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AND
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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.

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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.
429ly LEWIS POTTER & CO.

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. 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. Guttering 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,
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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,
SCOPES
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 Shoemaker & Son, Elliptsburg; Thomas Morrow, Leesville; John Flickinger, Sr., Jacob Flickinger, Centre.
629 13 SAMUEL LIGGETT.
Ickesburg, May 14, 1872.

INSURE 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.
S. A. SHULER, Agent,
544 13t. 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,
251 Sec'y of Penn's Central Insurance Co.

A. M. GIRVIN, J. H. GIRVIN
J. M. GIRVIN & SON,
Commission Merchants.
No. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF,
Baltimore, Md.

As we will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amounts promptly. 534ly

THE WICKED CONSPIRACY.

IT was at once a fortunate and unfortunate day that pretty Miss Agnes came into possession of a yacht. Her pa gave it to her in place of a husband. He had resolutely frowned upon as handsome a fellow as there ever was in the world, and had put an emphatic foot down upon the love making. It is easy to understand that Miss Agnes pined. The color quit her cheeks, and one day her dotting yet immovable father, caught her reading "Dr. Dornicus on the Action of Deadly Poisons." This frightened him, and he went out directly and purchased the best yacht he could find along the coast. He knew Agnes had a weakness for the blue, but she had a greater one for Will.

Will, rebuffed and furious, beheld the yacht, and he knew what it was meant for.

"By George, they shall not get her away from me! I'll get her, by hook or crook. Marry her! I rather think it's worth scheming for!

So he went to his lodgings at the hotel and tied a wet towel around his head and sat down to think it out.

Three hours after he made his way to Miss Agnes' cottage on the bluff, and although all the lights were out save the servants' lamp in the kitchen, he was undaunted. The coachman of the family had once been a former servant of his own, and so he rapped at the rear door. As luck would have it, the identical Michael came, and Will drew him out into the shadow and gave him a note for his mistress.

Fifteen minutes later, a pretty figure stole down the avenue, and then there was a scene the historian has no desire to disclose. "Oh, why did you come here, Will? Why do you run the risk? You know I love you. You know there is no danger I would not undertake for you. But—but my father loves me t-t-to."

"Well, of course he does. He's a sensible man in most things. But in regard to me he's made a blunder. I mean to marry you in spite of all the fathers in Christendom!"

"Now, I shan't be suited until you are my wife; and I want to ask if you are entirely satisfied because they have given you a pretty boat as a compensation for me?"

She simply gave him an astonished look. He felt it even in the dark, and he felt ashamed for having asked the question.

Then they strolled off a little further, and Will debated to himself how he should put his case to her. His plan, just at that moment, looked pretty wild and unfeasible; but he felt he must put a bold face upon it. He put his lips down to her ear and held her tight until he had finished. Then she burst from him and ran off a dozen yards.

She was pretty well frightened. What Will had said to her had made her tremble like a leaf. But, after all, he had a smooth tongue and a taking way. He persuaded her.

"It's our only chance, Agnes. Either we must do it or be separated forever. It seems like a desperate act, but the crisis is a desperate one. If you will act your part I will promise that in forty-eight hours from this time I shall be a hero in your father's arms and a promised husband to yourself. What do you say?"

What could she say? She had to weep a great deal of course, and Will felt it was necessary to support her in his arms. She demurred and doubted again, but she finally acquiesced and gave Will her hand.

After this there was another uncalculated scene. The next day Miss Agnes seemed to be ill. Her father proposed that she take her yacht and go out for a breath of fresh sea air. She demurred. He persisted, and pretty soon she languidly consented. It fortunately happened (for Agnes) that her father was compelled to go away on a matter of business quite early in the day, and, therefore, he recommended her to the care of the sailing master, a little tow-headed old man with no soul above a dollar.

At half-past twelve she was on board her little boat. Everything for her comfort was to be found there. There were three sailors on board besides the sailing-master and an assistant. Now, for some mysterious reason, the assistant went ashore and forgot to come back again.—Thus there were left only the tow-headed captain and his small crew, who were all young men, hardly more than boys. Besides, Miss Agnes had brought her maid for decency's sake. All seemed delightful.

They sailed and sailed. Two o'clock came, then three o'clock, then four o'clock. Miss Agnes looked at her watch and then at the sea.

About half a mile from her there was another yacht cruising about, and she gazed at it earnestly.

While she was thus engaged a terrible wrangle broke out among the three men forward. They leaped upon each other with every appearance of fury, and began struggling like so many demons. The captain shouted at them, and swore and stamped, but they seemed to ignore him, it looked like mutiny. The maid began to scream and wring her hands.

"We shall all be murdered!" cried Miss Agnes in her ear. She became frantic.—The captain brooded the tiller and looked to see if there was a steady breeze, and then leaped forward. The three set upon him with great violence. He gave a tremendous "Hallo!" to the other yacht, and Miss Agnes sprang to turn her American flag bottom up.

Thus she had a signal of distress. But there was a glorious fight going on. One man seemed to be prostrated, and the rest were in the full vigor of their contest. It was mutiny, clear and simple.

In a moment there was a little noise from the other yacht. She was close under the lee. They pushed off a boat from her deck and four men clambered into it. Agnes rejoiced to watch her maid tremble with terror.

"What a frightful story she'll tell pa, to be sure!" reflected that young lady.

But in two minutes the assistance arrived. The four men leaped on the deck, three of them deeply in earnest, and the quarreling sailors were soon separated, and the captain of the party ordered them, in a ringing voice, to be put into irons. It is needless to mention that this was Will full of ardor.

He ordered the captain, who seemed exhausted and half dead to be carried below, and he sent thither the maid to nurse him. He then took command of the yacht and turned about, and with his three men forward he ran for shore again.

"Deuced well managed!" whispered he to Agnes.

"You looked exactly like a hero. Will," she said.

"Did I?" rejoined he complacently. "But, alas! they were not quite through yet. Will had just said to himself: 'He can't refuse me now. Think it: daughter at sea; bloody mutiny on board; death lurking everywhere; captain disabled; brave rescue; nothing to do but to shake hands and give up the daughter at once.'"

He had no sooner fancied this line of reasoning than a hissing noise, mingled with a roar, came to his ears.

The sailors shouted. He looked under the main boom, and his blood froze with horror; for there, close upon him, was the but-end of a white-squall. He shoved the helm hard, hauled in his sheets taut, and then shut his eyes for one second. Then he braced himself, and held Agnes like grim death.

The tempest seized upon the boat as if it were a straw, and it went flying through the mist and foam like a race-horse. The sailors took in double reefs. The companion way was shut and fastened. Miss Agnes first being sent below. For half an hour there was considerable danger. The water burst over the quarters and swept the deck repeatedly. Will began to think this looked like earning a wife. All at once Will heard something give way and felt a tremendous rush and a savage blow upon the side of his head, and then he saw the sailors rush toward him and then he felt himself slide down.

When he came to again he was in his own room. On either hand was a doctor; before him was the white and terrified Miss Agnes and her grateful looking father.

"What is the matter?" whispered Will. "Why you're half dead; don't you know it?" said one of the doctors. It seemed that a savage wave had twisted the rail from off the stern of the yacht had hurled it forward and precipitated it upon Will. The blow had been severe and his right arm was badly fractured.

"Pa says I may nurse you, Will," murmured Miss Agnes, coming forward half scared.

"Of course she can, my poor fellow.—Who has a better right than she? No one that I know of! Good gracious, my boy, I didn't know you were such a brave man, Subdue mutiny! Save a yacht! Encounter great danger! Bless me!"

The old gentleman was overcome. It was pretty lucky on the whole that the maid's story was not called for, though she told it below stairs with such great assiduity, that Will has not yet ceased to be regarded with deep respect by all those who ever saw him. He fairly achieved his honorable scars, and the father, whom he took to his bosom, has not regretted of the gift of his daughter.

Sporting Anecdote.

If this is a true story which the Bracken county, Ky., Chronicle tells, it certainly is singular.

"Just after the last snow fell a little son of Mr. Alex. Keene took his gun and started out one afternoon to see if he could scare up a rabbit. He went up over Baker's hill, near the cemetery, and not finding any rabbits, was coming home, it being about dusk, when he accidentally ran into a flock of partridges which raised and started to fly down the hill, but being blinded by the snow the entire flock brought up plump against the side and roof of a tobacco barn with such force that fourteen of them were killed. The boy brought them home, when it was found that the crew of every bird was bursted. They had just had a big feed of grain, and the shock of coming in contact with the barn bursted their craws, and they were captured. This is rather a singular circumstance; nevertheless it is true."

Mistaken Identity.

IN 187—, on the steamer—, from Louisville to Bowling Green was quite a large party of passengers. We had gotten some distance up Green River, when, at some landing, a gentleman and lady came aboard, registered as man and wife, and were duly assigned a stateroom in the ladies' cabin. The boat's cabin presented the usual varied scene, some reading, several groups at the card tables, knots here and there engaged in conversation. In a few minutes a waiter came forward and told the Captain that the lady just come aboard, wished to see him in her room, who, a little surprised and wondering, went immediately back and knocked at the door, which was hesitatingly cautiously, with evident signs of trepidation, opened. They were both unmistakably much alarmed, and the lady appealed to the Captain piteously for protection. To his astonished inquiries about the cause of all this, she explained that in passing down the hall she recognized a man who had been her husband, but from whom she had been separated and married again, and who had driven them from their homes with threats of violence and followed them with every possible annoyance; that they had but just left a place in Indiana, as they thought secretly, when lo! and behold, there he was after them in Kentucky. She was in despair and implored the Captain to protect them. He assured her that he would, but begged her to point out the man, as he was acquainted with nearly all, and could not imagine which one it could be. After much importunity, the curtain being partially drawn so as to secure her from view, she was at last prevailed upon to pass cautiously out, her husband standing behind her and evidently equally frightened. The ridiculousness of the scene presented here may be imagined. Her eye, with terrible fascination, at last rests upon him, and she points out a Mr.—, well known to the Captain—a gentleman whom he had known for years—well knew he was not married and had every reason to believe never had been.

The Captain assured her that she was mistaken; that he knew the fact above related in regard to the man, and that it could not be true. She said; vehemently: "I know it is him. Do you think it possible that I could live with a man three years in the relation of wife, and that only a few weeks should intervene since I saw him, and then be unable to recognize him, or mistake another for him?"

This was a poser sure enough, and to a stranger to all the parties, convincing and unanswerable. But, then, there stood the living, ineradicable, insurmountable fact that this was John— and not Mr.—. I had known for five or six years that he was not married, and had not been within that time. So we had it neither being able to convince the other. I proposed to bring him up for closer inspection, but she was too much afraid of him to consent; but repeated assurances of protection at last prevailed, and I went out for him, calling him out from his card party, I briefly told him what had occurred, and in his wondering amazement he assumed something of the appearance of a frightened culprit. Brought face to face, the ludicrousness and singularity of the case culminated. He commences:

"What is this you accuse me of, madam? of being your former husband? of following you with threats to kill? etc. Why, I do not know you—never saw you before on earth, to my knowledge, and I never had a wife."

She answering—"What, sir? You deny that your name is not—, that you were once my husband, and that we were separated in—, Indiana?"

He—"Yes, madam, I do deny it, each and all, most emphatically."

By this time quite a crowd had been attracted as witnesses and auditors. She evidently was not convinced of her mistake, and after a slight pause says:

"Well, there is one way to decide this question of veracity between you and myself. If you are Mr.—, and my former husband, you have a deep scar in the edge of and hidden in your hair and at the top of your forehead."

Imagine the scene here. All are eager to see the result of this test, as he pulls off his hat, and stooping, presents his head for close inspection. She looks again; there was no scar to be seen. He feels that he has triumphed, and the company present acquit him; but she amused and confused, seems but half convinced. Here the case rests. I have never since seen or heard of the strangely deluded lady; but the gentleman the subject of this delusion, is still living on Green River, a respected, good citizen, and the hundred who know him know this was a mistake, but a mistake utterly incredible and incomprehensible—not committed by an acquaintance, nor even an intimate friend, but by a wife, who had lived with a man in the marital state for three or four years, and only separated from him then for a few months. As a case of "mistaken identity," it certainly is without a parallel.

Witty Sayings.

Opportunities to do good create obligations to do it; he that hath the means must answer for the end.

SUNDAY READING.

Cultivating a Pure Expression.
Every word that falls from the lips of mothers and sisters especially should be pure, and concise, and simple; not pearls, such as fall from the lips of the princess, but sweet, good words, that little children can gather without fears of soil, or after shame, or blame, or any regrets to pain through all their life.

Children should be taught the frequent use of good, strong, expressive words—words that mean just exactly what they should express in their proper places.

If a child, or young person has a loose, flung-together way of stringing words when endeavoring to say something, he should be made to "try again," and see if he cannot do better.

It is painful to listen to many girls' talk. They begin with a "My goodness!" and interlard it with "oh's" and "sakes alive!" and "so sweet!" and "so queenly," and so many phrases that one is tempted to believe they have had no training at all, or else their mothers were very foolish women. There is nothing more disgusting than the twaddle of ill-bred girls; one is provoked often into taking a paper and reading, and letting them ripple and gurgle on, like brooks that flow they know not whither.

My heart warms with love for sensible girls and pure boys; and, after all, if our girls and boys are not this, I fear it is our own fault, that this great trust rests in heart and hands of the women of our land. If we have a noble, useful purpose in life, we shall infuse the right spirit in those around us.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

Two Pictures.

"Hundreds of little Italian boys are kept by old hags on Cherry and Baxter streets, just to steal and beg. If they come home at night without having stolen or begged a certain sum, the poor little fellows are whipped and made to go to bed on the floor without any supper. Most of these boys turn out pickpockets, and eventually go to the Island or to Sing Sing as burglars and housebreakers. One little fellow who has lived on Cherry street for seven years didn't know what the Bible was, and he told us he had never heard of Christ."

"The Rev. Mr. Van Meter, who established the second Five Points Mission House, has raised funds enough to establish a Protestant mission church in Rome. He writes that three more Italian subjects have been rescued from Popery and converted to the Protestant faith, and that he is deeply solicitous for further contributions from brothers and sisters in the cause to help on the glorious work and enable them to build a snug little parsonage for the residence of the American missionaries."—Five Points Mission Report.

Would it not be far better to help reform these Italian boys so near at home first, and thereby do good at far less expense?

I've got Orders not to go.

"I've got orders, positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth, who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon!

"Come don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths. "No, I can't break orders," said John. "What special orders have you got? Come show them to us, if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys.

They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and, by his help, I don't mean to break them."

The two Lives.

Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow-drooping, mellow autumn of a rich and glorious summer. In the old man, Nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well spent life; and, surrounded by his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave to which he is followed with blessings.

God forbid we should not call it beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave, which the grave gapes to finish before the victory is won; and, strange that it should be so, this is the highest life of man. Look along the great names of history; there are none whose life has been other than this.

A Human Looking-Glass.

Every parent is like a looking-glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clear, and not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.