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Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Sponsler, Junkin & Co. has been purchased by W. A. Sponsler & B. F. Junkin, and from this date April 25th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Sponsler & B. F. Junkin. Banking as Sponsler, 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. SPONSLER, B. F. JUNKIN.

April 30, 1874.

Bashful Bill and the Widow.

"WIFE," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his neat little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get Bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Robinson's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's so awful shy. Why he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out some clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him and he don't dislike her; but, as you say, he's shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week, Nelly."

So saying Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields we take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some grey hairs, and he had got in a set of artificial teeth. But every one said he was a good soul and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster at a grasshopper. Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Berrybottle, that he was sweet on (though he never said "boo" to her,) got married to old Watson he just drew his head, like a mud turtle, into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow he had paid more attention to his clothes and had been very regular in his attendance at the church that the fair widow attended.

"But here comes Ed. Wilbur."

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley!"

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur. What's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular, that I know of," said Ed. "only Robinson's show that everybody and his girl is going to. I was over to old Sackrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white faced colt of his slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking the Widow Watson to the show. He's been banging round a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I wouldn't blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have spunk enough to speak up to her. By jingo! If I were a single man I'd show him a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left bill sweeping, and put his ear to a knot hole and listened, knowing that the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Bragrier!" said Bill, "what business has he, then, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and got new harness, too; and his horse can't come in sight of mine; and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarce help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly thinking of the old singing school days—and what a pretty girl Susan was then—and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage now to talk to her, until at a distance of about a mile from her house he came to a bridge—over a large creek—and it so happened that just as he reached the middle of the bridge he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth, and clear over the dashboard, striking on the planks they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there—completely dumfounded at this startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of the buggy, and getting on his hands and knees looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sackrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow—and no time to lose for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of

spoiling his good clothes by wading in with them on, and besides, if he did that he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around to the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water; but his teeth did not chatter in his head, he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under water and came up with the teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth.

But hark! What noise is that? A wagon! and a little dog barking with all his might, and his horse in starting. "Whoa! whoa!" said Bill, as he splashed and floundered out through mud and water. "Confound the horse. Whoa! Whoa! Stop, you brute, stop!" But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace with the unfortunate bachelor after him and the little dog yelping after the bachelor. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat and the hind wheel went over it making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the hill, and what, oh what would he do! Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now, the horse happened to be one that he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he had not the possession of the reins; besides he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattle of the wheels and looking out and seeing that it was Mr. Smiley, and that he did not offer to get out, she went to the gate to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her smiling face turned right toward him, while the cold chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming, and, at once surmising that it was that Gus Sackrider coming, he resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said; had to go on to Mr. Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Mr. Green's are you? Why, I was just going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt some. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill, "what a scrape!" and he hastily clutched his pants between his feet, and was preparing to wiggle into them, when a light wagon, drawn by a white-faced horse driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill, "they're not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No, sir, I am not! You had better go on about your business." Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up the lines, will you, please; this brute of a horse is forever switching them out of my hands." The widow complied, and then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down, and she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm, I don't think we need the robe over us, do we?"

You see, she had on a nice dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh, my!" said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at his tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out, with a long silk neck-tie over the end of it.

"What is this, Mr. Smiley? a neck-tie?"

"Yes, I bought it the other day, and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," she said, "it was so careless," and stooping over picked it up and made a motion to stuff it between them. Bill felt her hand going down, and mak-

ing a dive after it clutched it in his and held it hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he holding her soft little hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's, and she wondering he did not say something nice to her as well as to squeeze her hand, and why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until as they were going down a little hill one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop.

"O murder!" said Bill, what next!"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start that came near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," said he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick. What shall I do!"

"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, "what is the matter, do tell me?" and she gave his hand a little squeeze, and looking into his pale and troubled face, she thought he was going to faint; so she got out her smelling bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth she stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low backed buggy. The little woman gave a slight scream as his big bare feet flew by her head; and covering her face with her hands gave way to tears or smiles—it was hard to tell which. Bill was "right side up" in a minute, and was leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing, when Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than have Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was like to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned to his wife to drive up, and after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy into his, and the two women went on leaving the men behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived. I need not tell how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night, but will conclude by saying that they went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sackrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the Widow as I had it from Ed. Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him or his wife.

A Lucky Girl.

THE following story of a lucky servant girl, which may seem stranger than truth to many readers, is told by the Bellefonte (Pa.) Republican: "Ten or more years ago this girl—her name is Alice Anderson—was brought from the Orphans' Home of Pittsburgh by the late Judge Schaler. She was a domestic in his house up to the time of his death, when the family gave up housekeeping and left Bellefonte. Since that time—some six years—she has been doing housework in different families of the town. She had no knowledge of her parents, but remembered an older brother, who came to see her when she was a child in the Home. She had not heard of him for fifteen years, and gave up all hopes of ever meeting him again. About a month ago she took a notion that she could earn more money in the city, and got a friend to write to an acquaintance of his in Pittsburgh, asking him to secure her a situation in a family there. In a short time a letter came, informing her that a situation had been secured, and that she should come on immediately. It took her a week or more to make preparations for the final departure, and in the meantime she received another letter from her expected employer, asking about her history, which her friend immediately communicated. A few days more elapsed, and on the day preceding her departure for Pittsburgh she received a letter from her brother, Dennis Anderson. This letter contained some delightful information. Dennis informed her that he had been trying to find her for many years; that he was accidentally told her name; whereabouts, by the gentleman who had engaged her to come to Pittsburgh. That her reply to his inquiries placed beyond a doubt that she was his long-lost and anxiously searched for sister. He would meet her at the Union Depot and take her to his home. To make a long story short, she found her brother. He is a retired railroad contractor, and a wealthy man. This is not all. Four years ago, her grandmother, Mrs. Ruth Anderson, of Cincinnati, died, leaving a fortune of \$250,000 to her grandchild, Alice Anderson, if she were ever found; and if not, then Dennis should become the heir. Alice is now the possessor of that fortune. She is twenty-two years of age, is not uncommonly in appearance, but can scarcely read or write. She has made arrangements to spend the next two or three years at school.

A Lesson for Boys.

WHEN I was a boy, like most other boys, I often did idle and foolish things. One day for instance, as I was walking up the street, I saw a broken china tea-cup in the road. Picking it up, instead of letting it alone as I ought to have done, I began to toss it into the air. This I did several times, trying to throw it higher with each new effort. At last, thinking to toss it as high as the cornices of the houses, I threw it with great energy.—Alas, for me! My arm struck my side, and the unlucky piece of china went crashing through the window of a dwelling house. Thinking of my fear only, I ran home as fast as my feet could carry me. Nor did I either pause or look back until I turned a corner.

Shortly after this misfortune the son of the man whose window I had broken came home from play. Seeing the window broken, he stood outside with his hands in his pockets, looking at it. A man passing said, "Your father will think you broke that window, my little fellow, and he'll cane you smartly for it."

"No he won't," said the boy calmly, "for I shall tell him I didn't do it."

"You may tell him so, but will he believe you?" rejoined the man.

"To be sure he will. He always believes what I say."

That was nobly said, and it was as he said. That boy wore a diamond, called truth, on his heart, and his father knew that he could trust him. Where was I? Well, I sneaked home, feeling that I had done a mean act in not going straight to the owner of the house and confessing my misfortune. For several days I carried my secret with me. I was in torments lest somebody had seen me, and should, after all, tell my father. At last my secret was dragged out. A person who knew me had seen me break the window and had told the owner of the house. That gentleman knew my father, and the first time he saw him, told him what I had done. My father paid for setting a new square of glass, and on his return home called me to his side. His face wore a stern expression. I trembled and blushed like a culprit, for I knew he had found me out. Looking right in my eye, he said, "Peter, did you break Mr. C's window a few days ago?"

"Yes," I replied, holding down my head.

"What did you do that for?" asked my father, with less sternness in his manner. The worst of my load was now gone.—That secret millstone which had been crushing me was now rolled off, and I told my father all about the affair.

"Peter, my boy," said he, after hearing my story, "I am glad you did not deny your guilt. I regret you did not play the man when your misfortune happened, by going to Mr. C. at once. But I honor you for frankly and truthfully answering my question. I have paid for the window. Go. Be more careful about tossing old china in the street; and, above all, if you should ever be unlucky or foolish enough to meet with a similar accident, don't run away like a sneak. Act the part of a thorough honest boy, and own your fault at once."

I promised I would, and I tried to keep my promise. The advice my father gave me I commend to you, hoping that you will all remember that it is honest, noble, and manly to confess a fault, while to conceal it is to act the part of a coward.

Compulsory Kissing.

Everybody in Paraguay smokes, and every female above the age of 13 chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and instead of chewing it, roll it about and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed with satin and flashing with diamonds, as she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the other she draws forth from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco quite two inches long, looking like a monster grub, and then depositing the savory lozenge on the brim of your sombrero, puts up her face, and is ready for a salute. I have sometimes seen an over delicate foreigner turn away with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of the savage applied to him by the offended beauty for his sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, per force of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to, and one-half you meet are really tempting enough to render you regardless of the consequences, and you would sip the dew of the proffered lip in the face of a tobacco factory—even in the double-distilled honey dew of old Virginia.

General Butler has left engraven in enduring granite, several pungent jokes he perpetrated whilst in command of New Orleans. One of these is on the base of the equestrian bronze statue of General Jackson. One morning, when the curses of the people were loudest and deepest, a stone, cutter, guarded by a file of soldiers, was observed in Jackson square commencing working with his chisel. No one knew in what way he would desecrate the monument of the hero of New Orleans and each letter was watched as it appeared on the base until that declaration which made him famous, "The Union must and shall be preserved," was spelled out by the indignant people.