

The Boy's Boarder.

ONCE upon a time, long before any of you children were born,—about two hundred and fifty years ago, in fact,—a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence, and looked about him.

Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the household of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder, which made him turn around, and he said, with great astonishment:

"What! Is that you Peter? What has brought you to Florence? and how are all the people in Cortona?"

"They're all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep—stupid things! I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

"But have you got any money?" asked Thomas.

"Not a penny."

"Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace. You will be sure of not starving to death, at least," said the sage Thomas.

"Do you get enough to eat?" asked the other boy, reflectively.

"Plenty. More than enough."

"I don't want to take service, because I want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take me to board—on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter, I'll settle the bill."

"Agreed," said Thomas, after a moment's thought. "I can manage it.—Come up stairs to the garret where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner, by and by."

So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were beautifully whitewashed.

The food was good and plentiful, for when Thomas went down into the kitchen and foraged among the broken meats, he found the half of a fine mutton-pie, which the cook had carelessly thrown out. The cardinal's household was conducted upon very extravagant principles.

That did not trouble Peter, however, and he enjoyed the mutton-pie hugely, and told Thomas that he felt as if he could fly to the moon.

"So far, so good," said he; "but Thomas, I can't be a painter without paper and pencils and brushes and colors. Haven't you any money?"

"No," said Thomas, despairingly, "and I don't know how to get any, for I shall receive no wages for three years."

"Then I can't be a painter, after all," said Peter, mournfully.

"I'll tell you what," suggested Thomas. "I'll get some charcoal down in the kitchen, and you can draw pictures on the wall."

So Peter set resolutely to work, and drew so many figures of men and women and birds and trees and beasts and flowers, that before long the walls were all covered with pictures.

At last, one happy day, Thomas came into possession of a small piece of silver money. Upon my word, I don't know where he got it. But he was much too honest a boy to take money that did not belong to him, and so, I presume, he derived it from the sale of his "perquisites."

You may be sure there was joy in the little boarding-house, up among the chimney-pots, for now Peter could have pencils and paper and India-rubber, and a few other things that artists need. Then he changed his way of life a little. He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything that he could find to draw, whether the pictures in the churches, or the fronts of the old palaces, or the statues in the public squares, or the outlines of the hills beyond the Arno, just as it happened. Then, when it became too dark to work longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house, and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed, where landlord Thomas had put it, not so much to hide it as to keep it warm.

Things went on in this way for about two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder, or if they did know it, they good-naturedly shut their eyes. The cook used to remark sometimes, that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, and it was surprising he didn't grow more.

One day, the cardinal took it into his head to alter and repair the place. He went all over the house in company with an architect, and poked into places that he had never in all his life thought of before. At last, he reached the garret, and, as luck would have it, stumbled right into Thomas' boarding-house.

"Why, how's this?" cried the great cardinal, vastly astonished at seeing the mean little room so beautifully decorated

in charcoal. Have we an artist among us? Who occupies this room?"

"The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence."

"A kitchen-boy? But so great a genius must not be neglected. Call the kitchen-boy, Thomas." Thomas came up in fear and trembling. He never had been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the charcoal drawings on the wall, and then into the prelate's face, and his heart sank within him.

"Thomas, you are no longer a kitchen-boy," said the cardinal, kindly.

Poor Thomas thought he was dismissed from service,—and then what would become of Peter?

"Don't send me away!" he cried, imploringly, falling on his knees. "I have nowhere to go, and Peter will starve—and he wants to be a painter so much!"

"Who is Peter?" asked the cardinal.

"He is a boy from Cortona, who boards with me, and he drew those pictures on the wall, and he will die if he cannot be a painter."

"Where is he now?" demanded the cardinal.

"He is out, wandering about the streets to find something to draw. He goes out every day and comes back at night."

"When he returns to-night, Thomas, bring him to me," said the cardinal.—"Such genius as that should not be allowed to live in a garret."

But, strange to say, that night Peter did not come back to his boarding-house. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time, the cardinal caused a search for him to be instituted, and at last they found him in a convent. It seems he had fallen deeply in love with one of Raphael's pictures which was exhibited there. He had asked permission of the monks to copy it, and they, charmed with his youth and great talent, had readily consented, and had lodged and nourished him all the time.

Thanks to the interest the cardinal took in him, Peter was admitted to the best school for painting in Florence. As for Thomas, he was given a post near the cardinals person, and had masters to instruct him in all the learning of the day.

Fifty years later, two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. One of them was called Peter of Cortona, and people said of him, "He is the greatest painter of our time." The other was called Thomas, and all they said of him was, "Happy is the man who has him for a friend!"

And he was the boy who took a boarder.

A Strong Witness.

Some years ago a law suit occurred out West, growing out of the destruction of a quantity of growing corn, belonging to a Mr. Wilson, by hogs owned by a Mr. Brown. The latter owned eight hogs, and Wilson declared that they were all in his field, and that, consequently, the havoc was immense. Brown protested that he didn't believe any of his hogs were in Wilson's field, but if any at all, certainly not more than one or two, and therefore the damage could not have been as great as represented.

Wilson had a witness on his side named Jerry Parker, not a very bright young man, but noted for having a wonderful imagination. He came in late, and had not a very distinct idea as to how the case stood, but he had a very vague notion that it was for Wilson's interest to make the number of hogs appear as large as possible.

When he took the witness-stand he was questioned by Wilson's lawyer, who asked: "Jerry, did you see the hogs in Mr. Wilson's cornfield, on the day in question?"

"Yes, sir, I did," replied Jerry.

"Do you know exactly how many there were?"

"No, I didn't count 'em; but I'll take my oath there warn't less than thirty."

The consternation of Wilson and his lawyer, at this unexpected reply, may be imagined; and it was not lessened when Brown's lawyer arose and said:

"Your honor, as my client has only eight hogs' it is very evident that those which destroyed Mr. Wilson's corn belonged to some one else, and I ask judgment for the defendant."

The court granted the request, and poor Wilson, by having too strong a witness, lost the case.

A Mad Candidate.

We won't vouch for the truth of it, but a good story is told of a certain candidate in this county. He stopped with a farmer the other day. He shook hands with him, inquired kindly after the family, stroked the cat, kissed the baby and handed a cracker to the dog; then walked out on the farm. He praised the horses and the cattle and went into ecstasies over the poultry; was just three-quarters of an hour in getting the calves from one pasture into another; held down a couple of sheep whilst the young men sheared them; turned the grind stone while the old man ground the axe and scythe, and then made the discovery that the farmer hadn't been in the State long enough to vote. It is said if that candidate was to spend the rest of his natural life in prayer, he couldn't mend what he did in those few minutes after making that discovery.

What to Teach.

The daily newspapers are discussing, with well affected surprise, the question why nearly half of the young men named for Cadets at West Point failed to pass the very light examination required there. If anybody understood the reason, we should have supposed the editors of the newspapers did. Does not the whole drift of the so-called education of the country run to a pretense in what people call the higher branches, rather than to solidity in the three Rs,—reading, writing, and arithmetic? And does any one know this better than the editor of a daily newspaper, condemned to read articles badly written, badly spelled, and based on very bad calculation? If, by some miracle, the Civil Service Rules can be held on to for a generation, so that Commercial Colleges which teach nothing, shall be fitly disgraced, and so that any school which cannot teach a boy to spell shall be truly reported before the community, there will be, gradually, in the results of the Civil Service examinations, a standard given which the country will heed as to the working education of the schools. It is not West Point alone, which rejects half the people who apply for admission. There is not a bank which wants a new teller, there is not an importer who wants a new clerk for correspondence, there is not a clergyman who wants a new amanuensis, there is not a merchant who wants a new book-keeper, who does not reject nine applicants out of ten, for the very reasons for which West Point has rejected these boys, because they cannot spell, they cannot write, and because they do not know what the rule of three means. And thus we come round again to the question, "Would it not be better to teach three things thoroughly, than a thousand things ill?"

Those Molasses.

Senator Jones tells a story of a queer character he once had in Nevada by the name of Pokebury. He was a lawyer of some promise, but came to nothing through drink. Losing all his clients, he went to mining, and joined a rough miner by the name of Spokes. At the end of a week Pokebury appeared in town with a black eye, a swollen nose and lacerated garments. Of course we were anxious to know all about it. "Well, you see," said he, "Billy and I were partners, and I liked Billy, for he's a well-meaning man for an uneducated cuss. But Billy and I dissolved partnership we settled and struck—leastwise we struck each other, and Billy settled. Our first little difference was of an astronomical character. We divided the day different. Billy divided on 6 A. M., and I divided on 10 A. M., and Billy, instead of allowing for astronomical difference, said I was a lazy dog. But I didn't mind that, for Billy was my partner, you see, and had a right to his views. Then we differed on abintion. Billy abinted before breakfast, and said I was a dirty dog, for you see I always abinted after breakfast. But I didn't mind that, for people will differ, and so long as the difference don't affect business, what's the odds? But the third difference was just a little too much for me. We were sitting down to beans and slap-jacks, and Billy blowing about my being a greedy hog, when a suddenly the fellow said to me, "I thank you for those molasses." This was too much—no man can say "those molasses" to me and live; and I just took him in the countenance with a right-hander that settled him and his darned insulting bad grammar together. That's the way we dissolved. I'm in town, and I guess Bill will be here in a couple of weeks."

Don't do It.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it.

Don't worry about an other man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable.

Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time, and real sorrow will come.

Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil.

Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough.

Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market.

Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight.

Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.

An Italian jury recently acquitted a prisoner on a most ingenious plea. A tax-collector of Naples absconded with public money amounting to two hundred thousand dollars. He was caught, brought back and tried, but the jury acquitted him because the money he had stolen was the people's money, and, as he was one of the people, he was part owner of that money, and of course it would be monstrous to convict a man of stealing what was his own.

It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

Perry Circuit Campmeeting.

Perry Camp is situated in a beautiful grove near Shermansdale, Perry county, Pa. Commenced August 14th, 1874. The people are gathering on the ground and are busy arranging matters for the comforts and convenience of themselves and their friends.

At 8 P. M., we assembled for the first for worship. Rev. G. W. Lightner preached a very practical sermon from John 15—5, followed by Rev. James Smiley, of the P. M. Church.

Saturday 15th, at 8 A. M., we gathered in the altar for prayer and experience, opened by Rev. D. R. Burkholder, this first meeting in the altar was accompanied by a manifestation of Gods approbation, hearts began to blend together, tears of joy ran down, while praise ascended to the most high.

At 10 A. M., Rev. J. Garman preached from Psalm 119—7, followed by Rev. J. R. Hutchinson.

At 1 P. M., the children were gathered into the altar for children's meeting, and were addressed by Revs. Smiley and Lightner. At 2 P. M., Rev. John Smiley preached from Psalm 149—15, followed by Rev. D. R. Burkholder. At 6 P. M., we again assembled in the altar for prayer and experience meeting, opened by Rev. G. W. Lightner. At 8 P. M., preaching from the stand, by Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, text, Luke 15—7.

Sunday 16th, this morning nature smiles with a glowing sun, the air bracing and hearts cheerful. Soon the beautiful grove was all alive with people. At 8 A. M., we gathered in the altar for prayer and experience meeting, opened by Rev. D. R. Burkholder. At 10 A. M., Rev. W. B. Raber preached an able sermon to a large congregation, from Romans 8—142, followed by Rev. G. W. Lightner. Notwithstanding the large concourse of people, there was nothing to interrupt order and harmony, except a few Sabbath breakers, who would have pitched their tents of traffic on the ground leased by the camp meeting committee. But on being met by the managers, withdrew beyond our limits. At 1 P. M., the children assembled again for children's meeting, many glowing faces and loving hearts eagerly listened to the addresses of Revs. John Smiley and W. B. Raber. At 2 P. M., Rev. A. Tripner preached to a large congregation, from 1st Peter 5—4, followed by Rev. W. B. Raber. At 6 P. M., we again assembled in the altar for prayer and experience meeting, opened by Rev. T. Huston, conducted by D. B. Burkholder, many participated in speaking for Jesus, and many hearts were made glad, who gave God the glory until the leafy grove echoed the Maker's praise. At 8 P. M., Rev. G. W. Lightner preached a stirring sermon from Luke 14—17, at the close he gave an invitation to sinners to come to the altar to be prayed for, one came, while many felt that they should come and seek salvation. During this day many realized that it was no vain thing to wait upon the Lord, they renewed their strength and mounted up as upon eagle wings, and I hope they will with unwearied patience run the race. Thus ended to us a high day in Israel.

Monday 17th, this morning compared with yesterday, seems lonely. At 8 A. M., we gathered in the altar for prayer and experience meeting, opened by A. Tripner. At 10 A. M., Rev. T. Huston, the oldest Preacher in the Penn'a. conference gave us a short discourse, followed by Raber. At 1 P. M., Children's meeting, addressed by Eslinger, of Dillsburg, York county, Pa. At 2 P. M., preaching from the stand by Rev. J. Garman, who preached from Matthew 13—2 to 8, followed by Rev. G. Bingham. At 6 P. M., prayer and experience meeting, opened by Rev. Blain. After a few fervent prayers were offered up, many gave testimony of God's power to save. Again the Master came down our hearts to greet, in return we gave God the glory. At 8 P. M. Rev. W. A. Mickey preached a stirring sermon from Matthew 24—1 to 7, after which he invited sinners to the altar for prayer, three came, one found peace by trusting in Jesus.

Tuesday 18th, at 8 A. M., prayer and experience meeting, opened by Rev. G. Bingham. At the same time, at an other place quarterly conference held its session. At 10 A. M., we assembled for communion services. Rev. J. C. Weidler preached from 1st Thess. 5—6, followed by Raber. After which many participated in commemorating the suffering and death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. At 1 P. M., Children's meeting, addressed by Revs. Mickey and Weidler. At 2 P. M., Centenary address by Rev. W. B. Raber, who spoke of the origin of the Church, of the United Brethren in Christ, and of its comparison with other orthodox Churches and its peculiarities. After which the ordinance of Baptism was administered to ten adults and one infant, and four by immersion rest by sprinkling. At 8 P. M., preaching from stand by Rev. G. Bingham, from 1st Samuel 2—30, again he invited sinners to come to the altar for prayer, two penitents, and a glorious time of reviving among the members, they sang, they prayed and they shouted until a late hour at night, to God be all the praise.

Wednesday 19th, at 8 A. M., we met for prayer and experience meeting, opened by W. Wallace. At 10 A. M., Rev. J. R. Hutchinson preached from Luke 17—21, followed by Lightner. At 1 P. M., children's meeting addressed by Revs. Hutchinson and Burkholder. It was a solemn scene to see the children part, probably to meet no more on earth. (But whether they meet on earth or not,) if they obey the instructions given by the different ministers, they will meet in heaven, where parting will be no more. At 2 P. M., Rev. S. Bingham preached from Eph. 5—15 to 16. At 8 P. M., Rev. G. W. Lightner preached from Malachi 4—2, followed by Rev. J. Garman, who invited sinners for the last time at this camp-meeting, to come to the altar for prayer. Eight came to the altar, four found peace by believing in Jesus. At 2 A. M., we took a rest. At about 3 o'clock we gathered in the altar, when the ordinance of Baptism was administered to one adult and two received into the Church of U. B. in Christ. We then proceeded to give each other the parting hand. After which we gathered in the altar for the last time at this campmeeting, when parting addresses were made by Revs. Burkholder, Garman, Hutchinson and Huston. Dismissed by Rev. F. W. Lightner.

Thus ended our campmeeting, which we trust has proved a blessing to many during its progress. Many christians were revived, sinners convicted and a few converted. And we pray God to water the seed sown with the dew of heaven, that in future days it may spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

REV. D. B. BURKHOLDER. SHERMANSDALE, Pa. Aug. 21, '74.

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REV. D. B. BURKHOLDER. SHERMANSDALE, Pa. Aug. 21, '74.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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W. M. A. SPONSER, 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

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W. M. N. SEIBERT, Attorney-at-Law, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa. Bloomfield, 33 1/2

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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.

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