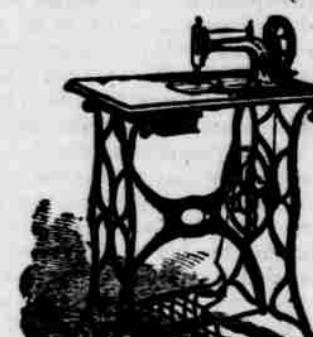


Sewing Machines.
THE CELEBRATED SINGER SEWING MACHINE

OUR NEW FAMILY MACHINE.
 THE superior merits of the "Singer" Machines over all others, for either family use or manufacturing purposes, are so well established and so generally admitted, that an enumeration of their relative excellencies is no longer considered necessary.
 WHICH has been years in preparation and which has been brought to perfection regarding time, labor or expense, and is now confidently presented to the public as comparatively the best Sewing Machine in existence.
 The Machine in question is simple, compact, durable and beautiful. It is quiet, high running, and capable of performing a range and variety of work never before attempted upon a single Machine.—using either Silk, Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and sewing with equal facility the very finest and coarsest materials, and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for hemming, braiding, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, trimming, binding, &c., are novel and practical, and have been patented and adjusted especially for this Machine.
 Machines always kept on hand at our Clothing Store on Bridge street, Mifflintown, Pa. A grocer & Baker, in answer to the purpose of sale at the most reasonable prices.
 Machine Cotton, Needles, Thread, Oil, &c., and everything pertaining to this Machine constantly kept on hand for sale.
 B. W. HARLEY & CO., Agents, Mifflintown, July 16, 1870-17

Dot's Corner.
THE COMING WINTER.
 BY TANAR ANNIE KERBOOK.
 What will the coming winter bring For the favored ones of earth? Glowing sounds, and cheerful hearts, And graces, of joyful mirth. The musical sleigh-bell's merry chime Will ring on the frosty air, And luxury's mantle will banish cold From the great, rich, and fair.
 What will the coming winter bring To poverty's lowly home? A mournful wail—a grief ungodly And hunger's fearful moan; A ragged mantle that will not shield The form from the frost king's breath; Tears and sobs, despairing cries, And the icy touch of death.
 Charity folds her shining wings, And asks (will she ask in vain?) Help from the rich for the starving poor, That hope may be their's again. There are noble kindly hearts to heed, The call of her gentle voice? They will feel 'tis a blessed thing to give, Then go on their way and rejoice.

Miscellaneous Reading.
THE WESTERN TRAILER.
 The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy speaks thus of the Western trailer:
 The trailer is not a graceful man. He carries his head much inclined; his eye is quick and restless, always on the watch, and he is practicing his art unconsciously, hardly ever crossing the track of man or animal without seeing it. When he enters a house, he brings the habits he contracted in the practice of his art with him. I know a trailer as soon as he enters my room. He comes in through the door softly, and with an air of exceeding caution. Before he is fairly in, or at least has sat down, he has taken note of every article and person, though there may be a dozen vacant chairs in the room. His description of a route he took as guide and trailer for the Ogallalas in bringing them from the Platte to this place was minute, and, to me, exceedingly interesting. Every war party for that season had crossed his trail—of course unscathed by him—he describes with minuteness as to their number, the kinds of arms they had, and stated the tribes they belonged to. In the strange revelations that he made, there was neither imposition nor supposition, for he gave satisfactory reasons for every assertion he made.
 I have rode several hundred miles with an experienced guide and trailer, Hark, whom I interrogated upon many points in the practice of his art. In going to the Niobrara River we crossed the track of an Indian pony. My guide followed the track a few miles and then said, "It is a stray, black horse, with a long, bushy tail, nearly starved to death, has a split hoof of the left fore foot, and goes very lame," and he passed here early this morning." Astonished and incredulous, I asked him the reasons for knowing these particulars by the track of the animal, when he replied: "It was a stray horse" because it did not go in a direct line; his tail was long, for he dragged it over the snow; in brushing against a bush he left some of his hair, which shows its color. He was very hungry, for, in going along, he has nipped at those high, dry weeds which horses seldom eat. The fissure of the left fore foot left, also, its track, and the depth of the indentation shows the degree of his lameness; and his tracks show he was here this morning, when the snow was hard with frost."
 At another place we came across an Indian track, and he said, "It is an old Yankton, who came across the Missouri last evening to look at his traps. In coming over, he carried in his right hand a trap, and in his left a lasso, to catch a pony which he had lost. He returned without finding the horse, but had caught in the trap he had out a prairie wolf, which he carried home on his back, and a bundle of kinikink wood in his right hand." Then he gave his reasons: "I know he is old, by the impression his gait has made, and a Yankton by that of his moccasins. He is from the other side of the river, as there are no Yanktons on this side. The trap he carried struck the snow now and then, and in the same manner as when he came, shows that he did not find his pony. A drop of blood in the center of his tracks shows that he carried the wolf on his back, and the bundle of kinikink wood he used for a staff for support, and catching a wolf showed that he had traps out." "But," I asked, "how do you know it is a wolf? why not a fox, or a coyote, or even a deer?" Said he, "If it had been a fox, or coyote, or any other small game, he would have slipped the head of the animal in his waist belt, and so carried it by his side, and not on his shoulders. Deer are not caught by traps; but if it had been a deer, he would not have crossed this high hill, but would have gone back by way of the ravine, and the load would have made his steps still more tottering."

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 The hog will outlive all hostility, and laughs, so to speak, at the success of his slanderers. Still is the reeking roast pig the sacrifice of many a dinner table, and still is the rural ceiling festooned with the savory sausage and the smoke-house fragrant with ham. We deal with facts, not sentiments. The hog is a true cosmopolitan—a citizen of the world. He increases and multiplies and inherits every part of the inhabitable globe. He is as ubiquitous as the bat. He does not stand in high repute for his manners, but he is most accommodating, thriving with equal content in the sty of the rich and the kitchen of the indigent. He wallows sometimes but naturalist tell me that he does this for the sake of cleanliness, which is next to Godliness—for the same reason that the Pacific Islanders grease themselves. Among his quaint peculiarities are his grunt of satisfaction and his squeal of remonstrance and reproach. He should never be fed till he stops his squealing; it is the approved method of breaking him of the habit.
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 "Always," said Vivier, "that is, in a conventional sense of the word."
 "Not at all; we do not belong to those people who speak empty words; we love all artists and you especially. It would be a great pleasure to us if you were our daily guest."
 "In earnest."
 "Certainly; we should be delighted."
 "Well, then, as you are so kind to me I will do all I can to carry out your wishes."
 "Very well, we hope to see you here soon again."
 On the following day Vivier appeared. "You see," said he, "I have taken your invitation literally and have come to dine with you."
 "That is charming," cried host and hostess, to whom the conduct of the artist seemed extremely piquant and original. Dinner passed merrily, and on his departure the guest was overwhelmed with protestations of friendship. The next day, precise to the moment, Vivier again stepped into the room of Mr. B., who was just in the act of sitting down to dinner.
 "Here I am true to my promise," said he, "you see I am punctual; but you seem surprised," continued he, casting a penetrating glance upon the astonished faces of Mr. and Mrs. B., "did you not expect to see me?"
 "O, certainly we are glad to see you," replied the pair, forcing a smile.
 "So much the better then," and with these words he took a seat at the table, acting the part of the agreeable one to the whole family, and did not at all seem to notice that he alone, with the exception of a few monosyllables from the rest, was bearing the conversation.
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 "Very well but I must get my overcoat, which I left here yesterday," and without allowing himself to be detained any longer, he walked through the hall, ascended the stairs, and knocked:
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The Kansas Pacific Railroad has reduced its fare to six cents a mile.
 The Prussians have allies in trained hawks to capture Paris carrier pigeons.
 Hot tar will make sole leather waterproof.
 Cincinnati has two base ball clubs composed of girls.
 When does an editor play a singular trick with grammar? When he declines an article.
 The French balloons, with a fair wind, go about as fast as the express trains on American railroads.
 Applause at Sunday gatherings is beginning to be quite a Common occurrence in Boston.
 "Darling, it's bedtime. All the chickens have gone to bed."—"Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."
 A Japanese can live comfortably on two cents a day; but then he has to work more than eight hours to earn them.
 The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that a contract made on Sunday and carried into effect, cannot be repudiated by either party.
 The opening of the theatres in Paris is a military provision, to prevent the troops and the populace from dwelling too much on their situation.
 Hugh J. Glenn owned a farm of 22,500 acres in Colusa, California, and feeling cramped, spent \$200,000 in adding 12,500 more. He raises stock and grain.
 A ring was found by a lad last week in the water at South Beach, Nantucket, which was lost by a lady while bathing twenty years ago. The ring was returned to her.
 "You ought to lay up something for a rainy day," said an anxious father to his profligate son. "And so I have," replied the youth. "What?" "An umbrella."
 A money-hunter being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honeymoon would last. "Don't tell me of the honeymoon," he replied; "it is the harvest-moon with me."
 The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend in San Francisco writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provision—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull dogs.
 An Indiana paper tells of a lawyer there who charged a client \$10 for collecting \$9, but said he would not press him to pay the other dollar for a few days if it would be more convenient for him to let it stand.
 A file of one of the Meta journals is a curious sight. Owing to the scarcity of paper it was printed one day on red plaid paper, another on blue, a third on bluff, and so on. Another was printed on common brown packing paper.
 A sea-captain, invited to meet the committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa, when asked "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" replied: "Yes, and every thing else they can lay their hands on."
 During a recent Irish wake at Middletown, Conn., the deceased was taken out of his coffin and made to stand in a corner of the room, with a hat on his head and a pipe in his mouth, while the crowd indulged in coarse jokes at the expense of the departed.
 It was mentioned one day to Pres. Lincoln that two ladies of his acquaintance had quarreled, and loaded each other with abuse. "Have they called each other ugly?" said the President. "No sir," "Very good; then I will undertake to reconcile them."

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GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINE.
 The following are selected from thousands of testimonials of similar character, as expressing the reasons for the preference for the GROVER & BAKER Machines over all others.
 "I like the Grover & Baker Machine, the first place, because, if I had any other, I should still want a Grover & Baker, and having a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a greater variety of work and it is easier to learn than any other."
 "I have had several years' experience with a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given me great satisfaction. I think the Grover & Baker Machine is more easily managed, and less liable to get out of order. I prefer the Grover & Baker, decidedly."—Mrs. Dr. W. W. New York.
 "I have had one in my family for some two years, and from what I know of its workings, and from the testimony of many of my friends who use the same, I can hardly see how anything could be more complete or give better satisfaction."—Mrs. General Grant.
 "I believe it to be the best, all things considered, of any that I have known. It is very simple and easily learned; the sewing from an ordinary needle is a great advantage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does ornamental work beautifully; it is not liable to get out of order."—Mrs. A. M. Spooner, 36 Bond Street, Brooklyn.
 "I am acquainted with the work of the principal machines; and I prefer the Grover & Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have worked in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good."—Mrs. Dr. McCurdy, No. 48 East Third Street, New York.
 "More than two-thirds of all the sewing done in my family for the last two years has been done by Grover & Baker's Machine, and I never had a garment rip or need mending, except those rents which frolicsome boys will make in whole cloth. It is in my opinion by far the most valuable of any I have tried."—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.
 The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company manufacture both the Elastic Stitch and Lock Stitch Machines, and offer the public a choice of the best machines of both kinds, at their establishments in all the large cities, and through agencies in nearly all towns throughout the country. Price Lists and samples of sewing in both stitches furnished on application to Grover & Baker S. M. Co., 115 Market street, Harrisburg. April 27, 1870.

NEW FIRM.
 FASICK & NORTH,
BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,
 MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN;
 In the Hotel Building of Mr. Albright.
 Having entered into partnership, we are now prepared to manufacture and have for sale all kinds of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,
 FOR
GENTS', LADIES' AND CHILDREN.
 Our work is all manufactured by ourselves, and we warrant it to be made of the best material. Old work sold at our counter will be repaired free of charge, should the sewing give way.
 Give us a call, for we feel confident that we can furnish you with any kind of work you may desire.
 Repairing done neatly and at reasonable rates. FASICK & NORTH. Aug 18, 1869-17.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS
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MACKEREL, SALMON, HERRING,
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