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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. SPAHS,
YORK, PA.

A Full Assortment of
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
Constantly on Hand.

Special Attention Paid to Orders. 5 23 26.

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 IKES,
Cherry Street, near the Station,
Newport, Pa.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.

This is not the lowest priced, but being much the best, is 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, 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 the very 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,
156 South Front Street,
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,
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JAMES B. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER 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.

SUNDAY READING.

Marrying Tiplers.

A word of warning to young ladies on this subject it not inappropriate. How many young women, by uniting their destinies with tiplers, or men of confirmed inebriate habits, have involved themselves in lives of sorrow and often shame.— "Yet in spite of all the wretchedness of drunkards' wives," says Mr. Caylor, "young women are continually willing to marry men who are in the habit of indulging in the social glass! Ladies often refuse the marriage offers of young men because they are too poor, or too humble a family, or too plain in person or manners. But only now and then one has good sense enough to refuse to unite herself with a man who will not pledge himself to total abstinence! A rich and fashionable young man has commonly no trouble to get a wife, even though he is hardly sober long enough to pronounce the marriage vow. But a teetotaler in course raiment might be snubbed as a vulgar fellow who has never seen society. Ladies, before you begin to scold at me for this impious thing, just look around and see if it is not true."

Ladies, this is an important subject, and you should consider it well. It involves your happiness and respectability in this world, and perhaps your salvation in the next. You should reject the hand of any man who indulges in the intoxicating cup. What is riches, station, or anything worth, without sobriety, virtue, and character? Beware.

Be Contented.

Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten. Some men with \$10,000 a year suffer more for want of means than others with \$500.— The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is \$10,000 a year, and he suffers enough by being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not go into debt is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a minute's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness among the workmen in the world than among those who are called rich.

A Beautiful Thought.

God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweeter and most perfect harmonies.— They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what discipline will bring them forth. Some with plaintive tongues must walk in lowly vales of life's weary way; others in loftier hymns sing of nothing but joy as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without discord or jar as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

How to Treat Children.

1. Never refuse a thing if it is harmless, but give it, if you are able, without delay.
2. Never give a thing because it is cried for, that you have refused when asked for.
3. Be careful to observe real illness, and avoid causing bodily uneasiness from over-clothing, or cold, unwholesome food, such as candy, sugar-plums, and fruit, or giving buns or cakes to quiet the child.
4. Avoid false promises. They are sure to be found out false.
5. Avoid threats of all kinds. If believed, they make children timid, and nervous.

When John Wesley saw a young man in danger of falling into the snares of evil associates, he did not watch him sharply at a distance, and speak of his shortcomings to others predicting that he was "on the high road to ruin." He invited him to his table, and by a gentle, affable manner, sought to give him good subjects for thought, or hints for his conduct. Advice thus hospitably enforced was very impressive. He would draw out the young man in conversation, and learn what studies he was most proficient in, which were most essential to his success, and then assist him to acquire a mastery over them. "Another most valuable way of aiding a young man whom social danger threatened, was to make him acquainted with well-disposed, religious young men, who would lead him into good paths. He watched over their future career with a father's interest and tenderness, and in a very simple manner accomplished a vast amount of good, besides preventing a world of evil.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth into Heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasure of the heart.

Freaks of an Elephant.

O'BRIEN'S menagerie which has been traveling through the state of Conn., recently had some unpleasant experiences with the large elephant called Mogul. Just after the afternoon performance at Meriden, he took it into his head to enact a tragedy not on the bills, so walking majestically out of his enclosure, he went for his keeper in a fit of rage. The keeper sought refuge under the cage containing Kangaroos, which Mogul disdainfully turned over in a jiffy, and walked through the canvas out of doors. Then he went out on a tour of inspection, and if not "seeking whom he might devour," he certainly seemed willing to accommodate anybody or anything that might wish for a set-to. Meeting a pile of lumber in the adjoining lumber yard, he quickly spread the boards in good shape for seasoning. Then meeting in his path one of the mules belonging to the company, he ran his tusks completely through its body, pinning it to the ground, and killing the animal instantly. The next obstruction in his majesty's path was a wagon belonging to Messrs. Grether & Hall, which he scornfully seized with his trunk, and raising it, smashed it to pieces; then he returned to the dead mule, and again plunged his tusks through it, and breaking off one of his tusks close to the jaw, santering carelessly into State street. The keeper and other attaches of the menagerie soon rallied, and by strategy and good tactics he was induced to enter a field belonging to Mr. Camp, thence into an orchard, where he indulged in the pastime of tearing or smashing whole lengths of picket fence. The novel mode of subduing him, temporarily, by shooting him in the face and trunk with buckshot, was adopted. Some fifty heavy charges were fired at him; the stinging effect acted well as a slight check upon his operations, during which his keeper fearlessly approached and chained him to an apple tree about twelve inches in diameter, which was no sooner discovered by the enraged animal than he instantly and without apparent effort, but with the greatest ease, tore it up by the roots, and again created the greatest consternation among the immense crowd who had now collected in the immediate vicinity. All went, and stood not on the order of going, but some tall running was done, and some laughable accidents occurred in the stampede, leaving the ground free to Mogul and his would-be captors.

He was, by great daring and agility on the part of his keeper, again secured by chaining his hind feet to a very large tree; here he was left for the night, and a good guard stationed with rifles loaded with ball, to kill him should he again break loose during the night. He was evidently much chagrined at his confinement, and continued to "scur" and struggle to break the chain, affording much excitement throughout the city during the entire night, but fortunately he was held until about 5 o'clock in the morning, when his keeper, with the assistance of the entire force of the concern and about 500 citizens, undertook the job of punishing and subduing the monster. Large ropes and chains were procured, and after many attempts, in which the same were broken quite easily, he was finally, at the end of two hours, thrown down and secured in that position, when simultaneously his beating began by a dozen strong men with clubs, iron bars, spears, and pitchforks, and continued until the men were exhausted, and again renewed from time to time for about two hours, at which time, after many wounds, and pounding enough to seemingly kill him, he was as obstinate as ever. Refusing to surrender, he was left to his own reflections in this condition, and the beating abated for a time. At the present time of writing (twelve hours), he seems determined not to succumb. A choice he has of doing so or being killed, as in his dangerous mood he will not be allowed to rise without evidence of a change of heart. It is estimated that the damage done in his tantrum will cost over \$700.

A Singular Dance.

They have a singular kind of dance on the greens of country villages in Russia. The dancers stand apart—a knot of young men here, a knot of maidens there—each sex by itself, and silent as a crowd of mutes. When the piper breaks into a tune a youth pulls off his cap, and challenges a girl with a wave and a bow. If the girl is willing she waves her handkerchief in token of assent; the youth advances, takes a corner of the handkerchief in his hand, and leads his lassie round and round. No word is spoken, and no laugh is heard. Stiff with cords and rich with braids, the girl moves forward heavily by herself, going round and round, never allowing her partner to touch her hand. The pipe goes droning on for hours in the same sad key and measure; and the prize of merit in this "circling," as the dance is called, is given by spectators to the lassie who, in all that summer revelry, has never spoken and never smiled.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

Entertaining Remarks.

IN the procession that followed good deacon Jones to the grave last summer, the Reverend Mr. Sampler, the new clergyman of East Town, found himself in the same carriage with an elderly man whom he had never before met. They rode in grave silence for a few moments, when the clergyman endeavored to improve the occasion by serious conversation.

"This is a solemn duty in which we are engaged, my friend," he said.

"Hey? what do you say, sir?" the old man returned. "Can't you speak louder? I'm hard of hearin'."

"I was remarking," shouted the clergyman, "that this is a solemn road we are traveling to-day."

"Sandy road! You don't call this 'ere sandy, do ye? Guess you ain't been down to the South deestic. Ther's a stretch of road on the old pike that beats all I ever see for hard travellin'. Only a week before Deacon Jones was tuck sick, I met him drivin' his ox-team along there, and the sand was pretty nigh up to the hubs of the wheels. The deacon used to get dredful riled 'bout that piece of road, and East Town does go ahead of all creation for sand."

The young clergyman looked blank at the unexpected turn given to his remark; but quickly recovering himself, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, he resumed the conversation.

"Our friend has done with all the discomforts of earth," he said, solemnly. "A small spot or ground will soon cover his poor senseless clay."

"Did you say clay, sir?" cried the old man eagerly. "Tain't nigh so good to cover sand with as medder loam. Sez I to Mr. Brewer, last town-meetin' day, 'If you'd cart on a few dozen loads and there's acres of it on the river bank,' sez I, 'you'd make as pretty a piece of road as there is in Har'ford County. But we are slow folks in East Town, sir.'"

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the clergyman at that moment that the smell of new-made hay from a neighboring field suggested a fresh train of thought.

"Look," said he, with a graceful wave of the hand, "what an emblem of the brevity of human life! As the grass of the field so man flourisheth, and to-morrow he is cut down."

"I don't calculate to cut mine till next week," said his companion. "You mustn't cut grass too 'arly; and then again, you mustn't cut it too late."

"My friend," shrieked the clergyman, in a last desperate attempt to make himself understood, "this is no place for vain conversation. We are approaching the narrow house appointed for all the living."

They were entering the graveyard, but the old man stretched his neck from the carriage window in the opposite direction.

"Do you mean Squire Hubbard's over yonder? 'This rather narrer. They build all them new-fangled houses that way, now-a-days. To my mind, they ain't nigh so handsome nor so handy as the old-fashioned square ones with a broad entry runnin' clear through to the back door. Well, this is the gettin'-out-place, ain't it? Much obliged to ye, parson, for your entertaining remarks."

The Miser's Lesson.

A MISER, living in Kufa, had heard that in Bassora, also, there lived a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great miser as an humble commender in avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora. "We'll straight to the market to make some purchases."

They went to the baker:

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two. As we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter?

"Good indeed, and flavory, and fresh as the finest olive oil," was the answer.

"Mark this, also," said the host to his guest: "Oil is compared with the best butter, and, therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil-vender.

"Hast thou good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water," was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora, to the one of Kufa: "By this rule, the water is the very best. Now at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably thoweth will I entertain you."

And, indeed, on their return nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, and butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa. "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain."

A Cross Examination.

ONE of the most prominent ornaments of the bar, celebrated for his genial disposition, found himself about the close of the war washed ashore high and dry pecuniarily, in the city of Richmond, where he was forced to hang out his shingle in the Husting Courts. One of his first clients was a youth, who was arrested at the instance of a respectable negro man of family, for having "rocked" his house and severely injured his daughter with a stone thrown through a window. At the examination, old Pompey was put upon the stand, and proved the charge in such undeniable terms that it would have gone hard with our friend's client had it not been for the cross examination:

Lawyer—"You say one stone came into the room where you were sitting with your family, and struck your daughter?"

Pomp—"Yes, boss."

Lawyer—"Where did it strike her?"

Pomp—"Silence for a while) "I don't like to tell, boss."

Lawyer—"But you must tell, I demand again, where did it hit her?"

Pomp—"Dat all foolishness, boss; I tell you it hit her. I don't like to tell where 'fore dese ladies in court."

Lawyer—"But you must answer.—Where did it hit her?"

Pomp—"Slowly.) "On the buzzum, boss."

Lawyer—"Well, how severely did it injure her?"

Pomp—"Oh, quit this foolishness. I ain't gwine to tell."

Lawyer—"Again I must insist upon my question being answered. Did it injure her?"

Pomp—"In despair.) "No sah! it did not injure her, but it hit the man's hand that was payin' tention to her."

The case was dismissed immediately for want of jurisdiction.

A Disagreeable Person.

THE following is said to be the last thing written by Artemus Ward:

Only a few weeks ago I was on exhibition in East Sheehoygan, in a bildin which was formerly ockeped by a pugylist—one of the fellers what hits from the shoulder, and teaches the many art of self-defence. And he cum and sed he was goin' in free in consequence of prev'ly ockeping sed bildin with a large yellow dog. He sed, 'Oh, yes; I sed, 'Oh, no.' He sed, 'Do you want to be ground to powder?' I sed, 'Yes, if there's a gunpowder grindist—' when he struck me a disgustin blow in my left eye, which caused that concern at once to close for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him energetically. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that fifteen minutes after I had gone for him, his mother seein' the prostrate form of her son approachin' the house onto a shutter, carried by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, 'My son, you have been foolin' round a thrashin' misheen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, and come out with the straw, then got up in the thingumagig and let the horses trod on you, didn't you, my son?' You can imagine by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry."

Girls' Opinion of Newspapers.

Margy Dean, in one of her spicy letters from Newport, gives the following piquant discussion between some young ladies concerning the merits of certain newspapers.

Sitting on the hotel piazza the other morning, watching a group of young ladies, I overheard a curly headed little maiden who was frizzled and panniered and puffed in the height of style, exclaim, "Oh, I like the Independent best!" A moment before I could have sworn that *la Petite*, never looked at a newspaper, and somewhat surprised, I took the liberty of listening further. "The *Tribune* suits me," said her black-eyed companion. "I like the *Evening Post* chimed in a stylish saucy looking girl, who was peffing somebody over the railing with pond lilies—a beautiful bunch, by the way, which five minutes before I had seen a gentleman carefully selecting for her from a little urchin's basket. And when, I wonder, do you girls get time to read the newspapers?" "Fold them four double, of course," was the next sentence I caught, and more puzzled than before, I very impolitely walked near the group, when everything was made clear to me by the blonde little one saying, "I had rather have a newspaper any day than the best pannier that was ever made in Paris." I fell back in my seat uncertain whether to laugh or to feel provoked with the chatterboxes, who had strolled off to lay siege to a party of gentlemen just from the bench.

Who is to Blame.

Fashionable follies are usually destructive only to those who indulge in them; but revelations lately made in London show how the health of the poor may sometimes be made the luxuries of the rich. English ladies have taken to wearing in their hats little tufts of artificial grass, sprinkled with glass-beads to imitate the dew-drops. In the manufacture of this kind of adornment a virulent poison called SCHNEIDER'S green is employed, which is a compound of arsenic and copper. The color is applied by women and children, who only earn a miserable pittance by the work, and who by inhaling the odors of the poison become dangerously sick and even die.