

## THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

### THE "SINGER" SEWING MACHINE.

SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER  
SINGER



MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
MACHINE.  
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

#### 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 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 fee charged.

L. W. FROST, President.

M. B. WYCKOFF, Vice Pres.

J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.

J. F. EATON, General Agent.

No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOR. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

64 2ly

### 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 saponify, 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,

15 6m h. 64 to 84 WASHINGTON ST., N. Y.

### A. J. D. HENSZEY,

#### Produce Commission Merchant,

#### Nuts and Poultry

#### A SPECIALTY.

No. 318 North Water Street, (Opposite North Delaware Avenue Market)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CONSIGNMENTS solicited. Prompt returns. Refer to Hon. C. Albertson, Camden co., N. J. Higgins, Burn & Bell, Philadelphia.

### A Boy's Adventure with a Tiger.

ABOUT thirty years ago the members of a celebrated circus company were exhibiting in the City of Boston, and a youth about sixteen years of age, who was very fond of natural history, every day paid a visit to the entertainment, attracted by the display of a large collection of wild animals. He was particularly interested in watching the manoeuvres of a very fine Bengal tiger, who by its restless movements showed its disapprobation of the confinement it endured, and he took delight in annoying the captive brute, who roared with impotent rage, and by the flashes of its malignant eyes and the display of its deadly fangs indicated what its tormentor's fate would be if at any time he should be in its power. One morning he visited the menagerie before the usual hour of the performance, and finding no person at the ticket taker's office he entered the room where the animals were confined. Advancing to the cage of the tiger, to his great surprise he perceived that it was empty; and without thinking of the danger he incurred, his curiosity prompted him to enter the cage and endeavor to realize how the creature felt when it was a captive. Fortunately for him, he closed the door of the cage when he entered, and the instant after he had fastened the bolt he perceived the tiger protruding its head from behind some boards that were placed at the back of the menagerie. With a roar of malignity and triumph the fearful brute advanced to the cage, and inserting one of its paws between the bars endeavored to seize the youth and drag him to his fate. The poor boy was so overwhelmed with horror at the dangerous position in which he had placed himself that he was unable to call for assistance, and could only press himself as closely as possible against the back part of the cage. He then perceived with terror that the fore paw of the animal reached within two inches of his dress, which the infuriated beast endeavored by every means in its power to grasp with its claws. Trembling with horror and despair, the boy pressed himself as far back as possible, and seemed almost to flatten himself against the back of the cage; but in spite of his utmost attempts to compress himself into the smallest possible compass, the tiger by a sudden movement of its paw managed to grasp his jacket with one of its claws, and dragged the unfortunate youth towards the bars.

He said afterwards, in describing his emotions, that he seemed to live over again his whole life; every incident passing through his brain with such wondrous rapidity that the few seconds of his jeopardy seemed to him hours. When the tiger had dragged him within a few inches of the bars the cloth of the jacket gave way; and, in consequence of the force the tiger was exerting, the sudden separation of its claw from the dress caused its fore-paw to be withdrawn from within the bars of the cage, and the boy availed himself of the opportunity to press himself once more against the back part of the den.

The ferocious brute finding itself baffled in the attempt to again clutch the boy, uttered a low, menacing growl, and then commenced to walk slowly around the room—all the time casting malignant glances upon the boy—its eyes gleaming with baleful light, and seeming at times to flash with sparks of fire. Suddenly it crouched to the ground, and then sprang at the bars of the cage with such fury and rage that it seemed to strike the cage like a thunderbolt, and then rebounded from the iron bars as a football rebounds from a rock. The boy now bethought him of a pen-knife he carried in his pocket, and determined to defend himself. Opening one of the blades he calmly awaited the attack which the maddened animal evidently intended to make; and as soon as it protruded its paw again into the cage he struck at it with all his force, and drove the pointed blade into its flesh, which penetrated to the bone. When the brute felt the pain of the wound it uttered a mingled yell of rage and agony; and the keepers hearing the noise rushed into the room, and immediately releasing the situation they sent for one of the performers, who was a circus rider from South America, and who had been in the habit of capturing wild horses on the plains of the South. The rider hastened to the menagerie, bringing with him his lasso, which was a strong string or rope about thirty feet in length, and with a loop at one end. This he threw over the head of the tiger, and drawing it tight around its throat almost strangled it, and the keepers getting a large net drew it cautiously over the now helpless beast and easily secured it. The boy was soon released from his perilous position, his curiosity being fully gratified. He never again was desirous to know how a tiger felt when it was confined in a cage.

A Western Sunday school idea is this: biblical exercises are held every week, in which some scriptural subject, as "The Rivers of the bible," is dealt with. Each participant is previously given one river, upon which he writes a sketch, giving the events connected with it. The research necessary in the preparation of the essays leads to careful Bible reading, and the entertainments are interesting.

### The Man in the Moon.

There are many superstitions about the man in the moon, and almost every country in the world has a story about him. In New England the nurses tell the children that this man was found by Moses gathering sticks on a Sabbath, and that, for being so wicked he was doomed to reside in the moon till the last day.

"If you don't believe it," they say, "look in the Bible. It is all told in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers."

The Germans have the tale this way. Ages ago there went one Sunday morning an old man into the forest to cut wood. When he had made a bundle he slung it over his shoulder, and started for home. On his way he met a minister, all in his bands and robes, who asked him:

"Don't you know, my friend, that it is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?"

"Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all one to me!" laughed the woodman.

"Then bear your burden forever," said the priest; "and as you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have Monday in heaven till the great day."

Thereupon the speaker vanished, and the man was caught up, with cane and fagots, into the moon, where you can see him any clear night.

In Norway they think they see both a man and woman, and the story goes that the former threw branches at people going to church, and the latter made butter on Sunday. In the clear, cold nights of winter they will point out the man carrying his bundle of thorns, and the woman her butter-tub.

### A Curious Property of Sand and its Applications.

If a quantity of dry silicious sand be placed in a bag of canvas or thin box of sheet iron, the mass, after slight compression, forms a conglomerate, capable of resisting pressures of over 60 tons. So far as the envelope is concerned, the sand within acts as if it were an enclosed solid, producing no effect on the covering except a trivial amount where the contact occurs with the load. The sand, however, remains perfectly divisible, and, no matter what may be the superincumbent weight, escapes freely though slowly out of small aperture made in the bag or box. A simple piece of paper, however, placed over the orifice, is sufficient to stop the flow, even under the load above noted.

M. Beaudemoulin, who discovered this peculiar property several years ago, has lately published in France a work suggesting various modes of its application. For building walls it is well adapted, since the filled bags or boxes need merely be held in place by a framework; while, being very thick, they would form a protection, in case of being used for dwellings, against variations of temperature. Such walls, beside, would be fireproof. It is also suggested that for lowering heavy weights or even entire buildings, which by a change of street level, have become located too high above the roadway, the sand bags could be placed beneath and their contents allowed gradually to escape, thus letting the load slowly settle down.

### How a Woman did Business.

A woman who lately worked a plantation near Augusta, Ga., and who was a new hand in the cotton trade, walked into one of the city banks, a few days ago, and, accosting the courteous paying teller, asked him to tell her if she could get the money for her bale of cotton. She wanted it, and she must have it. He said he couldn't tell her that, but he could tell her that he wasn't paying for cotton just then. She said she didn't want any foolin' about it; she had sent her cotton to Augusty and she wanted the money. The gentleman, knowing that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," changed his jocose tone and asked her to whom she consigned it. "I didn't consign it to nobody," she replied; "I just sent it to Augusty!" "Well, but to what merchant did you send it?" "I never sent it to nobody at all. I just sent it to Augusty." "Yes! yes!" said the teller, now getting impatient, as the long line of check holders was momentarily increasing, and the woman was stopping his business. "Yes, I know you sent it to Augusty, but to whom did you ship it?" "Ship it, I never put it on any ship at all," she indignantly replied. "I just put it on the cars and sent it to Augusty, and I want my money for it!" Here some one suggested to her to go to the railroad and she would no doubt find her bale of cotton, which she did.

### Peculiar Properties of Figures.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a 0 to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2, and you will have 1,162, and, as there is no remainder, you add a 0. Now take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; and dividing this by 2, there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

### A Lesson for Smokers.

Plain speaking was formerly considered a duty by the Quakers. It is a pity they do not practice it often on smokers, taking the following as a specimen:

Recently, a Quaker was traveling in a railway carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow-passenger, he accosted him as follows:

"Sir, these seem well dressed, and I dare say thee considers thyself well-bred and would not demean thyself to do an ungentlemanlike action, wouldst'thoo?"

The person addressed promptly replied with considerable spirit,

"Certainly not, if I knew it."

The Quaker continued:

"And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of after thee had drank out of it thyself, wouldst'thoo?"

The interrogated replied—

"Abominable! No! Such an offer would be most insulting."

The Quaker continued:

"Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with after putting them into thy mouth, wouldst'thoo?"

The interrogated answered:

To do that would be an outrage on all decency, and would show that such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society.

"Then," said the Quaker, "with those impressions on thee, why shouldst'thoo wish me to take into my mouth and nostrils the smoke from that cigar which thou art preparing to smoke out of thine own mouth?"

### Poverty.

Dr. Mutchmore, of the *Presbyterian* is in the habit of writing some pungent editorials. He wrote one recently about the "His and Trials of Poverty." We extract that part which relates especially to poverty:

"Poverty is a great curse, despite of all the fine sentiment we hear about it from people in warm houses, who are well fed, and have good clothes on their backs. It embitters manhood; it saturates woman's heart with gall. It begets envy and fretfulness with one's lot; it makes men roll fiery eyes and utter hard speeches on the good of others, only because it is not their own. It furrows the face of beauty with crow's feet, or unsoftened lines of care. It makes its victims hard-hearted, hard-faced, and quarrelsome in speech and conduct. It robs the heart of all refining influences, by taking away all means of culture. It puts intellect and taste on the treadmill in quest of bread. It makes the soul go on all-fours to furnish food to the body. It changes a man's nobility to his stomach, which goads him to desperation by its unappreciated cravings. And through all, man sinks at last to the level of a rational brute.

### How Does he Know?

James Freeman Clarke, in an article entitled "Have Animals Souls," published in the "Atlantic," relates the following:

"On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days I drive to the neighboring village, where are the post office, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village, I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose, so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right, and goes to Boston. On other days he as invariably turns to the left, and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday; how he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my horse at the same hour on Sunday and on Monday, in the same carriage, and the same number of persons in it, and yet on Sundays he always turns to the right, and on Mondays to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sundays as on other days, but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston. But see how much of observation, memory, and thought is implied in all this!"

### Peculiarity of a Nutmeg.

If a person begins to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg grated on the other end would have proved sound and solid to the last. This circumstance may thus be accounted for: The center of a nutmeg consists of a number of fibers issuing from the stalks and its continuation through the center of the fruit, the other ends of which fibers, though closely surrounded and pressed by the fruit, do not adhere to it. When the stalk is grated away, the fibers, having lost their hold, gradually drop out in succession, and the hollow continues through the whole nut. By beginning at the contrary end the fibers above mentioned are grated off at their core end, with the surrounding fruit and do not drop out and cause a hole.

A Colorado exchange says: "The Canon city girls don't take kindly to croquet. They say it is too high-toned for them. Leap-frog is their best hold."

### How He Lost It.

In a pretty Connecticut village lives a gentleman whom I will call Mr. Q, a man of wealth, or prominence in the church, in fact one of the leading men of the place, and withal, very fond of a joke—indeed, one of those rare men who enjoys a joke on himself. He was the owner of a magnificent diamond pin; the envy of his friends, and an article which he took pride in wearing in a conspicuous place on his shirt bosom. He was obliged to go away on business for a week or two, and the next morning after his return was met by a neighbor and intimate friend who congratulated him on his safe return, and was about to pass along, when he exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Q, where's your diamond pin?" "I've lost it," was the reply. "Lost it! lost that pin? you don't mean it; how did you lose it?" "Never mind how I lost it, maybe I'll tell you sometime." "Tell me now," said the friend, "how did you lose it?" Q looked around, apparently afraid of being overheard, and said, "if you will promise not to let it out, I'll tell you." His friend agreed to keep it a secret, and never mention it to any one, when Q, with some hesitation, remarked, "The fact is, I lost it while sleeping with a strange woman," and thereupon turned and walked off. His friend kept the secret nearly twenty-four hours, when, under a pledge of secrecy, he told his wife, and then—well, we all know how such things go. Mr. Q, was obliged to go away on business again for two or three days, and found, upon his return, a pretty kettle of fish. The news had spread like wild-fire, and although he was liked by almost everybody in the town, many were ready to say that they always thought he went away a good deal, etc., etc. At last the church took it up, a committee requested him to be present at the weekly prayer meeting, the members were requested to remain after the service, when the person who led the meeting (it might have been the pastor), asked Mr. Q, if he had stated thus and so, and if so, what it meant. There was silence for a moment, when the criminal, his eyes twinkling with fun, arose and stated, "that on his way to Boston he took a seat with a strange woman, the car being crowded, and being very tired, he fell asleep, and slept a long time. Upon reaching the hotel he found his diamond pin had been stolen, and supposed it was taken by the woman who was in the seat with him, and on his return home, having been asked by a friend where his pin was, he had told him he had lost it while sleeping with a strange woman, which was the truth, and he was not aware that he had done anything out of the way." By this time the hugeness of the joke became perceptible to all present, and the meeting adjourned sine die, and the great scandal died out. Very likely, many stories which are circulated about just as good men have even less foundation.

### Squeezing a Legal Bully.

There was, five and twenty years ago, an attorney practicing in court named Booton. Had he been on the frontier he would have been either a blood-letter or an arrant coward. I don't know which; but here he was simply a noisy, coarse-grained bully; and his chief delight was to badger and bully witnesses of the opposing counsel on the stand.

One day a horse case was on trial in which Booton was attorney for the defendant. By and by counsel for the plaintiff called a witness who was supposed to be something of a horse doctor. He was a middle-aged, easy, good-natured man, clad in home-spun, whose bronzed brow and hard hands betokened sweat and toil. His testimony, which was clear simple and direct; made things look a little dark for the defendant, and when Booton got hold of him he proceeded to cross question him in his usual brutal manner. Said cross-examination wound up rather abruptly as follows:

"Well now," demanded the counsel, with a tomahawk-like flourish, "what do you know about a horse, anyhow? Do you really profess to be a horse doctor?"

"No, sir, not exactly. I don't profess to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the nature of the beast."

"That is," said Booton glaring first at the witness, and then smiling at the jury, nodding graciously at the Court and sweeping a triumphant glance over the audience—"that is to say, sir, you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?"

"Ah—ya-as—jes' so," returned the witness, with imperturbable good humor and gravity, "between the two beasts I should never take you for the horse!"

For once in his life, at least the bully was effectually squelched, and amid the wild roar which followed he threw himself into his seat, and allowed the witness to leave the stand.

### Josh Billings on Rats.

I suppose there is between 50 and 60 millions of rats in America (I quote entirely from memory,) and I don't suppose there is a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how many waste rats there is runnin' around. Rats inhale in number faster than shoe pegs do by machinery. One pair of healthy rats is all that a man wants to start the rat business with, and in ninety cases, without any outlay he will have rats to turn oph.