

## Hiding A Lover.

THE carpet knight who figures in the following romance, Charles G., was poor, but not proud, and early developed considerable genius as a dry-goods clerk in St. Louis. His person was handsome, his clothes fit him well, and he had his shoes made in Chicago. But he fell in love with the niece of a rich widow lady of Lucas Place, in the aforementioned city, and thus his woes began.

The widow, having higher aspiration than a "Clark's best spool thread—200 yards" artilleryman for her niece, peremptorily forbade that young lady's holding intercourse with Charley.

As Clara is dependant upon her aunt, she, of course, appeared to acquiesce in these ambitious designs, but at the same time registered a vow to her looking glass that no one in the world should ever supplant the dapper yard stick man in her maiden heart.

One afternoon, recently, Charley received a note from his Clara, stating that her relative would that evening attend prayer meeting.

The intimation was enough, and 8 o'clock saw the young couple seated on the sofa in her aunt's library, billing and cooing in the regular orthodox, turtle dove style. Little Charley, lured on by the witcheries of love, became "perfectly immense." He wound his arm about her waist and vowed that her form was "sylph like." He toyed with her long golden ringlets, and likened them to "truant sunbeams," with a few other remarks to the effect that Heaven's dearest gift to her sex was "a wealth of bright golden hair." Then when she blushed he swore the roses had been robbed, and when she smiled, that her lips were ruby portals to a casket of pearls.

Indeed, he talked so nice, and she fed upon his glowing words with such a relish, that the old lady was rattling away at the door bell as though the house next door was on fire full five minutes before the absorbed lovers heard her.

"Great Heavens! my aunt!" exclaimed Clara.

Charley grew a trifle pale, and muttered an interjection of two pertaining to the front end of a mill pond.

It appears the old lady, having reached the place of prayer, found the meeting postponed, and consequently, after some little chat with a neighbor or two, had returned home at this most inopportune moment.

What was to be done? Not a closet or nook invited retreat, and there Charley stood and wished that he was a mileage or stationery bill, so that he could pass the house, or a member of the Louisiana Legislature or some other dreadful feature of modern civilization.

At last a brilliant idea occurred to his lady love. In the corner of the library lay a bundle of carpet that had been brought up to the house that day to refurnish the setting room, and having been duly inspected by the ladies, was temporarily left in a tumbled heap in one corner.

A hasty explanation took place, and then Charley entombed himself beneath the mass, with a fervid vow that he would die for her sake were it necessary, and Clara then admitted her aunt.

The relative was not well pleased at being kept so long on the door-step, and sharply demanded what had become of the servants.

"I sent them to bed, dear aunt, so that I might have the pleasure of remaining up for your return, but fell asleep," innocently remarked the ingenious girl.

This loving explanation somewhat appeased the old lady, who, after warming herself walked over to the bundle of carpet, wondered how it would look by gas light.

Clara hastened to assure her that it would not look nice at all—in fact she was so confident of it that her aunt need not go to the trouble of an investigation.

The old lady pondered over the stuff for a few moments, while her niece sat trembling upon the sofa, and little Charley felt that the world might come to an immediate end and not annoy him a particle by the suddenness of the change.

At last, however, the crisis passed, for with some new idea entering her head, the old lady turned, and remarked that she was "tired almost to death," plumped her 250 pound avoirdupois upon the heap, and little Charley assumed the shape of a human pancake. He would have groaned but he did not have wind enough left for the purpose.

A little shriek from Clara attracted the old lady's attention to her niece.

"Why, you're all dressed up to-night," "Yes, aunt, dear," replied Clara, mentally conjecturing how Charley felt in his pressed-out condition.

"Yes," returned the other, you look very well, only rather pale. Are you sick?"

"I—I don't feel very well," answered her niece, silently consigning her relation to Chicago, or some other wicked place.

"I'm sure you don't, when you lace up so tight, my dear, affectionately remarked the incorrigible old lady.

of his ears in quietly trying to twist his head into a position where he might distinctly hear anything of interest.

"You don't! Yes you do; and at your time of life it is preposterous.—If you were a young, giddy girl it would be different; but a person of your age—"

"Oh, aunt!"

Charley barked some more skin off, and became decidedly interested.

"There's no "Oh, aunt about it," continued the "incorrigible," sagely oscillating her head. "You sometimes act more like a silly school girl than a woman who has been twenty-four years of life."

"I haven't!" exclaimed Clara, and Charley put his mouth in shape for a whistle, but was immediately flattened out by a restive bounce of the old lady's.

"You haven't. Why, yes you have—and nearly 25! Why, what in the world ails the girl! What in the world are you whimpering about, Clara?"

"My—my head aches. Please don't talk," begged her niece, not quite positive as to the effect her dissection might have on the young martyr under her aunt.

"Your head aches, does it? Well, no wonder; wearing all that mass of hair on your head is enough to make it ache. What nonsense it is, when there is no one here to see you; besides it is positively making you bald-headed!"

"I'm not!" vigorously responded the young lady, burying her face in her hands as she thought of all the nice things the fellow under the carpet had been saying.

"You're not! Yes you are. There's a bald spot on the top of your head the size of my hand!" and the old lady extended a palm in illustration. "Now what in the world are you crying about, Clara? Sakes alive! niece, you'll cry yourself sick, and then you won't be able to visit the dentist's to-morrow."

"Bother the dentist! Do keep still aunt!" cried Clara, while Charlie attempted to scratch his head, and had his arm nearly dislocated by a few restless moves made by the old lady as she indignantly reprimanded her niece for her disrespect and petulance.

"It was your own wish to go to the dentist's, Clara; you know it was. You said that set hurt your mouth, and you wanted—Goodness, gracious! What under heaven does all the girl?" For Clara had darted out of the room with a smothered cry of rage and anguish, leaving her relative to bounce up and down on the pile of carpet in sheer astonishment, until little Charley G.'s respiratory organs were like a pair of collapsed bellows.

Then the old lady followed her niece up stairs, and when the house was all quiet Charley unlocked the front door, and, stealing forth, walked down Lucas Place a sadder and wiser man.

Clara left town on a visit, and the young ladies, who patronize the Fourth street dry good establishment think Charley must be suffering from a case of unrequited affection, he looks so flat and talks so dismal.

## How "De Colored Justice ob de Peace" Nonsuited a Case.

Reuben Crowder, who grandiloquently styles himself "de colored Justice ob de Peace ob Wyandotte," has recently made himself a record which entitles him to more than common consideration. Reuben is proud of his position and the dignity of being a judge, and—although he has become a voluntary exile from the city of Wyandotte, and has sought the protection of the State of Missouri, merely because he misappropriated the funds coming into his possession as a justice—he still dwells complacently upon the fact that he was a judge when he lived "on de oder side ob de line."

Reuben rendered a decision during his brief official term. This decision, he has been assured by some astute, thoughtful mind, is one that should entitle him to the special consideration of the Government, inasmuch as he rendered a decision such as no other judge or justice would dare to make.

A few days ago, Reuben called upon his brother Justice, Joseph C. Ranson, and, in the course of conversation recited how he rendered the most important decision of his life. Said Reuben:

"You see, 'Squire, how it wor. Dere was dis case wherein de plaintiff claimin' de damage made de contract wid de 'fendant. De main pint was dis, an' I seen it de minit de lawyer 'dressed de court. Sez he, 'Yer honor, dat's me,' sez he, 'I claims dat dis yere contract made wid my client and de plaintiff is not a legal contract, for dis yere reason,' sez he, 'Yer honor,' dat's me, sez he, 'case de contract bein' a verbal contract is not stampt 'cordin ter law, an' I 'peals to de law ob de Gubermant to sustain me in my demand to discharge my client.' You see, 'Squire, I knowed at once dat de law requires de postage stamp to all contracts, an' when de plaintiff 'knowledge de fact dat de contract was not a written contract, and was not stampt 'cordin to law, I discharged de suit."

An eminent and witty prelate was asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience.—"Yes," said his grace; "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in his gig. He drives it first."

## A Web of Mystery.

THE Placer county, California, people have a real mystery which promises to be forever impenetrable. The papers have printed a great many surmises about it, and the people of the Placer section are being more and more excited, and deeper and deeper in darkness. They give it up in despair as something surpassing human understanding.

There are three deaths in the chapter of horrors. A young girl of eleven, her old father, and a man who had watched his corpse one night.

C. M. Coates, a sickly man of 50, had a small rancho of his own, and sometimes did service for his neighbors as herdsman. His daughter of 21 kept house for him, and he had in his household besides, his son aged 16, one aged 13, Elvina, a daughter aged 10½ years, and an infant son four or five years. There had been bad stories about Coates in former years, but his neighbors in Placer knew nothing wrong of him except that he was a severe man, and might be sometimes harsh with his children. If any of his family had any deadly enemies it is not known to the few scattered neighbors.

Elvina was a very pretty, well-developed girl for eleven years, with sun-browned face, and sun-shiny hair, and full of life. One of her brothers was engaged herding sheep for a neighbor a mile or so off, and she was in the habit of visiting him occasionally accompanied by her little brother. It seems her father had told her not to go any more, as he feared some danger. One day he took a short trip by railroad to receive \$750 in cash, the balance of a legacy, and returned in the evening with the money. Elvina was not at home. He was told she had gone to visit her shepherd brother, and had not taken the boy with her as was her wont. The boy had cried to go, but she had hired him with some trifle to stay at home, and had bounded off alone on the trail that led to her brother's sheep-cote. Mr. Coates became very angry at the disobedience of his daughter, cut a good-sized switch, and went off after her. The shepherd-boy was found with his sheep, but had not seen his sister that day. The father, alarmed, threw away his switch, and began to call "Vina," among the hills, but received only hollow echoes for answer. He went home, but was so much troubled that he could eat no supper. He started out alone, calling for his daughter, and was never again seen alive. As neither "Vina" nor the old man returned, the rest of the family became much alarmed and aroused the whole neighborhood for miles around to search. Mr. Coates was found dead, lying on his face, with no marks of violence on his person, and the \$750 safe in his pocket. Coroner's inquest; no post mortem; verdict, death by heart disease.

A young Italian volunteered to sit up one night with the corpse, and the next day he died. Cold was assigned to be the cause. The search for little Elvina Coates, which continued for twenty-one days, had been relinquished. Afterward, a man passing an old "prospecting hole" twelve feet deep, six feet in diameter, and filled with water to within one foot of the top, saw what appeared to be a bundle floating on the surface. He thought of a missing girl, and dismounted. It was a burlap sack, such as is used for grain. He pulled at it, and found a human head in the sack. He rode rapidly away, and told what he had seen. The Coroner came, and a great many people came with him. The sack was taken from the water, and contained the body of Vina Coates. There were no marks of violence or outrage on the body. The sack was drawn over the head and drawn tight about the waist with a cord. It fitted closely to the body and shoulders. It was marked H. H. S., the initials of Mr. H. H. Smith, a merchant at Newcastle, three or four miles off, whose clerks swore they had sold many such sacks, but had never sold one to Coates. Many people in the vicinity had such sacks so the sack revealed nothing but little Vina Coates' sunshiny hair and lifeless body. The body was removed to Gold Hill and examined, but no post mortem was made. The verdict was: "Death by some cause unknown to the jury."

There are various theories of these remarkable occurrences, but none are satisfactory, and all contradict themselves before a solution is reached. One is that Coates drowned his daughter, but the girl's body was found in a secluded spot a mile from her usual path to and from her brother's sheep-cote, and a mile from her home, and Coates himself was too weak to have dragged her so far out of her way. Another is that seeing her father with a switch she feared his anger and punishment and ran away and drowned herself. Still another, that outrage upon her person was attempted, and the villain, falling in his designs, drowned his victim. But why did the girl on this occasion hire her little brother to stay at home?

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

## A Whisper to Husbands.

"I AM TIRED at the close of the day, 'tis true, but I always try to remember that my wife may be as tired as myself." Oh, if all husbands would not only think of this, but act upon it, how many women would smile, and full half their burdens drop at once from their shoulders! It is such a little thing to recognize this fact by a word, a look, if no more. Because a man is tired he need not be indifferent and cross. But, alas! when he comes home, and finds everything prepared for his comfort, he too often accepts it as his due, as a matter of course, and never thinks of the worrying detail which has occupied so much time in bringing it about. He never thinks how inexpensively "tired" his wife is of it all, though she may be too much of a woman to shrink it; or what despair seizes her soul when, after having eaten and drank all he is capable of, scores from the sofa, announce the usual programme until bedtime; or, lacking this, a total silence or absence of mind, which is just as discouraging as to results.

Sunday, too—then at least, when there is or should be no "business,"—when a husband should do his part toward making that day social and bright, how often does he retire to his room, that he may stupefy himself with incessant smoke, appearing to his family only to feed, after that going to sleep.

No wonder the wives of such men get discouraged. No wonder they say, as they often do, "What is life worth if my husband only values me as a housekeeper, and worse still, one without a salary—when, after all my unrecognized services, I have the mortification of asking every time I need money, as if I were a beggar soliciting charity?"

"Tired? Does he not talk with animation if a friend drops in?"

Now gentlemen, if you could hear women talk together, you would know this is no fancy picture; and I maintain this is wholly wrong on your part. If you won't go out with your wives to seek agreeable company and relaxation, you are certainly bound to be social and agreeable at home—bound by your marriage promises—bound by your wife's performing her duty with regard to your food and other comforts, bound by your little children, who see their mother's sad, weary face, and catch her trick of sighing. And you needn't say, after reading this, "She's right; it is true; Sam Smith does just so," for I don't mean Sam Smith at all—I mean you good sir.—And I want you, for one week, just to try the recipe of a little sociability in your own house, to your wife, over your own meals. Be half as agreeable at home as you take the pains to be abroad, and you will find it as good a little business investment as you ever made.

## The Queen of Sheba's Palace—Interesting Discovery.

The Queen of Sheba's palace is the latest archaeological discovery announced. M. Mauch, the African traveler, who some years ago discovered what he believed were the ruins of ancient Ophir, but the accuracy of whose supposition was called in question at the time, now writes with the greatest confidence that he has finally found the real "Ophir," in latitude 20 deg. south, longitude 26 deg. east. The ruins consist of two masses of edifices, among them is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, the walls being built of wrought granite, and the ceiling still showing fragments of beams of cedar. The circular edifice, supposed to be the Queen's palace, is still called by the natives the "House of the Great Princess." This discovery must be accepted as another link of evidence unearthed in confirmation of the Scriptures, to which many more will doubtless be added by the parties now exploring in and around Jerusalem and beyond the Jordan.

## Backbiting.

Here are some useful rules which should guide our daily lives, and which if adhered to, would save much unhappiness:

Hear as little as possible that is to the prejudice of others.

Believe nothing of the kind until you are absolutely forced to.

Never drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

Always moderate as far as you can, the unkindness which is expressed toward others.

Always believe that, if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

Never under any circumstances repeat anything injurious to others.

## Too True.

While a steward in one of the Mayaville, Ky., churches was handing around the contribution box, a few Sundays since, taking up a collection for foreign missions, his eye and heart were gladdened by observing among its contents a neatly rolled package that one could easily imagine to be a "check," or something of that agreeable nature. On hastily investigating, his former belief in the depravity of human nature was changed to a certainty by discovering \$1 and a cent, and upon the paper the following: "The cent is for the health, and the dollar to get it to them."

**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, 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.  
4201y LEWIS POTTER & CO.

## 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. Godding 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,  
51613 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.

## 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,

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 Ickesburg; Jacob Shoenker & Son, Elliottsburg; Thomas Morrow, Loysville; John Flickinger, Jacob Flickinger, Centre.

62013  
Ickesburg, May 14, 1872.

## INSURANCE IN THE

**MUTUAL**

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

The oldest and strongest Company in the United States. Assets over \$45,000,000 in cash.

54413L S. A. SHULER, Agent,  
Liverpool, Pa.

## \$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO

MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS.

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had but little loss during the past year, the annual assessment on Mutual Policy-holders will not exceed 60 per cent. on the usual one year cash rates, which would be equal to a dividend of 40 per cent., as calculated in Stock Companies, or a deduction of 2 per cent. on the notes below the usual assessment; and as the Company has over \$200,000 in premium notes, the whole amount credited to mutual policy-holders, over cash rates, will amount to \$4,000.

Had the same policy-holders insured in a Stock Company at the usual rate, they would have paid \$4,000 more than it has cost them in this Company. Yet some of our neighbor agents are running about crying Fraud! Fraud! and declare that a mutual company must fail.—But they don't say how many stock companies are failing every year, or how many worthless stock companies are represented in Perry County to-day.

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break.

JAMES H. GIER,

224 Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

J. M. GIRVIN, J. H. GIRVIN

**J. M. GIRVIN & SON,**

Commission Merchants,

No. 5, SPEAR'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amounts promptly.

5441y