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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 laborious 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.

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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.

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.

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UNCLE PELEG'S STRATAGEM.

"TELL you it's all nonsense," said Uncle Peleg. "Charity—benevolence—pity—it's all played out! Your big fairs may be all very nice, but people don't come there because they pity the poor; they come because it's fashionable!"

Horatia Mere shook her pretty head. "You see, child," said Uncle Peleg, taking snuff, "you're on the wrong platform ever to get a peep behind the curtain. You're an heiress, and you're tolerably good looking, and have a way that people like, and therefore the world puts its best foot forward, so far as you are concerned. If you were Mrs. Sikes, the washerwoman, or Betty, the orange-woman, you'd see quite a different aspect of things."

"Nonsense, uncle," said Horatia, still unconvinced. "Be a good darling, old Uncle Peleg, and let me have the *Triomphe de Grande* strawberries in your south garden border for my refreshment table. Remember I'm to sell strawberries and cream, and I want my table to look the best in the room."

"Who do you suppose will buy your strawberries, at the outlandish price you'll put upon them?" he demanded sourly.

"Everybody," Horatia answered, saucily. "Come Uncle Peleg, be generous and graceful, and say I shall have them!" Uncle Peleg again took snuff.

"On one condition you can have them."

Horatia clapped her white, rosy hands. "And that—"

"Just wait until you hear," said the old man, dryly. "You can't have my fifty quarts of *Triomphe de Grande* strawberries, each one as big as a pigeon's egg, until you have first sold a dozen quarts from door to door."

Horatia opened her brown, wondering eyes like twin wells of hazel light. "I, Uncle Peleg?"

"You, niece Horatia! And I am to specify the houses where you are to go."

"It will be fun," cried Horatia, with a gay laugh, "I'd just as soon do it as not."

"Perhaps it will be fun, perhaps it won't," said Uncle Peleg. "At all events, I want you to get one glimpse, at least, of life through a strawberry woman's eyes."

"And I am to be disguised, Uncle Peleg?"

"To be sure you are. Miss Horatia Mere would have no difficulty in disposing of her wares; a friendless strawberry girl is different."

"All the more delightful—a regular *tableau vivant*!" cried Horatia, merrily. "Well, uncle, where am I to go?"

"I'll write down a list of names for you, that shall be culled out of your dearest friends—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Dysart, Miss Ferrars and the like."

"They will all buy!" cried Horatia.

"We'll see," Uncle Peleg said. "Are you willing to buy the *Triomphe de Grande* at such a price as this, Horatia?"

"At any price," the girl answered, gleefully.

"You don't know how disagreeable you may find it."

"It will be a perfect adventure!" said Horatia, recklessly.

"But mind, you're to keep it a secret."

"As the grave," his mischievous niece answered with mock solemnity.

"Miss Horatia Mere would scarcely have been recognized by her nearest friends, when she was dressed for the curious part she was to play 'for one day only' as she declared. A calico dress; thick boots in which her tiny feet felt unwonted clumsy, a much-worn water proof cloak, borrowed from Mary Ann, the cook, and a worsted hood enveloped in a faded black veil, and a basket hanging over her arm—these were the details of her costume."

"Strawberries!" she cried, raising her sweet voice to "C. above." "Oh, Uncle Peleg, it will be such a joke!"

And she tripped away delighted at the prospect of playing at the realities of life.

Uncle Peleg looked after her rather doubtfully, as he resorted mechanically to his unerring panacea for all human ills or perplexities, the snuff box.

"I'm almost sorry I sent her on such an unpalatable errand," he said to himself; "but it's just as well she should learn to see the world as it really is. Her life has been *coulour de rose*, and no wonder. The strawberries will be a dear bargain after all!"

While these eccentric reflections were passing through the old man's brain, Horatia Mere had already reached the first house on her list inhabited by Mrs. Montague, a lady who had always professed the sweetest and most saintlike character, whose voice was soft and low, and who spoke in six syllabled words of Websterian elegance.

Mrs. Montague herself was in the hall as Horatia rang the door-bell.

"If ye please, ma'am," said Bridget, "it's a girrel sellin' strawberries—will we buy a quart?"

"Strawberries indeed! and at the upper door!" shrilly cried Mrs. Montague, in a voice that for an instant almost compelled Horatia to doubt the lady's identity. "Don't you know, better, girl, than to bring your trumpery wares to the front door? What do you s'pose base-

ment bells were made for? Clear out, this minute! What are you standing there for? Don't you hear what I say?"

And she took hold of Horatia's arm and assisted her progress with a vigorous push.

Mrs. Dysart came next—an elegant widow with an ivory pure complexion; curls like the tendrils of a grape vine, whose obstinate rings she was always lamenting. This time our heroine knew better than to go to the front steps, and made her way meekly to the area bell.

"Strawberries, is it?" said the little girl who came to the door. "I'll ask the missis!"

Mrs. Dysart herself presently came to the door, and Horatia started to see the marvelous dissimilarity between Mrs. Dysart of society and Mrs. Dysart at home. Her skin was allow, wrinkled and blotched, here and there, from the too frequent use of powerful cosmetics, her hair was screwed up into little *capitules* secured by pins, making a perfect *cheveux de frise* of her head; her beautiful figure was lathy and straight like a pump draped in calico!

"Strawberries! of course not at this season of the year," said Mrs. Dysart, snappishly. "I'm not made of money!"

And she slammed the door in Horatia's face.

"Miss Ferrars will buy them at all events," said Horatia to herself. "Lucille Ferrars was always noble-hearted and generous."

"How much are they?" said the fair Lucille, coming to the head of the basement stairs, in a *dishabille* of greasy cashmere and a soiled white apron.

"Eighteen cents a basket."

"Pshaw!" said Lucille, superciliously. "As if I was going to pay such a price as that! I'll give you ten!"

"They are unusually fine," said Horatia, timidly.

"I shan't give a cent over eleven!" Horatia turned away.

"I wonder you fruit girls have the face to ask such a price!" said Miss Lucy Ferrars, fingering her purse strings.

"Twelve, there—and that's more than they're worth!"

"I cannot sell them under the price I have named," persisted Horatia, shrinking from the sharp, glittering eyes.

"Go about your business then!" said Lucille. "I'll see the whole tribe of you starve, before I'll be imposed upon so!"

Horatia felt herself disenchanted. Could it be possible that this shrewish miser was her soft-voiced friend, Lucille Ferrars?

"Perhaps Uncle Peleg's views of human nature may not be so very much amiss, after all," she said, with a half-sigh, after she had made some half dozen or more pilgrimages, and more than half of her berries remained unsold.

Mrs. Parker's house was the last on her list. Horatia had let it remain until all the other places had been visited, she herself could hardly have told why—perhaps because Justus Parker had been her partner in the "German" the night before. She liked Justus Parker—yet she somehow distrusted his gentle, nice and smooth manner.

"I am afraid it's all 'put on,'" she said to herself. "But Uncle Peleg was determined I should go there, and I will not shrink, now that the ordeal is so nearly over."

The servant requested her to go up and see the young lady herself—"she's in her own room mostly."

Horatia had heard of Laura Parker's lingering spine disease, although she never had seen her. And her heart beat slightly as she ascended the softly-carpeted flight of stairs, carrying her basket of berries.

Justus was sitting on a low chair beside his sister's sofa, at the further end of the room; he rose and came forward as the stranger entered.

"This basket is too heavy for you to carry," he said, taking it from her arm and moving forward a seat, with a sort of unconscious chivalry.

"It is not so heavy as it seems," said she, somewhat bitterly, "and if it were I am nothing but a strawberry woman."

"But I suppose a strawberry woman has feelings and sensations like other people," said Justus Parker, smiling. "Sit down a moment, while my sister looks at your fruit."

"You must be very warm," said Laura Parker, gently. "Lay back your veil. Justus please ring for a glass of water. Horatia accepted the water, but refused to unfold her veil. It was altogether too good a medium for her to observe the quiet tenderness with which Justus Parker treated his invalid sister—the open Bible on the table, the fresh flowers by the sofa, all mute tokens of thoughtful love and care.

Miss Parker bought half a dozen baskets of berries, without a word of exception to the price.

"They are the finest I have seen this year!" she said. "You must come again when you have more."

Horatia Mere's cheeks were burning when she made her escape at last, both basket and heart considerably lightened.

"Well, uncle!" she cried, gleefully, when she at length reached home, "I have earned the *Triomphe de Grande*!"

"Have you been to all the places?"

"Yes, all!"

And she told him her adventures, with playful humor.

"Not a bad day's work," said Uncle Peleg, laughing.

Miss Horatia Mere had the handsomest refreshment table and the best sales of any young lady at the fair, and Justus Parker was her favorite customer.

The result of the fair, not an uncommon one, if all reports are true, was one wedding if not more. Horatia Mere was married to Mr. Parker; but not until after the honey moon did he know of how his aristocratic little bride had sold strawberries!

"Was it wrong of me?" she asked, wistfully.

"Under the circumstances, no," Mr. Parker answered gravely.

A Fly Story.

A gentleman making a call at the house of a friend was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion, and on inquiring the cause, was answered:

"Oh, we are very much annoyed here; we have an intolerable nuisance. A rat has come to finish his existence under the floor of our large drawing room. We do not know the exact place, but we cannot endure the stench any longer. So we have rolled up the carpets, removed the furniture, and called in the carpenters, who are just commencing to take up the floor, until we find the nuisance."

"Now don't be to hasty," said the visitor; "you need not pull up more than one board. I will show you what I mean presently; and meanwhile, shut down the drawing-room windows, and close the door behind me as soon as I return."

He then stepped down the front steps into the garden, walked round the house to the stable, and after a few minutes' absence, came back to the drawing-room with both hands tightly clasped, so as to enclose something between them. Placing himself in the center of the drawing-room, he opened his hands, and out flew two large blue bottle flies, and buzzed around the room for a second or two. But presently one of them lighted on a certain plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other insect.

"Now, then," exclaimed the visitor, "take up that board, and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found underneath it."

The carpenters applied their tools, raised the board, and at once found the source of all the unpleasant smell.

Clergymen in a Bad Fix.

OUT in Ohio recently twenty Baptist clergymen, who were attending a convention, went down to a secluded spot on the river in the afternoon for the purpose of taking a swim. These score of brethren removed their clothing and placed it upon the railroad track close at hand, because the grass was wet.—Then they entered the water and enjoyed themselves. Presently an express train came round the curve at the rate of forty miles an hour, and before any of the swimmers could reach dry land all their undershirts, shirts, socks and things were fluttering from the cow-catcher and speeding on towards Kansas. It was painful for the brethren, exceedingly painful,—because all the clothing that could be found, after a painful search, was a sun umbrella and a pair of eye-glasses. And they do say that when those twenty marched home by the refulgent light of the moon that evening in single file and keeping close together, the most familiar acquaintance with the Zouave drill, on the part of the man at the head with the umbrella, still hardly sufficed to cover them completely. They said they felt conspicuous somehow; and the situation was the more embarrassing because all the Dorcas societies and the women's rights conventions and the pupils at the female boarding school seemed to be prancing around the streets and running across the route of the parade. Most of the brethren are now down on immersion and altogether in favor of the use of water only in sprinkling.

How Pat Kept a Secret.

A short time ago, a lady and gentleman were married very quietly in the country, and proceeded in their carriage to spend the honeymoon among the lakes, the gentleman giving strict orders to his Irish footman on no account to state to inquirers that they were newly married. When leaving the first inn on the road the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and pointing to the gentleman mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him! that's the man!" On reaching the next stage the indignant master told his servant that he had divulged what he had impressed upon him as a secret, and that he had told the servants at the last inn that they were a newly-married couple.—"Be jaber, an' it's not true yer honor," replied the servant. "I told the whole kit that yer honor and your honor's lady (God bless her!) wouldn't be married yet for a fortnight!"

The electricity generated by a rapidly-moving belt from the fly-wheel of the large engine that drives the works in Patterson's building, Hartford, develops electricity enough to ignite a gaslight situated at least six feet from the belt. By presenting the knuckles of one hand to the belt, and the point of the fingers of the other to the burner, the gas will be instantly ignited.

The Enchanted Mountain.

IN one of the north-eastern counties of Georgia is a natural curiosity, called from Indian tradition, the Enchanted Mountain. The mountain is not large, and there is nothing remarkable about it until you get to the top, when human tracks, or impressions in the solid rock, which appear to be human tracks, are seen. How these wonderful tracks came to be impressed on the rock of this mountain is one of the many mysteries of this mysterious land of ours. There were a great many traditions among the Indians in regard to this mountain, but none of them are satisfactory, and it probably never will be known who it was that left the tracks upon the summit of the enchanted mountain. One of the Indian traditions is curious, for it shows that they had a vague idea of Noah and the flood before the advent of the white man. The story has been handed down among the aborigines that it was the landing place of the great canoe after the deluge, and the tracks were made by the people in the canoe as they stepped upon the rocks, which had been made soft by long inundation.

One of the tracks and the largest one is seventeen and a half inches in length, and seven and three-quarter inches wide. Unlike the others it has six toes. This must have been Noah's track, and if there was anything in the Mosaic account of the flood concerning the size of Noah's feet we might have confirmation of the Indian tradition. The size of the track would indicate that he wore eighteen.

There are one hundred and sixty impressions of feet and hands visible on the face of the rock. The smallest foot-track is four inches in length and of perfect shape. Another tradition is that a great battle was fought there, and the large track with six toes is that of the victorious commander. This is essentially Indian, as their ideas of mental greatness were circumscribed by physical size.

A Singular Story.

A SINGULAR story is told of a person who held a promissory note of another's which had run for several years, but which, on maturity, he found he had put away so carefully that he could not find it. He therefore called on the one who had given the note, stating that he had lost it, and proposing to give him a receipt as an offset to the note if it should ever be found. To his surprise, the person owing the money not only declined to this, but positively denied ever having given such a note, saying he owed him nothing. Without legal proof, he was of course obliged not only to let the matter drop and lose the money, but also endure the suspicion of trying to obtain money under false pretense. Several years passed away without the note being found, when the person who owned the note, while bathing in the Thames one day was seized with cramp, and rescued by companions just as he had become unconscious, and sunk for the last time.—The usual remedies were resorted to to resuscitate him; and though there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for some days. On the first return of sufficient strength to walk, he went to his book case, reached down a book, opened it, and handed the long lost note to a friend who was present, stating to him, that while drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, never to rise again, there instantly stood out before his mind, in a moment, seemingly as though a picture, every act and event of his life, from the hour of his childhood to the hour of his sinking in the water; and among his acts the circumstance of his putting this note in a book, the name of the book, and the very spot it stood in the book case. Of course he recovered his money, with interest.

Hog Stealing.

In the old Virginia laws for the year 1679, is the following in regard to stealing hogs, which shows that those animals were duly appreciated:

"The first offense of hog stealing shall be punished according to the former law (to pay 4,000 pounds of tobacco, and in case of inability, to serve two years,) upon a second conviction the offender shall stand two hours in the pillory and lose his ears; and for the third offense he shall be tried by the laws of England, as in case of felony."

Interest Money.

A good story is told of a rather verdant agricultural laborer, who, having by hook and by crook scraped together fifty dollars, took it to his employer, with a request to take care of it for him. A year after the laborer went to another friend, to know what would be the interest on it. He was told three dollars. "Well," said he, "I wish you would lend me three dollars for a day or two. My boss has been keeping fifty dollars for me a year, and I want to pay him the interest for it."

Two countrymen gazing around a Saratoga hotel, the other day, were approached by a lady wearing a fashionable trail. One of the party dodged it, but the other walked straight across it, and on finding his error apologized with, "I beg your pardon, madam; I thought you had passed sometime ago."