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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.

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PLOUGHS Of Superior Make.

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KETTLES,
STOVES,
SCOOPS
AND ALL CASTINGS,
made at a country Foundry. Also, A GOOD MILL SCREW

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\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS. The Fennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had but little less durling the past year, the annual assessment on Mutual Policy-holders will not exceed 50 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 ever \$200,000 in premium notes, the whole amount eredited to mutual policy-holders, over cash rates, will amount to \$4,000. Bud the same policy-holders in surred 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 fall.—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 fast that a Museal Company See'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

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Baltimore, Md.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

be accompanied by the correct answer.

Answer to Enigmas in last week's paper :- Enigma No. 1, "General Braddock." SQUARE WORD ENIGMA.

YEAR. ETNA. ANTS. RASP.

Jenkin's First Voyage

WHEN I had opened the letter and read a few lines, I exclaimed: "Oh, Jenks! here's some great news for you. And then I read from the letter:

"My physician says that I must have a daily drive upon the beach, but I really do not feel as if I abould take a moment of comfort without my old horse and carriage and my old driver. If you can manage to get along for two or three weeks with the cook, who is entirely able to take all the service of the house upon her hands, you may send Jenks to me with the horse and carriage. The road is very heavy, however, and it is best for him to put everything on the Belle of Bradford, and come with it himself. The Belle touches every day at our wharf, and the horse will be ready for service as soon as he lands."

I read this without looking at Jenks' face, but when I finished I glanced at him, expecting to see him radiant with delight. I was therefore surprised to find him pale and trembling in every fiber of his frame.

"That's just like an old woman," said Jenks. "How does she s'pose a horse is going to sea? What's he to do when the steamer rolls?

"Oh, horses are very fond of rolling," I said laughing. "All he will have to do will be to lie down and roll all the way, without straining himself for it."

"And how does she s'pose a carriage is going to keep right side up?"

"Well, you can sit in it and hold it

Jenks looked down upon his thin frame and slender legs, and shook his head. "If there's anything that I hate," said he, "it's a steamboat. I think it will scare the old horse to death. They whistle and toot, and blow up and burn up. Now, don't you really think-candid, now-that I'd better drive the old horse down? Don't you think the property'll be safer ? She never can get another horse like him She never'll get a carriage that suits her half as well as that. It don't seem to me as if I could take the responsibility of risking that property. She left it in my hands. 'Take good care of the old horse, Jenks,' was the last words she said to me ; and now because she's an old woman, and dosen't know any better, she tells me to put him on a steamboat, where he's just as likely to be banged about and have his ribs broke in, or be burned up or blowed up, as he is to get through alive. It seems to me the old woman is out of her head, and that I ought to do just as she told me to do when she was all right. 'Take good care of the old horse, Jenks,' was the last words she said."

The old man was excited but still pale, and he stood waiting before me with a pitiful, pleading expression upon his wizen

I shook my head. "I'm afraid we shall be obliged to risk the property, Jenks," I said. "Mrs. Sanderson is very particular, you know, about having all her orders obeyed to the letter. She will have no one to blame but herself if the whole establish ment goes overboard, and if I were you I wouldn't miss this chance of going to sea at her expense for anything."

Then Jenks resolutely undertook to bring his mind to it. "How long will it take?" he inquired.

"Oh, three hours or so," I replied care-"Do we go out of sight of land?"

"No, you sail down the river a few miles, then you strike the ocean, and just hug the shore until you get there," replied.

"Yes; strike the ocean-hug the shore -" he mumbled to himself, looking down and rubbing the bald spot on the top of his head. "Strike the ocean-hug the shore. Three hours-oh! do you know whether they have life-preservers on that steam-

"Stacks of them," I replied. "I've

seen them often." "Wouldn't it be a good plan to slip one on to the horse's neck when they start? He'll think its a collar, and won't be scared you know; and if there should happen to be any trouble if would help to keep his none up."

"Capital pean," I responded.

"What time do we start?" "At eight o'clock to-morrow morning." Jenks retired with the look and bearing of a man who had been sentenced to be hanged. He went first to the stable, and made all the necessary arrangements there, and late into the night I heard him moving about his room. I presume he did not once close his eyes in sleep that night. I was exceedingly amused by his nervousness though I would not have intimated to A Bald Eagle youth at a party, to him that I had any doubt of his courage being asked if he could play the harpsifor the world. He was patir at an early hour in the morning; and breakfast was like seven-up.

upon the table while yet the early birds were singing.

"You will have a lovely day, Jenks," I said as he handed me my coffee.

As he bent to set the cup besides my plate, there came close to my car a curious about you Jenks?" I said.

He made a sickly attempt to smile, and then pulling open the bosom of his shirt, displayed a collapsed dry bladder, with a goose quill in the neck ready for its inflation.

"That's a capital idea, Jenks," I said. "Do you think so? What do you think of that?" and he showed me the breast

pocket of his coat full of corks. It was impossible for me to restrain my

laughter any longer. "Number one, you know," said Jenks, buttoning up his coat. "Number one, and stiff upper lip."

"You're a brave old fellow, any way, Jenks, and you're going to have the best time you ever had. I envy you."

I rode down to the boat with him, to make the arrangements for the shipment, and saw him and the establishment safely on board. The bottom of the carriage was loaded with appliances for securing his personal safety in case of an accident, including a billet of wood, which he assured me was to be used for blocking the wheels of the carriage in case of a storm.

I bade him good-by at last, and went on shore, where I waited to see the steamer wheel into the stream. The last view I had of the old man, showed that he had relieved himself of hat and boots, and placed himself in light swimming order. In the place of the former he had tied a red bandana handkerchief around his head, and for the latter be had substituted slippers. He had entirely forgotten me and the existence of such a town as Bradford. Looking dreamily down the river, out toward that mysterious sea, on which his childish imagination had dwelt so long, and of which he stood in such mortal fear, he passed out of sight. .

The next evening I heard from him in a characteristic letter. It was dated at "The Glaids," and read thus:-

"The Bell is a noble vessel. The horse and carridge is saif.

"She welcomed me from the sea.
"It seems to me I am in the moon.
"Once or twise she roaled ferefully.

But she rited and drove on.

"I count nineteen distant sales."
"If you will be so kind as to not menshun the blader.
"The waves roll in and rore all night.
"The see is a tremendous thing, and the

atlus is nowhare. -"From an old Tart
"THEOPHILUS JENKS."

Advice to Young Ladles.

At the agricultural fair in Santa Clara, prizes were offered for the best cooks among the unmarried ladies. This is a move in the right direction, and we hail train!" the fact as an evidence that we are to return to the simplicity of early times, when our wives were help-meets instead of "helpeats;" when the young wife brought to the matrimonial copartnership a willingness to bear her share of the burden and labor of life; when one silk frock, one china-set, half a dozen of silver spoons, and counterpanes of her own patchwork, were evidences of the simplicity of her taste, the liable to be set down beside the track mideconomy of her life, and the promise of ture industry. Now the young bride must begin where her mother leaves off. Her outfit is a trousseau, a gorgeous house, rich in upholstery, mirrors, carvings, and ornaments of paint, plaster, silk, and velvet: she speers at a cottage where love is, and prefers the cheap and showy boardinghouse to her own but humbler home. The Santa Clara Fair gives not only a prize for the best young cook who can manage a cheap and economical dinner, but other prizes will be hanging round within scent of the savory viands to nose themselves out a wife-awkward, beardless, robust young farmers, ready to offer themselves, their virtuous lives, their industrious hab its, their well tilled farms, to a bride who will know how to preside over the multifarious duties of a home in the country. We advise our city girls to go in and win. Show the country maiden that you, too, know how to broil and bake, fry and stew; then, for the finish to your feast, give an extra dessert-something to tickle the farmer's palate, and ten to one you will steal away from the country the honors and lovers of the day. And when the farmer's boy a-wooing comes, accept his hard hand and bonest heart as a surer anchor and a firmer trust than the halfgentleman, half-hoodlum, who parts his hair in the middle and offers to share with you the chances in his lottery of life. If we had a thousand sweethearts, we would advise all save one to go to the country. If we had a thousand genteel, half-starved city friends, fighting the grinning fiend of genteel poverty, striving to keep up appearances, living beyond their means, in constant dread of what the world would say, slaves to society, we would say, go to the country. With half-a-hundred acres of God's bountiful soil, you may live bappy, healthful, independent, self-respected and contented.

cord, wanted to know if it was anything

A Strange Suit.

A Dubuque letter says : Among the other institutions of this city, and one which invariably attracts the attention of the traveler, whether he comes by river or rail, is crepitant rustle. "What have you got the large grain elevator near the depot of the Illinois Central Railway. There is a peculiar history connected with the structure, and one which, in these times of railway excitement, may not be uninteresting. The elevator was bought in 1860 by Dean Richmond, who was then one of the magnates in the control and management of the New York Central Railway. There has not been a bushel of grain in the elevator since 1868, nor has there been a prospect of there being any in it since that time. But a visitor at the premises will find at all hours of the day workmen prepared to handle any grain that may arrive.

The boilers are filled with water, and in the furnaces underneath is kindling and fuel ready to ignite at any moment. engine and all the machinery is oiled for instant motion. The preparations are such as to induce the belief that the proprietors had only stopped business for a day or two and were about to start again. But still the years roll on and smoke never issues from the chimney, the fires are not lighted, the steam is never-only a constant, watchful readiness. There is a reason for this readiness, and for the silence and inactivity which brood over the place.

Dean Richmond had a son, whose habits and character were not entirely in accord with his father's wishes. He was allowed to labor and shift for his own means of support. He became a conductor upon his father's railway. Mr. Richmond told him that the least infraction of the rules of the company would insure his immediate removal, and especially was he warfied against allowing any person, whether a friend or not, to ride without showing a ticket or a pass, or paying the necessary fare. He had been employed in this capacity for some time and there had been no complaints, when, one day, Dean Richmond himself became a passenger upon his son's train. The conductor, while collecting tickets and fares, came to the old railway magnate, when the following dialogue occurred :

"Ticket, sir?"

"Ticket? Get out! I am the President of this road. I don't buy tickets."

"That makes no difference. It's against orders for me to allow anybody to ride without he pays his fare, presents a ticket, or shows a pass. Come, hurry up.' "Well, sir, you know who I am, and you

know that I am entitled to ride on this road free. I could make you a pass, but I haven't any blanks. You go on. It is all right." " See here, old gentleman, it makes no

difference who you are ; give me a ticket, show a pass, pay your fare, or get off this

"Humph! young man, you are getting mighty arbitrary. If you don't go on about your business I'll have you dis-

The young conductor made no reply, but gave a vigorous pull upon the bell-rope. As the train checked its speed, and the father saw that he was about to be treated like any other passenger, and was really way between stations, he pulled his wallet This little episode gave and paid his fare. him a new insight into his son's character, and he forthwith commenced casting about for some business occupation for him. The two, while on a Western trip, came to Dubuque, and the father purchased the elevator for his son and gave his check for the requisite amount to carry on the business. But in connection with the purchase was

another transaction, in which Mr. Richmond and the Dubuque and Sioux City Railway were the parties. The corporation was new and anxious to sell its bonds. In consideration of his purchasing \$100,000 of the bonds of the company at 1,03} the railway contracted to send all through grain passing over their line into the elevator, and to pay one cent per bushel for the privilege. The contract was a good one for the elevator, and by its terms was to continue in force for fifteen years from August 22, 1860. It was also advantageous to the railway, for the seeming endorsement of their road by Mr. Richmond in his purchase of their securities above par enabled them to sell all their bonds in New York at a high floure.

Until the leasing of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railway by the Illinois Central, in 1867, the contract had been carefully observed by the parties making it. But after the first few weeks from the advent of the new management no attention was paid to the contract, and the grain from over the Dubuque, and Sioux City line was transferred across the river without passifir through the elevator. The business of Richmond and Jackson was damaged, was in fact destroyed, for this was the only source from which they could expect or obtain patronage. They were, and have been at all times, ready and willing to perform their part of the agreement, and hence it is that the elevator is kept in a condition to start at a moment's notice.

On several occasions the Illinois Central has switched cars off at the elevator with the expectation and hope that it might not be found in running order, so that the pro- same room,

prietors might be charged with a violation of their part of the contract, but to no pur-All efforts to compromise the difforences between the parties have failed. The elevator firm have brought several suits against the Illinois Central for breach of contract, and have recovered judgments in all the actions which have been tried,

The first judgment for \$5,000 the railroad company pald; the second judgment for \$50,000 they appealed, and the third suit for \$500,000 has not yet been tried. The attorneys for Richmond & Jackson, the plaintiffs, are confident of ultimately obtaining decisions in their favor in all these cases, and of collecting the amounts recovered. The contract will not expire until 1875; and in the future, as in the past, they will claim one cent upon every bushel of grain passing through from the line of the Dubuque and Sioux City road.

A Traveler's Story.

O NE stormy evening a party of travelers were scated around a blazing fire in a house having somewhat the appearance of a hotel upon the Allegheny mountains. The coach bad broken down, and were detained until the next morning.

We had just finished a substantial supper and were sitting with our feet on the fender, and cigars in our mouths, ruminating upon the storm without, and the warm. cozy comfort within.

Each one told a story, or related an anecdote; and at last the turn came round to a bollow cheeked individual, who until then, had remained silent.

"Gentlemen," said he, fixing a piereing grey eye upon one of the company-a Spaniard-who, uninvited, had drawn his chair up to the fire, "some ten years ago I was near being murdered in this very house."

At this moment the Spaniard got up, and was going out of the room, when the narrator rose, and locking the door, put the key into his pocket.

He then took the Spaniard's arm, and leading him up to an old picture, surmounted by the English coat of arms, ran his finger along the motto, and said, at the same time displaying, the butt end of a revolver.

"Evil to him who evil does."

The Spaniard smiled, and said he did not feel well; but the stranger swore that no man should leave the room until he finished

his story. Requesting us not to be amazed at his conduct he proceeded.

"Some years ago I was traveling across the mountains on horseback, and I stopped at this very house. The landlord was extremely obsequious in attending to my comfort; and after supper he requested me to join him in a bottle of wine.

"Nothing loth, I consented; and before midnight four empty bottles stood upon the table, and he was acquainted with all my business. I had a very large amount of money in my valise, and he politely informed me that he would take care of it till morning. Although somewhat intoxicated I did not approve of leaving it in his charge, and wishing him good night, I took my valise in my hand and retired to

"After I had undressed, I put my revolver under the pillow, and carefully, as I thought examined the room. I laid myself down, and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus."

"I suppose it must have been two hours after when I awoke, and collecting my scattered senses, I endeavored to think what I had been about. Suddenly I detected a noise under my bed.

What was my horror when I observed a piece of carpet stretched alongside the bed move as if something was under it. A cold perspiration started from every pore; but, thank heaven, I had presence of mind enough to prepare for the worst.

"Grasping my revolver in my hand, and hiding it under the bed clothes, I feigned to be asleep. In an instant afterwards I saw a trap-door, which had been concealed by the carpet, cautionsly raised up; and I beheld my landlord, with a knife in one hand and a dark lantern in the other, directing his glittering eye towards me. Still I moved not, but as he turned to put the lantern on the floor, I fired, and-

"You killed him, did you?" shrieked the Spaniard, almost jumping from his seat. " "Silence, until I have finished," said the stranger, again tapping his weapon. -'The instant I fired the villian fell. I got up, and merely putting on my coat snatched up the lantern he had dropped, and with my valise crept cautiously down to the stable. It was a bright, moonlight night and I soon saddled my horses. I galloped about ten miles, when I met a party of wagoners, and in their company returned to the house; but, despite of our rigid search, not even as much as the villian's body could be found. But if I ean lay my hands upon him, if it cost me. my life, he shall die the death of a dog.

As the stranger concluded, he rose and caught the Spaniard by the throat, and tearing open his shirt collar, showed the mark of a wound on his neek.

Three weeks afterward Joseph Gomez was hung on his own confession of having murdered no less than five travelers in that