

NEW STORE!

CHEAP GOODS!

THE subscriber having opened a new Store, one door East of Sweger's Hotel, solicits a share of the public patronage. He has just received a full supply of

New Goods,

and will constantly keep on hand, a complete assortment of

- DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,
- QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,
- BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

And Everything else usually kept in Stores.

Call and see my stock.
ROBT. N. WILLIS,
New Bloomfield, Pa.

New Carriage Factory,

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

Carriages

Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,

built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.

Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH.
311f

JAMES B. CLARK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.,

KEEPS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,

TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock. 31

BELLS. ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY!

CHURCH, Academy, Factory, Farm, Fire-Alarm Bells, &c., &c., made of PURE BELL METAL,

(Copper and Tin.) warranted in quality, tone, durability, &c., and mounted with our PATENT IMPROVED ROTATING HANGINGS. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT,
Nos. 102 and 104 E. 2nd St.,
CINCINNATI, O.

New Stage Line

BETWEEN BLOOMFIELD and NEWPORT!

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE subscriber is now running a hack between Bloomfield and Newport, leaving Bloomfield at 9 a. m., arriving at Newport in time to connect with the Express train East.

Returning, leaves Newport at 2.30 p. m., or on the arrival of the Mail train West.

He has also opened a LIVERY in the Stables belonging to Rinesmith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate prices. AMOS ROBINSON.

S. D. Miller. T. Rickert. C. H. Miller.

MILLER, RICKERT & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO GRAYBILL & NEWCOMER.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS,

STRAW-GOODS, &c.,

No. 349 North Third Street, 2d Floor,

PHILADELPHIA.

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PATTERSON & NEWLIN,

Wholesale Grocers,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 120 ARCH STREET,

Philadelphia.

The sale of Eggs, Seeds, Grain and Wool, a specialty.

Please send for a Circular. 413 8

THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY

MR. ELLERY CORBAN was an exceedingly nervous man. He came honestly by it, for his mother was nervous before him. Mr. Corban was a bachelor of forty-five, remarkably well preserved, and rather fine looking. He had a portly figure, a florid complexion, and a head of dark brown hair, which any man might have been excused for feeling proud of. Mr. Corban was very well off. He had never kept a house, perhaps because he knew that elderly bachelors and widowers were generally fated to marry their house-keepers; and Mr. Corban regarded marriage and the galleys about on a par. Women and babies he considered a very unnecessary part of creation. The mystery of their having been allowed an existence he could not help regarding their creation as a grave mistake somewhere. He boarded at Mrs. Gregg's and had made his home there for fifteen years. Mrs. Gregg was as much like a man as she could be, and still be a woman.

One day last summer it became evident to Mr. Corban that he must take a journey west. The interest of his business demanded it; so he put a few things into a valise, said good morning to Mrs. Gregg, and set out for the depot.

He was five minutes late, for his necktie had given him a great deal of trouble, and he had been unable to find a pair of stockings which were not destitute of toes. But he had comforted himself with the reflection that, as he had boots on, nobody would be wiser in regard to the unclad condition of his toes and he at last got off. He heard the whistle and started upon the run. If there is anything especially calculated to put one out of temper, it is having to run to catch the cars; and our hero may be excused if, when dripping with perspiration and completely out of breath, he rushed into the first car which offered, he was irritated with the world, himself included.

The car was well filled. In fact, there was only one vacant seat, and that was beside a woman. Corban turned to seek the next car, but was met by the conductor at the door. "No room in there, sir! All full. Anniversary meeting at Parkersburg. There's a seat sir!" indicating the one beside the woman. Corban was troubled with a touch of the rheumatism in the left knee, and could not stand comfortably—nothing else could have forced him to get so near one of the sex. He stepped up to her and made the stereotyped inquiry:

"Is this seat engaged?"
"No, sir," replied a sweet voice; and Corban saw that the speaker had blue eyes and golden hair.

He took a seat and the lady drew the bundle she had been resting on the cushion into her lap.

"Better let me put your bundle upon the rack?" suggested Mr. Corban.

The lady opened her eyes in indignant amazement, whipped off a layer of flannel from the package, and displayed to the horrified gaze of our bachelor friend, the red, puffy face of a moon-eyed baby.

"Muzzar's tittle, 'twecety sugar darling!" she exclaimed in the dialect which is perfectly intelligible to all babydom.

"Muzzar won't let the naughty man put the 'tittle lammie, lumpy baby up on the rack!"

The baby struck out menacingly with his fat fists in the direction of Mr. Corban, and gave utterance to a yell of triumph. Mr. Corban broke into a cold perspiration. He had never been so near a baby before in his life. It was almost too much for him. He had a strong mind to stand the remainder of the way, or until somebody vacated a seat, but his knee gave an extra twinge and decided him to try and endure the terrible state of things. He took a paper from his pocket and essayed to read, but the baby had launched out in one of those baby refrains, which is like music in the ears of all mothers, and the cooing so confused our bachelor hero that he could make no sense of his paper, so he pocketed it with the savage determination to petition the next Congress for women with babies to be kept in a car by themselves.

At the first stopping place he was on the lookout for a seat, and to his joy discovered the gentleman in the next seat making preparations to leave; but before he was fairly out of his seat, an old lady in a green shawl and a poke bonnet had edged into it, and cut off Mr. Corban's hopes. Of course, she turned around and began at once to talk to the baby.

"Dear little chicken! how old is it, marm?"
"Almost eight months," said the proud mother.

"Well, I declare! What a large child of his age! Why there was my Enoch, when he was a year he warn't a mite nor a grain bigger than that 'ere child! But then Enoch; he had the whooping cough, and the measles, and the nettle rash, and collaretta infanticide before he was eleven months! And I expect the diseases had some effect upon his constitution!"

"I should think so," replied the baby's mother.

"You look tired dear," went on the old lady; "the baby must be dreadful heavy. Why don't you let its pa take him?" with a reproachful glance at the savage countenance of Mr. Corban.

"I'm not his pa," grumbled Mr. Corban, pulling his hat a little farther down over his eyes.

"Oh! You ain't. Wal, now, that's curis!" said the old lady. "I should have thought you wor for sartin. The baby is the image of you—jest the same kind of nose; and its eyes has got the same expression."

Expression, indeed! Mr. Corban was boiling over! He always peculiarly prided himself on his expression; and here was this old ogre comparing him to that dumpling faced, hucklebry-eyed baby!

"Well," said the old lady slowly, as though she had reached the conclusions after some thought, "I s'pose as its likely this is a poor mortem child, which means one as is born after the death of its father and you married its mother soon after her husband departed this vale of tears. Well, that's got to be dreadful common. But my Elijah has been dead nigh onto nineteen months, and I ain't begun to think of a second partner;—though Squire Hudson, has been left so helpless and unfortunate, with them six children of his, that I don't know. I hope the Lord will show me my duty, and give me strength to take in the Squire for better or for worse, if it's right and best! I don't never want to shrink no duty, marm. When did your first husband die, marm?"

"Parkersburg!" screamed the conductor. "Stop five minutes for refreshments! Change cars for Wallingford, Amsterdam and Myrtle Ridge!"

The woman with the baby rose quickly. A thrill of joy went through Mr. Corban. He thought she was at her journey's end. He, too, rose with alacrity.

"Can I assist you in any way, madam?" he asked.

"Thank you. I will just trouble you to hold the baby while I go and get a cup of coffee. I breakfasted early and I need something warm. Be careful and hold his head high, he is subject to the croup."

And, before Corban could utter one word of refusal, she had put the baby in his arms, and was running off with the crowd.

Our hero felt himself growing cold and hot alternately. He had served two years with credit in the war, and had been in a score of battles, but through it all, he had never experienced such a sinking at the stomach as came over him now. Most of the passengers left the cars; and Corban would have done likewise, but he feared that he might lose sight of the baby's mother, and the train would start without him. So in an agony of terror, lest something should happen—he stood there in the aisle, holding the baby at arms length, and fixing his frantic gaze on the door through which his deliverance would come.

"All aboard," cried the stentorian voice of a new conductor—and the people rushed in. But the passengers were most of them new ones, for there was a junction at Parkersburg; and worst of all, the baby's mother was not among them.

The bell ran; the cars were moving; the door was shut with a bang, and the train went off. Corban waxed desperate. "Halloa, there!" he shouted to the conductor. "Stop! This train cannot go on; there's a woman left behind; she went to get a cup of coffee. Stop! I tell you this instant sir!"

"What's up?" inquired the conductor.

"She's left the baby!"

"Your wife? Oh, never mind, Such things occur frequently. She'll come in the next train."

"I tell you to stop! I shall go crazy. And—Oh, Lord, what shall I do with the baby? Say, I'll give you five dollars—ten dollars—twenty—yes, fifty dollars, if you'll put back and let me off at Parkersburg!"

"I should have no objection to the money, but I couldn't oblige you if you were one of the Rothschilds!"

And the conductor passed on his way.

"Bless your soul, sir!" said the old lady in the next seat, giving Corban a nudge with her parasol, "you'll suffocate

that baby. You're holding its head where its feet ought to be! He's wrong side up!"

Corban hastily rescued the youngster, which uttered a shrill yell at his treatment.

"You'd orter be ashamed of yourself," went on the old lady, indignantly, "to toss that blessed child around in such an on-human way. A man never orter have no children that don't have no nateral feelings towards 'em. Sir, you was a baby once yourself."

Just then a yellow-faced woman slipped into the seat in front of Corban.—She was middle-aged, but her dress had the gushingness of sixteen. "Lovely child," she exclaimed insinuatingly.

The baby began to squizzle up its face and flourish its fists.

"Dear me, how forward it is. How old is it, sir?" inquired the spinster—for such she was.

"I don't know," growled Corban.

"Been a widower, long, sir?" inquired the lady.

"No. I never had a wife."

"Bless me! then she's run away and left you. Dear! dear! how could she leave such a nice man, and such a dear, darling little baby?"

"What's that?" inquired a middle-aged gentleman near by, who was evidently a little deaf. "Your wife gone and left you, sir? Just my case exactly. My poor Jane departed this life last May. I got her the handsomest gravestone money could buy. There's an angel on it with all her wings spread and this Latin description—*Requies her cat in peace.* The gravestone maker said it was a good epigram, and I consented as she was fond of cats."

By this time the baby began crying lustily, and the whole car sympathized, especially the females.

"It's got the cholera morbus!" said the old lady. "It'll die for sartin if something hain't done!"

"Die? You don't think so?" cried Mr. Corban.

"Dear me!" said the little thin-faced woman, "what an inhuman creature its mother must be."

"Take it, my good lady, do!" cried Corban, imploringly. "I'll give you a hundred dollars to take it."

"What is all this row about?" said a sharp-nosed man, with a newspaper in his hand. "A child is it? Fall back, gentlemen, and let me look at it. If it should prove to be the one."

"How? what do you mean?" queried a dozen voices at once.

"It is, it is! It can be no other! exclaimed the sharp-nosed man. "How strange that I should chance upon it!"

"Listen to this, and he read from a paper in his hand, this notice:

"STOLEN.—Supposed to have been stolen from its carriage in Central Park, on the morning of the 8th inst., a male child about nine months old. Said child had blue eyes and rather dark hair; and is a remarkable forward child. Any person who will return him to his afflicted parents, at No.——Forty-ninth street, or give information that will lead to his recovery, shall receive a reward of \$300. LOUIS ROSCOE.

"Wal, I never?" exclaimed the old lady. "It must be the very same baby.—This child has blue eyes and dark hair, and 'pears remarkable forw'd!"

"Yes, ma'am, unquestionably the very same," remarked the sharp-nosed man, confidently; "I consider it my duty to take possession."

"Oh, take it, do?" cried Corban, imploringly; "I'll give a hundred dollars to get it off my hands."

No doubt you would, my man; But it ain't took in that way. My name is Smithers—Peter Smithers, sir; and I live in Albany. I'm a magistrate, and arrest you for child stealing."

"I tell you I didn't steal it. She went off after a cup of coffee."

"Don't trouble yourself to repeat that story again. I understand the case fully," said Mr. Smithers, promptly.

"Conductor, is there a place on the train where the rascal would be any safer than here?"

"We don't run prison vans," responded that worthy, sulkily.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smithers blandly, "you are all men of honor, and have wives and children, or ought to have, and you all have feelings of sympathy, doubtless for the parents of this unlucky babe; and I depend upon you, gentlemen, to assist me in guarding him until we reach a station where I can place him in charge of the proper officials. At the next stopping-place I will telegraph to Brideswell, and have constables ready

to take possession of him the moment we arrive."

"You shall pay dearly for this!" roared Corban, now fairly infuriated. "Yes, sir, I'll take the law on you the moment we get anywhere where there is any law. Call me a rascal indeed!"

Just at that moment the sharp signal of "down brakes" sounded, and in a few moments there was a shock, and the train came to a sudden stop.

Everybody rushed out to ascertain the difficulty; and it was found that a wheel of the engine had broken, and the locomotive was off the track.

No one was injured but it would take some time to get things so that the next train could run; and in the meantime Mr. Corban thought, with rapture, he could make his escape. He formed the plan of dropping the unfortunate baby and fleeing to the woods. In the bustle and confusion it could only be accomplished. But he had reckoned without his host. Mr. Smithers was right at his elbow. He had no notion to allow that tempting reward to slip through his fingers; and a couple of other gentlemen kept guard with him. And there stood poor Corban holding the whimpering baby, and expostulating, swearing and blustering in a way that made all the ladies declare that he was a monster, and they gave him a very wide berth.

Suddenly the whistle of the next train from Parkersburg was heard. A bright hope sprung up in Corban's breast. It was possible the baby's mother might be on board.

He rushed forward, but Smithers seized his arm and held him back.

"Be quiet, sir!" said he. "Remember you are under arrest."

The train had been warned of detention of the first express, and came to a halt a little distance behind, and the moment it did so, the door of one of the carriages was burst open, and out leaped the mother.

A cry of joy came from Corban; and with one bound he broke the grasp of Mr. Smithers upon his arm, and rushed toward her.

"Oh, my baby! My precious baby!" she screamed, snatching the baby from Corban's arms. "My darling! My little angel darling!" And she fell kissing it in a way that set all the ladies round pulling out their handkerchiefs and exclaiming, "Did you ever!" "Nay I never!"

"God bless you!" I never was so glad to see a mortal being before."

"Oh, you dear, delightful man!" she said, shaking hands with him. "I am so much obliged to you for taking care of my lamb. You see I got belated a moment, the coffee was so dreadfully hot."

Mr. Smithers' face had grown very long. "Then it is not Louis Roscoe's child?—And it has not been stolen?" he asked, dubiously.

"I should rather think not," replied the mother, indignantly. "It is my own child, sir! All I have left of the dear husband who gave up his life at Cold Harbor, two months after baby's birth."

"I must heartily beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Smithers. "I—I—that is, I didn't think. You see—"

"Mind your own business, sir!" said Mr. Corban, shortly; "and continue minding it the rest of your life—that is my advice, sir."

Mr. Corban and Mrs. Bent, for that was the young widow's name, got very friendly and familiar while the train was getting ready, and Mr. Corban took the next seat by her side with a real feeling of delight now. She was going on a visit to the very city where his business called him; and he obtained permission to call on her and inquire about the baby.

And in due time—I cannot tell how it came about, for there is no accounting for things of this kind—Mr. Corban concluded that he was tired of boarding—Mrs. Gregg had become so neglectful of her boarders' comfort; so he led Mrs. Bent to the altar, and set up a home of his own with a wife and baby.

Go to him now and utter one word against women and babies, and you would get shown to the door without ceremony.

Imitation Dark Woods.

The appearance of walnut may be given to white woods, by painting or sponging them with a concentrated warm solution of permanganate of potassa. The effect is different on different kinds of timber, some being stained very rapidly, others requiring more time for this result. The permanganate is decomposed by the woody fibre; brown peroxide of manganese is precipitated which is afterward removed by washing with water. The wood, when dry, may be varnished, and will be found to resemble very closely the naturally dark woods.