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

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

M. D. SPAHR,
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 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,
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.

Carson's Stellar Oil

FOR
ILLUMINATING PURPOSES.

- 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,
136 South Front Street,
Philadelphia.

New Carriage Manufactory,

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CABLE 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,
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JAMES B. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.,

KEEFS 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 work.

MOTHER AUSTIN'S PLOT.

JULIUS AUSTIN was a rich farmer. He owned many and fertile acres near the city of Buffalo, into which a lad drove, every morning throughout "the season," with fruit and vegetables gathered from the "old Austin place," as the farm was called. Julius was good-looking enough, and in a general way, pretty sensible; but he had some striking peculiarities of character. He dressed with such a critical observance of "the fashion," that when abroad, he might have been considered a walking advertisement, had his tailor's name only been appended to his habiliments. And as to his hair—why, bless you, one would think that the wind dared not touch it, ever so lightly. Every particular hair always kept itself in a just so sort of way, as though it had been glued in position. Julius was young, too—certainly not more than twenty-five or six, so that age could not have rendered him what his neighbors averred he was: "a man as odd as the day was long."

One day Julius entered the room where his mother, who was the presiding genius of his house, sat knitting with a gloomy mien. He had been hoeing beans in the garden, and his mother, from the window where she was sitting, had noticed that every now and then he had straightened himself, and with his left hand resting on his hoe, had gesticulated with his right and made sundry motions with his head in a manner which convinced the old lady that "Julius had something bearing heavily on his mind," so she was not at all surprised when he left his work and came into the house. But she was not quite prepared for the announcement.

"Mother, I shall have to get married."
"Law bless you, Julius—how you do talk!"

"It's just here," continued Julius, as he twirled his hat on his left forefinger. "You know Molly is going to set up for herself in a month, and you are troubled so much with the rheumatism that you won't be able to get around to see to things, and Sally needs some one right at her elbow. She don't cook worth a snap since Molly has been busy over her wedding fixings. She hasn't brought in a meal this fortnight that was fit to eat. Why, the stomach of a horse couldn't stand such puddings and pies as she makes."

"Well," said Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully, "I s'pose all you've got to do is to say the word. You and Bessie Barton have been keeping steady company nigh about a year."

"Bessie Barton is no wife for me. I would as soon think of marrying Sally, there in the kitchen, as her."

Mrs. Austin dropped her knitting and looked over her spectacles at her son in amazement.

"Why, Julius. What's the fuss?"

"There's been no great fuss, only I told her that if John Gillman wants to court her now as bad as he used to, I shan't stand in his way. To come to the point, mother, I want a wife who knows how to cook and fix all sorts of victuals, and do it up brown, too; and I've found out that Bessie can't get up an ordinary dinner that anybody but a starving man could swallow."

"And you used to be always harping about the good dishes they served at Henry Barton's."

"Guess you haven't heard me say anything about the dinner I ate there yesterday," said Julius, dryly, and Mrs. Austin shoved her spectacles up over her forehead and exclaimed:

"Dear me! Now, Julius you don't say so?"

"Yes—Henry would have me stay. Mrs. Barton was sick abed, and the hired girl was away, so I had a chance to find out that the good dinners I'd had there before weren't cooked by Miss Bessie, for of all dinners I ever tasted, my yesterday's one was the cap-sheaf. The beef was burnt black, and the pudding was soggy, and the salad was enough to make a dog sick."

"No wonder, Julius," said Mrs. Austin, somewhat anxiously, for Bessie was her particular favorite. "No wonder, I should think, with her mother sick and needing to be waited on, and the girl gone, and half a dozen extra hands to work in the harvest. One pair of hands can't do everything, nor one head think of everything at once. I know that much."

"Nonsense, mother. It's no more work—and I've heard more than one say so—to cook for a dozen than one when a body is about it. Isn't it just as easy to roast a large piece of meat as a small one, and to stir up a big pudding as a little one?"

This was man's logic, and Mrs. Austin being only a woman, of course could not meet it; so she made no answer.

"To tell the truth," Julius pursued with a small measure of embarrassment, "I'm sorry—not that I found it out, for it's a lucky thing for me that I did—but that it so, for in other respects Bessie is as smart as steel." And Julius looked for the moment as though to give her up caused him real pain.

Mrs. Austin was not so disappointed as to let the curiosity said to be so natural to her sex remain long dormant.

"Well, Julius, who are you going to marry?"

"That's just what I don't know myself, but I've hit on a plan by which I can get the kind of wife I want without the bother of courting. I've written an advertisement stating my needs, desires, &c., and this afternoon I shall take it to the printing office."

Mrs. Austin dropped her knitting again and ejaculated:

"Dear me, what is the world coming to? Here he wants to do away with the good old fashion of courting, and marry a perfect stranger. What heathenish nonsense?"

"Old fogyism is passing away. The world is growing wiser," said Julius, sagely as he folded a closely written sheet of paper which he deposited carefully in his pocket, then tapping the pocket significantly, he added, "This will get me a wife that you will be proud of. Mark my words about that."

While Julius had been conversing with his mother he had likewise been busy in brushing his hair, adjusting his collar and putting on his coat, and now taking his hat and gloves, he went out, saddled a horse and took his way to the city for the express and only purpose of having his advertisement inserted in one of the dailies.

Mrs. Austin watched him until he disappeared, with a troubled countenance, then suddenly a shrewd smile flitted over her face. She arose from her seat, saying:

"Yes, Julius, I shall be proud of the wife that I am going to help you to get. I know all about these things, and I'll warrant Bessie was mortified near about to death over that very dinner. She knows how to cook. I've been there to tea when I know she made the cake and biscuits and had them light and rich as a cork and baked to a turn."

How much richness there might or might not be in a cork, Mrs. Austin did not stop to consider, but telling Sally to have the bay mare before the buggy, the little woman made herself ready for a drive.

The next day Julius drew from his pocket a newspaper and showed his mother a long and very explicit matrimonial advertisement to which the not very poetical name, "Peleg Pinchbeck," was affixed.

Suddenly Mrs. Austin was wonderfully taken up with her son's plan for getting a wife.

"She couldn't see after all," she said, "why the advertisement wouldn't be just the thing."

The next day brought a half dozen letters in as many different styles of writing in answer to the advertisement. Julius proudly showed them to his mother, who declared "that she was sure every one of them came from somebody's men folks, the writing looked so manly."

She excepted one, however, which was certainly delicately penned and signed "Dora Mead."

"You don't want to write to the whole posse, do you?" said his mother. "If I were you I'd begin with this little dainty one."

So Dora Mead's letter received an answer. More came from her and were promptly replied to, and at the end of a fortnight Julius felt intimately acquainted with a lady he had never seen. He knew her age, color of hair and eyes, and what was of more satisfaction to him, he knew that she could prepare the most tempting dishes fit for a prince, for by his desire she had written out and sent him her methods for making various sorts of edibles. These recipes Mrs. Austin had indulged her son by "trying," and Julius had been enchanted by the luscious results, and the happy fellow was sure that this is the easiest manner possible he had found a woman worthy to be his wife.

Julius was so perfectly satisfied that he did not ask permission, nor desire to see the future Mrs. Julius until he should see her in her bridal robes. The day for the wedding was finally set, and Julius was a little surprised, and a good deal vexed when Dora insisted upon the wedding taking place at Henry Barton's. His family, she wrote, were the nearest kin she had in the world, and since they were perfectly willing, she should very much prefer being married at their house.

"I don't believe I care anything for Bessie now," muttered Julius, as he read Dora's letter. "I'm determined I won't any way, since I am going to marry another, but—well, confound it, I don't like the notion of having Bessie by when I am married; but Dora seems so set about it I supposed I shall have to let her have her way."

Julius was uncommonly serious and reticent, as, with his mother by his side he drove to the house of Henry Barton on the day appointed for his wedding. He was going to the very house where he had passed so many happy hours with Bessie. Going there to be married, not to her, as his heart at this late hour told him he should be, but to another, one whom he had never seen, about whom he knew nothing save that she could name ingredients, and the quantity of each, necessary to make certain delectable dishes. But was not this enough? Julius tried to reason with himself that it was. He thought of Bessie's spoiled dinner,

and tried to steel his heart more sorely against her, but in vain, he was in Bessie's home—breathing the air she breathed, seeing the scenes with which she was familiar. Her birds were singing in the cage over his head, her flowers were blooming in the window. Everything spoke to him of her. He felt that moment that he loved her only, and he was thinking of her when his thoughts should have been given to his bride, until some one came for him. The few guests who had been invited, and minister, were waiting in the parlor, and the bride was in readiness.

Mechanically Julius followed his conductor to the room where for the first time he was to behold his bride. The door was thrown open. His mother was in the room looking mysteriously mirthful. Two or three of the neighbor's girls, who, from their dress, were to act as bridesmaids, were there, and Bessie, also dressed in white, with a few pale roses in her hair.

But where was the bride?

Julius stood in awkward silence looking about the room.

"You wonder where she is; Dora Mead I mean," said his mother. "Come, Bessie, don't stand there blushing; so come forward and let this dainty epicure know how he has been outwitted."

Bessie looked almost ready to sink with shame. Covering her face with her hands she dropped into a seat.

"Lawful sakes!" said Mrs. Austin, persuasively; "you needn't take on so, just because your name is Bessie Barton instead of Dora Mead, and as for you, Julius, I know by your looks that you're anything but sorry that there's no Dora here to meet you; though," she whispered, "you'd better step up and ask her over again."

And Julius was only too happy to do as his mother suggested; and when he led his bride, blushing "celestial rosy red" before the aged minister, who can tell how many degrees happier he felt than an hour before he had expected that the event of his marriage with Dora Mead could make him.

The Dutchman's Clock.

A DUTCHMAN being asked why he did not have a clock in his house explained it as follows: "Val, you see, de udder night after I shut up de shop, I feels a little dirsty, like what a man will feel sometimes, you know, and I says to my old voo-man, I beleaf I goes up to de corner and get a glass of beer. I goes up, you know, and gets my glass of beer, unt vile I was a sittin dere, in comes Yanke Kline and says, Heinrick, better you come mit me and take a glass of beer. Val, I say, I don't keer ven I do, unt so I goes mit him and takes de glass of beer. And den, already, after, a little vile, in comes Yon More unt Peter Myer, unt some uder fellows, und dey all ax me to come mit dem unt take some beer. Val, I goes mit 'em, unt ve all got to trinkin und singing mit songs, und I guess I got pretty drunk. Ve vas having a good time generally, unt I stays mit dem fellers till it was about tree o'clock. Ven I finds out vot time it is, I think now mine wife will gib me der teufel ven I goes home. Anyhow, I say I vil schlip town unt git in te house, und schlip in te bet mit der olt voo-man, unt I don't vill vake her up. Val, you know I vas a keettle trunk, unt I stummels ober some tings vot vos on de floor unt de olt voo-man she vakes up and says, 'Oh! ho! Mister Heinrick, dis is a fine time to pe a coin home? vot time is it hey?' O, I say don't gife yourself so much trouble, tisn't more leffen o'clock. Now, yust ven I tells de olt voo-man dat it vas leffen o'clock, de clock calls me a liar, und strikes tree. Dat makes me mat, you know, unt so I knocks him off de mantel biecc unt breaks him to biecces."

Determined to be Married.

A youthful couple, the boy sixteen, and the girl probably fourteen, from a neighboring county in Kansas, presented themselves before Justice Ransom, of Kansas city, with the request that he should marry them. The justice informed them that he could not do so without the consent of their parents or guardians. The boy was somewhat backward, but this was no failing to the other. She told the justice that she knew what she was about; she had come to get married, and she intended to go through with it. "Sure enough, can't you marry us?" she finally exclaimed.—"No, sis, I can't replied the justice. With that she sailed out with head erect, saying, "Come on, John, we can find some one who is not so particular." And sure enough, in a few hours she returned, all smiles, triumphantly shaking her finger at the justice, saying, "I told you so; we're married, and now we'll go home."

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me their was particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand discovers no real mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing—only the iron in God's is gold.

SCIENTIFIC READING.

A Chapter on Needles.

THE earliest needles made were "square-eyed," a shape most readily produced. It was with square eyed needles that Mary Queen of Scots wrought those beautiful tapestries for the walls of her prison cell. After many fruitless attempts, drilled-eyed needles were successfully brought out in 1826, and two years later the burnishing machine, which gave a beautiful finish to the eye, was introduced. In this later process, as now carried out, the needles are threaded on steel wires which have been "roughed" with a file and hardened. The ends of these wires are then attached to a steam machine by which the needles are made to revolve at an enormous speed with an oscillating motion around the wires.

Previous to the year 1840, needles were hardened in water, during which process the majority became crooked, and straightening the crooks was, in consequence, an occupation for a considerable number of workpeople. In the year mentioned, however, a Redditch manufacturer revived the practice of hardening in oil, and the result was that crooked needles were the exception instead of being the rule. This so exasperated the crook straighteners that they mobbed the enterprising manufacturer out of the town, and for some time great tumult prevailed. Eventually, however, the revived process came to be generally adopted. A pointing machine is the latest invention of importance in the needle trade. On this invention, Messrs. Bartlett & Woodward—two excellent authorities—thus reported a little while since:

The needle-pointing machine is an English invention, though it is not generally supposed to be so; and its forerunner which, though not perfect, approached so nearly to perfection as to alarm the pointers, was some years ago purchased by them and broken to pieces on "Redditch Church Green. The needle-pointing machine is only partly used in this district. A grooved grindstone, revolving at great speed, is employed to grind the end of each wire into the desired shape. To this grindstone the wires are applied from an inclined plane, on which a number are placed ready to cut to the length required. By means of a disc, surrounded with caout-chouc, revolving slowly in a direction transverse to the grindstone, a continuous supply of wires rapidly revolving in succession is supplied to the stone, and the same disc causes the wires to revolve while being pointed. In Redditch and the neighborhood needle-making now employs something like 800 workpeople, a considerable proportion of whom are females. The earnings considerably vary, those of children ranging from 1s. 6d. to 5s., women, 8s. to 15s., and men, 12s. to 40s., per week.

A needle has to pass through seventy pairs of hands before it is considered to be finished and ready for use; a subdivision of labor to which may be attributed the combination of excellence and cheapness in the production of these articles.

Discouraging to Beer Drinkers.

Genuine beer is as hard to find as pure ale or porter. Not only are malt and hop beers largely adulterated, but beers are made without malt or hops. Sugar, honey, molasses and liquors are used for malt; alum, opium, gontian, quassia, aloes, cocculus, indicus amara, tobacco, and unux for hops; saltpeter, jalap, salt, maranta, green copperas, marble dust, oyster-shells, egg-shells, sulphate of lime, hartshorn, shavings, nut-galls, pot-ash, soda, &c., to prevent souring. The beautiful cauliflower head often comes from green vitriol, alum and salt. The smack of age, and the tingle to the palate often comes from vitriol. Take your ale, beer and porter if you will, but remember its strength or intoxicating qualities may be due to the deadly cocculus indicus, fox-glove, henbane, mullum, and nux-vomica, and the narcotic power to opium, tobacco and grains of paradise, smack your lips at the tingle of lime and pepper, and exult in the foam of copperas and lime. Is there not death in the beer-mug?—Dr. E. G. Dalton.

An Irishman one fine morning went out in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet but the gentleman who owned the estate. Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly advanced toward the gentleman and said, "The top of the morning to your honor! and what brought your honor out so early this morning?" The gentleman replied by saying, "Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast;" and then eying Paddy rather suspiciously, said, "and now, Paddy, what brought you out so early this morning?" Paddy replied, "Indade, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite."

A Practical Education.

Father (who has imbibed the prevailing prejudice against a liberal education)—"I see you've been and put my son into grammar and jog'aphy. Now, I don't want to make no preacher and no sea-captain outen him, and these studies ain't no use. Give him a practical business education."