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HOW TO BEGIN.

A Story for Young Married Folks.

ALL GREENVILLE knew Will Norton and Kate Sedley were going to marry. Indeed, the parties most interested made no secret of the matter. For months, piles of snowy linen had been steadily growing beneath Kate's nimble fingers, and as for Will, he was equally busy.

And, for a marvel, most people seemed satisfied, and agreed in saying what a good match it was, and what a fine couple they would make. Kate was so neat and industrious; not strictly beautiful, but with that natural loveliness that youth health, and a sweet and cheerful temper give to every woman. And Will was a steady, sensible young man, with a stout heart and broad shoulders, with which to push his way in the world.

They both brought into this mutual partnership, together with the wealth of loving hearts and strong, helpful hands a little of worldly gear. Will's consisted of a new and pretty cottage every stick of which was laid with his own hands—for he was a house carpenter—and every room constructed with an eye to the comfort and convenience of its expected mistress. Kate's dowry consisted of a few hundred dollars, left her by an uncle, and which was to be hers at the age of eighteen, or on the eve of her marriage.

Kate thought the best use to put the money to would be to furnish the house, and so go at once to housekeeping, and Will agreed with her.

Then came the all-important subject of selections, for Kate had only a certain amount, and was anxious to lay it out to the best advantage. She had neither mother nor sister, but fortunately, Aunt Sarah, a kind-hearted, sensible woman, with no little experience in such matters was on her annual visit to her brother's house, and she determined to avail herself of her counsel and assistance.

The old lady had been but a few days in the house, but her sharp, kindly eyes had been sufficiently observing; so she was not at all surprised when her niece said, with a slight blush.

"I'm going to be married next month, aunt!"

"So I judged, from the appearance of things, my dear. And unless my old eyes deceive me, you will have a good husband."

"Will is one of the best and kindest of men," returned Kate, with a pleased and happy smile. "I only wish he was sure of us good a wife. You know the money Uncle Eli left me? Will has built a beautiful little cottage, and I think of furnishing it, so that then we can go directly to housekeeping. And as I shall have to buy a good many articles, I should like your advice in arranging and selecting them."

"I think your plan a very good one, niece, and shall be glad to give you any assistance in my power. It will be less expensive than boarding, besides being much pleasanter."

The next day Kate showed her aunt over the house, which had just been papered and blinded. The lower story contained four rooms—parlor, sitting room, kitchen and wash-room—and above three chambers.

They looked very pleasant and convenient, and Aunt Sarah duly admired them, to Kate's great satisfaction.

"I shall have enough to furnish it very nicely," she said, "and shall take so much pleasure in selecting and arranging it."

"You will have enough to make you very comfortable, my dear," returned Aunt Sarah, "but you must not count on spending a great deal for outside show."

"Oh, no aunt; I intend to do with things that are plain and inexpensive, until we can afford to have better. I think we will go to Brown's first. I saw some nice carpeting and curtains there, that will be such a nice match for the parlor and paper, and very reasonable they are, too."

As they were walking along, Aunt Sarah suggested that before purchasing she make an inventory of what she intended to get, together with the price.—To this Kate agreed, though she was quite confident she had ample means to carry out the plan she had laid down.

So Kate began to select furniture: first for the parlor, then the sitting room, then the parlor chamber, jingling down the price of each article. They then went home to dinner.

Aunt Sarah had promised to make out a list of what kitchen furniture she would need, and after dinner she sat down to redeem it. In the meantime, Kate at

her suggestion, began to add up the long row of figures that had been the result of her morning's work. Her cheeks flushed as she proceeded, and the result seemed very unsatisfactory, for she went over it twice.

Aunt Sarah noticed her perplexity. "How much will you have left for your kitchen furniture?"

"Three dollars and fifty cents!"

The old lady smiled.

"You will have enough to get a couple of tin plates and half a dozen knives and forks."

"I don't understand it. I thought I had quite enough to furnish my house comfortably."

"and so you have, my dear; but in your selection you have had your eye more to show than to comfort. I concluded to let you have your own way, but I knew very well how it would terminate, for you did not begin at the right end."

"I don't know what you mean, aunt."

"Why, you should have begun with the kitchen, and thus have secured the things you must have. Then, if there is anything left for the parlor, it could be easily got."

Kate looked aghast at the list of articles handed her.

"Shall I need all those things, aunt?"

"If you wish to do your work well and economically, you cannot get along with less. Never stint the kitchen and make a show in the parlor."

"I don't see that I shall have anything left for the parlor," said Kate, after a few minute's calculation of the figures before her; "the kitchen sitting-room and chambers will take the entire amount."

"And supposing it should remain unfurnished, at least for the present?—Those who come to see you will not object to be received in your sitting-room and those who come to see your furniture are not worth being received at all."

"But then it will look so odd; so different from what other people do. Mrs. Weston has her parlor very nicely furnished."

Mrs. Weston was an old schoolmate who had married a few weeks before.

"Yes, and I happen to know how it was paid for—Mr. Weston mortgaged his house; I presume your husband can do the same."

Kate's natural good sense recoiled at this suggestion. "I would rather never have any parlor," she exclaimed.

"Perhaps we can do with less sitting-room furniture," she suggested, as she ran her eye over the list of articles.

"I suppose that the sitting-room will be the place where you will spend your evenings and most of your spare time?"

"Yes."

"Then take the advice of an old married woman, my dear, and make the room in which your husband spends his evening the pleasantest room in the house."

Kate followed Aunt Sarah's advice and never has had reason to regret it.

Five years later, Mr. Weston's mortgaged house was sold under the hammer and all his fine furniture with it.

Kate has now a very prettily furnished parlor, and enjoys it none the less that none of its adornments have been purchased at the expense of the happiness of home and the comforts of life.

A Deceived Family.

A very pretty Oakland, Rhode Island girl not over eighteen years of age, brought a suit for breach of promise against a young merchant who had changed his mind, and taken a richer bride. The trial came on, and the girl's mother, a fat, red faced old dame, was present to give moral effect to the recital of her daughter's wrongs. The counsel for the plaintiff, in summing up declaimed at length, with moving pathos upon the enormity of the defendant's guilt in creeping into the bosom of this family—here the old lady pinned her shawl closer—, and deceiving and disappointing this young girl. Here the venerable mother could contain herself no longer, but with gushing tears, exclaimed, "He deceived us all, gentlemen! Me and all the rest—me and all the rest!" The effect was magical, but not just what the old lady expected.

A story is told, illustrating how fast cities are built in the West, to the effect that a traveller laid down on a vacant lot in Chicago to sleep, and in the morning found himself in the cellar, with a five-story building built over him. Occasionally you will find an old fogey who doubts that story.

A Dutchman Attends a Picnic and Shooting Match.

VEN VE get out py dat garten bark you wouldn't believe where all dat beeples vas come from. Dar ish vomans, children and plenty men beeples mit poth; everybody shust look ash happy und ash light as a den cent paker's loaf of bread.

On der third tay, in de afternoon, I vas vatchen de members of dat Viladelfee Rifle Gompny ven all of dhem ish scheutzen at der darget porrd, trying to knocken the bull's eye out. While I ish a vatchen, I dinks it looks so easy to dake a nice asm und knock der eye out of dat darget. De more I looks at dese fellers mit dat scheutzen, de more I vas sure dat I could do dat. So I hunt ub dat Bresident Kolb—de head member of dat rifle club—and I told him mine idea. I dells him ven he wants to done a favor mit me, he vill allow me der briveilege of haben shust one shot mit a gun at de darget bull's eye poard. Ven he do dat I would pe sadified. Vell, he axen me vedder I pelongs mit any rifle clubs; und ven I dells him no, he scratch his head und plow his nose, und den dells me I can haben a shot. I den porrowed a rifle-gun from one of der members, und puts in him a pig load of bowder, und right on dop I dthrow in sick's musket palls.

I do dat, so ven I schute off dat rifle gun, der palls vill spread out, und one of dhem must knock dat bull's eye out. After I ish all readie, I stands ub at a good vays from dat darget, und ven I gits a nice aim, I pulls der drigger, und let fly. Mine gootness gracious! dat rifle gun vent pack on me, und kick me vorse den a shackasses. I ish knocked over packvards apout ateen feet right on mine pack; und ven I gets ub, I find mine arm ish done mit mine hole pody. Und de vorst ding of it ish dat not a single one of dem palls go mitin den feet of dat darget poard. One shot liker dat vill last me for apout a year. Mine arm ish now tied up mit a sling, und bains me more vorse den der doothake.

Badly Sold.

NOT many days ago there was a rather "loud" woman down here, says the Cape May Ware, rich and vulgar, swooping around with her daughter and putting on more airs than you could grind out of a hand organ. One man, who was disgusted at the aristocratic pretensions of the couple, thought he would have a little fun at their expense. So one day he pointed out a good-looking fellow who was passing the hotel, and mentioned to the woman, in a sort of a careless off-hand way that the good-looking fellow was a lord, who had just arrived in the country and was stopping for a while at Cape May. This woman, you understand, wanted an introduction, so that she could set her daughter at work to rope in this scion of a noble house. The stranger was presented the next evening in the parlor; and this designing being of a mamma, began to gush right over him.

She kept on exclaiming how much she had always admired the English nobility, and how much she longed to see them in their own beautiful homes; and then she asked this man if he did not sometimes long for his island home, and hate the society of the vulgar Americans, and sigh for his high-born companions! At last the man turned around and said she must have made a mistake; he didn't care a red cent for aristocracy; he had no island home, for he came from Germany; and he had no high-born companions, unless some of his friends were born in a garret. So this woman rose right up and pranced out to the fellow who introduced her to the aristocrat, and she said:

"See here! I thought you said that man was a lord!"

"So he is was the reply; "he is the land-lord of the Dutch hotel, round the corner there. Nice man, isn't he?"

Walk On!

A traveler bound to a certain village, passing by Aesop's, thus addressed him:

"Can you tell me how long it will take me to reach B—?"

"Walk on," was the laconic reply.

The traveller, not comprehending this answer, repeated his question. Again the reply was:

"Walk on."

Disgusted with his manner, the traveler did walk on, when suddenly Aesop exclaimed:

"You will reach B— in two hours."

"And pray," retaliated the wanderer, "why did you not tell me before?"

"How could I tell you before I had seen your rate of walking?" returned Aesop.

Anecdote of Old Ironsides.

THE most brilliant naval action of the last war undoubtedly was that of the old American frigate Constitution, 44, commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British corvettes, Cyane and Levant, of greatly superior force—each of them being equal to the old-fashioned 32 gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptional, by no maneuvering could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the Constitution. Shift their ground as they would, Old Ironsides was between them, blazing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action Stewart, instead of mounting the horse-block, sat in a more exposed situation astride of the hammock nettings, the better to observe the maneuvering of his antagonist. Cyane was the first to strike to Brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war.—The first Lieutenant came in haste to the Commodore to announce the fact.

"The starboard ship has struck, sir," said the officer.

"I know it, sir," replied the Commodore.

"The battle is just won."

"Shall I order the band to strike up Yankee Doodle, sir?" inquired the lieutenant.

Here the Commodore took a huge pinch of snuff and then answered quickly:—

"Had we not better whip the other first, sir?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the lieutenant, taking the hint, and went to his quarters.

In a short time afterwards the Levant lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended. The lieutenant feeling somewhat rebuked at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart, beckoning to him said with a smile:

"Don't you think the band had better strike up Yankee Doodle now, sir?"

In an instant that spirit-stirring strain was floating in the breeze, played as no other than a Yankee band can play it, and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of victory, as no other than a Yankee crew can shout.

Little and Nothing of it.

Old Johnny McGill resided, during the war, in East Tennessee. Guerrillas, representing both parties, kept it so warm in that forsaken region that it was dangerous to belong to either side. McGill had, in trying to ride both horses, gotten several boot jackings from first the rebels and then the Yankees. As all guerrillas dressed alike, he made several mistakes in trying to pass for either Union or Southern, as he thought would suit the crowd. At last he was overtaken by a party whose politics he couldn't even guess at, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Sir, are you a Union man?"

"No sir," responded McGill.

"Are you a rebel then?"

"No sir, I am not a rebel either."

"Then what in the devil's name, are you?" roared the captain.

"Well, sir," hesitated McGill, "to tell the real truth, I'm—nothing—and but d—d little of that!"

Rather Singular.

A young man who lost an arm in the Erie City Pa. Iron works, a couple of weeks ago, still insists that he feels pain throughout the entire arm and fingers. Some twenty-four hours after the accident, when the mutilated limb lay in the cellar, nearly beneath the bed where he lay, he would tell when any one was handling it, by the painful sensation he felt. At one time a block was placed on the fingers to keep them straightened out—and, although he knew nothing of the transaction, he at once contended that something was pressing down his hand and insisted that it should be removed at once. After the block was removed he said he felt easier, and was contented.

There is an eccentric old man who frequently delivers religious discourses to the passengers on the Jersey Ferry boats. His latest freak is walking the streets and holding between the finger and thumb of his right hand a silver dollar, and exclaiming in stentorian tones, "Oh, how we love it, this root of all evil!"

A Couple were recently married in Coventry, New Hampshire, the lady being twelve years old and the gentleman fourteen. They are now keeping house.