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IS THE
CHEAPEST!

THE "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

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

OF
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NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

General Agent for Perry Co.

Or of the following Local Agents on the same terms:

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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 as 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 fees charged.

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B. T. BABBITT'S
Pure Concentrated Potash,

OR LYE,

Of double the strength of any other

Saponifying 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 spout, 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,
156m h. 84 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 28th, 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.

A Short Courtship.

FOUR years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty young Miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to Detroit and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second class hotel, making her home with a family—fifth cousins, or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strode into the dining room, a tall, broad shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far west. There was the unmistakable air of a plainsman about him; evidently one of the better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at the table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising, he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying he would like to have an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a later hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranch and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, fought Indians, hunted grizzlies, chased greasers and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way East to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts had stopped in Detroit to see the city, had met her as above described, was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for beefsteak and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guests had departed from the dining-room she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his direction she informed the head waiter that she not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl, and the two started out shopping. Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similarly ordered, and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the last being two large Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the two were married at the bride's humble friends on Second street, and left for the east on the evening train.

Of course the few acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of her marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her. From the hour of her departure, however, none of them ever heard a word from her, but from the fact that the happiest looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the country, a curly headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who "told her something to her advantage" by his side, was the waiter girl who "married in haste" but did not repent at leisure, it may be safely assumed that the prediction did not come true.

A Made up Woman.

DONN PIATT, describing a visit to a cosmetic establishment in New York City, says:

"What," we asked, "are the articles that go to make the beautiful woman?"

"Well, first of all is our vegetable enamel, perfectly harmless, that gives the most delicate white—I may say dazzling—complexion known to the female world. "See," he continued, taking a china pot from the counter, "this is put on easily with a small sponge. Permit me, madam; it is soon removed and leaves no trace," and saying this, he applied a small quantity to the forehead of our companion. The result on the face of a clear brunette was startling. The marble smoothness, and at the same time the satiny texture, if we may use such an expression, was marvelous. Then he took another sponge and applied a most beautiful blush, a rose-color, upon the white, that was perfectly charming in its natural and soft flush. "And now," he went on, "here is an exquisite instrument with which we trace the delicate blue veins that, when done, defy the microscope of science."

"But how is it possible to make the new face and the old shoulder match?"

"By making all new. The face, neck, shoulders, and arms have to be treated all alike."

"And does this artificial process end here?" we asked.

"Oh, not at all; we are only just beginning. The eyelashes and eyes have to be treated. The eyebrows receive special at-

tention. We cannot illustrate with you madam; nature has done so much."

He might well say this, for it is only once in a million such beautiful eyes, eye lashes and brows are given a woman. He called to a young lady in the establishment, and said, "Miss Blank, will you permit me?"

She pleasantly assented, and taking a small ivory tablet he placed it under the eyelashes of one eye, and then touching them dextrously and at the same time with the most delicate art, he made the lashes so decided, so pronounced, they seemed to actually grow. He then penciled the brow, and, when done, the effect was most decided. The young lady was a blonde, and with one eye treated and the other not treated, the result was very decided.

"Certainly this is all," we said.

"Not all. We give a delicate tint to the ear, a rosy, steel color to the nails. We have powders for the teeth; we leave nothing uncareed for that goes to make perfection of a beautiful woman."

"And are these things in general use?"

"Certainly, you cannot find a brilliant complexion that has not been made so by art. We read with great pleasure of the beautiful women of the fashionable circles of Washington and the summer resorts for we know where they come from."

A Muscular Parson.

A Fort Laramie, Wyoming letter says: "I saw one of those desperadoes get a nice dose of quiet courage and stern will. At this time, 1867, I had occasion to go down the road, and had to wait for the train. My abiding place was one of those dining tents, where I had to take a meal in the meantime. Among the several persons seated around, one evidently was very raw.

His dress was semi-clerical, and as he held forth in constrained manner about "the terrible sin" and "Babyloniab Cheyenne," the old-timers within hearing enjoyed, in an uncouth way, poking small chaff at him. In the midst of one of his tirades against "this sink-hole of perdition" a man came into the tent, walked up to the bar and demanded a drink. It seems for some reason he had been refused before. Suddenly throwing his hand under his coat he drew a six-shooter, and half-facing the crowd and the bar-keeper, he said: "By—, I'm going to have a drink right here, or I'll turn loose!" (meaning to shoot).

To tell the truth, most of those terrible old-timers broke for the door, the bar-keeper sunk under the counter, and death to some one seemed imminent. I confess to a cold sensation down my back, and thought of several debts that different parties owed me, and wondered if I should ever be paid; the green field in which I had sported as a child rose before me vividly; I remembered one Sunday, having played off sick, I went down to the foot of Mill street, and went swimming. I felt sorry for the Frogtown boy who licked me once. But what a sight. That parson, his tall, slim form seems to grow taller as in a quiet way, he strides up to the death dealing cuss with the pistol.

He wrenches that weapon from this terror; grasps him by the throat, fairly lifting him from his feet, his protruding tongue and blackening face shows the powerful grip of the parson's hand, and, to make the picture complete, says in ordinary tones, "My friend, I have observed you before today trouble the landlord of this tavern; I am of opinion that you are entirely in the wrong place. The landlord appears to think you have had a sufficiency of intoxicating liquor. Now, observe, if you create any further disturbance, I will jerk the gullet out of you."

And he literally threw him headlong out of the door. Subsequently the parson held forth on the sins and iniquities of Cheyenne, and was listened to respectfully by the subdued old sinners. I was constrained to seek a favorable opportunity to ask the parson where he learned that grip.

"Oh," said he, "I used to keep a tavern down East, that's where I got my hand in."

A Sailor's Prayer.

The following anecdote is related of a tar who once had a narrow escape from imminent peril. He was in a ship frozen in, in the Arctic region, and, like young Nelson, had strayed on the ice heedless of danger. He was far from the vessel when he saw coming round a block of ice, a huge polar bear making towards him. Totally unprovided with any weapon but his knife, he bethought himself of an Old World weapon for extreme cases—prayer. But how? And what? There was no time to deliberate, the monster was near, and delay would be fatal to the poor fellow. So he opened his knife and grasped it firmly—hurriedly uttered a few words, how earnestly and hardly he imagined, but their ruggedness speaks forcibly of a mingled terror, desperate courage, and dim-twinkling faith: "O Lord, an' ye know I dinna trouble you often; but ye see me an' ye see this bear. An' if ye'll help neither the one nor the ither, stan' by an' see fair play; for this'll be a maist awful' fecht. Amen." His prayer was answered, for he lived to tell it.

A Too Vigorous Memory.

The late Dr. Mercer, though one of the kindest and most amiable of gentlemen, possessed a keen and graceful wit, by which he often hit off very happily the foibles of gentlemen with whom he was brought in contact. An illustration of this gift of the good old philanthropist has recently been related, to the great amusement of gentlemen who were familiar with the characteristics of the gentleman who was the object of the doctor's raillery. It was during his last illness, when the doctor was wont to converse very freely with his old friends, the companions of his early days. One of these happening to refer with much feeling and grateful pathos to the kindness manifested to him by the doctor when he, the visitor, was a boy, the old gentleman in a feeble voice, remarked: "Oh, yes! I remember, D—, when you and your brother George were little boys, and used to come to see me very often, and I always had a large, nice apple for each of you."

"Well do I recollect it," replied the doctor's young friend, with great emotion.

"And do you also recollect, D—, that you used to eat half of George's apple and hide your own?"

The gentleman interrogated was not so distinct in his reminiscences on this point, nor demonstrative in his regretful emotions.

"And," continued the venerable gentleman, "have you not, D—, through life been consistent with this juvenile exhibition of your leading trait?"

There was perfect silence—no response, and the old gentleman passed to other subjects.

A Husband Sold.

Some years since, when all the world was mad upon lotteries, the cook of a middle-aged American single gentleman drew from his hands her earnings of several years. Her employer was anxious to know the cause, and she told him that, having repeatedly dreamed that a certain number was a great prize, she had bought the whole ticket. He called her a fool for her pains, and never lost a chance to tease her on the subject. She seemed to take his taunts in good humor, saying it would turn out right by and by. One morning he opened his paper at breakfast, and saw it announced that the very numbers that Bridget had dreamed and bought had drawn the great prize of a hundred thousand dollars! He therefore determined to secure a wife and a fortune at once.—Bridget was summoned, and the wily gentleman proceeded to inform her that he had long valued her as a friend, and, being desirous to settle himself for life, he would be willing to make her his wife, if she had no objection. Bridget had always thought him a dear, good man, and would be glad to do any thing to please him. So he finished his breakfast, the parson was sent for, and made them one on that very morning. After it was all over, the cautious husband said to his bride, "Well, Bridget, you have made two good hits to day; you have got a good husband, and now bring me the lottery ticket that you and I have laughed so much about, and let us see what the number of it is." "Please, sir, don't laugh any more about that; I knew there was nothing in them dreams, and I sold it to the butcher a month ago."

The Boy's Advantage.

Just at the close of the war of 1812, a United States man-of-war entered Boston harbor. The Commodore was known as a bully of the first water. Entering a barber's shop in Boston, and finding no one but the boy present, he demanded in an insolent and overbearing way, "Where is your master?" "Not down, yet, sir." "Well, I want to be shaved." "Yes, sir, I can shave you." "You?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you may try it, but look here, my youngster,"—laying his loaded pistol on the table—"the first drop of blood you draw on my face I'll shoot you." "All right, sir," was the reply. The boy shaved him, and did it well. After the operation was through, the bully turned to him as he took up the pistol, and remarked, "Wasn't you afraid?" "No, sir," retorted the boy. "Didn't you believe I would shoot you?" "Yes, sir." "Then why wasn't you afraid?" The boy very coolly replied, "Because I had the advantage." "Advantage, how?" demanded the irate bully. "Why," said the boy, with the utmost nonchalance, "if I had drawn blood, I should have taken the razor and cut your throat from ear to ear!" The bully turned pale, but never forgot the lesson.

A young gentleman and his lady love were out riding and enjoying the loveliness of a magnificent June evening. The gentleman "took out his time-piece, and seeing the lateness of the hour, said to his companion, in an affectionate tone: "My dear, it is eleven o'clock. How quickly time flies when you are in good company." The lady, who had been silent for some time, answered: "I wish I could say the same." "Humph!" replied the young man, "you could if you'd be like the devil, as I do."

In the dictionary of trade, which fate has reserved for embarrassed manhood, there is no such word as fail—it is suspension.

Bound to Have the Place.

We are continually hearing of the advantages of advertising, but the disadvantages of that process for making known one's wants have never been told. I will give a few instances. A friend of mine was walking through Bond street the other morning when we came upon a crowd of over a hundred boys standing in front of a house. They were laughing and screaming, and completely blocked up the sidewalk. My friend stopping to see what was going on, and was surprised to see the door of the house open suddenly and a man's hand thrust out into the crowd, grab a boy, pull him inside and bang the door shut again. Such singular conduct excited his curiosity, and on going up to a man who was sitting on the front steps of the house, he asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing at all," said the man, "only we advertised for four boys in this morning's papers, and early as it is you see the result." There was nothing left for the man who wanted the boys to do but to make his selection from the window, then grab the boy and pull him in. My friend told this incident to a well-known merchant the other day, who related a similar experience. "Some time ago," said the merchant, "I had occasion to advertise for a half-grown girl to take care of a child.—I stated in my advertisement that the applicant must call at two o'clock in the afternoon. I went down to my store as usual, but had not been there over two hours, when a messenger arrived, saying that I must come home immediately, that the house was full of girls, and that my wife had been obliged to call in a policeman. Hurrying home, I found that not only the down stairs hall was full, but that the hall up to the third story were equally filled with "half-grown girls." The front door had been closed upon them, but those inside took possession of the house and let the others in. They would not go, even when threatened by the officer, and it took me the whole day to ask them questions and tell them they would not do." He finally settled upon a girl who came precisely at two o'clock, and she proved an excellent servant. Two or three winters ago when the times were hard and the money scarce, a gentleman of my acquaintance advertised in a New York paper for a boy, to whom if he suited, he would pay \$5 a week. Before he had eaten his breakfast, there was a crowd of two or three hundred boys and men, and even women at his door. The men begged to be employed, and said they would do any kind of work for that money. But as the gentleman wanted a boy whom he could teach to sing in a choir, as well as as run of errands, he was obliged to dismiss them.

A Lively Lump of Butter.

A short time since a farmer's wife residing in Berks county was engaged on the green sward in front of the house in churning butter. The female is one of those spruce, tidy house-wives of which Berks county is so very proverbial, and invariably takes special pains to turn out prime butter and light bread. Now, the woman in question opened the lid of the churn to see what progress she had made, and having business in the house, neglected to replace it. A small dog belonging to the family—one of those breed of poodles good for nothing else but to lie in the sun and wag their narratives—came along at a dog trot, having no doubt sniffed a feast from afar. Ponto halted near in front of the churn, and with a bound landed on its top. Scanning the surroundings, and finding the coast clear, the brute inserted his head into the open vessel, and was very soon engaged in satiating his appetite on its rich contents. Horror upon horror! Elongating his neck deep into the churn in search of butter-curds, the dog fell through the opening into the vessel. Just at this moment the woman returned and, hurriedly replacing the lid, made things lively for the purp awhile. After manipulating the crank a few minutes she took a peep inside, and, supposing the dog to be a lump of butter, inserted her hand for the purpose of removing it, whereupon the animal squirmed around, and the woman, who is a firm believer in signs and tokens, quickly withdrew her hand and left the spot at the top of her speed, in search of her husband, who was at work in the barn. The man upon reaching the green, and making an examination, turned to the partner of his "joys and sorrows" and said, "Mine Got, Betz, sis forfotlich unsa clay hundy, Ponto." The poodle was brought forth, the contents of the churn emptied and things assumed their regular channel again.

A LA S—(Ill.) editor is chagrined because the Methodists are to build a church on a lot adjoining his. Lately he has been "lowing" rather freely about what he would do to annoy the worshippers, especially at their meetings. Speaking of the matter in the presence of a Quaker, he is reported to have said he would build a barn on his lot as near the church as possible, and put a jackass into it every evening that the Methodists had a meeting. In his slow pleasant speech the Quaker replied; "I advise thee to spend thy evenings in thy house, not in thy barn."