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3 42

Jenkins gets his House Painted.

MARIA ANN said we must have the house repaired, and as what Maria Ann says must be, generally is, I at once went and made a bargain with a house painter. He said he would send his painters around. The next morning I got my breakfast, and started out to earn my bread by the perspiration of my classic brow. I opened the door and put my foot into a tin pail full of paint. Then I took it out and set it on the hall door mat. Maria Ann assisted me from there, and I took a flying leap over the painter to the sidewalk. The painters painted the fence and the front steps that forenoon. Every one who came to see us either painted their hands on the gate and left prints thereof on the chairs or else painted their soles on the steps, and made tracks all over the parlor carpet.—The cat laid down on the steps to sleep in the sun, and the paint dried so fast that when she got up, one side of her was bald-headed.

The next morning the men came before any one was up and began to take out all the windows. During the entire day they were working around the window casings. One of them would stand by the open kitchen window, and another by the open parlor window, and then they would talk, about the Painter's Union, about the picnic, about the price of flour, about the girls, about all the while. The retirement which is among the charms of domestic life did not characterize our house to any great extent that day.

The next morning about 5 o'clock I heard some one walking into the bedroom. I sprang boldly from the bed, grasped a boot in one hand and the pitcher in the other, and determined to sell my life as dear as possible unless I got a chance to run down stairs. Said I: "Who is there?" "Oh," replied the intruder, "it's me, the painter; I am taking down the blinds." I felt much relieved; but Maria rather seemed to be out of patience. She told the man what she thought about him, and made pointed comments upon his manners, his appearance and the probabilities that he never enjoyed a common school education. The painter was wedded to his art, and paid no attention to the prattle of Maria Ann. With the windows and blinds both out, the interior of the house was somewhat exposed, and the task of getting dressed was attended with some embarrassment, especially as the painters seemed to be at work at all of the windows. While we were eating breakfast one of the painters came in with an armful of towels, and remarked that he found them hanging on the clothes line, and he supposed Maria would have no objections to his using them to wipe off the doors before he grained them. Maria stated her objections in detail and the man withdrew.

The next morning I was up early.—When the painters came I volunteered to help them. "Come right along," I shouted, "let's take off the clapboards and paint them. Let's take up the cellar and paint that, inside and out. Let's paint the cistern. Let's take down the chimney and paint the bricks. Let's paint the hole the cellar leaves. Let's—" They assured me that I was planning more work than was necessary, and as they did not act as though they needed my help, I went back to breakfast. The next time the house wants painting I will move into the back yard and send the house down to the shop, where the painters can swarm around it at their pleasure.

Didn't "Bless" the Whiskey.

A Kentucky lawyer on a circuit was asked to dine with the judge. At table, the judge, as was the custom, asked a blessing, and shortly after took from the sideboard a bottle of old Bourbon, of which he asked his friend to partake, partaking freely himself, as is also his custom. After dinner the lawyer said: "Judge, will you permit me to ask you a question?" "O, certainly," replied the judge; "what is it?" "I observed," replied the lawyer, "that after you had asked a blessing, you set on the bottle. Now I wish to ask whether you are ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it good enough without it?" The judge took the case under advisement.

"I require," said a sage of the tribe of Penobscots, "but three things to make me happy." "What is the first?" inquired a seeker of wisdom. "Tobacco" was the reply. "What is the second?" "Rum." "Well, what is the third?" "Why," said the philosopher, contemptively, "a little more rum."

A Model Love Letter.

THE following queer, business-like literary and religious love letter, which is transferrable to "some other girl," was picked up in a street car, in Pittsburg the other day:

Sept. 9th, 1870.

DEAR FRIEND:—I take up my Pencil to inform you, that I am harty But have A very weak back. I hope these few lines will find you in good health; Miss maria Brown you and Me is church members I intended to speak to you very plain for, that is my Name for I ame no thaf no lier no drunkard Nor Chew tobacco. you know my Wife is ded 15 months and i have been paying Boarding one year and it dont pay when I have a small Farm and Bureau full of Clean clothes and cubboard full of Dishes and beds to keep clean and garden to work which is work For woman or wife. I am a great hand for a good garden & can hoe Cabbage I can have a garden 3 feet deep and never wants dung. I think their will Be A good crop of appeals hear this Year for we hardly ever Miss; Mrs. Higginson is a smart woman to work in the garden & can do any kind of work. If she had no Man I would like to have her for a wife; But I suppose she will go away the 13 of April next and I must look for another one; You will please to look at 1 Corinthians the 7 chapter. I would like to talk with you very much on Matters in they Bible; let us not set our Hearts on gold or silver & forget our immortal souls. You know women is plenty. But they are most All Counterfeits, not good housekeepers loves to tell lies and get drunk and serve the Devil; you know what the Old Book says About liers and Drunkards. But I want to let you know that my housekeeper is going to leave me her time is out the 13 of April next, But I cant pay boarding this year, I had better get & old wife they young is not worth house room I have known your Father and Mother and step Father & Marie, you and Me have heard him sing & pray Do you and me pray and sing as he did, I hope your Mother and Him is singing in Heaven this Day. My sister is in the church let us serve God. I would like to see you and your Minister Come Down and see me as I am old & you are young and smart and see our town you have heard so much of. I would like very well as my time is short to hunt a wife & hope you Will Be mine & if you think you are too good and rich for me you can say No. But you will please and send your old Friend A letter soon and quick to New Lynn, and let me know All the news; and if you will and must say No please give this letter to Miss Salome Reber. Who is a fine stedy girl and good housekeeper; I will perhaps tire you with this letter No more at present But your old Friend JOHN SYLVESTER.

Short Courtships.

A geologist once travelling in a stage-coach in England, happened to sit opposite to a lady; glances were exchanged, and mutual admiration seemed to be the result. Eye language was soon exchanged for verbal conversation; after a few interchanges about fossils and petrifications, they began to talk about living subjects—from generalities to specialities—from the third person plural, to the first person singular. Said the gentleman:

"I am still unmarried." "So am I," quoth the lady. "I have sometimes thought of marrying," said the former. "So have I," the latter responded. Then a pause ensued. "Suppose," said the gentleman, "we were to marry one another—I would love and cherish." "I," said the fair one, "would honor and obey."

In two days they were married. Few will admire such a precipitous courtship; it is altogether too short.

A Rogue's Valise.

Two shop lifters were recently arrested in New York City for appropriating goods from stores, etc., and the valise in which they stowed their plunder was found to be constructed especially for their predatory purposes. To all appearances it was a well-made leather article, strapped up tight, and looped as though it could not be opened without considerable time and trouble, but on examination it proved to be constructed so that it could be opened at the end by pulling a short cord attached to it, and by this means it could be stood in front of a counter and goods slipped into it. It is a most ingenious affair, and the police officers say that the like of it was never seen before.

Shot as a Medicine

Dr. Maydieu, of France has revived the old practice of giving shot for bilious colic. His method is, to take No. 5 shot, after carefully washing them with sweet oil, and give a desert spoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the vomiting ceases. The editors of the "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal" relate the following anecdote illustrative of this treatment: A clergyman was taken very sick and stopped at the house of a good lady, who was familiar with the treatment, who stated that she had no shot, but a bullet which would answer the purpose. She gave it to the divine, who, after being assured of its great efficacy, swallowed it, and to his joy and surprise found that in a very short time he was relieved of colic. Before leaving he expressed some doubt to the old lady about the piece of lead so heavily finding its way through the bowels. "Oh, my," she replied, "you need have no anxiety about that, as it has been through me ten or twelve times."

A Novel Method of Practice.

We clip the following from the Boston Courier:

"A good, but we know not how reliable story, is related of a venerable doctor of the experimental school of medicine. It was one of his rules never to have anything wasted; and therefore, when any prescription remained after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it into a bottle kept for the purpose, that became a receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked him the reason for it. The doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that, though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed. At such times it was his custom to resort to the big bottle and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure. 'And will you believe it,' said he, 'some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it!'"

A man had been arrested for accidentally striking a passenger with his whip in a street car. The stroke was evidently meant for the mule but the lash was too long, and came in contact with the complainant's shoulders. When the case was called up, an attorney moved to dismiss the case on the ground that it was no assault, because unintentional, and there was no law to cover it. The magistrate took issue with him, and fined the offending driver under the statute relating to cruelty to animals.

"But, my dear sir!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer, you can't do that." "But I have done it." "Yes, I know, but there is a mistake." "How so?" "The complainant is no animal."

Another lawyer, seeing the judge's perplexity, suggested that the driver might be a brute.

"Yes," exclaimed the elated disciple of Elton, "he's a brute—" I fine him for that!"

The privilege of writing M. P. after your name appears to remain a very costly one notwithstanding all the laws that have been passed to abate its expense. We observe that in a recent election in Suffolk the expense of Lord Mahon—eldest son of Earl Stanhope, the historian, amounted to £3,390 whilst those of his opponent, who was unsuccessful, were £2,931. Candidates are compelled to make an official return of their costs and charges. Under the mysterious heading of "agency expenses" Lord Mahon paid £740, and Sir S. Adair £450.

About a year since, the widow and six children of James Dougherty, killed by a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Sykesville, obtained a verdict of \$4,000 damages against the Company in the Superior Court of Baltimore City. A new trial was obtained, on the motion of the Company, which was concluded recently by the jury awarding \$10,000 damages, \$6,000 more than the first verdict.

"I shall tell you how it was. I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vas one pain.—Den I put my hand on mine body, and dere vas anoder pain. Den I put my hand in mine bocket, and dere vas notting. So I jine in mit de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine bocket, and dere vas dwenty tollars. So I shay mit de demperance."

SUNDAY READING.

Was St. Paul a Bachelor.

IT SEEMS to be a pretty general impression, says a recent writer, that Paul was a bachelor, and many ladies of the present day have formed an opinion of him which is decidedly unfavorable. I believe, and purpose to show that Paul was actually a married man, and a strong advocate of "Woman's Rights." The Corinthian Church had written to him for directions upon a subject of matrimony in a time of great persecution, and under the circumstances he seems to think that for the time being the unmarried had better remain so. Eusebius Clement and other historians, speak of Paul as a married man, and according to the best evidence, we can get, he was at the time of writing this epistle a widower. And thus he remained true to his dead wife, and admonished other men who had lost their wives to pursue a similar course. If there is a woman in America who is particularly anxious for her husband to marry again after her death, we should like to see her. The Apostle's "advice to wives," in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, seems to be very offensive to some because he admonishes them to obedience. Husbands are very fond of quoting it. If there is but one text in the Bible, with which they are acquainted, it is that; but do you ever hear the twenty-fifth verse from masculine lips? Listen: "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it." There, gentlemen, is your rule of conduct—don't you forget, and, by the way, how do you like it? Where is there a greater love than this? and what an exalted opinion Paul must have had of woman to deem her worthy of such affection! Rest assured that obedience will gladly follow a love like that. When men are honest, loyal, and true—when they tenderly love and shield even at the sacrifice of self, then woman will honor and obey without any objections or regrets.

Tempted by Degrees.

John Newton says, Satan seldom comes to a Christian with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There's no great harm in this;" "no great peril in that;" and so by these chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

Lead us Not into Temptation.

A lawyer stated these facts. A gentleman had in his employ a lad who was guilty of certain misdemeanors, among others of parloining small sums of money. As a test, he put a dollar note in his way. The lad passed the note for five days. But on the sixth he could no longer resist the temptation and took the note. At the trial the Court was unanimous against him. The lawyer urged the above sentiment and closed by saying, "Lead us not into temptation." The boy was acquitted. The bible is the great law book of the world.

Eclipse of Faith.

The moon in an eclipse complained to the sun, "Why, O my dearest friend, dost thou not shine upon me as usual?" "Do I not?" said the sun; "I am sure I am shining as I always do. Why don't you enjoy my light as usual?" "Oh, I see," said the moon; "the earth has got between us." This is the trouble with every backslider.

A Noble Resolve.

"I am going to preach the gospel," said Tommy. "You will never know enough," said his brother. "Then I will be good and show them what God likes us to be," said Tommy humbly. "Yes, indeed, we can all do that. It is the best preaching in the world."

The Important Question.

John Bacon, an eminent English sculptor, whose works were admired by thousands, ordered a plain tablet, with the following inscription to be placed near his grave: "What I was as an artist, seemed to be of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus, is the only thing of importance to me now."