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Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Ferry County Bank, of Sponsler, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Sponsler & J. F. Junkin, and from this date April 25th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Sponsler & J. F. Junkin. Banking as Sponsler, 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. SPONSLER, J. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

Sixty Feet Under the Snow. Coast Life in Labrador.

IN one of the interesting series of papers on Terra Nova, or Coast Life in Newfoundland, by "Harry Bollingbroke," which appears in the Riverside Magazine, "Skipper Nat" thus tells how he was snowed up in Labrador:

In the fall of '87 I volunteered to remain on the Labrador coast all the winter, because there was a good deal of stuff of one kind and another, that our vessels could not take away. As there was a small settlement further down the coast, I thought I shouldn't want for company, although indeed it was a dreary prospect I had before me, and not without considerable danger. However, when the schooner put to sea and I found myself all alone, I contrived to make the best of it, and went about preparing for winter.

My tilt was built under the brow of a steep hill, not far from the shore; and with a little fixing up—such as covering the roof with sods and stopping the seams with moss—I contrived to make it a snug little nest. Then I had a good stock of wood, plenty of ammunition, a Bible, and some other books, with a large supply of provisions. I soon began to like my Crusoe life, and enjoyed myself more than one could suppose. Sometimes—just about tea time mostly—a fit of loneliness would come over me; but it gradually wore away, until it seemed like a dream that I ever had mingled with my fellow-creatures in a civilized land. It took me some weeks to get my hut in order, my wood cut, my provisions stowed away, and every thing put shipshape in comfortable trim against the dreary days ahead.

It was well I didn't dally in my labor; for no sooner was I in a condition to face the winter than he began to face me, and almost every day he assailed my fort with wind frost and snow; hail, sleet and rain.

About the first week in December it began to come down in real earnest, and the wind being low, there was in two days an even fall of some six or eight feet, which, indeed, was almost level with the eaves of my house. By hard shovelling I kept an open path to my well, that gushed up at the foot of a rock, and, being a spring, never was much frozen. I thought it a wise thing, however, to set up a pole, with the remnant of an old sail, near by, so that in case the well were covered up, I should know just where to search for it.

On the third night of the storm the snow came down thicker and faster than ever, the wind increasing from the north-east—a perfect hurricane. I got in a good supply of water, piled up a roaring fire, and sat down to listen to the howling wind, to read my books, smoke my pipe, mend my togges, and cook my meal—such being my indoor employments. Somehow, I did feel low-spirited that night. I couldn't help thinking of those who were so far away from me. I felt my utter loneliness weigh upon me, till I actually began to pity myself, as if I some poor, forlorn creature, cast adrift from the world, and all its cares and comforts. Tears came into my eyes; and I almost repented that I had undertaken to remain at all. However, when I began to consider that the same God who was watching my loved ones at home, was also present in my humble abode, and controlled the storms and snows and night; I say, when I thought of this, I gained comfort, and wrapping myself up in my blankets, lay down to rest like a child that goes to sleep holding its mother's finger in its fists.

But O! how the wind roared and howled and whistled. Sometimes a great gust would come, carrying a shower of bright sparks up my chimney, and then howl down as if it was some demon that wanted to get into my house. Then again the gale would moan and whine like some one in pain; or pant and shriek, as though some poor creature were perishing in the drifts; then would come a roar like a furious wild beast.

At length the sounds grew gradually fainter and fainter; the wind seemed to be dying away, until at last all was still and silent as the grave, except, it may be, a low muffled growl, very, very far off.

I dropped to sleep. How long I slept I knew not; but when I awoke all was dark and my fire was nearly out. I jumped up, laid some splits on the ashes, but there was not draught enough to kindle them, and the room was full of smoke. When I opened the door, I found one solid wall of snow filling up the entire doorway. This, however, was no more than I expected. Going back to my fireplace, I looked up the flue, and the snow seemed to form an arch over it. Can it be possible, thought I, that I am buried alive beneath the snow?

Taking my shovel, I dug into the white mass that blocked my door; but after excavating some five or six feet, no daylight appeared. It was evident that the tilt was many, many feet beneath the surface; being situated at the foot of the hill, which rose some sixty or seventy feet in the rear, I came to the conclusion that from the brow of the hill out to perhaps the well, or even beyond, was all one solid block of snow, which I could not expect to see removed for three or four months. To dig my way out would be difficult, if not impossible, and certainly somewhat dangerous.

ous, for, should the tunnel cave in, where was I? Smothered! To remain idle would never answer, on the other hand; for my fire would not burn, but only smoulder, and fill the premises with smoke, bad enough to blind one; and then my stock of water would soon be exhausted.

After pondering the matter over for a long, long time, I resolved at last to risk a tunnel, at any rate. I thought, as I had no difficulty in breathing, and as my lamp burnt pretty well, that air must come in from some hole or corner, and perhaps the drift might not be so high after all. So, tying a string around my waist, and fastening the other end to the staple of the door-lock, I commenced to work my way along. It was dreadful hard work and no mistake—that it was; for as I could not remove the snow, I had to trample it down and press it each side, and melt it, and so make away with it as best I could. Then the air was so close and hot, that I was in a bath of perspiration all the while. One night I woke up with the cold shivers; and the next day—if I may call it day—I was proper sick—a violent cold. The way I cured myself was to get up and dig for dear life at the snow tunnel, until I was dripping wet, and as hot as a plum pudding just out of the pot.

In a day or two I began to hear a faint roaring sound of wind, and then the light grew stronger and stronger, which gave me hopes that I must be coming out. This caused me to renew my labors with fresh vigor. At every shovelful almost, the noise of the wind and the glimmer of light increased, until, at last, all at once, the top of the tunnel caved in; and after considerable struggling and puffing, I came out once more to the blessed light of the day. Shaking the snow from myself, I found it was as I supposed. There was a snow-drift of sixty feet piled over my house, from the brow of the hill to within a few feet of the wall. I had occasion to rejoice that I had myself tied to the door-post, otherwise I should not have found my way back, or, at least, not for a long time. As I said before, there was a settlement down the coast; as soon as I could, I set off and got some men to come and help me to dig out the house. But I can tell you that the next year when we came back to the Labrador, there was a good heap of that drift in the valley still; and, for that matter, it remained all the summer.

The Arctic Regions.

ANOTHER link has been formed in the chain of discovery which is eventually to unite the now unknown regions of the Arctic Ocean to the civilized world, and this time the fingers are of the Austrian nation. The discovery which they have made will render their names famous in the now but partially unrolled record of Arctic discovery.

Circumstances which they could not control guided these men to the discovery of what may prove to be the long-sought Arctic continent. It is certain that they have discovered a new land and one of great extent. After Count Wilczek's departure the steamer was headed northeast, according to the original plan of the expedition. But the ice was forming fast, and they soon found themselves completely enclosed in its drifts.

To navigate was an impossibility. Fourteen long months this steamer and these men were imprisoned in the mighty floes and carried with them in their never-ceasing motion. Then in December, 1873, land hove in sight. The ice with which they were floating was brought to a standstill by the land. The party disembarked, and with dogs and sledges journeyed inland. The land was composed of mountains of dolomite formation, separated by huge glaciers. The dolomite appeared in some places as a compact limestone, and in others in huge crystalline granulated rocks of a cloudy color.

But little vegetation of any kind was noticed, and with the exception of a few Arctic birds, no animal life was observed. The party traveled northward to latitude 82°, and then returned to their ship. From the point gained, the land extended to the north and west as far as the eye could reach. The discoverers named the land "Francis Joseph Land."

The great question now to be settled is, what is this Francis Joseph Land which Captain Payer has discovered? Our geographers here are undecided, some holding that it is a continent by itself, and others that it is a part of Eastern Greenland. This latter theory is stoutly maintained by the followers of Petermann, who have always maintained that the abrupt and mountainous coast of East Greenland tends away to the northeast slightly beyond Scoresby's furthest point north of Spitzbergen.

The absence of animal life is important in settling this question, for Hayes tells me that the whole region around the shores of Smith's Sound "teems with animal life, and one good hunter could feed twenty mouths." The sea abounds in walrus, seal, narwhale, and white whale, the land in reindeer, foxes, eland ducks, wild geese, snipe, and gull of various descriptions, and the ice is the roaming grounds of bears.

Francis Joseph Land seems to have none of these; but this fact may be explained by the presence of colder currents than in

Smith's Sound, and the failure of the explorers to find animal life in their brief journey is not conclusive evidence of its non-existence. No limit has as yet been discovered to the existence of animal life within the Arctic Circle, and a failure to discover it immediately in this new region should not be regarded as absolute proof of its absence.

The Bishop and the Quaker.

Bishop Doane, formerly Bishop of New Jersey, notwithstanding a manner and exterior somewhat pompous, and which some people mistook for arrogance (as resulting from his ecclesiastical position) was, nevertheless, most highly esteemed by those who knew him best, and who knew that his stately demeanor was anything but the result of a groveling pride or ambition. The story goes that, on a certain occasion, the Bishop and an honest Old Quaker found themselves traveling on the same steamboat. The Bishop, it seems, had found himself snugly ensconced from the beginning in an easy chair, which a cabin functionary had most likely placed for him. The Quaker entering the cabin later found every seat occupied. It so chanced, however, that the Bishop vacated his seat and left the cabin. The Quaker at once appropriated the Bishop's seat, when, the latter returning to the cabin, and to his chair, found Mr. Broadbrim in the full enjoyment of it. The Bishop somewhat peremptorily (it is related) said to the Quaker:

"That is my chair."

"It was mine," replied the Quaker, "but it is mine now."

"Do you know me?" asked the Bishop.

"I do not," remarked the Quaker.

"My name is Doane—Bishop Doane."

"Well," said the Quaker, "I've often heard of thee, but I never saw thee before, and I think less of thee now than I ever did."

A Robbed Robber.

A very comical conclusion to a very ordinary theft took place in Paris recently. A sneak-thief entered a gentleman's apartment one afternoon by means of false keys and proceeded to ransack drawers and closets in search of valuables. To his disgust he found neither jewels, money nor any portable valuables, so he finally concluding to treat himself to a new suit of clothes, including shirts, stockings and underwear, laid them out on the bed, and proceeded to remove his own garments. Just as he had got to the critical point when his old clothes were off and the new ones were not on, he heard some one open the outer door of the apartment. He scrambled under the bed in all haste, and while lying perdu there he heard the new-comer prowling round the room, opening drawers, &c., and finally heard him depart. He then crept out; but what was his horror to find that the second individual had been a brother-thief, and that not only the clothes he had been about to put on were gone, but his own suit as well. Whilst he was in the midst of a search for some other garment, he was again disturbed by the opening of a door and this time he popped into a closet. This last arrival proved to be the owner of the apartment, who, finding his furniture in disorder and his wearing apparel gone, proceeded to search for the malefactor, and soon discovered the poor, shivering criminal in the closet. He summoned the police and gave him into custody, and the unfortunate fellow was conveyed to the station house, wrapped in a blanket, and piteously declaring that he had been robbed, basely robbed, of all his clothing.

Now it is thought that after all, the advice not to give children sugar and sweets was not as wise as it is generally considered. There is no doubt from recent researches of the healthiness of sugar at least. Excess is, of course, hurtful. So is excess in anything else. In the case of children in whom the requirements of growth call for a rapid and efficient transformation of food into tissue, there is no doubt that nature's demand for sweets is very imperative, and parents should, therefore, understand that they increase the amount of nutrition extracted from beef and mutton. By both sugar and honey the gastric juices are increased, and meat more easily assimilated. In regard to the teeth all our old theories are overturned. In regard to the effect of sugar on the teeth, the correctness of the popular belief is met and refuted by the fact that the teeth of the West Indian negroes—a community remarkable for the amount of sugar consumed among them—are of a bright white. The reasoning of medical science is that phosphate of lime being the chief constituent of the bones and teeth, but not before adult age an increase of the phosphate of lime is the essential characteristic of the development of the bones in children, and as lactic acid dissolves the phosphate of lime of the food, sugar indirectly supports this solution, and facilitates the conveyance of lime to the teeth. The antiseptic properties of sugar and all saccharine substances is another point in their favor. They and salt are the great preservative agents, and even in the living body many beneficial effects of this kind survive.

Anecdote of Judge Whitman.

THE old man told the following bit of his experience in my hearing, and he laughed heartily in the remembrance.

In the other years, when Maine was a District of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was among those chosen to represent the District in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best clothes were a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice, fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman sought rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and that at this tavern he was at home.

As he entered the parlor of the house, he found several ladies and two or three gentlemen there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of the former,—

"Ah,—here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. There's fun."

Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend—you are from the country?" remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of his face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick-settled place, anyhow. It's got a swampin' sight o' houses in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as,—I should reckon so."

"Many people where you came from?"

"Wal,—some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as,—a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them?"

"Ya-as,—I beaus 'em some—tew meetin', an' singin'—schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank'e. Don't keef if I do."

The wine was brought from the side-board.

"You must drink a toast."

"O, git out! I canst toast,—never heerd of such a thing as drinkin' it. But I ken give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, and in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, to be a country booby, while I, from this superficial cause, thought you to be gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah!—here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumb-founded company,—

"I wish you a very good-evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full-grown people to feel.

How Many Apples did Adam and Eve Eat.

This question is exciting quite a lively discussion. Properly this is a subject which should be settled by the Grange, but it will not be amiss to give what is going the rounds:

Old version.—Eve 8, and Adam 2. Total, 10.

Boston Journal.—Eve 8, and Adam 8, also, Total 16.

Gloucester Advertiser.—We think the above figures entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. But we reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82. Total, 163.

Lawrence American.—If Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total is 893.

Boston Journal.—If Eve 81 1st, and Adam 812, would not the total be 1,633?

We think this all wrong. If Eve 8142 know how it tasted and Adam 812, 42 40 fy her opinion of the apples, the total would be 8,132,382.

Singular Freak of a Prisoner.

A most remarkable attempt to get a release from prison has just been discovered at Charlestown, Mass. Michael Murphy, of Boston, who was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment in January, 1868, having complained to a member of the Legislature two years and a half ago, that he was too sick to be confined, and having received the assurance that he would be released if he continued ill for a year, at once took to his bed, and there has lain ever since till recently, pretending that his legs were paralyzed.

It being suspected that he was playing possum, he was etherized on Friday, whereupon he got out of bed and hopped around as lively as a cricket. When he recovered control of himself he crawled back into bed and the officers propose to let him stay there, if he chooses.