toward the old Court House, a new style of sign, a neat flag is displayed across the street, and informs the citizen as well as the stranger, that here the New York Store, *the Dry Goods House of the place,* is to be found. We enter. A busy throng is presented to our view. The farmer, the mechanic, the richly dressed lady all seem engaged in the same pursuit, and the obliging clerks are displaying the rich dress goods and shawls, the comfortable looking flannels, and blankets, muslins, prints, toweling, table-cloths and the thousand other articles kept in a large house like this. Satisfaction is expressed on every countenance, and all seem pleased with the bargains just made. The one price system, cheap goods and large stock, is building up a trade for the New York Store that the proprietors may well be proud of.

COTTON parasols, silk parasols, sun umbrellas, at New York Store, 73 Main street, near Court House Square.

From the Clark Co., Ills., Herald.

BUILDING UP A TRADE.—With most men it takes not only capital but years to build up a trade and make the investment pay, and there are very few whose efforts are crowned with complete success, particularly in the Dry Goods line. It requires peculiar talent and tact, even where a sufficient amount of capital is backing it and strengthening its spinal column, to gain the coveted goal and to arrive at the desired point, but here and there a case occurs, that is so marked that no observer can fail to notice it, and it gives us pleasure to notice the successful operations of Messrs. Wittenberg, Ruschaupt & Co., in building up a trade at their New Yook Store, No. 73 Main street, Terre Haute, Ind. The one price system and the firm determination to sell Dry Goods cheap, a large and well selected stock, together with polite treatment of all their customers have made the New York Store one of the most popular Houses in Terre Haute, and built up a trade for the proprietors, agreeably exceeding their expectations. Success to the New York Store!

CARPET WARP, all colors at the New York Store, 73 Main street, near Court House Square.

From the Brazil Miner.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers a short sketch of one of the largest and most successful Dry Goods Houses in Terre Haute. The New York Store, 73 Main Street, was opened in September last. The proprietors, young energetic men, have shown by their unparalleled success that they are thoroughly posted in their business and are supplied with sufficient capital to make all their purchases for cash. The strict adherence to the *one price* system, their large and always complete stock, and their attention and politeness to every customer, have made the New York Store at once a popular and profitable store to buy at, and the crowds that daily visit this store, show best, that the people appreciate the efforts of Messrs. Wittenberg, Ruschaupt & Co. to sell goods cheap.


REFRIGERATOR.

DON'T WASTE MONEY

On a poorly made,

IMPERFECT, UNVENTILATED ICE CHEST, OF FOREIGN MAKE,

When, for the same, or less price, you can procure one of

JOSEPH W. WAYNE'S

Celebrrted Patent Self-Ventilating

AMERICAN REFRIGERATORS,

WHICH are the only ones that have stood the test of time, several thousand of them having gone into successful use during the past seven years, while the various other patents that have, from time to time, been introduced in competition with them, have invariably failed. The largest, most varied, and best assortment in the West, at the salesroom of

Joseph W. Wayne,

Manufacturer of

Patent Refrigerators, Improved Beer and Ale Coolers, and Ice Chests

Of all kinds,

221 WEST FIFTH ST.,

1d2m CINCINNATI.

GAS FIXTURES.

M'HENRY & CO.,

6 and 8 East Fourth and 162 Main St.,

CINCINNATI.

THE PLACE TO BUY,

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF

Gas Fixtures,

Lamps and Chandeliers,

Pipe, Pumps, Tools, &c

In GAS FIXTURES,

WE offer a choice selection of the best designs in Bronze and Gilt that have been produced this season in the principal manufactories of the East. In our stock will be found all that is new or desirable in Gas Fixtures, for lighting

Churches, Halls, Dwellings, Stores, &c.

Oil Lamps and Chandeliers.

In this line, our assortment comprises all the late patterns and improvements in Chandeliers,

HANGING LAMPS,
BRACKET LANPS,
HALL AND TABLE LIGHTS,
LANTERNS, &c.,

Furnished with the latest improvements in Burners, Shades, &c.; Oil that will not explode, and Chimneys that will not break.

In Iron Pipes and Fittings,

Our stock is full and complete, and our prices as low as the lowest.

In Pumps and Plumbers' Goods,

We have all that can be wanted in the way of

Cistern and Well Pumps,
Lift and Force Pumps,
Beer Pumps, Garden Pumps, &c.;
Bath Tubs, Closets,
Washstands, Wash Trays,
Bath Boilers, Sinks, &c.

Of Gas and Steam Fitters' Tools,

We have a full line, consisting of

Screw-cutting Machines,
Stocks and Dies,
Drills, Reamers and Taps.
Patent Pipe Cutters,
Patent and Ordinary Pipe Tongs,
Pipe Vises,
Meter and Burner Plyers,
Gas Fitters' Augurs,
Chisels, &c., &c.,

The Dome Gas Stoves,

For summer cooking. We have a full assortment of these cheap and desirable substitutes, during warm weather, for the Kitchen Range and Stove. For family use, they combine COMFORT AND ECONOMY, being free from the annoyance of HEAT, SMOKE and ASHES.

No family should be without a "DOME GAS STOVE."

Remember the place,

1d3m McHENRY & CO.

DISTILLERS.

WALSH, BROOKS & KELLOGG,

Successors to

SAMUEL M. MURPHY & CO.,

CINCINNATI

DISTILLERY, S. W. cor. Kilgour and East Pearl sts.

OFFICE & STORES, 17 and 19 West Second street.

Distillers of

Cologne Spirits, Alcohol & Domestic Liquors and dealers in

Pure Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

1d6m

CARPETS.

Glen Echo Carpet Mills,

GERMANTOWN, PHIL'A.

McCALLUM, CREASE & SLOAN,

MANUFACTURERS,

Warehouse, 509 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

WE INVITE the attention of the trade to our new and choice designs in this celebrated make of goods.

McCALLUM, CREASE & SLOAN,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

Carpetings, Oil-Cloths, Mattings, &c.

Warehouse, 509 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

The attention of buyers is directed to our large and well selected stock of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings.

1dly

BELTING.

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