

A Green Clerk.

COUSIN HARRY is as handsome a fellow as the most fastidious among my lady readers would wish to see, and that is saying a great deal for cousin Harry, when one takes into consideration the recherche taste of the nineteenth century.

Harry is a country shopkeeper—a grocery dealer, I mean; that is, he sells pork, beef, fish, oil, molasses and such articles, upon one side of the store, and calicoes, delaines, sheetings, muslins, and a very few silks, upon the other side.

Harry's custom was very extensive—a handsome young man in a dry-goods store is, in himself, a sort of a sign; and a good-looking clerk is worth a hundred dollars a year more than an ugly one. It is a lamentable fact, and I am sorry to record it; but it is so.

Last summer, I was up at uncle John's a visiting. Harry and my cousin Jennie were the chief attractions at uncle John's; but the fine strawberries and raspberries, with which the kitchen garden abounded, were not usually despised by me.

One morning, Harry received an urgent summons to attend the county court in a neighboring town, as a witness in an important case. He was obliged to go off in a hurry, and having no time to look up a substitute in his store, he appointed me to the dignity.

"You can't fail of doing right, Charley," said he, patronizingly; "the goods are all marked in plain figures—that is, the dry-goods; and then molasses sells for fifty cents per gallon—sugar ten to fourteen cents; butter is worth one shilling, store pay; and mind you, Charley, eggs are twenty cents a dozen, but don't take any unless they'll sink readily in cold water—they may be rotten, you know; and the butter, too, don't take any without putting in a fork into each ball to try it—it might be rancid; and above and over all, my boy, be polite to the pretty girls! Good-bye!"—and Harry put the big brass key of the store (my insignia of authority) into my hand, and leaped into the cab which was to take him to the depot.

I felt somewhat dignified—as it were promoted from the rank of a private to that of a captain—and I went up to my room, at uncle John's, for a survey of my toilet. I'm rather a good-looking fellow myself, though some straight-laced people might think it vanity in me to mention it, but all the girls say so, and it is generally conceded that they are competent judges.

By way of enhancing my personal attractions, I added to my dress a pair of wrought wristbands, (don't laugh, unfeeling reader; they were embroidered and presented to me by a lady friend,) and giving a parting twist to my moustache, I sallied out.

The morning was fresh and fair—no grim clouds cast their boding shadows over the earth—and all promised fair for my success. I arranged myself behind the counter and waited for customers.

Customer No. 1 entered. She was a middle-aged woman, to buy *de bege* for her "darter's gownd."

I was all alacrity to fulfil her commands. I piled the counters with what I supposed to be *de bege*, a sort of thin, glossy, rattling stuff; and with all my eloquence, I expatiated on its wonderful merits.

"There's silk in it, ain't there?" queried the old lady, putting on her spectacles for a closer examination. "Miss Moss, our dressmaker, said so!"

"Silk! to be sure there is!" said I, immediately taking my cue, (it doesn't do to contradict a lady,) "silk! why it's all silk, the real, fine Italian boiled silk—sewing silk, marm, imported expressly for your daughter's wear! It'll last an age!"

"Well, she'll want it to wear a pretty good spell, I reckon; a body can't afford to buy a gownd every day, you know!"

"Of course not marm; of course not! But this will look sweetly on your pretty daughter, no doubt she's pretty—resembles her mother, I dare say!" I had heard it said that a little judicious flattery never comes amiss with the ladies.

"Law bless your heart, sir, Sally ain't nowise handsome! she ain't nigh as good-looking as I was in my young days! her nose is too crooked, and her hair's red! but then Sam Jackson thinks she's splendidiferous! That's what he says, any way."

"No doubt, marm, but Mr. Jackson is a man of taste—probably a connection of Andrew Jackson, the patriot and president! How many yards would you like?" and I flourished the yard-stick with a professional air, which would have done credit to cousin Harry himself.

"Oh, stop a minute; I ain't decided about it yet. What's the price?" Very true; there must be a price, I supposed, but I had forgotten such a contingency. However, there would be no difficulty about that, for Harry had said the goods were all marked in plain figures, so I turned complacently to the card attached to the cloth.

"F. S. Z." I felt at a loss. Very explicit. Like the Hebrew Bible to me, but I took a moment to consider. I'd put it low enough, I thought, to induce her to trade; and it wouldn't do to appear

as if I didn't understand my business. I might lose *caste* with the old lady.

"Well," said I, "though it's a great sacrifice—really giving it away—I'll let you have it for one shilling per yard! Dirt cheap, but as it is for your pretty daughter, I'll put it down below cost! I wouldn't do it," said I, leaning down over the counter close to the old lady's green calash—"I wouldn't do it for another person in the world!"

My answer seemed to please the old lady. She turned the fabric over and over, felt of it upon both sides, tried the strength of its texture with her thumb and finger, and at last gave the order.

"Eight yards and a half, good measure! and silk to sew it up with."

I cut off the desired quantity, folded six skeins of sewing-silk inside it; the lady paid for it in odd ninpences and sixpences, and I bowed her out of the store.

Enter customer No. 2. A seedy-looking man, in a grey blouse, to get two cents' worth of black snuff.

I searched around awhile among the mysterious boxes and barrels, and at last pitched upon the strong-smelling article. Wrapped up a couple of ounces; delivered it to my customer, and received in return two coppers, which Noah might have coined in the Ark while waiting for dry weather.

Customers No. 3, were two pretty, red-cheeked girls—one with butter to sell, the other with a pail of eggs, destined for the same purpose as the butter. I remembered Harry's injunction about the eggs, butter, cold water, and fork-pricking; but for the life of me, I couldn't recollect which test was to be applied to the butter, or which to the eggs. I wanted to oblige the pretty girls, so I took both butter and eggs into the back store, determined to do something with them.

After a few moments' consideration, I procured a fork and pierced each and all of the eggs separately—and the result was astonishing! out of two dozen, six were positively in a state of decomposition; thirteen were occupied by remarkably well-grown juveniles of the fowl race; and the remaining five were smelling decidedly old.

The butter wouldn't sink in the water—do all I could, pop it would come up to the surface again; and I was obliged, though reluctantly, to decide that it wouldn't do to take either the butter or the eggs. So I returned to the front part of the store again, bearing the pail of mutilated eggs in one hand, and the butter in the other.

"I am sorry—ahem! that is, I regret that the eggs are too—too old for our purpose; and the butter—we don't take butter now!"

You should have seen the pretty young ladies' faces blaze up! The one with the eggs muttered something about "City greenhorn!" and the butter-girl exclaimed aloud,

"What better could have been expected from such a gosling?"

I was fain to conciliate them by the gift of three sticks of candy apiece, and telling them I broke the eggs by accident.

After the girls, came a hard-looking old gentleman in quest of pork.

He wanted the "home-made, native pork—none of yer Western hog cholera stuff!"

I made a tour of the suspicious-looking barrels in the cellar—gazed apprehensively at my wrought wristbands—found a barrel which smelt of pickle; and procuring a pair of long-handled pincers from the coal-bin, I made a plunge into the cask with them. Nothing whatever came up to reward my efforts; and I was making preparations for a second dive, when down came my hard-looking friend to see how I was getting on.

"Put yer hands in, ye abominable young dandy! What are ye afraid of, I wonder? In with yer hands!" My friend was a little out of patience with me.

I couldn't bear the appellation of dandy, so I plunged my hands and arms into the pickle, and brought up a whole layer of pork.

Instinctively I looked at my wristbands. Lucky that Isabel Richborn wasn't there to look also! I tore them off and flung them into the furnace, glad to escape a second sight of their fair (?) proportions.

"Served ye right!" said my hard-looking friend, with evident satisfaction, "a man has no business with such flummaddies—partic'larly if he goes pork-fishing!"

I seized the pork and held it ready for delivery.

"You'll have to trust me, I hain't got the money to spare, jest now!" said he, taking the purchase and making off.

"Stop, sir! stop!" I screamed after him, "none of that! we don't credit!"

The old man said nothing, but laid down the pork on a box, and went out. Directly he returned with Deacon Cutter and Squire Brown, with both of whom I was acquainted.

"Here's my bondsmen," said he, leading up the gentlemen; "Squire, what's my standin'?"

"Worth at the least calculation, Charley," said the squire, turning to me, "at the least calculation, two hundred thousand dollars!"

"And you wouldn't trust him for ten pounds of pork, eh, Charley?" laughed

Deacon Cutter—"but that's too good! hah! hah! I declare!"

So much for appearances! Ever since then, I never see an old, ragged man, belonging in the country, without saying to myself, "There goes a man of property!"

After this, customers came in so fast that it would be impossible to particularize. I sold almost everything; from silk dresses down to clothes-pins and penny whistles. My success in drawing bargains was remarkable, and it was near sunset, and yet I had no dinner for the day. The fact of it was, that at dinner time I was so full of customers that I didn't like to leave the store for fear of losing a trade, and now I found myself possessed of a singular longing for fragrant tea and hot biscuit. I knew my pretty cousin Jennie would be sure to have both ready for me.

I was just congratulating myself on my good luck for the day, and thinking how surprised Harry would be, when he returned, at finding so much of his summer stock disposed of—when in rushed the identical old lady who had bought the *de bege* in the early part of the day. She looked furious, and bore in her hand a bundle, which seemed suspiciously like the one she had carried away from the store that morning.

"Hand over my money! it's nothin' but six pence cambric! Miss Moss, the dressmaker says so! you young cheat of a scamp! you deceived me! Hand over my money, I say!"

Before I could get breath to reply, the man who had purchased the two cents' worth of snuff made his appearance.

"Sir," said he, with dignity, "the snuff you sold me this morning is villainous black pepper, and my wife has nigh killed herself with taking it! Sir, her nose is nigh as large as a turkey's egg, and growing larger every moment."

"Give me my money!" cried the *de bege* woman.

"Give me my money!" cried the snuff man.

"Give me my money!" yelled a little urchin, climbing up on a crate of earthenware to make himself more conspicuous, "you sent daddy smokin' terbaccer instid of chawin', and marm coppers instid of saleratus, and Tom, and Polly, and the dog, is pisted with it; and daddy's got the trembles all over with the terbaccer!"

"Sir, I called to get back my money!" said a fat man, in a yellow waistcoat, "you sold me indigo instead of blue vitriol."

"Give me my money!" cried the *de bege* woman.

"Hand over my money!" screamed the infuriated snuff man.

"Give me my money—money—money—money!" roared the whole *posse* in chorus.

I sprang over the counter, nearly knocking down cousin Harry in the doorway, and never stopped until I was safe on the sofa by the side of sympathizing cousin Jennie.

Harry told me afterward that my day's shop-keeping cost him fifty dollars, beside losing forever the custom of the two pretty girls who had brought the butter; and highly offending the old *de bege* woman and her red-haired daughter, Sally, including the illustrious Sam Jackson.

As for me, I've been the happy husband of cousin Jennie for two months; and of course don't care a straw for all the pretty girls in America, because (in my own opinion) I am the proprietor of the best and prettiest wife in the whole world.

A Short History of Pennsylvania.

BEFORE it was taken possession of by the Europeans the territory now called Pennsylvania was occupied by various tribes of Indians of which the chief were the Delawares, Six Nations, and Shawnees.

In 1661 King Charles the Second granted Pennsylvania to William Penn and gave it the present name.

In 1760 the second State constitution was adopted.

The Delawares, so called by the whites from the river on whose banks they were first met, and where they chiefly resided, were the most numerous nation in the province. They called themselves Lenni Lenape, or the original people. They were also sometimes known by the name of Algonquins.

The Shawnees, a portion of a different nation, were settled near Wyoming, and some of them on the Ohio, below Pittsburgh.

The celebrated Five Nations seemed originally to have owned northwestern Pennsylvania. The Onogdago, Cayugas, Oneidas, Senecas and Mohawks first composed this remarkable and powerful confederacy. To this were subsequently added the Tuscaroras after which they were called the Six Nations.

On the 24th of October, 1682, William Penn arrived at his new province in the *Welcome*. He first landed at New Castle, in the present State of Delaware. At this time Delaware also belonged to Penn., by grant of the Duke of York, the king's brother, but did not long continue connected with Pennsylvania.

In 1767 the southern line of the State was finally run and settled by Mason and Dixon.

In September, 1774, the first Congress met at Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia.

On the 15th of July, 1776, independence

having been declared, a State convention, in Philadelphia, met and framed a constitution for Pennsylvania as a free and sovereign State. At that time the population was about 300,000.

In 1777, after the battle of Brandywine, Congress adjourned to Lancaster, and thence to York; and Philadelphia fell into the hands of the British, who retained it till June, 1778. In the last-named year Congress returned to Philadelphia, where it remained till 1800, when it removed to Washington.

In 1780 slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania.

In 1791, by the advice of Robert Morris, Congress incorporated the Bank of North America, which was the first bank in the Union.

In 1793, Pennsylvania purchased the Erie triangle land from the United States government.

In 1794, the turnpike from Philadelphia to Lancaster was completed at a cost of \$463,000, being the first in the Union.

In 1800, Lancaster became the seat of State Government, and that of the Union was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, D. C.

In 1812 the seat of government was transferred to Harrisburg.

Snoozer Sprinkles the Street.

A PHILADELPHIA man living on Spruce street went home one night recently filled up to the collar with benzine. Feeling rather "warm for the season," Mr. Snoozer, for it was Snoozer, took off his coat and boots, put on his slippers, and getting the garden hose went out to sprinkle the street, so as to make things cool around there. Now, it takes a quick, discerning, calculating eye and a steady hand to properly manipulate a hose in the day-time. At night the difficulties are multiplied. But Mr. Snoozer's mind was simply on the subject of sprinkling. He gave the hydrant wrench several twists, and had on a full head. After a few crackles and spirts, a steady stream was let fly right on the boots and white linen pants of a man with a red rosebud on the left lapel of his coat, who was coming up from a call in Fourth street. The man stopped suddenly in surprise, and Snoozer, noticing the mishap, in the true spirit of a thoroughbred gentleman, advanced to render an apology, when the nozzle was turned a quarter of an inch to the harbor, and poured a stream right against the stranger's immaculate bosom. The latter might have got red-hot at this treatment, and showed fight, were it not impossible to do so under the cooling influence brought to bear, and to avoid further disaster, the rose-bud and linen pants popped around the corner into an alley.

Mr. Snoozer was then proceeding quietly to cool off the bricks of the pavement, when a gentleman, with two ladies, two shawls, and one sore boil on his arm, walked up from a Vine-street beer garden. To prevent another catastrophe, the hose man turned the squirting apparatus toward the open street, without the least intention of pouring about four gallons of river water down the backs of a lady and gentleman who were riding by in a tilted-top carriage. The gentleman, in words usually expressed in print in dashes, told of his displeasure, and uttered threats against Snoozer's life. Mr. Snoozer said it was purely accidental, that he was willing to take it all back—that there was no sense in crying over spilled water. While he thus engaged in an explanation, he was perfectly oblivious of the nozzle in his hand. He was as innocent as an unborn babe of knowing that a stream, running at the rate of forty knots an hour, was sailing through the open window of a second-story bed-room in the adjoining house, where a man and his wife were sleeping. He never dreamed of such a thing until female shrieks were heard and a man in white raiment appeared at the window and fired off seven shots from a revolver.

Then Mr. Snoozer concluded he would shut off steam. But he had mislaid the wrench. He, however, kept the gathering mob at bay until his wife rushed out, hauled him into the house, and prevented riot and bloodshed. No arrests.

"A Judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animals. 'Now,' said the judge, 'suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?'"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why," asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but a horse never."

"People who are not otherwise must expect to pay for their whims as the Iowa man did. He went back on his own true love because she ate onions, and the jury gave her \$3,200 damages. How much better for him if he had offset her by eating Limburger cheese."

"Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached: 'Our ingress into life is naked and bare, our progress through life is trouble and care; our egress out-of it we know not where; but doing well here, we shall do well there; I could not tell more by preaching a year.'"

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CHARLES H. SMILEY, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office with C. A. Barnett, Esq., next door to Mortimer's store August 20, 1872

W. M. A. SPONSLER, Attorney-at-Law, Office—adjoining his residence, on East Main street, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.—32 1/2

CHAS. A. BARNETT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Office—adjoining Mortimer's Store.—32 1/2

J. BAILY, Attorney at Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House, and two doors east of the Perry County Bank. Refers to B. McIntire, Esq. June 27, 1871.

JOHN G. SHATTO, Surgeon Dentist, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. All kinds of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry done in the best manner, and at reasonable prices. Office at his residence, one door East of the Robinson House, and opposite Wm. A. Sponsler's Law office. 32 1/2

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Auctioneer.—The undersigned gives notice that he will cry sales at any point in Perry or Dauphin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given.

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