

Mrs. Blake's Visit.

A MOST everybody has took a tower this summer; and I've been and took one too. I dunno but I've as good a right to as any other in individual. I don't owe nobody nothing, except Jim Hanson, the tin pedlar, for a strainer; and I've got morn'n rags enuff to settle with him—or shall have when I cut up Caleb's cotton flannel shirts; and then I owe Tim Gorch's wife three cents for getting me a pound of saleratus and not making the change. I could pay her now just as well as not if she'd only take a sil-d post-ge-stamp; but she don't take stamps for fear the post-office will bust up. Mrs. Gorch is the most cautionest woman that you ever see. I've had a hard summer's work of it; no mistake! It makes my back ache to think of it. Feed has been so poor on account of the dry weather, that the cows have worked themselves clean into skillitons a keeping from starving, and haint give no milk worth menshuning. Butter has been so skeerce and high, that I've felt jest as if it was a sin to use it common and I aint allowed our folks none since last July. To be shure, I allas have butter on the table—a plateful on it; but if anybody goes for to tech of it, I just tread on their toes, and give em a look that stops proceedings at once. One plateful has lasted us all summer. I believe it is getting a little strong now; but it'll have to do this month out, I guess. Along, in June, sometime, Samuel White he went up to the White Mountains; and when he got back he had more to tell than anybody that had been to the North Pole Need to have had. All that he hadn't seed wouldn't have paid for looking at it. He sot me into a tilt to go to see for myself. I spoke to Betsy Jane, my oldest, about it, but she turned up her nose, and said I'd better stay at home. Betsy is an awful hand to gad about herself, but she's never willing for me to go outside of the thresh-old. She's afeard she shall have to wash the dishes. I never seed anybody quite so afeared of silling their hands as she is. She takes a sight of pains with 'em, and does 'em up in tattered rags every night of her life, to keep 'em smooth. But as it happens, I haint under Betsy Jane's government yet, so I made all my preperations just as if she was tickled to death with the idea of my going. The first of August I sold ten cheeses, that come to a leetle rising seventy-five dollars. I went to Dover rite off, and bought me a scarlet merino gown—a yaller sattan bonnet, trimmed with blue and lalock-colored roses, and the slickest green and blue shawl that ever you set eyes on to. I got me some new false hair—just between you and me, mine is so thin that I can't do much of anything with it; and then I got a rat to roll it over so as to make me look like a girl. After I'd got determined on going, I went over and asked aunt Peggy Miles to go with me. She said she'd like to go, only she dassent go in the rail-road, for she would certaintly expect it to blow up and carry every man, woman, and child with it! And as for a steamboat, it would be sinful to tempt Providence by gitting into one of them contrivances of Satan. Aunt Peggy is leetle peccoliar in her ideas, but a nice woman for all that. So I told her to fix herself to start in two days, and we'd go with the old mare. She's nigh onto seventeen years old—that mare is—and haint had nothin but one straw to eat all summer; and she's as spunky as a colt, if you jist teach her with the whip. I got some new shafts put in to the waggon—the old ones has been tied up with shoe-strings this two years, and we dassent step onto 'em; and I took my green flannil quilted petticoat and cushioned the seat, and put a braided rug into the bottom for our feet to set on, and my red and blue calico comfortable to take up in front of us on cool mornings. We had considerable of baggage; but it takes a good deal for females who pretend to be ladies. I had a trunk three handboxes, a capbox, a carpet-bag full of gingerbread, an ambri'ller, a parabol peck-measure to feed the hoss with, a spare shawl, a bottle of lineament in case I should be took with the newrallogy, and a clothes-line, to tie the old mare with. Aunt Peggy, she had two handboxes, a valleeas, a satchel of turnovers, a sugar-box, of doughnuts, a six-quart pail full of pickles, two baskets full of apples, and Bounce, her dog. I objected to her kerrying the dog; but she sed she wouldn't be seprated from him for any money! She shouldn't go to sleep o' night without Bounce on her feet. The first day we travelled six miles, and hauled up at the side of the road for repairs. One end of the waggon-seat broke down, but I put the pail of pickles on top of the sugar-box, and stuck them under the seat; and made it all right. The next day we did better. We went o'namost twenty miles. I held the reins and aunt Peggy she did the walloping with the whip—and the old mare went like a hoss. Lots of folks bantered me, to swop lasses. But I told 'em I hadn't no time to

to talk with 'em, I was bound for the White Mountains. Aunt Peggy had the worst of it. Her arm was so lame after a day or two, that she couldn't skeercoely git it to her head. At the end of five days we got in sight of the mountains, and stopped at a small house rite in under a mountain, and close to quite a smart little pond of water. The grandest place to raise geese and ducks up there ever was! I was pretty much tuckered out, and asked to be showed to my room right off. Four tow-headed children, fighting for the one taller-dip that lit the way, led off. Aunt Peggy she couldn't git into the room till after I was a-bed, it was so small—so she staid outside and let me go in fust. The door it was off from the hinges, and I told the young ones to set it up close, and put a cheer against it. Naterly, I expected they'd obey me—so I went to taking off my hair and pulling out my "rat," when I heard a giggling jest outside, and on looking at the door, I seed that it didn't shet by as much as two inches, and that space was full of eyes peeping in at me. "Mother! mother!" called one of the boys; "this woman is a peeling her head! Quick! quick! only see her!" I was mad, and afore I thought of anything about the condition of the door, I grabbed it to open it, and down it went bang into the floor, knocking over five children, two cheers, a cat, a table full of crockery, a pole of choicoes that was a rooting in the kitchen, and nigh about standing all creation. I appollergised as well as I could, and explained to the folks that I warn't use to ondressing before so many spectators—and they sent the children off to bed. I was real mortified. For a widdier woman that may think of marrying again some time, to be ketched a taking off her false hair that everybody thinks is her own nateral locks, is too bad. Howsomever, I comforted myself up with the idee that there arint no onmarried men about the house. When I finished ondressing, I hung my clothes out of the winder to make room for aunt Peggy to come in; and a half hour afterward we were within the arms of Morpheus. We started early the next morning and by driving the old mare hard, we managed to get to the Glen House about dark. That is a nice tavern rite at the feet of Mount Washington. There was a black bear chained in front of it to prevent people from robbing the clothes-lines and hen-houses. Bounce he flew right at the bear; but arter he'd lost a mouthful of hair and skin, he was glad to come back and behave himself. I asked the landlord if he could put us up. He sed he was sorry, but he was full. I asked him if he couldn't give us a bed on the floor. He said it was out of the question. Then I asked him if I couldn't roost somewhere. He scratched his head a minute, and sed we might have the dining-room table. He led off the old mare, and we went into the house. The floors everywhere was covered with people, wrapped up in shawls, blankets and comfortables, and snoring like all possessed. We eat our supper, and then I got the comfortable and the braided rug out of the waggon, and by the help of a cheer we hoisted ourselves on to the table and turned in. I soon got to sleep, and dreamed that old Cap. Chamberlain was trying to kiss me, and in the skrimmage I thrashed over, and off I rooled right into a fat man who was lying close by the table, snoring loud enuff to split the univarse. I knocked the snore clean out of him, and smashed his watch-crystal, and his patent double-barrelled squizzing-glass all to flinders, and scraped all the skin off from my left elbow. The fat man yelled dreadfully, and skeered some of the people nigh about out of their wits. Most of 'em thought the house was afire, and the way they gathered up their baggage was lively. As soon as morning came, I made my toilet as well as I could, though I had a pretty tough time to make my "rat" look decent with so many folks a staring at me. As for a looking-glass I hadn't seen my face since I left home. I asked the landlord what about going up onto the top of Washington, for I hadn't a grate while to stay. He said that most persons went up in kerriages that belonged to the hotel, though some folks purfurred to go with their own teams. I told him I should go with my own team, then; I was acquainted with the old mare, and she was acquainted with me. He advised me to leave my baggage with him, but I told him no, I'd rather have it under my own eye. We started real airy. The sun wasn't more'n up afore we was on the 'kerriage road. Ever seen it? If you haint, you've jest missed seeing one of the slickest roads in the country. It's about nine miles long, and jest as smooth and even as yer perlor floor. But it's awfully up hill! They made us pay some money for going onto the road at a little house, by a bridge, down at the bottom of the mountain. I told 'em I thought that was mean when we'd come so fur—but law! you can't expect a man to be born over again into a ginerous one.

The sun come out pretty hottish, and afore we'd gone more'n a mile the hoss was as wet as if she'd been dipped in the river. Aunt Peggy and I got out and travelled afoot a piece. And after a spell, I took out a couple of my handboxes and lugged them to lighten the load; and aunt Peggy did the same by her valleeas, and the pail of pickles. Bounce he trudged on be hind, and a sorrier looking dog you never seed. Every mite of the wag had gone out of his tail, and his ears hung down like two wilted cabbage-leaves.

It was e'namost sunset when we got to the top, and the old mare was clean tuckered out. For the last half-mile I had to hawl her by the bride, and aunt Peggy she pushed behind. We couldn't see nothing but a couple of horses built out of rocks; and lots and lots more of rocks laying all around, jest as somebody had carted 'em there for stone wall.

I slept tip-top that night in the Tip-Top House, or the Summit, I've forgot which. There was two of 'em there, and I disremember 'tother from which. The morning was clear. We seed a sight of things. It was ekal to being up in Squire Horrick's garrut winders, only more so. We picked up some rocks and some pieces of moss to show when me got home, and started to go back down the mountain agin. I rid, and aunt Peggy walked.

We was going down a pretty steep place, when the old mare pricked her ears at a stick in the road, jumped, and law! the wagon parted, I bounced out—the hoss kerried off the forred wheels, and the rest of the consarn, baggage and all, went tumbling to destruction down a slantendicular precipice more'n a hundred feet higher than the steeple of our meeting house.

I screeched, and clambered down after my valleebas as fast as I could—but dear me! They was all ruined—everything except these handboxes, two carpet-bags, and an ambrilla! The waggon was all stoved to kindling! I picked up the remnants and clambered back with them. Aunt Peggy and I strung 'em on a pole and lugged 'em down to the Glen House.

There we found the old mare, with the fragments of them forred wheels tied to her—but she looked as sober as a judge, if not more so.

We stayed there all night, and the next morning sot sail for home. I'd seen enuff.

I led the hoss, and aunt Peggy kerried one end of the pole on which the handboxes and carpet bags was strung, and I kerried the other: Bounce he skulled behind.

Folks laffed at us on the way, but they laffed at their betterers. Nobody keered for 'em.

Thank goodness! we got home at last, though I haint been able to go a step sense, my newrallogy is so bad; and aunt Peggy haint wore a shoe for a month. Partly because she haint got none to wear. Well, anyhow, we made the tower.

Not a Doctor.

A good story is told by the Salem Register of a certain clerical gentleman whom we will call Smith. He has lately received the honorary degree which constitutes him a doctor. A friend from abroad rang his door bell and inquired of the servant girl—a recent importation from the sweet Isle of Erin—if the doctor was in. The lady from Ireland replied that no such man lived there. The stranger responded, "Yes, I mean Dr. Smith. Is he in?" "Mr. Smith is here, but I'll have ye to know that Mr. Smith don't go around doctoring! and with that she indignantly closed the door.

Anecdote of the Road.

A lawyer riding through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire the way. The lady of the house told him he must keep right straight on for some time, and then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few minutes she would show him the way.

"Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not yet come to the road he must take.

"Oh, yes," said she, "we passed it two or three miles back, but I thought as bad company was better than none, I would keep you along with me."

"A too-inquisitive passenger was, in the age of specie, asking a conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. The answer was of the frankest.

"You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way-passenger who pays us a quarter or a half a dollar for his fare. Well, we slip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company."

"But," persisted this investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you do then?"

"Oh," replied the conductor with ineffable contempt, "then we slip it up again!"

So that passenger went home and sold out his railway shares.

Brought to Terms. PHIPPS found it in his way, one day, to drop into the office of the Rockville Weekly Clarion and insert an advertisement to the effect that a young man possessing a knowledge of bookkeeping could find a good situation by calling at Phipps' office.

The advertisement duly appeared, and in answer to the appeal a crowd of applicants immediately appeared at the advertiser's door. Now, Phipps chanced to find the young man he was in search of a few hours before the advertisement was given to the public, and consequently the thousand and one young men, possessing good references, etc., were forced to depart with blighted hopes.

In the course of time the printer sent in his bill for advertising. Phipps did not settle the bill with his accustomed alacrity. On the contrary he demurred. He said the advertising had been of no real value to him, and he most emphatically declined to pay it. The patient printer waited for some time for him to relent, but as no sign of such an event appeared, and his conscience told him that right was on his side he determined to try the effect of a little strategy upon his obdurate debtor.

In the next issue of the Clarion, in a conspicuous position, appeared Phipps' original advertisement, in all the glory of large capitals and display lines. As before a crowd of applicants thronged Phipps' office. It occupied an hour to dismiss them, as each was eager to convince Phipps that he was the very young man wanted and all he asked was a fair trial. After it was over, Phipps sat down, and wiped his brow, and cursed the stupidity of the blundering printer for allowing that notice to appear again. Another week slipped away, and again the advertisement appeared conspicuously in the Clarion, and again the eager throng mustered at Phipps' office door.

Monday morning came around and with it the Clarion, and in it appeared Phipps' advertisement in more conspicuous type than ever. Two o'clock saw a regiment of book-keeper's surrounding Phipps' door. By three o'clock all had been cursed out of sight, and again Phipps wended his way to the Clarion office.

This time he threatened to prosecute for libel, for trespass, for anything and everything, and swore he'd shoot somebody if that infernal notice was published again. But appear again it did, more resplendent than ever, and not once only, but regularly with every issue of the Clarion. Phipps spent his Monday afternoons in answering numberless inquiries as to whether he had all the book-keepers he was in need of, and alternately sweating and threatening summary ejection upon the toe of his boot, to every questioner.

One meek eyed young student, whose first words were interrupted by very violent actions adverse to his personal safety was so terrified that he immediately called upon a policeman for protection. The valient guardian of the peace administered a scathing rebuke to the prosecutor, and allowed the persecuted to go in safety. This was the last straw. Phipps once more appeared at the door of the Clarion office with less of anger in his face than ever before.

"I have concluded to withdraw that advertisement of mine," he said, urbanely. "How much is my bill?" "Twenty-seven fifty," was the cool response.

Phipps sighed, but counted out that sum. "Thank you," the publisher said courteously. "I shall be pleased if I can serve you at any future time." Phipps is secretly determined not to advertise in the columns of the Clarion again.

Wanted Notoriety. A few weeks since a well educated young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, suddenly disappeared from her home in an Eastern city. She was finally discovered dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes and working in a carriage factory, about forty miles away. When taken back she avowed that her sole object was to be talked about. "Didn't the neighbors talk when I left," she said, "and won't they talk more now, when they hear where I have been and what I have done?"

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

PLOUGHS Of Superior Make. CORN SHELLERS, KETTLES, STOVES, SCOOPS, AND ALL CASTINGS, made at a country Foundry. Also, A GOOD MILL SCREW. In excellent order, for sale at a low rate.

New Millinery Goods At Newport, Pa.

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.

CARLISLE CARRIAGE FACTORY. A. B. SHERK

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

FOR THE SPRING TRADE. He has, also, the best lot of NEW WORK ON HAND.

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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. 4 20 ly LEWIS POTTER & CO.

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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.