

**Boots! Boots!**

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 I got the latest fashions from New York every month. Guttering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

**ANNIE JONES,**  
 Cherry Street, near the Station,  
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**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.

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., 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 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 solicited.

**SAMUEL SMITH.**

31H

**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.

**Curing a Grumbling Husband.**

"MARRY, your corn-bread is never done. I wonder what is the reason every body else has things right, and we always have things wrong."

"Why, Joe, I'm sure the corn-bread has never been in this state before. You see the fire had a fit and couldn't be made to burn this morning."

"Oh, yes, you always have an excuse. Now there is Mrs. Smith—her stove never has fits; and she always has the lightest, sweetest bread, and the nicest cakes and preserves I ever ate. I wish you'd take pattern by her."

"Well, I'm sure, Joe, I do my best, and I succeed oftener than I fail. I wish I could suit you always; but that, I suppose can scarcely be expected," and Mary gave a weary sigh.

Mary Starr had been married about a year, during which time she had found house-keeping rather up hill work. She was a neat little body, and conscientiously did her best to please her husband; but he, whatever might be the reason, was very hard to please; in fact seemed determined not to be pleased with anything she did. Perhaps, like the old soldier in one of Dickens' stories, he had a vital and constant sense that discipline must be maintained. At any rate he never allowed Mary to be pleased with herself on any occasion, if he could help it. Mary was an amiable wife, fortunately, and not easily irritated; though, to tell the truth, there were times when her forbearance was severely tried. For instance, when she and Joe took tea out, or went to a party, or even to church, he seldom allowed the opportunity to pass unembraced to animadvert on some deficiency in cookery, or manners or dress, on the part of his wife. For instance, it would be

"Mrs. Jones, what beautiful sponge cake you make. Mary, take notice how light this cake is. I wonder why you can never have it so puffy." Or, Mrs. Brown, you certainly are an adept at entertaining company. I wish, Mary, that you would try to steal Mrs. Brown's art."

Or, "Mrs. Green, your dress is always most becoming. Your taste is exquisite. I don't see why it is, Mary that with all I spend for you, you never can reach the elegance of Mrs. Green."

On these occasions, Mary would blush and bite her lip and be inwardly annoyed, but she was a woman of too much pride and good sense to make a display of her chagrin, and really she was too good natured and Christian a person to let it change her feeling toward Joe, whom she knew to be, after all, very fond of her, and a very kind man at heart. After a while, too, seeing that the fault was probably curable, she bethought herself how she should proceed in order to break him of his disagreeable habit. Fortune favored her. One day a lady, one of her most valued friends and best neighbors, called to invite Joe and Mary to a tea party at her house.

"It will be a small affair," said she, but very pleasant I think. You are wanted to make the circle complete." "Well," said Mary, "I will come, Mrs. Vane, on one condition."

"Has it come to this, that you must make conditions? Well, my dear, make your demand."

"The condition is," said Mary, that you will allow me to furnish all the refreshments."

"Well, that is an odd idea, Mary. My dear, you don't mean to insinuate that I am getting poor?"

"No, Hattie. Thank fortune, she has showered her favors on you quite liberally; but I have a motive for this which, if you please, I will not divulge. Only let me have my way this once, just for the oddity of the thing."

"If any body but you, Mary, had made such a request of me, I should have taken offence; but I never could be angry with you. So, if it be any satisfaction to you, though for the life of me I cannot imagine what your drift is I will comply with your conditions. When may I expect my supplies?"

"Let me see. To-morrow is my baking day, and your tea party is not before Thursday. Well, on Wednesday afternoon you shall be supplied with bread, biscuit, cake and all the other accessories; and, mind, the only thing I allow you to furnish is butter, which I do not make."

"Very well, it's all settled, then; I will leave you. On the whole this arrangement suits me, for your cookery is well known to be particularly nice. So good-by, till Thursday."

"Mind you say nothing about this, Hattie, to any one. It is a secret of mine."

"Very well, as you say—I'll keep mum. Good-by again; for you will have your hands full, and I must not interrupt you."

So off Mrs. Vane went, inwardly wondering what crotchety demure little Mary had got into her steady little head. Every thing came off on that baking day precisely as Mary could have wished it. Her bread was light and sweet, and white as a snow-flake, with just a golden-brown line of crust, surrounding it. Her cakes were perfection; her crullers crisp and delicious. Then she knew that her preserved fruits were nice, and if there was sponge cake more like solidified fresh she would like to see it. Every thing was

sent into Mrs. Vane's on Wednesday afternoon, and she had all Thursday to devote to her dress. Mary looked very pretty that night at the tea party, for her eyes shone with a purpose, and she had just excitement enough about it to redder her cheeks in a very becoming manner. Add to this, she was dressed with neatness and taste, and you will not be unwilling to believe me when I say that she was quite the belle of the occasion. Joe evidently thought so himself, for, strange to say, he made no remarks on her appearance calculated to lower her self-esteem, but gazed at her from time to time with the most profound satisfaction. But murder will out. It came out on this occasion when they sat down to supper. Every body was delighted. There had not been such an unexceptionable tea in the neighborhood for a long time. Country people are very fond of their teas; they compare one with another with admirable judgment. This one was a triumph.

"Mrs. Vane, you are the perfection of bread-makers. Your biscuits are beautiful. Were ever such crullers made? How do you manage it, Mrs. Vane? What lovely sponge cake!"

Mrs. Vane and Mary occasionally exchanged glances and smiled, but nobody noticed it. Joe had been behaving beautifully all the evening and Mary began to be afraid her plan had failed. He came out now, however, greatly to Mary's satisfaction.

"This is a feast, indeed," he said. "A fellow is fortunate, who has a wife that can make such bread as this, to say nothing of the sponge cake. I can't see why it is, Mary; you improve it is true, I give you credit for that; but I don't see why it is that all women don't have the knack that Mrs. Vane has at cooking to perfection. If you could only make such bread as this, Mary, your husband would be a happy man."

Mrs. Vane looked at Mary, and Mary looked at Mrs. Vane. Light had broken on the mind of the latter. It broke like a flash of lightning, and then there was an explosion, not of thunder, but of laughter. Joe looked amazed. He was a man who petted his dignity enormously. What did these women mean by laughing at a sober, sensible remark of his? Particularly, what could Mary mean to so trifle with the respect she owed her husband! He began to grow very red indeed. Mrs. Vane saw it presently, and came to his and Mary's relief, for poor Mary had already begun to be a little frightened at the success of her own scheme. She did not like Joe to be angry at any rate.

"Mr. Starr, said Mrs. Vane, "I am glad you like this very excellent cookery, for it is all your wife's. By your own showing you ought to be a very happy man."

Here the whole company caught the infection, and joined in the laugh against Joe. It was of no use to get angry with so many people. So before long Joe joined the chorus himself. And so the tea party broke up with the greatest good nature all round, and Joe went home with a lesson he never forgot; for it was the last time Mary heard any complaint from him. He is now the most easily pleased of any husband ten miles around.

**A Singular Custom.**

IN BAVARIA the moment the breath leaves the body, it is hastily arrayed in the finest robe which the purse of the relatives will permit, and hustled away by some official of government to a building in the cemetery prepared for its reception. Here the body is elevated on a sort of inclined plane, which is covered with flowers; the quality of the flowers, too, depends on the purse of the friends, whether they are natural, fragrant blossoms, or those manufactured of tin, paper or rags. The body is enveloped in these often tawdry imitations, and upon the thumbs are placed two small rings, which are attached to slender wires suspended from the centre of the building, and which, of course, enter the room above. Here at the end of the wires, bells are arranged, and the slightest movement of the body will cause a vibration in the wire and sound from the bell. Here sits a person ever in waiting for summons from some one of the corpses below.

The ostensible reason given for this custom of tearing the dead from their homes, and having them thus exposed in a building open to every one who may choose to enter, is the possibility that life may not have become extinct. And yet, after faithful inquiries, we have not been able to learn of but one instance where the watcher was roused by the ringing of the bell.

A well-made violin contains more than fifty different pieces of woods, the woods being three: maple, red deal and ebony. The wood must be thoroughly seasoned, especially the red deal; and the only artist of modern times who is said to counterfeit the works of the great Italian makers—M. Vuillaume, of Paris—has done so mainly by a most careful selection of materials. Many a roof and panel from Swiss chalets have found their way into his workshop. Be the grain ever so good, the material must have undergone the slow action of time.

The very best kind of agricultural fairs—farmers daughters.

**Butler's Theology.**

NOW that Butler has been again *battered*, the following anecdote of him may prove interesting. Aside from its vein of humor, it shows how Butler could frame an argument even in his young days.

While he was in college the students were obliged to attend the college church. On one occasion the preacher (who was a professor in the institution) advanced propositions as follows:

First.—That the elect alone would be saved. Second.—That probably not more than one in a hundred in Christian Nations was of the elect. Third.—That the other ninety-nine would be damned, and on account of privileges enjoyed, and light given them, would suffer more than the benighted heathen, and that each would suffer according to the privileges enjoyed and knowledge given them.

Butler made a note of these propositions, and drew up a petition to the faculty asking to be exempted from further church attendance for the following reasons:

The congregation consisted of six hundred persons, nine of whom were professors in the college, and if only one in a hundred was to be saved, six alone would enjoy that blessing, which would not cover the professors. He being a student only, was not presumptuous enough to suppose for a moment, he should have preference over a professor. Nothing then remained but perdition for him. This being a melancholy prospect at best he was anxious to mitigate his future sufferings as much as possible, and felt it a duty he owed himself, to abstain from any acts tending to add to them, and as church attendance had been shown in the last Sunday's service to have this tendency, he prayed his petition be granted, and he not forced to do what would aggravate his sufferings in the future life.

This petition was formally written out and presented by Butler to the faculty, who imposed upon him a public reprimand, and but for the influence of friends would have expelled him.

**Rather Unpleasant.**

A surgeon states that one of his patients recently had some trouble with a sawmill, and got a piece of skin, about the size of a tea-saucer, torn from his hip. Our surgeon grafted on the skin of a young rat, and in ten days the cure was complete. The surface of the wound is covered with a fine growth of hair, and the ratskin seems to answer every purpose. The only inconvenience to which the patient is subjected is from cats. On several occasions, when sitting down reading, he has been put to no little alarm and inconvenience by having the house-cat spring suddenly on him and fasten her teeth in that portion of his pantaloons which immediately covers the transplanted ratskin. The terriers, also, sniff suspiciously at his heels when he walks the streets. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the above. We simply give it as told to us.—*London Figaro.*

**How Bells are Made.**

Bell-metal contains sixty-six to eighty per cent, of copper, and the remainder is tin.

The American process of bell-making consists in placing in the center of a saucer-shaped hole (in the sand floor of the foundry), a perforated iron case or core, shaped like the inside of a bell. This is covered with straw rope, and then with loam. A second perforated iron case, the shape of the bell's outside, is also coated with loam, and then placed over the first. The metal is poured between the two cases; the gases developed in the process escape through them, and the rope burning slowly leaves a space for the bell to contract in cooling without straining. Flanges between the cases keep them at a given distance apart, and the desired thickness of metal is thus secured. During the fiscal year of 1870, \$4,323 worth of bells, bell metal, and bronze were exported from this country. Three-fourths of this went by way of Northern New York to Canada; the rest to Spanish-American and the Sandwich Islands. The treasury tables do not show the amount imported.

A Eureka (Cal.) paper relates a remarkable tale of love and constancy. A young man in the east wished to marry the daughter of a prosperous merchant, but had no money with which to back his suit. He was therefore declined as a son-in-law, and so he went to the Pacific coast to seek his fortune. He sought gold everywhere, but found little; and at last, after years of labor and hardship determined to return to his old home. He engaged his passage from San Francisco, when he encountered his early love, now near middle age, who, with her brother, had gone in quest of her old lover. Her parents and all her near relatives had died, save her companion. She was wealthy, and only too happy to give her fortune, with her hand and heart, to the man who had struggled valiantly and failed to earn the need of toil. The twins were wedded, and returned to the east with the dream of love as bright and fresh to them as it had been years before.

Even this practical age cannot extinguish the poetry of affection, devotion and romance.

**SUNDAY READING.**

**The Sin of Borrowing Trouble.**

Such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose-bushes in my garden; the one thrived beautifully, and the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturn many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-peaked vultures of backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them. How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he prays he says:—"I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says:—"I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McChalmers and the Summerfields of the Church who did the most good cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! They distill poison; they dig graves; and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.—*De Witt Talmage.*

**Helping Each Other.**

A gentleman was once making inquiries in Russia, about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that, to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep; and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they all manage to get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulder, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we should say, and a great deal better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

Heaven help the man who imagines that he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing, and crowding all who differ from him. That again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinions; so have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own clothes, in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the irresolute and vacillating ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist than honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

**"Upsettin' Sins."**

Dr. McCosh (now President of Princeton College) tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sin."

"Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang of dat ar word. It's "besettin'," not "upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was praying de Lord to save us from de sin of infoxication, and if dat ain't an upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

**A Beautiful Answer.**

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday School teacher one day to the little flock that gathered around to learn the word of life.

Several of the children answered—one saying one thing, another another—until a little timid child spoke out:

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

**Little Sins.**

A little hole in a ship sinks it; a small breach in a sea-bank carries all away before it; a little stab in the heart kills a man; and a little sin, as it is often improperly called, tends to his final destruction. A little drop has been many a man's ruin—every drunkard began with a single glass.

The sweetest word in our language is love. The greatest word is God. The word expressing the shortest time is now. Love God now.