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B. T. BABBITT, 15 (16) St. 64 to 84 WASHINGTON ST., N. Y. Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Sponser, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Sponser & H. F. Junkin, and from this date April 28th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Sponser & H. F. Junkin. Banking as Sponser, Junkin & Co., who will continue to do business in the same mode and manner as has been done hitherto, with the full assurance that our course has met the approbation and thus gained the confidence of the people.

W. A. SPONSER, H. F. JUNKIN. April 26, 1874.

Testing her Lovers.

IT is said that about 100 years ago there resided in Arlon a young girl, named Gertrude. She was eighteen years of age, and was gay, frank and good natured, always smiling and happy, and full of life and activity. She was the daughter of Charles, a wealthy proprietor of the little town, and generally designated as Stock, Jr., to distinguish him from his father and grandfather who were yet living. "They last long in that family," was a local expression.

Gertrude had many admirers, but none of them appeared to make an impression on her heart. This, together with her fascinating manners, gave her the name of the "Coquette of Arlon." Do not take this appellation in its hardest sense, for her father and mother allowed her to do as she pleased, having the utmost confidence in her. And it was well-placed. Among the many who sought her hand in marriage were four young men of the town who deserved special mention. Their names Sigismond de Vletter, Gilles Collins, Wenceslas Trooftant and Lambert Von Moll. The first named was so calm and unobtrusive that the other three did not give themselves any uneasiness about him. They, on the contrary, were so pressing that the neighbors all expected that she would certainly marry one of them.

The four suitors pressed their claims, each in his own way urging her to decide in his favor. So one day in September, 1743, she devised a stratagem by which to test their courage and affection. Her parents once more allowed her to have her own way, for as she never undertook any thing without first consulting them, we may suppose that they were not the stern and tyrannical parents that usually fall to the lot of the unfortunate heroines of modern romances. About a quarter of a league from Arlon, in a field belonging to her father, Gertrude had often noticed an old Roman tomb, which no one dared approach on account of its ghostly reputation. All sorts of strange and mysterious stories were told about it. This tomb has disappeared—I cannot say how. Gertrude resolved to make it the centre of her batteries.

Gilles Collin came as usual and uttered more ardent and passionate protestations of love than ever, declaring that he would willingly walk over burning coals to please her.

"I am not so unreasonable as to require that of you," said she; "all things considered, I do not refuse to marry you, but I wish to have a proof of your devotion, and at the same time of your courage."

"Very well," answered Gilles, "I will give you any proof of that you can demand; only say what it shall be."

"You know," replied she, "the ancient tomb which is situated on a knoll a quarter of a league from town?"

"Yes," replied the puzzled Gilles, "I have seen it from a distance; there is nothing remarkable about it."

"Well, this evening at nine o'clock I want you to go, without saying a word to any one about it, and lie down in the old tomb."

"In the witches' den? What a caprice!"

"And you must remain perfectly motionless until midnight."

"But, Gertrude, what are you thinking of? What is your project?"

"You are a coward, you are trembling already. Perhaps it is a caprice, but I have my project, and I wish to try you. If you do as I wish, I shall know that I can trust you, and providing you remain there from nine o'clock until midnight, my heart is yours. If you refuse, I shall marry some one else."

Struck by the decided tone of the young girl, Gilles dared not offer further objection, but he thought of the freezing recitals to which he had listened; of apparitions from another world that were seen gliding around the tomb, and of the witches who held their nocturnal meetings and made it a place of deposit for their unguents and diabolical compounds. In truth, fires had sometimes been burning near there through the night and surrounded by groups of sinister or grotesque looking faces, but they were undoubtedly gypsies, with which Luxembourg and Limbourg were at that period infested. But some persons professed to have seen supernatural beings, and thousands of wonderful stories were related about them. For a year, however, nothing had been seen there, and though Gilles was more afraid than he would have cared to acknowledge, he was so deeply enamored of the young girl that he accepted the condition and promised to do what was required of him without divulging his intention to any one.

Shortly afterwards, Wenceslas Stroobant came in his turn. Gertrude gave him a very gracious reception. He was handsome and rich; and fully conscious of these advantages, he felt confident of the success of his suit.

"It is not your fortune that tempts me," said Gertrude to him, greatly flattered.

Wenceslas bowed, as if he would say, "I understand I have other attractions." "I feel a deep interest in you," pursued she, "and would willingly give you my

hand if you would render me a service that will prove your courage.

"You have but to command me," said the handsome young man; "I am entirely at your service."

"Well, then, you must know that one of my relatives has been killed in a duel. He is in the woods, and we are making every effort to secure him an honorable burial. In the meantime, the body is to be placed in the Roman tomb at nine o'clock this evening. As the tomb is neither covered nor enclosed, we very greatly fear it may be disturbed; therefore I beg of you to go there at half past nine."

"To the witches' den? What an idea!"

"You are afraid already? *Mon Dieu*, how faint hearted the young men are."

"I am not afraid, but you are giving me a very queer commission."

"Call it a fancy if you will, but I can only confide this to one who is very devoted, for it is absolutely necessary to conceal this mystery from everybody. You must go there at exactly half past nine, and you must dress yourself to personate an angel of light, and carry a torch in your hand. The fearful stories of which the tomb has been the subject, will be of service to you, and those who may be scheming to carry away or rob the dead, will, upon seeing you sitting at the foot of the tomb with your torch in your hand, be so terrified that none will dare approach. At midnight you may return home. Will you do it?"

"I will," said Wenceslas, who feared to displease her.

"I must be certain that you have performed this service; but remember, not a word about it to any one, and at this price, my hand is yours."

Wenceslas regained his usual composure, smothering as best as he could those superstitious fears which sometimes assail the strongest minds. He swore that he would be both obedient and discreet, and that at half past nine precisely he would be at his post, where he would watch the dead so carefully that not even a bat should approach. He soon took his leave in order to make his preparations.

A few moments afterwards Lambert Von Moll, also faithful, appeared to render his homage to the young lady. He was a lawyer, and everybody predicted a brilliant future for him.

"If you really love me," said the coquette, "I am going to prove it. Some of the neighbors whom you know, and who are our enemies, wish to injure us. For this purpose they have placed a dead body in the Roman tomb, which belongs to our family. I wish you to make every possible effort to carry off the corpse."

"I!" interrupted Lambert.

"Certainly. I know that you are brave."

"That is true, but this is such a ridiculous commission."

"The body will doubtless be guarded by mere children, and in order to disperse them you must blacken your face and make yourself as ugly as you are handsome; in short, disguise yourself as a demon. Call it a ridiculous commission, if you will; but go to the Roman tomb at precisely ten; take up the body and bring it here, and you will gain all my gratitude."

Lambert Von Moll reflected for a moment, and deciding that it was not too great a price for the heart of Gertrude, he like the two others, promised punctuality and discretion, and accordingly withdrew to make his preparations.

Sigismond de Vletter then came to pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Stocks; he wished Gertrude good evening, and conversed a few moments with her, while taking a turn in the garden. Having drawn him aside, Gertrude, who had her projects, proposed he should in his turn assume a character in her comedy. But Sigismond, who perceived some malicious intention in spite of her grave tones, told her that for anything serious or important, she might command him; but that such childishness was only proper for children. The coquette not finding him very complaisant, left him.

The night was very cold, and at nine o'clock Gilles Collins arrived at the Roman tomb. He had furnished himself with a small lantern, not being very courageous. He went all around the tomb, and carefully examined the bushes and every place in which he thought any one might be concealed, and then, not at all reassured by the silence and solitude which surrounded him, he extinguished his light, and enveloped himself from head to foot in a long white sheet which he had brought, concealed under his coat, then extending himself at full length in the tomb, soon became as gloomy and motionless as the object he personated. Very lugubrious were the thoughts that passed through his mind while lying there in his winding sheet. A very long quarter of an hour had elapsed, when he was startled by the cry of a screech owl. He uncovered his eyes and looked around, but could see nothing except some vague reflections of light in the direction of town. Soon, however, he heard, through the silence of the night, footsteps which were evidently coming towards him. He raised his head; rays of light caught his eyes, and he saw not far off a mysterious phantom, habited in a long robe of cloth of silver which was coned by a blue girdle. The head of this apparition was

crowned with stars (made of gilt paper) while from its shoulders floated two large pieces of muslin, representing wings.

Poor Gilles, who had not foreseen such an incident, cowered down under his sheet, utterly unable to explain the meaning of what he saw.

"It is an angel," said he to himself. But the angel coughed.

"It is not an inhabitant of heaven," thought Gilles, "if it is one of the sorcerers, I am in a very bad situation."

The angel, on his part appeared to be ill at ease. He cast an oblique glance at the winding sheet that covered the dead, and did not appear anxious to make a closer examination. Holding the torch in his hand, Wenceslas Stroobant, thus transformed into an angel, appeared to make a great effort to seat himself at the foot of the tomb, and if the dead had not been in such a state of perturbation, he would have noticed that the angel was trembling with cold, or something else. Wenceslas seemed to have contracted a very bad cold, which was manifested by a severe fit of coughing and sneezing, and being unable to find his handkerchief, he was obliged to use one of his wings to wipe the moisture from his nose and mantle.

"That is not an angel, certainly," thought the dead; "it must be a sorcerer. Who knows if he should not be master of ceremonies? He is there with his torch to call the others, and I shall find myself in the midst of their revels, and if the devil presides over them, what shall I do?"

While making these disagreeable reflections he was struck by the sudden agitation of the angel of the torch, who appeared to behold a fearful object. It was the third personage approaching.

This latter (Lambert Von Moll) was disguised as a spectre of darkness. As he drew near, the light of the torch, which gleamed upon him at intervals, gave him a fearful appearance. He did not appear greatly terrified, but probably from motives of prudence he approached in a zig-zag line, pausing now and then as though he saw something he did not expect. The silvery robe of the angel glittered in the torchlight, and Lambert could not account to himself for this singular costume.

As the angel whose trembling limbs refused to support him, remained fixed in his place, Lambert decided to make a flank movement, and accordingly he passed around the other end of the tomb.

His disguise was frightful; he was muffled in an ox hide, which was adorned with the long horns and the ears; his face was blackened, and the lower part of it concealed by an immense red beard. In his hand he carried one of those wooden forks which are used to spread new mown hay. Wenceslas, who had never lost sight of the demon, now signalized himself by the greatest effort of courage he had ever made in his life. He suddenly advanced, with the torch at arms length before him, and the spectre recoiled. But the flame touched Lambert's great beard, and in an instant it was a blaze. He quickly tore it off and sprang on the angel, whose torch fell and was extinguished.

They seized each other by the hair, mutually astonished, perhaps, at finding each other palpable.

The corpse who had seen all, and had begun to question whether it was really a scene among the witches, now took Wenceslas and Lambert for a good and a bad angel who were disputing possession of him, and overcome by a terrible fear, he suddenly sprang out of his tomb with his winding sheet around him, and took to flight across the fields.

The two champions, seeing the dead rush forth, were seized with the same terror, and letting go of each other by common consent, they fled as though pursued by all the witches.

The three lovers returned to their respective lodgings, utterly overcome by what they had seen and passed through; and the next day none of them were able to leave their beds. To finish their adventures, Gertrude sent word to them that they must have very little esteem for her, since, instead of fulfilling their promises, they had run away in such a ridiculous manner. And she married Sigismond.

Whatever profession a young man may choose, let him take heed lest he merge his profession of a man in his profession of law, or medicine, or journalism, or whatever it be. A man's profession should always be incidental and subordinate to himself, never the chief thing to be said about him. There was once a cynical Frenchman who, recognizing that he had made the mistake he had warned against, had engraved upon his tomb by way of epitaph: "Born a man; died a grocer." Don't let it be said of you that, born a man, you died a tradesman, no matter what the trade may be, liberal or mechanical.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure, all things are impure.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

An Unpleasant Fix.

OUR old friend, Judge Tom Farrar, of Lake Providence, who is known throughout the State as a lawyer and jurist of eminent abilities, and a gentleman of most lovable character, tells, at his own expense, and with the keenest gusto, a story which we think is too good to lose. It appears that some years ago, while riding through one of the prettiest districts of North Louisiana, he came, about sundown, to a creek which was so deep as to necessitate a swimming feat. The Judge being a man of vigorous and invincible determination, no sooner realized this emergency than he promptly dismounted, undressed himself with great dispatch, and, attired only in his high plug hat and a pair of spectacles, bestrode his gallant cob and urged him to the venture.

After a desperate struggle, the other side was gained, and the Judge, again dismounting, this time with a profound sigh of relief, was about to resume his integuments, when the horse, started from his side and trotted slowly down the road.

Of course the Judge had no resource but to trot after him, and thereupon there ensued one of the most remarkable and picturesque chases ever known in history or tradition. The horse appeared to have no motive save that of keeping a certain distance ahead of the Judge, and of finding some comfortable barn yard, where he might refresh himself after such gigantic efforts. The Judge, whatever may have been his ambitions, confined himself to the effort of keeping the truant beast in sight.

It must have been a cheerful and invigorating experience to see the Judge trotting briskly along that smooth and sandy road, his venerable plug hat pulled over his spectacles bobbing up and down upon his nose. The chase was long, and the moisture of great exertion would gather on his brow, and then, when he reached around for his handkerchief, alas! it was not there. All of which had the effect of impressing the Judge with his very peculiar and unfortunate situation, and imparting renewed play and lightness to his legs.

So the two bowled pleasantly along, preserving a steady relative distance, until just as the setting sun was reddening the distant hills and touching the Judge's manly form with gold, the horse whisked suddenly into a gate and bolted with eager haste toward a stable dimly visible in the distance.

The farm house sat in a grove of trees, whose shadows made a great darkness around it, and from this grove, as the Judge was scampering furiously after his horse and wardrobe, there issued sundry yellow dogs, surly of mein and shaggy of appearance. The Judge felt that it would be utterly impossible under these circumstances to assume that majesty of aspect and fearlessness of gaze which is currently believed to be the correct thing with dogs, and so, seeing a friendly gate post near at hand, he gave one wild bound and reached its summit just as the leanest and fiercest of the dogs snapped viciously at his legs.

When the uproar had subsided, and the Judge, realizing the absurdity of the situation, had regained his customary frame of mind, a female voice was heard calling from the house:

"Who's there?"
"A fellow creature is distress, madam."
"Where are you?"
"On the gate post," said the Judge, beginning to enjoy the joke.
"What can I do for you?"

It was too much. The Judge's old humor and quizzical love of merriment came over him:

"Call off these dogs and bring me all the fig leaves on the place."

A Heavy "Sell."

"I know'd Gus well. We'd been partners in California. He was one of the best fellers I ever knowed, and we was always gettin' sells on one another. But Gus got the heaviest thing on me when he died! As soon as he was shot I see he was a goner. I helped him up on the bank, and eased off all I could, sayin' over all the Bible I knowed, and promis'n' to give his watch and gun to his folks. But Gus wanted me to agree to send him to Prison, where he lived. So I promised, and he died happy. Well, I buried him on the spot temporary. Three years after, when I cal'ated he was about eat up, I went for his bones. Now what do you think Gus had been and gone and done? Why, as he was buried in alkali, he'd gone turned himself into solid stone, and then he expected me to freight on him all the way to Frisco! I did it though, but that was the last load Gus ever got on me!" When Jeff had concluded this touching reminiscence of his departed friend, he stopped his horse and took a drink to his memory.

The proverb that "God helps those who help themselves" was well paraphrased by a little fellow who tumbled into a fountain and was nearly drowned. Pale and dripping, he was put to bed, and when his mother requested the young man to thank God for saving him, Young America answered: "I 'spose God did save me, but then I held on to the grass, too."