

Boots! Boots!

A Full Assortment of THE CELEBRATED YORK BOOTS, Hand or Machine Sewed, Whole Stock and Double Sole and

Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction, Manufactured and For Sale to the Trade by

M. B. SPAHR, YORK, PA.

A full Assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers Constantly on Hand.

Special Attention Paid to Orders.

New Millinery Goods At Newport, Pa.

I BEG to inform the public that I have just returned from Philadelphia, with a full assortment of the latest styles of MILLINERY GOODS.

HATS AND BONNETS,

RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS,

FEATHERS,

CHIGNONS,

LACE CAPES,

NOTIONS,

And all articles usually found in a first-class Millinery Establishment. All orders promptly attended to. We will sell all goods as cheap as can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as get the latest fashions from New York every month. Goffering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE ICKES,

Cherry Street, near the Station, Newport, Pa.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.

This is not the lowest priced, but being much the best in the end by far the cheapest. Do not fail to give it a trial, and you will use no other.

THE alarming increase in the number of frightful accidents, resulting in terrible deaths and the destruction of valuable property, caused by the indiscriminate use of oils, known under the name of petroleum, prompts us to call your special attention to an article which will, wherever used, remove the CAUSE of such accidents.—We allude to

Carson's Stellar Oil

FOR

ILLUMINATING PURPOSES.

The proprietor of this Oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for, and presenting to the public, as a substitute for the dangerous compounds which are sent broadcast over the country, an oil that is SAFE and BURNING, and entirely reliable. After a long series of laborious and costly experiments, he has succeeded in providing, and now offers to the public, such a substitute in "CARSON'S STELLAR OIL." It should be used by every family.

1ST, Because it is safe beyond a question. The primary purpose in the preparation of STELLAR OIL has been to make it PERFECTLY SAFE, thus insuring the lives and property of those who use it.

2D, Because it is the most BRILLIANT liquid illuminator now known.

3D, Because it is more economical, in the long run, than any of the dangerous oils and fluids now in too common use.

4TH, Because it is intensely BRILLIANT, and therefore economical, giving the greatest possible light at the least expenditure to the consumer. Its present standard of SAFETY AND BRILLIANCY will always be maintained,—for upon this the proprietor depends for sustaining the high reputation the STELLAR OIL now enjoys.

To prevent the adulteration of this with the explosive compounds now known under the name of kerosene, &c., &c. it is put up for family use in Five Gallon cans, each can being sealed, and stamped with the trade-mark of the proprietor; it cannot be tampered with between the manufacturer and consumer. None is genuine without the TRADE-MARK.

STELLAR OIL is sold only by weight, each can containing five gallons of six and a half pounds each, thus securing to every purchaser full measure. It is the duty and interest of all dealers and consumers of illuminating oil to use the STELLAR OIL only, because it alone is known to be safe and reliable.

All orders should be addressed to

JARDEN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS,

126 South Front Street,

Philadelphia,

GREAT BARGAINS

IN DRY-GOODS.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN GROCERIES.

A Great Variety of Notions, AT VERY LOW PRICES.

A Fine Assortment of Hardware CHEAP FOR CASH.

WOOD & WILLOW WARE,

QUEENSWARE,

STATIONERY,

And a great variety of other goods, all of which will be sold

AT GREAT BARGAINS.

F. Mortimer & Co.

New Bloomfield.

ESTHAY.—There came on to the premises of the subscriber near Donnally's Mills, Perry county, Pa., a few days since, a stray cow. The animal was sold over a year ago at the sale of the Wm. Rice. The owner is hereby notified to claim his property, pay charges and take her away, or she will be sold according to law.

JOHN RICE.

A Historical Inn.

OF HISTORICAL London taverns, the Blue Bear, in Holborn, is remarkable as the scene of a curious passage in the life of Charles I.

A secret compact is said to have been entered into, between Charles on the one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, by which the king guaranteed to Ireton the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and to Cromwell the Garter, ten thousand pounds a year, and the earldom of Essex, on condition of their restoring him to liberty and power. His spirited consort, Henrietta Maria, who was then in France, wrote to reproach him for these unworthy concessions. Her letter is said to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, who, having informed themselves of its contents, forwarded it to the unsuspecting monarch, whose reply they anxiously awaited, and also in due time intercepted.

The proofs which it contained of Charles' insincerity are said to have sealed the king's fate. So far, he said, was it from his intention to keep faith with "the rogues," that in due time, "instead of a silken garter, they should be fitted with a hempen cord." "The letter," said Cromwell, "was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it was to come with the saddle upon his head, about 10 of the clock that night, to the Blue Bear inn, in Holborn, for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We (Cromwell and Ireton) were at Windsor, and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and go to Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle; while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about 10 o'clock; the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in.

Upon this we immediately arose; and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman without sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed, and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him to go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover." This singular story must doubtless be received with caution. Nevertheless, that such a letter, in the handwriting of Charles I., was intercepted either by Cromwell or his emissaries, there exist reasonable grounds for believing. Lord Oxford, in fact, assured Lord Bolingbroke that he had read it, and offered for it no less a sum than five hundred pounds.

Pat and the Post-Office Clerk.

"FAITH, an' have yez iver a letter fur me, yer honor?"

"What name?" asked the urbane official.

"Why, me own name, av course. Whose else?"

"What is your name?" continued the official, still urbane.

"Faith, an' it was my father's afore me, and would be yit, but he's gone dead."

"Confound you, what do you call yourself?" losing his temper.

"Bedad," says Pat, firmly, "I call myself a gentleman, an' it's a pity there ain't a couple av us."

"Stand back!" commanded the official, with dignity.

"The devil aback I'll stand until I git my letter."

"How can I give it to you, if you won't tell me who you are, you stupid, thick-headed bogtrotter."

"An' is that what you're paid for—abusin' honest people that ask for their rights?" Gi' me the letter or be the whiskers o' Kate Kearney's cat, I'll cast my vote agin ye whin I git the papers."

"You blundering blockhead," broke in the really angry clerk, "can you tell me how your letter is addressed?"

"Dhressed! how should it be dhressed, barrin' a sheet av paper, like any other. Come, hand up."

"The deuce take you! Wont you tell me who you are?"

"Faith, an' I'm an Irishman. Me father was cousin to one eyed Harvey Magra, the process server, an' me mother belonged to the Mooneys, of Kilmathoad. You're an ignorant old dacigle, an' if you'll only creep out of your hole, I'll welt your hide like a new shoe. An' av ye git any satisfaction out ov me, me name's not Barner O'Flynn."

"Oh, that's your name, is it?" said the satisfied official, seizing and shuffling a pile of letters.—"There's your letter, sir."

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?

Jack's Wonderful Book.

A NOBLEMAN who kept a great number of servants; reposed confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who, in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gamster. Jack was called up and closely interrogated; but he denied the fact, at the same time declaring that he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when behold! a pack of cards was found in his pocket. Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared to persist in an untruth.

"My lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle in my pocket is my almanac!"

"Your almanac, indeed; then I desire that you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin: There are four seasons in the year; as there are thirteen cards in a suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter, there are also the same number of lunation; the twelve signs of the zodiac through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year; there are fifty-two cards in a pack; that directly answers for the number of weeks in a year; examine them more minutely, and you will find three hundred and sixty-five spots, as many as there are days in the year; these multiplied by twenty-four and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year! Thus, sir, I have convinced you it is my almanac, and by your lordship's permission, I will prove it is my prayer-book also. I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions—Christianity, Judaism, Mahomedanism and Paganism; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs, from whom sprang the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve apostles, the twelve articles of Christian faith. The king reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty. The queen of the same to her majesty. The ten brings to my recollection the ten cities in the plain of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from Heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt, the ten commandments, the ten tribes cut off for their vice. The nine reminds me of the nine muses; the nine noble orders among men. The eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's ark; the eight persons mentioned in Scripture released from death to life. The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; the seven wonders of the world. The six reminds me of the six petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer. The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling. The four puts me in mind of the four evangelists; the four seasons of the year. The three reminds me of the Trinity; the three hours our Savior was on the cross; the three days He lay interred. The two reminds me of the two Testaments; the contrary principles struggling in man—virtue and vice. The ace reminds me of the only true God to adore; worship and serve, one truth to practise, and one good master to serve and obey."

"So far is very well!" said the nobleman; "but I believe you have omitted one card—the knave." "True, my lord—the knave reminds me of your lordship's informer." The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages, and discharged the informer.

A Rat Story.

A STORY which we believe has never been in print before, and which is well worth the hearing, comes to us through private sources, concerning Elliot, the well-known portrait painter of New York, lately deceased. Elliot, like many other erratic children of genius, had perennial attacks of what they term "spreecing" now-a-days. At such times he would go over to Brooklyn and be invisible for a week or two, coming back the ghost of his former self, unnerved and exhausted. Upon one occasion, after his return from such a jaunt, several of his friends determined, if possible, to put a stop to this procedure, and so went down to his studio, carrying in a pocket a big rat, for purposes which will be seen. Elliot sat painting, lazily returning to his work after he had greeted his visitors. They took him to task roundly for his dissipation, declaring that his health was utterly ruined, and that another such turn would drive him into "snakes," otherwise called delirium tremens. They pressed the topic, when finally he arose in a passion, and as he did so the rat was slipped loose, and went flying among the half-finished pictures. Elliot gave chase with a cane, calling loudly for assistance knowing that if uncaught, the animal would work mischief with his canvases. Not hearing the others move, he looked around with astonishment, and shuddered visibly as he saw them looking at him with faces full of sadness and pity. They tried to get him to sit down, saying that he'd "get over it pretty soon;" but he shook them off and went silently back to his painting. After a few touches he stopped and turned round, with an attempt to laugh that was inexpressibly painful, and broke out: "That's a good joke on you fellows. I didn't see any rat."

An Arithmetical Question.

A MAN went into a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign—twenty shillings,—and the cobbler having no change went to a neighboring public house for it, and gave it to him. Later in the day the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the sovereign was a bad one, and insisted upon the cobbler making it right, which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the transaction? There is no play upon words, or anything but a common sum in arithmetic.

"Why, it is the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course the cobbler lost just—"

"Be quite sure!" cried Pazzleton, very angrily. "Write it down, will you—if you can write."

So he wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler sustained, and it is wonderful how opinions differed, within such narrow limits.

The Colonel made his loss two pounds. Mr. Alocs made his loss just two pounds and the boots.

Mr. Funnidog made him lose six and thirty shillings.

Mr. McPherson made him lose sixteen shillings and the boots, minus the profit he made upon the boots—which, said the Professor, it is not necessary to take into consideration.—

Mr. Seale Hill, who used to investigate the bills of extortionate Swiss landlords, set down the loss with confidence at twelve shillings and the boots.

Housewife wrote:—"Why, of course he lost the boots and twenty-four shillings."

Mrs. Housewife and the ladies bit their pens, but declined to commit themselves. "They had never been taught," they said, "the rule of three."

"You are all wrong," said the Professor, quietly, "as I expected you would be. The way to get at the matter is to consider what is gained."

The landlord and the whole story of his changing the sovereign may be taken out of the question, since he is neither better nor worse for the transaction. The buyer of the boots gets in exchange for his bad sovereign four shillings and a pair of boots, and that is just what the cobbler loses."

Commercial Value of Honesty.

AN old trader among the northern Indians, who had, some years ago, established himself on the Missouri, tells a good story with a moral worth recollecting, about his first trials of trading with his red customers. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had both money and furs, flocked about his store, and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally, the chief with a large body of his followers, visited him, and accosted him with, "How do, Thomas? Show me goods; I take four yard calico, three coonskins for yard, pay you by'm by—to-morrow." He received his goods and left. Next day he returned with his whole band, his blankets stuffed with coonskins. "Pale face, I pay now." With this he began counting out the skins until he had handed him over one dozen. Then after a moment's pause, he offered the trader some more, remarking as he did it, that's it." "I handed it back," said the trader, "telling him he owed me but twelve, and would not cheat him." We continued to pass it back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skin in the folds of his blanket, stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried with a loud voice, "Come, come and trade with the pale-face; he no cheat Indian—his heart big!" He then turned to me, and said, "You take that skin, I tell Indian no trade with you—drove you off like dog; but now you Indian's friend, and we yours." Before sunset I was waist-deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. So I lost nothing by my honesty."

Not to be Beaten.

A New Hampshire man and a man from Ohio, chanced to meet at a public dinner in New York. The man from Ohio suggested to him of the Granite State, that it might be advantageous to him to remove to the West, especially if he proposed to follow the pursuit of a farmer. The Yankee could not see it; there was no State in the Union equal New Hampshire in any respect, while in many other respects she was superior. The Yankee demanded to know a superior feature. The Buckeye commenced to enumerate; but as fast as he presented his claims of superiority, his antagonist unhesitatingly swept them a way by bold and vigorous declarations to be contrary. At length, when all other sources of argument had been exhausted, the Buckeye confidently observed:

"You will at least allow that Ohio justly claims superiority over New Hampshire, in point of the extent of her territory?"

"No, sir!" emphatically responded the Yankee. "Your State spreads out because it is flat. Look at the mountains of New Hampshire! Goodness mercy! Just roll 'em out flat, and they'd make territory enough to cover up the whole of Ohio and fill up a big slice of Lake Erie!"

SUNDAY READING.

Taste Not.

Drunk! Young man, did you ever stop to think how terrible that word sounds? Did you ever think what misery you brought upon your friends when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk. Drunk! How the word rings in the ear of a loving wife. How it makes the heart of a mother bleed. How it crushes the hopes of a father, and brings shame and reproach upon sisters. Drunk! See him as he leans against the corner of some friendly house. He stands ready to fall into the jaws of hell, unconscious as to his approaching fate. The wife, with aching heart, sits at the window to hear her husband's footsteps—but they come not. He is drunk! he is spending the means of support for liquor while his family is starving for bread, and his children for clothing. Drunk! His reputation is going, gone! His friends, one by one, are leaving him to his fate. He goes down to his grave unhonored and unwept.

Pray in Your Family.

Says Rev. Norman Macleod: "I shall never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry by a mechanic whom I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears as he said, 'You remember that girl, sir; she was my only child. She died suddenly this morning; she has gone, I hope, to God. But if so, she can tell him, what now breaks my heart—that she never heard a prayer in her father's house or from her father's lips! O, that she were with me but for one day again!'"

Ebenezer Adams, a celebrated Quaker of Philadelphia, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found, six months after the death of her husband, sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all dignity approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus accosted her: "So, friend, I see that thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This reasonable reproof had such an effect on the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately had all her trappings of grief destroyed, and went about her necessary business and avocations. "A word spoken in due season how good it is!"

The little child can believe in Christ, and love Christ, though he cannot know all the deep things of religion. The valley does not know how the gentle rills, bursting out from hundreds of little springs, make it bright and fertile, but they do. And the tall trees of the forest and the giant oak on the hill, can no more tell how they are nourished by the rain and sunshine than can the little violet that grows in the crack of a rock. When a child has said that he feels love to Christ in his heart, could a Newton, with all his great mind, say more?"

I once saw the parent of a lovely family approach his children with a basket of fine fruits, which he held up for them to reach. They were obliged to leap for them, but at length the indulgent father let down his hand and gave them the prize. Thus our heavenly Father holds the blessings at a distance to try us; but we need not fear the result, for if we look to Him in earnest, He will in due time lower His hand, and give us "far more abundantly than we can either ask or think."

Christ sent out his apostles "as lambs among wolves," without purse or scrip. The Pope's cardinals, who strangely claim to be their successors, have "changed all that." Wolves among lambs, they have fleeced the sheep, and filled their purses from their deluded followers. The Italian government have very properly decided that their revenues should be taxed for the benefit of the nation.

The day is passed when science and learning were feared as contradicting the Bible; rightly used and applied they verify every page. Progress and improvement are the business and duties of reasonable beings. We are not to live merely upon the past, upon other men's thoughts and opinions.

That is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go a way talking to one another, and praising the speaker; but that which makes them go away thoughtfully and serious, and hastening to be alone.

No evil is wholly evil. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines, or the stars. All our trials and sorrows have elements of good in them; hopeful features, which smile upon us in gentle reproof of our unbelief and discouragement.

It is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant and imply no self-sacrifice; the test of principle is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

Time is the only gift in which God has stinted us; for he never intrusts us with a second moment till he has taken away the first, and never leaves us certain of a third.