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SUNDAY READING.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky west,
And curfew clocks, with measured stoke,
Chime in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays
The kine come up with tinkling bells,
Through all the loomy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And rudy leagues blaze.

His whirling wheels the miller stops,
The miller his silent anvil leaves,
His ringing axe the joiner drops;
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the peddler props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day work and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm,
Pervade the quiet air—
A sense of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the hours of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us, since here below
Few Saturdays are ours at best,
And out of pain and earthly woe,
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God grant us that we may yet know
The Sabbath of the best.

Finger Marks.

A gentleman employed a mason to do some work for him, and, among other things, to "thin-whiten" the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, standing in the room, white finger marks.—Opening the drawer, he found the same on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag—This proved clearly that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer and searched the bag, which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without thinking any one would ever know it. The "thin whitening" which happened to be on his hands did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedness. Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They all leave their finger marks, which will one day be revealed. If you disobey your parents or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad stains on your character. And so it is with all sin. It defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it, by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost if not quite invisible at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth (which is not at all likely) yet there is a day coming in which every sin will be made manifest.

As Noah's dove could not find rest in the earth, but returned to the ark so the eye of God passed over the earth swept by the deluge of sin, and nowhere until Christ came could His eye rest in complacency. It could rest with delight on JESUS; and it now rests with the same delight on every sinner that believes Jesus. **WONDEROUS GRACE!**

The love of God is the source from which redemption springs. The perfect sacrifice of Christ is the channel through which it flows. Faith, wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost, is the power of enjoyment; and everlasting life, known and experienced now, is the result.

As is our faith in Jesus, so will be the holiness of our walk towards God. Where there is strong faith in the atonement, there will be sure and steady walking in the path of obedience to the precepts of God's word.

Prayer is ever profitable: at night it is our covering; in the morning it is our armor. Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night.—*Fetham.*

There is only one thing that ever set a heart right with God, and that is, standing before God in perfect righteousness—God's righteousness.

A WEDDING NIGHT INCIDENT.

HOW TOM BENNETT FIXED JOE THOMPSON.

IT WASN'T hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They could not have helped it to have saved their lives. I'll tell you how it was.

Joe was about the most fancy-dressed chap in town—over nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manner, always putting on airs, and more dainty and modest than a girl. Well, when his wedding night came he was dressed, trunk empty, and his pants, especially fitting him as if they had been moulds, and his legs candles, and run into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than half a dozen peacocks.

"Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two who were to be groomsmen, and see that he threw himself away in the most approved fashion.

"Stunning! Gorgeous!" replied Tom Bennett. "Never saw anything equal to them. But I say, Joe aren't they just the least bit tight? It strikes me that you will have some difficulty in bending 'em, don't you?"

"Pshaw no! They are as easy as an old glove see!"

To prove the matter he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when crack! crack! followed like the twin report of a revolver.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Joe, as he clasped his behind and found a rent in the cassimers from stem to stern. "Thunder! the pants have burst and what shall I do?"

"I should think they had, answered Tom, getting purple in the face as he endeavored to control his laughter, "but there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to the stand up time, and we have a mile to go. Carriage waiting too."

"What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what Joe, if mine would fit you should have them and welcome, but they are a mile to big. I see no way but to have them mended."

"Who can I get to do it, Tom?"

"Well, I am something of a tailor, and can fix them so that they won't show. Hold on a minute and I'll get a needle and thread."

"Can you? May heaven bless you?"

"Off with your coat," commanded Tom as he came back. "Now lay yourself over on the bed and I'll fix you in a short order."

The command was obeyed—the pants mended—the coat tails carefully pinned over. So as to conceal the "distress for rent," and all went merry as a marriage bell until Tom followed his blushing bride to the nuptial couch.

There was only a dim light in the room but it enabled Joe, as he glanced bashfully around to see the sweetest face in the world, the rosy cheeks and ripe lips the lovely and loving blue eyes and golden curls just peeping out from the snowy sheets, and he extinguished it altogether, and hastened to disrobe himself. Off came the coat, vest, fancy necktie and collar, boots and socks in a hurry; but somehow the pants stuck. The more he tried the more they wouldn't come, and he tugged vainly for half an hour.

"Thunder!" shouted Joe.

"What is the matter, dear?" came in the softest of accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering what it was that annoyed him.

It was a moment of desperation. Joe was entirely overcome by the situation, and forgetting his bashfulness, blurted out:

"Molly, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt and undershirt all together."

"It is too bad. Wait a moment dear."

A little stockingless foot first peeped out, then a ruffled night dress, the lamp was lighted, and a pair of scissors found and Joe released, mentally vowing that if he got the opportunity he would pay his friend Tom back with interest for the joke he had played on him.

Husband—"If I were to lose you I would never be such a fool as to marry again."

Wife—"If I were to lose you, I would marry again directly."

Husband—"Then my death would be regretted by at least one person."

Wife—"By whom?"

Husband—"My successor."

A Dog Team.

A TRAVELER in Alaska gives his experience with a dog team as follows:

"My team comprised three dogs. The leader was a fine black dog named Ikkee who had a magnificent bushy tail, which was always erect and curly. The next one was black and white, and called Sawashka, a hard worker and of amiable disposition. Next the sled was old Kamuk, my favorite, and the ugliest dog in the brigade. His tail poorly furnished with hair, was usually between his legs; his ears were short, and scored with the marks of many battles. His face was stolid, and exhibited emotion only when feeding time came, or when some other dog ventured too near or lagged behind. His body was large, and his legs were like pillars his color was white, with dirty spots. Altogether he looked a good deal like a lean pig. But how would pull.

A description can give but a faint idea of dog driving. It is an art itself. The nature of dogs is cross-grained, and they frequently do the wrong thing with apparently the best intentions. Each has a peculiar look and character. Some are irretrievably lazy, others enjoy hard work unless pushed too far; some are greedy and snappish, others good humored and docorous. All are very practical showing affection only for the man that feeds them. Hence the voyageur should always feed his own team himself. They dislike the whip, not only when in use, but in abstract. They will always destroy one if they can get at it. The whip is made with a short handle, a very long lash braided of leather or sealskin, and usually leaded with sheet lead or bullets in the core.

As we walk behind the sled, which ordinarily travels about four miles an hour we have an excellent opportunity of studying dogs. One habit appears to be ingrained in their nature. It exhibits itself at street corners in cities, and at every bush, stump, or lump of ice that they pass on the road. When traveling rapidly, some dog would stop twenty times an hour to examine any bush or twig which attracts his attention. If a leader it checks the whole team if not, he usually tangles himself in the harness and jumps frantically to release himself as he hears the well known crack of the whip about his ears. If a log comes in the way, and the driver is not ready with his help in urging the sled over it, down they drop on their tails and looking about with a pleased expression, or uttering a sentimental howl.

With a crack of the whip, and a shout to Kamuk to stir himself, their reveries are broken, and we go on. Going down hill, the whip and lunge are again called into requisition, to keep the dogs out of the way of the descending sled.

It is said that no man can drive dogs without swearing. I think it is in a measure true. At all events he must have a ready store of energetic expletives to keep them on the *qui vive*. In Russian American we always used the indigenous epithets, which, as we did not understand them, were hardly sinful. If there is a tree near the trail the dogs invariably try to pass it on different sides, until checked by their harness; they constantly exhibit such idiosyncracies, and it was lucky for Job that he was not set to dog driving, if he had been, I fear his posthumous reputation would have suffered.

Mark Twain as an Agricultural Editor.

THE regular editor of an Agricultural paper being in need of a holiday, Mark was secured to take his place temporarily. The first edition of the paper under his charge had the following articles:

"Turnips should never be pulled—it injures them. It is much better to send up a boy and let him shake the tree.

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June nor later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to be setting out his corn-stalks and planting his buck-wheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favorite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only essential of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and

one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin, as a shade tree is a failure."

The next morning the regular editor entered the office looking sad and dejected, and said to Mark:

"My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams always lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, Heavens and earth, friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could today. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh, why didn't you tell me you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"I knew there was no use in arguing with a man who could talk so unreasonably, and so sorrowfully left him to conduct his paper after his old fogy notions."

A Fighting Man.

ONE of the generals of the "Lost Cause" says that at the time of the attack upon Fort Pillow, the Confederate had converted a Mississippi boat into a cotton-clad, the mace of which was a big double listed sample of a river-bully, "full of strong oaths," enforcing his orders by knocking men about the head, and adds:

Just before we came into the fight, he came swaggering up to me and said:

"Well, General, I suppose when one side or the other's licked, you big men'll quit and shake hands?"

"Yes, Jim," said I—"when the fighting is over I expect every man to go home and attend to his business."

"That ain't me," said Jim, smiting his left palm with his fist like a sledge hammer, "for if I ever catch a Yankee south of Cairo, I'm going to mash him."

A ten-inch shell that came whistling over the boat interrupted any further remarks just then, and shortly after we were putting away at the Federal boat in about as hot a fire as I ever want to see. I am sure that there was one hundred guns opened upon us and we got one broadside so near that the flash of their guns set our cotton bales on fire. Our people fought well; the other side was too much for us, and we had to drop down the river. During the action, while cannons were roaring, boats sinking, shells shrieking and bursting all around, and the air filled with smoke and flame, I quite lost sight of Jim; and after we had dropped down the river, out of the fire and all hands were repairing damages, that valiant hero crept out from behind a cotton bale, and sneaking past me with a flag of truce, said:

"General, I ain't so mad as I was.—This ain't the kind of fightin' I'm used to; and when them fellers get ready to stop throwin' them iron pots around I'll quit if they will.

"Were you in the fight?" said an officer to an elderly negro on a steamer after taking a fort. "Had a little taste of it sah." "Stood your ground, did you?" "No sah, I runs." "Run at the first fire, eh?" "Yes sah; would hab run sooner if I'd known it was comin'."

"Why, that is not very creditable to your courage." "Dat isn't my line sah—cookin's my profession." "Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?" "Reputation's nuthin side of life." "Do you consider your life worth more than other peoples'?" "It's worth more to me, sah!"