

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. Gofering 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.
516 13

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.
6 23 26.

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL

This is not the lowest priced, but being 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.

JARDEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS,
151 South Front Street,
Philadelphia.

New Carriage Manufactory,
ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THEIR 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.

A WIFE BY CHANCE.

MY name is Nathaniel Bugby. Perhaps you have seen me, at some time standing behind the counter of my employers, Messrs. Haberdasher & Co., who for five years past have been selling their goods at an alarming sacrifice! as the columns of the daily papers and a large placard in front of the store have constantly made known to an interesting public.

This, however, has no direct bearing upon my story. Let me only say in addition, while upon this point, that my salary, although large enough for my own maintenance, has precluded all thoughts of matrimony in the present expensive style of living. Therefore it may be easily inferred that I must either resign myself not to marry at all or find some one who to a heart super-adds a fortune.

The reader now understands my position sufficiently to understand the feelings with which I read an advertisement of the following purport in the paper some time since.

The advertisement in question set forth the advantage of a certain gift enterprise in a brilliant list of prizes, closing with—what do you think? No less than the hand of a young lady, together with twenty thousand dollars! The conditions were that if upon acquaintance either the young lady or the winning party should see fit to decline the matrimonial alliance intended, the rejecting party should forfeit all claim to the twenty thousand dollars which should go to the rejected.

This was on the whole a fair proposition, since neither would wish to be in honor bound to marry one who might be hideous with deformity, physical or moral.

The price of tickets in this tempting lottery was only two dollars. Boston agents, Messrs. Shave & Co., State St. Having fully made up my mind to invest, I called there on my way from dinner.

"Have you any tickets left?" I inquired, with some anxiety.

"A few," was the prompt reply. "Will you have one?"

"Yes, I believe so."

I accordingly passed a two-dollar bill to the clerk, and received a ticket marked 11,569.

"Rather a high figure," I remarked, carelessly.

"Yes," said the clerk, "tickets are going like hot cakes. They are in great demand among young men," he said, smiling.

"Some take as many as fifteen or twenty to make their chance surer."

I was about, upon this hint to follow their example and purchase a few more, when I luckily reflected that a board-bill due the next day would take up all my remaining available funds, and prudently denied myself.

Dear reader, did you ever have a ticket in any lottery or gift enterprise? If so, you can understand my state of mind for the month that must intervene before the declaration of the prizes. I was continually speculating upon my chances of success and what I should do, if, on being declared the lucky winner of the first prize, I should find the lady whom I had won entirely ugly and unprepossessing. In such a case would the sum of twenty thousand dollars be sufficient to sugar the pill? I could not tell, but wisely concluded to wait till the alternative was really presented. In the meantime I was particularly observant of the pretty faces whom the placard "An Alarming Sacrifice" drew to our store. I amused myself by picking out particular young ladies and representing to myself the possibility that some one of them might be the lady who was to bring her intended twenty thousand dollars.

Without dwelling upon this, I will only say that I saw several whom I should have been perfectly willing to marry at a less high figure. I am aware that some of my romantic young lady readers will shake their heads at this admission, and brand me a mercenary fellow with a heart not large enough to be worth having. But, my dear young ladies, you must remember that at that time I had no particular interest in any young lady, was more likely to be influenced by the fascinations of the sex generally, and I venture to say that if I had happened to meet any of you before I became acquainted with the present Mrs. Bugbee, (be it known I am married at last) there is no knowing what might have happened. I can imagine Mrs. Bugbee shaking in her shoes at the mere supposition.

To proceed with my story. The month slipped slowly away, as all periods of suspense do. I should scarcely dare to say how many mistakes the pre-occupied state of my mind led me to make, such as returning to a customer seventy-five cents more than was due her, on which occasion my employer, the senior Mr. Haberdasher, severely remarked that when I made such mistakes, I should take care to let them be on the other side—that while giving back too much change was highly reprehensible, giving back too little would be a venial offense which he would readily forgive.

The month at length drew to a close, and I, in an excited frame of mind, walked down to Messrs. Shave & Co.'s office in State street. The office was already full of anxious ticket-holders, who were alternately elated or depressed by their success or want of it. I was particularly amused by

a scene which transpired just before my own turn came. The applicant before me was a tall lady of thirty-nine or thereabouts exceedingly spare, and very prim in her ways. Though she did not recognize me, I remember perfectly having been introduced to her one occasion as Miss Charity Billings. She was the very picture of a prim, methodical old maid, and professed to have a very low opinion of all mankind possibly because they had proved so blind to her varied attractions. I confess I was surprised to see Miss Charity in such a place as I had supposed that the pomp and vanities of this world, including of course filthy lucre, were as nothing in her sight. However, appearances are deceitful.

"Your number, ma'am?" inquired the clerk.

"Five thousand six hundred and seventy-three," primly pronounced Miss Charity.

The clerk consulted his list. When he looked up, his face violently struggled to retain its gravity.

"You have drawn, ma'am," said he, "an elegant rosewood—cradle!"

Miss Charity's face turned all colors, and her embarrassment was considerably increased by a suppressed laugh, which her quick ears did not fail to catch.

"Where shall I send it?" inquired the clerk.

Miss Charity looked undecided; but fortunately a person with "speculation in his eye," stepped up and offered to take it off her hands at a reasonable rate. Miss Billings at once recovered her composure, and prepared herself for making the most of her prize, which she eventually sold.

"No. 11,568!" repeated I taking my place at the counter, after Miss Billings had been fairly disposed of.

The clerk, after a brief examination, seized my hand with warmth.

"Sir, I congratulate you!" he exclaimed. "You are the fortunate winner of our first prize."

I went home on my head or my heels—I am not quite sure which—not, however, until I had ascertained that the name of the young lady whose hand I had won was Ethelinda Blackstone, and that she lived in Coventry, a town in Western New York.

When sober second thought came to my assistance, I could not help regretting the conditions on which I was to become the enviable possessor of twenty thousand dollars. I reflected, with a sinking heart, that the lady might be as ugly as a Gorgon, in which case, she would, of course, insist on my performing my part of the contract.

I at once petitioned Messrs. Haberdasher & Co., for a month's vacation, merely alleging that important business called me away. I could not help blushing, when I proffered the request, which led to meaning looks being exchanged by the other clerks. None of them however, were in my secret.

One pleasant morning in October, I found myself in Oswego, purchasing a ticket by stage to Coventry, which, as I was told, was distant some twenty miles from that flourishing city. The stage went farther, but Coventry was one of the places on the route.

Opposite me in the stage, sat a rosy-checked maiden of very attractive appearance. She was somewhat demure withal and only cast stolen glances at me, which I pretended not to see, while I, in turn, looked at her, and when our eyes chanced to meet, they were instantly withdrawn. All this was very foolish of course, but I allege in my own defence, that my opposite neighbor, besides being decidedly pretty, was the only presentable-looking female in the coach. Close beside her was a spinster, of thirty-five or thereabouts, with a pursed-up mouth, and two sections of yellowish hair plastered to each cheek. Her nose was long and thin, while she herself was lankness personified. Add to this a pair of blue spectacles, and you will readily imagine that the beauty of the girl beside her was heightened by the contrast.

There appeared however, to be some acquaintance between them, as I observed the young lady speaking familiarly with her less prepossessing companion.

The road over which we were riding was rough and hilly. In parts it inclined to one side, so that one part of the coach was lifted higher than the other. On one of these occasions the inequality was farther increased by the wheel at the upper end passing a stone. The jolt was such that the passengers were violently precipitated to one side, and I, much to my surprise, but not at all to my displeasure, found my pretty neighbor opposite, seated in my lap. I made not the least effort to relieve myself of the unexpected burden but the young lady, half-blushing, half-laughing, withdrew as quickly as possible from her embarrassing predicament. On looking about I observed that the gentleman at my side a bluff, stout gentleman, was in state of ludicrous perplexity. The spinster whom I have mentioned, had been thrown forward at the same time and opening her arms in the vain endeavor to save herself, they involuntarily clasped her opposite neighbor round the neck. In her bewilderment, she did not immediately release her hold, but uttered a succession of piercing shrieks, which first alarmed, and finally convulsed with laughter all passengers.

Fortunately for us, we were near the end

of our journey. My opposite neighbor and her companion got out at a neat two-story brick house, about half a mile from the hotel where I myself stopped.

After passing the night comfortably at the Coventry Arms, I inquired of the landlord, in the morning, if he could inform me where Miss Ethelinda Blackstone resided.

"In a brick house about half a mile from here," was the reply.

"A two story, brick house, with lilac bushes on either side of the gate?" I inquired, with sudden hope.

"That's the place."

I at once jumped to the joyful conclusion that my pretty stage companion was the lady to whose hand I could urge so strong a claim.

I dressed myself carefully, and about ten o'clock, armed with a letter of introduction from the President of the Gift Enterprise, I walked over to the brick house.

My modest knock called to the door my pretty stage companion. A blush of recognition showed that I was not forgotten. Stammering out something about the beauty of the morning, I delivered my letter, and accepted an invitation to take a seat in the parlor. My innamorata left me, to read the letter in private.

Meanwhile I began to feel the embarrassment of my position. Nevertheless, I had taken the first step and determined not to faint or falter, with such a prize in view. On the walls of the little parlor, were various neat and tasteful drawings, attesting the skill of my late companion.

While I was busily engaged in examining these, the door opened and admitted—the spinster. I knew her instantly by her long nose and yellow hair.

"Mr. Bugbee?" she said inquiringly. I bowed.

"I am Miss Ethelinda Blackstone, to whom your letter was addressed."

I was petrified! It was the aunt then and not the niece whose virgin hand I had won. In my dismay and perplexity I with difficulty ejaculated that I was happy to make her acquaintance.

"I feel, Mr. Bugbee," said the spinster casting down her eyes in modest confusion,—"that—that this meeting is, on both sides, an embarrassing one. And as we may both desire to become better acquainted, may I ask your company to tea this evening? Our hour is six."

Hastily accepting the invitation I returned to the hotel in a very unhappy state of mind.

"If it had only been the young lady," I thought, "I should have been delighted but I never—never can make my mind to wed this antiquated spinster. A hundred thousand dollars would not tempt me!"

I took tea at the house of Miss Ethelinda. The young lady, Miss Carrie Blackstone, who proved to be the niece of the elder lady was very demure; but I could now and then detect a mischievous glance from her black eyes, as they rested in turn on her aunt and myself. She said but little, and left the burden of conversation to us. As might be supposed, it was precise, formal and heavy.

After tea we walked out. I was forced to offer my arm to the spinster—much against my will—while Miss Carrie very demurely tripped behind.

"How long will this farce be kept up?" thought I sighing. "I am very much afraid Miss Ethelinda will throw the burden of rejection upon me. She appears to have taken a fancy to me already. Just my luck!"

I groaned in spirit, but had to preserve an outward appearance of cheerfulness.

So it went on for a fortnight. Miss Ethelinda evidently looked on me with favor, while she became more and more distasteful to me, more especially as I was deep in love with her niece. Hitherto, I had had no opportunity to speak in private with the latter. It so happened that at one time on one of my daily calls, I found the elder lady absent. Carrie assured me that she would be in soon. Accordingly, nothing loath, I decided to await in her company the return of her aunt.

Before the interview was over, so unusually bewitching proved my companion, that I blundered out my love.

"I—I thought," she said, blushing, "that it was my aunt that—that you—"

I very earnestly assured her that although I had the highest esteem for her aunt, I loved only her—that I was perfectly willing to resign all claim to the twenty thousand dollars; that no amount of money, however large, would satisfy the heart—that love outweighed every other consideration—and much more to the same effect.

"Since you set so high a value on this hand," she said, frankly placing it in mine, "I yield it to you freely; the more freely that you will not be compelled to make the sacrifice you anticipate in claiming it. It is myself and not my aunt to whom your letter was addressed."

"But your full name is Carrie," said I bewildered.

"My full name is Carrie Ethelinda," "although to distinguish me from my aunt, I am usually called by the former."

"But I was led to suppose that your aunt—"

"Will you pardon the deception?" said Carrie smiling. "I feared that it was my money and not myself that would prove the greater attraction, and I persuaded the

aunt to personate the heiress. Here she comes."

The spinster, who appeared in a more amiable light now that I was satisfied she had no designs upon my hand, very cheerfully gave her consent to my engagement with her niece. A month afterwards we were married.

SUNDAY READING.

Revengeful Punishments.

We once knew of a little child who had stolen a couple of figs off the dessert dish on the dinner table. The theft was discovered, and her father made her wear the figs on a string round her neck the whole evening, with full explanations why. We heard the story when the child had grown up to be a woman, and from her own lips; and she said that to this hour she suffered from the shame of that evening; it was burnt into her, and made a wound ineffaceable for life. It was a tremendous punishment for the fault; the fault itself being in so young a child as she was—five years old only—that might have been punished and reformed by milder measures. It seems to have been a mistake, judging from the bitterness with which the father's character was spoken of—she said she had ceased to love him from that day—and from the stern and loveless nature of the woman herself it seemed to have cast out all softness from her. And though, to be sure, she stole no more figs, yet she had learned her lesson of keeping her fingers from wandering into the region of forbidden dainties at too severe cost. The policy of humiliation is a dangerous one at all times and on all occasions, and far more souls have been crushed by this than sins have been confirmed by over-leniency. To destroy all self-respect is to destroy all healing power, and to prevent all possibility of a rebound. In dealing with the faulty, however, hard we may be on the sin, we ought always to reserve a way of restoration to the sinner.

The Way to Make a Poor Pastor.

1. Be careless and irregular in attending church. Never go, except when you can manufacture no good excuse to stay at home.
2. When at church be either asleep or staring about. Do not listen to the sermon.
3. When you go home complain of the sermon as light and chaffy, or dry and uninteresting.
4. Treat your pastor with a cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you.
5. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.
6. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is not more popular with the people.
7. Be very lukewarm and worldly-minded, and yet complain of him for want of zeal.
8. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary.

Do all these things, and you will never fail to have a poor pastor.

☞ A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of his person and the glory of his wings made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling doct."

☞ "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

☞ "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superior."

☞ Anticipate the triumphant hour when this head which often aches with weariness shall be encircled with the crown of glory. Think of the time when our hands are worn with toil shall grasp the palm branch, and the feet that are weary with this pilgrimage shall stand upon the sea of glass, when our constant occupation shall be to glorify him who has uplifted us from the miry class and set our feet upon a rock, and established our goings for ever.

☞ One drop of ink will blacken a whole glassful of water. So will one evil communication make the whole heart foul.—You might drop many, many drops of water into a tumbler of ink, but it would have no perceptible influence. So it will take thousands of good precepts and good instructions to root out one evil word.

☞ A bright-eyed little fellow in one of the Brooklyn private school, having spelt a word, was asked by his teacher: "Are you willing to bet you are right, Bennie?" The boy looked up with an air of astonishment, and said: "I know I'm right, Miss V., but I never bet."

☞ In Sweden no person is allowed to marry unless he is a member of church, and no one is permitted to join church until he can read or write.

☞ Those who in the day of sorrow have owned God's presence in the cloud, will find him also in the pillar of fire, brightening and cheering the abode as night comes on.