

Boots! Boots! 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.

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, CHIFFONS, 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 get the latest fashions from New York every month.

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.

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 oil, 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.

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.

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., 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, 1517 Philadelphia.

New Carriage Manufactory, ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST., New Bloomfield, Penna.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

Carriages Of every description, out of the best material. Sleighs of every Style,

built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.

Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish 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 promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH, JAMES B. CLARK, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

New Bloomfield, Pa.

KEEPS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves, TOBACCO AND COAL OIL WOOD.

Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine the stock.

SUNDAY READING.

TEACH US TO WAIT.

BY FROBER GARY.

Why are we so impatient of delay, Longing forever for the time to be? For thus we live to-morrow in to-day, Yea, and to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled To let kind nature do her work alone; We plant our seed, and like a foolish child We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now, We cannot wait for the appointed hour; Before the fruit is ripe, we shake the bough, And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see That the sad night is mother of the morn; We cannot think our own sharp agony May be the birth-pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast, And cry that death has triumphed, life is void, We do not trust the promise, that the last Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints, And heart and flesh grow weary at the last, Our feet would walk the city of the saints, Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear— To know that all Thy ways and times are just, Thou seest that we do believe, and fear, Lord make us also to believe and trust.

Search for Happiness.

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health and give happiness to his mind.

The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot, whereupon the patient set out in pursuit of such a person.

After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness.

Pursuing the direction given, the traveller was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board.

Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means, I may also become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to your request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum that thou mayst name shall be thine."

"I seek not this wealth," said the cobbler, "but—"

"But what?"

"The truth is—I have no shirt."

The Order for the Execution of Jesus Christ.

Among the manuscripts which were probably burned in the recent conflagration of the archiepiscopal palace at Bourges, in France, the most remarkable was, without doubt, the order for the execution of Jesus Christ, which was the personal property of De la Tourd' Auvergne.

The order runs thus: Jesus of Nazareth of the Jewish tribe of Judea, convicted of imposture and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, Emperor of the Roman's, having for this sacrilege been condemned to die on the cross by sentence of the judge, Pontius Pilate, on the prosecution of our lord, Herod, Lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea, shall be taken to-morrow morning, the 23d day of the Ides of March, to the usual place of punishment, under the escort of a company of the Praetorian guard.

The so-called king of the Jews shall be taken out by the Struena gate. All the public officers and the subjects of the Emperor are directed to lend their aid to the execution of this sentence.

(Signed,) CAPEL, Jerusalem, 23d day of the Ides of March, year of Rome, 753.

Love in the Household.

There is one place where love is more nearly supreme than anywhere else, and that is where success has been achieved more nearly than anywhere else.

I refer to the household. There the fountain of love is never sealed. There love is more nearly on the pattern of love in heaven than anywhere else.

That is the bright spot of human history. While nations have gone on, voluminous, vast, dark, with desolation on every hand, groaning and travelling in pain until now; while there have been outward conflicts innumerable; while the world has been full of confusion and crying and misery, there have been in all lands houses with families secluded in them.

And that which the State lacked, and business lacked, and all men outside of the household has possessed, Equity, justice, forgiveness, have flourished in the household.

Comforts of the aged Christian: Bright faith, high hopes, clear weather— shadows all pointing towards the eternal morning.

Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

AN UNPLEASANT-PREDICAMENT.

THREE girls domiciled in the very next room! There's an end of my writing for one month, at least!

Kenneth Ross pushed his papers into a confused heap, and lighted a cigar in a sort of quiet despair.

"There is my cousin Flora, Alice Aymer, and Rosa Fernald—blue eyes, black eyes, and melting grey. By the way, that little monkey Rosa isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of filbert-brown hair, and big grey eyes, and cheeks where the blood flutters like pink pennon."

Rosa Fernald would make a tolerable study for my next heroine. I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho!"

Kenneth Ross paused a moment, as the peal of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment.

"They're laughing at me, I'll wager my opal scarf-pin. Girls always think a bachelor fair game; they've no more respect for the dignity of man than so many Brazilian monkeys!"

And Mr. Ross looked rather complacently in the mirror opposite, which reflected an oval brown face, with shining black hair and mustache, brilliant dark eyes, and a mirthful spirited mouth.

Tap! tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door, even while he was engaged in taking this personal survey of himself, and he had just time to take his heels off the table before Miss Flora Edgeworth put her sunshiny little head into the room.

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"

"Yes."

"May we come in?"

"Why, you'll come in, whether I grant permission or not, and I may as well say yes."

"I just want the girls to see what a dear little scholarly den you've got here, all hung with pictures and meercchauns and deer horns, and darling dimal skulls and—"

Flora threw open the door, and admitted her companions—rosy, laughing damsels of eighteen and twenty-one.

"Here he is, girls; the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds!"

"Now, I tell you what, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half-smoked cigar deliberately out of the window, "I'll trouble you to be a little less unceremonious!"

For Alice and Elora had pounced on his loose manuscript, and were already laughing over the rather illegible chirography.

Miss Fernald stood near the door, a little confused, and very pretty, in her blushes and uncertainty.

"Alice! Flora! don't!" she appealed.

"It's no use, Miss Rosa!" said Kenneth, despairingly. "Girls, will you be so kind as to leave my writing-desk alone? There's no use in looking into that drawer, either, unless you are particularly interested in blacking brushes and old boots."

"How can you, Flora?" pleaded the shocked Rosa.

"Oh, my! girls," twittered Miss Edgeworth, ecstatically, "here's a bottle of real Farina Cologne; Out with your pocket handkerchiefs—quick! Go on, Ken; what were you saying?"

But Mr. Ross preserved a stately silence.

"Don't be cross, Kenneth," said Flora, sprinkling a scented dew on her yellow curls from the slender, foreign-shaped bottle. "We're going to the post-office now. Rosa Fernald has written a twelve-page letter to her sweet-heart out in Canada."

"Flora," exclaimed Rosa Fernald, turning scarlet.

"And," pursued the relentless Flora, "we're going to post it. Come, girls; the sun is getting more oppressive every moment."

And the next moment Mr. Ross was left alone in the summer silence of the room, with heavy musk roses nodding at the open casement, and the dreamy murmur of maple boughs and far-off bees in his ear.

"A twelve-page letter to her sweet-heart!" pondered Mr. Kenneth, with a very ominous contraction of his eye brows. "She must have had something very interesting to write. I wonder who he is. Canada, eh? I wish it was Van Dieman's land!"

Mr. Ross rose from his easy chair, and began to walk up and down the floor.

"It's too confounded hot to breathe here!" he said, impatiently taking up his straw hat. "I'll go and take a tramp in the woods. Twelve pages! what could she have found to fill up twelve pages?"

Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in planting a rankling thorn in her cousin's breast, all unconscious though she had been.

The sun was low in the cloudless Western sky when Kenneth Ross returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-fashioned country house was very still, as he ascended the oaken staircase, and went absently along the corridor toward his own apartment.

—for there is Flora Edgeworth's white saphyr shawl on the bed, and Rosa's black velvet Derby hat, and no end of ribbons, and gloves, and lace collars on the bureau. I don't see how I ever came to make such a blunder—I must have been in a brown study!"

He balanced the coquettish little black velvet "Derby hat" on his hand as he spoke.

"So this is the fashionable style of chapeau, eh? It certainly is a fact that women borrow their chief dress ideas nowadays from the nobler sex. This hat is just a fac simile of my last summer's tile, and that little sacque with the big horn buttons is my cut-away coat over again! I wonder now whether Rosa's little hat would fit me?"

Mr. Ross adjusted the article of dress jauntily on one side of his curls, and viewed himself, not ill-pleased in the mirror.

"Upon my word it don't look so bad, only this long, flapping veil is confoundedly in the way. And now where's the sacque? A little tight in the sleeve, but otherwise quite a decent fit, if a fellow holds his arms well back. There's Alice's blue muslin dress. I've two minds and a half to put it on, just for the joke of the thing!"

A momentary silence ensued, broken by the rustling of muslin.

"Don't meet round the waist by a good six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder what makes the thing draw on the floor and cling round one's legs so!"

"Oh, I know—the crinoline ought to go under."

For the "dignity of manhood," we are reluctant to chronicle the fact that our hero, intent on his *tableau solitaire*, did actually then and there proceed to the closet, and piratically take down a hoop-skirt, which he solemnly put on.

"Jupiter! how comical it feels!" he ejaculated, with an amused face. "Why I shouldn't dare to go within a yard of a vase or a statuette, and I'm quite certain I should swamp all the chairs and tables I came near! Both this trailing muslin—always in the way!"

For Mr. Ross had unthinkingly plunged his masculine foot through the delicate fabric of the dress.

"I'm not certain but that I should make quite a nice-looking woman," mused Kenneth, strutting backwards and forwards before the mirror, with his Derby hat balanced daintily, and the blue muslin revealing about a foot and a half of calf-skin boot and trousers. On the whole—Tomb of the prophet! is that the girls?"

Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate jerk at his "sacque," and a pull at the crinoline, but all in vain.

The sweet gay voices, intermingled here and there with a ringing laugh, or a snatch of song, drew nearer and nearer.

For an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat would be simply impossible.

"I must stay and face it out," he then thought, with a cold perspiration breaking out on his forehead; "but hold on, there's the closet. It's just possible they will only stay here a minute or two."

And Mr. Kenneth Ross, totally oblivious of the "majesty of man," fled precipitately into the closet, tumbling over his crinoline and muslin in a most disastrous manner, and hopelessly splitting open the seams of poor Alice's sacque.

"Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key?" he thought, as the girls screamed into the room. However, I can hold tight on to the door-handle if any one attempts to get in. If—by Jove—if the girls should see me in this rig, I should never hear the last of it. I don't see either why I'm not obliged to play eavesdropper against my will."

He leaned up against the shelves, and breathlessly awaited the progress of the events.

"Why," ejaculated a soft voice—Rosa's own—"where's my Derby? Was I careless enough to leave it down stairs? Flora, you have hidden it!"

"I wonder what you'll accuse me of next?" said Flora in an injured voice.

"You told Mr. Ross that Cousin Simon's letter was to—to—"

"Your sweet-heart? Well, he ought to be, I'm sure. Mr. Simon Montrose is the handsomest young man I know."

"Oh, Flora, he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

Rosa Fernald, be honest," said Flora, speaking distinctly, with two or three hair-pins in her cherry mouth; "which do you like best—Cousin Ken or Simon Montrose?"

"Flora!"

"Tell me now, honestly."

The answer came in a low, half inaudible voice—

"Kenneth!"

The heart under Alice's sacque gave a great joyous jump.

as that!" sobbed Flora. "Call Uncle John. Bring a revolver! Alice, do look and see what it is!"

"No; you look," faltered Alice, retreating behind the bureau.

"I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernald, bravely advancing to the rescue, "But when the door handle refused to turn, even she was scared."

"Some one is holding the door inside. Call the men."

"There is no necessity," quoth a voice from behind the panels.

And the next moment the closet door flew open, disclosing a tall form in blue muslin and crinoline, and a countenance whose utter sheepishness can never be described.

"Cousin Ken!" shrieked Flora.

"Mr. Ross!" faltered Miss Fernald.

"Why, it can't be possible!" ejaculated Alice.

And then the three girls clung to each other in irrepresible paroxysms of laughter.

"The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth, confusedly, "I want some one to help me off with this mouse-trap of a hoop-skirt! Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split your sacque open, but—Well, if you don't stop laughing, I can't explain; that's the long and the short of it."

But Rosa Fernald had stopped laughing already and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet.

She had just remembered the words carelessly spoken in that very room, not five minutes ago.

In a remarkable short space of time Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adornments, and fled ignominiously, followed by the peals of laughter of his cousin and Alice Aymer.

Rosa—strange little piece of contradiction—had begun to cry.

"Poor little thing! she's hysterical," said Aunt Meg, who had just appeared on the scene.

But Rosa Fernald was not hysterical. The full, delicious moon of summer was in the mid-heaven that night, as Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden, moodily puffing at a cigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving quiet Warburgh to avoid the girls' sarcasm.

"I was a fool," quoth Kenneth aloud, "but—Who's there?"

It was Rosa, with two or three white-clove pinks in her hand, coming from the lower part of the garden.

And, by the full, brilliant moonlight, Kenneth saw the traces of tears on her cheek.

"Rosa, you have been crying!"

"No, I haven't?"

"And, to prove the truth of her assertion, Rosa began to cry afresh.

"Look here, Rosa," said the young man, gravely, "I have been thinking of leaving Warburgh to-morrow."

Rosa cried on.

"But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay, if—if—you'll only tell me to my face what you told my cousin when I was hidden away like a great foolish rat in a trap, Rosa. Speak to me, little one."

"What shall I tell you?" faltered Rosa.

"That you love me! that you will be my wife!"

And she told him so, in the language lovers best like to hear.

And Mr. Kenneth Ross stayed in Warburgh, and braved the ridicule of Alice and Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on his side.

But he never read the girls any more homilies on the dignity of manhood, or the majesty of human nature.

To use Miss Flora's expressive language, "it wouldn't have gone down."

Entrapping Monkeys.

We are sorry to learn that monkeys, whose dignity has been somewhat increased of late by certain philosophical discussions, are not altogether beyond the reach of the vices and temptations which beset their degenerate posterity. In Darfour and Senaar, Africa, we are told the natives make an intoxicating drink of which the monkeys are exceedingly fond. A mean advantage is taken of this weakness by the negroes to take captive its unwary victims. Vessels of this drink are set out where monkeys most do congregate, and soon a company of revelers will gather and screech and get fuddled in almost as disgraceful a manner as that which is so common among young men. When the little fools have lost all power to comprehend their situation, or to control their movements, in come the wicked persons who placed temptation in their way, and each man will take a monkey by the paw and lead him away, even as misguided youth in a similar condition are led away to ruin; another will catch hold of this one for support, and so on until the negro has in tow a line of twelve or fifteen staggering apes, which he secures in a cage before they know what is going on, or recover the control of their legs.

The newest thing in the way of medical advice is to wear goggles—the purpose of preventing sunstroke—the theory of some theorizing avian being that these attacks are due to the action of light upon the brain exerted through the eye, and not, as is generally believed, to an elevation of the temperature. Possibly so. But let us look at the case from both sides. Wouldn't a healthy, full-rigged, sensible man rather be sun-struck than wear goggles?