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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.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL. This is not the lowest priced, but being much the best in the end by far the cheapest.

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.

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.

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.

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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.

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

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

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves, TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

AN INCIDENT IN RUSSIA.

EVERY Russian belonging to that numerous class of bondsmen called serfs, freed by the Imperial edict of February 19th, 1861, was compelled to serve his master even with his life, if such service was demanded.

The Russian of the lower classes is generally recognized as being an excellent tradesman; a fact that did not escape the observation of Peter the Great, it would seem from his reply to a deputation of Polish Jews who sought an interview with him in order to secure free trade in Russia.

Many a nobleman appreciated this talent in his serfs, and not infrequently recognized it by selecting a certain number of the most intelligent of the young men among his bondsmen and having them educated for commercial pursuits; after which he aided them in establishing themselves.

The rich serfs, who lived in the cities, frequently had their children educated very carefully, and sometimes the young people were kept in ignorance of the relation in which they stood to some neighboring nobleman, as there are always loving parents who keep their children as long as possible in ignorance of the stern realities of life.

The daughters were dressed in silks and velvets, attended entertainments, and gave them, and the sons led the lives of fashionable young men, until their lord suddenly came to the conclusion that the time had come to teach his proud bondsmen who and what they were.

After a few weeks or months the youthful serf was allowed to return home. Crushed in spirit, disgraced in the eyes of the world, robbed of everything worth living for, he would leave the house of the tyrant, at liberty to consult his own inclinations until he desired to marry.

With what cruelty these Russian serfholder sometimes exercised their powers on these occasions, a single example will sufficiently illustrate.

It was in the winter of 1859 and '60 that I, having just finished my studies, visited Russia, in company with a university friend, and spent some months in Moscow. The letters of introduction with which we were provided opened the doors of the houses of many of the nobility to us, which was particularly agreeable to my friend, who was fond of moving in brilliant circles.

One of the most frequented and noblest houses of Moscow was that of Baron Jablonow, and here we were more frequently than anywhere else. I thought I observed that the daughter of the Baron, a very prepossessing young lady, discovered in her manner toward my friend a feeling warmer than that of simple friendship, and warned him accordingly; but he seemed incredulous, and laughed at my suspicions.

Greatly to my surprise, my friend suddenly withdrew from all the circles in which he had been so frequent a visitor; often went out alone, I knew not whither and became reticent and low-spirited. I could not divine the cause, and as he did not see fit to make me his confidant I refrained from questioning and let him go his way. One day he came to me the

very picture of despair, and cried in a tone that startled me:

"Advise me, advise me! I am the most unfortunate, the most miserable of men, for I love a serf and can not live without her and yet I fear I shall never see her again."

His late manner was soon explained. He had accidentally become acquainted with one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. She was a serf without being aware of it. They had sworn eternal love and fidelity, and were as blissful as lovers only know how to be, until the lady's father discovered their attachment and in order to save them all the pain he could, informed my friend that the union he contemplated was impossible, as his daughter was the serf of Baron Jablonow, who would never consent to her marrying a free German.

I pitied my friend from the bottom of my heart, for his condition was truly one to be commiserated. I think I have never seen a man so thoroughly unhappy. I took it upon me to see if I could do anything in the matter, and went to the lady's father to inquire if there was no possibility of uniting the lovers.

He could give me no hope whatever. There was something truly angelic in the beauty of the young lady, and as for her education and accomplishments they were such as to make her the peer of the noblest lady in the land. She was an only child, and her father, an intelligent and estimable man, had by honest toil amassed a little fortune that was variously estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 rubles. But the entire sum was not sufficient to secure to his daughter the privileges that in another country are the inheritance of the daughters of the very lowest orders.

Finally, a compliance with my earnest solicitations and the prayers of his daughter, whose despair was only equalled by that of her lover, the father went to the Baron to purchase, if possible, his daughter's freedom. He offered sum after sum, but so soon as the Baron learned that the lady contemplated a union with a German he turned a deaf ear to every proposal, and all the more as it touched his pride to think that one whom he had received into his house as an equal, and who had shown some attention to his daughter, should prefer a serf to her.

He commanded the young lady to be brought to him within twenty-four hours, in order, as he said, that he might take the nonsense out of her and teach her her place. He intimated very clearly that before she left his house she would lose her greatest charm for a man of honor and spirit.

I sought an interview with the Baron and pleaded for the unhappy lovers as well as I knew how, but it was all in vain. My fervent entreaties were met with cold disdain. The Baron's daughter made her influence felt in the matter, for she very naturally felt piqued to see a serf preferred to herself.

With the next train I started for St. Petersburg, in order to lay the matter before our ambassador, and if possible before the Emperor himself.

In youth—I was hardly twenty-two years old—we are very sanguine and take less time to consider than in later years. Without much difficulty I obtained an audience of the Emperor, which is not so difficult to obtain as an interview with the rulers of most countries. The Emperor of all the Russians, the Autocrat of 80,000,000 people, may frequently be seen in the streets of his capital almost unattended, and easier to approach than the ruler of some of the petty German principalities.

With great warmth I pictured the state of my unhappy friend and the prospective fate of his beautiful and accomplished mistress. From the condescension with which the Emperor listened to me, and from his remarks with regard to serfdom in general, I saw clearly that the institution was odious to him. He concluded that the affair should receive immediate attention.

Overjoyed with the success of my mission, I hastened back to Moscow, but only to find my friend in the lowest depths of despair.

At the expiration of twenty-four hours the Baron had the young lady dragged to his house. The next day she was returned to her father, but as a corpse. She had plunged a dagger into her own heart, preferring death to dishonor!

My friend was so thoroughly unmanned to take any steps against the Baron. He sank into the deepest melancholy, and to-day, after eight years, he is always a serious, sorrowing man, whose face is rarely lighted up with a smile.

I denounced the Baron. After many delays an investigation took place, but no serious charge could be sustained against him. As the legal owner of the serf he was at liberty to do with her as he would without let or hindrance, and in the causes that led to her taking her own life the laws recognized no crime.

Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters: My 16, 11, 6, 14, 19, is before you. My 3, 2, 12, 13, 17, 15, 4, 7, is a fish. My 18, 24, 21, 12, 8, 23, 9, is a quadruped. My 1, 2, 20, is a bird. My 23, 4, 10, 5, are used by shoemakers. My whole is the name and address of a reader of the Times.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A NEW YORK paper tells the following romantic story which proves that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Within the past fortnight a romance has been enacted in this city, which more than realizes the fine story of The Bohemian Girl, the facts of which have thus far escaped the argus eyes of the reporters, and which have been given us on the condition that we omit the names of the parties connected with the affair. Briefly, then, the story is as follows:

Some fifteen years ago, a wealthy family, then residing on Union square, lost their little daughter, a bright, beautiful little fairy, aged four years. She had been out with the nurse, wandering in the square, and while she was engaged in taking care of an infant sister of little Saidee, the child joined with several others about her own age, and in company tripped lither and on through the paths and over the green grass.

When the nurse went back for the little one she was nowhere to be found. She gave the alarm, and a most persistent and thorough search was made in every direction. The police were notified, and large rewards were offered for the child's recovery, but all to no purpose. She could not be found. That she had been kidnapped was almost a certainty, and the grief of the parents can only be known to those who have been placed in like circumstances.

Year after year rolled by, and still no tidings of the lost one, although the father and mother never ceased to mourn, to hope and to search. It was a sad sight to see the half frantic mother going about among groups of school children, and starting suddenly as a bright face beamed on her, that had in it some slight resemblance to the lost darling and for several years she never allowed a little girl to pass her, without scrutinizingly looking into her face, hoping to find her own.

But the great antidote of time brought its relief by degrees, and the keenest anguish wore away from the hearts of the mourning parents. Possibly some of our readers may remember the excitement the case created, and the newspaper comments upon it, but at all events this is the story as related to us.

Now comes the strangest, happiest part of the story. A short time since, an organ-grinder made his appearance upon the streets of our city, accompanied by a beautiful girl with an abundance of bright blonde hair, who played upon the tambourine, and received the pennies that were proffered in return for the music they afforded. This, on account of the uncommon beauty of the fair tambourineist was no puny sum.

One day they were playing in front of a noble residence on one of the new avenues above Central Park, when the mistress of the mansion chanced to look down upon them from the parlor window.—There was something in the face of the girl that not only attracted her attention, but almost fascinated her. Going to the window she handed a few pennies to the girl, who approached with her tambourine.

Their eyes met again. The rich lady called her to come nearer and asked her name. This she gave, but it was not Saidee, but Mary. But the woman was confident of something more, and calling to the servants, she directed them to furnish a repast to the organ grinder while she took the girl to her own room. Here she questioned her, relative to her life. What she knew of herself was quickly told.

She had been brought up by an old Italian in Crosby street, and as soon as she was old enough, she was sent out upon the street with her tambourine, in company with different organ players. Her first appearance was in New Orleans, and from there she had strolled through the larger cities and towns through the United States, and had only been in New York about one month. All this time she had been under the direction of the old Italian who had first trained her for the profession, and he had made a large amount of money by her exertions.

A very strict watch had been kept on her of late, and since she had become old enough to think for herself, for she had tried on several occasions to escape the life she was leading, and to graft herself to something more respectable.

Then the woman told her story, the story of having lost a daughter years ago, and while they were speaking her husband came in, and the girl's story was repeated to him. He was in doubt, but his wife was not, and then and there pronounced the beautiful tambourine girl to be her lost daughter. The organ-grinder was questioned and this led the husband to take an interest in the affair, and the girl was detained, not against her will, until more evidence and inquiries could be made.

These inquiries proved beyond a doubt that the mother's instinct was correct; it was indeed her long lost daughter. From this point the story is soon told. The wandering tambourine girl has taken her place in the family again, and the wretch who kidnapped her has fled, no one knows where.

There are twenty-eight gravestones in the Laramie cemetery, and on nineteen of these the epitaph is simply—"Killed."

Two Ten.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS, the English heiress, is a well-known and most welcome customer at all the fashionable shops in London, but she is not so familiar a habitue of the shops in Paris. During a visit to this latter city, not very long since, she learned the death of a distant relative, and she went to purchase mourning at the shop, in the Trois Quartiers, a large dry goods establishment something like "to compare great things with small," our own Stewart's.

She asked for mourning dress goods, and was shown by one of the attentive shopmen to the proper apartment. "Please show this lady mourning stuffs," he said, "two-ten." Miss Coutts made her selection, and then asked for mourning collars: the clerk who had waited on her accompanied her to the proper counter. "Please show this lady mourning collars—two-ten," said he, and left her. From this department she went to look for mourning pocket handkerchiefs, escorted by the clerk, who passed her over to his successor with the request, "show this lady pocket handkerchiefs—two-ten."

As she had still other articles to buy, she was escorted from counter to counter, department to department, and everywhere these cabalistic words, "two-ten," were repeated by one clerk to another.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, she asked the proprietor as she left the establishment, "Pray what does two-ten mean? I noticed each clerk said to the other in your shop."

"Oh, it is nothing," said he, "merely a pass word they exchange."

But Miss Coutts was not satisfied with this explanation. Her woman's curiosity was piqued, and she resolved to unravel the riddle. So in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, after paying her bill, she said, "My boy, would you like to earn five francs?"

Of course he had no objections to do so, and only wanted to know in what way he could do it.

"Tell me," said the lady, "what two-ten means. I will give you five francs."

"Why, don't you know ma'am?" said he, amazed at her ignorance; "it means to keep your two eyes on her ten fingers."

The mystery was solved at last. All the clerks of Trois Quartier had taken the richest woman in Great Britain for a shoplifter.

She tells the story with great gusto; and one of her friends, to whom she had related it in Paris, repeated it to me.

The Wit of Ready Action.

MOHAMMED Ali once summoned a council of his officers and advisers on the matter of an important expedition. When they came together he pointed to an apple which lay on the floor of the divan. It had been placed exactly on the centre of the large carpet spread in the hall before them. "Now," said he, "whoever of you can, without placing his foot on the carpet where it lies, reach and give me the apple, he shall command the expedition against 'Nigid.'" One after another tried in vain, sprawling full length upon the carpet with their heels just beyond the edge, and stretching out their arms as far as possible. The distance, however, was too great, and the apple remained ungrasped. At last the adopted brother of Mohammed Ali, the short, stout Ibrahim; who, from his shortness and stoutness had less chance than any one else, arose, bowed to the Pasha, and offered to execute the difficult performance. All laughed, fully expecting that he would make a ridiculous failure. This laughter some what changed into admiration when they saw Ibrahim quietly fold up the carpet until the apple was fairly in his grasp. It was the very thing which was so easy to be done, if they had only thought of it. It was like Columbus making the egg to stand by breaking of one end; or Alexander solving the Gordian knot by the simple process of cutting it through.

Such a device might not be the best way of choosing a general for a difficult undertaking, but it was congenial to the Oriental mind, and was a test of that unexpected sort which sometimes best brings out the tact or readiness of men. It was characteristic of Mohammed Ali, and the penetrating qualities by which he achieved so much. The same spirit and inventiveness of resource are found in other anecdotes told of him. There is that memorable instance almost at the commencement of his career, when, after the evacuation of Egypt by the French, the Mameluke Boys demanded their arrears of pay and change of officers. Mohammed was the spokesman of their grievances. The Turkish general sent him one day a message, requiring his attendance at an audience to be held at midnight. Mohammed Ali well understood the deadly nature of the invitation. He was attending evening parade when the message came. He smiled and kissed the general's note, and said that he would be sure to come. He then turned to the soldiers: "I am sent for by the Pasha, and you know what destiny awaits the advocate of your wrongs in a midnight audience. I will go; but shall I go alone?" Four thousand sabres were at once flashed forth, and it now became the Turkish general's turn to decline the interview. "Now, then," Mohammed exclaimed, "Cairo is for sale, and the strongest sword will buy it." This was practical wit—the wit of ready action.