

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.

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.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as I got the latest fashions from New York every month.

ANNIE ICKES, Cherry Street, near the Station, Newport, Pa.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.

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.

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 BRILLIANT, and entirely reliable.

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.

To prevent the adulteration of this with the explosive compounds now known under the name of kerosene, etc., etc., 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.

JARDEN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS, 136 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.

ESTRAT.—There came on to the premises of the subscriber near Donnelly's Mills, Perry county, Pa., a few days since, a stray cow. The animal was sold over a year ago at the sale of 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.

SCIENTIFIC READING.

Electrotypes and Stereotypes.

THESE have taken a very important place among the useful arts. The process is very simple for stereotypes, but for electrotypes is rather more complex, though easily understood.

A galvanic current has the property, under certain conditions, of decomposing many chemical compounds. If the ends of the two wires connected with a battery be inserted in a vessel of water, and a current of sufficient power made to pass from one to the other through the water, the latter is decomposed into its elements, which are the gases hydrogen and oxygen.

One gas will rise in bubbles from one wire end, and the other from the other. These wire ends are called electrodes. Many other substances, if dissolved in water, will decompose much more readily; as, for example, sulphate of copper, commonly known as blue vitriol. This is a compound of sulphuric acid and copper, and it takes much less power to separate the two than to resolve water into its component parts.

The difference between electrotypes and stereotypes is that for the latter the type metal is put at once into the mold without being faced up with the copper, and though just as perfect is not as durable.

How Mosquitoes Bite.

THE mosquito has a proboscis, like an elephant, only not so large. It will, however, look nearly as large under a microscope. He cannot do as many handy things with it as the elephant can with his, but he can cause a good deal of annoyance in a small way with it.

The microscope reveals the fact that he carries a pair of scissors inside of his proboscis—the neatest and sharpest little cutting tools you ever saw. He gets his living by these. They are two delicate little blades, and are placed alongside of each other. When he is ready to make a meal off of us, he first buzzes around with those beautiful wings, and sings a pleasant little song.

He picks a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets ready, he puts his proboscis down, and pushes his little scissors out, and makes a neat cut, so that he can suck the blood out. Then he drinks as much blood as he wants, and is done his dinner. But he does not leave yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has taken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it.

bite or the cut that the mosquito makes that hurts us, but the dropping of this powerful poison into our flesh. If this mosquito were large enough to give a powerful dose of this poison, it would be bad for us. If he were as big as a kitten, and his poison as strong in proportion, a bite from him would kill us.

Anecdotes of James Guthrie.

WITH PIERCE came James Guthrie, the Kentucky Anak, with leviathan shoulders, and six feet and a half of height. Son of a famed Indian fighter, himself a flatboat hand and cattle-drover in youth. Once, in a characteristic Kentucky affray, he received a shot from a political opponent which confined him to his bed for three years.

The Secretary knitted his brows, and puzzled over it for some minutes. At last he gave it up.

"Hang me if I can read it either. I have forgotten its exact contents, but I know what I wanted to see you about. Sit down and I'll tell you."

The moldy archives contain two bits of paper which illustrate not only Guthrie's character, but the contrast between two Presidents. While Jackson was in the White House, he requested that the account of one of his special friends might be paid.

"Let the President's fiat be obeyed!" ANDREW JACKSON.

During Pierce's administration, Congress passed a law increasing twenty per cent the salaries of Government employees. Nicholson, the Public Printer, presented his account, with this additional percentage.

"This account seems to me correct, and, in my judgment, it ought to be paid."

Then it was handed back to the Secretary. Guthrie, in a rage, replied:

"Tell the President it is not correct, and I'll be damned if I pay it."

Nicholson, fancying he foresaw the Cabinet officer beheaded, reported this rash response to the Executive. But that amiable chief only answered:

"Did Guthrie say that? Then I don't think he will pay it. I never knew him to give up after putting his foot down!"

The mother of a five-year-old boy expecting to receive company, fixed him up sweetly, arranging his hair and attire as only a mother can.

The most curious will we remember to have read of is one made by an inhabitant of Montgaillard, who died in 1812. His last will and testament was as follows: "It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited."

If you have been tempted to evil fly from it: it is not falling into the water, but remaining in it that drowns.

SUNDAY READING.

The Minutes.

We often think and speak of "making good use of our time," meaning our days and weeks and months and years; forgetting that all these are made up of seconds and minutes. If we waste all the minutes, we waste all the years.

The French have a proverb—"God works by minutes." His great plans are not wrought out by years, but move on through all time, while we are sleeping or trifling as well as learning, working; and thus ought we ever to do.

Some people are always complaining that they have not time to read or study or think, and that while they are wasting years by casting away the golden minutes, as they are given from heaven.

Red Jacket once heard a wise man say, "I have not time enough!" Looking at him in surprise, the Indian exclaimed, "You have all the time there is, haven't you?"

Yes, we have all the time there is. God has given us time to work for ourselves and to bless the world; let us catch it, minute by minute, and make such use of it as we wish each moment to record heaven.

Anecdotes of a Good Man.

The Rev. Samuel J. May, for many years pastor of the Unitarian Church of Syracuse, was in early life settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Conn., and rode in a one-horse chaise about the country. Having prepared for a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbor not to go alone, as foot-pads infested the road he was to take.

He heeded not the advice, and when a few miles out of the village, he saw a man jump a low fence out of a thick wood. He said to himself, "Mine enemy is upon me." When he overtook the man he stopped and said cheerfully, "Good morning, my friend; I have an empty seat, will you not share it with me?"

The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May apart, a few moments. When alone he grasped Mr. M.'s hand, looked him squarely in the face, and said: "I must not part with you without confessing that when I sprang into the road, I intended to blow your brains out, steal your horse and carriage, your watch and coat and escape."

"O, yes," said Mr. May, very pleasantly, "I knew that. I was warned against foot-pads on the road this morning, and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me."

If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes in the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, with the key removed, a faded spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be laid aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will appear. This is equally true of our minds.

Silent Influence.

These traces, which under ordinary circumstances, are invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

Providential Care.

Who is it that waters fields of corn upon the Sabbath morning as upon the Saturday night? Who is it that makes the grass to grow in Sabbath sunshine as well as amid Saturday's rains? Who is it that hears the cry of the raven on Sunday morning and feeds it? Who is it that keeps up the pulsations of the heart, from which if God were to withdraw his finger for a moment, each heart would be still, and life would instantly depart?

Who is it that returns to the withered frame—in all these our Father worketh; hitherto, on Saturday, and Sunday, and on all days.—Cumming.

A Singular Case.

THE Troy N. Y. Times tells the following story:—The southern part of Saratoga county has lately been greatly excited over a matter, the developments in regard to which are about as follows:

A little more than a week ago, Isaac G. Lansing, a farmer, living in the town of Halfmoon, went West with a gentleman from Vischer's Ferry to buy sheep. Immediately after his departure a most horrible story became whispered about, the substance of which was that Mr. Lansing had bargained with a man to murder his wife during his absence.

The examination of Lansing was at once proceeded with, and Devoe disclosed a state of facts which if true reveal a plot for wife-murder on the part of Lansing which, in horrible coldblooded details, rivals Ruloff's most damnable crimes.

Devoe swears that more than a year ago Lansing approached him with complaints of "trouble in his family," and a proposition to Devoe to get his wife "out of the way," for a consideration. Devoe says he received the proposition favorably and that on the strength of it he has at various times received favors from Lansing in the shape of firewood, etc., and small sums of money.

Devoe also disclosed the nature of the proposition to several persons, telling them that he intended to make use of it to get considerable money out of Lansing and finally expose him. As Devoe's story goes, about two weeks ago Lansing told him he was about to leave home for several days, that his wife would be alone in the house, which is quite isolated, every night with their two small children, and he wanted the business done then.

Devoe relates the details of instructions, which he received from Lansing, how to enter the house through a certain insecure window how to make his entrance noiseless, where to find his sleeping wife, how to find certain jewelry and silverware in various parts of the house, which he was to take away, and thus make it appear that plunder was the object; also how to rob a neighbor's house near at hand, and thus make the "blind" darker, and finally how Lansing cautioned him to "make no mistake" and "not harm the children," but to "make sure work of it."

The examination is adjourned to the 26th inst. Mrs. Lansing has some property, and both she and her husband are very respectably connected. The "trouble in the family," it is rumored, is certain entanglement with other women, and the wife's property is suggested as an inducement to the plotting. It is certainly a most strange and unfortunate affair.

Almost Married.

A FEW evenings since, a young lady and gentleman made their appearance at the office of a New Orleans Justice of the Peace. The evident youthfulness of the twain, combined with a naive air about them, led the good justice to believe they wished to be married. It was, therefore, with a pleased expression of countenance he inquired what he could do for them?

"We have a service to ask your honor," replied the youth, a little diffidently and blushing perceptibly.

"Ah, yes, I understand," smilingly remarked the urbane magistrate; "you wish me to do a little work for you. Just give me your names, will you?"

These were furnished him, and after writing something on an official blank he requested them to stand up. This was done.

"Now join your hands together." This injunction, too, was complied with. Solemnly straightening out his visage, the magistrate commenced:

"It is not good for man to live alone, nor for a woman either."

"But I don't live alone," interrupted the fair one, showing evident symptoms of fright; "I don't live alone!"

"Don't interrupt me!" sternly rejoined the magistrate; "therefore, it not being good for man and woman to live alone, do you, sir, take this woman whom you hold by your right hand to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"No!" thundered the gentleman. "Why, confound you, she's my sister!" "What did you come here for, then?" cried the appalled magistrate, "if not to get married?"