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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,
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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 TICKES,  
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**Boots! Boots!**

A Full Assortment of  
**THE CELEBRATED YORK BOOTS,**

Hand or Machine Made, Whole Stock Double Sole and

Warranted to Give Entire Satisfaction,  
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A Full Assortment of  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**  
Constantly on Hand.

Special Attention Paid to Orders.  
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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.

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.

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126 South Front Street,  
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ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARRIAGE ST.,  
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THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carriage 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**  
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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. 31

**HUGGINS AND THE WIDOW.**

BY S. H. OF ALABAMA.

ONE day Sandy Huggins came into my office and sat down without a word. For some minutes he sat still watching me intently as if trying to make out by the sound of my pen what I was writing.

"Squire," he said at length, "did I ever tell you about my scrape with the widow Horry up here on the river?"

"Never did," said I, laying down my pen, "let's have it."

"They're curious creatures, widows is," said he in a meditative tone, "and the more you study about 'em the more you don't know anything about 'em. What was this thing I've read about in Egypt, or some other country, that nobody could unriddle?"

"The Sphinx, probably," I replied.

"Well," he continued, "that was a widow as sure as you ever had a granny.—Everything else in the earth has been found out but them, and they're as much mystery to-day as the length of the North Pole. You may read the history of the world from Genesis to Revelations, and you'll find that widows have been the bottom or top of five quarters of all the devilment that has been cut up. Was you ever in love with one?"

"Lots of them," said I.

"You're a great gander—that's what you are," said he. "A man that loves one and gits over it won't never get bit by another, if he's got as much sense as a ground hog. I don't consider that I've got any sense at all, but I'm a little too smart to let another of them get all the trumps on me. The widow Horry that I was speaking of, is a little the handsomest woman, I reckon, that ever looked a man into fits, and I ought to be a judge, for I've seen lots of pretty women in my day. She was about twenty-five years old when I went up there to work, just in the bloom of her beauty, and as full of deviltry as a three year old mule colt. There was a ball over at Jenkins' and of course I went, for I always go where there's any fun going on, and generally act the fool before I get away. Of course the widow was there, dressed as fine as Solomon's lillies, and flying around as friskily as a young lamb in a rye patch. I got introduced to her and asked her to dance with me, and when she flashed her eyes at me and said 'yes,' I jumped up like I had set down on a hot griddle. You may talk about sensation, but when she took hold of my hand and I sorter squeezed it, I felt a sensation as big as a load of wood and it kept running up and down my back like a squirrel with a hawk after him. I'm very fond of dancing, but I'll be hanged if I know whether I enjoyed it that night or not, for every time she took hold of my hand I'd commence feeling curious behind my ears and up and down my back again, and then I wouldn't know whether I was on earth or in a balloon, or on a comet, anything about it. It was undoubtedly a case of love at first sight, and a powerful bad case at that. For it was wonder I got through the frolic without making conspicuous or cutting up any extras, as I'm in the habit of doing when I go into public. I'd set my pegs to go home with the widow after the ball, but just as I was fixing my mouth to ask her, up steps a big, long, leather-faced doctor, named Mabry, and walked her right off before my eyes. That riled me some, but I kept my tongue still, inwardly swearing to break his bones the very first opportunity that presented itself. I saw there was no use in saying anything, so I went home and went to bed, and all the rest of the night I was dreaming about rainbows, angels, butterflies, fiddles, widows and doctors, mixed up worse than a dutchman's boiled dinner.

"Well, squire, to make a short story of it, I made up my mind to have the widow, or kill myself or somebody else."

"So I made it convenient to be on hand where she was, upon all occasions. I couldn't eat nor sleep nor work, and if the thing had kept on, I wouldn't have had sense enough left to skin a rabbit. But I was determined it shouldn't last long, for I'd been fooled so often by women that I thought I wouldn't give her time to think of anything but me. She appeared to take to me right sharply, and the doctor seemed inclined to mix in with me, but I didn't consider him no more than a brush fence, for I was so far gone I thought she could see nobody on earth but me. Well, Squire, things went on so for about a month, and one Sunday I screwed up my spunk and put the question to her. She sorter laughed and sorter looked one-sided, and finally told me she couldn't give me an answer just then, but if I'd call at her house next Thursday evening, she'd give me a final answer. Think I, you're mine just as sure as there's a fiddle to a bow. Whenever a woman takes time to study she'll say yes. Squire, don't the poets say something about the calculation of men and rats going crooked?"

"Mice and men, Burns says," I answered. "Well, mice and rats is all one, and so is men and fools sometimes, as I have found out in my travels. I was so sure she would have me that I went off and spent all my money for fine clothes, thinking I would have them ready for

the wedding—and I did! Confound that widow, I say! Confound all the widows!—Thursday evening came at last, although it was a long time about it, and over I went, dressed into fits, and feeling as big as Josh Raymor did when he was elected coroner. I got there about dark, and found a right smart crowd collected, which was not on the bills, but I felt as big and as good as the rest of them. So I marched in like a blind mule into a potato patch, and took a seat by the fire. I didn't see anything of the widow, but I looked for her to come in and send for me, and passed away the time by cussin' the crowd to myself, thinking they had no business there, and I would not get to talk to my woman a bit. Presently the door opened and in walked Polly and that dod-durned doctor, and a whole team of boys and girls fixed up savagely I tell you. I looked around for a fiddler, thinking they were going to have a ball, but I wondered what they all kept so still for and was about proposin' a reel, when up gits a little preacher, and before you could swallow a live oyster, he had Polly and the doctor married faster than a Mexican greaser could tie a bull's horn. I was so completely flummoxed that I set there with my mouth open like I was going to swallow the whole crowd, and my eyes looked like billiard balls till the ceremony was over, when I jumped up and bellowed.

"I forbid the concern from being constituted!"

"You are a little too late, my friend," says the preacher, and they all commenced laughing like they had seen some thing funny.

"I'll be durned squizeled if I don't be soon enough for somebody yet," said I "for I was mad, Squire, and no mistake in the ticket. I do believe I could have cut up that doctor quicker than a hungry dog could swallow a squirrel skin if I could have had a fair chance at him. It was too bad, after I had fixed up to marry her myself, for her to walk right under my eyes and marry that great baboon."

"It was bad, that is a fact," I said.

"Bad!" cried he, "it was meaner than eating fried coon. I first thought I'd go straight home, but then I concluded that wouldn't spite nobody, so I determined to stay and see if I could not get satisfaction out of somebody. You know I'm a devil to get myself or somebody else in a scrape when I take a notion, and I'd taken one that night that went all over me like a third day chill, so I commenced a study'n out some plan. I recollected hearing the doctor say that where he come from (but the Lord only knows where that was) the bride and groom always washed their faces together before they went to bed, as a charm against infidelity, or some other long word. While I was study'n about that, I spied the doctor's saddle bags setting in the corner so I waited till they went into the supper, and then I got the bags and looked to see what I could discover. Nearly the first thing I saw was a piece of lunar caustic. I slipped it into my pocket, for I had my plan as I saw it. Well, I watched around till I saw one of the girls go to the pail with the pitcher, so I went out and asked her what she was going to do with it. She said she was going carry it into the room for the Doctor and Polly to wash their faces in. I kept talking to her while she was filling the pitcher, and when she turned her head I dropped the caustic into it. It was then about bed time and I got my hat and put out, but I couldn't help laughing all the way home whenever I'd think about next morning."

"Well, Squire, they do say that when that couple waked up next morning they had the hardest kind of fits, each one thinking that each other was a nigger.—Oh, it was rich! He a cussin' and tearin' up things, and she a screamin' and faintin' and comin' and goin' off again, and me not there to see it. They made such rascally racket that the folks broke into the room to see what was the matter, and there they was with their faces and hands all as black as the inside of an old stove-pipe. I'd give half my interest in t'other world just to have been at some place where I could have seen the whole row. As soon as they found out that they was really the same folks that married the night before, they called for warm water and soap, but here the doctor happened to think about the pitcher, and took it to the door to see what was the matter. There was a little piece of caustic that had not dissolved, and as soon as he saw it, he says:

"It's no use washing, Polly. All the soap in New York city can't wash that black off."

That was the truth, Squire. Soap and water had no more effect than it would on a native born African, and all the chance was to wait and let it wear off. How long it took them to get white again I never found out, but one thing I do know, he concluded, getting up to go out, "the next time I saw the doctor I had the hardest fight, and come the night getting whaled that ever I did in my born days!"

"Unprotected female (waking old gent, who is not very well)—"O, Mister, would you find the captain? I'm sure we're in danger. I've been watching the man at the wheel; he keeps turning it round first one way and then the other, and evidently doesn't know his own mind."

**Wanted Information.**

Once at a "commencement ball," given by the members of the senior class of Dartmouth, two of the class made their appearance so intoxicated that it became necessary for the floor managers to insist upon their retiring from the room. One of them knew enough to get out and go home. The other, John Buck, after reeling about for some time, found himself in the ladies' dressing room, where he attempted to lie down on a sofa, but fell flat on the floor, where he lay too much discouraged to get up or care where he was. Soon after he rolled under the sofa, and immediately was fast asleep. However, he was not destined to rest in peace, for shortly after, he was awakened by the entrance of two young ladies, engaged in earnest conversation who sat down on the sofa under which our friend was lying. After talking a little while on various subjects, one said to the other:

"Did you hear any one say anything about me?"

"Yes, I heard quite a number say that you were the best dancer in the hall. But did you hear any one say anything about me?"

"Yes, they all said you were the prettiest young lady here to-night."

Now, John was awakened by this earnest conversation and began to share the interest felt by the young ladies. Poking out his head from between their feet, he thus delivered himself:

"D-d-did you h-h-hear (hic) anybody s-s-say anything b-b-bout me?"

The shrieks of the affrighted damsels was their only response, as they fled in dismay to the ball room, and John's question remained unanswered.

**Curiosities of Memory.**

John Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the *Morning Post* in four days; and General Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dillon could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper he had read over night. During the Repeal debates in the House of Commons thirty-seven years ago, one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers, and repeated it to the House in the evening; it was found to be the same verbatim as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Sealiger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. Seneca could repeat two thousand words on hearing them once. Magliabecchi, who had a prodigious memory, (he must have had to remember his name,) was once put to a severe test. A gentleman lent him a manuscript, which was read and returned. The owner sometime afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabecchi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army.

**Ancient Dentistry.**

Among the ancients great success was obtained in this art. Casselius was a dentist in the reign of the Roman triumphs, and gold was used in the filling. But nearly 500 B. C., gold was thus used, and gold wire was employed to hold artificial teeth in position, and it does not seem then to have been a new art. A fragment of the tenth of the Roman tables, 450 B. C., has reference to preventing the burial of any gold with the dead except that bound around the teeth.—Herodotus declares that the Egyptians had a knowledge of the diseases of teeth and their treatment 2,000 B. C. In Martial Casselius is mentioned as either filling or extracting teeth, but he specified that he would not polish false teeth with powder. These facts cover a period of 6000 years.

Mrs. Jossylin is a washerwoman and works very hard for her living. In the palmy days of Harry Meiggs she deposited with him no less an amount than \$2,500, and when Meiggs and her money were gone, the time in which a woman could lay up so large a sum from the profit of her business was gone also. Some two or three months ago she read in some publication that her old banker had made money in South America by building railroads, and with a beautiful faith in the human nature, she embarked upon the Panama Steamer and wended her way to the the South, where Meiggs now holds sway. She sought the millionaire in his gorgeous residence, and presented her bank book and told her tale. Meiggs listened and when she had finished, he handed her a check for the amount of the deposit and interest from its date to the time of payment. She departed a wealthier and a happier woman.

An amorous swain declares he is so fond of his girl that he has rubbed the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall. A hopeless case that.

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

**A Geographical Puzzle.**

Below we give the puzzle of last week, with the correct geographical names added:

A man whose name was a mountain in Scotland (Ben Nevis), learned to be a mountain in Washington, (Baker). He lived in a house made of a county in Kansas (Clay), and a river in Illinois, (Stone). His only pet was a river in Nebraska, (Elk). One day after taking a town in Virginia, (Bath), he went out to buy his week's supplies. He bought a country in Europe, (Turkey), some plural of a river in New England, (Onion), a river in Minnesota, (Kettle), a creek in Illinois, (Salt), a county in Alabama, (Coffee), and a river in Great Britain, (Robe.)

Having made his purchases, he started for home, but the river in Great Britain became oppressive, but he did not care, as he heard thunder in the distance, and presently the rain fell in torrents. His river in Great Britain became drenched, but he was consoled by the thought that it would remove the mountain in North America (Snow).

When he got home, he made his supper of some plural of a bay in Florida, (Oyster), a lake in Utah (Fish), a river in Montana, (Milk), and a town in Michigan, (Cold Water). Then he placed an Island from the Atlantic, (Block), and a mountain from Georgia, (Stone), against the door and went to bed.

**Enigma.**

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 1, 16, 3, 18, 17, 11, and 12, is an animal  
My 2, 7, 9, 12, and 14, " " "  
My 6, 5, 10, 19, and 4, " " "  
My 8, 3, and 15, " " "  
My whole is an old adage.

Can any of our readers run the point of a pencil over the white lines in this cut, without going over any portion twice, and without removing the point of the pencil?



**Seeing is Deceiving.**

Here is a row of ordinary capital letters:

S S S X X X Z Z Z

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shares. Look carefully at these, and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and without any careful looking you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks.

There is a current fallacy which is responsible for much of the fever and ague that prevails in this country. It is the belief that the early morning air is peculiarly wholesome. Generally speaking, it is peculiarly unwholesome; not from the presence of miasmata, but because it is cold and damp. To leave a warm bed, when the system is relaxed and expose one's self to chilly morning air unfortified by food or drink, is simply to invite disease.

**Queer Scruples.**

In taking the late census of England the officers met some curious instances of eccentricity. One obstinate landed proprietor vowed that he would rather sacrifice his life than be a party to an act for which David was punished. Another man, with religious scruples, refused to make out a census paper on the ground that he could not do so without perjuring himself. He did not of his own knowledge know his own name, nor the place where he was born.

An exchange tells us "it is an old superstition that, at her bridal, a lady should always wear some article borrowed from a friend, for the occasion, to bring good luck." It is curious, but it is nevertheless true, that the same superstition prevails here. It was only last week that a young man tried to borrow something of a friend to take to the bridal ceremony. We believe it was a ten dollar bill he wanted.

A Reverend gentleman was addressing a school concert recently, and was trying to enforce the idea that the hearts of the little ones were sinful, and needed regulations. Taking his watch and holding it up, he said: "Now, here is my watch; suppose it don't keep good time, now goes too fast, and now too slow; what shall I do with it?" "Sell it!" shouted a flaxen-haired youngster.

Persons troubled with cold feet in the winter should plunge them into cold water for a few minutes upon rising, then wipe dry rubbing vigorously. At night hold your feet to the fire for ten minutes.

The opinion has been expressed that one-half the cases of cancer of the lip originate in the pressure of the stem of a tobacco pipe in smoking.