

New Millinery Goods At Newport, Pa.

I REG 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.

Boots! Boots! A Full Assortment of THE CELEBRATED YORK BOOTS,

Hand or Machine Made, 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. CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.

This is not the lowest priced, but being such the best 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, wherever USED, removes 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.

2ND, Because it is the most BRILLIANT liquid illuminator now known.

3RD, 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, etc., etc., 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 Street, East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

Carriages Of every description, out of the best material.

Slighs 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.

JAMES B. CLARK, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware

New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. KEPT 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! Sent and hooded up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his work.

Tompkins Pops the Question.

"Will do it?" quoth Mr. Tompkins, with a very decided flourish of his red and yellow bandanna; and Mr. Tompkins folded his arms across his portly breast and paced the garden walk with the air of a fat Napoleon. He had made up his mind; he had decided the question upon which he had been pondering for the last two hours. Yes, he would do it; upon the whole, Mr. Tompkins would pop the question! To be sure, he was forty, fat and bald; but everybody that knew him said there was not a more amiable man in Holloway; besides he did not think himself so very ill-looking a man, and even Nannie Day could not be entirely oblivious to the fact that he was something of a catch. Fifty thousand dollars was great wealth in Holloway, and Mr. Tompkins possessed that amount of worldly goods.

He was a widower; his first wife had been Betsey Trimmer, and he had married her for her 'smartness'; and it was a proof of his fondness for variety that he had now set his heart upon pretty Nannie Day, the doctor's daughter, who was only eighteen, and anything but 'capable.' Indeed, Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, to whom Mr. Tompkins has applied for her opinion of Nannie, said she was a 'fly-away flirt of a thing, and jest about as stiddy as a white kitten.'

But everybody knew that Mrs. Jones was an ill-natured critic, who would see no good in any body. Nannie would sober down after awhile, and her girlish flightiness just pleased Mr. Tompkins. And she was so bewitchingly pretty; her hair was like gold in the sun, and her eyes were like two violets, and her eyes would drive any man out of his senses; Tompkins knew that; they had driven him out of his many a time. If she accepted him (and of course she would) how all the young fellows would envy him!

That last consideration decided him; that and a glimpse just then of Nannie herself, passing the pasture next his garden, and carrying a little tin pail, which betokened that she was going 'strawberrying.' Positively she had never looked so charming as she looked at that moment, in her pink calico dress and white apron, and the broad brimmed hat, with ribbons that just matched her eyes. Yes, Tompkins would do it!

He felt very assured and triumphant in advance, when he stood on Dr. Day's front door-step that evening, asking the 'help' if "Miss Nancy was in?"

"Miss Nancy? yes; she's in the settin' room. Walk right in there, Mr. Tompkins, and Almiry looked exceedingly significant, as she opened the 'settin' room' door. Almiry was a sharp girl, and Mr. Tompkins presumed she guessed his errand.

There was no light in the 'settin' room,' and only the white table cover and crimson lounge showed plainly through the gloom. A female figure in a pink dress and a white apron arose at the entrance from a seat by the window, and Mr. Tompkins hurriedly exclaimed, feeling a little hurried in spite of himself:

"Don't bring a light, Miss Day, don't I want to say something to you, and the twilight—" Mr. Tompkins took a seat beside the lady, who finished his sentence for him by whispering "Oh!"

Now was the tug of war. Mr. Tompkins did not find his task as easy as he had hoped; but having been through the ordeal once before, he was not to be daunted by trifles; so he possessed himself of the lady's hand, having some trouble to find it in the deepening gloom, and cleared his throat preparatory to commencing.

"Hem! Miss Day—my dear Nannie!" He stopped short, and the fair one giggled. Mr. Tompkins considered that encouraging, and recollecting the manner in which he had proposed to Betsy Trimmer, he addressed her in the precise language of which he made use on that former occasion.

"My dearest Nannie, I have long sought an opportunity like the present. I have long wished to declare my love to you. To win the pure treasure of your virgin heart has long been the dream of my manhood. Say, my love, dearest, must I hope in vain? Will you be my wife?" Mr. Tompkins had learned the above speech from a novel, expressly for the former occasion referred to, and he considered it a highly able oratorical effort.

The lady trembled and giggled, and appeared overwhelmed by maiden confusion; and the elated Mr. Tompkins stole his arm about her waist and whispered:

"Say yes, dearest!" "Yes, then, if you will be so persistent, Hiram!"

Mr. Tompkins started up as if a torpedo had exploded beneath his chair; it was the unmistakable voice of Miss Nancy Day, Nannie's old maid aunt.

"Good Lord! have I been and gone and proposed to the old maid!" was the thought that darted through Mr. Tompkins' brain. He grasped his hat, and muttered something about 'business to attend to,' and made a rush for the nearest door. It was a clothes press.

"Dear me, Hiram, how flustered you be!" giggled Miss Nancy. "I've always supposed the woman was the one to be upset!"

But Mr. Tompkins had succeeded in finding the right door, and was gone. Rushing down the walk, he ran plump into a tall moustached young fellow, who stood by the front gate with an arm around Nannie Day's slender waist, in just the most familiar manner imaginable. "I'll be hanged—if it isn't Tom Willis!" exploded Mr. Tompkins. "The same," laughed the young man.—"Pray, what do you mean by coming down upon a fellow in that style, Mr. Tompkins?"

An idea had struck Mr. Tompkins. Of course Tom Willis wouldn't have his arm around Nannie's waist unless it had a right there. So he concluded to apologize and go home.

"After all," he reflected, as he turned his steps in that direction, "Nannie Day is a wild little thing, and I mightn't have been happy with her. And—" here Mr. Tompkins had another idea—"perhaps I haven't done such a bad thing, on the whole. There isn't a smarter woman in the country than Miss Nancy Day. She's a great deal more suitable for me than little Nannie; of course she is."

And so Mr. Tompkins has a wife, after all. He thinks she is even more 'capable' than his first wife; and all his relations say that 'Hiram has had the best luck with his wives'; but I'm sure Mr. Tompkins hasn't told his wife that he proposed to her by mistake.

A Countryman at a Show.

"CROW-CUSS" has the following humorous article in the Hartford "Times":

One day this week, being in Springfield, I heard of the great Poultry Show in Hartford, and there being nothing to hinder, I concluded to go down and visit it, and here I am. I went to the station house situated on the corner of the Massachusetts House and Main street, and saw a chap inside of a stereoscope selling tickets. I went up to him and says I, "I want to go to Hartford." Says he, "Why the d— don't you go, then?" Says I, "How much might it cost?" Says he, "It might cost five dollars, but it don't." "How much is it then?" says I. "It's ninety cents," says he. "Ninety cents?" I replied; but at that he began to get wrathful, so I gave him the money, got my ticket, and came down.

I got off at the landing, and walked up the ravine which leads to Main street, having to walk on both sides of it to keep on the walk, and pretty soon came to a large block of stone being raised. As I stood looking at it a man asked me who was building. Says I, "Can't you read that sign? It says 'Boardman's building.'"

"All right," says he, as he stepped into a pile of mud. "I hope next time I come to Hartford they'll have a sign Boardman's there."

Pretty quick I reached the hen house, and went up stairs to the hatchway, where a man was settin', and says I, "Is your name Henry?" "No," says he, "he's up stairs." So I went up to the door and Henry asked for my ticket. I told him the conductor took it on the cars. He said I couldn't go in, but I told him I should; I'd come clear down from Springfield, Thompsonville and Windsor Locks a purpose. He asked me was I a fancier. "I'm a darned sight fancier than you," says I.

He was very enthusiastic about the Fair, said there were over 400 entries. I told him I came through one when I came in, but didn't see the others. We went and saw a patent coop, a coop-de-etat I think he called it, with parlor, dining-room, kitchen and billiard room, and also bath room and water closet, it stood on a platform, and I asked him "Why was the platform like a treasury note?" he thought a while and said it was so long since he had seen one he couldn't tell. "Because," says I, "it has a coupon."

The display was eggcellent, some of the handsomest fowls I ever saw, such as white crested, fannytailed squirrels, silver gray Dominique rabbits, centepedes, stuffed birds, Bantam peacocks, etc., etc. I was particularly interested in a little duck, with a corn colored poplin alpaca, with gros grain paletot. I asked a chap with her if his name was Drake, it rather ruffled him. One exhibitor had some beautiful angola rabbits, and I tried to buy some of the eggs but they were not for sale. Another seemed quite proud of a pair of Houdans, but when I asked if he would sell me a pair for Thanksgiving—

"A tear stood in his bright blue eye, while the young man answered with a sigh, Egge sell sirs!"

I next inquired of a little covey who owned some ducks what kind of a brand they were. He said Muscovy, from Russia. I says to him, says I, "What is the matter of that one's feathers?" "Gortschakoff," said he. "Orloff," says I, and passed along.

White Bremen Geese, was the card on another cage. I inquired of the driver if he could tell me why his geese were like chestnuts? He began to guess, and finally said "No, Why?" I told him, "Because they are best roasted." He looked at me sadly and walked away.

Still another man had a collection of Bantams, Cochius, Dorkings, Black Hamburgs, Hartford Prolifics and Early Rose (this last is very common). One of the Bantams had just been cochin a Dorking

in a pan of water. I inquired if he caught his bantams out in Bantam Lake. He looked somewhat grieved and said "No." Just then the president came along again and said he hoped I was enjoying myself when I asked him why a Shanghigh hen was like an actuary. "I don't care," says he—"why?" "Because he can cacklelate," says I.

"Now I'll ask you one," says he. "If you don't mind your own business, why will you be like a fire in Hartford?" "Give it up," says I. "Because you will get put out mighty quick." I was considerably put out for a minute, but I told him if he did such things it would make a bad precedent, so he dried up.

The Treasurer came along and, began to talk about his collection, which was one of the best in the Fair (he collected the money). After listening awhile, I said, "can you tell me why a young chicken is like a pair of forceps?" "No I can't," says he; "why," says I, "because it is a pullet." For a moment he acted like as if he was going to laugh, but he didn't quite, but I guess he will treasure it up till I go home.

I then told him how interested I had been in the fowl display, but wanted to make a suggestion. I had always been fond of fowls, but that I was surprised to see so many undressed; a good many had fine combs, but they didn't use them, and I hoped that the managers would see that they were suitably dressed hereafter for an afternoon reception. I further said that if he had a spare cage I would go up to William & House's and get some crowscusses and put in it. He got mad in a minute, and shouted "police!" and in about three seconds one of the three chiefs of police had me, and when I got him on the sidewalk I felt a good deal put out.

A Tragedian's Little Joke.

ONE of the noblest tragedians on the stage, Charles Young, was an irrepressible farceur in private society, and constantly playing, with imperturbable gravity, the most whimsical pranks in public. He undertook to drive Charles Matthews (Esq.) to Cashibury, on a visit to the Earl of Essex. Having passed through the turnpike, and paid the toll, he pulled up at the next gate he came to, and, addressing himself most politely to a woman who issued from the toll-house, inquired if, Mr. —, the toll-taker, whose name he saw above the door, happened to be in the way. The woman answered that he was not in the house, but that she could send for him if the gentleman wished to see him particularly.

"Well, I am sorry to trouble you, madam; but I certainly should like to have a few minutes' conversation with him," replied Young.

Upon this the woman called to a little boy: "Tommy, run and tell your father a gentleman wants to speak to him."

Away ran Tommy down a straight, long path in the grounds of a nursery and seedman, the entrance of which was close to a turnpike. Young sat bolt upright in the tillbury, solemn and silent, to the astonishment of Matthews, who asked what on earth he wanted with the man.

"I want to consult him on a matter of business," replied Young.

After some five or six minutes the boy, who had entered the building on the extreme end of the path, reappeared, followed by a man putting on a jacket as he walked, and in due time both of them stood beside the tillbury. The man touched his hat to Young.

"You wished to see me, sir?" "Are you Mr. —?" "Yes, sir." "The Mr. — who is entrusted to take the toll at this gate?" "Yes, sir."

"Then you are precisely the person who can give me the information I require. You see, Mr. —, I paid sixpence at the gate at —, and the man who took it gave me this little bit of paper" (producing a ticket from his waist coat pocket), "and he assured me that if I showed it to the proper authorities at this gate, I should be allowed to drive through without payment."

"Why, of course!" said the man, staring with amazement at Young.

"That ticket clears the gate? Then you do not require me to pay anything here?" "No! Why, any fool—"

"My dear Mr. —, I am so much obliged to you. I should have been so sorry to have done anything wrong, and therefore wished to have your opinion on the subject. A thousand thanks. Good morning, Mr. —."

And on drove Young, followed, as the reader may easily imagine, by a volley of imprecations and epithets of anything but a flattering description so long as he was within hearing.

A Beautiful Thought.

When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it home into Heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Enigma. I am composed of thirty-six letters, my whole being a line from "Pope," and advice every one should remember.

My 1, 24, and 29, is a cape north of Africa. My 18, 21, 19, 16, and 26, is a river in the west. My 12, 22, 25, 7, 23 and 15, is a city in the south of Europe.

My 10, 4, 25, 27, 33, 81, and 17, is a river in New England. My 22, 2, 15, 8, 14, and 35, is a village in Wisconsin.

My 24, 11, 30, 9, and 6, is a town in Arabia. My 5, 20, 3, 24, 27, and 13 is a Post Office in York county Pa. Answer next week.

Answer to enigma in last number. "Charity begins at home."

How Screws are Made.

The largest screw factory in the United States is at Providence, R. I. The machinery is remarkable, and the manner in which it operates is as follows: The first operation is to make a "Blank."

By that is meant a piece of wire drawn the size, annealed, heated, cut in length, and banged on the cut end with a pugmill-like battering iron to form a sort of rivet head. If you ever saw workmen draw wire, that operation is fixed in your mind. They anneal it here, and run it through the machine. It drops in the basket a blank. Pump! clink! bang! go a hundred machines at a time, and a dozen people can operate these hundred machines.

Here we see two hundred machines in this room and less than twenty girls operating them. Here is a hopper filled with blanks at the top, on one side of the machine. A long, perpendicular slide peers up to guide an instrument called tongs. It is composed of two steel prongs in parallel position, fitted so as to fall when the parallel slide, where the blanks slip down, gets empty. The hopper turns, the tongs drop into it, fill and work up to a position where the blanks can slide down to feed the machine. As they work in a pincher, shaped exactly like the head and bill of a woodcock, it works over, snaps a blank and throws it into a clamp. It is held firm at each place while it goes in two or three shifts to a place where one little knife makes a gimblet point, another shaves the heel and slits it for the reception of the screw-driver, and another instrument makes the thread.

This machine is automatic and truly wonderful. Its movements are almost like human movements. Here an arm reaches and feeds the machine with blanks, and another reaches and fixes it in place to be worked on the heel and threaded to the point. If a wrong sized blank works in, the different parts of the machine stop until some one takes it out, and then proceeds with its work as regularly as before.

A Singular Discovery.

While some men at the Torpedo station were at work inside old Fort Wolcott, recently, the wheel of their cart sank deep into the ground. Removing some of the earth to find a cause for this, one of the men struck his spade against what seemed to be an iron plate. This excited the curiosity of all, and they set to work with a will to dig away the earth above the plate. Soon their efforts were rewarded by the sight of an iron door fastened with a rusty bolt. On breaking this open they came upon a flight of winding stairs, which they descended, and arriving at the foot they found themselves in a dungeon whose gloom was made more marked by the ray of dim light which a solitary loop-hole at the top admitted. Striking a light to dispel the darkness of the dungeon, they found upon the floor a few withered bones, a skull and a lantern. The lantern is of such an old-fashioned construction and shape that it must have been made over fifty years ago.

The Cannon Ball Tree.

Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the cannon ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon balls, hence the name.—However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the ball makes in bursting.

From the shell, domestic utensils are made and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the material for making an excellent drink in sickness. But singular as it may appear this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

How It Was Done.

I gave her a rose, and I gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and I said she had no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered that she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar and everything bad; I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and I smiled, and called her my angel and all, she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed:—"We will marry this fall."