

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST! THE "SINGER" SEWING MACHINE.



SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE. SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE is so well known that it is not necessary to mention...

ITS MANY GOOD QUALITIES:

Every one who has any knowledge of Sewing Machines knows that it will do EVERY KIND OF WORK

EVERY KIND OF WORK

In a Superior Manner.

The Machine is easily kept in order; easily operated, and is acknowledged by all, to be the

The Best Machine in the World!

Persons wanting a Sewing Machine should examine the Singer, before purchasing. They can be bought on the

Most Liberal Terms

F. MORTIMER.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

General Agent for Perry Co.

Or of the following Local Agents on the same terms:

A. F. KEIM, Newport, Pa.

JAS. P. LONG, Duncannon, Pa.

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,539,325.62!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents its favorable terms as any company in the United States.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time.

Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeited.

No extra charges are made for traveling permits.

Policy holders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company.

No policy or medical fee charged.

L. W. FROST, President.

M. B. WYSCOPE, Vice Pres't.

J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.

J. P. EATON, General Agent.

No. 6 North Third Street.

College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

6421y

B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Concentrated Potash, OR LYE.

Of double the strength of any other Spoofing Substance.

I have recently perfected a new method of packing my Potash or Lye, and am now packing it only in Balls, the coating of which will sparkle, and does not injure the soap. It is packed in boxes containing 24 and 48 one lb. Balls, and in no other way. Directions in English and German for making hard and soft soap with this Potash soap packages.

B. T. BABBITT,

15 6th St. 64 to 84 WASHINGTON ST., N. Y.

Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank of Sponser, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Sponser & 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. Sponser & B. F. Junkin. Banking as Sponser, 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. SPONSER & B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

BOUND TO SEE THE SIGHTS.

ON the train the other day were a very confiding old man and a very innocent old lady. They had passed away five-sixths of their lives hidden away behind the hills of Vermont, and were going to Western Michigan, on a visit to their son.

After a little skirmishing around the old gentleman pitched into me about the "crops," "sile," and the weather, and when I found how innocent he was, I gave him all the information I could.

"Look out, Samuel, or you'll be forgetting that place where they fit." The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada with them told him to look out for the battle-field of Braddock's defeat as soon as he left Detroit.

I was going to reply that the young man was an infernal liar, but the old lady seemed to have set her heart on seeing the spot, and the old man was so anxious that I could not bear to disappoint them.

"My soul!" replied the old lady, seemingly overcome at the idea, and she kept her eyes on the woods until I thought she would twist her neck off.

We got along all right for about five miles more, and then the old man wanted to know if we were not down pretty near to the spot where Tecumseh fell.

"Where what?" I yelled, and he said that the same young man had informed him that the railroad ran close to the identical spot where the great Indian warrior fell and slept.

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' Samuel, if ye'll point out the spot!" said the old lady, placing her hand on my arm. How could I go back on what that brazen young man had said? The old folks had made up their minds to see the spot, and if I didn't show it to them they might worry for weeks, and they might think the young man had lied, or that I wasn't posted in the historic spots of my own State.

"Behold the last resting-place of the great Tecumseh!" "Think of it, Hanner—just think of it!" exclaimed the old man, "right there is where they got him." "Mercy! but it don't seem possible!" she ejaculated, and she had to get out her snuff-box before she could recover from the shock.

The old gentleman said he had a particular interest in seeing the spot, because he knew the man who killed Tecumseh—used to live right by him.

"He must have been an awful Injun!" broke in the old lady, "for the young man said he didn't die till they had cut off his head, and feet, and hands, and blowed the body up with a barrel of powder!"

I wanted to get away after that, fearing that something worse was coming; she insisted on my taking a pinch of snuff, and so I kept my seat. We were just beyond Brighton, when the old man came at me like a steamboat, with:

"Now, then, how fur is it to the spot where they found the babes in the woods?"

I wanted to get out of it, but how could I? That young man had deliberately lied to those nice old folks, and I hadn't the moral courage to tell them so, and thus had to make a liar of myself. It's awful to deceive any one, especially a good old man, and a fat motherly old lady, on their way to the tomb.

"That's—yee—that's the spot!" I said, as we came to a dark piece of woods.

"Think o' that, Hanner!" he said, putting his head out of the window, think of them babes being found in there!"

"Yes, it was fearful!" she replied—"seems as if I could almost see them stubbing about there now!"

There was another historic spot of which the young man had told them, but they had forgotten it, and I was never more thankful.

They kept quiet until the brakeman yelled out, "Lansing," and then the old man bobbed up and exclaimed:

"Lansing—Lansing—why here's where they hung Tom Collins, ain't it?"

He explained that Tom Collins, a Chicago desperado, had murdered eleven old women, and drank their blood for his liver complaint, and after being hunted for miles and miles, had at length been captured at Lansing, cut to pieces by an infuriated populace and then left hanging to a tree.

I had to point out the tree. It was near the depot, and the tail of a kite had lodged in its branches.

"There's where they hung him, Hanner!" said the old man, stretching his neck.

"And there's some o' his shirt left yet!" exclaimed the old lady, and as I backed out of the car the good old man was re-

marking that he was going to ask the train boy if he didn't have the pamphlet life of Tom Collins, so that they could get further particulars.

Smelling the Butter.

AN athletic individual was noticed alluding along Montgomery street, San Francisco, lately, with an anxious eye peering inquisitively into the window of every eating-house which he passed. He was evidently a man whose choice in gastronomical matters was governed solely by the quantity of meat, vegetables and liquids given in exchange for a stipulated sum.

Finally he appeared to be satisfied with the inducements held out in a long bill of fare which, tacked to a carcass of mutton in front of a window, fluttered in the breeze, and informed the hunger-haunted passer-by that four dishes could be had within for twenty-five cents.

The man went in, and in a few moments was tackling a slim meal with vigorous avidity. After finishing his allotted four plates, with the exception of a few slices of bread, his eye fell upon a small plate of butter, which in his hurry, he had evidently not noticed before.

"Perhaps you don't like that butter?" was his first remark, semi-interrogatively.

The man at the table simply laid down the butter, and turned round with an inquiring expression on his visage; but he said nothing.

"I don't know as yet—the fact is I haven't tried it."

"Wall, you looked at it as if you thought something was the matter with it. Now, if you have got any remarks to make about that butter, you can make 'em right here."

"I was simply examining the peculiar appearance of the oleaginous compound," replied the man at the table; and he spoke with exasperating coolness. "Those blue streaks impart to the article a variegated appearance which somewhat excited my curiosity. Blue streaks, I believe, are considered a novelty in butter; are they not?"

"The restaurant keeper was somewhat taken back by the calm reply of the other, but recovered himself sufficiently to remark:

"Blue streaks are always in good butter at this season of the year. You must be one of those up-country lunatics, not to know that."

He paused for a moment and then resumed a threatening manner.

"You must understand that I allow no man to come into this restaurant and go a-suffin' around the butter no well-bred man 'ill do it."

I approximated that butter to my nose simply to ascertain if those blue streaks make any particular difference in the smell. I think that the streaks make no remarkable difference in the smell; in fact, I am of the opinion that if any difference at all occasioned it is all for the better. As I hold that having paid for the article, I have a perfect right to smell of it, and should do so again if I thought it at all necessary, but I do not think so. I smelled that greasy substance in this instance merely to ascertain if it was the new article of commerce called oleomargarine, and having thus arrived at a satisfactory conclusion in regard to the matter, I shall have no occasion to smell it again."

Here the frigid customer deposited a quarter upon the table and turned to go.

Before he could reach the door, however, the restaurant keeper, excited to an uncontrollable pitch of frenzy by the speaker's remarks, yelled vociferously:

"It's an infernal lie! I keep none of your bull butter in this house. You lie if you say so, sir! I can lick the man who says so, sir! I can lick him now!" and he smote his guest upon the nose.

In another instant the guest, fortified, doubtless, by his recent substantial meal, launched his right between the other's eyes and landed him under the nearest table, stunned and senseless. There was a clash of plates, a rattle of steel forks and a dash of butter dishes accompanying the last maneuver, but still the restaurant keeper lay without apparent life or motion.

The guest surveyed him for a moment, and then lifting the plate of butter for a fourth time to his nose, smelt it deliberately, laid it down, and departed, remarking, as he went out: "It is oleomargarine and no mistake!"

"Five little boys from Georgia started on an excursion to Florida the other day. They were captured and spanked. They were on the road two days.

A Very Quiet Baby.

George Washington Fenton drove the oxen at Armstrong's mill. He was cadaverous looking individual, and he maintained the dignity of labor by as little familiarity with it as possible. He had an extensive family, and as they would eat, he had to shift somehow to feed them. When the lactical fluid was surreptitiously abstracted from the neighbor's kine, or when a farmer went to harvest his sweet potatoes, and found himself minus the tubers, the Fentons were making cottage cheese or feasting on roasted Carolinas. One bright cold day Mr. Walker slaughtered a fat pig and hung it up in the smoke house. Next morning it was gone. Walker and his son John found Fenton at home, and in his wife's absence, rocking the cradle and singing, "Hush a by baby." The object of the visit was made known. Fenton, with a hemorrhage of words, protested his innocence, and bade them search the house.

"I would accompany you," he added, in a hushed voice, fearing to disturb the baby, "but if the little one awakes, he will howl like a trooper."

Walker would not search without his presence. "John can rock the cradle until we return," said he.

John seated himself at the cradle and rocked diligently. After a thorough but fruitless search, Walker returned and found John still rocking and the baby still sleeping. Fenton thanked the latter profusely for his services as nurse, and the neighbors departed. When alone Fenton executed a war dance by way of rejoicing. He had stolen the pig, and, expecting the call, had laid the porker in the cradle as a substitute for a baby, covering it up very nicely indeed. John had quietly rocked the object of their search, while his father was seeking for it. In the meantime, the Fentons had roast pork and apple sauce for dinner.

A Reproof of Foppery.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middle classes, which led them to make their appearance above their condition in life. Of his modes of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded: When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a lace waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies.

Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, sir," replied George, "to wait upon you immediately upon my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, printer." "You, George Faulkner, the printer? Why, you are the most impudent, barefaced scoundrel of any impostor I ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, at once or I will immediately send you to the House of Correction."

Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the deanery, where he was received with great cordiality. "My friend George," said the Dean, "I am glad to see you return safe from London. Why, there has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear."

The history of the Commonwealth of Virginia, says the Richmond Whig, begins with an auction sale—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where probably the most anxious and interested crowd of auction habits ever known in the history of the world were gathered. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying:

"We send you a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There has been especial care in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendations. In case they cannot be presently married we desire that they may be with several householders that have wives, until they can be provided with husbands."

But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens faire" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction and sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridegrooms think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness; no storms ahead, no inquisitive clerk to stand and say, "Here's the license, fork over that \$." Nothing of the sort. From some of these couples the first families in Virginia are descended.

The Pursuit of Office.

The Hon. Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, recently wrote a letter to a young friend, wherein he laments that he ever made a political speech or held an office. Ex-Governor Brown was for thirty-three years, previous to 1865, continually in high official and political station, and would therefore seem to have had an extensive and favorable an experience as any of his contemporaries and associates.

We quote as follows: True, as you say, I held many offices. Indeed, I may say I never knew defeat in any of my aspirations. And it is just because I had success which people call wonderful, that I feel competent to administer a word of caution to the young men of this generation. Friend, do not be deceived by the glitter of office. I am now past my three-score years, and am fast traveling into the ten. I have had almost every office in the gift of the people, and I can truly say with the preacher:

"It is all vanity and vexation of the spirit." Looking back over a long, and I hope not unsuccessful life, I can say, with a clear conscience, my greatest regret is that I ever made a political speech or held an office.

There is a fascination in office which beguiles men, but be assured, my young friend, it is the fascination of a serpent, or to change the figure, it is the ignis fatuus which coaxes you on to inevitable ruin.

I speak of that which I do know. If any young friends will be governed by my advice, I have this to say, after all my success as a public man, now when my head is blossoming for the grave, I feel that it would have been better for me if I had followed the occupation of my father, and been a farmer.

The mechanic arts are all honorable.—To be a blacksmith, a carpenter, or an artisan of any kind, is no discredit to any man. Better that than be a jack-leg lawyer, a quack doctor, a counter jumper, or, worse still, a wretched seeker after office.

Of all pursuits in life that of the farmer is the most respectable. It may have its trials and disappointments, so do all others. The mechanic may lose the wages of his labor, the professional man his fees, the editor may wear over delinquent subscribers; but the honest, industrious farmer is morally certain of a fair return for his labor.

True, "Paul may plant and Apollus water, but God must give the increase." But where is the faithful cultivator of the soil, God's heritage to man, who ever yet suffered for food?

Allow me to caution my young friends against the beguiling influence of office, and to advise them most earnestly to stick to mother earth.

A Doubtful Compliment.

Mr. Stone a well-known and excellent Christian gentleman, belonging to one of the up-town churches, was up in the country in the summer, and learning that an evening prayer meeting was in progress at the village church, walked in and took a seat in the back part of the room. The brother in the chair conducting the meeting, observing the stranger, left his seat, and, coming to Mr. Stone, said to him:

"What is your name?" "My name is Stone."

"Where are you from?"

"I am from Philadelphia."

"Are you one of the Lord's people?"

"I hope that I am," answered Mr. Stone, with becoming humility. The presiding genius, satisfied with the answers to his catechism, returned to his elevated seat, and at the end of the hymn arose, and said:

"Will Brother Stone from Philadelphia favor us with a few remarks?"

Mr. Stone, willing to do what he could, and having been often told to do in the country as he would in the city, rose and made a few practical observations to the best of his ability. No sooner had he sat down than the presiding elder rose, and said:

"Will Brother Stone ask the Lord to bless his feeble remarks?"

Undismayed by this commentary on his speech, Mr. Stone offered prayer, and the meeting proceeded as usual.

A woman suffering from bulimia has lately died in Paris at the age of forty-three. She ate every day on an average about six pounds and a half of bread and half a pound of meat. Bread formed her principal sustenance. The unfortunate woman earned about two shillings a day as a needle-woman, which with a little income she possessed, was nearly all absorbed in providing food for insatiate appetite.

In Boston a poor man recently saved the life of the daughter of a millionaire, and received from the grateful parent the reward of two dollars and a half. The man was so much overcome by this act of generosity that he gathered up all the organ grinders that could be found in the neighborhood and gave the rich man a serenade. When the serenade was over he divided the reward among them.

A married girl of 13 years, seeking a divorce on the ground that she is too young, is one of the latest social developments of Indianapolis.