

## PERRY COUNTY

### Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,  
Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents  
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 charge 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, captured, 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.  
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## New Millinery Goods

### At Newport, Pa.

I 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. Gowning 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, SCOPES, ANTI-ALLCASTINGS, 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 Hensch, at Ickesburg; Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Elliottsburg; Thomas Morrow, Loyvsille; John Flocking, or Jacob Flocking, Centre.

62018 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.

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

**\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO**  
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 \$300,000 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 declaring 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. GRIFF,  
Sec'y of Penn's Central Insurance Co.

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

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

## ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

### Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in saddle but not in bridle.  
My next is in help but not in idle.  
My third is in play but not in fun.  
My fourth is in cake but not in bun.  
My fifth is in earl but not in lord.  
My sixth is in string but not in cord.  
My seventh is in paper but not in rag.  
My eighth is in horse but not in nag.  
My ninth is in arm but not in leg.  
My tenth is in rack but not in peg.  
My eleventh is in lame but not in maim.  
My whole is a famous, immortal name.

### Romance of a Battle.

During General Sheridan's last visit to Indianapolis, he talked over his campaigns with his friends there, says the *Journal*, and recalled a preface to one of his most noted battles in something like these terms: "There is a mighty sight of romance and a great many interesting episodes connected with the war that the historians never got hold of. For instance, there has been a great deal said about the battle of Winchester, a little affair in which I had a hand. Well, it was a pretty square fight; but, do you know, that battle was fought on the strength of information which I received from a young lady in the town of Winchester, and if the rebels had known she was giving it to me, they would have hung her in a minute. I was very anxious to get information of the rebel's strength and movements, so as to know just when and where to strike them, but I did not know how to get it. Finally, I heard of a Union young lady in Winchester who could be relied on if I could get word to her. Her name was Miss Wright. I think she is in the Treasury Department at Washington now. But the trouble was to communicate with her. One day I heard of an old colored man living outside of my lines, who had a pass to go into Winchester to sell vegetables. I sent for the old man, and on talking with him found him to be loyal, as all the colored folks were, you know. Finding he could keep a secret, I ask him if he would undertake to deliver a letter to a young lady in Winchester. The old fellow said he would, so I wrote a letter on thin tissue paper and rolled it up in tin-foil. It made a ball about as big as the end of your thumb, and I told the old man to put it in his mouth and deliver it to Miss Wright in Winchester. He went off, and in about two days came back with an answer rolled up in the same piece of tin-foil. I found I had struck a mighty good lead, and I followed it carefully till I got all the information I wanted. The girl gave me more important information than I got from any other source, and I planned the battle of Winchester almost entirely on what I got from her. She was a nice girl and true as steel."

### Hard to Make Understand.

A lad arrested by the police was brought, before the court, when the following conversation occurred:  
Justice—Well, why are you here?  
Prisoner.—Because I couldn't get away from the officer.  
J.—Why did they bring you here? P.—That's just what I want to know.  
J.—Have you ever been condemned?  
P.—Yes, sir.  
J.—State under what circumstances.  
P.—When I was twelve years old I had an inflammation of the lungs and was condemned by three doctors.  
J.—You don't understand me. I asked whether you have ever been proceeded against?  
P.—Yes, sir.  
J.—Tell the particulars.  
P.—Willingly. One day, when I was walking up the Fifth avenue, I was proceeded against by a savage bull.  
J.—That is no answer to my question; what the court wishes to know is, whether you have ever been arrested?  
P.—I have nothing to conceal, and hence I answer in the affirmative.  
J.—Oh, you do ah? When was it?  
P.—Last Year.  
J.—For what?  
P.—For being in the way, I supposed.  
The 59th regiment was coming up Broadway, and the crowd was so great that my course was arrested for half an hour.  
Lawyer.—Will you never understand? His honor wishes to know whether you have ever been taken up?  
P.—Oh, yes! Last winter uncle Joshua took me up to the central park to see the skating.  
J.—Were you ever in a station house?  
P.—Yes, sir; I have been in most all the station houses on the Camden and Amboy railroad.  
L.—In one word have you ever been in the Tombs?  
P.—Well, I can't say I've been exactly in 'em, but I've been pretty well among 'em. Aunt Jerusha and me was to Greenwood nearly all day a week ago.  
J.—Well, you can go again; and I hope you and your aunt may have a good time together.  
P.—Thank'ee, Judge; that's right; Good bye.

## Bill Arp on a Bustle.

See here Mark Anthony—If I was you I wouldn't take on so about fashions. They don't bother me. It's none of your business what the women put on or put off so that they behave themselves and look just as purty as the can. They are a heap better than you or me anyhow, whether they behave or not. I wouldn't give one woman for several men no time, would you? Now see him smile and pat that off foot. If women want to wear bussels, let em wear em. I thought that panniers was the best because they stuck out sideways and wasn't in the way of leaning back when they sat down, but they know which is the side to stick out on, and it's nobody's business but theirs. They may wear anything they want to, bussels and hoops and gangovers and convexes and collapes and whimadiddles and stickouts and topnots come down and anything else so there is a woman hid away somewhere inside of it all. It's all a sham—that rubber bussels—there ain't no substance or backbone in it. I've seen em flat and seen em blown up. There ain't a bit of harm in em, but never see one on a woman that I don't want to hit it just hard enough to make it pop. I golly, wouldn't she jump high and holler? But I'm not going to do it; no sir; I've got too much respect for woman. Their bussels don't hurt nobody, and I do despise to see a man always pickin at a woman's close.—If they didn't wear something to disguise themselves the men would quit business when they come about. Purty women always did wear something to skeer the men away. It's been so forever. During the war I seed one woman who dressed just as natural as life, without any padden or stuffin, and when she cum along the boys jest laid down and rolled over and hollered. They warent fit for business for a week. Some of the birds are dressed mighty fine, and I reckon their pride ain't much of a sin after all. But understand me, Mark; I don't hanker after bussels, tho' they say it makes the nicest little shelf for the arm to rest on in the world, when a feller is dancing around with his gal.—That's all right, providing the feller ain't dancing with my gal. If he is he may take her and keep her, that's all.

### Clerical Anecdote.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod (father of the late Norman Macleod) was proceeding from the manse to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district—bright, smooth, and of a reddish brown—accosted him:  
"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."  
"Well, Duncan," says the venerable doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?"  
"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."  
"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is, but be brief, for time presses."  
"The matter is this, doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of the clock. There is no truth in it but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind very wrong and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."  
"Duncan, I will consider the point.—But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"  
"Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had my hair."  
"Oh, Duncan, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"  
The doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.  
**Don't Do It.**  
Don't invest all your money in lottery tickets. Give some other man a chance for a prize.  
Don't tell an editor how to run a newspaper. Let the poor fool find it out himself.  
Don't loaf about the streets and depend on the Lord for your "daily bread." He isn't running a bakery.  
Don't discuss scientific questions with lightning rod men. His arguments are most generally solid and always pointed.  
Don't imagine that the Lord will call a first class preacher to a church paying a second class salary. He does n't treat his children so shabbily.  
A Gentleman the other day, saw his little daughter dipping her doll-baby's dress into a tin cup and inquired:  
"What are you doing, my daughter?"  
"I'm coloring my doll's dress red."  
"With what?"  
"With beer!"  
"What put such a foolish notion in your head, child? You can't color red with beer?"  
"Yes I can, pa; because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red!"  
And the gentleman had business that required him to be down town immediately.

## How Jackson Caught A Mess of Bass.

Mr. John Jackson was walking along the river bank one day, when he saw a piece of string attached to a peg stuck in the ground. He picked up the string, of which one end was in the water, and hauled in three fine bass, which by some means or other had strung themselves through the gills on the line. Jackson was so astonished by this circumstance that he did not know what to say, but he determined to take the fish home and show them. Before doing so, however, he looked about to see if anybody could give him an explanation of the affair, but he only saw a gentleman fishing some quarter of a mile off, and not wishing to interrupt him in his sport, picked up his prize and walked home with it. John Jackson had his fish for supper and pronounced them very fine, but to this day he cannot explain how three bass could possibly string themselves through the gills, tie themselves around a peg, and go back to the water again. The gentleman who had been fishing must have made just such another curious capture and have lost it, for he was heard later in the evening talking very loud, and asking somebody, profanely, what the something had become of it.

### Humors of Prohibition.

A lady but lately settled in Concord N. H., relates the *Patriot* of that city—went into a drug store and innocently asked for a pint of alcohol to be used in a spirit lamp. "Have you a prescription?" inquired the clerk, politely. "A what?" asked the lady, in surprise. "A prescription from a physician?" explained the clerk, "we are not allowed to sell alcohol unless it is ordered by a physician." "Not even alcohol?" said the astonished customer. "Well, that is strange. I was not aware that any one ever drank pure alcohol as a beverage." "Very true. I think myself that such a regulation is ridiculous, but we must obey it. I am sorry if you are inconvenienced, but cannot sell you any alcohol unless you bring a prescription." The lady left the drug store, and when last seen, in the middle of the afternoon, was circulating around looking for a physician who would be willing to certify that her spirit lamp was seriously ill—with some disease or other peculiar to lamps at this season of the year—and that its case was one requiring treatment with stimulants.

### The Sensation of Drowning.

Dr. Hoffman, of Dixon, Ill., who was one of the victims of the recent bridge disaster in that town, and was very nearly drowned, thus describes his sensation while in the water:  
I could feel the water running down my throat and in my ears, and all at once experienced the most delightful sensation. I seemed to be at peace with everything, and perfectly happy. My whole life passed before me like a flash of lightning, the events appearing in sequence, the most prominent appearing to be indelibly stamped upon my mind. Circumstances I had forgotten appeared vividly, and I did not want to be disturbed. I should have preferred to remain where I was. While in the midst of a beatific reverie, thinking what my wife would do if she were saved and I were drowned, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I was pulled out and placed on a rock. I was greatly astonished at the number of events that passed through my mind while under the water. Nothing that occurred during childhood was evident, but everything since I was about nineteen years old appeared before me as if photographed.—The sensation I experienced while the water was going down my throat was not unpleasant. It seemed as if I was going on a journey, and was surrounded by all kinds of beautiful things.

### How he Kept his Seat.

The male American is, as a national rule, polite and considerate to the other species. It is proverbial that women are more safe and comfortable in travelling in this country, alone, than anywhere else in the world. There was a good illustration of this pleasant trait, by the way, recently, in a Walnut street car, Philadelphia. An old gentleman was seated in one corner, and the car was full. A bevy of the fair ones, of all ages and weights, swarmed in, and there were no seats. Whereupon the gallant old gentleman said, aloud: "Ladies, I shall be most happy to give my seat to any one of you who is over thirty-two years of age." All remained standing.

The professor of German flatters himself that he has mastered English pronunciation, and tells some friends: "Is it not a shdrainch ting, Ladies, dat de Latin race gan not aquire de English pronunciation? I haf choost dis momend bardet from an Italian chendleman (a crade vrent of mine ant a very glesfer man), who has lifted in New York almoste as long as I haf—vandy-vife eecers—an foot you pelief it? he shbeogs Enklish vit a kwite shdrong voreign indonation! How to you agound vore a eggshdrortinary zeergomshdanz az tat!"

### Self-Sacrifice.

Boy (to Lady Visitor)—"Teacher, there is a girl over there a wukin' at me!"  
Teacher—"Well, then, don't look at her!"  
Boy—"But if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else!"

## SUNDAY READING.

### Freely Forgive.

It is very easy to say we will forgive those who injure us, but it is quite another thing to put it in practice. Many people forgive very much as the little school girl did to whom her teacher said, "Mary, if a naughty school girl should hurt you, would you forgive her like a good little girl, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, mam," she said, "if I couldn't catch her?"

Another Sunday-school scholar had a notion of forgiveness very much like hers. His lesson had been upon this subject, and his teacher asked him, in view of what he had been studying he could forgive those who wronged him.

"Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for instance, who had struck you?"

"Ye-s, sir," said the lad slowly, after thinking a little, "I could—I guess I could;" and then added in a husky tone, "I know I could if he were bigger than I am!"

These little folks put me in mind of an old gentleman who had a quarrel with a neighbor, and thinking he was about to die, sent for the neighbor, that the difficulty might be settled before he died. "I can't bear," said he, "to leave this world while there is any bad feeling between us. But, mind you," he said with all the energy his feeble voice could assume, "If I get well the old grudge stands!"

Ah, that is not like the teaching of Jesus. The enemy is not only to be forgiven but treated like a friend. True forgiveness empties the heart of all remembrance of old grudges and hate, and fills it with kindness and love.

### Concerning the Soul.

A preacher once endeavored to teach some children that their souls would live after they were dead. They heard his words, but did not understand them. He was too abstract; he shot over their heads.

Snatching his watch from his pocket he said, "James what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch, sir."  
"A little clock," said another.  
"Do you see it?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"How do you know it is a watch?"  
"It ticks, sir."

"Very well; can any of you hear it tick?"  
All listen. After a little pause:  
"Yes, sir, we hear it?"

Then he took off the case, and held that in one hand and the watch in the other.  
"Now children which is the watch?"  
"The little one in your hand, sir."  
"Very well, again. Now, I will put the case aside—put it away down there, in my hat. So it is with you children. Your body is nothing but the case. The soul is inside. The case may be taken off, and buried in the ground; may be cast in the fire, or thrown into the sea, and the soul will live on just as well without the body, as this watch will keep on ticking when the case is laid aside."

Now, that illustration and that thought will live in the minds of those children who heard it forever.

### Origin of the Word "Lady."

Formerly, in England, when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, once a week, or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them "Leff-day," that is, in the Saxon, the bread-giver. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies of that kingdom alone serve the me at their own tables.

### Four Good Habits.

There were four good habits a wise man earnestly recommended in his counsels, and which he considered to be essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; and these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed, without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

### Real Children.

It is bad to think that children are going out of fashion, and in their places we have fashionable attired little men and women tricked out in all rings and furbelows and costly absurdities of the reigning folly. It is too bad to cheat human beings out of their childhood in this ridiculous way, and still more to palm off such little bundles of millinery as real children. Pray let us have real boys and girls or none at all.

### God's Care.

Two little girls were walking homeward one moonlight evening. I overheard one of them say, "Sister Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk the moon keeps up to us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always going along with us." So it is with the dear God in heaven; though He seems far away, He is keeping step with us always in the march of life.