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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, and from this date April 20th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Sponaler & B. F. Junkin. Banking as Sponaler, 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 has gained the confidence of the people.

W. A. SPONALER,
B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

Marrying For Love.

THERE were three sisters who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old house at Atwater; and in pointing them out to strangers, the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew how much Mr. Gillet was "worth," but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls; and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it were to Georgina, Millicent, and Dolly Gillet?

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillet declared were "frauds" and friends he had none, averring that friendship was "all humbug." As for marriage, it was in his opinion something which all wise people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted utterly, had deceived him. When his brother and his wife both died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them, and allowed them a few female friends.

But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting, and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden; and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

"What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding cards were sent to him. "Take a warning by this young couple, who don't know what is before them girls. Oh, what infatuation!"

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her young sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus, "What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-cheeked, and blue-eyed, little ears, teeth like pearls, little mouths like coral, dainty waists, and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still, single, and not one of them had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress; I believe he loved the girl, but what use was it? Georgina had given him a glance or two, and he had found favor in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly who was now eighteen, and prettiest of the three.

It was a well-understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Dr. Rush, (a handsome young medical man) had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe, round cheeks, dappled with peach color the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl, too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence, to the miseries of marrying."

"By your advice, I believe sir," observed the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that—"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillet. "What's love worth? It fades in a week and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. Dolly's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into any one's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That's wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine ever goes into the brute's pockets."

"Is all the fault on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time, but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out at Atwater, paused to look down in the water; and then and there some one came behind her and said, "Miss Gillet!"

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush. "It is growing so late that I mean to see you home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to be a hundred years old."

"I am very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor.

"You will probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; "how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly, as innocently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor. "I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money. I'll give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Do you want me to swear to it?"

"Oh, mercy! no," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't ever. Oh goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor, insinuatingly.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever marry."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many, and at last, one day, Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her hand.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly.

"You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"But uncle will be so angry?" said Dolly demurely.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush.

"And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved toward the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing only I knew you'd be angry, I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Milly screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I shan't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let us come to see you that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully; and we're to be married this day a month no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinion?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or excursions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke to their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to do all they could for her.

Dolly did not feel that she wanted anything. They seemed poor to her, though heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell on their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present; but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command, though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice mammon to love. And Millicent had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said. "I can't go on offering myself for ever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus.

"There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business was worse with the doctor. A

richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Dr. Rush trudged over the country in all weathers and all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early, carried him in his cart, and he was cared for as well as might be; but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this she put her pride down, and leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house? As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on; and as she did so, she saw that all the blinds were down. Some one was dead.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall, her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly, and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't rich, said Georgina.

"But we shall be rich women and will help you constantly."

"I knew poor Dr. Rush couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see that we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you, but they are our jewels."

Georgina smiled.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said, "but it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly; Milly only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said.

She went into the dead man's chamber and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her bowl of wine and jelly, and a few sovereigns.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet and an heiress?"

But Dolly said "No," from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of. "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. As she sat in the parlor afterwards, awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaid made no impression upon her, until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Millicent and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked timidly. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was crying. Georgina had flushed red as a peony.

"It means that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said, "You are the heiress. What have you been thinking of that you have not heard."

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his fortune to the niece who had married because he stated, she had proved to him that there was such a thing as love in the world; and had left to his single nieces, who had crushed their hearts for money's sake, five hundred dollars a year, lest some fortune-hunter should marry them for their money.

Yes, Dolly was the heiress; and Rush might take his own time in getting well, and have no anxiety about money; and for this reason Dolly was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was hers was theirs and soothed them with tender, loving kindness for their great disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Millicent does not. Rufus King heard of what had happened and came back to Atwater. He had a bald head, and her pink cheeks were gone, but they both remembered the apple orchard, and so there was another wedding. And somebody told me, the other day, that Oliver Robb, having lost his first wife, had been heard to say that Georgina Gillet was the finest-looking lady in Atwater, if she was forty. So who knows what may happen next?

Social Honor.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct to the lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is the guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents; sometimes a relative, whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases, the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, as far as people without are concerned.

A Remarkable Case.

THE Augusta (Mo.) Journal has the following account of a protracted battle between two oxen in that State: "Mr. Corydon Chanwick and Mr. Sullivan Erskine have a pasture in common at South China, which they use for the pasturage of cattle in the pasture. Mr. Chanwick and Mr. Erskine have each an ox with a lopped or crooked horn, the right horn of one and the left of the other having that peculiar formation. These oxen were turned loose into the common pasture, and it was between them on that spot that the pitched battle of which we are to speak took place. For several days these cattle had been missing; when the other cattle came up these were not among the number. How many days they had been missing before search was instituted is not definitely known; but becoming alarmed the owners went in quest of them. Coming to an opening in the woods, covering an area of about half an acre, Mr. Chanwick, who went in search, came upon a sickening spectacle. The lopped horns of the oxen were clasped, and the exhausted animals, united, compactly, stood face to face, waiting for death, having apparently given up the struggle. It is supposed that while they were engaged in play their horns became entangled; failing to disconnect themselves, a terrible struggle of several days took place. The open space was literally torn up, as though it had been plowed with a sub-soil plow. When they were turned into the pasture they were large, fat, seven-foot oxen, but now they had become so emaciated and famished that a person could almost clasp them around with his arms. They were perfectly docile when found, but Mr. Chanwick could not untie the knot. The horn of each was sunk into the other's head, and it was only by calling help, and sawing the horns off, that a separation could be effected. There were festering sores where the horns went in. Thus a mortal conflict, lasted eight days, had been going on between these oxen, who in that time had not partaken of any sustenance, and perhaps had not been able to lie down. Their jaws had to be pried open, and gruel administered to them. Their heads had been united so closely that their faces were bare to the bone. It is possible the animals may live."

Friend and Enemy.

Death is a sure visitant at every home. Rich and poor, young and old, alike must meet his summons. How different in aspect to those who are ready and waiting for His call, from the dread of His presence brings to the heart of the unprepared.

An old Scotch minister lay sorely ill, and a neighbor calling upon him said:

"Do you really think you are dying, dear sir?"

Looking up calmly, he said: "Really, friend, I am not anxious whether I am or not; for if I die I shall be with God, if I live He will be with me."

When the great historian, Gibbon, was drawing near the close of his life, he was asked how the world appeared to him. Said the dying skeptic:

"All things are fleeting. When I look back I see they have been. When I look forward all is dark and doubtful."

To be Children of God.

"What is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to his friend.

"Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the other. "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody."

Ashton looked George in the face.— "Began to-day! How? What do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, and so grow to be a Christian man," said George. I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood; and it is in the power of every boy to reach that. Every boy cannot be rich; every boy cannot be a king; every boy cannot be a lord; but God asks you all to a Christian manhood—to be his sons, and so, with his Son Jesus Christ, to be heirs of heaven.

A Welsh Calvinistic minister, well known in his day as "Sammy Breeze,"

was called upon to preach, amongst others, at one of those periodical gatherings popular amongst the Welsh, which are, as it were, feasts or sermons—two, three, or even four preachers succeeding each other in the pulpit—perhaps in Welsh or English alternately. The young man who immediately preceded Sammy had taken as his text, "He that believeth not shall be damned;" but "begged pardon" of his audience for the strong language he was using. Sammy got up after him and read the same text. "Brethren," said he, in his honest Welsh-English, "Our young friend has been very foine to-night, and very polite. I am not fery foine, and I am not polite; but I will prash a little bit of gospel to you. "He that believeth not shall be tanned," and I begs no pardons."

Whitfield produced great effect upon his hearers on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed (something in the same way as Our Billy's) to the eye as well as to the ear.

"You seem to think salvation an easy matter," said Whitfield.— "Oh! just as easy as for me to catch that insect passing by me." He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment and opened his hand— "But I have missed it."