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ly done. A call is solicited.

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## Couldn't Spell It.

A YANKEE from the Green Moun-  
tains, visited the city of London.  
While passing through one of the thor-  
oughfares, his attention was arrested by  
some specimens of writing paper, exposed  
for sale in a shop window. Seeing the  
proprietor of the establishment standing  
at the door, the Yankee civilly inquired  
of him what he did with them "nice bits  
of paper.""We keep them to tie up gape seed in  
said the cockney, snappishly. Oh, ye du-  
—du ye?" said Jonathan. Passing down  
the street a few steps, our indignant Yan-  
kee saw another merchant."I say, mister, can you tell me what  
that feller does for a livin' what keeps  
them ere nice bits of paper at the win-  
dow?""Yes, sir. He is a small dealer in  
paper and a sort of scribe. He writes  
letters for persons.""I reckon it is a very small dealer and  
that he is a pharisee as well as a scribe.  
Do you think he will write a letter for  
me if I pay him for it?"The Yankee thrust his hands into his  
pockets almost up to his elbows and walk-  
ed back."I say, mister, they say as how you  
sell and write letters for folks what can't  
write. What will ye ax to write a letter  
to my sister Sally?"

"I shall charge you five shillings."

"Will ye write just what I tell ye, and  
spell the words right as we do in Ver-  
mont?"

"To be sure I will."

"Well, I guess you may write to Sal-  
ly."The Londoner procured a pen, ink  
and paper, and the Yankee commenced  
dictating after the usual style:

"Dear sister Sally."

"Rived in town last week."

"Have ye got that down?"

"Yes, go on."

"Thought I go into the country and  
take a ride.""Well the old mare balked. She  
wouldn't go, so I licked her."

"Well go on."

"Licked her—licked her—licked her  
—licked her.""What is the use of saying that so  
many times?""None of your business. I pay you  
five shillings—licked her—licked her  
—licked her—licked her."

"This page is full of licked hers."

"Turn over then—licked her, licked  
her, licked her, licked her. She wouldn't  
go then, so I got out and kicked her,  
kicked her, kicked her, kicked her.""You are not intending to say that  
as many times as you said licked her.""None of your business; I pay you.  
Kicked her, kicked her, kicked her.—  
She wouldn't go then so I sharpened the  
end of a whip handle, and I pricked her,  
pricked her, pricked her, pricked her."

"It cannot see any sense in all this."

"Never mind, I pay you. Licked her,  
kicked her, pricked her, licked her,  
kicked her, pricked her, licked her, kick-  
ed her, pricked her.""She wouldn't go then, so I got out  
and I"—(here the Yankee made a chir-  
ruping noise with his tongue and lips  
which bids defiance to orthography.)

"I cannot spell that."

"Oh, ye can't spell that, ha? Wal, ye  
needn't write any more for me."

"Need not write any more?"

"No more," said the Yankee.

"Not a word to close with?"

"Nary a word."

"You will pay me for what I have  
written?""Not a red. Yon did not write down  
all I told you to.""Well, sir, what am I to do with all  
this paper I have spoiled?"

"Keep it to tie up gape seed."

## Had to be Paid For.

He of whom we wrote lived in one of  
the numerous "cities" of Michigan. In  
addition to farming he made a little  
(some said much) money by selling beef.  
But according to his own statement, he  
always lost money by it. While serving  
his customers with tender steaks he  
would speak feelingly of how much was  
lost on that "critter.""Well, Uncle Johnny," said a cus-  
tomer, "if you lose so much money, why  
don't you quit business?"Uncle Johnny was equal to the occa-  
sion, wh— he replied, in slow and thought-  
ful manner, "Well, the fact is, I've just  
bought the farm next south of mine, and  
it's got to be paid for."What does a husband's promise  
about giving up tobacco end in? Why,  
in smoke.

## Is He Fat?

THE FOLLOWING story is a true  
record of an event which happened  
in Hopkinton, Mass., and one we often  
have heard told when we were a boy.  
There were a couple of men in that town  
who were in the habit of stealing sheep  
and robbing churchyards of the burial  
clothes of the dead.There was a public road leading by a  
meeting-house, where there was a grave-  
yard and not far off a tavern.Early one moonlight night, while one  
of the miscreants was busy robbing a  
grave, the other went to steal a sheep.  
The first one having accomplished his  
business, wrapped a shroud around him,  
and took a seat in the meeting-house door  
to wait for his companion.A man on foot passing along the road  
towards the tavern, took him to be a ghost  
and almost to death, ran as fast  
as his feet could carry him to the tavern  
which he reached out of breath.As soon as he could speak he declared  
that he had seen a ghost robed in white  
sitting in the church door. But nobody  
would believe his story.But incredulous as they were, no one  
could be found that had courage enough  
to go.At length a man who was so afflicted  
with the rheumatism that he could scarce-  
ly walk, declared he would go if the man  
would carry him there. He at once  
agreed, took him on his back, and off  
they went.When they got in sight, sure enough  
it was as he said!Wishing to satisfy themselves well and  
get as near a view as possible of his ghost-  
ship in the dim light, they kept ventur-  
ing nearer and nearer.The man with the shroud around him  
took them to be his companion with a  
sheep on his back, and asked in a low  
tone of voice:

"Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated  
the question, raising his voice higher.

"Is he fat?"

Still no reply.

Then, in a vehement tone, he called:

"Is he fat?"

This was enough. The man with the  
other on his back replied:

"Fat or lean you may have him."

And dropping the invalid he travelled  
back to the tavern as fast as his feet  
would carry him. But he had scarcely  
arrived there, when along came the in-  
valid on foot, too!The sudden fright had cured him of  
rheumatism; and from that time for-  
ward he was a well man.

## A Dutchman's Experience at a Ball.

VEN I first gets to dat ball tanzen  
place, I goes mit mine self and an-  
oder friend to me, up stairs to a room  
where he got a couple of drinks, and we  
enjoys ourselves for a little vile bretty  
goot in a brivate kind of a vay. After  
mit dat brivate meetings atjoins, I goes  
mit dat ball-room again, and de moose  
fiddlers vas hart at vork, and so ish de  
tanzers; for dat tanzing ish going ahead  
mit quite fast, and every body ish lookin'  
so blessed und telighted ash a poodle  
tog.I undertook to tanzen mit dat waltzes  
ding in bartership mit a nice splendid  
lady girl vot dat floor manager makes a  
introduction to me mit, but I get so ditz-  
zy mit mine head dat I fall town mit my-  
self right in de middle of de tanze, and  
de ball-room floor, which dings ubset  
apout six odder gouples peside mineself,  
and dat ting makes dat valtzen tanzen  
stop right away, and some odder tanzers  
ish set agoing. How it ish dat I slip ub  
und fall down mit dat valtzen I can't dell  
unless it vas on account dat I ish haben  
on mine Yankee poots instead of tanzen  
slippers, or else dem brivate meetings ish  
to much for me.Ven dwelve o'clocks strikes, den I at-  
tends anoder brivate meeting py Wheel-  
er's place, on der Market straus, and I  
vote at it mit a sota cockdail mit sugar  
in; und after dat I makes makes mine  
vay mit mine poarding-house, at which  
place I must stand outside panging at de  
toor until tree o'clocks in de morning,  
before I can vaken ub de sleepy heads  
inside so dhey can come town quick and  
make de toor open so I can got inside  
und mit mine hunkitory ped.I don't go noding against any sociable  
hop barty ball, yet still I dink it vould pe  
petter if dhey vould pe held in ter tay-  
light dime, so ash beoples vot likes to go  
mit such place vouldn't lost no sleep,  
und vould den haben a chance to get ub  
de next tay mitout a treadful pad tamna-  
tion headake bain, vot most dook your  
senses away, shust like I ish now enshoy-  
ing mit no sport.

## The German Soldiers At Drill.

THE Berlin correspondent of the New  
York Evening Post, who was himself  
a soldier in the late war for the Union,  
writes as follows:"The discipline and daily routine of  
exercise for the Prussian army is, to all  
foreigners, a source of never-ending won-  
der. The early morning is devoted to  
cleansing the quarters, and correcting  
any irregularities which may have arisen  
out of the previous day's duties. Later  
in the forenoon the hours are given to  
study—arithmetic, geography, geometry  
theory and practice of military science  
and even singing is not neglected. Great  
importance is attached to the stud-  
ies of the soldiers, and by attaining a cer-  
tain advancement in knowledge each one  
after a satisfactory examination, can short-  
en his term of service from one to  
two years. In the afternoon of each day  
the bodily culture is attended to, and this  
consists of not only purely military drill  
but also of every variety of physical ex-  
ercise, calculated to add either strength  
or suppleness to the human form—run-  
ning, leaping, vaulting, balancing, bayo-  
net exercise lifting, shooting, blending to-  
gether such an innumerable variety of  
movements that no muscle of the body  
is without its daily exercise. The squad  
drills are followed by company and regi-  
mental parades, and at short intervals  
by grand field movements of brigades  
and divisions, and these once or twice  
a year by grand army movements with  
mock battles. I have not been fortunate  
enough to witness any of their grand  
tactics, but the exercises in detail by  
company, battalion, squadron or battery  
and in particular the artillery movements  
seem to me to be as near perfection as  
patience and practice can make them."

## Long Words.

SOME amusing illustrations of the  
fondness of negroes for long words  
are given by Mr. Macrae in his book dis-  
trictive of scenes in American life.Once, when addressing a negro prayer  
meeting, Mr. Macrae spoke of this life as  
a state of probation. "A colored gen-  
tleman who followed me improved my  
observation by reminding the meeting  
with great vehemence, that, 'as our white  
brudder says, we is all in a state of probi-  
bition.'"Another hearing some one spoken of  
as a "venerable brother," introduced  
a missionary as his "venomous brud-  
der."On another occasion he entreated the  
Lord to convict the people of their sin,  
and make them smite on their breasts  
like the "Republicans of old."Another man was in the habit of using  
in his prayers the tremendous word "dis-  
arumgumtigated"—the origin or signifi-  
cance of the word no one in the place  
had ever been able to discover. He  
prayed that their good pastor might be  
"disarumgumtigated," and dat de wite  
teachers who had come so far to construct  
de poor colored folks might also be dis-  
arumgumtigated."The homeliness and directness of the  
negro prayers sometimes produce a ludic-  
rous effect. Mr. M. says that he was  
sometimes singled out and prayed for as  
"de white gemmen in de corner," or "de  
white brudder near de door."Soon after Chief Justice Chase  
assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio,  
he issued his proclamation appointing a  
Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of  
being orthodox, the Governor composed  
his proclamation almost exclusively of  
passages from the Bible, which he did  
not designate as quotations, presuming  
that every one would recognize them, and  
admire the fitness of the words as well  
as his taste in their selection. The pro-  
clamation meeting the eyes of a Demo-  
cratic editor, he pounced at once upon it,  
declared that he had read it before—  
couldn't exactly say where—but he  
would take his oath that it was downright  
plagiarism from beginning to end! That  
would have been a pretty fair joke; but  
the next day the Republican editor came  
out valiantly in defence of the Governor,  
pronounced the charge false and libelous,  
and challenged any man living to pro-  
duce one single line of the proclamation  
that had ever appeared in print before.A veteran observer once declared  
that no one knew what envy and jealousy  
were until he had served in the army.  
The observer probably had never belonged  
to a church choir.A year of pleasure passes like a  
floating breeze; a moment of misfortune  
seems an age of pain.

## SUNDAY READING.

## A Tale from the German.

IN that beautiful part of Germany  
which borders on the Rhine, there  
is a noble castle, which, as you travel on  
the western bank of the river you may  
see lifting its ancient towers on the op-  
posite side, above the grove of trees which  
are about as old as itself. About forty  
years ago there lived in that castle a no-  
ble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron.  
The Baron had an only son, who was not  
only a comfort to his father but a blessing  
to all who lived on his father's land.It happened on a certain occasion, that  
this young man being away from home,  
there came a French gentleman to see the  
old Baron. As soon as this gentleman  
came into the castle, he began to talk of  
his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled  
the old man's blood, on which the Baron  
reproved him, saying, "Are you not  
afraid of offending God, who reigns above,  
by speaking in such a manner?"The gentleman said he knew nothing  
about God, for he had never seen Him.The Baron did not notice at this time  
what the gentleman said, but the next  
morning took occasion first to show a very  
beautiful picture which hung on the  
wall."My son drew that picture," said the  
Baron."Then your son is a very clever one,"  
replied the gentleman.The Baron then went with the visitor  
into the garden, and showed him many  
beautiful flowers, plants and forests."Who has the ordering of the gar-  
den?" said the gentleman."My son," replied the Baron; "he  
knows every plant. I may say, from the  
Cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the  
wall.""Indeed," said the gentleman, "I  
shall think very highly of him soon."The Baron took him into the village,  
and showed him a small neat cottage,  
where his son had established a school,  
and where he caused all the poor children  
who had lost their parents, to be received  
and nourished at his own expense.The children in this house looked so  
happy and innocent, that the French gen-  
tleman was very much pleased, and when  
he returned to the castle, he said to the  
Baron, "What a happy man you are to  
have such a good son.""How do you know I have a good  
son?""Because I have seen his works, and  
I know that he must be both good and  
clever if he has done all you have shown  
me."

"But you have never seen him;"

"No; but I know him very well, be-  
cause I judge of him by his works.""You do; and now please to draw  
near to this window, and tell me what  
you observe from thence.""Why I see the sun traveling through  
the sky and shedding its glories over one  
of the greatest countries in the world;  
and I behold a mighty river at my feet,  
and a vast range of woods, and I see pas-  
ture grounds, and orchards, and vine-  
yards, and cattle and sheep, feeding in  
green fields; and many thatched cottages  
scattered here and there.""And do you see anything to be ad-  
mired in all this? Is there anything  
pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that  
is spread before you?""Do you think I want common sense?  
or that I have lost the use of my eyes,  
my friend?" said the gentleman some-  
what angrily, "that I should not be able  
to relish the charms of such a scene as  
this?""Well, then," said the Baron, "if you  
are able to judge of my son's good char-  
acter by seeing his good works, how does  
it happen that you form no judgement of  
the goodness of God, by witnessing such  
wonders of his handiwork as are now be-  
fore you? Let me never hear you, my  
good friend, again say that you know not  
God, unless you would have me suppose  
that you have not the use of your  
senses."What is our life at its longest? What  
are the schemes upon which we most set  
our heart? We grow old while we yet  
feel young. Our bark that glided swiftly  
along the shores of life, quickly gets out  
into the rapids beyond which are the roar  
and the foam of the great Niagara."I never knew a man," says an old  
author, "who could not bear another's mis-  
fortunes just like a Christian"—which re-  
minds us of the old lady who thought every  
misfortune to her friend a judgment.