The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

ness of the world. Nobody but Mrs. Preston would have detected that her husband was more placable than he had been the night before.

" You heard him scold about his coffee," she whispered to Joel ; "it's a good sign. I always heard say jest as long as a child cries out hearty it aint going to die, and just as long as the old squire can find fault with his victuals he ain't going to do bloody murder."

Joel's horse was at the door. The old man got into his big top cont. "I guess I'll ride up to the village with you, Joel," said he ; "it will save tackling my horse, and then I'll chance it to ketch a ride back with one of the neighbors."

Hester stood at the window and watched them drive away up the creek. She knew how it would end. She knew she should never falter. Having put her hand to the plow, it was not Hester's way to turn back. She was brave and strong, but a kind of mistiness crept up over her dark eyes, as the wonder rose in her mind why the course of true love never did run smooth.

The village was just one long street for stores, flanked by the Town-hall and "First Church." It was fall of gardens and neat cottages and, in Summer time very shady and pleasant.

"Drive me to the Jedge's office," said the old man, as they got down on Main street, and I'd like to have you step in and witness to a little business I'm going to transact."

They drove up to a small building, displaying a conspicuous sign. The Judge met them at the door. He was a tall, stiff man, well dressed, with heavy watch seals. His small eyes were keen and inquisitive, and the iron-gray hair was scrupulously brushed around his tamples.

"Good day, Squire," said he. "I'm sorry I haven't had time to make out the papers in that cow case."

"O, 'taint a cow case, Jedge ; it's a love case," responded the old man, with a species of snort which made Joel's heart sink. "You're a lawyer, Jedge, and if there is a knot-hole in any subject you'll be sure to take a squint through it. I don't expect to pull the wool over your eyes. Set right down, Joel; I want you to pay partickerler heed to what I am going to say. You see there are several p'ints to this here love case. In the first place, Joel is your brother, and you naturally want to see him do well. You've tried to help him forrard, I know. Love is a cur'us kind of distemper, 'specially when its took the natural . way, Joel has got it pretty bad. He's been coming round my place now for a considerable spell, and I don't know but he would go on courting forever if I didn't feel called upon to put in a stay of proceedings. You see, Jedge, Hester, my girl, means to marry Joel. When she's once got her heart sot on a thing, there ain't no whoa. Hester is tidy, and snug, and economical, and you know a good wife is sometimes the saving of a young man like Joel. Now, come to sum up, you see how it is Jedge. You make ten dollars where I do one. I'm an old man, and what little I have scraped together must be divided equal among my children. Yon're right in the prime of life, and hain't got a child in the world. I'll give Hester a good setting out, and if you want to help Joel, you can step right over there to your desk and draw up a paper to the effect that you'll never see my

Summer time, what with music, and laughter, and the sound of children at play, it seems like a veritable music-box. The old Squire has grown garrulous and a little childish within these years. He often goes to his son-in-law's store, and watches the merchant's brisk motions and quick eye with peculiar pride. "Made every dollar of it himself, Sir," he is apt to say to any stranger who happens to be about

and more than once, much to the annoyance of Hester, he has opened his wallet and shown a paper, old, yellow, cracked at the creases. This is the Judge's bond.-There are people who say that this same bond gave the needed spur to Joel's rather pasy nature, and made him the man he is but there are others, with clearer eyes who perceive that the unfailing love and encouragement of a true wife laid the foundations of his best prosperity.

Pat and the Lawyer.

A N Irishman by the name of Tom Murphy once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay back upon a certain time. But month after month passed away and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that unless he paid it upon a certain day he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him :

" Has your neighbor got any writing to show that you owe him the fifty dollars? " Divil a word," replied Tom quickly.

"Well, then, if you haven't the money, you can take your own time ; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going to the door.

" Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer "Fat for ?" asked Tom in astonishment " You owe me two dollars." " Fat for ?"

"Why, for my advice to be sure. Do you suppose I can live by charging nothing ?"

Tom scratched his head a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At length a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"At' have yees any paper to show that I owe yees two dollars ?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why no, of course not, but what does that signify ?"

"Thin I'll be after takin' your own advice, an' pay nather you nor my neighbor!" saying which he left the office and its occupaut to meditate on a lawyer taking his advice, and a doctor taking his own medicine.

237" It is said that the poet Moore, while stopping one day at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he should write her epitaph. Therefore at night he gave an impromptu as follows :

"Good Susan Blake, in royal state, Arrived at last at heaven's gate-"

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning. The good lady was in a transport at this inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the landlady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That's so," said he, and he · bobba vistely added "But Peter met her with a club,

A Green One Visits New York.

HILETUS RANGLE knew very little about New York ; but he always regarded it as the greatest city in creation .--It was to him what Mecca and Medina are to the Mahomedans, and from his earliest years a pilgrimage to the empire city was a dream to be realized as soon as the possession of a certain amount of the circulating medium would warrant his departure from his native town. The means and his majority arrived together, and he embarked on board a railroad car after many a week of anxious thought and preparation. His voyage from Fall River through the Sound, was to his limited vision as important and perilous as that of Columbus through the trackless Atlantic. But he had taken the precaution to insure his life before starting, and so he knew that his old mother would lose nothing by his death, and hence his conscience was perfeetly easy. When the boat came in at pier No. 1, North River, he abandoned himself and his carpet-bag to a flat-headed cab-man, with one eve and a tobacco pipe, who, while he blew the smoke out of the corner of his aromatic mouth into Rangle's face, assured the young man that he could take him to a nice quiet lodging-house, where he could board cheap, and live upon the " wery best of grub."

For a short transit to a low tavein in Rosevelt street, the friendly cabman demanded only "eight shillin'," begging the traveller not to mention it, because it was only half-price, and his brother whips might make a "muss" if they were to hear of his generosity.

The tavern, at the door of which Philetus was landed, and one of those "cheap and nasty" caravanserais which abound in Gotham. The bar-room had faded red bombazine curtains to the windows, and a wooden screen before the entrance door. The apartment was low and dingy, with a spotted ceiling, over the whole area of which paper fly-traps and Christmas greens were ingeniously interwoven. The walls were covered with cheap prints of racehorses, Yankee Sullivans, Tom Hyers and which sat a bald-headed, red-nosed man, whose brogue proclaimed him to be an "exile of Erin." A cylindrical coal stove in the centre supported a huge copper, furnished with a brass fauc ett. Half a dozen. ill-looking individuals were playing at dominces at a little oil-cloth covered table. smoking very bad cigars, and expectorating on the sanded floor.

Philetus thought it all very fine, for he was very green, and determined to be pleased at all he saw. Having confided his carpet-bag to the landlord, and arranged the terms of board, he sat down, with a New York Herald in his hand, and baked his head at the stove, drawing large draughts on a thick Bowery cigar, which made him feel unwell and weak, and confused his perceptions of the drift of the leading article.

After spending an hour in this agreeable manner, he walked out into Chatham St., aud went into a mock auction store, where he bought a card of iron bladed penknives, for ten dollars, on the assurance of the Peter Funk that they were Rogers' best-He wandered about town till evening, supporting himself by peanuts and molasses candy, and devouring all the sights with his huge gooseberry eyes. It was a sleety, sloshy day, and the most uncomfortable walking possible, but he was determined to be happy, and succeeded.

No. 49 tucked up his sleeves, moistened the palm of his right hand, and went to work. Three sixes ! Six-five-dence.-Six-six-dence !

Philetus was nervous and his hand shook like an aspen. Three sixes ! Three sixes ! Three sixes !

" Hurray !" shouted the landlord. "That bates Bannagher intirely. The greatest throws on record. Three cheers for Mr. Rangle ! Bravo, sir ! you done it proudlyyou've done it nobly-and the buck's your own-the horse is yours. I give you joy. Now then, to supper !"

The riotous assemblage, headed by the landlord, and bearing Philetus in the midst poured into the supper-room, and took their scats at the table, which was spread with a rude barbaric prodigality. Rangle was conducted to the seat of honor, supported by the red-nosed landlord on his right, and the groggy gentleman with the spur on his left.

The guests ate like famished wolves, and drank and smoked like pirates. Poor Philetus was toasted and drank in "health five fathoms deep." The party broke up at a late hour of the night, or rather, an early hour of the morning, as the newspaper reporters say, and, worn out with excitement, Mr. Philetus Rangle was preparing to retire to his bed, when the red nosed landlord touched him on the shoulder.

"You'll plaze to settle, if its convanient' said he, holding on to the bed candle.

"To settle what !" said Philetus. "I've paid you a week's board in advance."

"Ye have-and glory be to you for that same. But the supper for them gentlemen."

"The suppor for the gentlemen !" "Yes, sir, for the crowd. The winner pays the trate you know-that's the law of the raffie as laid down in the statute book."

There was no appeal. With a heavy heart Philetus liquidated the account, though he had very little left after doing

"I see how it is," said he, as he blew out his candle and stepped into bed. "I must sell that mare in the morning, though Moses. Dingy bottles, flanked by ancient I'd have liked to have shown her to my lemons, loaded the shelves of the bar, in poor mother. Any how, I've made a first rate speculation."

After breakfast, in the morning, he procured from the landlord the stable-keeper's address.

"Ye're going to have a ride," said the landlord. "A pleasant mornin' to you. Ah ! its the illigant figure ye'll make in the saddle, sure ! - But you must howld her hard, sir, she's the devil if she gets her head."

Furnished by credentials from the landlord, Philetus found the stable-keeper and demanded the animal.

"Trot her out, said he, consequentially, 'and put the saddle on her."

"Can't be done, sir," replied the man, grinning.

" Why so ?"

"'Cos," replied the stable-keeper, speaking very slowly, "the animal died last night about half-past twelve o'clock-of the botts. She wan'tworth much any how, for she was chest-foundered and spavined on both hind legs."

Philetus took one glance at the prostrate form of his prize, and then hurried back to the "Harp of Erin," where he rated the retorted, and demanded assistance of his patrons. There was a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus as a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus was a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus was a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus was a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus was a regular muss. Phi-letus was a low for the letus was a regular muss. Phi-letus phi-ga regular muss. Phi-letus phi-ga regular muss. Phi-phi-p

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girl come to want. Your bond is as good as gold. Put your name to it, have it all legal and reg'lar, and you shall never hear another word of opposition from me."

Joel sprang to his feet, his face fairly quivering with indignation : "Do you mean to insult me?" he cried. "I won't have this wretched bargaining over my affairs. Hiram, if you draw up that bond I'll never touch another dollar of yours as long as I live. I'll show you I can support a wife without anybody's help, even if I have to do it by days' work."

"That's right, that's the kind of talk I like to hear," said the old man, chuckling. "Hope you will stick to that mind. Nobody's going to hender ; but just draw up the bond, Jedge. It won't do a mite of harm."

"If you draw that bond," broke out Joel furiously, "I shall consider everything over between us. You have no right to shame me in such a way as that. It sounds as if you thought me an idle, shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, and as if Hester was going to throw herself away. I'll let you know what there is in me. I'll show you that I can stand on my own row without the help of anybody."

"That's right," should the old Squire. "Spoken like a man-shows real grit. But don't mind him Jedge ; jest you make out the bond. I like to see things down in black and white.

The Judge had reluctantly put pen to paper, and he now handed the document to the old man, who scanned it through his silver-bowed spees. "That'll do, Jedge,' with a complimentary nod, and then he drew out a great leathern wallet, and folding the paper slowly put it away with an air of entire satisfaction.

For a long time Hester and Joel Selfridge have lived in a pretty cottage in the village, embowered in roses and honeyauckles. When the windows are open in thought that night had come."

And knocked her back to Beelzebub." It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

A Sociable Chap.

Governor Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, storytelling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immence quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it of every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up to Ohio past that place a gentleman overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him A citizen of Henderson, coming on board

fell into conversation with a passenger, who made inquires about Powell.

"He lives in your place, I belleve, don't be ?**

" Yes, one of our oldest citizens." " Very sociable man, ain't he ?" " Remarkably so.,

"Well I thought so, I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in my life-wonderfully sociable. I was introduced to him over at Graysons Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap and spit all. over me-remarkably sociable."

To be Read Very Fast.

"The baroness Zislazirizadiridiriradigankerlgamschneberl had a negro servant whose name was Dutzibautzikitzifautzikirlidirbaliflunkerl, and who was so coalinkravenebonysootnightpitcherowjetblack that the fowls in the barn-yard, whenever they saw him, went to roost, because they

At nightfall he returned to the "Harp of Erin" (that was the name of his hotel), pretty well tried and fagged ont.

"Faith ! you're jist in time, Mr. Rangle," said the red-nosed landlord. "There's jist one share in the raffle left. Put down your money and go in and win."

"Win what?" asked Philetus.

"Only hark to him !" cried the landlord, addressing the crowded bar-room .-"He doesn't know of the raffle. Why, bless your sowl, Fantail, the famous runnin' mare that bate Lady Sutton on the Hunting Park course, is to be raffled for this blessed min'it-saddle and bridle thrown in-to be seen at any time at Springer & Snap's, 24th street, corner of Third avenue-fifty shares at five dollars a ahare."

"Only one share left," said a groggy in dividual, with one rusty spur on his right boot-heel, and smelling very strongly of the stable.

"Take it, sir, and larn the crowd !" said the benevolent landlord.

"I'll do it, by Jerusalem !" cried Philetus, and purchased the last ticket.

"Now then, gentleman," said the landlord, dragging a ricketty table, covered with green baize, into the middle of the room, "fair play's a jewel. There's the tools. Three dice and three throws a piece. The howldar of the ticket No. 1, begins. Now, my darlins !"

No. 49 threw three sixes, three times running "Mend that if you can !" cried he, throwing down the box.

Philetus's countenance fell, but he clutched the box," and after " mixing the dice" as he called it, threw-three sixes, three times running.

" You've tied him !" shouted the landlord. "Now, bullies !"

letus was ejected forcibly, and his carpetbag flung after him. Despairing and disgusted with life and with his fellow-men, he sought refuge on board the Stonington boat.

That evening he had occasion to open his carpet-bag. His shirts and pocket handkerchiefs were gone, but it contained a couple of bricks, done up in wrapping paper.

Mr. Raugle never repeated his visit to New York, nor did he ever afterwards purchase a share in a raffle, so that his bitter experience of the trickeries of life made him "a wiser and a better man."

Bull-fight in Massachusetts.

Two bulls broke a drove at Brihgton, Mass. on Tuesday afternoon, swam the Charles river to Cambrige, and rushed into a yard of Harvard College, One of them then struck for Somerville, and a couple of poliecemen fired several shots at him without effect, but finally a lasso was thrown around one of his legs, and he was killed with an axe. The other one ran through several streets in Somerville, pursued by a large crowd, the most conspicuous person being an Irishman, with a lasso, mounted on a lean horse. He at last flung his lasso over the brute's head, but was pulled from his horse into the mud, while the bull kept on his way till he was killed by a policemon.

237 Mile. Levasur, a leading tragic actress in Paris, was once playing a most tragic part, in which the heroine commits suicide by taking poison. At the most pathetic passage, while she was bidding adien to life and making everybody in the theatre sob; she suddenly changed her tone and shricked, "Damnation, what has been put in this bowl ?" Imagine the effect of this lonely prose, delivered in so energet-ic a manner in the midst of stately poetry. The actor, Beauvallet, who loved a practi-cal joke, had smeared the bowl with asa-fotida.

August 20, 1872
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