

**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.  
LEWIS POTTER & CO.  
2017

**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,  
516 1/3 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 dirt here but the best quality, 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 Ikesburg; Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Elliptsburg; Thomas Morrow, Loysville; John Flickinger, Jacob Flickinger, Centre.  
SAMUEL LIGGETT,  
Ikesburg, May 14, 1872.

**MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF  
**NEW YORK.**  
F. S. WEBSTER, President.

The oldest and strongest Company in the United States. Assets over \$45,000,000 in cash.  
S. A. SHULER, Agent,  
544 132 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 this day.

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

JAMES H. GRIER,  
521 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.

**An Amusing Letter.**  
**Doesticks as a "Striker."**

THE following humorous letter from "Doesticks," illustrates the beauties of "strikers."

I've gone into a new business, and I tell you it's a big thing—by all odds the best investment I ever made. I'm a professional "striker." I don't mean a political "striker"—one of those fellows who get up Target Shoots, and Presentations, and Excursions, and who "strike" the various candidates for office just before election for the cash wherewith to pay for all these things. No, no. I'm a different animal altogether. I'm proud of my trade, too, for it is one I invented myself.

You see, I'd read a great deal in the papers about the strikes of the gasmen, the horsehoers, the bootmakers, the card-drivers, and all the rest of the fellows, and how all these chaps have societies with huge reserve funds, out of which they pay their members out of work full wages until somebody gives in. Then I thought how glorious it would be to be a mechanic always on strike, getting full pay and never doing any work.

The next thing was to put my plan into execution. By dint of pawning every personal possession not absolutely necessary to my appearance in the street, I raised \$20. That day the Horsehoers were going to parade. Just as they were about starting, twenty-seven non-society men presented themselves and asked to be admitted to membership. Need I assure you that I was one of that illustrious two dozen and a quarter? We were received with cheers and assigned a place in the procession. That night I was initiated into the "Union." Now, I can no more shoe a horse than I could build a new tail for a disabled mermaid, but by a careful watching of what the other fellows said, and a judicious and convenient deafness when asked something that I didn't know anything about, I pulled through.

Having paid my \$5 initiation fee, behold me a journeyman horsehoer. I, that don't know whether a horsehoer is round or square, whether it fastens on with buttons or strings, or has india-rubber sides like a Congress gaiter. I, that couldn't coax a horse to lie down on his back and let me tie his shoes on, even if they were all ready made to my hands. Behold me, I say, a full-fledged maker of adult horses' shoes, also mares' and equine misses' gaiters and slippers.

When the time came, I got up and speeched a few. I insisted on resisting to the last the demands of our employers—talked about the dignity of labor, the tyranny of capital and all the rest of it—and ended it by saying that I had just paid my last \$5 for my initiation, but that I would starve till next meeting, or live on free lunches till "bounced" out by indignant barkeepers, rather than give in.

My touching appeal commanded instant sympathy. A brother horsehoer, with tears in his eyes, moved that the newly received member have his fees remitted till a more convenient season, and that half a week's allowance be paid him in advance, to save a respectable workman from free-lunch igominy. It was unanimously carried. As I am a first-class workman, I am entitled to \$21 a week, so I was handed my \$15.50 after which we attended to the refreshments.

During the strike we have had special meetings every night, and by carefully manœuvring a fictitious starving wife, three sisters, and eight children; having a supposititious sick and destitute grandmother in the far West, to take care of; being compelled to bury an imaginary cousin in Jersey, and insisting that I had three times had my pocket picked on the Third avenue cars, I have extracted from the brotherhood already \$211.75, and the mine isn't worked out yet.

Nor was the game played out yet. I heard the gasmen in Brooklyn were going to strike. Instantly I repaired thither, joined the Union, which cost me \$10. We have now been on strike two weeks, and I have received \$44. I haven't played my relations on them yet, but I shall touch them up with a wife and children and starving sisters to-night. If they stand this, I'll invent a brother in Minnesota, with both feet and the end of his nose frozen off, who must be immediately removed to a milder climate or die. This I consider good for at least \$75.

From the Journeymen Bootmakers' Union I have only received \$36 up to date. The bosses came down too quick.

My membership of the Tailors' Protective Association has as yet been all outlay, but we're hoping to strike next week.

I went for the Coopers' Union, and, although I hardly know a lager beer hog-head from a flam keg, and couldn't tell how to go to work to make so simple a thing as a common bung-hole, I got in. The strike was nearly over, however, and I've only received for my \$5 about \$45. I hold my relations in reserve as yet.

I am a candidate for admission to half a dozen other protective unions, and as there are always some of them on strike, summer and winter, I look forward to an easy, not to say luxurious life in the future.

Of course, I have different names. As a

blacksmith, I am John Miller; as a cooper, I'm Peter Martin; the tailors know me as Tobias Peters, &c., &c. I sometimes get my aliases mixed, and not seldom confound the members of my lodges by addressing a horsehoer in the tailors' slang, or inquiring about the coopering business of a gasman. This will, I hope, wear off in time. When any brother wants to know in what shop I'm at work, why, I'm always just returned from Maryland, or have just got a splendid offer in Maine.

I rely upon you to keep this matter a profound secret. Hopefully,  
Q. K. PHILLANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

**Pulpit Gravity.**

A MINISTER was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"  
Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I don't no, sa, I spee' it is dis here chile; but indeed, sa, I has been a doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance; equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Va. A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "fire! fire!" in the street very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to a fire that would consume the world!—a fire that would burn forever in the lake that is bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in a flat denial of all he had said, bawled out:

"It's a false alarm!"  
The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his inopportune response spoiled the effect of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in New York, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not always appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher usually lucid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point."  
"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

**Epistolary Brevity.**

LORD BERKELEY, wishing to apologise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset: I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.—Berkeley." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "Dear Berkeley; Every dog has his day. Dorset." Mr. Kendall, some time Uncle Sam's Postmaster-General, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "Sir: This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up? Respectfully yours, &c." By return mail came: Sir: "The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, yours, &c." Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again: "Sir: Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, &c., pertaining to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "Sir: The revenues of this office for the quarter ending September 30 have been \$5c.; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise corre-

pondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood"—meaning an innundation at that place—received for reply you will find them in Genesis." A good specimen of brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Col. Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than: "Brown: Beef.—Boyd," the Colonel receiving his supplies with a line running: "Boyd: Beef.—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Helas! Madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied, "Ho! ho! Madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse: "Dear Fisher: I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend.—Eldon. (Turn over)—I gave it to you yesterday." Pleasant to all parties concerned was the correspondence between the Archbishop of York and the bishop of Cork: "Dear Cork: Please ordain Stanhope.—York." "Dear York: Stanhope is ordained.—Cork."

**Hints to Owners of Watches.**

A watch is a most delicate machine, and a very little thing is enough to damage its system, and make it go too fast or too slow or to arrest the motion of its wheels, and it is just that very little thing that you don't take any notice of. Show us a watch and we'll tell you what are the habits of its owner.

A person of irregular habits will spoil the best watch in the world. Careless and inexact people will have watches that go fast or slow—or go both too fast and too slow by turns. If you can't be steady and regular in your habits, you need not expect to have a watch that you can rely on.

All the best watch-makers in the world will be unable to give you a watch that regularity which is lacking in yourself, and which you cannot, therefore, preserve in your watch, and which you destroy as fast as the watch is regulated. For a watch should be wound up every day at the same hour, and as soon as possible in the morning. And the best occasion for doing this is when the minute-hand marks seven, or ten minutes after the hour-hand has marked the hour.

The operation of winding up a watch should never be performed carelessly or roughly; but, on the contrary, with great precaution, especially at the moment when you give the final turn to the key. Then you should gently moderate the movement so as not to wind the watch up too tight.

You should always take good care to fit the key perfectly into the keyhole before commencing.

It is not a good plan to carry the key about with you, unless it is kept in a case; and never carry it loose in your pocket, as it is liable to get dust into it, which you will introduce into the watch, from time to time, in winding it up, to its great detriment.

Never, under any circumstances but those of extreme necessity, open the interior compartment—that which contains the machinery of the watch.

In winding up the watch the hand which holds it should remain perfectly steady and without motion.

The hands may be advanced or set back when necessary, without any harm being done to the watch, although contrary to the popular notion on the subject.

The difference of temperature or the habit which some have of carrying the watch about the person for a period, and again leaving it motionless for a great length of time on some piece of furniture, may cause a slight irregularity in the best watch.

Whether the hands are advanced or set back we should never touch the regulator as long as the defect is trifling.

The crystal case of the watch should never be opened, except by the watch-maker.

By keeping these rules in mind, and putting them in practice, people would have less trouble with their watches, and far less need of the services of a watch-maker.

**Married Himself.**

One of the queerest old fellows among the first settlers in Boston was Governor Bellingham. There are many curious stories told about him, but the most singular is that respecting his marriage. It is related by Governor Winthrop in his diary, and was written at the time the affair took place. Bellingham was Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1641. He was fifty years old. There was then a young lady in Boston named Penelope Pelham, who was twenty-two years of age and was engaged to be married to a young man who was a friend of the Governor, and lived in the Governor's house. By what arts we know not, but it is certain that the Governor persuaded Miss Penelope that he loved her best, and so one day, while the young man supposed that his sweetheart was true to him, the Governor and the young lady were married. But the singular part of it was, that as the Governor wanted to keep his little affair secret, and

perhaps because he could think of no clergyman to perform the ceremony, he married himself! We may imagine the old Governor standing up before himself and Miss Pelham, and going through the service in the Puritan style.

"Do you, Richard, take Penelope," says Governor Bellingham, "to be your wife?" "I do," replied Richard to himself as Governor. "Do you, Penelope, take Richard to be your husband?" "I do," feebly replies the little flirt. "Then," says Governor Bellingham, "I pronounce myself and you husband and wife, according to the rules of the Christian Church and the laws of the Province of Massachusetts Bay." The ceremony is over, and the Governor salutes the bride and hopes she will be happy with her husband. It may be said here that she was happy with him, and they lived together more than thirty years. Mrs. Bellingham survived her husband thirty years, and died in 1702, at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

**The Date Harvest.**

Only the female trees bear fruit, and this only when they are impregnated with dust from the males, which is consequently done artificially. The male palms are often tied up and blanchied to be cut for the Palm Sunday festivals, and they are also sold to be stuck up in balconies as a protection against lightning, being considered quite as efficacious and being certainly much cheaper than an iron conductor. £2,000 worth are sold annually in Eloho for this purpose, and £14,000 worth of dates. The latter were being gathered during our visit (January) by the clever *horelano*, who climb the branchless trunks like cats, a rope being passed round it and their waists, upon which they rest their whole weight in a horizontal position, lowering their baskets when filled and raising them again by a pulley. The defective palm leaves are sent to manufactories and used as cigarettes. By the roadside, before every cottage door, are quantities of dates in baskets, no one watching them; any passer-by may eat as many as he likes, fill his pockets, and leave his half-penny in payment. It is generally left, for where Spaniards are trusted they scarcely ever abuse a trust. When we walked in the groves the hospitable peasants were only too anxious to load us with the best branches of the fruit, and would accept no payment at all. "Wanderings in Spain."

**Fashionable Women.**

Speaking of fashionable women, the London *Lancet* has lately had some very sound remarks in the same strain. "Fashion," it says, "kills more than toil or sorrow.—Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her task still lives and grows old, and sees two or three generations of her mistresses pass away. The washer-woman, with scarcely a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen-maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are worthless for all good ends of life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy.—They live for no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be fed to order. If they have children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and give them birth; and when reared what are they? What do they amount to but weak scions of old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our good men and women. None of them had a fashionable mother."

Before telegraph operators became so expert as at present, ludicrous blunders were of frequent occurrence, from the necessary ambiguity in transmitting one letter at a time. A manager of a telegraph company gives an instance of recent occurrence upon the line between Boston and New York. A gentleman sent a dispatch requesting parties in New York to forward sample forks by express. When the message was delivered, it read thus:—

"Forward sample K. S."  
The parties who received it replied by asking what sample K. S. wanted. Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the dispatch had been transmitted incorrectly, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he telegraphed the New York operator that the dispatch should have read,

"Forward sample forks."  
The New York operator having read it wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he did read it sample K. S., and so delivered it. "But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say for K. S., but for K. S." "What a stupid fellow that is in Boston!" exclaimed the New York operator. "He says he didn't say for K. S., but for K. S." The Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator read it forks, but not succeeding, he wrote the dispatch upon a piece of paper, and forwarded it by mail, and it remained a standing joke upon the line for many months afterwards.