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Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Sponsor, J. C. Miller & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Spangler & B. F. Junkin, and from this date April 20th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said Bank, but the firm consists of W. A. Spangler & B. F. Junkin, Banking as Sponsor, 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. SPANGLER, B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

Dick's Horse Trade

RICHARD LONG, or "Long Dick," as he is better known, is a peculiar character that only the great western prairies could have produced. Brave to recklessness, shrewd and cunning, humorous and witty, a good rider and faultless trailer, he was looked up to by his comrades and considered a kind of oracle in all matters pertaining to prairie lore.

But to those who knew him in life, words are needless; and those who did not, could gain but a faint idea of his character and traits were an entire column spent in describing them. As to the incident that follows, we can vouch for its being truthful in every particular.

Long Dick was a passionate lover of horseflesh, and was never content unless he possessed the swiftest and best animal in the vicinity, and for some months he had been "cock of the walk," his latest acquisition—a deep chestnut sorrel—easily defeating all that had been pitted against him as yet.

But one day Dick was taken down a peg or two, in the following manner: As he was putting his horse through its paces on the parade-ground, a new comer pressed through the crowd and began imitating him.

This was a comely brave of the Pawnee tribe. He bestrode a large, clean-limbed, silver-grey stallion; a specimen of equine beauty that caused the eyes of more than one present to sparkle covetously.

And then its movements—so smooth, like clock-work, and guided only by its rider's knees, as his body swayed to and fro. Long Dick looked and scowled. He saw that he had met a dangerous customer.

A move of his hand parted the crowd from before him, and a long stretch of level prairie, smooth and clear of obstructions, was revealed. The eyes of the Pawnee sparkled with glee as he noted this action of Dick's, and then the rivals drew up alongside.

With a wild yell Dick sank spurs rowel deep into the flanks of the chestnut, which sprang ahead like a dart. The Pawnee laughed aloud and checked his fretting horse, until Long Dick was fully a hundred yards ahead. Then with a shrill yell he dropped the reins, and gave his steed free head.

With wonder we saw the hitherto invincible chestnut gained upon, then caught; and before a half-mile had been traversed, the grey stallion fairly rode around his rival, uttering a shrill neigh as of triumph. It was a sad hour for Dick, and he slowly rode back to the crowd, crest-fallen, while the Indian put the grey through its paces.

Dick resolved to possess that horse, if it cost him everything he was worth in the world. But he seemed doomed to disappointment. His offers were all rejected, until next day, as he was "showing off" his shooting powers at long range, using an English rifle belonging to Captain S—.

The Pawnee was standing by, deeply interested, and after a time signified a desire to try the rifle. Dick consented, and a few shots set the redskin fairly wild for the gun. Finally he offered his grey stallion for it. Dick's eyes flashed with joy, but then, dazed, for he knew how highly the rifle was prized by Captain S—, and that a score of horses could not buy it.

However, he put the Indian off for a time, and presently sought the officer.

"Say, cap," he began, "how much will you take for the shooter?"

"More than you can raise, Dick. I wouldn't sell it for a year's salary. It saved my life once, when my hair had fairly started, and the man who held the rifle was nearly half-a-mile away. I shall keep it as long as I live."

"But then lend it to me. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty dollars if you lend me the gun for one week."

"What do you want of it, Dick?"

"You know that grey horse? I want to trade it for him," was the cool reply.

"You get out! the rifle's worth a dozen such!"

"I know it—but I'll bring it back.—Give you Long Dick's word."

The captain, curious, tried to ascertain what the scout was up to, but Dick kept dark. He would only promise that the rifle should be returned within one week.

His word was a bond, and all who knew him knew that. He never promised more than he could perform. So the matter ended for the time, by the captain's consenting to his plans, whatever they might be.

There was great competition among the officers to secure the famous grey, and fabulous sums—for that section, where good horses were cheap as sheep are in the States—were offered, but in vain. The Pawnee had his eyes upon the rifle, and would sell for nothing else.

Dick stalked around with the coveted gun, and the Indian showed off his horse, each eyeing the other as if to note the impression made. The eyes of the entire camp were upon them, anxious to know how the affair would end. Many were the wagers laid upon the result, but the backers of Long Dick were obliged to give odds.

Finally matters came to a head—the trade was effected, and both parties seem-

ed hugely gratified. Only those who had lost upon the event, and Captain S—, were dissatisfied.

"Don't fret, cap," said Dick, chuckling, "you shall hev the rifle—never fear!"

"But how? It was a fair trade, and he'll not give it up peaceably. It won't do to kick up a fuss with him; the entire tribe would take it up, sure. How are you going to manage it?"

"You'll see. I know the imp. He's like all the rest of his tribe. I kin read him like a book. You shall hev the shooter afore the week's out. You've got my word, and Long Dick don't go back on that—nary time!" confidently replied the scout.

With this Captain S—, was forced to be content, but still he did not see into the matter. However, his eyes were soon opened, for on the very morning, Long Dick rode into camp with a wild whoop of exultation, best riding the grey stallion and brandishing the rifle.

"Thar cap—that's your rifle, and there the hoss—my hoss, too!" and the reckless scout uttered a loud, long peal of laughter, as though hugely pleased.

"How is it, Dick? Where is the Indian?" suspiciously demanded the officer.

"Come along 'th me, and I'll show ye," chuckled Dick, dismounting.

He led the way out from the camp for over half a mile, to a spot where he had been camping by himself for some time, disliking the crowded grounds above.

Stepping beside a hollow gully he pointed significantly down to where the ground had been lately disturbed.

"What is that, Dick?"

"He's thar—I 'planted' the imp this mornin'!"

"What! you did not kill him?"

"Don't bet on that, cap, 'cause if you do, you'll lose, shure!"

"Do you know what you've done?" angrily began the officer, when he was interrupted by the scout:

"Calc'late I do! Don't fly off the handle now, 'fore you're hurt! Jest wait ontel I gin ye the facts of the case," coolly said Dick, as he renewed his quid. "Last night that red man came down here and got to talkin'. I saw then that I'd hev the shooter afore day, but didn't let on."

"You see that line o' grass—tall weeds I mean; wall, thar's good browsin' close to thet. So I sais on the red, sais I: 'Thar haint no hoss thieves around here, be thar?' He sais no, nory only one; but I saw his eyes snap like fun, and that he war ready primed for to go off. So I takes the grey out yonder and ropes him out, and then laid down to sleep; but it was 'th one eye open."

"The red went off to'rds the camp, and then waited. You know the moon shined clear last night. Wall, 'long to'rds midnight I seed this pesky imp sneakin' up nigh here, and saw he'd tuck the bait.—He b'liv'd I war smoozin' sound, and then crawled off to'rds the hoss."

"Up I gets and sneaks after him. Shure enough the critter war 'fter the animal, as I 'lowed he'd do. He thought too much o' it not to make a try for both. Then as he gits out thar in the open, and goes to cut the laryit, I jest up and plugs the cuss. He dropped, in course, and so I had both hoas and gun. See!" chuckled Dick, in conclusion.

"But they may make a fuss about it.—They'll swear you shot him just to get the rifle back again."

"I knowed thet, and so I was fixed for it. I kin prove all I say. Thar ar feller—Jim Crogham—hid out to b'ar witness to it all."

And such was the fact. Long Dick felt confident that the Pawnee would not abandon the stallion without an effort to regain him, and he played his card accordingly.—First averting the redskin's suspicions he had laid his trap, and the fellow had fallen into it.

Such was one of the many well known instances of Long Dick's strategy that have gained for him a name scarcely second to that of "Buffalo Bill" among border-men. The above we can vouch for as being truthful.

"The jug is a most singular utensil. A pail, tumbler or decanter may be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean; but the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all in darkness. No eye penetrates it—no hand moves over the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it, and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and vice versa. Hence, the jug is like the human heart. No mortal eye can look into its recesses, and you can only judge of its purity by what comes out of it."

"No a Day for Whistlin'."

The late Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when the good people were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled the ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her she appealed to the first passer-by, asking him to whistle for her poodle. "Woman," he retorted, with a solemnity of visage which only a drunken man can assume, "woman, this is no a day for whistlin'!"

John Wesley's Wife—Scandal Against a Great Preacher a Hundred Years Since.

THE assault upon the name and fame of Henry Ward Beecher recalls the story of an attack upon the apostolic and saintly man, John Wesley. The charges were similar and groundless beyond the shadow of a doubt. They were occasioned by the senseless jealousy of Wesley's ignorant wife, and were caught up by rival sectaries and even entertained by the public press. Wesley disdained to notice the slanders, notwithstanding the agitation and distress of his brother Charles Wesley, and of other members of the family, and of the dignitaries of the church. We find our narrative in the "Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley," by the Rev. E. Tyerman, published by Harper & Brothers in 1872, in three volumes, and reprint it for the purpose of showing that men of spotless lives and the most exalted character are liable to the same abuse and slanders as have befallen the pastor of the Plymouth Church. Sarah Ryan, who is mentioned in the narrative, was housekeeper in one of Wesley's denominational asylums. She had been married to three men successively, who in turn abused and deserted her.—Her station in life was low, her education limited, and at times the obligations of duty lay loosely upon her. Under the preaching of the Methodists she became a convert and won the great preacher's confidence. Wesley was undoubtedly imprudent to confide his domestic troubles to her as he did, but there is not the least atom of evidence of any other indiscretion on his part.

In February, 1756, Wesley wrote to Sarah Ryan, as follows:

"Your last letter was seasonable indeed. I was growing faint in my mind. The being continually watched over for evil; the having every word I spoke, every action I did, small and great, watched with no friendly eye; the having a thousand little tart, unkind reflections, in return for the kindest words I could devise—

Like drops of eating water on the marble, At length have worn my slaking spirits down.

"Yet I could not, 'Take thy plague away from me; but only, 'Let me be purified, not consumed.'"

In another letter to Sarah Ryan he writes as follows:

January 27, 1758.

My Dear Sister: Last Friday, after many severe words, my wife left me, vowing she would see me no more.

Wesley and his wife, however, were again united, but were far from being happy. So things proceeded till 1771. "On one occasion she seized his letters and other papers and put them into the hands of such as she knew to be his enemies, that they might be printed as presumptive proofs of illicit connections." She even interpolated letters which she had intercepted, so as to make them bear a bad construction, and then to read them to different persons in private for the purpose of defaming him. In one or two instances she published interpolated or forged letters in the public prints. She accused Charles Wesley of idleness, and declared that for years his dearest Sally had been John Wesley's mistress. Charles danced with rage at this imputation cast upon his wife; but his Sally smiled and said, "Who will believe my sister now?" Frequently she would drive a hundred miles to see who was in the carriage with her husband on his entering a town. Sometimes her passions hurried her into outrage and indecency. More than once she laid violent hands upon his person and tore his hair.

No Time for Swearing.

"Catch me using a profane word in the presence of ladies," said a talkative strippling with a shade of down upon his upper lip. "There's a time for all things."

No, sir, there isn't a time for all things. No law, human or divine, ever set apart a time for swearing. A profane expression is a sin and an abomination, utter it when and where you will. As for ladies, it is well to be and act our best in their presence. We cannot be too true, too pure, too honorable, if we want to stand upright before a good woman, or a good girl—yes, while I'm about it, I'll add, or before a little mite of a girl-baby, with her soul fresh from heaven.

I only know of one other before whom we ought to be just as particular if not more so. When He is not around, my boys, you can safely do just about as you please. But when you're in his presence—and to my thinking, we're all there, or thereabouts pretty much all the time—have a care! Don't offend the deepest love, the whitest purity, the grandest honor of all.

Ill Temper.

A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dreadful thing it is to have such a one in a house! There is not myrris and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as that; no riches, no elegance of mien, no beauty of face can ever screen such persons from utter vulgarity. Ill temper is the most vulgar thing that the lowest born and illst bred can ever bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety. Peevishness in a home is not only a sin against the Holy Ghost, but sin against the Holy Ghost in the very temple of love.

Dars that B&T.

An old farmer Higgins, the religious church member, was reading the Bible to his family one night, a very large bat came into the room, and as Mrs. Higgins had a horror of these little animals, she was naturally very nervous, at last she could not stand it any longer. "Lor Sakes! Mr. Higgins, do put that nasty thing out doors, it comes flipping so near me that it makes me feel so scared that I can't sew at all." Mr. Higgins then called his son John, to help him eject the little creature. Mr. H. grasped a broom and mounted a chair. John procured one of father's boots; and every one was in readiness to kill the bat. It came sailing directly toward Mr. H., who made a terrific blow at it with the broom, but the bat escaped, and the blow descended on the head of Mrs. H., who fell to the floor in hysterics. It so shocked that lady that her false teeth were found in one corner and her hair in the other. John said his father was a crazy old fool for not being able to kill a bat, so he determined to kill it himself. After making frantic endeavors to reach it with his boot, he became so enraged that he threw it at the bat. But alas! that bat was not destined to be hit; but the nose of Mr. H., was, and it came in contact with the flying boot, and it floored that worthy gentleman and laid him low in the dust. Betsy, the dairy maid hearing the racket came rushing into the room with a large tray of sausage meat, to see what was the matter. The bat blinded by the light and anxious to get into more congenial atmosphere, flew into the face of Betsy, and so thoroughly frightened her that she upset John, who was already mounted on a high stool making desperate plunges at it with the broom, he came tumbling down and in his fall knocked the tray from her hands, and the contents were emptied in his eyes anamouth.

At last order was restored; and they scrutinized each other carefully, and came to the conclusion that they got the worst of the fight. Mr. H.'s nose was very sore, and he used language unbecoming a church member. Mrs. H. soon recovered from her fit, but John who had red pepper in his eyes was in no pleasant mood, that night he was heard to murmur in his sleep, in tender, child-like tones, "darn that bat."

Resisting the Evil One.

At a camp-meeting, not long ago, a man clad in a thin linen suit, seated himself on one of the rickety benches beside a fat man, who occupied fully one-third of the concern. When the services were ended the fat man arose, and the gentleman in thin linen suddenly began twisting about in a surprising manner, while his countenance was significant of mortal anguish.

His actions attracted the attention of some of the brethren, and one of them, a solemn-visaged individual, who looked as though he had just swallowed a pill, approached the writhing body, and laid his hand on the man's shoulder and said:

"Brother, if you are resisting the cruel promptings of the Evil One, strive manfully, and you will triumph at last. Remember, Jacob wrestled with the angel, and—"

"I dunno but he did," interrupted the agonized man, "but if Jacob had the seat of his trousers and a little of his hide caught in a consarned crack, he wouldn't feel like raslin' with an angel or any other critter!"

Studying for the Ministry.

A Louisiana negro, somewhat advanced in years, was accosted a few days since by a former employer, with the question as to how he was getting along. "Well, sir," said he, "I've quit work now, and am studin' for the ministry." The gentleman, upon asking to see what his sable attendant of former times had under his arm, was handed, with a great show of importance, an old copy of Webster's elementary spelling book, which the old darkey declared that the colored preacher up at the school-house had told him contained all the "larnin'" dat was worf pickin' up afore gwine in de pulpit. "Arter you gets dazed," continued the old would-be-divine, "you'se got to pound away on de Bible and sarch de Scriptures."

Took him at his Word.

A pensive young man in Wisconsin, while singing "Come, love, come," beneath his dulcinea's window the other night, had love, music, wind and everything else knocked out of him by a something in a long white garment that fell out of a chamber window. It proved to be nobody but his girl, who in her anxiety to know who was serenading her leaped too far over the window sill; hence the result. He says when he sings "Come, love, come," again, he will keep away from under the window, as his system can't stand many such shocks.

"Papa, do you think Beech—"

"Hush, Johnny."

"But, Papa, don't you think Beech—"

"Didn't you hear me tell you to stop your noise, sir? I won't have you talking about such things. Go in and get your face washed!"

And Johnny with tears in his eyes wants to know why papa won't tell him whether beech nuts are ripe.