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3167

HAVEN'T THE CHANGE.

IT WAS house-cleaning time, and I had an old woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint.

"Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well; tell her I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have the money for to-day's work," said the girl.

I took out my purse and found I had nothing in it but gold.

"I haven't the change this evening," said I.

"Tell her that I'll pay her for both days to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me.

"I don't think Polly liked you for not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable then," said I, without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How could she expect that I could pay."

"Some people are queer you know," remarked the girl who made the communication, more for the pleasure of telling than anything else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got change," said I as the idea that Polly might be really in want of money, intruded itself.

"It would have been very little trouble."

This was the beginning of the new train of reflection which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor woman away, after a hard day's work, without her money. That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," said I as I dwelt longer on the subject.

"What is the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious.

"Nothing to be much troubled about," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am, and cannot help it. You will, perhaps, smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came, she asked for her wages, and I hadn't any change. I didn't reflect that a poor woman who has to go out to daily labor must need her money as earned. I'm very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words seemed to have made considerable impression on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he inquired at length.

"No, but I will ask the girl."

And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived but no one in the house knew.

"It can't be helped now," said my husband, in a tone of regret. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor does no more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and as she was poor it was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones. Once—I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday—we were out of money and food. At breakfast our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a taste of bread. We all grew hungry by night, but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little longer until she finished the garment she was making when she would take that and some other work; then, she said, we would have a nice supper. At last the work was finished and I went with my mother to carry it home for she was weak and sickly and even a light burden fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unsupplied that money could supply. When we came into her presence she took the work, and glancing at it carelessly, said, "it will do very well." My mother lingered perceiving which, the lady said, rather rudely, "you want your money, I suppose. How much does it come to?" "Eight shillings," replied my mother. The lady took out her purse, and said, I haven't the change this evening. Call over at any time and you shall have it," and without giving my mother time to urge her request, turned from us and left the room. I never shall forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her wants. An hour after our return home she sat weep-

ing with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and learning our situation, supplied our present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I waited the next morning the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and handing her the money she had earned the day before said, I am sorry I hadn't the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly.

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied.

"Well, ma'am I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I am sorry," said I, with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am and I feel very uneasy about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.

Curious Mirror.

AMONG the curiosities exhibited at the last Paris Exposition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic: On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards.—Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects, and pass on. But retire still further; standing five or six feet from the mirror, and behold you, see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other half, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placed his Majesty on the right spot and told him to thrust at the figure he saw. The King did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down the weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the King's patronage and favor; his Majesty being afterward so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he would never again look at the mirror or its owner.

A minister took charge of a Sunday School class one Sunday, in order to see what progress the boys were making. Among other questions he asked:

"Which is the highest dignity of the Church?" After looking up and down, north and east, south and west, the boy replied, "The weather-cock, sir."

Sunday-school teacher to a bright-looking pupil: "Well, my boy, have you learned anything at home during the week?"

"Yes, sir," promptly answered the youngster.

"Well, what have you learned?"

"Never to trump my partner's trick, Sir!"

"Ahem! the class will recite together the Ten Commandments."

A lady in San Francisco was sick and visited a Chinese doctor, of which there are plenty there. Dr. Li Po Sai received his money and then in answer to the earnest entreaty of the lady that she should know what was the matter with her, replied,

"I think you too much dance, too much eat (with a strong emphasis), too much fool around (in a loud voice). If you dance, you get no better, too much eating no good, too much fooling round no good. Good-by. And saying this he walked into an inner room. Whether it was the medicine or the advice, the lady soon recovered her health, and is of course, a firm believer in the medical abilities of the Chinese.

A Rascal Outwitted.

SOME years ago, a journeyman saddler in New York, who, by his industry and economy, had accumulated a few hundred dollars in money, resolved to establish himself in business, in an adjacent village. After securing a situation for a shop, he returned to the city, with about \$200 to purchase his stock. He put up at the public house kept by N—W—, and confiding in the integrity of the landlord, put his money into his hands for safe keeping, till he should call for it. He then traversed the city in search of a favorable chance to purchase his stock, and after finding one that suited him, he returned to his quarters, and called for his money.

"Your money," said the landlord, "you put no money into my hands."

He had no evidence of the fact, and finding all the efforts to induce his host to give up the money were fruitless, the desponding and indignant saddler repaired to the celebrated Robert Emmet for counsel.

After hearing a statement of the facts, and taking such measures as satisfied him that the saddler was a man of the strictest integrity, he rebuked him for putting his money into such hands without evidence, "but," said he, "if you will do as I tell you, I will obtain your money."—The saddler very readily promised a strict obedience to his directions.

"Well," said Emmet, "go back to the landlord and tell him, when no one is present, that you have found your money, and was mistaken in supposing that you put it into his hands; you will then return to me."

The saddler did so, and the landlord expressed great satisfaction at the discovery of the mistake.

Mr. Emmet then gave the saddler two hundred dollars and told him to go and deposit it in the hands of the landlord, but before you enter the house procure some gentleman of respectability, to go in and call for a glass of beer, and request him to take his seat and carelessly pass away the time in reading the news, &c., until you arrive. You will then enter the room, and in his presence, tell the landlord that you now wish him to take the \$200 for safe keeping till you call for it."

This done, the saddler again returned to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to continue his lodging at the house for two days, and be regular at his meals; and then, when no one was present, tell the landlord you will take your money. This the saddler did, and the unsuspecting landlord, without hesitation, immediately refunded the money, which the saddler restored to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to take good witnesses with him, and go and demand the \$200, which you delivered in his hands for safe keeping, in the presence of the gentleman who called for the beer.

The saddler accordingly proceeded to the house, in company with another gentleman, and demanded his money.

"Your money?" said the astonished landlord. "I have just handed it to you."

"No, sir," replied the saddler, "I have not received my money, and if you refuse to deliver it to me, I shall take measures to obtain it."

The landlord dared him to "do his best," and Mr. Emmet immediately instituted a suit against him in favor of the saddler. The landlord, finding himself outwitted, paid over the money, with about \$20 cost.

As Mr. Hardiff was going through the Athenaeum, during some exhibition he was attracted by a beautiful picture of the Crucifixion, and was much struck by it, inquiring of his companion the story of it, about which he had never heard. He was much incensed thereat and treasured it in his mind.

Going through North street; next day where the twelve tribes do congregate, he was button-holed and held by a member of them, who importuned him to "come and buy something."

"What are you?" said Hardiff; "are you a Jew?"

"I am a Ishraelite," was the reply.

"Then take that," giving him at the same time a rap on the nose.

"Vot you do that for?" said Moses, rubbing his proboscis, "I never sold you no clo'es."

"No, but you were one of them that nailed that man to the cross, confound you."

"Me! I no do him; dat was done two thousand years ago."

"Well, I don't care anything about that," said Hardiff; "I never heard of it till yesterday."

A Relic.

OLD JOE WATTLES was a survivor of the Revolution. At least, Joe always said so, and no one ever thought of disputing what Joe said. The stories he used to tell of his own exploits were truly wonderful, and it seems strange to me at this distance of time that he never got into Congress, or the biographical dictionary, or had himself canonized, all of which, I suppose, mean about the same thing. Joe had an old gun which he considered a sacred relic. It went thro' the Revolution with him, was in all his battles, was at his shoulder by day and by his side at night, till Joe and the old gun had become one and inseparable, in war and peace, and bid fair so to continue through the remainder of Joe's mortal life. Whenever there was a muster, a town meeting, a cattle-show, a political convention, or an indignation meeting, Joe was sure to be there, and the old gun was on exhibition. He could always raise a crowd, who would listen to his yarrs, with eyes and ears and mouth wide open to catch the last syllable of Joe's wisdom. Indeed, I have the impression that some corner of every training-field or other public ground was always set apart by the authorities for Joe and his crowd.—On one occasion Joe waxed eloquent.—He was the hero of a thousand fights. The old Don's charge on the windmill was nothing in comparison, and the old gun went up in the market one hundred per cent. But everything earthly has an end. When he made a full stop from mere exhaustion, Sam Pickles, a wicked-looking chap, who had elbowed to the front of the crowd, desired to make a few remarks. Sam said he had heard a good deal about that old gun, and he had no doubt it had been in perils by day and by night, by land and by sea. It was an ugly looking piece, and evidently meant mischief. But it seemed to Sam that the stock did not look quite old enough to have seen much of the revolution.

"Well, well," says Joe, "the fact is, the old stock got badly worn, and we had a new one made."

But Sam thought that, somehow, it rather appeared to him that the barrel seemed rather new for so old a gun.

"Never mind," said Joe, a little riled, "we've had a new barrel, the old one got so bad off."

But Sam thought that the lock—

"O, never you mind about the lock," said Joe; "that's new, too, but you need not make so much fuss about so small a matter. The fact is, there's nothing left of the real old gun except the touch-hole!"

A Tennessee Courtship.

ON the 12th ult., in Sevier county by Wm. Pickens, Esq., Bill Rogers to Nancy E. Bailey. "This," says a correspondent, "was one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of fortitude and determination, on the part of the two persons interested, ever exhibited in East Tennessee. Mrs. Baily was a widow of two months' mourning. She was fair beyond the usual fairness of her associates. Bill Rogers was himself, a comely, rough country youth of about 19 years of age. A week before the marriage the widow Nancy visited the residence of Bill's maternal parent and luckily found her in the field and Bill in the house.—Nancy is to all intents a practical business woman, and went to work at once.—Drawing up a stool to Bill's feet says she, "Bill Rogers, how'd you like to marry?" says Bill, in reply, "Fast rate."—Says Nancy, straightening herself and throwing out her magnificent chest.—"Bill Rogers; how do you like this?"—Says Bill, "bully." Says Nancy, "Bill, get out a license and its yours." Says Bill, "I'll have 'em or die." He was off in a moment for Sevierville for the license.

But alas! Bill hadn't the necessary sum when he reached the clerk's office to procure a license. So he trumped home again, entered his house before his family and without saying a word took from the shelf the rifle gun, and placing it on his shoulder, again left. No one seemed to know any further particulars. It is known that Bill got the license, but brought no gun back with him. At 12 o'clock at night, Esquire Pickens was called for most imploringly, to perform the marriage ceremonies, and he did it in the most imposing form before the brilliant pineknot fire that blazed on the hearth, and in the presence of the select audience who had assembled. After the vows had been made, and the record tendered that they were man and wife, Bill's first ejaculation was "Nancy've had a hard time, but I told you I'd bring them. Let's go home," and they went.