

Laughable Mistakes.

IN the thriving village of Hollythorn there were (as is common in such places) a church post-office, a couple of stores, and a district school, being taught by a young lady who had a widowed mother and brothers and sisters to assist in supporting.

For the sake of economy, Miss Eva Stanley "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered a paragon among teachers. Her father had been a respectable mechanic, but died after two years of illness, which bitterly impoverished the family. Eva had however, (she being the oldest,) received a good plain education before the great calamity fell upon them, and noble-hearted and unselfish, began her work of assisting in the support.

The last week previous to the holiday vacation had been boarding at a Mrs. Carpenter's, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she was expecting from New York.

"You never met my brother, Eva," she said, and then began to give a description of them. "There's Sam, George, and Johnny, the youngest; and such times as they do have when they get out here to rest and rusticate, as they call it! But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a lot of boys let out of school. Such tricks and pranks no man ever saw. The last time they visited me altogether, John and Sam actually cut a pane of glass from the window, and pelted George out of my best room with snow! You see there is always a strife for that particular room, for the bed is a spring one, and as they say they don't sleep on any other in the city. But they don't get in there this time, that's certain, for I intend to keep you in that room, and that will end the controversy. I am so afraid that they will break or ruin something, that I am glad you are here. It may keep them in check a little."

"I would just as soon occupy another room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do not wish to inconvenience your brothers I have no right to do so."

"No you shan't, Eva," peremptorily exclaimed her hostess, "and what is the use of your going home vacation week? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine. Your mother has mouths enough to feed I guess, and won't miss your's."

The subject was dropped, and the entire household retired early, for to-morrow the brothers young, ardent full of life, were going to be there. But without sending any word of their intention, they had concluded to take the evening train, which would land them at Hollythorn about bed time. George and John did so, and, when safely seated in the cars, began to speculate about the absence of Sam.

"No reason upon earth why he shouldn't have been along," said George.

"No, for he told me this morning he certainly would be on hand," replied John.

"I can't make it out unless he has taken the five o'clock train in mistake."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John, who fancied he understood the entire programme.

"It's more likely he took the train on purpose to get into Hannah's spare bed room, and make us take up with straw ticks and feathers."

"I didn't think of that, but I reckon you are right. We must contrive some way to get him out somehow."

"Bet your life on that."

The brothers put their heads together, and laughed merrily over some scheme of outwitting Sam, and accordingly, when the train reached Hollythorn, about 11 o'clock they approached the house of their sister in a very stealthy manner.

Climbing a fence in the rear, they softly opened a window and obtained access to the pantry, where they demolished a mince pie and a quantity of doughnuts.

Then, with appetites appeased, they removed their boots and prepared to investigate the "best room"—stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs and reached the door.

The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bed clothes, with not the remotest idea but that Sam was enjoying sweet repose upon Hannah's best bed.

A few whispered words were exchanged, and then as softly and lightly as if shod with down, they drew near.

"All ready!" whispered George.

Quick as thought they seized upon the form of the sleeper, bed clothes and all, bore it swiftly down the stairs, out into the snow, and was about to deposit it in a huge drift, when a shrill scream broke the stillness of the night, and oh! horror! it was that of a woman! And in their consternation they dropped their burden plump into the middle of the drift.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed George, "it isn't Sam, but some woman, as I am a sister, and she has fainted. Run and call Hannah."

With admirable presence of mind he lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley and carried her into the house. But her cry had already been heard, and the inmates came rushing into the hall just as he appeared.

"George! John! for goodness sake what

does this mean, and who have you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter, in one breath.

"Blessed if I know," began George; "we thought it was Sam, so we concluded to give him a dounce in the snow, for getting into the best bed and trying to enure us. Quick! I believe she has fainted."

"Just like you!" scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva once more upon the bed from which she had been so unceremoniously taken; "beginning your tricks upon each other before you fairly get into the house. Clear out, now!"

Long before she had got through with her trade her discomfited brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they almost went into hysterics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" said George, rolling over the floor and letting off peal after peal of laughter.

"I should think it was," replied John, holding his sides. "Oh! my. But what the dickens is to be done about it, and who do you suppose she is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's, of course, and young and pretty at that, I don't know how it is with you, but I feel particularly small and extremely cheap—would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap?" roared John. "Cheap? I would actually give myself away this blessed minute, and throw something in to boot. What we are to do I can't say; but I believe I shall dig out of this place and get back to the city before morning. I haven't got the courage to face the music, so I'll get up and get."

He began hastily putting on his boots, and would have put his threats into execution but for the appearance of Hannah, who at once asserted her authority.

"You are not going a single step," said she; "but I don't wonder you feel ashamed of yourselves. What on earth possessed you is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Hannah, pitch in, scold away. I'll take my amount just now, for I'm as meek as a lamb. But who is it we have played such a trick on?" replied George.

"Trick? I should think it was. Why, it is Eva Stanley, just as nice a young lady as ever lived. She is our school teacher, and this is her week to board here; and I knew well enough you boys would be squabbling over the room as usual, so I put her in there, little thinking you would come home in this stealthy manner."

"Eva Stanley? Whew! A pretty school teacher," and repeating his sister's words, he gave a lugubrious groan.

"Has she recovered?" questioned John, vainly endeavoring to restrain his laughter at the wry faces his brother was making.

"Yes, I soon brought her to; but I don't believe the poor girl will ever get over her fright. She said the first thing she knew she was being lifted up and carried out, and she was so much alarmed that she couldn't utter a sound, but the moment the cold air struck her, she realized that she was being abducted or something of the kind, and had time to utter a scream when she fainted. It is too bad, I declare, boys, I shouldn't wonder if she had taken her death being dragged out of a warm bed this time of night and dropped into a snow drift in that fashion. No wonder that she cried, poor thing."

"Cried, did she? repeated George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained to her how she happened to be mistaken for Sam, and so became the victim of your mad pranks."

"That was neat of you, Han. I'm awful glad you hugged the poor little thing. Wish you had given her a brotherly squeeze for me—pon my honor I do. Oh dear! I am in sackcloth and ashes from this time henceforward and forever," replied George, with another dismal groan.

"And how on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences?" asked John, beginning to look serious. "I had rather face a mask battery than this pretty teacher, after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister, indignantly. "The only way to do is to brave it out, both of you, and apologize for your rudeness. She is not a bit stupid, but pleasant and merry, and no doubt you will have a jolly laugh over the affair."

"But Sam? How the deuce are we to get along with him. You know well enough, Han, we shall never hear the last of it from him; but it will be brought up at all times and in all places."

"If you two can keep the secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it is a subject Eva will not care to have discussed, and fortunately my husband is away from home. So go to bed and rest contented."

She showed the room she had intended them to occupy, and soon the house was once more hushed in slumber.

Meanwhile their brother Sam had reached the depot a few minutes too late. He found the train he was to have taken gone, but upon consulting a time table, he ascertained that another train started two hours later, and so decided to take it. He figured to himself, as he impatiently crawled into an empty seat, and being whirled

along at a rapid rate, how snugly his brothers had ensconced themselves into the best room, which by right belonged to the eldest, and consummated a plan to get even with them.

Sometime after midnight he was deposited at Hollythorn, and reaching his sister's house, he scouted around until he found a way of entrance into the kitchen, where he deposited his luggage and removed his boots. Then he quietly stole up stairs and opened the door of the best room. Sure enough, thought he, "my chaps you are in clover," for there were not to be mistaken signs of the room being occupied. Garments were lying upon chairs, and the bed was being possessed by slumbering forms. To think of coping with their united strength by dragging them forth, was not practicable, but there stood the pitcher of water, and he knew that a good dousing with that ley fluid would bring them out quick enough.

"If I can't have my old quarters," he chuckled, "you shan't that I am determined on. So here goes."

He lifted the pitcher and approached the bed, raised it high, and suddenly dashed the entire contents upon the sleeper!

Such a torrent of screams as he heard never had rang through the house and before Sam could collect his scattered senses door after door opened and Hannah, George and John rushed in, clothed in scanty apparel—Hannah with a frightened look in her face and a lamp in her trembling hand, that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting up in bed, with her hair dripping like a mermaid, her night dress deluged, her face colorless and eyes looking terror, was the young school-mistress and there was Sam, with the empty pitcher in his hand, the very picture of imbecility, staring about like an idiot at Miss Eva and the havoc he had made.

Hannah, George and John instantly comprehended the situation, and the latter, at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, while she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to dry clothing, and then took her to her own room and bed explaining, for the second time the mishaps of the night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my poor child," said she, though with great difficulty she kept back her laughter. "Those boys are nicely come up with at any rate, if it wasn't for you having been so frightened, and the way my best bed has been used, I wouldn't care. They do nothing when they are here but study up some trick to play on each other, and," continued she, by way of apology, "they are so confined in their offices and stores during most of the year, that they let entirely loose when they get here. But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge, and went down to see the boys, who as soon as they were fairly shut up in the regions below, began thoroughly to appreciate the joke; and now, that Sam was as deep in the mire as they were in the mire, gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it all means," said Sam, looking in confusion at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in convulsions of laughter.

"Wait" replied George "until Hannah comes, and see if you don't find out!"—And he gave vent to another peal.

Sam had not smiled and sat looking the very picture of discomfort and perplexity, but answered:

"For heaven's sake, hold on boys! I'm willing to admit that I'm badly sold gone dog cheap to the highest bidder; but hold up long enough to tell a fellow what it means."

"Means? Of course I will," continued George, holding his sides. It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bedchamber—who is a young lady teacher and "boarding around," that this is her week here; and thinking it was your humble servant and Johnny snug in bed, you attempted to drown us out and made a grand mistake. How do you like it; Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but can't see the joke. It is a most outrageous shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in and began rating them soundly, thereby letting out the whole story. It was Sam's turn to laugh. He struggled manfully to retain his gravity, but the whole thing was so supremely ridiculous that he was compelled to join his brothers.

Miss Eva was not visible at the breakfast table next morning, and Hannah announced that she was sick with a severe cold; whereupon George groaned out and called for a handful of peas to put in Sam's boots, while the gentlemen looked very contrite, and John declared he wanted to shoot himself. But Hannah had the unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction also of seeing them behave with something like dignity. They appeared to never forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went on tiptoe about; and Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility upon his shoulders, sent off slyly to New York for choice fruits and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking very pale and lovely, and, of course, blushed diffidently when presented by Mrs. Car-

penter to her three brothers, who behaved quite well considering the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broken the ice by means of his presents, was the most at ease, and, by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the propitiator, and was constantly on hand to give Eva a thousand nameless attentions, and before the week was out, John declared, in confidence to Hannah, that "Sam was done for!"

"Gone under completely!" echoed George, with one of his dismal groans.—Just think of it, Han,—if it had not been for that pitcher of water, Sam would have been heart-whole this blessed minute. The fellow meets lots of girls much prettier than she every day, and with lots of stamps too. They say pity is twin sister of love, and I believe it."

"Sour grapes!" whispered John, puckering his mouth.

Hannah sang Eva's praises, and secretly commended Sam's choice. She recommended marriage to all of them as being the only sobering process she was acquainted with. It is a piece of advice, however, they did not appear inclined to follow, notwithstanding Sam's happy lot with the pretty school mistress of Hollythorn.

She often reminds her brothers-in-law of her unceremonious introduction to a snow-drift in the dead of night, and they retaliate by the shower-bath given by Sam. And she twines her arms about Sam's neck, and with tears in her sweet blue eyes, declares but for that episode, she fears she would never had a husband.

A Tall Story.

A man in Detroit gave me some idea of the richness of the soil in that vicinity. He said there wasn't any place on the earth where things grew as they do there. He said his wife never made bread. She always made little biscuits the size of an egg, and she would leave them an hour to swell by themselves, and they would grow into twelve pound loaves. I thought to myself you are a loafer. He continued his growing tale, and said:

"Once there was a man. He went into the woods and chopped down four trees. He used the four stumps for corner posts, and he built a nice log house on those stumps. Then he and his family went to bed in the house. The next morning he found himself and family up 60 feet in the air, with a lot of Indians down cellar waiting to cut their hair off, and the Indians did scalp the whole of 'em."

"Stranger," said I, "you don't mean to tell me that those trees grew sixty feet in one night?"

"Sir, I do," says he, "and not only that they hoisted the house with 'em."

"Are you sure it wasn't sixty-one feet?" I asked meekly.

"Sir," said he, "I never prevaricate, especially on one foot."

"So they took and scalped them all, did they?" said I.

"They did," said he.

"How in the name of Mary who had the little lamb did they get up to 'em?" I asked.

Says he, "Respected sir, those Indians each one sawed off a tree; then each Indian sat on a stump, and those stumps grew the Indians up to the house and then they scalped the family."

A Rare Client.

A good joke is told of a young lawyer who sports a shingle in the vicinity of Wall street. On one of the days of last week, he was called upon by a Frenchman, with a request that he would immediately accompany him to his house, as he wanted his advice. Without a moment's loss of time our lawyer threw down his books and started, consoling himself, during a long walk up Hudson street, with the vision of a \$5 retainer, and a long bill of costs. On arriving at the domicile of his client, he was ushered up stairs, introduced to the wife of the Frenchman, and very complacently waited the opening of the business.

"Monsieur," said the client, "they ave got the small pox like de deuce down stairs and up stairs they ave got it a great sight worse, and they have shut up my gangway."

Without waiting to hear more the lawyer caught up his hat, and giving the Frenchman not a very polite benediction, bolted the house, returning to his office in no very enviable feeling, after his walk of three miles, to give his advice to a man surrounded by small pox patients.

Popplug the Question.

Going over on the ferry boat the other day, the water was a little rough, and a lovely and estimable young lady, as the boat gave a sudden lurch, clung affrightedly to the extended elbow of her male companion. Looking up into his fond orbs she murmured, "O Henry, this terrible!"

"Yes, it is," he responded, "but lean on me and I will protect you." "Do you think it will be as rough as this all the way across?" anxiously inquired the female.

"I do," responded Henry. "Then I guess I'll have to lean on you," said the lady. "For life?" whispered Henry, turning pale at the thought of refusal. "I—don't know—the water is awful rough—I guess—yes—ask papa."

ST. ELMO HOTEL, (FORMERLY "THE UNION.") JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor, 317 & 319 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Terms, \$2.50 Per Day.

THE ST. ELMO is centrally located and has been re-fitted and refurbished, so that it will be found as comfortable and pleasant a stopping place as there is in Philadelphia.

Farmers Take Notice.

THE subscriber offers for Sale THRESHING MACHINES, JACKS and HORSE-POWER.

With Tumbling Shaft, and Side-Gearing, Warranted to give satisfaction in speedy and perfect threshing, light draft and durability, on reasonable terms. Also

PLOUGHS

Of Superior Make. CORN SHELLERS, KETTLES, STOVES, SCOWS

AND ALL CASTINGS, made at a country Foundry. Also, A GOOD MILL SCREW, in excellent order, for sale at a low rate.

I refer those wishing to buy to John Adams, Samuel Shuman, John Boden, Ross Hench, at Leeburg, Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Elliptsburg; Thomas Morrow, Loyalville; John Flickinger, Jacob Flickinger, Centre. 629 1/2

Telesburg, May 14, 1872. SAMUEL LIGGETT.

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.

CARLISLE CARRIAGE FACTORY.

A. B. SHERK

has a large lot of second-hand work on hand, which he will sell cheap in order to make room for new work.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

He has, also, the best lot of

NEW WORK ON HAND.

You can always see different styles. The material is not in question any more, for it is the best used. If you want satisfaction in style, quality and price, go to this shop before purchasing elsewhere. There is no firm that has a better Trade, or sells more in Cumberland and Perry counties.

REPAIRING and PAINTING promptly attended to. Factory—Corner of South and Pitt Streets.

3 dp CARLISLE, PA.

PERRY COUNTY

Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,

Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents

New Bloomfield, Pa.

WE INVITE the attention of buyers and sellers to the advantages we offer them in purchasing or disposing of real estate through our office.

We have a very large list of desirable property, consisting of farms, town property, mills, stores and tavern stands, and real estate of any description which we are prepared to offer at great bargains. We advertise our property very extensively, and use all our efforts, skill, and diligence to effect a sale. We make no charges unless the property is sold while registered with us. We also draw up deeds, bonds, mortgages, and all legal papers at moderate rates.

Some of the best, cheapest, and most reliable fire, life, and cattle insurance companies in the United States are represented at this agency.—Property insured either on the cash or mutual plan, and perpetually at \$4 and \$5 per thousand.

Pensions, bounties, and all kinds of war claims collected. There are thousands of soldiers and heirs of soldiers who are entitled to pensions and bounty, who have never made application. Soldiers, if you were wounded, ruptured, or contracted a disease in the service from which you are disabled, you are entitled to a pension.

When widows of soldiers die or marry, the minor children are entitled to the pension.

Parties having any business to transact in our line, are respectfully invited to give us a call, as we are confident we can render satisfaction in any branch of our business.

No charge for information. LEWIS POTTER & CO. 430 1/2

ROBINSON HOUSE, (Formerly kept by Woodruff and Turbett.)

New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa. AMOS ROBINSON, Proprietor.

This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A careful and attentive hostler will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor April 3, 1871, tr

LOCHMAN'S

Writing Fluid!

THIS FLUID is warranted EQUAL to ARNOLD'S, and is sold at much less price. The money will be refunded to those buying it, if it does not prove entirely satisfactory.

For sale by F. Mortimer, New Bloomfield. April 3, 1871, tr

MILLER & ELDER, Sole Agents, 429 Market Street, Philadelphia.

28031