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Notice. The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Sponaler, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Sponaler & B. F. Junkin.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Problem.

A man sold a horse for \$56, thereby gaining as many per cent. as the horse cost dollars.—How much did the horse cost?

AUNT SUSIE'S BEAU.

"GIRLS," said aunt Susy Blake, laying down her knitting-work with a disturbed look upon her good-humored face; "do keep still a minute! my head whirls round like a cider-mill with your continual clatteration! Silas says, that folks out to Washington want to diskliver everlastin' motion—find something or 'nother that'll keep a-goin' forever, and never want to stop—and it seems to me as if you'd all got it! What is the matter, now?"

"Aunt Susy," said Nell Gorham, the youngest of the gay trio of girls, "we were disputing about your affairs! Mag Reed says that you must have had a beau some-time, and got disappointed in him, or something of the kind; Kate Smith says 'fudge' to everything Mag and I propose; and now, aunt Susy, if there has been any romance about your life, be kind enough to enlighten us, just to tease Kate Smith, if nothing more!"

"Yes, do, aunt!" put in Margaret Reed, from the corner of the cosy lounge, "tell us about your beau, and I'll give you this handkerchief the moment I've put the last stitch of embroidery on it! Please, aunt Susy, tell us all the courtship!" Margaret was curious in such matters.

Aunt Susy looked somewhat annoyed, but seeing it was no use to oppose the request of the girls, she settled herself back in her rocking-chair, took up her interminable stocking again, gave a preparatory hem! and began.

"Thirty years ago I was younger than I am now, though perhaps you won't believe it, but the fact of it is, girls, when you have lived as long as I have, you'll be as old as I am, and like as not full as grey-headed, if you don't color your hair with hair-dye, as I hope you won't. Colored hair is a desate on folks, just like showin' false colors in the army, it's apt to get people into difficulty. Now, there was Samuel Hughes—good, smart young feller as there was in Lynashtown; owned a big farm, and a yaller house, and a grey hoss. Almost any gal would have been glad to hev had him, but somehow Sam was kinder hard to please. Byne-by, a stylish critter from the city, all flounces and flummy-diddles, came to visit Mahala Brown, Squire Brown's darter, Victory Aurill, her name was; and in a fortnight all the fellers was nigh about ravin' after her.—Seemed as if some of 'em would turn into crazyties, and hev to be hurried to the Insane Asylum house."

"Wall, Victory she had the reddest cheeks, and the whitest forrad, and the brownest hair you ever seen, and her teeth was jest like white airthen. Everybody said, 'what a beautiful complexion Miss Aurill has got!' and Victory, she got so stuck up with their soft-soapin' that she wouldn't hardly speak to common folks.—Sam Hayes fell in love with her the hardest kind; and the perdicament of his heart, 'cording to his own account was alarmin'.

Sometimes, he said, it beat so hard that all the town might of heard it, if they had only been harkenin'; and then agin, it stopped beatin' intirely, and he felt jest as if he was nigh on to giving up the ghost.—The doctor said that nothin' ailed him but eatin' too much fish, and drinkin' cider, but Sam said, it was all his love for Victory. One day it was purposed that all the young folks in Squashtown should go a pic-nickin, a kinder of a party you know, and they got sot on havin' their time over in Paul Horn's wood's on tother side of Tadpole river. They went across on rafts, and Sam Hayes undertook to git Victory over on his little fishin' raft. Victory she got akairt, and Sam tried to comfort her by kissin' of her kinder sly, and Victory struck at Sam to keep him away, and in the scabble she fell off from the raft into the river. 'Save me, Sam! save me! I'm a drowned woman! Sam! Sam!' screamed Victory, turnin' over and over in the water, and thraahin' round the master; and Sam jumped right in after her, and in tew minutes had her onto the raft agin! But lawful sakes! where was her hair, and where was her red cheeks, and where was her white teeth? Her own mother wouldn't a knowed her! Her hair had turned as grey as a rat, her skin was all yaller and puckerd, and as for her teeth, they warn't there! Everything about her face worth lookin' at had cleared out intirely! She was a sight to be seen! The water, ye see, had washed the paint off of her face, and the dye-stuff out of her hair, and there she was, as homely an old gal as was ever createdion. Sam, he never sed a word, but jest clapped his hand on his stomach, and streaked it for home. If you want to make him mad, jest say Victory Aurill to him. So, my advice, to you, gals, is to let paintin' yer hair and faces alone, unless you can be satisfied never to go nigh any water. Water is a terrible thing to a made-up woman."

"Oh, yes, to be sure, aunt!" cried Mag

Reed, impatiently; "but what about your beau?"

"Want to hear about my beau, eh?—How do you know I ever had one?" asked aunt Susy, tartly.

"Why, a handsome woman like you, aunt, said Nell Gorham, appeasingly, "must have been a pretty girl, and pretty girls are never without a beau, you know!" "There now! Did you ever!" exclaimed aunt Susy, with assumed disgust, but glancing stealthily at the opposite mirror.

"Well, gals, the fact of it is, I was good-lookin' once. Robert Idkway said once that I was handsome as a big pippin apple; and Joe Brown said that of all the gals in the town he liked the looks of me the best! Them was tells worth havin'.—There warn't no fellers to speak of, in them times, round Squashtown. There was Tim Johnson, but he squinted all the time as if he was lookin' through a spy-glass, and then there was Jerry Wheeler.—Poor Jerry! his nose was long enough to bridge over the Merrimac river, any time! It would have been onpossible for a paison of my temperature so romantic and full of sensibleness, to have been happy with men of natures so oncongenitive. Ye see, I am naturally of a kinder high-flyin' turn—like to see the sublimatories of natur' as prohibited in the great mountains and the roaring spatteracts! Natur' is a powerful cretur; and I'd rather see the ocean in a state of turpentine with the lashing of rude Borax, than to gaze upon all the splendoriferousness of the Crystal Palace, or Queen Victoria's red petticoat! Them's my sentiments!"

"But your beau?" queried Kate.

"Sure enuff! I'd about forgot. Now, I ain't no great hand to go all round the wood-shed a-tellin' anything. Some folks is. There's old uncle Nat, for one. He's been a powerful sailor, and he allers has a great sight to say about furren countries. He go to the Subterranean Sea, where all the folks that liv' git swallowed up in airth-quakes, and from there to Mt. Chimblly-Razor, and then back to the rock of Glib-Stalter to tell you that he's got the tooth-ache! For my part, I'm glad I don't know so much about the world! Sakes alive! sich folks are enough to wear a body out! Circumbobberating the airth after nothin'!"

"Yes, but the beau?" cried the three girls at once.

"Law me! can't you wait? The world wasn't made in a day, no more'n I got a beau in that time; and it ain't best to drive business, quite so much. Somehow you won't seem to take no puttin' off, and if I must tell ye, I s'pose I must. My beau's name was rather a peccooliar one—Seth Moses Udozia Tumbottle. The boys—boys are allers hateful-actoned critters—called him by the four first letters of his four names—S. M. U. T.—Smut. Seth Moses was a nice kind of a chap as you'd see anywhere; wore a standin' dicky, and had black hair and whiskers. He was powerful fond of verses, and allers carried a book writ by a friend of his, Mr. Byron, or some sich name. T'wan't no great thing though; precious little rhyme about it, and rhyme is all the beauty of verses. Seth used to drop into our house pretty often, to talk politics with father and eat apples and cider. He had a tremenjuous great cat-ate."

"I was about the matter of nineteen years old, then; and as smart a gal as you'd see anywhere. I could bake pies and cakes, and spin and weave, and make butter and cheese jest like a book. Everybody was a-talkin' about how caperble I was. Seth Moses' mother got cold at a trainin', and it settled on her lungs and diaphrag, and the doctor said she'd got the inflammation of the pleurisy, and it wasn't long before she died and left Seth Moses and his father, old Tumbottle, orfins. It was a kinder of a sad case, no wimmen folks about to look after their things; and folks said that Seth Moses was a-gwine to git married. Old Tumbottle had a fine house, with pizarros and whitlows and invigorators all over it; and there was a famous big winder in the parlor, curtained off from the rest of the room, that they called the confectionary—a place to put plants in, ye know. It was a first rate chance for any gal, folks said; and father and mother were nigh 'bout crazy for me to have Seth Moses. To tell the plain truth, gals, I shouldn't have been a mite offended about doin' jest as my parents wanted me to. It's one of the Ten Commandments."

"Wall, as I sed before, I was a remarkable smart creature—there ain't many smart gals now-a-days. Folks did bring up their gals to know nothin' of any consequence; and the amount of it is jest this—the men that marry 'em git tremenjuously cheated! Now there's Squire Dye-house's wife—don't know how to make a puddin' nor fry a slap-jack! Lays on the sofer all day and reads the novels; and lets her table set rite in the floor, with all the dirty dishes on it, till the squire gets home to dinner. Then she flies round like a mouse in a hot skillet; and they say that the squire—poor man! has took up eatin' his dinner in a refrigerator. Awful doins! But to come back to Seth Moses. Seth was real ginerous—didn't mind a nispence no more'n you would a grey bean.—He used to bring me the slightest of candy and peppermints—father said to make me

sweet—but Seth Moses jest squeezed my hand, and said, ter'ble low and tender-like, 'As if you wasn't sweet enuff now, Susy!' Of course, gals, I don't expect you to tell of this nonsense. It wouldn't be fair.

"We had a tame monkey in our family—uncle Nat brought him from Greenland, or the West Indies, I forget which; and Snip, that was his name, was a desprit favorite with us all. The way he used to cut up was astonishin'. Jest what he seed anybody do—he'd go rite away and do hisself. Snip owed Seth Moses a grudge, because Seth tied a bell to his tail one time, and sot everybody to laffin' at him, so Snip he was determined to torment him all he could. He'd steal his handkerchief and wipe the dog's nose with it, and once he got the precious book that Mr. Byron writ, out of Seth's coat pocket, and dropped it into the slop-pail! Nigh about ruined it!"

"Wall, Seth Moses kept on visitin' to our house, till we looked out for his comin' every night as a settled pint. After awhile, father and mother got to droppin' off, and leavin' Seth and me alone on the old settle afore the kitchen fire. At sich times I ginerally knit and Seth twirled his thumbs. Real interestin' for us to experience if it ain't quite so interestin' for you to hear. One night, 'twas in March; and I've despised the month ever sense—Seth came over as usual. About eight o'clock father went to bed, or reetired, if that suits you any better, and mother did likewise. Seth he got kind of oneasy-like, and I didn't know as the settle-cushion was beat up right for him. So, sez I, 'Seth, what's the matter? You don't net as if you sot comfortable!' 'Don't I?' sez he, fidgetin' about. 'No,' sez I, 'pears as if the settle don't jest fit ye; s'pose'n I beat it up!' 'Susy,' sez he, jumpin' up all of a sudden, 'I've got somethin' on my mind!' 'Law well!' sez I, 'take it off then if it distresses ye; what is it, yer new watch-chain?' 'Susy,' sez he, poppin' down on the bilin' hot hearth, (burnt a hole in each knee of his trousers,) 'Susy, I love ye! You are my star! Of all the heavenly planters that tread the sky and wraps their splendoriferousness in the clouds, thou art the brightest!' I have said before that Seth Moses was very romantic, if the boys did call him 'Smut'; and I was jest a gwine to be as pulite as he was, when onlucky enuff, I happened to turn my eyes toward the tother corner of the fire-place; and oh, that monkey! Dear sake! I've abominationated a monkey forever, all on account of that Snip! There he was, squat down on his knees afore our old dog Rover, his paws histed up jest like Seth's hands, and his head bobbin', and his eyes rollin' about orfully. I couldn't stand it, and I tickled rite out a-laffin'.

"Oh! you monkey! you monkey!" sez I, laffin' away as tight as I could.

"Seth, poor, foolish toad! thought I meant him, and he was awful mad, I can tell you. He got rite up off from the hearth, grabbed his hat, and aimed at the door. I tried to exploterate the matter to him, but he wouldn't take no kind of a hearin' of it; and went off, slammin' the door to behind him. That was the last of his being my beau. Two weeks after, he married Sarah Jones, and took her home to his nice house with all its invigorators. I've lived without him though, and got along tolerably well. Sometimes I think that monkey did a blessed good job for me, for they do say that Seth Moses drinks and scolds at his wife."

"Howsomever, I should kinder have liked to a' tried the married state, jest to see how I should a' liked it. It couldn't have done no hurt, anyhow."

Anecdotes of Negro Officials.

A correspondent from South Carolina, sends the following amusing accounts of Southern officials:

"Not long since a negro offender was brought before a negro Trial Justice. The prisoner's offence was, in fact, no offence at all, and it was only out of malice that he was arrested. A white man—a most respectable farmer—had given him some cotton seed, and he had taken it without a thought but what the title was good. But another negro claimed the cotton seed and had darkey No. 1 arrested for stealing.—The Trial Justice heard the testimony and sentenced the poor negro to ten days' imprisonment and twenty dollars fine, although there was not a particle of testimony upon which could reasonably base a conviction. It happened the Circuit Court was in session, and the Judge was informed that an innocent man was in jail. He had the justice before him in court and inquired for the testimony, which the law declares shall be reduced to writing.

"I hain't got any," said the black Justice. "I don't do no writin' in my court. I keeps it all in my head."

"What testimony did you have against this man?" demanded the Judge. He could not give any.

"Then why did you convict him?" the Judge asked.

"Cause, sab, I noticed him close and he looked guilty."

"You convicted him, then, on his looks, and not on the evidence?"

The black judicial officer was thereupon given some advice as to how to conduct his

"court," and departed with a bow and a "Yes, sab."

I asked the lawyer as to the other Chester county officials. He informed me that the county was represented in the Legislature by three members, all negroes. One of them was a preacher, whose peculiarity was that he would never take more for his vote than \$10. He did not think it was wrong to sell his vote, provided he did not exact an exorbitant price. Ten dollars he conceived to be the fair figure. "This thing of gettin' a hundred dollars for a vote," he says, "is all wrong; ten dollars is as much as it is wof."

The county Commissioners of Chester, I was told, were two ignorant negroes and one drunken Irishman. The juries in the Courts are usually composed of four or five white men and seven or eight negroes. As jurymen, the negroes all seemed desirous to do right, but the trouble is their ignorance. In matters of account involving written documents and figures, how is a negro to be of service as a jurymen when he does not know a figure from an exclamation point? Another difficulty experienced with them as jurymen is the constant effort required to keep them awake. In hot weather, under the soothing influences of testimony and argument, of which they understand nothing, or at best but little, the African disposition to relapse into a doze is almost irresistible. In the courts here the testimony and argument are frequently interrupted by the Judge ordering the Sheriff to "wake up those jurymen." If the Judge has not had his dinner, or if, having it, sits heavily on his stomach and he feels generally annoyed, he sometimes breaks out, after a short stock of patience is exhausted: "Mr. Sheriff, wake up them niggers."

A Dispute Settled.

TWO farmers living on adjoining farms in Girard township, Erie county, have for years been unfriendly, on account of a disagreement about the line fence which separated their lands, both claiming the ten feet which was formerly a lane running between the two places. Their children have grown up inheriting their parents' animosity, and their eldest sons have several times been subpoenaed as witnesses in lawsuits which have grown out of this difficulty. The case had been a sort of suit in chancery, having run on from year to year, both men spending their money in lawyers' fees without any legal conclusion.

About a year ago the two farmers awoke on Monday morning to find that each had lost a child, one his youngest son, the other his only daughter. Like the houses of Montague and Capulet, in Romeo and Juliet, the scions of the two rival houses had secretly cherished a fondness for one another, and knowing the feud between the families, without divulging their passions or intention they met clandestinely and carried into an effect an elopement.

A week passed, at the end of which the father of the runaway daughter was called on to go to Erie and attend again to the overlastin' lawsuit. He went in early to the office of the lawyer, and taking up one of his weekly papers, read the marriage notice of Emma. It was a terrible blow, and he went out into the yard to try and walk off his fever of excitement. All that passed through the old gentleman's mind is not known, but there seemed to be a desperate struggle within himself which resulted in his returning to the lawyer's office and postponing the business. Then he drove directly to his farm, and had a long private interview with his wife; then he did what he had not done for twenty years—went over and called on his enemy. He was found sick, having been confined to his room since the abandonment of his favorite son. But the two farmers met, and both for a few minutes stood face to face in profound silence.

At length the father of Emma spoke: "I have come to settle the dispute; let the children have the lot on either side of the lane, and I will build them a house."

The sick man was overcome with emotion and sat down, but soon replied: "And I will furnish it."

So the recreant children were sent for and forgiven, and came home to receive their parents' blessing. And now there are no more lawyers' for the two farmers, but each has faithfully fulfilled his contract in regard to the house and furniture. The young couple removed to their new dwelling in May, since which Emma has had a spell of sickness, but both the old grandmothers say "she is as well could be expected."

Dr. H. was preaching on the crucifixion, and in the course of his discourse had so worked upon the sympathies of his auditors that many were in tears. After dwelling on the cruelty of that mode of punishment the doctor spoke of the malefactor crucified at the Saviour's right hand, who was so blessed as to receive pardon.—"Brothers and sisters," said he, "who among us would not give all he possesses to-day to be thus favored? I would give ten thousand worlds if I could have been there and been that thief. Yes," continued he, after a moment's pause, as if to reflect, "I would give eleven thousand!"—The effect upon the audience of this additional bid may be imagined.