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A Full Assortment of  
**THE CELEBRATED YORK BOOTS,**  
Hand or Machine Sewed, Whole Stock and Double  
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Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction,  
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**M. B. SPAHR,**  
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**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
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523-26.

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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.

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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.*

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

**T**HE 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 **BRILLIANT**, and entirely reliable. After long series of various 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 BRILLIANCE** 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

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**SIMMONS' IMPROVED PATENT FILTERS.** First premium received at American Institute Fair, 1870. Reversible Hydrant Filters, price \$2.00. Also, Syphon Filters for country use.

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

**SAMUEL SMITH.**

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**Proposing for a Husband.**

**I**T was very dark without, and the wind blew in fitful gusts. The old oak in front of the house groaned dismally.—the gates were purst 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 intending 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 replied, "that Mr. Brown's house was robbed. They do say," and here my voice fell to whisper, "that an organized band of thieves is going round the country."

"Mercy!" 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. Nothing 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.

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

My story, you see, is told. In a minute or two cousin Sam started for the collar, 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 proposed to me, just now. I think I'll accept 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 everybody, to this day, that I proposed to him, and not he to me.

**A Wonderful Story.**

**I**T is said that the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary for life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. 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 believed for some thousands of years, bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever, but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has now been lost. Meanwhile

Professor Gusselbach adds many proofs in support of his idea; among others his experiments during the last ten years, which he says have always proved successful. 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 undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections apparently without sustaining any harm. The Professor 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, promising to restore him to life in two years. It is understood that the man who undergoes this experiment is to be pardoned. Whether the Swedish government has accepted or rejected the learned chemist's proposal is not known.—Ex.

"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 nothing 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, intending to fasten the shutters securely.

I had gone more than half way across the cellar, following the wall, then the window 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 myself, 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 impossible for me, I knew; my only hope of escape was through the window; and toward 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-

**SUNDAY READING.****THE LOST PENKNIFE.**

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

**R**ICHARD 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 himself, 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 suggestion. 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 finding 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 saying 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 something 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."