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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.

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REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH.

COUSIN JEDEDIAH.

BY J. HARVEY SMITH.

"THERE is a gentleman waiting below," said the servant, and then bowed.

"Where is his card?" asked Mrs. Warrington, languidly.

"He says he has no card," answered the servant, "and when I asked him his name, he told me to say Cousin Jedediah."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Warrington, despairingly. "Annie, I do believe it's your Uncle Caleb Starr's son!"

This remark was addressed to a young lady lying on the lounge with half closed eyes. A pretty young lady was Annie I can assure you. Dark, small, and roguish-looking, with dancing black eyes, and a good humored look on her face—she looked her nature—full of fun.

"What shall I do, Annie?" asked her mother, fretfully.

"Tell him to come up of course," said Annie laughing.

"I suppose we must see him," said Mrs. Warrington, resignedly, "for your father has such queer notions, and would be so angry if we failed to treat his sister's son with respect."

Turning to the servant she ordered him to show the gentleman up.

"Now what shall we do with him?" continued Mrs. Warrington, fearfully. "You know you are to go on the river this afternoon, and I can't stay here with such a—"

"Hush!" said Annie, warningly, "here he comes."

The door opened and in strode Cousin Jedediah.

Mrs. Warrington nearly fainted when she saw him. Dressed in the most outlandish fashion he certainly was. Corduroy breeches, immense boots, swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, and a high conical-shaped felt hat, and a gorgeous vest; his appearance was what might truly be called stunning. Still, Cousin Jedediah, in spite of his dress, was good looking, indeed, quite handsome.

"How are you Cousin Annie?" he cried, in a boisterous voice, as he entered, and shook her hand heartily. "I hope I find you well, mum," he continued turning to Mrs. Warrington, who was regarding him in silent horror.

"I'm quite well, I thank you," she said stiffly.

"Glad to hear it," answered Jedediah, heartily. "We're well down our way, except Sis. She sprained her ankle coming up from the spring house. Getting along pretty well now, though. You see, I was coming to town with some market stuff, and dad he says to me, 'now be sure to call and see your aunt and uncle, for they might get angry if they knew you were in town without going to see them.' So I promised him, and so here I am. And then dad told me that I should see cousin Annie; told me she was a splendid gal, and so you are, Cousin Annie—beat all the gals I ever see."

"Much obliged for the compliment," laughed Annie because Cousin Jedediah evidently was not the man to flatter—he meant what he said.

"Well, I know very well it's the truth," said Jedediah, doggedly. "You beat Squire Watson's girls all to nothing, and they were considered to be the handsomest girls around our way."

"How long can you stay, Mr. Starr?" asked Mrs. Warrington, anxiously.

"Well, I guess I can stay until tomorrow," said Jedediah, musing. "I did intend to go back to-night, but I suppose I can stay a little longer, to please you."

This generous proposition quite overcame Mrs. Warrington; she could only stare blankly at the unwelcome visitor in acknowledgment of his kindness.

Thus kindly welcomed, Cousin Jedediah laid himself out to please and succeeded, in half an hour, in nearly driving Mrs. Warrington to the verge of desperation, with his allusions to country life, turkeys, pigs, and all such unfashionable themes of conversation, while Annie, on the contrary, to her mother's great indignation, seemed to consider Cousin Jedediah an excellent companion, and fairly rivaled him in trying to recall reminiscences of her visit to his home five years before.

In the midst of this conversation a carriage drove up to the door, and deposited three ladies and one gentleman.

Mrs. Warrington welcomed their arrival joyfully, as the means by which she might get rid of Cousin Jedediah—so she said:

"Here comes your friends, Annie—you know you are to go with them on the river this afternoon, to take a sail."

"Very well," said Annie. "I am ready, all but my hat and saccue. Cousin, I must leave you now for a while."

"Going to take a sail?" asked Jedediah.

"Yes."

"Well, now," said Jedediah coolly, "I always thought I should like to take a sail on the river, but I never thought I would have a chance—I'll go with you."

Annie cast a terrible glance at her mother, who responded with one of mute helpless despair, while Cousin Jedediah, unmindful of the effect his kind offer had produced, ran out of the room to "slick up his hair," before showing himself before company.

"What shall we do?" queried Mrs. Warrington helplessly.

"Let him go, I suppose," replied her daughter, laughing; "I suppose there is no help for it—he won't take a hint."

"And there is Sylvester Trent, he will be with you," said Mrs. Warrington, despairingly, "and he is so aristocratic in his ideas. You know he cut the Meltons, when he discovered that they had a second cousin a tailor. What will he say?"

"I don't care what he says," said Annie turning her head. "He is a conceited monkey—and now I will take Cousin Jedediah, if it's only to spite him!"

What Mrs. Warrington was about to say, Annie never knew, for at that instant a stentorian voice at the foot of the stairs shouted:

"I say, Cousin Annie, hurry up and come down! Here's all the folks down here setting on thorns waiting for you. They're afraid the river will run dry if we don't get there soon!"

"Annie, go, for Heaven's sake!" murmured Mrs. Warrington, plaintively; "or that monster will bring the house down on our heads!"

In response to this pathetic appeal, Annie hurried down stairs to her impatient guests.

To record the saying and doings of Cousin Jedediah, on the way to the banks of the Schuylkill, would fill a volume. He inquired of Mr. Sylvester Trent, blandly, "whether he was any relation to Jake Trent who got six months for stealing a garden rake from Squire Jinks," adding that he thought he saw a family resemblance.

Mr. Trent indignantly kept silent, and looked out of the carriage window, muttering under his breath something about boors and ruffians.

Then he showed a desire to know the why and wherefore of everything, questioning everybody indiscriminately; and in short, behaved just like a person will do, to whom everything is new and strange, and who has not tact enough to conceal their ignorance.

And then when they were on the river in the boat, he nearly maddened Mr. Sylvester Trent by asking so many questions trying, it seemed, to learn the art of sailing that vessel in one lesson.

At last, having exhausted every topic of conversation, Jedediah became silent from sheer weariness, and leaning back he contemplated with a critical, though observing eye, the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Schuylkill.

"Not bad," he said approvingly, "especially when it's in the middle of the city." And then he looked around to see if any one agreed or disagreed with him. Mr. Trent was occupied in managing the boat, and the four ladies were chatting together; so his remark brought forth no reply.

Jedediah, shading his face with his conical hat, was fast gliding into the land of dreams, when he was rudely awakened by the boat giving a lurch, and nearly precipitating him into the river, and at the same time he heard a piercing scream.

Grasping the side of the boat to steady himself, he looked up and saw Miss Annie Warrington and one of her lady friends struggling in the water.

"Help! Murder!" cried Mr. Trent vociferously.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" cried Jedediah, savagely, "and don't run the darned boat on top of them?"

To take off his hat and coat, and kick off his boots, was the work of a moment with Cousin Jedediah, and the next instant he was in the river, had Annie by the arm, and then back into the boat before she rightly understood where she was.

Miss Florence Mountjoy, the other fair bather, had the good fortune to have on a crinoline that would have supported a seventy-four, and Jedediah merely had to tow her to the boat and lift her in; but as she was under the firm impression that she was rapidly sinking, of course she immediately fainted. On coming to, she hugged Jedediah, and blessed him, and called him her "deliverer," to that gentleman's great confusion, for he sat looking rather foolish, rubbing his nose with the brim of his hat, and answered not a word. Annie merely pressed his hand gratefully, and Jedediah was satisfied.

He immediately became a hero in the eyes of the quartette of ladies, and praises were showered on him (to Mr. Trent's great indignation) to that extent that he became quite miserable, and wondered internally whether such a commonplace thing (for it was merely a delightful bath to him) was so rare that they should make such a fuss about it.

"But how did you come to tumble in?" he asked, to stop their tongues.

Then it came out that Mr. Sylvester Trent had been directed in his duty, and not keeping his eye on the boat, had allowed it to swerve in its course, thus presenting the side of the sail to the wind causing the boat to lurch suddenly, and the two unfortunates, being seated on the boat could not recover their balance in time, and thus the catastrophe.

Cousin Jedediah took a sudden rise in estimation of Mrs. Warrington that evening, when she heard about his "gallant conduct," as her daughter termed it; and she insisted on his staying a couple of weeks, at the very least.

This he wouldn't listen to giving as an excuse that it was "haying time, and dad

wanted all the hands he could get;" but he promised he would return in the winter.

And he did—and being introduced into society, he soon ceased to be eccentric in his manner, for Jedediah was quick to learn. He also discarded his outlandish style of dress, to Mrs. Warrington's great relief; and except for a little plain speaking at times, he would hardly have been known as the same person by his most intimate friends.

"And of course he married Annie?"

"Of course he did!"

Mr. Sylvester Trent was quite disgusted at her lack of taste, but she says that Jedediah is worth a baker's dozen of such "spoons" as he, and—I think so too! Don't you?

SCIENTIFIC READING.

Paper Clothing.

Few persons are aware how largely paper is now used for the manufacture of articles of wear. A class of paper is now made from sheep skins and vegetable fibres which is very tough, and is called felted paper. This paper is of a very serviceable nature, and is made into table cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, pants, curtains, ahirts and other articles of dress. The petticoats made from this felted paper are of very elaborate design and of wonderful beauty. They are either printed or stamped, and bear so close resemblance to linen or cotton goods of like description, as to almost defy the scrutiny of the ablest experts.

The stamped open work skirts display a delicacy of pattern that it would be almost impossible to imitate by any ordinary skill with the needle. Imitation blankets and chintz for beds, furniture or curtains, are also made very cheaply. Embossed table cloths and figured napkins made of felted paper, so closely resemble the genuine damask linen, as to be palmed off upon the unsuspecting as the genuine article.

In Germany, paper napkins have been used for several years. Their cost is but a trifle, and they pay for themselves before they are required to be cast aside.

Felted paper is capable of being made into lace, fringe and trimming, and for these several purposes it is unequalled in point of cheapness and durability. Imitation leather is also made from the same material, which is perfectly impervious to water. It is soft and pliable, and is a very useful fabric for covering furniture, making into shoes, for belts, and for many other purposes.

In China and Japan, paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants. It is very cheaply produced there, a good paper coat costing only ten cents, while the expenses of an entire suit is limited to twenty-five cents.

Depth of the Ocean.

The success which has attended the laying of submarine cables has set the erroneous idea of an ocean without bottom at rest forever and given an impulse to the effort to invent new means of sounding and dredging. The sounding made in the Atlantic show its bottom to be an extensive plateau, varying in depths at different points. The average depth is 12,000, though the steamer Cyclops obtained a depth of 15,000 feet. This ocean floor begins about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast; there the descent from the shallow to the deep water is very rapid, reaching 10,500 feet in fifty miles, giving an angle of descent greater than that of the Italian Alps. The deepest part of the Atlantic is on the American side, near the banks of Newfoundland, where a great basin exists, ranging east and west for nearly a thousand miles, and whose depth is believed to exceed the highest of the Himalaya mountains.

How to have Cool Water.

Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly kept wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this mode of cooling water is common. Let every one have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers—one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation—and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather.

Recipes For Glue.

The *American Builder* gives the following recipe for a very strong glue:

An ounce of Isinglass may be dissolved by the application of moderate heat in a pint of water. Take this solution and strain it through a piece of cloth, and add a proportionate quantity of the best glue, which has been previously soaked for about four and twenty hours, and also add a gill of vinegar. After the whole of the materials have been brought into solution let it once boil up, and strain off the impurities.

In Vallejo street, San Francisco, fifty-two cases of small-pox have been reported in two days. Physicians attribute the rapid spread of the disease to the decayed condition of the wooden blocks with which the street is paved, and the malaria arising from them under the action of the sun, especially after a rain.

SUNDAY READING.

A Pardon Locked up.

Hugh Stowell says "In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the sea shore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old gray ruined tower covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent; but that pardon fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored by the many; and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory to the music of the spinning wheel. We must feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man, who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point his finger to most of us, and say, 'Thou art the man! Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow-creatures, not from temporal, but eternal death. Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?'"

An Anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon.

The *South London Press* gives what it calls a characteristic anecdote of Spurgeon. Recently an eminent Baptist called on him and made a statement to the following effect: Ten years ago he had set aside £1,000 towards building a chapel, but untoward circumstances had intervened and prevented the execution of his design. This he was, now, he said, desirous of carrying into execution, and he trusted Mr. Spurgeon would render him his assistance. "What do you wish me to do?" asked the tabernacle pastor. "To give me your powerful aid in raising a second thousand, which is imperatively required." "I understand," said Mr. Spurgeon; "but let us see—you had the use of this money for ten years?" "Yes." "During that time it must have been worth to you at least ten per cent, per annum?" "Well, I dare say." "Then, my dear sir, you have got the money without troubling me. Go, and build the chapel." And the applicant departed, satisfied with this business-like and thoroughly practical view of the matter.

Cherish the Living.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he said:

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said:

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied that he never would offend him by any unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief, said the sage: "But if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also."

Outward Beauty.

Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound and accent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds, will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness and affection and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance.—Those who live in towns should carefully remember this for their own sakes.—Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Take Hold and Lift.

A teacher of the Freedmen was sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk; the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said:

"Sam, do you expect to get to Heaven?"

"Yes."

"Then take hold and lift."

There are a great many Christians in our churches and Sabbath schools who expect to go to heaven, that would do well to strengthen their hope of going there by taking hold and lifting some of the burdens which they let their brethren bear alone.

The flower of Christian graces grow only under the shade of the cross, and the root of them all is humility.