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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!

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SUNDAY READING.

CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard; Heap high the golden corn; No richer gift has autumn poured From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting gleam The apple from the pine, The orange from its glossy green, The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift Our rugged vales bestow, To cheer us when the storm shall drift Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and flowers Our ploughs their furrows made, While, on the hills, the sun and showers Of changeless April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain Beneath the arm of May, And frightened from our sprouting grain The robber-crows away.

All through the long bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair, And waved in hot midsummer noon Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes, Its harvest time is come; We pluck away its frosty leaves, And bear its treasures home.

Then richer than the fabled gifts Apollo showered of old, Fair hands and broken grains shall sift, And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loiter in silk Around the costly board; Give us the bowl of sampland milk By homespun beauty poured.

Then shame on all the proud and vain, Whose folly laughs to scorn The blessings of our hardy grain— Our wealth of golden corn.

Then let the good old crop adorn The hills our father's trod; Still let us, for His golden corn, Send up our thanks to God!

Walter and the Judge.

ONE day, passing through Washington Market, New York, Walter observed a gentleman making payment for some purchases, who, in so doing, dropped a bank-note. A draft of air blew it toward the boy, while the gentleman passed on, ignorant of his loss.

It was a fifty-dollar note. The gentleman, whom we shall call Judge Russell, looked surprised, but on examining his pocket-book, found that it was so, and handing the lad a smaller bill, said: "You're an honest little fellow; take this."

"No; sir, thank you," replied the boy. In his astonishment, Mr. Russell surveyed the boy from head to foot. He was evidently poor, for his clothes bore the indications of poverty. The judge said: "Why, my boy, what is the reason you will not take the money?"

"Because I did not earn it, sir. I don't think my mother would like me to take pay for doing as I would be done by."

"A fine little fellow! Would you like to live with me, and be a lawyer?" said the Judge.

"Yes, sir, replied the boy, as they parted. About two months after, a boy was shown into the Judge's study, who came up to him and asked, "Are you ready for me now, sir?"

"For what, child?" asked the judge, who now recognized the finder of the bank-note.

"Why, to have me live with you and learn to be a lawyer," replied the lad.

The Judge now recollected that these were his own words to the boy, and struck with the artlessness of the little fellow, he restrained his mirth, and asked, "What do your parents say?"

"I have no father; but my mother says you are a good man, and that God has answered her prayers in providing a good place for me; and here is a letter from her, sir."

The Judge was much moved, and more so after reading the letter, containing the mother's committal of her "precious child." Consulting with his wife she became much pleased with the boy. The result was, he was adopted, and ultimately became eminent in his profession, and the comfort of his foster parents in their declining years.

Dew falls but little upon the smooth and brilliant surface of polished steel or burnished gold, while coarser and less costly objects are freely wet. The gentle dew of heavenly grace often takes effect upon the rude and uncultivated, while the refined, the tasteful, and the critical are left, like frost-work, brilliant and beautiful, but cold and dead.

There is but one explanation for man's uncontrollable passion for strong drink,—the medical statement that the use of alcohol deteriorates the structure of the brain; opens pores which never again close; deprives man of a portion of his power of resistance, weakens the will, and makes the soul a coward traitor to itself.

Bear Hunter's Troubles.

Bear hunting is not always the pleasant kind of amusement. So thinks Mr. Hamilton of Missouri. The gentleman shouldered his rifle one morning and went into the timber about a mile off, to shoot squirrels. At night he had not returned, nor did he make his appearance during the night. As squirrels are not apt to devour a man, several neighbors the next morning went in search of him. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon they found him up a tree thirty feet from the ground, and unable to extricate himself. He said that about 3 o'clock the previous day he came across a large black bear and shot at him but missed him, when the bear made for him with all his might. He ran and finding the bear gaining on him he threw away his rifle and climbed up a sycamore tree, with the bear following right at his heels. The top of this tree had been broken off, and was hollow, in which hole he thrust one of his legs to keep himself from falling, but he soon found that his leg was fast when he tried to extricate himself, and could not draw it out. The bear in the meantime had torn the boot off on the outside and was gnawing and eating the flesh from the foot and ankle. Mr. Hamilton took his pocket-knife out and cut at his eyes, but with one sweep of his paw the bear struck the knife from his hand, with a part of two of his fingers. He could not see no help, and gave up to die, expecting to be eaten alive by the beast. But soon a happy thought struck him. That morning he had put some salt in his pocket to salt some cattle he had running in the timber, which providentially he had not found. Of this he took a small handful and sprinkled in the bear's eyes. It had the desired effect. He shook his head, growled and went down. He soon, however, returned, when a little more salt drove him away the second time when to Mr. Hamilton's inexpressible delight, he now saw him trotting off into the forest. And now Mr. Hamilton advises all hunters in Osage county to carry a pocket full of salt with them, or else to be sure that they are "dead shots" before the practice target shooting on a black bear.

Two Matches.

I WENT up to the deck, and I saw a female sitting there. She was looking pensive as if she was thinking of how expensive sewing silk was, and how much she could get for a cent. She had a strap over her shoulder and a satchel hitched to her side. I felt like communing again; like holding sweet converse some more. So I said, "Going a gunning?"

"She said 'No.' 'Belong to the militia?' She said, 'No.' Says I, 'What are you doing with that cartridge-box there?'"

She said it was a traveling-bag; and I said, "O?"

Then I asked her had she had the measles? She said, "No."

Then I told her I was ahead of her; I'd had 'em on both sides.

Then her eyes rolled up so they looked like a couple of big, white marbles, and she astro nomized.

She said she loved the blue vault above. Then I observed that I had known that blue vault to be a little too blue. I had known it so blue that it blew everything endways, and further remarked that if she loved the blue vault above I knew a vault I loved much better; it was a bank vault.

She called me a "revolting fellow." She then heaved a sigh; it was of such a size that for the space of thirty seconds I could not tell whether she was going to faint and tumble down cellar, or go up. After she came to, we talked about weddings. She said she wasn't married in church—she was married at home; and I observed, "So was I;" and I said sweetly, "We are two parlor matches, ain't we?"

A Sailor's Description.

A SAILOR who went to a dance derided it as follows: "Haven't had any fun with the land-lubbers till Thursday night at a dance. When I arrived in the cabin, found 'm under way on a Spanish dance. Took my station in line with Susan Tucker—fell back, and filled, then shot ahead two fathoms—hauled up on the starboard tack to let another craft pass, and then came stern on another sail; spoke her, and bore round against the sun, and fell in with another sail in full chase. Passed twenty sail on same course, and when half across to the other shore dropped astern—fell back—couldn't fill, so let go anchor and hauled up for repairs. Next time I was drawn in by a cotillon, but didn't make much headway—shot ahead with Betsy Stark, and sailed over to the other coast.—Took a turn opposite range abreast twice, toward other craft, and back astern again—round to starboard—passed near partner's lights, and made sail for berth. Third time ran into port, at the tune of the tempest, the tar's favorite. Proceeded along up coast according to the regular order of sailing—bore ahead again—rounded to—then passing adversary yard-arm to yard-arm, looked astern with the whole squadron in circular order of sailing. Sally Jones all the time maneuvering and making signals when under full sail. Finally anchored after a heavy squall."

A Nervous Officer.

A STORY is told of a lipping officer having been victimized by a brother officer, who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves, and his getting square with him in the following manner:

The cool joker, the Captain, was always quizzing the lipping officer for his nervousness, and said to him one day, in the presence of his company:

"Why, nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, Lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lipping friend, "how would you do, suppose a thell with an inch futher should drop itself in a walled angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of sharpshooters, and where it wath thertain if you put your nothe out you'd get peppered?"

"How," said the Captain, winking at the circle, "why I'd take it cool and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning, a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade ground, and talking in circles, when along came the lipping Lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith fine morning, and see how extheedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the Captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in the hottest centre a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the rear being built up for defense. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment, dashed at the door, but it was fastened.

"Charles, let me out, if you love me?" shouted the Captain.

"Thpit on the canitther!" shouted the Lieutenant, in return.

Not a moment was to be lost. He had first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it he raised the window, and out he bounded sans everything but a very short under-garment; and thus with hair almost on end, he dashed upon the full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him drew out the whole barracks, to see what was the matter, and the dignified Captain pulled the sergeant in of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Why, because there were no sharpshooters in front to prevent a retreat," answered the Captain.

"All I've got to thay, then, ith, that you might thafely have done it; I'll thwear there wathn't a grain of powder in it."

The Captain has never spoken of nervousness since.

Sal's Disgrace.

A TRAVELER in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a log cabin on the prairies at Cairo, and there halted.—He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, an empty packing box for a table while two or three old chairs and disabled stools graced the reception room; the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tinware and a broken delf article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palms of his hands. No word greeted the interloper.

"Well," said he, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"

"O, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the old woman, "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That is all right," said the visitor, not much taken back by this polite rebuff; "but can't I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well we have lost our gal; our Sal is gone and left us," said the man, in tones of despair.

"Ah! do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, can't say, stranger, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there warn't a potter gal in the West than my Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and her own head, now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who, although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a home and what a life she has deserted. She was here surrounded with all the luxury in the country."

"Yes, and who knows what poor Sal will have to eat or drink, or wear now?"

"And who is the fellow that has taken her from you to lead her into such misery?"

"Why, euss him, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are to earn a living."

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Answer to puzzle of last week:— 1st, Tea-c-her— Teacher. 2nd, Pupils— Pupils. 3rd, Ben-chea— Benches. 4th, Pens— Pens. 5th, Flow— Fluo. 6th, C-hart— Chart. 7th, B-ell— Bell. 8th, F-ire— Fire.

Answer to Enigma:—"The United States of America."

We have received several correct answers to this enigma. The first received was from Wm. J. Stewart, Jr. of Dunceanon, Pa.

How Much and Why?

A NEW YORK gentleman at a dinner on board a Cunard steamer laid a wager with the captain that he could not give him a correct answer, within a minute, to the following question: "A Yankee rushed into a boot-maker's store, in Broadway. 'Here, look sharp!' cried he, 'just off for California!—ship sails in half an hour—want a pair of boots—look alive!' Down tumbled the boots off the shelves; from which he was soon fitted. 'How much?' 'Five dollars.' 'Give me change for this fifty-dollar bill, sharp, quick.' The boot-maker not having change, rushed to a money-changer. 'Quick, give me change for this fifty-dollar bill—passenger just off to California!' and in a few minutes away ran the Yankee with boots and change, off to California, of course. In about an hour afterwards the money-changer came down to the boot-maker. 'Halloo! see,' quoth he, 'this is a bad bill; pay me down fifty dollars at once,' which the poor fellow, much disgusted, had to do. Now how much did the boot-maker lose?"

"Come, captain, answer quick—no thinking about it. Eh, sir, how much did the bootmaker lose?"

"Why, one hundred dollars of course."

There was a shout of laughter round the table and cries of "right," "wrong," in all directions.

"Why, you forgot," cried one, "that the boots were paid for." "What's that to do with it?" said another; "didn't the Yankee carry them off, and wasn't the bill bad?" "Of course it was," said the neighbor, "the captain's right." "Bet you a sovereign he's wrong. 'Done; what do you say it is?'"

"Why fifty dollars and the boots. Am I right, sir?"

But the New Yorker only laughed, and the chorus with him became louder. The question spread from table, right down round the stern, and up the port side.—"What did the bootmaker lose?" until our ears were deafened with the answers and bets.

At length it reached a big Boston man, who had set up among us a sort of oracle, for he wore long straight black clothes of a clerical cut, and above his gray head and huge flapping ears, a monstrous shovel hat. We had all taken him for a superannuated bishop, until his friends let out that he was head of a great insurance office all his life, deep in all the mysteries of policy and premium; so that verify it was thought assurance indeed, when a pert ensign said:—"Now, I'll tell you what, old buck, bet you that you don't tell right off—what did the bootmaker lose?"

"Sir," said the big man with much gravity, "I decline the bet, but shall be happy to answer your question if you put it."

So he was told, and then the pert ensign again said, "Now, tell as quick, old boy: what did the bootmaker lose?" "What did he lose, sir? Why, he lost, of course, fifty dollars on the one hand, which he returned to the money-changer, and the forty-five he gave the rogue—he lost, sir, of course, ninety-five dollars and the boots." But, alas! for the bishop-looking brother, a ludicrous shout of derision from some one who had found it out greeted his reply, upon which he rose with a heavy frown and went on deck. Then rose the cry, "What did the bootmaker lose?" from all parts of the table. "Fifty-five dollars," cried a venturesome guess. "Forty-five," cried another, equally confident of his reasons.—But the New Yorker smiled and laughed withal, telling us to give reasons for our answers. The very waiters carried it into the pantry, bake-house and galleys, whence it went to the second-class passengers and the fore-casteel, until all round the ship in a circle from the red-hot funnel where mostly we did congregate, was heard the familiar cry: "What did the bootmaker lose?" Reader, how much was it, and why?

A Person, speaking of a man not remarkable for his savvy, said he did not like his manners.

"His manners?" said a lady. "I didn't know he had any."

The Western obituary closed by saying: she had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies.

A laundress of color wept because some paper collars, which she tried to renovate, "done wash all to flinders; for true."

When is a chimney like a chicken? When it is a little foul.