

WHY I AM A BACHELOR.

MY name is Smith—John Smith. I am sixty years of age next birth day, and unmarried. I have been in love, however,—hopelessly in love, and yet I am a bachelor—why I am so, I have now to tell.

During my young days, I had no time to think of the other sex. I determined I would make my fortune first, and see about a wife afterwards. I worked and strove—accumulated and denied myself the most harmless pleasures that cost money, yet I did not get rich as fast as I expected, and I had reached forty years of age before I thought I was justified in looking about me for a wife.

When that time came I set about my task earnestly. I am a business man, and always go to work systematically. In the first place, I looked through all my acquaintances and friends. They were not numerous, and I soon found there were no young ladies amongst them who would suit me.

Then I tried the boarding house scheme, by which I mean, I advertised for board—and answered all the replies in person.—Whenever I saw the young girls in a house, there I took board—but none of them would suit me. At last I received an answer to my advertisement from a widow lady, with one daughter. I called at the house and was ushered into an elegantly furnished parlor where a young lady was seated playing the piano. In spite of Shakespeare's denunciation of a man who has had no music in his soul, I never had any rousic in mine. I don't know Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred—and yet, strange to say, the music sounded quite pretty as it trickled from her fingers. She did not hear me enter, so continued to play. I listened for some minutes, and then coughed gently. She turned her head, and with a blush, rose from her seat. I think I had never seen so beautiful a girl before. She was not more than eighteen years of age—tall and graceful—her form beautifully rounded—dark auburn hair, which hung in natural ringlets on a swan-like neck.—In short, the moment I saw her I performed the imaginary pantomime of slapping my trousers pocket, and exclaimed mentally—"here's the girl for my money."

"Did you want to see my mother?" asked the lovely creature in a musical voice. "Have I the pleasure of speaking to Miss Clarkson?" I asked. "Yes sir."

"I have called, Madam, in reference to a note I received—I believe from your mother—stating that you wish to take a single gentleman to board with you."

"Yes sir—I will fetch my mother."

And the fairy bounded out of the room. In a minute or two afterwards, the mother entered the room. If the daughter was pretty, the mother was decidedly ugly. She was past forty, thin, scraggy, wore false teeth and false hair. When I looked at her, I almost felt tempted to leave the house—but then I gazed at the daughter, and determined to remain. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the next day I took up my board under the roof of widow Clarkson.

I soon felt quite at home, and determined to make myself as agreeable as possible. I was polite to the mother, tender to the daughter; and evidently pleased the old woman, for I ate but little. Our evenings were very pleasant—a young friend of the family used to drop in occasionally, and we played whist. The young man was a cousin to the family—a rather pleasant young fellow, and the time passed very agreeably away.

In the meantime I prosecuted my suit earnestly. I have always held it as an axiom, that if you want to succeed with the younger branches of the family, you must pay attention to the head—there is nothing like procuring "a friend at court." This plan I followed. I was very polite to Mrs. Clarkson; I waited on her at the table; I escorted her to the theatre and opera, and read to her Cobb's last. I got on finely. I soon saw that she was very partial to me. In the meantime I did not neglect my suit with the object of my affections. I gazed on her tenderly; I pressed her hand whenever I had an opportunity, and believed that I had made considerable impression on her young heart.

Things went on in this way for more than two months, when I thought it high time that I should bring matters to a crisis.

One evening I entered the sitting room, and found the charming girl alone. The cousin had not yet come, although he now visited the house every night. This was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Miss Clarkson," said I, approaching her, "I wish to have a little conversation with you."

"I think I can guess what it is about," she said, smiling archly.

"You encourage me," I replied, glad to find that my attentions had not been thrown away, and auguring the best results from this cordial reception. "You think you know my errand then?"

"Yes, indeed—your attentions are too pointed to be mistaken."

"I am gratified to find you so discerning"—and I took her hand—and now dear

Charlotte—allow me to call you—since you have penetrated my secret, I only want your consent to make me a happy man."

"Let me set your mind at rest then, sir—I have no objections whatever."

I was rather surprised that she consented so readily. I think I should have taken it better if she had been a little more coy in the matter.

"Dear girl!" I exclaimed and claiming a lover's privilege, I kissed her cheek. She did not make the slightest opposition.

"You consent then," I exclaimed, "that I shall be your protector through life?"

"You are very kind, sir," returned the fair girl; "as I said before—I have no objections."

I thought she was very cold in her language, but I put it down to maidenly modesty.

"Charlotte your consent has made me the happiest of men—when shall the ceremony take place?"

"Don't you think mamma had better answer the question—you had better consult her on the matter."

"True, my dear child, I admire your delicacy—I ran to her on the wings of love—Oh what a happy man you have made me?"

"I am sure sir, I am very glad it was in my power to give you pleasure—I do not think you had any reason to doubt my concurrence in your wishes."

"There is no reading the human heart you know—I thought perhaps the differences in our ages—"

"What do two or three years signify?" replied my darling, smiling.

"Dear girl how kind of you to say that," I returned, charmed with her delicacy in considering twenty-two years—only as two or three years. "But I will go to your mamma at once, adieu, darling, for a few minutes."

So saying, I hurried from the room. I sent up a message to Mrs. Clarkson that I wished to see her on important business, and would wait on her in the dining room. In about a quarter of an hour she came down stairs, dressed in a most gorgeous manner—but in spite of her toilet I could not help remarking that she looked thinner and scraggier than ever.

"Mrs. Clarkson," I commenced, making a most profound bow. "I wish to talk with you on a very important matter—one which nearly concerns my happiness."

"I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say, sir," replied the widow, taking a seat on the sofa by my side.

"My dear Mrs. Clarkson," I began, for I thought it best to smooth her down, "I have now been an inmate of your house for two months. I need not dwell on the happiness I have enjoyed in your charming society. Your charming daughter and yourself have conspired to make me the happiest of mortals. Your own natural acuteness must have long ago detected that my heart is involved. Yes, my dear madam, I could not gaze on that lovely form without being sensible that this house contains a prize as my own—and now only wait your consent."

"Really, sir," stammered the widow, glancing on the carpet, "this confession has taken me unawares, I do not know if my daughter would like—"

"Make your mind easy on that score, my dear Mrs. Clarkson, I have seen your daughter and gained her consent to our marriage."

"Thoughtful man!" exclaimed the widow.

"I thought this was a strange reply to make, but knew the mother was a little eccentric, and put it down on that score."

"Now, my dear madam," I exclaimed, "I only wait for your answer. Will you consent to make me the happiest man in the United States?"

"Really, sir, this is so unexpected. You take me so much by surprise, I scarcely know what reply to make. I am a poor lone widow, Mr. Smith. My dear, departed husband was a kind husband to me, respect for his memory—"

"My dear madam," I interrupted, "I am sure if the late Mr. Clarkson is looking down from Heaven at this moment, he would give his consent. I am rich, madam; you shall have a house worthy of your kind heart."

"My dear John, I can resist no longer," and the widow deposited her head of false hair on my heart.

I did not expect this demonstration, and gently removed her head. Nor did I at first understand her calling me John—but then I thought as I was soon to be her son-in-law, that she was addressing me familiarly.

"John," she exclaimed, "dear John, I will confess the truth—I do love you."

"You love me!"

"Yes dear John, your attentions have prevailed. I consent to be your wife"—and I felt her scraggy arm pass around my neck, while she hugged my face against her hard cheek bone.

"Madam," I exclaimed, "release me—I hear a step."

"No, dear John, I cannot release you.—Are you not soon to become my dear husband?"

And she hugged me again harder than before. At that moment the door opened,

and the cousin and Miss Clarkson entered the room. When they saw our loving attitude, they retired laughing.

"Madam, there's a mistake," I exclaimed. "I do not wish to marry you, but your daughter."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the ogress, releasing her hold. "What do you tell me, you bold, bad man? Is this the way you trifle with a lone widow's feelings? You know as well as I do, that my daughter is to be married to her cousin next week.—And you dare to insult me in this manner—but if there is any justice in the land, sir, I will have it."

So saying, she bounded out of the room. I received notice to quit that day—and three days afterward an action for breach of promise of marriage was commenced against me. It was in vain my counsel tried to explain the mistake. The evidence was too strong against me, and I was compelled to pay \$5,000 damages.

Since that day I have become a misanthrope, I hate both men and women—but especially the latter.

The reader now knows why I am a bachelor.

The Apothecary's Squirrel.

AN apothecary had a tame squirrel which he was in the frequent habit of regaling with nuts, and which he used to keep in his own private room adjoining his shop. The little fellow was allowed plenty of liberty, for the door of his cage was frequently left open, and he used to climb up doors and windows, and spring thence upon his master's head. On one occasion he jumped upon the broad brimmed hat of a Quaker who came into the shop. He made friends with all his master's acquaintances, but if any body teased him he could show that he knew how to bite. As the winter came on, he was in the habit of building himself a nest of any tow he might find about, and used to choose for his residence the pocket of his master's coat. When, in the evening, the coat was taken off and hung upon a nail, the little squirrel would climb up the door on which the nail stood, run down the coat, and take up his quarters in the pocket, carrying in his mouth always a good supply of the tow, which he had prepared and rolled up beforehand, and with which he contrived to make in the pocket the cosiest night's lodging in the world.

Great results followed from this habit of the squirrel's, as you shall hear. A house-breaker, watching his opportunity, selected an especially dark night for getting in through the window of the apothecary's little back room behind the shop, with, as you imagine, no good end in view. He knew the apothecary kept no dog, he could easily guess where his coat was likely to be hanging up. He soon found the pocket, and was just about to lighten it of purse, pocket-book and keys, when a misfortune totally unexpected befel him. In rummaging for keys and purse he had struck the sleeping squirrel, of whose strange habits with regard to his bedroom he had not been aware. Not liking to be thus suddenly waked up the little animal gave the thief so sharp a bite on his thumb that he could not forbear yelling with pain, and the master of the house, alarmed at the unusual sound, came into the room armed with a poker, just as the thief was escaping through the window. The watchman happening to be passing, the unwelcome guest was taken into custody; and as the geese at Rome saved the capital by their cackling, so the little squirrel had saved his master's property by lodging in his coat-pocket.

No creature is too small sooner or later to be of use.

A Crumb.

A gentleman relates the following:—Some years since, I boarded at a hotel, the proprietor of which was a newly married man. The maiden name of his spouse was Crumb. Immediately after marriage, and when the hotel business commenced, old lady Crumb, her daughter Peggy, and her two sons, John and Ike, regularly domiciled themselves within the hospitable walls of the inn. The landlord was a good-natured, easy-going sort of fellow, not quite as smart as John Quincy Adams—but one day he got off the following. Addressing me, he said: "Look a-byar, Sam, I'll tell you just how it is—when I got married, I thought I was getting a Crumb, but I'll be hanged if I don't believe I've got the hull loaf."

The farmers in New York state have raised an interesting question as to the right of a railway company not only to take portions of their land; but to render communication between isolated parts of their farms dangerous. The New York Central Railway Company wants land for two extra tracks, near Port Byron, New York, but the farmers referred to refuse to surrender the land without the company will accommodate them in return by building a bridge over the tracks, so that the divided farms may have safe communication the one with the other. The company attempted to forcibly seize the land and lay the tracks, but the neighbors turned out in force, built breastworks near the disputed territory, and entered upon an armed resistance. The farmers express their willingness to yield if the courts decide against them, and application has been made by the railway company to the Supreme Court for a writ of assistance.

THE CLOWN'S SERMON.

DEEMING this too good to be lost I have copied it for the columns of THE TIMES in order to open the eyes of our Christian professors.

One evening when a circus performance in one of the Southern states was about to close, the clown stepped forward and in a solemn tone addressed the vast assembly present, among which were hundreds of professors—Christian of the different denominations, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, in the following style.

"My friends, we have taken about six hundred dollars here to-day—more money I venture to say than any minister of the gospel in this county will receive for a whole year's service. A large portion of this money was given by church members, a large portion of this audience is made up of members of the church, and yet when your preacher asks you for money to aid in supporting the gospel, you say you are too poor to give anything; yet you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it, I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly, but perhaps you say you did not come here to see the circus, but the animals. Ah, now, this is all your excuse; if you come simply to see animals, why did you not look at them and leave? Now, is not this a pretty place for Christians to be? Do you not feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to blush in such a place as this."

An earnest discourse was preached soon afterwards in the neighborhood; a stirring appeal was made in favor of the cause of missions, the collection amounted to four dollars and thirty-eight cents, only think of it; six hundred dollars for the circus, and only four dollars to preach the gospel, in all the world.

Oh how many there are who are seen at almost every show! You never hear one say, they are too poor, or have no time to serve the devil; but when it comes to the gospel cause, or to help the poor, then money with them is the great object.—Take warning my dear brethren and sisters and pay no one to act the fool or talk nonsense to you; and at the Bar of God he will come up as a witness against you.—Surely it is helping them along when we go and pay. If we are making ourselves guilty of hell fire by merely saying, Thou fool. Is it less to pay a man to act the fool? In your own estimation, which is the worst, the one who talks nonsense for pay, or the one who pays for it? We are commanded to let our lights shine; but are these shining lamps? I fear not.

They have no oil, Ah, whether shall they turn? They try to trim their lamps, and still they will not burn.

Professions empty lamps will not avail, When the great Bridegroom comes with his saints to hail. But if their lamps were kindled first by power divine, Or fed by grace they'd never cease to shine.

An Eleven-Dollar Bill.

Old J—, a dealer on Court street had a hard joke played upon him. He had a green lad from the country tending for him who has been with him only five or six weeks. Well, J— went down town, told the boy to sell all he could. He was away about an hour, when he went into the store, and said:

"Well, John, what luck? Sold anything?"

"Yes," said John, with a gusto; "sold a pair of five dollar boots!"

"Good!" says J— "not bad for a wet morning!"

Shortly after J— went to the money drawer, when he exclaimed sharply—

"John, where's the money?"

"Why," said John, "it's all there."

"Why, no," says J— "only two dollars here, and I left a five and a one here.—What has become of it?"

"Why," replied John, "there's a 'leven dollar bill there. The man paid me that eleven dollar bill for the boots, and I gave him back six! Ain't that right?"

"The Dickens!" exclaimed J—

The poor lad had taken a two dollar bill of the old stereotyped plate on the Suffolk Bank, where in the corner instead of the figure "2," there were the "11" for 2.—So Mr. J— was out of a pair of five dollar boots and four dollars in money.

The Romance of Love.

Two years ago Joel H. Mansfield, of San Francisco, Cal., having become enamored of Miss Mary Hein, and having failed to impress that young lady as favorably as he desired, met her on the street one afternoon and blazed away at her with a pistol. She was with another young man at the time. Mansfield fired three times at her. Two of the shots took effect, and for some time Miss Hein's life was in danger. Mansfield was tried two or three times for the assault, but each time the jury disagreed, and finally, the patience of the prosecuting officers being exhausted, a *nolle prosequi* was entered. The sequel to this romantic affair is that a few days ago, the County Clerk issued a marriage license to Mr. Mansfield and Miss Hein, and during the week they were made one flesh. No place in the world can beat California for the romantic.

Professional Cards.

J. E. JUNKIN, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Office—Next door to the residence of Judge Junkin. 4611

A. M. MARKEL, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. Office with Chas. A. Barnett, Esq., Centre Square, adjoining Mortimer's Store.

LEWIS POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA.

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JAMES H. FERGUSON, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Office—Market Street, near the Square. 35 6*

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. McInaire, 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

W. M. M. SUTCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Office—Two doors West of E. Mortimer Store—37 1/2

CHAS. J. T. MCINTIRE, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. All professional business promptly and faithfully attended to.—32 1/2

W. M. N. SEIBERT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Bloomfield, 333 1/2

LEWIS POTTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa. Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages and Leases carefully prepared and acknowledgments taken. All kinds of Pension and Bounty papers drawn and certified, will also take depositions to be read in any court in the United States. 7 10 1/2

W. M. A. MORRISON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. Remittances will be made promptly for all Collections made. 7 44

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The undersigned will sell at private sale his valuable farm situate in Juniata township, Perry co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizell, George Ickes and others, containing

91 ACRES,

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There is also a Well of good water near the house. There are also TWO GOOD APPLE ORCHARDS on this farm, with a variety of other fruit trees. This property is near the village of Markleville in a good neighborhood.

Any person desiring to purchase a home, should see this property before making a final investment. Price—\$5,000; payments, \$2,000 on the 1st of April, 1874, at which time a deed will be delivered, and possession given. The balance to be paid in three equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by judgment bonds. Call on or address

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