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Boots!

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

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

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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 re-
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- MILLINERY GOODS,
- HATS AND BONNETS,
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- LACE CAPES,
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And all articles usually found in a first-class Mil-
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can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the lat-
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Cherry Street, near the Station,
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STELLAR
OIL.

THE alarming increase in the number of fright-
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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, wherever
USED, removes 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 BRILLIANT,
and entirely reliable. After a long series of labo-
ratory 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 il-
luminator 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 possi-
ble light at the least expenditure to the consum-
er. 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 ex-
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kerosene, &c., &c., it is put up for family use in
Five Gallon cans, each can being sealed, and
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cannot be tampered with between the manufac-
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TRADE-MARK.

STELLAR OIL is sold only by weight, each can
containing five gallons. The weight of each can
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consumers of illuminating oil to use the STELLAR
OIL only, because it alone is known to be safe and
reliable.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS,
136 South Front Street,
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FILTER MANUFACTURING CO.,

Manufacturers of
SIMMONS' IMPROVED PATENT FILTERS.
First premium received at American Institute
Fair, 1876. Revolving Hydraulic Filters, price \$2.00.
Also, Syphon Filters for country use.

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION,
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The Syphon Filter
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ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,
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Carriages

Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,

built to order, and finished in the most artistic and
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Having superior workmen, he is prepared to
turnish work that will compare favorably with
the best City Work, and much more durable, and
at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and prompt-
ly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH.

Proposing for a Husband.

IT was very dark without, and the wind
blew in fitful gusts. The old oak in
front of the house groaned dismally.—
The gates were burst open, and slammed
to and fro incessantly.

Flora and I cowered together in the
parlor, more and more frightened as the
hours went by. Our house was a lone
country mansion several miles from the
county-town, and we were quite alone, all
the family including even the servants,
having gone to the annual fair, and in-
tending to stay till morning.

"I never heard such strange sounds,"
I said. "Surely that was somebody on
the stoop just now."

"Nonsense," cried Flora, looking about
nervously, however.

"It was only two nights ago," I re-
plied, "that Mr. Brown's house was rob-
bed. They do say," and here my voice
fell to whisper, "that an organized band
of thieves is going round the country."

"Mersey!" cried Flora, turning deadly
pale, "suppose they come here. What's
to be done? Hadn't we better go over
to cousin Bell's?"

"What! at this time of night. Noth-
ing would tempt me."

"This is a punishment for refusing
cousin Sam," said Flora. "If you had
only behaved rationally, we could have
had one of the servants from Elmwood to
stay with us. But I suppose cousin Bell,
is so angry at the way in which you
have treated her son, that she will never
speak to us again."

I had no reply to make. I already, in
my heart, regretted the coquetry which
had made me refuse cousin Sam; but was
too proud to admit it to any one else.

To turn the conversation, and endeavor
to inspire Flora as well as myself with
courage, I went to the piano. But before
I could strike a note, my attention was
arrested by a grating sound, that seemed
to come from under the floor. I glanced
at Flora. She was trembling from head
to foot.

"Oh, Rose!" she whispered, "some
one is getting into the cellar. We shall
be murdered," and she wrung her hands
helplessly.

We both listened. But I heard noth-
ing but the beating of my heart. I was
not naturally a coward, and my resolution
was taken at once.

"Flora," I whispered, "you bang
away at the piano, so that if there is any
one below the stairs, he will not suspect
that we have heard him. I will go and
listen at the cellar-door."

I went through the long, dark entry,
to all outward appearance bravely enough
but expecting every step to be knocked on
the head. At last I reached the kitchen.
Putting one ear to the trap door, that led
into the cellar, I listened. But I heard
only Flora playing on the piano, the gate
banging and slamming, and the old oak
breaking in the gale, and knocking its
branches against the house.

"What cowards we are, after all," I
said to myself, boldly raising the trap-
door, and peering down into the cellar.

I could see nothing, but the air smelt of
rain.

"One of the windows must be open,"
I said. "I hear the rain dashing in.
That explains the queer noise."

I descended the stairs, intending to
shut the window. Gradually my eyes
became more and more accustomed to the
darkness. When I reached the bottom
of the steps, I turned around to look for
the window. Great heavens! it was not
there!

My heart stopped beating. I clung to
the cellar-steps. As I looked the window
re-opened, now plainly wide open. I
stood staring at the patch of faint, gray
light, for a full minute, then, laughing
silently at my fears, and persuading myself
that the shutters had blown to, and now
had blown open again, I advanced, intend-
ing to fasten the shutters securely. I
had gone more than half way across the
cellar, following the wall, then the win-
dow was obscured again, and a gruff voice
cried, "Here, lend a fellow a hand." At
the same moment, I saw a burly form
creep through the window. My knees
now absolutely gave way under me, as an
other voice behind me, answered, "We
had better wait till the family go to bed."

In a moment, however I recovered my-
self, and turned to fly up stairs, even at
the risk of being caught by the ruffian
behind me. But before I could move a
step, the trap-door fell with a bang, and
I knew I was shut in hopelessly with two,
if not more, burglars.

There was a horrible silence. But for
the support the wall gave me, I would
have sunk to the ground. Directly one
of the ruffians tried to light a match. I
heard the scrape on his boot, and saw the
flame for the moment; but fortunately the
wind blew it out. The imminent peril
gave me sudden strength. To attempt to
raise the trap-door from below, was im-
possible for me, I knew; my only hope of
escape was through the window; and to-
ward it I fled as swiftly and noiselessly
as possible. I remembered that an empty
vinegar barrel stood almost directly under
it. On this I sprang, and clutching the
sill above, was about to draw myself up,
when the nearest burglar discovering me,
darted at me with an oath. He was,
luckily, just one instant too late. Quick
as a flash I was on the sill, and out of the
window, and had run around the house to
the front entrance. The door, to my sur-

prise was wide open, and a flood of light
streamed over the stoop. But I did not
stop to think why this was so. Breath-
lessly I rushed in, and as breathlessly fled
into the parlor, where the first thing I
saw was Flora, talking and gesticulating
violently to some gentleman, who facing
around at the noise of my entrance, re-
vealed the form and face of cousin Sam.

I did not have the hysterics. I did
not faint. But forgetting everything ex-
cept my happiness and sense of relief in
Cousin Sam's presence, I flung myself into
his arms, saying, "Sam, dear Sam!" and
I know not what else beside.

My story, you see, is told. In a minute
or two cousin Sam started for the cellar,
but the burglars had taken the alarm and
fled. Then he explained his presence. He
was returning from the fair, and seeing
lights in the house, and knowing that
robbers were about, he had stopped to
ask if we were afraid. All this he
told me with his arm around my waist.
Then he turned to me, with a sly smile.

"Rose," he said, "I take it, you pro-
posed to me, just now. I think I'll ac-
cept you, which is treating you better
than you treated a certain suitor, a few
days ago."

I was covered with blushes. But what
could I do? I did what a great many
women under similar circumstances would
have done—I burst into tears.

Cousin Sam soothed me, and kissed
me, and told me again and again how
much he loved me. But he tells every-
body, to this day, that I proposed to him,
and not he to me.

A Wonderful Story.

IT is said that the tombs of the Necro-
plis of ancient Egypt two kinds of
mummies have been found. One is incom-
plete—that is to say, all organs necessary
for life have been separated from them;
the other, on the contrary, is quite com-
plete. Having observed this, a Swedish
chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, has come to the
conclusion that the Egyptian mummies
are not all, as has been said and be-
lieved for some thousands of years,
bodies embalmed by any process of pres-
ervation whatever, but that they are real-
ly the bodies of individuals whose life
has been momentarily suspended, with
the intention of restoring them at some
future time, only the secret of preserva-
tion has now been lost. Meanwhile
Professor Gusselbach adduces many proofs
in support of his idea; among others his
experiments during the last ten years,
which he says have always proved success-
ful. He took a snake and treated it in
such a manner as to benumb it as though
it was carved into marble, and it was
so brittle had he allowed it to fall, it
would have broken into fragments. In
this state he has kept it for several
years, and then restored it to life by
sprinkling it with stimulating fluid, the
composition of which is his secret. For
fifteen years the snake has been under-
going an existence composed of successive
deaths and resurrections apparently
without sustaining any harm. The Pro-
fessor is reported to have sent a petition
to his Government, requesting that a
criminal who had been condemned to
death may be given to him, to be tried
in the same manner as the snake, prom-
ising to restore him to life in two years.
It is understood that the man who under-
goes this experiment is to be pardoned.
Whether the Swedish government has ac-
cepted or rejected the learned chemist's
proposal is not known.—*Ec.*

What He Knew About Farming.

Not many miles from Boston a certain
farmer owned a contrary horse. While
driving home with a load of hay, some
time since, the horse concluded not to
move any further; whereupon the farmer
pulled out a small quantity of the hay,
placed it under the horse and set fire to it.
The fire had the desired effect, for it
obliged the horse to move. He started
forward just enough to clear the flames,
and the entire load, with the wagon, was
destroyed, the farmer having as much as
he could do to clear the horse from the
wagon in season to save his life.

Just His Trade.

The Rev. George More, minister of
the Original Secession Church, was riding
to the village of Howgate, in the vicinity
of the city. The day was stormy, snow
falling heavily. Mr. More was enveloped
in a Spanish cloak, with a woman's shawl
tied around his neck and shoulders.
These loose garments, covered with snow
and waving in the blast, startled the horse
of a commercial traveler who chanced to
ride past. The alarmed steed plunged,
and managed to throw its rider, who ex-
claimed: "You would frighten the devil,
sir!" "May be," said Mr. More, "for
it's just my trade!"

An Irishman was looking about the
ruins of a burnt confectionery establish-
ment in Nashua, N. H., when he spied a
box of lozenges, still in a fair state of
preservation. He picked up the box, but
preliminary to making off with it the
idea occurred to him to be sure that the
lozenges were worth purloining. He
picked up a roll and broke it in two, and
crammed his mouth as full of lozenges as
the Crachitts did of spoons. In a mo-
ment more the box was hurled to the
ground, accompanied by the exclamation:
"Be gorra, they are hot yet!" They
were of the cayenne sort.

SUNDAY READING.

THE LOST PENKNIFE.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

RICHARD ROSS was going home
from school one day when he saw a
handsome penknife lying on the ground.
Now a knife was of all things just what
Richard wanted, and the sight of this
one made his heart jump for joy. He
caught it up eagerly, pulled open the
bright blade, and feasted his eyes on the
white pearl handle and shining steel.

"I'm a lucky fellow," he said to him-
self, and then he started for home at a
full run to tell his brother and sister of
his good luck and show his beautiful
knife.

"I wonder who could have lost it?"
said brother Charley.

"It's more than I know or care either,"
replied Richard. Finding is keeping.

"Suppose you had lost it," said grave
brother Charley.

"Oh, bother!" answered Richard with
some impatience. Charley's suggestion
had fallen like a wet blanket, as we say
sometimes, on Richard's self-satisfaction.

"Somebody must have lost it," said
Charley.

"Maybe it was Mr. Ellis," suggested
sister Marion. "I saw him going down
the road half an hour ago."

"I don't believe it's his knife," spoke
out Richard, who was not feeling quite
so comfortable as when he came in.

"I'd ask him if I were you," said
Charley.

Richard made no reply to this sugges-
tion. Suppose he should ask Mr. Ellis
if it was his knife, and he should say yes?
He would of course have to give it up.
The thought was anything but agreeable.

"Suppose," said Charley, looking up
from his book that evening as they sat
round a table studying their lessons, "you
had lost that knife, Richard?"

"Why can't you let the knife rest?"
answered Richard, half angrily. "It's no
concern of yours."

"But I can't help feeling sorry for the
one who lost it, said Charley. "It's such a
beauty of a knife, and maybe was a gift
or keepsake. Or, maybe, a little boy or
girl bought it with the money saved up
for months."

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Richard,
using his favorite word when things
didn't go smoothly with him. "What's
the use of supposing all that? The knife
is mine now. If I hadn't picked it up,
somebody else would. When a thing's
lost, it's lost, and there's the end of it.
If people are careless enough to drop their
things in the public road, they mustn't
expect the finders to run all through
creation to look them up. Finding's
keeping the world over."

"It isn't according to the Golden
Rule," answered Charley. "Let me read
it."

"Oh, never mind about the Golden
Rule! What has that to do with my
finding a penknife?" returned Richard.

"We shall see," and Charley, who had
opened a New Testament that was lying
on the table, read: "As ye would that
men should do to you do ye even so to
them."

"Well I don't see anything about find-
ing a penknife there," said Richard.
"Do you?"

"Yes," answered Charley.

"Then your eyes are sharper than
mine."

"If you had lost a penknife, and Tom
Link had found it, wouldn't you be glad
if he were to ask all round for the owner
instead of keeping the knife and not say-
ing a word about it? Of course you
would! And you would say that Tom was
a nice fellow—so unselfish and honorable
—and all because he had done as he
would be done by—had kept the Golden
Rule."

Richard looked very sober at this, for
it brought the matter home to him as he
had not seen it before. There was some-
thing about this penknife in the Golden
Rule, and he was beginning to see it.

And now a gradual change began to
come over his feelings, for he was able to
put himself in place of the one who had
lost the knife, and to feel sorry for the
loss. He took it out of his pocket, and
turned it over in his hands.

"It is beautiful," he said, "and the
person who lost it must feel very badly.
It isn't my knife, though I did find it,
that's clear."

"And you never could enjoy it," said
sister Nell, "because you'd be always
thinking how sorry the person who lost it
must be."

"Maybe I would. Anyhow, I'm going
straight over to see Mr. Ellis in the
morning, and ask him if he lost it."

And he did so.

"Why, Richard!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis,
when he saw the knife, with a glow of sur-
prise and pleasure on his face. "Where
did you find it? It is one grandma sent
to Horace for a birthday present, and I
lost it on my way home. This is his
birthday, and I have been so annoyed
about the loss."

"I'm glad I found it for you," said
Richard. And he felt glad as he hand-
ed Mr. Ellis the beautiful pearl-handled
knife.

From the next day Richard received
from Mr. Ellis a fine four-bladed pocket-
knife, worth, for real service to a boy, a
dozen such as the one he had found, and

the pleasant note that came with it made
him to use his own words, "feel good."
He could enjoy this knife, because it was
really his own. Nobody had lost it, and
so no thought of what another had lost
could intrude itself and mar the pleasures
of its use.—*Children's Hour.*

A Word to Young Men.

It is as easy to be a good man as a poor
one. Half the energy displayed in keep-
ing ahead that is required to catch up
with behind, would save credit, give more
time to attend to business, and add to the
profit and reputation of those who work
for gain. Be prompt; honor your engage-
ments. If you promise to meet a man, or
do a certain thing at certain moment, be
ready at the appointed time. If you go
out on business, attend promptly to the
matter on hand, then as promptly attend
to your own business. Do not stop to
tell stories during business hours. If
you have a place of business, be there
when wanted. No man can get rich by
sitting around stores and saloons. Never
"fool" on business matters. Have order,
system, regularity and promptness. Do
not meddle with business you know
nothing of. Never buy any article you do
not need, simply because it is cheap, and
the man who sells will take it out in trade.
Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh
words and personalities. Do not kick
every stone in the path—more miles can
be made in a day by going steadily on,
than stopping to kick. Pay as you go.
A man of honor respects his word as he
does his bond. Aid, but never beg. Re-
lieve others when you can, but never give
what you cannot afford to, simply because
it is fashionable. Learn to say No. No
necessity for snapping it out dog fashion;
but say it firmly and respectfully. Have
but few confidants. Use your brains
rather than those of others. Learn to
think and act for yourself. Be vigilant.
Keep ahead rather than behind the
times. Young man, cut this out, and
place it, by careful perusal, in the golden
store-house of your brain, and if you find
that there is folly in the argument, let us
know.

Anecdote of Horace Greeley.

Fanny Fern tells the following story of
her first meeting with Horace Greeley.
He agreed to take tea at her house, and
Mr. Parton gave her special injunction to
have some stale bread on the table, as
Horace G., he said, never touched hot
biscuit.

This was accordingly done, and when
the great editor sat down to supper, a
large supply of dry bread was placed
close to his place. He, however, was not
content with this, but peering across the
table in his near-sighted way at the bis-
cuits opposite, he stretched out his arm
and proceeded to help himself, and actu-
ally made his entire meal of them. Mrs.
Parton expressed her surprise at this, and
said:

"Why, Mr. Greeley, I read the Tri-
bune for so long a time, that I thought
you abominated hot bread."

"Fanny," replied the sage Horace,
helping himself to another biscuit, "do
you always practice what you preach?
I'm sure I don't."

Female Magnetism.

A commander in the royal mail service
found his steamer some thirty miles out
of her course. He was sorely troubled,
and could not account for the local at-
traction that had sent him so far out of
his way. Instruments and calculations
appeared equally faultless. Sorely trou-
bled, from having passed a sleepless, watch-
ful night, the captain went on deck after
breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting (as was
her custom) and working near the bin-
nacle, it occurred to him that probably
the scissors were resting on the ledge of
it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and
bent on closer investigation, he discover-
ed that the chair had an iron frame. It
also, quite reasonably, flashed across him
that the lady's ample crinoline was ex-
tended by steel hoops. So, mustering all
his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much
forgiveness and as little reproach in his
tones as possible—"Madam, you have,
by your local attraction, drawn my ship
some forty miles from her course!"

The Potato in 1586.

The potato in its early cultivation, met
with strange vicissitudes and great opo-
sition. The stern old Puritans opposed
its cultivation and denied its lawfulness
as an article of food because the plant
was not mentioned in the Bible! Sir
Walter Raleigh carried the plants to Eng-
land from this country in 1586 and put
them in his garden. His gardener thought
the green potato apples were the potatoes,
and expressed his disgust to his master
at such products. He was told to pull
up the weeds and throw them away. In
doing so he found the true potatoes,
more than a bushel in quantity; he hur-
ried back to Sir Walter in a very happy
humor; to show him the sample and
make known the discovery. So late as
1725 it was only cultivated in gardens in
England and Scotland. During a period
of more than one hundred and fifty years
after Sir Walter introduced it into Ire-
land, it failed to rise superior to the
prejudices of English cultivators.

A lady in Pickway, Ohio, packed
away her silverware into an old clothesbag,
and forgetfully sold the lot for three cents
a pound.