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**SAMUEL SMITH.**

**CATCHING A CORSAIR.**

THE RECENT horrible massacre of prisoners by the bandits of Greece brings to mind the effective service against the pirates of the Grecian Archipelago rendered by the late Commodore Lawrence Kearney, of the United States Navy, in the early part of the present century. So successful were its efforts, that he received highly complimentary mention in the British Parliament.

There were many adventures which befell the officers of the ship, the old sloop-of-war Warren while engaged in this service, some of which were very exciting as will appear from the following relation.

There was considerable excitement in the hamlet which lies at the head of the little land-locked bay of Milo, one morning, when the Warren appeared off the entrance of the harbor with the evident intention of coming into port.

There was a light breeze blowing from seaward, and as the ship headed in, with all sails set, the sunlight gleaming on the broad field of white canvas, the picture was grand and beautiful.

In a few moments a rumbling of chains was heard, then the sudden splash of the anchor, and as if without an effort she folded her wings and swang around to her moorings, with nothing aloft but the delicate tracery of rigging and spars from which the nimble sailors were fast hurrying to the deck.

Before night a great change had taken place in the appearance of the vessel. Yards have been sent down, masts hauled, and a general dismantling, as if for a long stay in port, and a thorough overhauling of the ship had taken place.

It was not altogether idle curiosity which caused the inhabitants of the hamlet to watch so closely the proceedings on board. In the first place, the stay of a man-of-war in port is always a source of profit; and, in the next, the movements of the dreaded Warren were of too much importance to the pirates to escape the closest espionage by their agents and spies.

The signs of an intention to remain some time in the harbor were therefore gratifying in a double sense, and before night a swift felucca had sailed from the other side of the island for one of the pirates' rendezvous in an adjacent island with the welcome news.

That night there was music and rejoicing on shore, in which some of the sailors, who had gotten "liberty," uproariously joined.

It was late before the inhabitants retired to rest, and the first who arose next morning naturally turned their thoughts upon the war-ship. Where was she? In vain they gazed over the harbor, rubbed their eyes, and looked again. She was nowhere to be seen.

With the midnight land-breeze, her spars and rigging replaced, she had spread her canvas and fitted away like a shadow!

The hamlet was soon astir, and in the wonder and surprise of its inhabitants, it was hours before the thought occurred to send advice to the pirates of the occurrence. It was too late however to avail them.

Upon the information of the previous day, an expedition had sailed, and already one of their largest and best manned war feluccas was hovering on the path of the merchant-ships bound for Smyrna.

It was late in the afternoon that a large, heavy-laden ship was descried from the deck of the corsair. Her sails were old and patched, her sides stained with ironrust, her yards carelessly trimmed, her rigging badly set up, and all the evidence of a long voyage and a rich cargo.

The felucca, which was to windward at once bore away for her; and, as soon as his intention was perceived on board the merchantman, his character was suspected, and there was alarm exhibited in her governments. The ship was got before the wind; and sail after sail slowly set, as if she was short-handed. It appeared all too late, however; for the corsair glided two knots to the merchantman's one, and in little more than an hour she was close upon the latter's quarter. To the pirate's pre-emptory summons to "heave to!" a hoarse, indistinct reply was bellowed through an old, battered trumpet, by a rough-visaged, gray-headed old seaman, who shook his fists in seemingly impatient rage at the intruder.

This impotent defiance was answered by a shout from the pirates, who now swarmed the deck, armed to the teeth. The helm of the felucca was put up, and she came rapidly down to lay the prize

aboard; but just then she was abreast and before the vessels touched, a wonderful change had taken place in the ship!

Boarding nettings were triced up in an instant from her bulwarks, and her old, stained side seemed to open as if by magic, while a dozen deep-mouthed cannon protruded from as many port holes, and in an instant belched forth sheets of flame and a storm of iron hail, which tore through the hull, rigging and sails of the corsair with terrific effect, strewing her deck with the dead and wounded, and leaving her but a wreck, incapable of resistance or escape.

The survivors, who now saw the "Stars and Stripes" floating from the peak of the seamed merchantman, understood at once that they were in the grasp of the terrible Kearney, and made signs of submission.

The boats of the Warren soon rescued them from the sinking wreck, and taken in irons to Smyrna, they were delivered over to the tender mercies of the Turkish authorities.

This was but one of many bold and successful stratagems by which with a single vessel, Captain Kearney almost cleared the archipelago of pirates earning the thanks of Turks as well as Christians rendering his name famous, and conferring honor upon the naval service of the United States.

**Curious Facts in Regard to Sound.**

THE following curious observations in regard to the transmission of sound have been carefully verified by a series of experiments. The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards through the air: the noise of a railroad 2,900 yards: the report of musket and bark of a dog 1,000 yards; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the croaking of frogs 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below up to a distance 600 yards; from above it is only understood to a range of 110 yards downward. It has been ascertained that an echo is well reflected from the surface of smooth water only when the voice comes from an elevation.

Other similar phenomena connected with the transmission of sound have been observed, but the results disagree, either from inaccuracy in the observations, or from the varying nature of the circumstances affecting the numbers obtained. Such variations occur to an extent of ten to twenty per cent., and even more. The weather's being cold and dry, or warm and wet, are the chief influencing causes. In the first case, the sound goes to a greater, and in the second, to a lesser distance.—*Singing People.*

**Day and Night in Sweden.**

The peculiarities of the day and night in Sweden strike the traveler very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zone. In June the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth to the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon—you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but almost makes a circle around the heavens.

In a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman,—and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about going into a back car, when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness as to accept it. "Never ye mind that," said the gallant Hibernian, "ye're welcome to it. I'll ride upon the cowcatcher to New York any time for a smile from such jintlemanly ladies," and he retreated into the next car amid the cheers of his fellow-passengers.

**Dog Stories.**

A DOG belonged to a convent in France. Twenty-four poor beggars were daily served with a dinner, passed out to them through an aperture in the wall by means of a tour, or revolving box. There was a bell rope hanging beside the opening. Each beggar in turn rang the bell and received his dinner. After a time, the cook noticed that twenty-five dinners were passed out. A watch was set, and it was discovered that after the beggars had each received their proportion and turned away this dog would go up and ring the bell and get a dinner for himself. The authorities of the convent, learning the case decreed that the dog should continue to have his dinner for ringing for it.

Another case, related by a gentleman who saw it: A party of huntsmen had to cross a river, which they did by swimming their horses—the pack of dogs all following, except a terrier who dreaded the plunge. After looking on for a time with many distressful barks he suddenly turned and ran swiftly up the bank till out of sight. There was a bridge some distance above. After a while the dog came running down the other side of the river, and joined his comrades.

There is one more anecdote worth relating, that is not in the books: I had it from those admirable gentlewomen of the old school, the Misses R., long time my neighbors on the Passaic. They had a carriage dog that commonly accompanied in their drives. Their course often took them across the river, over a bridge four miles from their residence. The keeper of the toll house had a big surly mastiff, that always sallied out and attacked their dog, who was no match for him, and sometimes Beauju suffered severely; so that at length he declined accompanying them if they took the road up the river toward the bridge. The way through the lawn from their house to the high road was nearly half a mile. One day when they came down to the gate, they found the dog there waiting for them. As soon as he saw them take the up river road he turned and ran with great speed back to the house. In a very little while he returned and overtook the carriage, accompanied by a powerful dog ordinarily kept about the house and grounds and never went with the carriage. The two trotted along, side by side, following the carriage, until they came to the bridge when the mastiff sailed out as usual. The little dog then held back, and his big comrade went at the assailant and gave him a tremendous punishing, evidently to the little fellow's great satisfaction.

**Artemus and Betsy Jane.**

In an affecting account of his courting with Betsy Jane, Artemus Ward says:

"There were a great many affectin' ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn—their cows and ourn squenched their thirst at the same spring—both our old mares had stars on their forred—the measles broke out in both families nearly the same time—our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regular every Sunday in the same meetin' house and the nabors used to observe, 'How thick the Wards and Peasles air!' It was a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy Jane's and mine) with their gowns pinned up so that they couldn't sile 'em, effeshuntedly billin' soap together and abusin the nabors."

The influence of the mind in accelerating or retarding the approach of death is exceedingly remarkable, and in some instances account for those presentiments of a fatal termination of their disease, which some persons seem prophetically to entertain. A case is recorded of a person who had been sentenced to be bled to death, but instead of the punishment being actually inflicted, he was merely induced to believe it was so, by water, while his eyes were blinded, being trickled down his arm. This mimicry, however, of the operation so completely depressed the action of the heart, that the man lost his life as irrecoverably as if the vital fluid had really been abstracted.

A banker lent a graceless scamp fifty dollars in the hope of getting rid of him; but, to his surprise, the fellow paid the money punctually on the day agreed upon, and a short time afterward applied for another loan. "No," said the banker, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shan't do it a second time."

**SUNDAY READING.**

**A Story of Ingratitude.**

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER who had endeavored for some time to impress upon the mind of his scholars their obligation to love Christ as their Saviour, finding them indifferent to His claims of their love, narrated the following story.

"Two years since the ship A— sailed from New York for New Orleans, having on board several passengers, among whom was a man named Thomas Smith. Several days after the ship sailed she encountered a storm in which this passenger was washed overboard. A rope was thrown to him from the ship, but he missed it; a second rope was thrown, but he missed that; the third and last rope was then thrown to him, and he was sinking amid the waves, but he missed that also. He was hopelessly sinking; meanwhile the ship driven by the winds, was sailing onward in her course, leaving him behind to perish. He could not long survive the fury of the billows that were passing over him while he swam, struggling to save his life. All hope forsook him, and he saw no escape from a watery grave. Exhausted and weary, he was about to desist from further efforts to save himself; his fate seemed inevitable.

"Just then a noble sailor (who had a wife and three children dependent upon him for support,) seeing his desperate condition, and no one but himself could save the drowning man said: 'He shall not drown; I will save him, if I perish in the attempt,' and instantly plunged into the foaming sea and swam to his relief. Soon he reached him, and by superhuman exertions succeeded in bringing him within reach of one of the ropes that had been thrown from the vessel, which the drowning man grasped and was drawn up safely on board the ship; but the noble sailor, overcome by the exhaustion of the efforts he had made, was unable longer to resist the fury of the storm and perished in his generous undertaking.

"The passenger who had thus been rescued from a watery grave manifested no gratitude; and made no mention whatever of his kind preserver, though he had perished in saving him. During the whole voyage he never once expressed any regret that this sailor had lost his life for his sake, and treated with utter neglect the sacrifice made to rescue him from his perilous situation. After his return to the city of New York, where the widow and orphan children of this sailor were living in want, he did nothing for their relief he did even visit them in their sorrow, loneliness and affliction; he did not even send these orphan children word that he had been saved by their father; or express any gratitude or thankfulness for the act. He never mentioned to an acquaintance or friend this noble act of the generous seaman, who gave his own life to save him. No one ever learned from him what this sailor had done for him by no act or word did he ever recognize his obligation, but dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and seemed totally to have forgotten that he had been rescued from drowning by the exertions of this disinterested mariner. He lived for himself and thought only of himself and of his business and his pleasures.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, what ought to have been done with such a man, can you tell, Charlie?"

"He ought to have been chucked overboard again," was the reply.

The teacher said, "Such is your judgment Charlie, and so men judge one another in respect to the duties they owe each other. But do you know, Charlie, that you are that passenger?"

Reader! you, who are still outside of the fold of Christ, you are that passenger.

Jesus Christ gave His life to save you from what is far worse than drowning; to save you from eternal punishment for your sins against God. To save you he suffered and died upon the cross. To save you his hands and feet were pierced when he was nailed to the cross. To save you from the consequences of your sins against Him, He suffered and died but you are not grateful to Him for this; you make no mention of His love, or the sacrifice He made for your sins; you do not even express regret that your acts of sin caused Him to die; you do not love Christ's cause, or His children; you do nothing to advance the interests of Christ's Kingdom; you will not profess your obligations to Him before men; you dismiss the subject from your thoughts, and like the ungrateful passenger, are living for yourself and the world.