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April 20, 1574.

A Lucky Loan.

SAM and I were sitting at one of the windows of the cosy little restaurant where we both usually dined, myself in that delightful dolce far niente state which generally accompanies post prandial digestion, he chewing his scrubby mustache fiercely, and glaring around for some object to vent his wrath upon.

Samuel is general delivery clerk in the post-office of our town. He is a single gentleman, aged about thirty, as bonest and good a soul as ever breathed; has a dry way about him that is quite amusing, and is very fond of grumbling-a habit which the vexatious duties of his position have quite naturally made him fall into. His particular forte in this line in his chronic ill luck, which, by the by, I do consider wholly imaginary.

Glancing casually out of the window, I beheld our mutual friend, Jack O'Bandel, sauntering leisurely by, with his charming intended, Miss May Moonshine, hanging

"Sam !" said I, meditatively.

"What is it, George?" inquired the

epistolary apostle. "Just see who is passing by."

Sam jerked himself forward and looked He started. A scowl black as midnight gathered upon his intellectual brow, and in a tone of unmistakable sincerity he ejaculated,-

" Confound it !"

"Sam !" I exclaimed, in a tone of mild reproof. "methinks I have heard you make that remark before."

"Just to think," Sam rambled on in a savage soliloquy, "that the insignificant secretary of an insurance company, with nothing to recommend him but his impudence, a pair of bristly red side-whiskers and fifteen hundred a year, should swoop up the only daughter of a gouty old fool worth a quarter of a million-and all my fault, too !!!

"Your fault? What do you mean? What the deuce have you got to do with Jack's love affair?"

"The scoundrel owes his good fortune solely and entirely to me, and now he walks by without even deigning to bestow a glance upon his benefactor. This ingratitude truly is black-diabolical !"

"Look, here, Sam, you have the nightmare-you haven't got over the effects of your dinner. Or, if such is not the case, then explain."

"My usual luck !" groaned Sam.

"Sam," said I, with great awakening ire, "I command thee, elucidate! Whence this mystery ?"

"Listen, George," said Sam, heaving a deep sigh. "'Tis now but three months since, when O'Bandel and I, after having dined and played a game of dominoes at this very table, which I, of course, lost, strolled over into the post-office, I to resume my duties, and he to purchase a quantity of stamped envelopes. I stepped around into my office, Jack waiting at the delivery window. I was just on the point of handing him his envelopes, when up stepped a rather pretty young lady, of seventeen or eighteen summers, and Jack, with the most unblushing politeness, stood aside and made way for her.

"The little bread-and-butter miss inquired for a registered letter, with fifty dollars enclosed, for Miss May Moonshine. 1 found the letter at once, and she made an eager grab for it.

'Not so fast," said I, keeping the letter safe beyond her reach. "You must first prove identity."

"Identity!" she repeated, pretending not to understand, and assuming an air of consternation.

"Of course!" I exclaimed, with the sharp accent of the official on duty. "You must prove that you are in reality the person for whom the letter is intended."

"Indeed, sir, I really didn't know that," she protested, in a plaintive tone. "I am in the city on a visit, and don't know anyone but the McFlimseys, with whom I am stopping, and they have all gone into the country to-day. I have just received word that my father is dangerously ill, and this money is to defray my expenses home. Do please let me have it, sir !"

"Can't do it!" I said, emphatically, locking the letter up again. "It's against the rules, which I must stick to."

"Now she began to whimper, but I remained inflexible, for I was convinced that she was a sly little swindler.

"Now what do I behold to my horror O'Bandel is endeavoring to console her, and while he gives me a venomous look, he hauls out his pocket-book, and offers her his cash.

"Here, my dear young lady," he cays, "I am happy to be able to offer you succor Go to your sick father at once. Here is my card, so that you may know my address.

"She took cash and card without hesitation, and exclaimed, overjoyed,-

"A thousand thanks, my kind dear sir! You shall hear from me soon, depend upon she cried,it, sir!"

" With this she vanished.

"Well, I'll be hanged, O'Bandel, if I thought you were such a fool !" I said, with give up my letter !" commigeration. "You have been neatly done out of fifty dollars."

"You are mistaken, Sam," he calmly rejoined. "This certainly was a lady!"

"Bah! I have such characters to deal with every day of my life. I tell you, Jack, I know 'em. That was something too thin, about the McFlimseys having gone into the country to-day."

"Shut up, Sam, and give me my envel-

opes." "All right, here they are !" And, as he

hurried off, I yelled after him, "When the genuine Miss Moonshine comes for her money-letter, I will notify you instanter." "Several days passed, but the genuine Miss Moonshine did not appear, and the

registered letter remained in the post-office. My teasing O'Bandel, whenever we met here at dinner, consequently grew rather

"On the fifth day a letter arrived containing fifty dollars, addressed to O'Bandel, and simultaneously the registered letter for Miss Moonshine was recalled. My usual luck, by Jupiter! Jack entered soon after, demanding his letter, and saying, sarcastic-

" Do you require my identification. Mr. Delivery Clerk ?"

"Never a mind," I answered, coolly, "your ugly insurance mug is sufficiently well-known all over town."

"O'Bandel opened the letter right before my nose, and, beside the inclosure of the fifty dollars, he received a note from Judge Moonshine, thanking him in the warmest terms for the great service rendered his daughter, stating that he had happily recovered, wishing that he could express his gratitude in person to the chivalrous gentleman who, etc., etc.

"The matter was now apparently ended forever. Still I could not help feeling that, while I had strictly fulfilled my duty. I had nevertheless played a rather unenviable role."

"You cannot reproach yourself, however," said I to Sam, "for you merely enforced the law on which you have made

"Precisely what I said to myself," continued Sam.

"And, although I feel dissatisfied with this piece of business, yet, in a similar case, I should act again exactly as I did then. But, George, let me tell you the conclusion of the story. By jingo ! here's Jack.

Sure enough; O'Bandel entered the saloon at this moment, and greeted us cordially.

"We were just speaking of you, Jack," said I. "We just saw you pass with your lady-love,"

"Yes," rejoined Jack, laughing; "left her down the street, shopping.' "But finish your story, Sam," I suddenly

insisted. "What story?" queried Jack.

"The history of your love affair," snorted Sam. "Pray finish it yourself, as you know the details best. I had just reached the point where you got the letter from old Moonshine."

"Why not?" said Jack; stroking his auburn side-boards in a self-satisfied sort of a way. "The happy always like to speak of their happiness.'

"All of which you owe to me, you villain !" affirmed Sam.

"True, Sam," said Jack; "but you knew not what you did. But listen: I had just received my money back from the lovely unknown-"

"Lovely unknown!" I exclaimed .-"How differently that sounds from 'little bread-and-butter miss, and dler."

"Did Sam say that?" asked O'Bandel.

"Remember, I spoke only in the past tense !" cried Sam, hastily.

"Well, let it pass. At any rate, several weeks went by, and I had nearly forgotten the little episode. Receiving a couple of weeks' vacation, I improved the time by taking a trip to the springs. The day after my arrival, as I was trudging up a steep declivity beneath which was a dark, rocky gulley, I heard voices and laughter in close proximity, and looking up saw a party of ladies and gentlemen about a hundred yards above me. They were evidently having lots of fun, and one of them, a young lady in a fleecy, snowy-white dress, ran from the rest to avoid capture, and came flying down the hill right toward me. A shriek of terror from her lips suddenly made me aware that she would not be able to check her progress, and was in danger of being precipitated into the gulley .-Quick as thought I leaped forward and caught her trembling form plump in my

"While I was trying to recover my breath and self-possession, I distinctly noticed her take a good look at me through her veil, which she quickly pushed aside, and exclaimed joyfully,-

"Mr. O'Bandel !" "Who should it be but the fair stranger of sweet post-office memory! You can imagine the questions and answers which fol-

lowed each other in quick succession. "Finally grasping my hand unreservedly in hers, she burried me up to the company, and, before we had fairly reached them,

"Papa! papa! here is Mr. O'Bandel, the man who gave me the money in the post-office, because the rude clerk wouldn't

"Rude clerk ! did she say that ?" sjaculated Sam.

"I am adhering strictly to fact," Jack assured him, and continued : "Papa instantly approached me, his good face beaming with pleasure, and shook me warmly by the hand, at the same time introducing me to his friends, and relating to them my philanthropic action."

"Pray, don't mention the trifle !" beg-

ged Sam.

"Trifle? Thunder! how many others do you suppose would have done the same? You must assuredly possess a good and noble heart,' said her papa to me, 'for only such have confidence in their fellow creatures.' Well, to make a long story short, I had to remove to their hotel that very day, and through that splendid moonlight evening I strolled about in the gardens with angelic little Maysie hanging to my arm. I went to my room at eleven, but did not sleep; on the contrary, I again sought the open air, and strolled about alone. By sunrise, I had come to a certain unutterable determination.

"Before breakfast I met the jadge, who was glowing with kindness to me, and I inquired about the state of his health.

"Excellent!" he said, laughing. "But Maysie slept very little last night; I really can't imagine what is the matter with the

"My heart beat violently. I told him that I too had slept but poorly and had therefore come to him.

"To me?" he exclaimed, astonished. "I am no physician."

"But for me you may be, dear judge, for your daughter's picture drove all sleep from my eyelids last night."

"The murder was out. He did not look unfriendly, consequently I gathered boldness, and began to tell him about my antecedents, my present position, prospects, etc., when suddenly he cut me short, saying :-Oh bother ! don't speak of that. Old Judge Moonshine has enough for his daughter and his daughter's husband both. You have proven yourself a true-hearted man, and that is the chief thing. I shall never stand in the way of my daughter's happiness. You suit me first rate, and if May will have you, all that I shall have to say then, is, bless you my children."

"I don't remember now where I found Maysie, and how it all happened; but I do know that I escorted a little angel to breakfast that morning, who had promised to be my wife. The wedding takes place two weeks hence, and both of you are invited."

"The rude post-office clerk?" asked Sam incredulously.

"No, that judgment has been corrected - the faithful and trustworthy official, whose traditional sternness became the bridge to happiness for your humble servant and his beloved bride."

Sam and I both were at the wedding, and no one, excepting the happy groom, danced oftener with the blooming little bride than did my morose friend of the post-office. Sam still grumbles about his luck; but if he couldn't, he wouldn't be happy.

A Thrilling Account.

BILLY B. is a jolly, whole souled lad who is ever fond of a joke, and no one has a keener sense of the ridiculous than he. Not long since he was indulging in some of his marvelous escapes made during the war, in the presence of the polite Col. S. and the credulous Major B., when he related the following which is too good to

be buried in forgetfulness "I was engaged," said he "in a skirmish, advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Yankees in pursuit of me. The horror of being killed outside of the lines where my body would probably be food for the buzzard, took possession of my mind,"

"Ah !" said the Major, "turrible, turrible !"

"I considered a moment what was to be done. Most of us love life." "Yes," said the Colonel, "that's so,

that's so." "I was always swift of foot, and this time fear added to my speed. After looking back-for the country was an open one-I perceived that one of my enemies had outran the others, and the well known saying

we engaged with mutual fury, and in a few moments he lay a corpse at my feet." "Ah! turrible! turrible!" said the Ma-

of "divide to conquer" occurred to me, I

"Just so," said the Colonel.

"In this short space of time," continued Billy, "the two other Yankees advanced upon me, so I took to my heels not from cowardice, but with the hope of reaching a neighboring wood, where I knew I would be in close proximity to our picket lines. This hope I was forced to banish, for on looking back I saw one of

my pursuers far in advance of the other. "Ah! turrible! turrible!" said the Ma-

"Just so," said the Colonel.

"I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Yankes shared the fate of the first."

"Ah! turrible! turrible!" said the Major, while the Colonel sjaculated, Just so !" "I had now only one enemy to contend with, but I felt fatigued, and, being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fel-

low creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling above the trees. I redoubled my speed. I prayed manfully, and felt assured that my prayer would be granted. But at this moment the yell of the Yankes sounded on my cars. I even thought I felt his warm breath. There was no choice. I turned around-"

"Ah! turrible! turrible!" interrupted the Major, while the Colonel grew impatient, past endurance, and said :

"And you killed him too?"

"No sir," replied Billy, "by bokey, he killed me !"

The Scotchman's Prayer.

Whether it is true or not that the Welsh are a quacrelsome people, we cannot undertake to say; the following laughable anecdote, however, would seem in some measure to countenance the conclusion (and Shakespeare, we believe, almost invariably represents his Welsh character as fouchy to a degree) that there is a modicum of truth in the charge. But to the story. A Scotch peddler, without the remotest intention on his part of getting into a quarrel or fight with any man, had put up (with his pack) for the night, at a country ale-house bordering on Wales, where, as the fates would have it, he found a motley assemblage in the kitchen of the inn, of not the most desirable individuals; and, among the rest, a Welshman, whose aim, from the very first, it seemed to be to get into hot water with poor Sawney. The latter, sagaciously appreciating the true character of his tormentor, and determined to get rid of him in the quietest way possible, told him he "did not want to fight." This only excited to a still higher pitch the bravado of the Welshman, and he told the Scotchman that he would "make him fight." "Well," says Sawney, "if I must fight, let me say my prayers before I fight," which the Welshman conceding, the Scotchman fell on his knees, imploring his Maker to pardon him for "the twa men he had already killed, and for the one that was aboot to die." The Scotchman slowly rose from his knees, but not before the Welshman had made a precipitate retreat from the

Russian Friendship. Gov. Curtin, United States Minister to Russia, held a conference with Gortschakoff, during which three books were brought in from the archives of the Foreign Office. The first contained an autograph letter from Napoleon III., asking Russia to join with England and France in breaking up the Federal blockade, and guaranteeing the independence of the Confederacy. The letter asserted that England had promised her co-operation. The second contained the Emperor's reply. He flatly declined the alliance proposed by Napoleon, and declared that, in the event of any European interference in the war. Russia would actively aid the North. The third book had within it copies of the sealed orders given to the Russian Admiral, who, as our readers will remember, brought his fleet into New York harbor during the war. The orders directed him to proceed at once, with his whole available force, to New York city; to remain at anchorage there for some time; and, in the event of European interference with the blockade, to put himself, and his whole force at the command of the Cabinet at Washington, and promised abundant and speedy reinforcements.

A Strange Case.

Patterson has another sensation. Mary Chambers claims that she is the lawful wife of man named James McLellan, a saloon keeper. For three years past, according to McLellan's story, she has been annoying him by claiming to be his wife he already having one wife (and several children), threatening to expose him unless be gave her \$600. Tired of her threats, he had her arrested. Her story is that she was married to McLellan twenty-three years ago in Stockport, England, to which place she went from her home, a distance of 40 miles, to avoid McLellan, who was said to be "too fond of the women." He followed her from place to place until she reached Stockport, where she consented to marry him. She has no marriage certificate, but she says the chapel in which the ceremony was performed was burned, and the records destroyed. She also states that for the three years she has been in Patterslacked pace and allowed him to come up; son McLellan has privately admitted to her that she was his wife, and that they have privately continued the marriage relation. At one time she made a complaint against him for bastardy, but on the examination it was demonstrated that she was not likely to become a mother either by Mc-Lellan or any other man. The woman appears to tell a straightforward story about her marriage, and had it not been for her deceit in the case last alluded to, many would find it difficult to discredit her story.

> An exchange says : "Old Skinffint. with a speckled hen, was down to O'-Brien's show last Thursday, and hitched his team to a fence in the rear of this office. Pulling an old ten-pound salt sack from under the seat, he proceeded to feed the horses. What on earth the hen was for we could not imagine, until, just before hitching up to return, he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and the mystery was solved-he had brought alone the hon to pick up the last oat left by the

horses, that cothing might be lost."