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Of double the strength of any other
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I have recently perfected a new method of packing my Potash, or Lye, and am now selling it only in Balls, the coating of which will sponify, 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 accompany each package.

B. T. BABBITT,

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Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank of Sponsor, Junkin & Co. has been purchased by W. A. Sponsler & 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. Sponsler & 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. SPONSLER,
B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

For the Bloomfield Times.

"NARY A CASTLE IN THE AIR."

There is every kind of buildings, from a shanty to a throne,
And lots of pretty mansions that the poorest man may own;
But their roof may topple down, though we think they look so fair,
We have only wasted moments, building castles in the air;
The best of all among us has dreamed away his life,
It never is the proper way, to worry through your strife;
The greatest man that ever lived, had not the time to spare,
They jogged along and did not build, their castles in the air.

There was lion hearted "Jackson," the pride of all the land,
The idol of our country, no name as his so grand;
When'er he set his mind to win, you know he always did,
And of boasting enemies and foes, our country soon he rid,
He never stopped to argue, but blazed away in style;
His sweet and gentle temper it would not do to rile,
Behind his bales of cotton, all right side up with care,
At "New Orleans," he did not build, his castles in the air.

There was "Jefferson," and "Adams," whom our country honored so,
They never lingered idle, when they found the way to go;
In their speeches you will read how their standard was unfurled,
To make this glorious nation, the proudest in the world;
They were not like the fellows, that now do claim your vote,
By pouring benzine whiskey, and lager down your throat,
They framed our Constitution and it made "Old England" stare,
Those were the boys that did not build, their castles in the air.

There was "Washington," we all know, the people called him "George,"
You have read how he got bothered, at the fearful "Valley Forge";
But he fought the red coats well and he drove them o'er the sea,
I do not think they will come back, to bother you or me;
To make this nation happy, it was his only aim,
And then he left behind him, a great and honored name,
Whenever his country called, you always found him there,
We know he never, never built, his castles in the air.

There was "Father Abraham Lincoln," the hero of the west,
In our struggle with rebellion, he always did the best;
He proclaimed emancipation, which caused the South to stare,
And that, I think, is all that shook, their castles in the air;
We know he pressed them to the end, our honor to sustain,
And after all was over, this noble man was slain;
May he rest in peace beyond the skies, is the nation's humble prayer,
May he have a heavenly castle, that is built beyond the air.

THE MISS BOGGLES' PIC-NIC.

"Oh, my! Oh, dear me!" groaned Miss Mattie Boggles, "It is so dull and stupid out here, I shall certainly expire, stagnate to death, unless we do something to enliven ourselves."
The Boggles lived in a small gothic dwelling, just sufficient distance out of town to secure all disagreeables of the country, without any conveniences of the city. Mr. Boggles had said: "It's confoundedly expensive living in the city, I'll move a little out of town, and see if we can't get along at a cheaper rate. Besides," continued he, in a fit of unwonted eloquence, "it is so delightful, so soul-expanding, after the toils of the day, to exchange the dust and smoke of the city, for the rural breezes of the country, and the delights of nature. Then," added Mr. Boggles, with a robust descent into the regions of the practical, "I must look out for a house with ground enough attached to admit of the cultivation of a potato patch."
So, notwithstanding the moaning of the afflicted Boggles family, they found themselves, not long afterward, established in the aforesaid little gothic edifice, which was so small as to provoke an observation from the usually meek Mrs. Boggles, to the effect that, "what with the smells from the kitchen, and there being only one parlor, and the roof sloping down so, she bumped her head whenever she went into one of the upper chambers, it was very little better than living in one room." Mr. Boggles listened to these complaints in silence, triumphantly looking forward to the balance in his favor, which his exchequer would be sure to reveal at the end of the year. But at the conclusion of that time, Mr. Boggles found to his astonishment, that it cost him nearly half as much again as living in town. In addition to this there were numerous inconveniences to which the unhappy Boggles were obliged to submit. They were without gas, and Mrs. Boggles having declared with a hysterical sob, that "she wouldn't use oil, that it was dirty and greasy and got over every-

thing," it became the object of Mr. Boggles' life to procure some substitute for the obnoxious article. So he bought patent lamps, which, as the advertisement said, "gave a clear and brilliant light at an expense so trifling it wasn't worth mentioning." Mr. Boggles, upon trial, found just the contrary; they gave no light worth speaking of, and were very dear. Campbells wouldn't answer, the children would be sure to be blown up. Mr. Boggles was therefore finally compelled to resort to the old-fashioned fluid lamps. The latter, after being trimmed and re-trimmed, and pushed and poked at constantly, gave enough light to permit the family to pursue their ordinary avocations, that is, if they didn't go out suddenly, an accident by no means unfrequent. There was also another grievance which excited Mr. Boggles' indignation. Having taken the advice of a friend, and purchased a cow, Mr. Boggles found his purchase continually disappearing from the field of action, and was consequently compelled to advertise its loss again and again in the newspapers, besides paying a reward of not less than three dollars, every time the missing animal was returned. Mr. Boggles' temper becoming soured by this repeated disaster, he arrived at the misanthropical conclusion, that his property was spirited away for the express purpose of robbing him of his money in the shape of rewards. Accordingly, he sold "poor Mollie," as the children entitled her, determined to depend in the future upon the milkman. It was some consolation, however, to Mr. Boggles, to take whatever visitors chanced to call, to gaze upon the beauties of his potato patch. And as an unusual favor, he would draw forth a potato from the ground, "Take this home to your family, will you? And show them what we can do in the way of raising vegetables out of town." It is painful to mention, that the articles in question, being somewhat smaller than those seen in the market, were apt to be received with a suppressed titter, which Mr. Boggles innocently attributed to delight at the present.

But to return to Miss Boggles, with whom we commenced:
Her sister, Miss Antonia Boggles, commonly called "Tonie," laid down her book, and said, with an air of quiet triumph, "Let us get up a pic-nic."

Mattie danced about with delight at the proposition. "The very thing," said the young lady, as soon as her agitation had subsided somewhat, "Let us get ready immediately, and go around among our friends."
"The very first thing," said Miss Mattie, with empressment, on their way to the cars, "will be to obtain plenty of gentlemen to accompany us, and for that purpose we shall be obliged to depend upon the other ladies; for since we have moved here away out of the world, all our masculine acquaintances have deserted us."

"Except," added Miss Mattie, *sotto voce*, "in cherry time, when they occasionally remember our existence, and are inspired with a sudden anxiety for our welfare."

Tonie here suggested they should first call on the two Miss McNutts, who, being young ladies of a lively, dashing turn of mind, would be likely to furnish plenty of beaux. So, upon their arrival in town, the two heroines repaired to the residence of the Miss McNutts, who were, as they said, "charmed, delighted, and enchanted," at the idea. But upon becoming casually acquainted with the fact that a couple of young ladies by the name of Potts, who had in some way incurred their dislike, were to be of the party, straightway became exceedingly dubious about bestowing their presence. And it required half an hour's coaxing, together with observations to the effect, that the pic-nic could be nothing without them, etc., before their objections could be overcome. "Now, be sure," said Mattie, as they took their leave, "to bring plenty of gentlemen with you."

"Oh, dear, yes," replied Miss Medera McNutts, tossing her ringleted head, and remarking with young ladyish elegance, "there'll be no difficulty about that, we know lots of fellers."
Our friends, Mattie and Tonie, spent the remainder of the day in calling among their acquaintances, finding some ready to join heartily in their scheme, while others grumbled, said pic-nics were "humbugs," and required a deal of persuasion before they could be induced to promise their presence. At length, Mattie and Tonie finished their labors, and having duly impressed upon all, they were by no means to come without gentlemen, returned home quite worn out with fatigue. This was Monday, the pic-nic was to come off on Thursday, and during the intervening time, the Boggles' household was kept in constant state of agitation in reference to the weather. Finally the day arrived, and to the horror of the young ladies, proved to be cloudy, with every prospect of rain. In spite of this, however, they set forth for the ferry, where the party were to meet, cross the river, and thence take a Hudson river boat, which was to drop them at some desirable place for pic-nicing, in its way up. On arriving at the ferry, Miss Mattie and her sister found eight or nine of the party assembled, to their great horror, accompanied by only one gentleman, Mr. Carlyle Flutes.

"What, all these ladies under your care?" exclaimed Miss Mattie.
Mr. Flutes, who was a short, dark gentleman, with spectacles, surveying his charges with the air of a man who was trying to make a good joke of a doleful necessity, and failed of success, then stammered forth something about feeling honored.
The feelings of the Miss Boggles were here somewhat relieved by the appearance of the Miss McNutts, with three masculine appendages in their train. One, a tall, thin gentleman, with a faint, frozy attempt at a mustache adorning his face, just such a man as ladies were wont to call "interesting looking," and who was triumphantly introduced to the company by Miss Medera McNutts, as Mr. Conrad Corkery. Of the remaining two, one was fat, rosy visaged, and seemed involved in a continual struggle with his vest, which persisted in turning up continually, as is sometimes apt to be the case with fleshy gentlemen. The third was black-bearded, with mischievous eyes, and was introduced as Mr. Wagstaff.
The Miss Boggles looked in vain for their escort, who was to meet them at the ferry, and who had also promised to bring his clarinet, with which to favor the company. As time passed on without his appearance, Mr. Flutes was dispatched in search of him, while the rest proceeded on their way. Upon reaching the dock on the other side, the Miss Boggles espied Mr. Flutes standing in a melancholy attitude upon the plank laid between the boat and the wharf.
"Wouldn't he come?" simultaneously called out the party, referring to the youth of the clarinet.
"No, couldn't find him, and got myself into a profuse perspiration all for nothin'," rejoined Mr. Flutes, shortly, at the same time surveying his damp wristbands, and savagely grasping his drooping shirt collar. At length, the boat getting under way, and the party being comfortably settled on deck, they prepared to enjoy themselves.
"Well, I do think, only four gentlemen to escort all this party of ladies!" exclaimed Miss Medera McNutts, who delighted in being surrounded by any number of individuals of the opposite sex, upon whom she could play off her various airs and graces. The young lady's observations were here interrupted, and the whole party startled by the sudden cry of alarm and wrath; and Mr. Carlyle Flutes was seen rushing hatless toward one end of the boat, the rest simultaneously followed him.
"What's the matter?" cried all.
Mr. Flutes, with an anguished expression of countenance, pointed to a white object floating upon the waves, "My best Panama, gave five dollars and a half for it this very morning."

But nothing could be done, the hat had now floated out of sight, and its unfortunate owner returned disconsolate and crestfallen to his seat. Various measures were proposed, and at length, Mr. Flutes, fearful of catching cold, the air being damp and chilly, consented to have a large red and orange-colored handkerchief tied over his head, which office was performed for him by the fair hands of Miss Mattie Boggles, for whom he was supposed to entertain an especial prepossession.
After a sail of about an hour and a half, Fort Panspatch, the place of destination, was reached. As the party landed, the singular appearance presented by Mr. Flutes attracted the unanimous attention of certain ragged urchins congregated about the landing, and he was assailed with the cries of "Say, Spectacles, where's your 'at'?" "Ow much did you give for that bandanna, Mister?" And one malicious little rascal sang out, "Ere's the last new style of bonnet, fresh from Parise!" Poor Mr. Flutes contented himself with glaring angrily upon the offenders, while Miss Mattie Boggles declared it was a "perfect shame," and became exceedingly offended with the Miss McNutts, who persisted in keeping up a suppressed giggling.

The party now set out for a grove which invited them from the distance; but had not gone far before the rosy-faced, fleshy gentleman previously spoken of, Mr. Timothy Chubbs by name, came to a dead stop, and solemnly declared it was raining. "Nonsense," was the universal cry, "it's doing nothing of the kind." Mr. Chubbs resolutely asserted he had felt the drops on his nose. Some one suggested it might have been perspiration. This Mr. Chubbs emphatically denied, and presently his first assertion was reluctantly confirmed by several others of the party. Yes! there was no use in denying the fact, it was incontrovertibly raining. Fortunately, there was attached to a hotel which stood near by, a large summer-house, in which our unhappy pic-nickers took refuge, determined to make the best they could of the matter, and enjoy themselves in spite of the weather. The ladies removed their bonnets and ahawls; while brushes and combs, together with various pieces of looking-glass, were produced from pockets and reticules; and a general renovation commenced. Miss Medera McNutts taking occasion to play off numerous little coquetish airs for Mr. Corkery's benefit, as she brushed out her chestnut curls, and twisted them around her white fingers, inquiring "If he didn't

think she looked like a fright?" Upon which he replied, she "looked like an angel under any circumstances." This remark eliciting a giggle from Miss Medera accompanied by an "Oh, la! ain't you ashamed; the other ladies whispered among themselves, "How silly!"
After some time was spent in getting up various games, which somehow did not appear "to go," there was a universal desire expressed for dinner. A general movement was now made towards the baskets, and various edibles produced therefrom, which being set upon the table in as tasteful a manner as could be arrived at under the circumstances, the party took their seats and proceeded to dispatch the pies and cakes in great good-humor. During this the Miss McNutts made various whispered remarks, to the effect that "somebody's cake was made of brown sugar, which was perfectly awful," and that "somebody had sweetened their pumpkin pies with molasses, which was miserable;" but it was nevertheless observable, that both of these young ladies, Miss Medera especially, disposed of incredible quantities of either. The dinner being over, it was proposed by the black-bearded mischievous gentleman, Mr. Wagstaff, that Mr. Chubbs, should make a speech, which he at first modestly declined doing, but being pressed thereto by the company, at length arose and proceeded to say in an agitated manner, "Ladies and gentlemen, being here assembled upon this suspicious occasion, hem! auspicious occasion I would say; being here assembled—" At this point a faint titter from Miss Medera reached the ear of Mr. Chubbs; he stopped, his rosy face grew redder, and he in vain attempted to proceed. "Hear, hear," encouragingly called out the mischievous gentleman. "Being here assembled," repeated Mr. Chubbs, glaring wildly around, and opening his month without a word proceeding from it. Miss Medera's titter now became an audible laugh, in which the rest could not refrain from joining; and Mr. Chubbs dropped into his seat, looking piteously upon the company, while he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a large, red bandanna.

The tables were now cleared away, and general preparations made for enjoyment. It was observed, that, about this time, the gentlemen mysteriously disappeared in the direction of the hotel; and upon their return, there was an unmistakable odor of whiskey discernible in the air, in consequence of which one indiscreet young lady observed, that "she wished she had punch to drink," but was immediately hushed by sundry punches of another kind from her companions.
At length our mischievous friend, Mr. Wagstaff, proposed dancing. There was a unanimous cry of "No music." But Mr. Wagstaff was a man of expediences, and seizing upon a tin pan, he called the Miss Boggles to his assistance. With the aid of their voice, and a stick with which he exercised upon his impromptu instrument, this indefatigable gentleman succeeded in performing, very much to his own satisfaction at least, "Yankee Doodle," and other national airs, to which the rest danced cotillions and jigs with considerable spirit.

It now became time to return, and various dubious glances were cast in the direction of the landing, the road to which was by this time composed of miniature ponds and mud-banks. Mr. Corkery, in particular, looked ruefully upon his patent-leather pumps, which, together with his fanciful red-ribbed stockings, displayed a not uncomely foot to considerable advantage. Some of the ladies had been prudent enough to bring rubbers with them, and these were made to do double duty. Their owners first wearing them down to the boat, when they were sent back for the use of those less fortunate. Mr. Corkery seemed to be the favored messenger for this purpose, in consequence of which, as he confidentially informed Miss Medera, his "patent-leathers would never be good for anything again."

Without meeting with further disasters, our pic-nickers returned to their respective homes. Everybody told everybody that they had enjoyed themselves beyond everything. But unfortunate Mr. Flutes, notwithstanding the protection of the handkerchief, had neuralgia for a week afterward; and the Miss Boggles were heard to declare in the most emphatic manner, that they would never, as long as they lived, get up a pic-nic again.

A while ago a farmer in Virginia lost his wife, and out of love for her memory called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbor having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and his farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."
It was mentioned one day to President Lincoln that two young ladies of his acquaintance had quarreled and loaded each other with abuse. "Have they called each other ugly?" asked the President. "No, sir." "Very good; then I will undertake to reconcile them."