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SAMUEL SMITH.

SAM VARNEY'S VENTURE.

SAM VARNEY was a Green Mountain boy. He had worked as a hired man on different farms, and had laid up some money. He had frequently been employed in bringing loads of produce to Boston market, and had made sales quite satisfactory to his employer. On several occasions he had made little speculations of his own which were quite profitable.

On one of his visits to Boston, Sam had fallen in with a sailor who was a native of the same town where he himself was born, and they had a great deal of conversation. One of the interesting facts which Sam learned from his townsman was, that sailors were occasionally permitted to take out a small venture as it was so-called, of their own, a little package of goods, a barrel of mackerel, or something of that sort, which would not take up much room in the vessel. This they sold, and brought home the proceeds in the produce of the country they visited.

On his return home, Sam meditated profoundly on this subject, and finally concluded to make a voyage to the West Indies, and take a venture with him.

The question was what that venture should be.

He had nothing on hand at the time but a small horse, which he had won at a raffle, and had not been able to dispose of. He was not a very beautiful horse. On the contrary he was generally pronounced by the neighbors "an awful ugly hoss." His neck was too short, his head too long, his body was lean and scraggy, his mane was rough and refractory, and he persisted in standing up too much in spite of trimming and grooming, and his tail looked like a mop. But Sam had ridden him repeatedly and found that he was capable of great speed in running.

The sailor told Sam that whole cargoes of horses were frequently sent from Connecticut to the West Indies, and disposed of at a great profit, so he determined that his horse should be his venture. Accordingly he mounted him, rode down to Boston, put him in a stable, and went in search of his sailor friend. He soon found him and communicated his plan. His acquaintance, Tom Standish by name was afraid he would not carry it out, but he promised to lend all the assistance in his power. He had just shipped in a vessel bound for Jamaica, and more hands were wanted. He introduced him to the captain, who made no objection to shipping him as a green hand. When the question of the venture came up there was the difficulty. He had no accommodation for a horse aboard the brig; Sam offered to put him on deck and take care of him, this would be inconvenient and interfere with his duty. Determined to carry his point, Sam offered to pay freight cash down, before sailing, and the captain rather amused at his pertinacity, and curious to see how the venture would succeed agreed to the proposal, so the horse was shipped, and the vessel sailed.

Sam was the butt of the sailors all the passage out. There was no end to their jeers at the appearance of the little horse. Their nautical jokes on him were inexhaustible, and Sam Varney's venture was considered the most desperate and ridiculous speculation that had ever been attempted.

But Sam was perfectly imperturbable. He answered all their raileries good naturedly, and told them they had better wait and see the upshot. He had never made a bad speculation yet and he guessed he knew what he was about. "The hoss," he said was not a very handsome hoss but he was a very good one; he guessed he could sell him.

At length the brig arrived at Kingstown, Jamaica and Sam soon has his horse landed and stabled. When he came to offer him for sale, nobody seemed inclined to buy. The horse was decidedly too ugly for a saddle or gig horse, and the very drayman turned up their noses at him. Presently the races came on, and everybody was hurrying out of town to the race ground.

Sam mounted his horse and rode out with the rest. He observed that the horses were not remarkable for their speed; there appeared to be no thorough bred blood horse among them, and he concluded that the races had been gotten up by the planters for their sport without having any real race horse, on the island. He believed his little horse could beat them all, and he determined at all hazards to give him a trial; he went to the managers and offered to enter him for the next race.

Sam's proposition was received with shouts of laughter. It was considered a capital joke; but Sam told them it was no joke—he was perfectly serious; he wanted

to run his horse against the whole field and was ready to bet on him. He accordingly entered, and instantly heavy odds were offered against him—two to one, ten to one, and finally, one planter offered twenty to one.

On hearing of this offer, Sam said he would take it. It was necessary to produce the amount of his bet. He was in the dress of a common sailor, and his antagonist said he was not going to be trifled with, the stakes must be deposited with the manager. How much would he bet? "Five hundred dollars," replied Sam. "Well down with your dust," said the planter. Whereupon Sam took off a leathern belt which he had under his clothes and counted out \$500 in doubloons. The planter's check was pronounced satisfactory, and received by the managers. Many other bets were made by different persons, with heavy odds against Sam's horse.

When Sam rode up to the starting place there were shouts of laughter at his appearance and the most unsparing censures of his presumption in entering on the race. Sam paid no attention to this, but started with the rest, and it soon became apparent that he was not such a fool as they took him to be. He was among the foremost in two minutes, and at the end of the race "that awful ugly horse" was pronounced clearly and unequivocally the victor.

Sam coolly received his doubloons back again, and put them in his belt, together with the planter's check for \$10,000, which was afterwards duly honored.

He offered to bet on other horses, but there were no takers. For this however he was compensated by the most liberal offers for his horse. Five hundred dollars, a thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand, were bid for him. This last figure being the highest offered, he accepted it.

On his return to the brig, Sam learned that no one of the crew but himself had been at the races. As soon as he came on board the usual bantering began.

"Well, Sam, said the cook, "how about that venture?"

"I guess it will do," replied Sam.

"Is that awful ugly horse sold yet?" said the second mate.

"Shouldn't wonder if he was," said Sam.

"You don't say so. How much did he fetch?" said the second mate.

"Guess replied Sam.

"Twenty dollars."

"More than that. Guess again."

"Fifty."

"More than that. Guess again."

"A hundred."

"Oh, it's no use your guessing. That awful ugly hoss brought two thousand I won him at the races. So you fellows had better shut up and say no more about Sam Varney's venture."

And they did shut up. Sam on the passage home, was treated with marked attention. The worst that was said of him among the sailors was, "Cute fellow that Sam; his eye tooth is cut."

A Donation Party.

UP IN PENNSYLVANIA there is a Presbyterian clergyman whose nominal salary is four hundred and fifty dollars a year. But as it was six months in arrears, the congregation determined to give him a "donation party" to help him along. It came off—the donation party did. The entire flock was on hand, but the presents that were brought were only six rolling pins, a pen wiper, and a quarter of a peck of dried apples, crop of 1864! The minister of course had to furnish refreshments, and the company not only destroyed four hams, three-and-a-half pounds of sixty cent butter, and thirteen loaves of bread, but they ate up two pounds of sugar and all the next winter's preserves. To crown all, four spoons were missing. The clergyman says he wants to have just one more donation party, and then he will close up his business and begin life over again as champion pauper at the Almshouse. He is particularly down on one sister who jammed herself full of ham and preserves, and enough other succulent diet to keep the whole family for a week, and then laid up against the wall pretending to feel religious, and singing "There is rest for the weary." He is willing to accept bets that she will never weary while there is any grub around—this sister won't. He would like to feed her for a month on those rolling-pins and the pen-wiper just out of revenge.—Despatch.

Singular Ornament.

A BROOCH worn by the Countess of K— has recently been the subject of conversation in an eminent company of polished nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brilliants upon a dark blue ground of lapis lazuli; and protected by a glass in front, may be seen—what? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one nor the other; but only four bent pins, which are wrought together in form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication:

The Count K— was some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, and months passed away without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and darkness of the grave, he felt not only his strength failing him, but also his mind wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double misery idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity.

Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailor. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit. He threw the pins upon the earth, which alone was the floor of his gloomy dungeon, and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long, sitting lying, or kneeling, he groped about with his hand until he found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins, but he would not leave his cell without taking with him his little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them, for now the clear bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the Count related this sad story to the Countess; she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked yellow brass pins, which during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now set in a frame of brilliants, worth £400, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.

A Ministerial Anecdote.

OLD PARSON B—, who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns of the State of M—, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we will relate:

Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving the church ere the parson was two-thirds through with his sermon. This was practiced so long that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one save the divine seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified brother P. that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless, but P. said that at that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it; nevertheless, on leaving church he went a roundabout course—which by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B. ascertained from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to obtain a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing were possible.

The next Sabbath brother P. left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door when Parson B. exclaimed:

"Brother P.!"

P., on being thus addressed, stopped short and gazed toward the pulpit.

"Brother P.," continued the Parson, there is no need of you leaving at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out."

A Mad Husband.

The Detroit Free Press relates a clever incident which occurred on the return of an excursion party from a city, not a thousand miles from that place. Soon after the boat left Toledo the steward was approached by an excited individual, who asked him if he was the captain. The steward replied in the negative, at the same time giving his rank.

"Have you the power to put a man out of the cabin?" inquired the stranger.

"Well, yes, if he's disorderly I have," replied the steward.

"Well, sir, look in here, and see there, will you," said the stranger, leading the official around to the door. The steward looked in upon the motley group, and replied that he saw nothing out of the way.

"You don't, eh? Don't you see that man?"

"Well, yes," replied the steward, "but what of that? Hasn't a fellow a right to embrace his wife?"

"That's just what I want you to run him out for," replied the stranger, dancing around, "that's my wife, and I've stood it so long that I've got mad!"

Computing Interest.

We give a new rule for computing interest, and it is so simple that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post it up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures.

Six per cent.—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired and divide by sixty. The result is the true interest on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

Eight per cent.—Multiply any given amount by the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest and divide by forty-five, and the result will be the interest of such for the time required at eight per cent.

Ten per cent.—Multiply the same as above and divide by thirty-six, and the result will show the rate of interest at ten per cent.

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, said the minister to the lawyer:

"Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," said the lawyer.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer. "And pray, sir," continued he "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes sir I have."

"And what do you do with mistakes?"

"Why, sir I dispose of them in the same manner you do—I rectify the large ones, and pass the small ones.—Not long since," he continued, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of liars, but made a mistake and said the father of lawyers. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

A short time ago in Delaware county, a Quaker lady, a maiden who had reached the age of sixty, accepted the offer of a man who belonged to the "world's people" and the Presbyterian church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual, a delegation of Friends from her meeting waited on her and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride elect heard the visitors patiently, and then said:—"Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't like me to marry out of it, why don't the meeting bring along its boys?" That was conclusive, and the delegation merely "replied Farewell!" and vanished.

A Mr. Hart, who died a few days ago in St. Louis is reported to have been worth three hundred thousand dollars, all made in the oyster trade. Fifteen years ago he began trade by purchasing two cans of oysters on credit.

Among the census returns for the Burkesville precinct, Cumberland county, Ky., is the name of Jack Cornet, a white man, a native of Virginia, represented to be 116 years old.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.