

Boots! **Boots!**

A Full Assortment of

THE CELEBRATED YORK BOOTS,

Hand or Machine Sted, Whole Stock Double Sole and

Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction,

Manufactured and For Sale to the Trade by

M. D. SPAHR,

340 NORTH YORK, PA.

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 returned from Philadelphia, with a full assortment of the latest styles of

MILLINERY GOODS,

HATS AND BONNETS,

RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS,

FEATHERS,

CHIGNONS,

LACE CAPES,

NOTIONS,

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.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as I get the latest fashions from New York every month. (Goffering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE ICKES,

Cherry Street, near the Station,

536 13 Newport, Pa.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.

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

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 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 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.
- 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 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.

All orders should be addressed to

JARDEN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS,

126 South Front Street,

15 1y Philadelphia.

New Carriage Manufactory,

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

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,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.

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

All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,

TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

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

A WONDERFUL STORY.

The Gettysburg Compiler tells the following remarkable story:

For some six weeks past the people of Middletown, Adams Co., have had quite a sensation, or, more properly speaking, a series of sensations, in consequence of certain strange occurrences on the premises of Mr. Jacob Sheely.

The facts are briefly these: On Saturday, July 8th, about 6 o'clock in the evening, Mrs. Sheely hung a new vest which she had just washed and done up for her husband, on a lattice work fence to dry. About half an hour after hanging out the vest she called at a neighbor's house, and on her return, which was about 7 o'clock, the vest was missing, and could not be found, notwithstanding the most diligent search. The place where the vest was hung is about 16 feet from the kitchen door. The evening in question was a damp, rainy one, and the atmosphere was calm, precluding the possibility of the vest's being blown away by the wind.

On Tuesday, July 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Sheely left home on a visit to their friends, and before going locked both outside doors and fastened all the windows except a few on the second story that cannot be reached from the outside except with a ladder.

On their return home, about noon on Thursday, the 13th, both outer doors were found locked as they had left them, but on going up stairs Mrs. Sheely was astonished to find the doors all open and a number of her dresses and other wearing apparel, as well as some of her husband's clothing, strewn promiscuously over the floor in one of the sleeping rooms. She at once, and before touching any of the articles lying on the floor, called her husband and a young neighbor's girl who happened to be there. On closer examination they found the following named articles missing, viz: 7 shirts and a vest belonging to Mr. Sheely, and a lady's new dress and overskirt, 1 pair of lady's gaiters, a muff, six or seven lady's collars, and a veil—all belonging to Mrs. Sheely.

On the evening of the next day, being Friday, the 14th, Mrs. Sheely, while sitting on the front porch, heard a noise at the window on the first story, at the gable end of the house she saw a man in the act of cutting the putty from a pane of glass. She at once ran to the store of Sheely & Brother, and informed her husband of what she had seen and heard.—Immediately a dozen or more men rushed to the spot and made a search, but in vain. Mr. Sheely, who arrived first, saw a man lurking around the corner of the stable, 75 or 100 yards distant, but on going there no one could be found.

On Wednesday of the next week, or the week after, she is not certain which, the lady's dress, taken first was brought back and thrown into the stable. The dress was not damaged much save that the overskirt was missing and the ruffles to the underskirt were torn off. The lining of the muff with the tassels was also brought back at this time and placed in the stable.

On Thursday of the following week about 7 o'clock in the morning, while Mrs. S. was engaged washing the breakfast dishes, she espied a man looking out of a door at the barn, and going there found the man gone, but found instead lying behind an old store box, the upper part of one of her gaiters taken previously, and with it the overskirt of the dress returned the previous week, to which was pinned a paper containing the following notice: "Be on your guard if you sit on the porch."

The overskirt was badly torn and mutilated, and was greased and soiled in a shameful manner, and smelt as if it had lain for a long time among old bacon.

This, as a matter of course, caused great excitement, and everybody went in search of the author or authors of this mischief, but without success.

About noon of the same day Mr. Peter Steinour, a young man in the village, happened to look into the barn and saw something white lying near where the goods that were brought back in the morning were still lying. Mr. Steinour at once reported the fact to Mrs. Sheely, who on examination found it to be one of her husband's shirts previously taken. The shirt was considerably torn and greased.

About 4 o'clock of the same day there was a shower of rain and Mrs. S. went up stairs to close the windows, and found everything in order. After the shower she again went up to open the windows, and when she came down all was right. Half an hour later Mr. Sheely, coming home wet, went up stairs to change his clothing, and found everything in confusion. On examination, three of Mrs. S.'s dresses and one of her shoes were found missing, as also three more of Mr. S.'s shirts and one of his calf-skin-boots. Besides, there were taken at this time 2 lady's collars, 3 handkerchiefs, a fan and a pair of cotton gloves, with a lot of ribbons, bows, &c.

At this time also Mrs. S.'s hat was very much mutilated and the ribbons with which it was trimmed were torn into shreds and thrown into a paper box. There was also taken at this time, from a pantry on the second story, a large ham from which had been used two cut-

tings for a small family. In the evening it was noticed that a 20 penny nail used in fastening a window in the kitchen loft was broken after being slightly bent.—The window in question faces east, and overlooks the roof over the bake-oven, from which it can be easily approached. The window bears marks of having been forced open with some powerful instrument applied from the outside. All this while the family were in the house and a dozen or more armed men were watching in the vicinity!

On Monday morning following, the 7th, of August, between 7 and 8 o'clock, while Mrs. Sheely and a neighbor's girl were in the kitchen at work, they suddenly heard a noise in one of the rooms up stairs as of some one tearing clothing.—The alarm was given immediately, and some of the neighbor's women watched that no one escaped from the house until the men came. Going up stairs the men found one of Mr. S.'s shirts and one of Mrs. S.'s dresses torn to shreds and lying on the floor.

Careful search was made in every part of the house, and all around it, but no clue to the mystery could be found.

On the following morning, being Tuesday, August 8th, between 8 and 9 o'clock the strangest part of all these wonderful occurrences happened. While Mrs. S. was stirring the fire in the cook-stove in the kitchen, a door leading from the kitchen into a small sleeping room suddenly, as if by some supernatural power, unlatched and opened, and again closed as by the same power.

Mrs. S., frightened, stood as if riveted to the spot, and called for help.

Mr. S., who happened to be not far off, rushed into the house, and at the same moment his brother, Daniel Sheely, who had been in a room up stairs watching came to the rescue; and, together with some of the neighbors, entered the room and found three large pieces cut out of the bed curtain as if with a sharp instrument. The pieces cut out were irregular in shape, and, strange to say, did not seem more than half as large as the holes left in the goods. Otherwise everything was found in order. The window was examined and found securely fastened, and the door leading into the front room bore no evidence of having been recently opened.

Middletown, the scene of these strange occurrences, is a quiet village seven miles north of Gettysburg, and the house in which they take place is a medium sized two-story brick, with a one and a half story kitchen attached. The dwelling of Mr. Hezekiah Hoffman is next on the north of it, some 15 feet, and is separated from it by an alley; and on the east side there is a building occupied as a shoemaker's shop.

The family of Mr. Sheely consists of himself and wife, who is a modest, quiet young woman, of about 21 years, and apparently in perfectly health. There is no use trying to account for these occurrences on the theory that the family or any one immediately connected with it has been doing this mischief, as any one will admit who will take the trouble to acquaint himself with this case in all its bearings and surrounding. All in all, this is one of the strangest cases that has engaged the attention of this community for a long time, and is well worthy of investigation by those who have a taste for the marvelous.

Queer if True.

On the authority of two persons of veracity, a correspondent of the Albany Journal tells this: They saw a wasp riding on a green worm one and a half inches long. How far he had ridden they did not know, after they saw him they watched him until he had ridden all of twenty-five feet. Occasionally the worm would stop, motionless as though he was dead, when the wasp, after a little, would spur him up, and then the worm would go on. The wasp would keep the worm in as direct a course as he could. After a while the worm stopped, and the wasp dismounted and quickly ran and moved a little stone or a piece of ground about two inches from where the worm lay, and then seizing the worm by the head drew it into the hole. Presently the wasp came out, put on the gravel top over the hole, covered the stone over, and seemed to be getting ready to fly, when they killed him, and then dug down about two inches and dug out the worm, which was dead.

Death from Fright.

A Kentucky man who attempted to cross a high railroad bridge at Shepherds-ville, in that State recently, stumbled and fell between the ties, but fortunately managed to grasp a tie with his hands and there hung dangling, with 100 feet of sheer fall beneath him. He was utterly unable to regain the top of the bridge, and he hung on with a death grasp until his cries brought assistance. Lifted from his perilous position he was led off the bridge, and sat down for a few minutes, apparently overcome by the danger through which he had passed. Then he got up, as he said to go home, walked a few steps, and fell to the ground dead. Physicians who carefully examined his body say that there was no bruise or wound sufficient to disable him, much less cause death, and are of the opinion that his death was caused by fright.

An Original Obituary Notice.

THE editor of the Colorado Herald had occasion to leave town for three or four days, and he committed his paper during his absence to the charge of a young man, a novice in journalism, whom he had just engaged as assistant. Before leaving he instructed the ambitious young editor not to permit any chance to go unimproved to force the paper and its very small subscription price upon the attention of the public.

"Always keep before your mind the fact that the object of this paper is to extend its circulation," he said, "and whenever you see a chance to insert a puff of the Herald in any notice you may make, pile in as thick as you can.—Keep the people stirred up all the time, you understand, so that they will believe that our paper is the greatest sheet in the United States."

The parting tear was shed, and the editor left. The following night, while he was far away from home, his wife died very suddenly. Upon the assistant developed the unpleasant duty of announcing the sad intelligence to the public.—He did it as follows:

"GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

"We are compelled, this morning, to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor, who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the Herald a first-class journal. Last night, death suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away from her domestic hearth (the best are advertised under our first page) Mrs. Agatha Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the Herald. Terms, three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother, and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flight of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee mother, we shall miss thee! Job printing solicited. Funeral at half past four, from the house just across the street from the Herald office. Gone to be an angel now. Advertisements inserted for ten cents a line."

Discovery of Coffee.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue he stopped near a grove. There being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree which happened to be covered with berries.—His meal being cooked and eaten the traveler discovered that the half burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this, he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! the almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength as to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the Mufti of his discovery. The worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor, that in gratitude to the tree called it *cahuah*, which signifies force. And that is the manner in which coffee was discovered.

If a young lady wished a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No Spectator, no Observer but as many Times as you like.

We wish to add that she would like it done with Dispatch, no Register or Journal kept of it, and for him not to Herald it, or mention it to a Recorder, nor Chronicle it abroad. Her lips should be the only Repository, and the Sun should be excluded as much as possible. Should a Messenger get it, the World would soon know it, for the News is now carried by Telegraph, where it was formerly done by the Courier, who was always ready to Gazette it. In the act the Press upon her lips should be light and the Union perfect—that is our Standard of kissing—first assuring ourselves that no Argus eye was upon us, and the only Reflector present was the Mirror.

According to a printer's types, an old lady recently read on item in one of the papers describing how a grindstone burst in a saw factory, and killed four men. She just happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in the cellar, leaning up against the wall. So she went out and got an accident insurance policy, and then, summoning the hired girl, and holding the pie board in front of her, so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out in the alley, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown on it, and a stick was stuck in the hole, bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it's a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before this.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and a smooth-rolling prosperity.

It's a Gal.

Between Kenosha and Milwaukee, an agent of the Travelers' Insurance Co. of Hartford entered the car and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterward appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tickets. "I got my ticket down to Kenosha."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam, I want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident."

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my darter, who's married up there, and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's been married two years and a half, and that's the first child. It's a gal."

Agent still louder:

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against accident?"

"She's got along first-rate, and is doing as well as can be expected."

Agent, at the top of his voice:

"I am an insurance agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accident?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

A Long Branch correspondent

tells the following story of the great Southern turfman, W. R. Johnson: A friend of my friend, Colonel Battle, of North Carolina, is the best story teller at the branch. He's descended from Colonel Johnson, and has a yarn about him. You've heard of Colonel Wm. R. Johnson, haven't you? What? Never heard of Colonel Johnson? Then just as soon as you sober, go home and ask your father who Colonel Johnson was; he'll tell you. Why, everybody knew Johnson. He was the kaiser of the Southern turf in the good old days when Fashion (I mean the horse) was a baby, and ere Flora Temple had been spoken of. Well, he used to come North sometimes, and when the famous horse Boston, passed into his possession he took him over to the Long Island course and matched him against Fashion. There was an awful crowd. All the sporting men far and near were there, and the colonel went all he could beg borrow or steal, on Boston. He even wanted to stake the clothes on his back. Sad, however to say, Fashion won the race. While standing in the crowd, brooding on his hard luck, the Colonel felt the hand of a pickpocket thrust into his waistcoat. Without making any motion to arrest the would be thief, he exclaimed, "Oh, pick away. You're welcome; Boston's beaten."

Only a Joke.

A few nights ago, three young fellows of Washington county, who had been at court, were riding homeward on horseback, and when they came to a cross roads where they should separate, they all stopped to talk a moment. While there, a man came riding hastily along, and thinking he, like they, had been out 'sparking,' determined to find out who he was and where he had been. So they called out in sport, "Stop, thief! halt!" The rider spurred past, and the one who had to go the same road galloped after him, still hallooing. The stranger then wheeled his horse into a fence corner, and took to the woods. The young man called to the stranger to come back, that it was only a joke, but he did not come. The young man took the horse back to the cross roads, and put the horse in a hotel stable. The next morning a neighbor discovered his horse missing, which proved to be the one the stranger had abandoned so mysteriously, and which he had stolen. There's at least one good result in late courting.

The Advantage of Printing.

Mr. B., a well-known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into the printing office with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's gittin' a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes is not what they was. How much do you ax?" "Fifty cents." "Can you have it done in half an hour? Wish you would—want to be gottin' home." I live a good way out of town." When the old lady went out he sent around to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor sakes a massy!" exclaimed the old lady when she came to look at it, "how good you've fixed it! I never saw nothing so curious as what printers is."

A Novel Post Office.

In a letter from Palmyra, Missouri they tell some amusing anecdotes of one of the earliest settlers there. He was the first postmaster. If a man wanted a letter he would be compelled to hunt up the postmaster, and would be very likely to find him in the field, ploughing. On inquiry if there was anything in the post-office for him, the postmaster would stop his team, sit down on the ground, and removing his hat, take out the letters deposited there, running them over to see if there was one for the applicant. "I declare," he would sometimes remark, "this post-office is increasing so, I shall be compelled to buy a bigger hat."