

made things more sure, and left the Mississippians free to continue their evil course.

To them no doubt very unexpectedly, these were soon after brought to an end. They had made a grand mistake in painting the name "Nancy" on the tender of their "broad-horn," since it enabled me to trace the craft to a point where they could be captured.

My sore head did not prevent me from swimming ashore, which I did soon afterward. Nor did it prevent me from galloping twenty miles down stream, to the town of "Grand Gulf," where I knew the flat-boat would be delayed by the remarkable maelstrom which has given to this place its name.

I there found a justice of the peace with a sheriff and posse, who were placed at my disposal; and when the "Nancy" came floating along, I found my gold watch, my gun, and my lost specie, in possession of the two pirates, who instead of reveling in the delights of New Orleans—at my expense, as they had intended—spent the next ten years of their lives in the State penitentiary of Mississippi.

Can You Keep a Secret.

"DOROTHY," said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, "Dorothy I have a secret, and if you will keep it inviolable I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but, O, Dorothy, woman!"

"Why, Ichabod, it must be a secret of great importance, for you are in woful agitation. You know husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity?"

"Never, never, Dorothy, but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. O dear! I shudder when I think of it."

"Why, husband, do you know how your lips tremble and your eyes roll! What is the matter? Ichabod, surely you cannot mistrust the confidence of one who has vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come unbosom yourself?"

"May I rely on your fidelity?"

"Ichabod, you know you may!"

"Well, then—we are both ruined! Undone—I have committed murder!"

"Murder?"

"Yes, murder! and I have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!"

"O, awful! Ichabod, committed murder! Then indeed we are both ruined, and our children with us!"

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to a neighbors.

Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance, so great as to cause her to inquire into the cause of it.

"O, Mrs. Prattle," said Dorothy, "I am the most miserable of women! I am ruined forever!"

"Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look! What has turned up to make you look so dejected? Why, you sigh, woman. Tell me the cause."

"I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle, but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge."

"O, you may tell me, I shall never speak of it again."

"Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?"

"You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets."

"Well, Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of the tree in the orchard! He told me of it himself! For heaven's sake don't name it to any one."

"Murder! Indeed, indeed, Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined. Poor thing! I pity you from the bottom of my heart."

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands; and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half kneaded to hold a tete-a-tete with a Mrs. Tell all.

Soon after this confab ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to the wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation:

Poetical Selections.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A waggish cobbler once in Rome
Put forth a proclamation,
That he'd be willing to disclose
(For due consideration.)
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose—
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pair of shoes.

From every quarter, to the sight
There ran a hundred fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, boot-men, shoe-men,
Jolly leather sellers—
All redolent of beer and smoke
And cobbler's wax and hides,
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! the cobbler enters now,
And carts around his eyes;
Then curls his lips—the rogue—he frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise,
"My friends," he says, "tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose,
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it if he chose.

"A good, sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan,
So easy is it none can fail,
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pair of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pair of boots
And cut off all the tops!"

A HANDY MAN.

IN THE YEAR 18—there resided in the North of England a gentleman who was known as Sir William Marston.

He was one of those men who are cool and calculating—always looking before them. He had made all his money at iron-working, but after having got his title, he thought fit to "sell out" and retire.

He accordingly chose a residence in Darham, and resided there for three years when he determined to build a large mansion for himself; and he accordingly consulted with an architect, and the drawings and specifications were made out, tenders received, and the work proceeded with.

Now when this mansion was built, Sir William found that every one was admiring it, and artists came and sketched it before the glass was in the windows. Every one declared it perfection, all but Sir William himself.

A very unpleasant idea had come into Sir William's head. He intended to keep a good many valuables and money on the premises. Thus the question arose, "was it burglar proof?" The architect assured him it was the inspector of police said to too; he thought so himself, but he would like to be sure. The following advertisement accordingly appeared in one of the local papers a few days after the house was finished:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS AND OTHERS.—Whereas, Sir William Marston, having gone to great expense in the building of his new mansion, "Fallow Hill," is desirous of ascertaining whether it be burglar-proof or not, and with that object has placed in his writing table drawer, in the office on the first floor, the sum of five hundred pounds. And who-soever shall, with the ordinary appliances of a burglar, contrive to abstract the said five hundred pounds without being caught in the act, shall be permitted to enjoy the same, on condition that he write to the said Sir William Marston, and fully inform him how he did succeed in abstracting the same; and he it known, no steps shall be taken to recover the money or bring the offender to justice. But if the said burglar be caught, he shall be bound to state how he entered the premises, and how he proposed abstracting the money, and he shall then be permitted to depart.

A week passed, and Sir William was getting in servants for his establishment buying furniture, horses and carriages, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the comfort of a mansion. Still there came no answer to his extraordinary advertisement. At last a thought struck him. He put the advertisement in again adding that "no extraordinary precautions would be taken to preserve the house from being broken into."

The next day Sir William was sitting in the small room adjoining his office, quietly reading a book, when the footman entered, and stood waiting till his master should speak.

"Well?" at last he said, looking up.

"A man wanting to speak to you, sir. Says he believes you want a groom. He can groom, sir, harness a horse, clean a carriage, fust-rate at gardening, rubbing up knives and forks cleaning windows in fact, sir, I assure you, by his own account, he is a 'very handy man.'"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough, sir—tall, determined

looking, a kind of man as would knock dander out of you, sir, or could—"

"That will do; show him in."

"He has a portmanteau, sir. Shall I take care of it? It might—"

"Less o' your lip!" Sir William was becoming the iron founder again. "Show him in."

He was shown in, and began to run up his accomplishments, which to Sir William seemed very suitable to him. He was just the sort of man he wanted, and Sir William began to think of clinching this bargain.

While they were quibbling about terms, they were assailed by a strong smell of burning, and a scream suddenly startled them. Upon hearing loud shouts of "Fire!" Sir William and the man instantly rushed to the door; but the man suddenly fell headlong on the floor, Sir William darting off to the scene of the conflagration.

Upon arriving at the hall, he found volumes of smoke coming from a cupboard under the stairs, and he immediately ordered in the little hand fire-engine kept in the kitchen (a thing no mansion should be without). He ran it up to the cupboard-door, and, seizing the hose in his left hand, he commenced to pump furiously with the right and the little lever handle was almost invisible, with such speed did it go up and down. The footman kicked away the portmanteau that had been left in the hall, and burst the cupboard-door open, and then proceeded to drag to the light a vast assortment of rags and brown paper and damp straw, all of which made a terrible smoke, although no flame was visible. It was soon put out, and Sir William returned to his room.

He found the door locked on the inside upon his arrival; but this did not startle him at first. He knocked, but he got no answer; so, quietly stepping back along the passage—being a powerful man—he flung himself at the door, and it gave way with a crash. The room was empty.

He looked everywhere, and found two things—viz., that the window was wide open, and that his five hundred pounds were gone.

He was mortified in the extreme. Had this man who wanted a situation taken his money? If so, was it a plot to do so or merely that, knowing that there was money there, he had availed himself of the opportunity and taken it? He thought the latter.

The man that was at the porter's lodge said that he saw a man come in the morning of the fire with a portmanteau, and that soon afterwards he saw him running towards the gate, saying he was going for the fire engines; so he let him pass.

The next morning Sir William received a letter by the post which puzzled him not a little. It ran as follows:

"Sir:—Having seen your advertisement in the Gazette inviting burglars to break in and steal, I thought that as it was hardly to be called a crime, this housebreaking—being in fact, an out-of-the-way proof of the safety of you that 'forcible entry' is not the only way specified so accurately where the rhino was, I determined to possess it."

"I accordingly took an old portmanteau, and filled it with some very smoky and inflammable, but not dangerous materials; and, donning some old clothes, I proceeded to your mansion."

"As I had often visited it while it was building, I knew it well, and so, upon giving an elaborate message to the footman, I stayed in the hall while he delivered it. But I was not idle. I knew of the cupboard under the stairs, and immediately opening it, for the key was in it,—I emptied my portmanteau, lighted a match, and applied it to the damp straw and the bits of brown paper, and then I quietly closed the door and pocketed the key, knowing it would be some time before the smoke would ozzle through."

"I then palavered to your highness till the alarm was given, whereupon I pretended to trip and fell while running for the door; but picked myself up immediately, locked the door, forced all the drawers of your writing-table, pocketed the money, and, lifting up the window, leaped on to the lawn—a good jump certainly, but I ran off towards the gate. Here I was stopped. I pointed to the smoke coming through the hall-door, said I was going for the engines, and then quietly returned home."

"It is my intention to indulge in a tour in the United States with the five hundred pounds I procured by my ingenuity."

"Pray remember they are not all

thieves that steal, and believe me, yours truly.

A VERY HANDY MAN.

Sir William never put any more advertisements in the paper to say where his money was.

Going to Jesus.

Nearly three years ago, a noble steamer was sinking with hundreds of persons on board. Only one boat load was saved. As a man was leaping into the tossing boat, a girl who could not be taken into the boat and who knew that she would soon be swallowed up in the deep, deep sea, handed him a note saying,

"Give this to my mother!"

The man was saved. The girl, with hundreds of other persons was drowned. The mother had the note. What do you think the little girl had written in it? Here are her words:

"Dear mother, you must not grieve for me. I am going to Jesus."

"Dear girl! What faith and courage she must have had to write that note!"

She was going to Jesus through the stormy waves of the angry sea, yet she was not afraid. That's the kind of faith you need, my reader. Well, Jesus will give it to you if you ask him, for he says,

"Come unto me." "I will give you rest."

It makes dying easy to know that we are going to the bright home which Jesus has gone to make very beautiful. Let us all get ready for that bright home by loving Jesus.

Covering up the Scar.

When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of the Macedonian conqueror, he felt a difficulty. Alexander, in his wars, had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said: "If I retain the scar, it will be an offence to the admirers of the monarch and if I omit it, it will fail to be a perfect likeness—what shall I do?" He hit upon a happy expedient; he represented the Emperor leaning on his elbow with his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally as it seemed covering the scar upon his forehead.

Might not we represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar deeper and blacker than it actually is? Might not Christians learn from heathendom a lesson of charity, of human kindness and of love?

A Beautiful Reply.

A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary, with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good morning," Mr. Price.

"Ah! good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what has He left you?" said his friend.

"Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred fold more in this life; and in the world to come, life everlasting."

It was a word in season; his Christian friend was in circumstances of affliction, but went home comforted.

Learned Wisdom.

A celebrated divine who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young I always thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning, so I determined in future to thunder less and to lightening more."

The following is a verdict of a colored jury:

"We, de undersigned, bein a kornor's jury, to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo now dead and afore, hab been sittin on de said nigger aforesaid, and find dat de same did, on de 14th of November, come to def by fallin from de bridge ober de river, and broken his neck, where we find dat he was subsequently drown and arterward washed to de riber side, where we supposed he was froze to def."

A French gardener finding a piece of woollen cloth, which had lodged on a tree, covered with caterpillars, acted on the idea suggested, and placed woollen rags in several trees. Every morning he found them covered with caterpillars, which he easily removed.

It is stated that by allowing articles coated with iron rust to remain a short time in kerosene oil, the rust can be readily removed by afterwards rubbing for a few minutes with a cork.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
(United States Treasury Buildings)
No. 32 Wall Street, N. Y.

THE business of our House is the same, in all respects, as that of an Incorporate Bank.—Checks and Drafts upon us pass through the Clearing House.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand, or after fixed date, bearing interest at the current rate, and available in all parts of the country.

Who has a House to Paint?

READY-MADE COLORS.
Known as "RAILROAD" Colors. Guaranteed to be more economical, more durable and more convenient than any Paint ever before offered. A book entitled "Plain Talk with Practical Painters," with samples, sent free by mail on application.

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NOT Equaled by any Wheel in existence.—Great economy of water. The only Wheel suitable to variable streams. Adapted to all kinds of Mills. Illustrated Pamphlet with Useful Tables sent free.

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
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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.

HINTS ON HOUSE PAINTING. By J. W. Masury, Cl. 25p., 50c. Free by mail on receipt of price. Masury & Whiton, New York.—417 3m.

HOW SHALL WE PAINT OUR HOUSES? By J. W. Masury, Cl. 25p., 50c. Free by mail on receipt of price. Masury & Whiton, New York.—417 3m.

\$1140 How I made it in 6 mos. with Stenels. Samples mailed free.

NEW CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
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,
31st

NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!
After the 12th day of August of this year, (1876) suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of Dauphin County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.

For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address
S. H. GALBRAITH,
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor,
Bloomfield, March 8, 1876.—41.

THE WORLD'S WONDER!
Equalizing Oil!

THIS Oil for Rheumatism in all its forms. Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds of all descriptions, Cramp, etc., etc.

IS UNQUALIFIED by any now offered to the public. It is for sale at 50 cents per bottle, by
NORTH E. BOELINGER,
Millerstown,
Perry county, Pa.

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F. MORTIMER & CO.,
New Bloomfield, Pa.

Relief given almost instantly, and permanent cures effected.
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