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M. E. SPAHR,
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 Special Attention Paid to Orders.
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MILLINERY GOODS,
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CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.
 This is not the lowest priced, but being such 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.
 The proprietor of this Oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for the public, 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
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 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.
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Sleighs of every Style,
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JAMES B. CLARK,
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Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,
 TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!
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IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

By F. DELACY.

MAJOR JOHN PARKINSON was a good-looking bachelor who had lived forty-five years, but one who had taken such good care of himself that he was really quite a young man. He had gone out to India when only fifteen years old and was now returning after a thirty years absence, the possessor of an ample fortune, most of which he had already sent to America for investment. The major did not like boarding houses and had therefore written to his agent in New York to purchase and have fitted up for him a comfortable residence in some good neighborhood.

On a cold rainy November evening the "Ghundaree" entered the harbor bringing the Major once more to his native land. He eagerly hastened to the office of his agent for information regarding the location of his new home, determined to pass the first night of his arrival under his own roof. On reaching the office of Mr. Smith, his agent, he learned that he was absent but the key had been left for him accompanied by a note regretting that business in the country compelled the writer to relinquish the pleasure of personally greeting the Major on his arrival, but assuring him that he would find his house in complete order, with servants to minister to his wants.

Though sorry the agent had not been able to meet him personally, the Major made the best of it, and turned to the card attached to the key for instruction, as to the location of his residence and saw written thereon: "No—Wakely street, but what number, unfortunately the card did not say! "However," muttered the Major, "I can't go very far wrong, as it says, between Hudson and Vandam streets. At the worst, it is only trying the doors along with my key until I come to the right one."

And the Major strolled briskly off through the rain, humming to himself, "Home, sweet home."

After much inquiry of policemen and consulting of directories at corner drug-stores, and studying of cabalistic characters on the street lamps, our Major succeeded in discovering Wakely street—a broad, handsome street, lined on each side with substantial looking brownstone houses.

"A very good neighborhood," thought the Major, approvingly; "very good indeed. I don't object to this sort of thing at all. Smith is certainly a capital judge of real estate. Now I wonder which of these houses belongs to me?"

They were all painfully alike—all with handsome bay-windows on the first floor, imposing flights of stone steps, and vestibules of blue and white checked marble. The Major crept softly up the steps of one, and applied his key under the silver-plated knob.

It wouldn't fit. This certainly could not be the house; moreover, he felt unpleasantly like a burglar, as he sneaked down the steps again.

He tried the second door, and then the third. Both obstinately declined to yield to the gentle persuasion of the key.

"This is beginning to get awkward," thought the perturbed Major, wiping the beads drops from his brow. "Suppose I should be obliged to spend the night out here, trying to get in! Besides if I'm not careful, I shall be arrested the next I know, and my first night for thirty years in my native land will be spent in the station house. I'll try one more door, and if that doesn't prove to be the right one, I'll go to a hotel."

He slipped the key into the keyhole; it revolved noiselessly, and the door swung softly open on its polished hinges.

"The right one at last, as I live!" chuckled the Major. "Furnished like the Governor General's, and all lighted up by Jove! That good-hearted rascal, Smith, means to give me a surprise. I see through it all, now; but I don't intend to be surprised at anything after this."

He looked around. The gaslights were burning brightly in hall, reception-room, and parlors; the soft, summer-like atmosphere of a furnace dispelled all lingering idea of cold or wet; and there were groups of merry guests moving to and fro to the inspiring notes of a grand piano.

"Smith never told me a word about the place," thought Major Parkinson; "but it's a good idea—a capital idea. Called unexpectedly in the county, eh? Ah, he's a sly dog, is Smith."

He placed his dripping umbrella in the stand, and deliberately hung up his hat and overcoat on the elegant black walnut hall-rack, and then he came and stood in the doorway, both hands serenely joined under his coat-tails, and a beaming smile upon his countenance, which showed all the white teeth to very good advantage.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed a portly lady, in black velvet—"Who is that in the doorway?"

"Aha," laughed Major Parkinson, complacently rubbing his hands; "you intended to surprise me, but you didn't after all. My dear madam, how do you do?"

"Sir, I don't know who you are," said the lady of black velvet, rather grimly,

failing to recognize the Major's offered hand.

"Dear me, aunt Rosa, chirped a younger lady—she certainly could not have been more than eighteen, and was as fresh and blooming as a rosebud—tripping forward, "Don't you see it's cousin John?"

The Major looked puzzled; but it would have been very rude for him to back churlishly out, when such a ripe pair of cherry lips were put up for him to kiss, and such a dimpled pair of arms were around his capacious waist.

"I never knew that I had such a pretty cousin," was the Major's internal reflection; "but I dare say it's all right. Smith knows."

"And here's cousin George, and Stephen, and aunt Margaret, and her girls!" cried the cherry-lipped damsel, eagerly pulling him forward.

Major Parkinson shook hands with them all round, feeling that he had just come into a large and unexpected inheritance of relations.

"I knew the Ghundaree would be in to-night!" cried one of the girls, clapping her hands. "We have been counting the days cousin John."

"The Ghundaree! Then I'm all right, after all," thought the perplexed Major. "I was beginning to think there might be some awkward mistake here, but the Ghundaree settles matters."

"Oh! and here's grandma!" exclaimed the irresistible cherry lips, dancing backward and forward like a pretty little Dervish. "Grandma he's come! I knew he would be here to-night. Come and speak to grandma, quick, cousin John."

And the Major was pulled along by the sleeve of his coat toward a silver-haired old lady, with a white lace cap, and a string of enormous gold beads round her shriveled throat.

"Well, John, I do declare!" cried grandma. "Who would have thought the climate of India would have changed you so? Why, you used to be tall and slim, like a beanpole; but I suppose it's the hurricanes and earthquakes, and all that sort of thing that has settled you down so short and stout."

Major Parkinson did not know exactly what to say to this, so he shook the old lady's hand, saying:

"How do you find yourself this evening, ma'am?"

"And you haven't even asked after Clara—poor Clara!" chimed in the eighteen-year-old girl.

"Oh, ah, pardon me!" stammered our hero. "I was just going to inquire after Clara."

The lass with the cherry lips beckoned to a tall, graceful girl in the bay window, not exactly young, but still passing pleasant to look upon, with large gray eyes and soft, drooping curls of glossy brown.

"Clara!" she cried. "Come! haven't you a word of welcome for cousin John?"

But the graceful girl shrank back, blushing and confused.

"Don't mind her!" said the other one, in an undertone.

"No I won't!" said the Major.

"She'll be all right presently."

"I dare say she will!" answered our hero.

"But it is such nonsense!" went on the elf, whom the matrons addressed as "Grace." "Now Clara, you know it is, when you are to be married to him in less than a week!"

Oh! This was beginning to grow a little serious. Married! In less than a week! He Major John Parkinson, who had lived a life of contented celibacy for five and forty years!

In spite of his resolution not to allow himself to be surprised, the Major felt the sensation creeping rapidly upon him, not only of surprise, but also a species of dismay! Married! He blushed more vividly than Clara's self.

Surely it was time for an explanation now; and he was just opening his lips, when Grace whirled him round, standing on tiptoe to whisper, knowingly in his ear:

"Don't you want to see the wedding cake, cousin John? and the wreath? and the veil?"

Without waiting for an answer, she tiptoed him into another room, pulling him along by the coat-tail.

It was very embarrassing, to be sure; but then how pleasant it was!

The veil was a heap of snowy lace, like a cloud of vapor, the wreath was all orange blossoms, woven in with tiny green buds, but the cake! The cake was a miniature mountain of icing, and frosted flowers and cupids, chiseled in sparkling white sugar, clinging round the bouquet of white flowers on the crest.

"Only think of it," said Grace, a little thoughtfully, as she pulled an orange blossom into its place in the chaplet, "to have the wedding-day so near, after an engagement of fifteen years! Oh, cousin John, you ought to be a very happy man!"

"I will explain! thought the bewildered Major, breaking into a cold perspiration! "Yes," he began, aloud, "but I—"

"You'll show me the ring, won't you?" coaxed Grace, as if with a sudden thought. "That's a darling! for of course you have got it in your vest-pocket. And what have you brought for Clara? An India shawl, of course; and

I hope it's very very splendid, for there is nothing in all the world too good for our Clara."

"Grace," said the Major confidentially, taking her hand in his, "I want to tell you something. It's very awkward, but it isn't really my fault, and I'm sure you'll forgive me, when you come to hear how entirely I have been the victim of circumstances."

Grace's blue eyes grew big; her cherry lips parted—what could it be?

"Well," she ejaculated breathlessly.

"I'm not cousin John at all!" said the Major, with a jerk. "It's a mistake! I am Major Parkinson!"

"You—are—not—John—Milward!"

"No, I'm nothing of the sort," said our Major, visibly brightening up. "But I knew John Milward very well. I came over with him in the Ghundaree, and if he's your cousin John, you've got a splendid fellow for a cousin!"

And then the Major told Grace just exactly how it all happened, and she blushed and laughed, and wondered how they could all have been so stupid, and confessed that "after all, she didn't think he had been so very much to blame!"

"Except that you oughtn't to have kissed me back so heartily," Grace added maliciously.

"I won't next time," said the Major humbly.

"But fifteen years in India—it would of course alter any one so completely," she said; "and what can become of the real John?"

She conducted him back to the parlor, where he made his excuses as fluently as he could. Grandma was a little inclined to be offended at first, and Stephen, a muscular young man, muttered some half-inaudible words about punching the Major's head for him. But fuller explanations restored a friendly feeling once more, and the pater-familias, sensible man, insisted on the Major remaining.

"For if you are not our cousin John, you came over in the same steamer with him, and that ought to insure you a welcome," he said cheerily. "So sit down, sit down, Major. You are the rich East India nabob, then, who has bought the house next door? We've teased Gracie a good deal about setting her cap for the new neighbor, haven't we, Gracie?"

"Papa!" remonstrated Gracie, coloring up as bright a scarlet as a flamingo's wing!

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, went on the comfortable old gentleman, "even if the manner isn't quite so formal as etiquette books insist on! My name is Corey—Peter Corey—and now let me introduce you to our family circle and friends!"

So in less than five minutes, the Major, entirely set free from the trammels of his false position, was made cordially at home, in the merry party, and exceedingly sung and jolly he found it!

Presently a ring at the door-bell announced a new arrival, and the real genuine cousin John rushed in, all aglow with his rapid walk, and dripping from head to foot with rain-drops.

"Had no end of trouble at the custom-house with my luggage—couldn't come a second sooner," he explained, hugging Grandma and Clara, and Grace all at once, with two or three little ones swarming over his back and legs the while!

"Why, halloo! Major Parkinson, how the deuce came you here?" Then of course, ensued a third edition of explanations and comments, and then they were merrier than ever.

"Of course the Major will stay here," cried Mr. Corey, when finally his guest made a move to go. "To-night, at least!"

"Of course!" echoed John Milward.

"Mustn't he Grace?"

"He must do as he pleases," said that young lady demurely.

"Yes," said the Major, "I will." And he sat down again.

Major Parkinson attended the wedding the next week, and he helped to decorate the drawing-room with flowers, and he carried chairs back and forth, and went on errands, losing himself, invariably, on the way, and he sent the bride a solid silver tea-service, and altogether he made himself so useful that Mrs. Corey said, feelingly:

"What should we have done without that dear Major?"

Grace, the gypsy, insisted on calling him cousin John just the same as ever; but from all appearance there will be another wedding before the year is out in the Corey family, and Major Parkinson's brown-stone house will be graced by a mistress who was first seen by the Major IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

A Knotty Problem.
 A Western debating society are trying to decide the following:
 Suppose a brother and sister—the man 35 years old, the girl 5—this makes the man seven times as old as the girl—they live together until the girl is ten years—this makes him 40 years old, and four times as old as the girl; they still live until she is 15, the man being 45—this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is 30 years old—this makes the man 60, only twice as old, and so on. Now, how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?

SUNDAY READING.

Maple Leaves.
 Turning brown, turning golden—falling gently to earth with every breath of autumn air—dying your autumn death, as the old man dies when the autumn of human life is reached. The frost has withered you, and the soft flakes will cover you over and blacken your golden tints, and the heel of man will grind your dust into the earth. Clinging to life, nestling yet closer to twig and branch as you feel the frosty touch, you cannot stay the seasons march. The strong wind will seek you out, every one, and you must fall to earth, and be forgotten, just as the bravest and best are laid away to moulder out of recollection. Through the busy streets, along the winding path of the country wood, over the brown, bleak meadows robbed of green, the gale will scatter you afar, until some eddying gust mercifully whirls you into a corner for the slumber of decay. Oh! leaves, brown leaves and golden, falling and dying, you are true emblems of human life. Fading, even as we grow old, clinging as we clutch to life, though it be full of heart aches, falling as we all fall when life is no more, and the grave is ready to keep guard over our long, last sleep. We shall soon forget you, and will look at the leafless branches, moaning and tossing in the gale with no more than a single thought that you lived a brief life. The bravest of to-day are the unremembered dead of to-morrow.

Judicious Praise.
 No heart is insensible to words of praise, or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being effected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of incessant fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more baneful influence upon both parent and child. If your little one, through the day, has been pleasant and obedient, and you say to him, "My son, you have been good today, and it makes me very happy;" and if, with more than a usually affectionate embrace, you say, "Good night, my dear child," a throb of suppressed feeling fills his breast, and he resolves on always earning such approval. If your grown son or daughter have accomplished some difficult piece of work, rendering you essential assistance; or have climbed some steep in the daily drill of study; or have acquired some new accomplishment, or added grace; or, better than all, have gained the victory over some bad habit or besetting sin—acknowledge it, see it, praise them for it. Let them see by your added tenderness, the deep joy and comfort it gives you. Thus you will create a great incentive to right conduct, and lay a broad foundation for a character which shall be redolent with succulent fruit and fragrant blossoms.

Temperance Fable.
 The rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect said:
 "It is my opinion, that if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."
 All the rats present, loudly squealed assent. They then were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak:
 "My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. Let it alone."

Cause and Effect.
 One kernel is felt in a hoghead; one drop of water helps to swell the ocean; a spark of fire helps to light the world. You are a small man passing amid the crowd; you are hardly noticed; but you have a drop, a spark within you that may be felt through eternity. Do you believe it? Set that drop in motion, give wings to that spark, and behold the results! It may remove the world! None are too small, too feeble, too poor, to be of service. Think of this, and act. Life is no trifle.

Ashamed of the Picture.
 The writer was told by one bearing the honored name of Bonar, that when a young man in an office, he was greatly shocked with the language of the young men beside him. One evening when they were conversing together, unknown to them he copied their light and profane language, and then showed it to them written out. Even they were ashamed their own words when they saw them!

The great man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from without and from within; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.