

THE BEST
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
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't.
J. F. ROGERS, Sec'y.

J. F. EATON, General Agent,
No. 6 North Third Street,
College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

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,
150 6th St. 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. A. Robertson, Camden Co., N. J. Higgins, Burns & Bell, Philadelphia.

THE GOSSIP'S MISTAKE.

MRS. ALVORD said 'It was a shame.' Mrs. Denton wondered how she dared thus to impose upon people, while a score of mesdames and half a score of Mr. Dames, gratified at somebody's version of something that did not happen, rolled the tittle-bit under and off their tongues with the gusto of gourmands.

It all happened in the quiet little town of Carlton, where the people mean to be and are good and kind as the world goes, but somehow mistakes will occur, and human nature is prone to accept the wrong version of things, and then it is so pleasant to

"Put horns on the heads of our friends, Put intrigues in the heads of their wives."

"To think," said Mrs. Denton, "that Fanny Howard, the daughter of a convicted felon, should come here to teach our children, and put on such airs. I never liked the girl; I always thought there was something wrong about her. The brand of shame is plainly seen behind her smiling face."

Mrs. Denton's ideas of right and wrong hinged entirely upon what Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Tracy and Mrs. Williams might think, and that social conclave had already convened and decided.

"As for me," said Mrs. Smith, "I shall never speak to her again. I shall take Benny from school at once, and I think we should ignore her entirely."

Mrs. Smith was the wife of that important functionary—the village justice. The counterpart of her phlegmatic husband, she was tall and angular, sharp in feature and sharp in tongue. Her house, in the outskirts of the city, was the rendezvous of that female—I had almost said feline—inquest, which seems to pertain to small communities. God, in his goodness had given her one child—the aforesaid Benny, as if thereby to soften the asperities of her nature. What she might have been without the gift, we can only conjecture. It is, therefore, impossible to estimate just what part Benny had played in the softening process.

Twelve months prior to the matters related, Fanny Howard had come to the village of Carlton in answer to an advertisement for a school-teacher, bringing letters and commendations which had secured for her the place sought. For one year Fanny had taught the school with much satisfaction; her sweet voice and gentle ways had won the hearts of the children, while her zeal and conscientious discharge of her duties had won the approbation of the parents. As the last quarter was drawing to a close, a stranger, staying for a night at the inn, had seen the school-mistress on the street, and upon being informed who she was he replied—"I thought I was not mistaken; I have seen her before; my father is in the State Prison at N—"

Upon all the invisible wires of social intercourse the news flew; the very birds of the air seemed to whisper it; that concentrated battery of pent-up country life expended its force in circulating the fact.—As Fanny passed inquisitive groups gathered at the street corners, the women watch from the windows—the children even, silent and shy, seemed to avoid her.

"What can all this mean?" said Fanny, her eyes filling with unshed tears, and the spectre of pain haunting her face. "Oh, that Mrs. Carlton was here! she would not desert me."

Mrs. Carlton was the widow of the late Col. Henry Carlton, after whom the town had been named. The Carlton estate extended for ten miles in every direction; its broad acres stretched to the mountains, embracing the entire valley; its flocks and herds fed upon an hundred hills. The family mansion was situated two miles from the town in the midst of charming grounds, beautifully planted and laid out. It was a plain, substantial, comfortable home, wonderfully suggestive for hospitality.

From the first, Mrs. Carlton had taken to Fanny. Frequent invitations had been extended to pass the weekly holidays at "the Grange"—as the place was called—while Harry, the only son and heir, a stout, manly young fellow of twenty-five, helping amazingly to make the hours pass pleasantly; there were walks, and drives, and dinners, and croquet parties under the trees, and music and dancing in the moonlight.—Now, alas! Mrs. Carlton and Harry were absent, and our heroine depressed by the weight of an intangible something, wearily bore her new burden.

It was the last day of the term; on the following Monday, the first of May, was to be held the annual picnic, and old country fete, revived by Col. Carlton for the people, as he was wont to call them. Delightful grounds in the hills, two miles away, had been set apart for this purpose; there were groves of trees, plats of green-sward, and charming bits of scenery; a mountain stream came tumbling down from the hills in a succession of waterfalls, forming at their base a tiny lake, where the ferns and the flowers seemed most luxuriant.

The Mayday sun broke bright and clear, as it always does in this Arcadia, tinging the mountain peaks with crimson, and filling the valley with yellow amber. There was an early and unwonted stir in the village and farm houses; troops of merry chil-

dren were congregated in the streets and lanes, happy as the birds which gave them greeting. Vehicles of all descriptions were to be seen wending their way to the grounds. Tables had been spread, booths had been constructed, a Maypole garlanded with flowers had been erected. There was to be a dinner, poem, songs and dancing, and some one was to be crowned 'Queen of the May.'

The farmers for miles around the country side had come with their wives and little ones; the parson and the deacon, the lawyer and the doctor were there; there was Steve, the blacksmith, his face washed white for the occasion; Briggs, the landlord of the 'Golden Swan,' with the proverbial rotundity; Tony, the shoemaker, with his half dozen children out at the toes as usual; Uncle Billy Rodgers who had crossed the plains with Col. Carlton in '46, and, as he said, 'was raised in the same town and know'd all the Colonel's kinsfolk.' Uncle Billy's talk always opened or closed with some allusion to his departed friend.

Tom Brown, the stage driver, had taken a day off to be present. With just the proper amount of dash on to the grounds, dressed in characteristic garb—Mexican sombrero, immaculate shirt, red sash, high-heeled, close fitting boots drawn over his pantaloons. After a slight excess of anxiety in the proper disposition of his team, with the indescribable inauspicious air of his calling, he lounged over to where mine host of the Golden Swan was standing, gave a scarcely perceptible nod of recognition to Uncle Billy and Tony, and remarked, patronizingly:

"I say, Briggs, what's all this yere talk about the schoolmarm? I don't see that she's to blame; she seems to be a kind dispositioned critter, and has allers done her work well. As far me, I'm durned if I don't think she's got good blood in her—thin in the nostril, wide between the eyes, clean-limbed. You bet your life that's no mustang in her."

"Yes, Tom," said Briggs, "but you know women are women, and naturally hate each other. If they catch one of their own sex out alone, without a protector, they all go for her—and this girl seems to be in that fix just now."

"Oh, Tom;" with a half defined side motion of the head, at the same time pointing mysteriously at his pocket.

As Tom would have said, "a wink to a blind man is sufficient," and the three—that is Briggs, Tom and the flask—went quietly into the shadow of the trees.

Uncle Billy looked querulously after the departing worthies, and said sadly to Tony, "the Colonel wouldn't 'a done that."

The servants had erected the Carlton tent, but did not know if their mistress would return in time to be present at the festivities.

During the early part of the day, Fanny sat alone, or wandered about the grounds, meeting cold looks and averted faces from some; from others that peculiar recognition, so fraught with meaning. Again and again she wished herself far away, and only remained, hoping by chance to meet Mrs. Carlton.

After the ceremonies had concluded, just as she had determined to leave the grounds and go across the fields to her own home, apparently by accident she happened upon Tom Brown.

The stage-driver, who had never spoken to Fanny, touched his hat—a remarkable exhibition of politeness for him—and said:

"I beg pardon, Miss; I'm a plain man, and can't say what I want to, but if you should need anybody to speak a word for you, or to take your part, Tom Brown knows how to do it."

Fanny comprehended the blunt sincerity of the man, and, as she thanked him, the tears which had been all the day in her eyes rolled down her cheeks.

From that moment Tom was her slave. He followed her at a respectful and unobtrusive distance; for her sake he would have charged and routed the whole camp.—Many a high-born lady has had a less faithful and puissant knight.

The incident served to lift the load from Fanny's heart. She wandered down by the tiny lake, and for the moment was happy. Near at hand several children were at play, their parents and the elder ones were elsewhere occupied. She heard a splash, a scream, and saw little Benny struggling in the water. Springing forward with rare presence of mind, she leaped upon a rock, seized the child as he was sinking, and brought him to the shore, pacified him, and taking him by the hand, led him forward to find his mother. At a distance was a group of ladies, and among them Mrs. Smith. As Fanny approached the circle she encountered the frigid stare of Mrs. Smith, who said with metallic voice—all eyes being riveted upon the two—"Benny, come to me; I do not wish you to associate with thieves and murderers."

Not far away, with his hat over his eyes, stood the stage-driver, as if waiting the word of command; but nearer at hand was another knight, Harry Carlton, who, with his mother, had just arrived upon the grounds, and had been near enough to overhear the words. Stepping forward he said to Fanny, who stood pale and trembling:

"Do not remain here to be insulted by

these people. My mother would like to speak with you."

And taking her upon his arm he escorted her to the tent, which had been prepared for them.

One standing near at hand could have heard the words of explanation, interrupted by broken sobs on the part of Fanny, with kind and gentle soothing by Mrs. Carlton; would have seen Harry start up with a naughty, unorthodox word on the end of his tongue, saying that he would find out what all this meant, and after a short absence, would have seen him returning, his hands clinched, and his big, burly frame bristling all over with indignation; would have heard animated conversation for a moment in the tent, followed by subdued laughter.

Shortly thereafter the family carriage was ordered and Harry and Mrs. Carlton, accompanied by Fanny, left the grounds.

The month of vacation was nearly ended; Fanny had disappeared; the Carlton mansion was closed, and occupied only by the servants. Harry and his mother, some said, were in the city; some said at the sea-side.

Upon the last day of the school vacation, after the arrival of the mail, an unwonted something seemed to ruffle the surface of affairs in the quiet town. Curiosity was upon tip-toe, and wonder was looking out of open eyes into open eyes.

Mine plithoric host of the inn dressed as was his wont, of a summer afternoon, in shirt, pantaloons and slippers, from his seat on the table wiped the perspiration from his rubicund face, and read to his quartet of thirsty satellites, from the Yerba Buena Tribune, as follows:

"MARRIED.—At Grace Church in this city, by the Rev. Dr. Peters, Harry Carlton to Miss Fanny Howard, daughter of Major William Howard, formerly of the United States Army, now Warden at the State Prison of N—"

The landlord laughed, Tom Brown threw his favorite hat upon the floor, and jump-upon it, said: "Do you call that a mustang?"

"That gal's a Carlton anyhow," said uncle Billy, complacently, while Tony glanced wistfully at a row of decanters, and wondered if the occasion would not suggest an invitation to imbibe.

A new school-mistress has been engaged at Carlton, and in some mysterious way Tom Brown has become sole proprietor of the stage line.

At the last stated inquest, Mrs. Smith was heard to say, consolingly, to Mrs. Tracey: "I am so glad it was all a mistake; I always liked Fanny."

An Affecting Incident.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "Among the passengers by the westward-bound emigrant train which arrived last week, was a Mrs. W. S. Crediford, an aged lady from Alfred, Me. Poor, feeble and alone, she left her home to cross the Continent on an emigrant train, to see her children residing in this State. Two grown daughters awaited her at San Jose, and her son had gone up the road to meet her. He found her worn out with the fatigue of the protracted journey in a comfortless emigrant car, and very weak.

About 6 o'clock in the evening she reclined her head on her son's shoulder and fell asleep there. Just after the train left San Leandro, a gentleman who had got on the train at that place, noticing something peculiar in the attitude and appearance of the old lady, approached the son, and inquired, "What is the matter with that lady?" "Hush!" replied the young man, "don't wake my mother." "No fear of that," said the gentleman, "she will never wake again in this world."

He was right. Quietly leaning on the breast of her son, the poor old lady had yielded to fatigue, and peacefully fallen into a slumber from which she passed into that deeper sleep that knows neither waking nor weariness. The emigrants composed her weary limbs to rest, and brought her body to this city for her bereaved children.

A Cool Robber.

An example of coolness and audacity was furnished a few days since at a railroad station in New Jersey which seldom finds a parallel. The train due at seven arrived promptly and as the custom was, passengers and employes, the express messenger among them, went to tea. Before going, the latter locked the safe, containing some \$12,000, and secured the door of the car. No sooner was this done than a burglar approached the car, from the other side, thrust his hand through a window, raised the latch, opened the door, placed a railroad tie against the side of the car and slid the safe, weighing two hundred and eighteen pounds, to the ground. Closing the door and replacing the tie, he dragged the safe toward a stream near by. Near the track he overcame the obstacle to progress presented by a high board fence by wrenching off some of the boards. Dragging the treasure a short distance farther, he broke open the box by means of a lever, and hastily examined the contents. Securing some \$8,000, he made off across the fields, while the train was speeding on its way. The loss was soon discovered—not so the burglar.

Pumping a Darkey.

Two friends of ours, who were recently traveling South, took a look at the battle field of Lookout Mountain, and seeing some darkeys near by, thought they would interrogate one of them. Calling the colored man and brother, one asked him:

"What do you call this a battle ground for?"

"Cause der wuz a fight here, sah."

"Who fought?"

"Massa Gen'l Hookah, sah, an' I don't say de oder gemman's name, I disremember dat just now."

"Which licked?"

"Massa Gen'l Hookah, sah, of course."

"What did they fight about?"

"Well, sah, I don't just reckon, what dis heah fight was 'bout; de whole fight, sah was to free de nigger, sah."

"Who owned the nigger, Hooker or the other man?"

Pompey's eyes opened till they looked like two round agates. He looked at my friend and then looked at me; then he looked over to his companions who were shouting and laughing at the antics of one of their number in a swing; but he didn't reply. My friend spoke sharply:

"Which owned the nigger that they fought about?"

"W-w-w-whar's you bin? Who is you, ax'n me dis—axin' dis chile who owns dat nigger? Whar's you bin?"

"I've been all around here, but I didn't see any fight. When was the fight?"

"Right smart run 'o time since dat sah; dat's a good while ago, boss, dat was."

"What sort of a fight was it, a prize fight?"

"A which, sah?"

"A prize fight. Did they form a ring and pound each other with their fists? Did they mash up the other fellow with his fists? Who got the first knock down?"

The expression that grew on that man's face, the transformation scene that passed over that man's features, was a better answer to the question than his tongue could have given. First a look of curious bewilderment, then of annoyance, then of pity, contempt, and utter disgust successively, till he turned silently and walked back to the party, seeming to wonder which was the greater fool he or we.

What Hannah Said.

Mrs. Hannah Woods' husband warned people not to trust his wife, she having left his bed, etc. To this Hannah replied as follows:

"First, as to the bed, we had none except the one my father gave me, and upon which I have allowed him to lodge his poor, drunken, worthless carcass already quite too long; and as to board, he was not furnished enough for the last two years to pay for his salt. He talk of board! why the children have always assisted me in buying bread to keep his poor soul and drunken body together. He caution people not to trust me! It would have been more fitting that I should have posted him; but that would have been superfluous, as no one who knows him would have trusted him, or possibly we could have kept the family together longer than we did.

"One thing—and only one—in his publication is true, and that is that I have left the miserable man. When by the use of whiskey, the once Milton Wood transformed himself into everything contemptible and vulgar, forgetting every pledge of earlier life—forgetting his obligations to me and his children—forgetting himself, and at last forgetting God, and still, not sated with havoc, he pursues me with the malevolence of a drunken fiend—leave him I did. Oh, liquor! How many homes hast thou made desolate? How many broken-hearted wives and homeless children hast thou cast upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world? Oh, thou mighty transformer of intellectual man into everything devilish! But I am trespassing too much upon your space, and will close, wishing Mr. Wood all the health, happiness and comfort he can ever expect to flow from his drunken carcass."

If Milton Wood is not now extinguished he certainly has given to the world what was the matter with Hannah. For a scathing and eloquent exposition of the sufferings of a drunkard's wife Hannah Jane's advertisement cannot well be paralleled.

Anecdote of Washington.

General Washington was a pattern of punctuality. When he engaged to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be at the door of the hall just as the clock was striking twelve. He always dined at four o'clock; and if the guests whom he had invited were not present, the dinner went on precisely at the appointed hour, without awaiting for them. Washington would make no apology, but simply remarked, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here." When those people got another invitation to dine with the President, they would be sure to be in time.

A person had a pair of beautiful horses to sell, which the President wanted to buy. Five o'clock in the morning of a certain day was fixed as the time for Washington to see them; but the horses were not brought till a quarter past five, when the owner was told that the President had been there at the appointed hour, but had gone away. The man thus lost a good chance of selling his horses by his delay of one quarter of an hour.