

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.

DRRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as I get the latest fashions from New York every month.

ANNIE TICKES, Cherry Street, near the Station, Newport, Pa.

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Boots! Boots!

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.

5 23 26.

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.

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.

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.

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; 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, Penna.

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.

SAMUEL SMITH, 3 111

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 work.

Secrets of a Jail.

THE LUDLOW street jail in New York has been the scene of many an incident and could all its secrets be known they would make a story far exceeding in interest any romance.

The following two incidents which are well authenticated will give the reader some idea of the rascalities of the sharpers of that city and the perils that innocent persons are sometimes subjected to.

In the month of February last, John Tyler was admitted into partnership with M. T. Williams, in the hat business, in that city. A copartnership was formed with the agreement that Tyler, who was a practical workman, should give his labor and knowledge of hat manufacturing for one-half of the profits of Williams' business.

The firm appeared to prosper for two months, Tyler manufacturing hats and Williams devoting his attention to soliciting custom, when one day the Sheriff walked into the store with an execution and took all the contents to satisfy a debt of \$2,000 for plush which Tyler had contracted in the name of the firm, unknown to Williams.

This plush had been personally delivered to Tyler to take to the store, but had been disposed of by him for cash below market prices. Williams was nearly ruined financially. He subsequently endeavored to ascertain what disposition Tyler had made of the goods which he had purchased on the credit of the firm. While he was in quest of information on that subject, Tyler became alarmed for his liberty. He consulted a lawyer, and through him concocted a convenient plan to put Williams out of the way.

Tyler signed an affidavit on information and belief, charging Williams with fraud. The lawyer made out the proper formal affidavit, under Section 179 of the Code. Tyler signed it, and Judge Ingraham granted the order of arrest. The order being placed in the hands of the Sheriff, was duly executed, and, as well known by Tyler before hand, Williams was unable to furnish bail, and consequently was locked up in Ludlow Street Jail.

Williams' wife immediately after the occurrence consulted a lawyer as to what action to take in the emergency. He informed her the quickest move for her husband's release was to obtain two friends for bondsmen, as orders of arrest once granted were seldom revoked, as the plaintiff, having the first and last say, not only could make the accusation but answer and contradict the defendant's denial of the charges. Mrs. Williams endeavored in vain to obtain bail. The poor woman visited the jail to see her husband on a Saturday, and informed him that she would be obliged to give up striving for bondsmen that week, as she was exhausted; but she would make renewed efforts on Monday.

After she had returned home from the jail a Deputy-Sheriff, accompanied by Tyler, entered, and informed Mrs. Williams that he had an attachment, a copy of which he gave her, and calling in some men who had accompanied him, began to remove the furniture from the dwelling. Mrs. Williams who was within a few weeks of confinement, was so overcome with this unexpected outrage, that she was immediately prostrated with convulsions. As soon as she fell upon the bed, speechless, the Deputy-Sheriff and Tyler threw her off on the floor where she partially recovered, and, dragging herself down stairs into the basement was there confined on a lounge, while Tyler and the Sheriff were yet taking furniture from the house.

It would seem that even underlings receiving such enormous fees for their services could afford to be a trifle more delicate in the manner of their arrests. The following illustration of another method of procedure is also perfectly authentic. It is given in the victim's own words:

"On a bright morning in August, as I was going out of my house to ramble in the Central Park, I was met by a polite, gentlemanly man, with a paper in his hand, who asked my name and handed me a document. It was an order of arrest—\$40,000 bail—granted by a county Judge in Buffalo. The plaintiff was entirely unknown to myself. The polite officer, for the trifle of \$25, offered to go with me to my lawyers, where the papers could be examined. I paid it and went with the officer. My lawyer found, first, that the matter at issue took place over six years ago, and was consequently barred by the statute of limitations, and second, I was only brought into it by the plaintiff swearing that, in an oil speculation some seven years ago, a lawyer who was dead told him so and so about the property, and this person he claimed was my agent. There I was under arrest for \$40,000 bail, on the charge of a man I never saw or heard of, (a Canadian, I believe—not even a citizen of my country), for what a man said seven years before.

"What was to be done? The bail was too large for me to procure, and my lawyers told me that if I attempted to try the great wit of right, that my Saxon ancestors wrong from a tyrannical King, the Sheriff would disregard it where the bail was so large. I submitted to my fate and went to Ludlow street jail. After several weeks of imprisonment in that vile den, during which my lawyers were urging every means to rescue me in vain, I finally de paired of any relief from the courts, and appealed to

the plaintiff through my lawyers. My affidavits were so strong that even he was convinced of my innocence, and the hopelessness of his case, if ever it could be brought before a jury, so that he generously consented to a large reduction of the bail and the acceptance of what we could procure, and came down to New York himself to instruct the Sheriff to carry out the arrangement. But here our difficulties began anew. Our bail was entered in the Sheriff's office, the bond signed, and the plaintiff in person approved the bail, releasing the Sheriff from liability. (To get my bail I got out with an officer for seven hours one day on Warden Tracy's liberal scale of prices for semi-liberty, \$5 per hour). But the Sheriff did not know the plaintiff, although two respectable lawyers of the New York bar vouched for his identity, and Judson Jarvis told my lawyer he would release me on a telegram from plaintiff's attorneys at Buffalo. Next day the telegram came all right, but Judson Jarvis refused to release me, as he said the telegram might be bogus.

If the plaintiff's attorneys would write, it would be all right. In three days more the plaintiff's attorneys' letter was received at the Sheriff's office, peremptorily directing them to discharge me, but Judson Jarvis now made the excuse that he did not know the plaintiff's attorneys' writing. (He could arrest me on it, but he did not know it for a discharge.) He would consult Brown, Hall and Vanderpoel, and many were the consultations that were held. They would have to send to Buffalo and see if the papers were genuine, and also wanted the bond indorsed by the plaintiff's attorneys, and in this way two of the most wearisome weeks of my life passed.

"One day I was lying on my pallet of straw (I could not sleep for the bugs), and some one called me in the corridor. I rushed out of my cell.

It was my lawyer. He held a paper in his hand. It was my release. I gave a wild shout and my fellow-sufferers gathered around me, as wild in their rejoicings as I was. Tearing myself from them, and paying Gardner his bill without looking at the amount, I rushed into the street, and ran nearly a mile from Ludlow St. Jail without stopping. Then I paused and cried, as I looked at the blue sky and glorious sun again, not dimmed by prison walls and dark corridors, and thanked God in my inmost heart for his greatest blessings to man, liberty. I had been in Ludlow street just seven weeks and one day, on a false and fictitious charge; and though it was as false as hell, there was no way out through the legal meshes of our law."

Imitating an Emperor.

THE following anecdote exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that ever was effected by wit and presence of mind.

Some years ago there was a celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg, named Martioff.

He had the most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was so great a favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to his players, "to speak no more than is set down for them."

The Emperor had a high chamberlain, or a person filling a similar office, named Polofsky.

Whether for fun or malice, Martioff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were very warmly received by the audience.

The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight.

Not content with this, Polofsky either told the Emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of his imperial majesty.

On his liberation, Martioff went to Court to pay his respects, as usual, and the Emperor told him of the accusation, which he denied.

"Well," said the Emperor, "if you ever did so, let me have an imitation of my self now. We know you can do it, if you choose."

This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either falling short of, or overdoing the character.

But the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape.

Suddenly a bright thought struck Martioff, and drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the emperor, and in a voice so like that it made every one start, he said:

"Polofsky, give Martioff a thousand silver roubles."

"Shop!" said the Emperor. "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the roubles, Polofsky; and now mind sir, let this be the last time you mimic me here or elsewhere.

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Martioff, who had expected nothing less than a journey to Siberia, was too glad to pocket the money and escape so well.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters. My 21, 4, 10, 15, 22, 24, is an empire. My 1, 2, 12, 19, 20, 15, is a river in England. My 18, 17, 21, 6, 23, 18, is a country in the East. My 9, 24, 7, 8, is a fruit. My 17, 16, 14, is what no person wants. My 11, 3, 5, is a number. My 13, is a beverage. My whole is a republic.

Puzzle.

Our School House contains: 1. A beverage, C. and a personal pronoun. 2. Some plural of part of the eye. 3. A boys nickname and four-fifths of a chest. 4. Some inclosures for beasts. 5. Past tense of what birds do. 6. That which if beheaded would be a male deer. 7. That which if beheaded would be a measure. 8. That which if beheaded would be wrath.

Answer to enigma of last week, "But health consists with temperance alone."

A Romance of Oregon.

The following romantic story is told by the Oregon "Bulletin":

Twenty-five years ago, a young couple residing in the State of New Hampshire, loved and determined to marry. Like other human beings, they had passions, and they parted in anger. The young man moved into another part of the country, where he met another woman whom he married. A few years later he moved to the Pacific Coast, and in time became a citizen of Oregon. The young woman fitted herself for the occupation of a teacher and went to Iowa, where she engaged in teaching school.

Fifteen years passed by, and then the school marm joined a family that was emigrating from the vicinity of where she had been residing to Oregon, and in due time arrived there and endeavored to procure employment in her profession, but met with indifferent success, and finally determined to accept employment as a domestic until she could do better. Shortly after making this resolution she was offered a position in the family of a gentleman and accepted it, but the first time she saw the head of the family recognized in him her former lover. The recognition was mutual, and of course the lady could not remain. Her old lover, who had grown rich, furnished her with funds, and she went to San Francisco, where she obtained a position in the School Department of that city.

About eighteen months ago the wife of the gentleman died, after having been in feeble health for some years. After a while the widower wrote to his flame, telling her of his loss. She replied with a letter of consolation, and a correspondence sprang up between them, and finally the widower made a proposal to the lady to bury old differences, and consummate the engagement of their younger days. The woman, who had loved so steadily and so long, signified her willingness, and a couple of months ago our friend proceeded to San Francisco and led his first love to the altar. They returned to Oregon, and are now residing on one of the most beautiful farms in the Willamette valley.

Wouldn't Go.

A few days ago, a commercial gentleman was sojourning at a certain inn in Hereford, where he chanced to fall in company with a respectable tradesman of the place, who, by the bye, is celebrated as a practical joker. Over the discussion of a glass of grog, the conversation turned upon horsemanship, and it was evident that the commercial "gent" thought himself no mean equestrian. A bet was proposed by our fellow-citizen, that he had a horse at home which the traveler could not ride a mile between that time and six o'clock in the evening, it being then about three P. M.

The bet was readily accepted, and the tradesman agreed to proceed home to bridle and saddle this "unmanageable brute," and to prepare him for a start; and while he was so doing, the commercial gentleman was to prepare himself for what the other had led him to expect would prove "a great undertaking." He was soon booted and spurred, and with a heavy whip in his hand; and looking an equestrian all over, he proceeded to the door of the tradesman, which was to be his "starting point." While wondering within himself what kind of a Rosinante he was going to mount that could not be made to travel a mile in three hours, and thinking that, perhaps, he might be such another as "John A'Duck's mare," who would not suffer any person to ride her but John A'Duck; behold! the horse was brought forth. The gentleman's chagrin may be easily imagined when he beheld brought into the street, not a horse of flesh and blood, but a wooden horse, such as housewives and laundresses use to dry their clothes on, all saddled and bridled. We need not say, that to ride such a "horse," even a mile in three hours, was even more than the best of equestrians could be expected to perform. Our hero did not attempt it; and consequently, he lost his bet.

A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color and among other things she said she was in heaven. One of the ladies asked her: "Sister, did you see any blacks in Heaven?" "Oh I get out I'spose I go in de kitchen when I was dar!"

A Ten Dollar Wedding.

AMONG the down-town clergymen, is one who, for the purpose of this mention, it is only necessary to describe as Rev. Mr. Smith. Into Mr. Smith's parlor, last Monday night, a couple entered. They did so for the purpose of being united in hymenial bonds. The pastor made his appearance. As usual on such occasions, the worthy gentleman was all smiles and dressing-wrappers, benignity and gold "spears." In his usually happy manner, he first tied the knot. He then imparted his blessing to the wedded pair.

Having done this the bridegroom proceeded to draw portemonnaie, and to place in the hands of Brother Smith a \$20 bill. "I should like, Mr. Smith," said the happy groom, to give you the whole of this, but the fact is that I didn't expect to marry so soon, and just now money with me is rather tight. But, my dear sir, your fee shan't be less than ten dollars, and you may take it out of this note." In that part of the city few marriage fees are more than five dollars. A good many are even less. For this reason the good dominion was satisfied. He deposited the twenty in his treasury, and handed to the giver the requested change.

Next morning, as if in great trouble dashing up Fifth street, Rev. Brother Smith met his neighbor, Rev. Brother Brown.— He very naturally inquired the reason for the rush.

"The reason? Why word has just been sent me that Mrs. Brown is now detained in Huckaback's store in Eighth street."

"Detained? What do you mean?"

"I gave her a \$20 bill to buy a fur cape. The storekeeper says it's counterfeit. He detains her until he can get her identified as my wife. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," was brother Smith's reply.

"How did you get that \$20 note?"

"Got it from a couple that I married on Monday night."

"What hour on Monday night?"

"Nine o'clock. The bill was given to me, and I gave the man \$10 change."

"Did the man wear a blue coat with metal buttons?" inquired Brother Smith.

"He did."

"And the woman a hat with a marabout feather?"

"She did."

"Then, by Hokey," said Brother Smith, I married that same couple three quarters of an hour before you did."

"Possible?"

"Must be—and what's further, I more than suspect that my twenty is as much a stick as yours." As he said this the brother muttered something that sounded as though it began with "d" and ended with "ation."

The two clergymen reaching the store of Huckaback & Co., found that lady considerably agitated. Huckaback, however, did the handsome. The bill was redeemed and the parties went their way.

Brother Smith arrived at his home. As he reached the door step a Dutch baker was executing a fantasia upon his door-bell.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Brother Smith.

"De matter? Dere is matter enough.—Ven a minister goes around sthickin' honest peoples mit counterfeit dwenty tollar bills, den ish tam near time to do somedings nit 'em."

Brother Smith grasped the full idea of the case without further argument.

A Prisoners Revenge.

Wilson the convict who was recently hung at Hartford, was not the first convict in Connecticut State Prison to take a bloody revenge for the cruelty of his keepers. About ten years ago a young Irishman of New Haven, named Gerald Toole, was sentenced to imprisonment for life for incendiarism. He had never made a shoe in his life, and was put to work in the shoe shop. Not being able to perform his allotted task to the satisfaction of the overseer, he was flogged day after day with leather thongs. One evening as the overseer, Doolittle, and his assistant were stripping their victim, the Warden entered the room Toole begged him to interfere, but the Warden told Doolittle to go on with the flogging. As the lash descended, the victim turned upon his tormentors with a small shoe knife he had concealed in his waistband, and inflicted a mortal wound on the Warden. Toole was hung, and three years after the owner of the house Toole had been charged with burning, confessed on his dying bed that he himself had committed the crime.

Spiritual Facts.

Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons and almshouses.

Brandy brands the nose of those who can not govern their appetites.

Wine causes many to take a winding way home.

Punches are the cause of many unfriendly punches.

Ale causes ailments, and beer stretches many upon their bier.

Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

Gin slings have slain more than the slings of old.