

A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

"JACK, I say! Jack!" "Well, what now?" And John St. John, the rising young artist, as the newspaper puffs denominated him, gave the church spire on his canvas an extra touch before he looked round. "Spirit of Parrhasius," he exclaimed theatrically, as his eyes fell on Percival Kent, the sculptor, whose studio was opposite his own, "what perturbs thy lofty brain, friend of boyhood's days?" "Oh, do stop chaffing," cried Kent, "and listen to what I've got to say. The girls are here!" "What girls?" "My cousins, from Washington county came in on the night train; and—and they expect me to give 'em some breakfast—want to try my bachelor housekeeping they say," with a grimace, "and there's nothing in the cupboard but an empty sherry bottle and a plate of orange peel." "Rather an unsatisfactory banquet," observed St. John. "But what can I do?" "Stand by a fellow," implored Kent piteously, "and I'll do the same by you when you're in a tight place."

"I'll lay the cloth for our little unceremonious breakfast." "I hope we haven't inconvenienced you?" said Kate. "Oh, not at all," said Percival, striving to speak with off-hand nonchalance. "One of you will have to drink out of a china mug, the other from antiquated Pompeian vase." "We don't mind that at all," laughed Mary. "I didn't think Percy, when you were up in the mountains last summer, and invited us to one of your important breakfasts, we should be here to test your hospitality soon." "Nor I either," groaned Mr. Kent sotto voce. "Hullo! not a grain of white sugar? Will you excuse me a moment girls?" "Certainly—to be sure," cried Kate and Mary, in chorus. Don't be at all punctilious with us, I beg. And away sped Mr. Kent on the wings of haste to the nearest grocery. "And now cried Kate Wallace, springing up, I'll see what's behind that red curtain." "Kate!" cried her cousin warningly. "Well, why not? I know there's some mystery. Cousin Percy looked so queer when we mentioned it. Perhaps it's the Bluebeard chamber, where he keeps his dead wives. Perhaps he has a sweet-heart hidden in there." "What nonsense, Kate!" "Hush! Don't you hear a rustling and rattling?" cried Kate, I am sure—"Hi-kisk-um-m!" came an involuntary explosion from behind the curtain, at this very eventful moment. "It's a robber!" shrieked Mary. "It's Bluebeard's wife!" cried Kate half laughing and half frightened. "Oh, Kate don't go near it!" whispered Mary, who had grown quite white. "But I shall, though!" cried Kate. "Didn't I shoot a bear in Uncle Hiram's pine woods? And do you suppose I am going to be frightened by a sneeze?" And tripping valorously forward she drew back the curtains with a jerk. There stood John St. John, red and flushed with cooking, and the white sheet relieving his rosy countenance, while his nose and hair were powdered with flour, and sundry cabalistic tokens of charcoal he had handled, ornamented his brow; and in front of him the ancient fowl was frizzling away on the bars of a gridiron, and the pot of chocolate, frothed merrily on the glowing cal.

Deacon Thrope's Pigeons. MANY years ago, when the crops in the Western States were about to be destroyed by the large number of pigeons that came about, Deacon Thrope and several of his friends were sitting outside the meeting-house one Sunday morning, waiting for the minister to arrive, and, as a matter of course, talking about the prospect of having "nothing to feed on" through the coming winter. "It's awful!" said one of the company. "I never seen the pigeons so thick before. My Bill and Ben went down to the roost last night, and killed a bagful with clubs. I think they'll take all my corn." "Oh, yes, it's awful!" replied the others. "That's nothing to what me and my Felix Joshua did, day before yesterday," said the deacon. "You know my bottom field there?" Well, they came in so thick you couldn't see the ground. I went down to scare 'em out, and peradventure they riz up like a cloud, and you couldn't see the sky for 'em. I hollered and clapped my hands, and tore around until I was plum worried out, but did no good. They just swarmed around over my head; and as fast as I went to one side of the field they began to pour down on tother. Felix Joshua had just got up to the crib with a load of corn, for he was gatherin' the ridge field, and I went to where he was and told him to go to the house and get his shot gun and my shot gun, and we goes down. He slipped along on one side of the field and I slipped along on tother, till we got about middle ways, and then I gin a holler, and up they flew like a whirligig. I blazed away in the thickest of 'em, and what do you think?—They were all gone in a second. Then me and Felix Joshua, we clem over the fence, and says he, "Father, this beats all creation!" Says I to him, "Go fetch the steers and wagon, and upon my word and honor we picked up ten bushels!" The good brothers stared wildly around them, and probably would have accused their deacon of lying had they not been interrupted by the arrival of the preacher, and the announcement that "meeting" was again to begin. After the services were over, little groups of the faithful might have been seen here and there, engaged in earnest conversation. Their subject was an exciting one, as you might have inferred from the length of their faces and the earnestness of their gestures. If you had listened to their conversation, you might have heard something about as follows: "Did you hear what brother Thrope said 'bout him and his Felix Joshua, killin' ten bushels of pigeons at one shot?" "Yes, it's awful, ain't it?" "It's a lie as sure as shootin'. I don't know what got into brother Thrope."

let's hear brother Thrope's story, and then you can make any remarks you may wish." "Well, as I was sayin'," resumed the deacon. "I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons—Brother Fingle is mistaken—I said we picked up ten bushels of corn that the pigeons had chattered off." "Amen," went up from the congregation, and a rush was made at Deacon Thrope to shake him by the hand. It is needless to say that he was restored to good fellowship and confidence. Scaring Off a Rival. I was living at 'Squire Jones'. He had a gal, and she was pretty, you bet—I used to think she was pretty enough to eat. To say I loved that gal wouldn't be no description of my awful feeling; but I was awful bashful—I couldn't tell her about it; and to make the matter worse, there was a fellow coming to see Sally; well, he came once a week just as regular as the cows came up, and he'd buck up to Sally and set up half the night. I hated him of course, and nobody could blame me for it. I determined to stop him or bust. I fell on a plan, and told Sally's brother of it; his name was Ike, and he was pleased and he went to work. They were scarce of house-room, had a front and back room, which was used for a kitchen and a smoke house. Me and Ike slept in this back room.—The floor was made of puncheons, and immediately under our bed, and also under the floor, was the soap trough. It had about ten bushels of soft soap in it. Sally's bean was to be there that night. I told her I wanted to sleep with her sweet-heart that night. She said all right. He came dressed up in his best. He had one of those high-collared, scissor-tailed coats, new copperas pants, awful tight, a high-bee-gum hat, and a square yard ooton handkerchief around his neck. He soon cornered Sally, and me and Ike went to bed—but not to sleep. We raised the floor over the soap trough, took the boards off the bed, all only on the fire-side, where I was to lie—just enough behind to hold up a bed without a fellow. Ike lay before the fire on a pallet. I lay on my plank, holding very still. I began to think they would sit up all night; but finally about one o'clock, he came in. And I snored violently. He hauled off his linen, and over he crawled, and in he went, down into the soap trough. Of all the snorting and kicking you ever heard it was there. I began to yell at the top of my voice. Ike was making a light, and just as he got a flaming pine-knot in full blast, the old folks came tearing in, in their night clothes—the old man with his gun and the old woman with the poker. I had Sally's bean drawn out by this time, and stretched out at full length before the fire. The soap was half an inch thick all over him. Of all the sights I ever saw, he looked the most terrible. A Kukulux wasn't nowhere. Sally came with her dress in her hand, and as she entered the door, he broke. The dogs all went after him out of hearing. But he don't come back any more. A New Confidence Game. A well dressed young man stopped at a Vermont hotel last week for a few days, and made acquaintances. The evening of the second day of his arrival a nice young lady came along, unattended, and instantly attracted the attention of the impressive youngster, who canvassed her charms freely as they sat apart from her at supper. The stranger youth even went so far as to say that he would marry her if she would have him, and offered, for a substantial wager, to pop the question and have the marriage ceremony performed right away. The wager was accepted, and also the proposal of marriage, made so suddenly to her by the young man, and the parson called in, who soon united the twain. The sum wagered was paid over to the happy bridegroom, and he and his bride set off next day on their marriage tour. What lends romance to the circumstance is the fact that the young couple had already been man and wife for a year. A Rat Hung by a Watch Chain. A gentleman in West Nashville, before retiring for the night, took the precaution to place his watch and chain under his pillow. He woke up the following morning to find that it had unaccountably been spirited away. After looking everywhere about the room he found it forced half-way into a rat hole. He pulled it out, and to his great consternation found a rat at the end of the gold chain, in which it had become entangled and hanged by the neck until dead. An old clergyman—more distinguished for his piety than for the elegance of his oratorical delivery—once read aloud from the pulpit a hymn, in which occurs this line: "Life's like a shadow, how it flies!" But pausing in the middle of the word "Shadow," to take breath, the venerable parson astonished his hearers by what seemed to read: "Life's like a shad; ob, how it flies!"

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.

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. Goffering 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.

PERRY COUNTY Real Estate Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO., Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agent

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, 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., 420 1/2

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 get 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 item 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.

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 speed and perfect threshing, light draft and durability, on reasonable terms. Also

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. I refer those wishing to buy to John Adams, Samuel Shuman, John Boden, Ross Hench, at Johnsburg; Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Ellensburg; Thomas Morrow, Louisville; John Fickinger, Jacob Fickinger, Centre. 620 13 1/2

SAMUEL LIGGETT, Lakesburg, May 14, 1872.

DUNCAN SHERMAN & CO., BANKERS,

No. 11 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Issue circular Notes and circular Letters of credit available in any part of the world. Current accounts received on such terms as may be agreed upon. 6 12 1/2

Vick's Floral Guide for 1873!

THE GUIDE is now published Quarterly.—TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost.—Those who afterwards send money to the amount of ONE DOLLAR or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five Cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

The JANUARY NUMBER is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, Designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers.—One Hundred and Fifty pages on fine tinted paper, some Five Hundred Engravings and a superb COLORED PLATE and CHROMO COVER. The First Edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, ready to send out.

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.