



HOUSE FURNITURE!

I. H. WHITMORE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer, and Manufacturer of HOUSE FURNITURE, AND UPHOLSTERER.

takes this method of informing his customers and the public that he has REDUCED THE PRICE OF FURNITURE from ten to twenty per cent.

EXAMINE LIST OF PRICES.

Table listing various furniture items such as COTTAGE, JENNY LIND, and ANTIQUE, with their respective prices.

CHAIRS.

Table listing different chair models and their prices.

WARDROBES.

Table listing wardrobe specifications and prices.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

I. H. WHITMORE, Greencastle, Pa. dec 1-87]

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL!

THE alarming increase in the number of frightful accidents, resulting in terrible deaths and destruction of valuable property, caused by the indiscriminate use of oils...

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES

The proprietor of this oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for, and presenting to the public, as a substitute for the dangerous compounds which are so broadcast over the country...

It should be used by every family because it is safe beyond a question. The primary purpose in the preparation of STELLAR OIL has been to make it perfectly safe, thus insuring the lives and property of those who use it.

To prevent the adulteration of this oil with the explosive compounds now known under the name of kerosene, etc., it is put up for family use in five-gallon cans...

It is the duty and interest of all dealers and consumers of illuminating oil to use the STELLAR OIL only, because it alone is known to be safe and reliable.

Amberon, Benedict & Co., Waynesboro'; Mann & Stator, Marjra; B. H. Winger, Quincy; Golwicks & Burkhart, Chambersburg; W. D. Dixon, St. Thomas; J. Hostetter & Co., Greencastle; Thomas C. Grove, Mercersburg; Jno. L. Richey, JARDEN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS, No. 126 South Front St., Philadelphia. Feb 2-1871]

FAIRVIEW MILL!

FAMILY FLOUR, ETC.

THE undersigned having refitted and added all the latest improvements to his Mill, (formerly Fr. nitz) announces to the public that he is now manufacturing a superior article of FAMILY FLOUR...

POETICAL.



KEEP TROUBLE TO YOURSELF.

Speak not your troubles over loud, Lest the world should hear; Bow not your head before the crowd, In public shed no tear.

The wise will never own defeat.

Though hope be almost dead; But, smiling, all disasters meet, With proud, defiant head;

The fool who tells of his distress,

Hurries on disaster, And attempts the sordid one to cross, Hisowing claims the faster;

Be ever cheerful to the crowd,

And bid no creakers near you; Be courteous, yet cold on proud, And fools will learn to fear you.

A PARTING.

Months of sunny life and fair, Days that fitted none knew where, Hours of pleasure hours of pain,

Can you calm thy thus efflux

From Life's tablet every trace Of the hopes, and prayers, and tears, That we shared in other years;

Can you break the golden chain

Link'd by hours of joy and pain? Do you think it will decay As the long years pass away?

Then will these dark moments seem

But as some dim, troubled dream; In that dawn of pure light We will read it all aright.

MISCELLANY.

THE JUDGES DAUGHTER.

My story seems branded into my memory in letters of fire. It is no story conjured up by the imagination, nor yet one that needs glossing over by a fertile pen.

Obedient, as a child, she listened to her father's commands, and obeyed them implicitly.

He surrounded her with gay company; he did everything that wealth or taste could suggest to win her away from her boy-lover.

At last he died. He did not bind her with any promises. Perhaps in death his eyes discovered that it needs more than wealth to bring happiness.

'Estelle, my love,' he said passionately, 'it may seem wrong to you for me to come to you, now he is gone, when I know how much he was opposed to me, but, darling, you are in trouble, and I must comfort you.'

She did not oblige him. She believed her father must have relented, or else he would have spoken and forbidden her to receive him after his death.

'Rupert,' she said, 'if you had forsaken me now, I should indeed be desolate.'

'And to leave you over would kill me,' he ejaculated, impetuously.

'Don't speak so fiercely, Rupert,' she pleaded. 'No one stands between us now.'

'Yes, poverty stands between us as it ever did,' he replied.

'I would study in England, France and Germany,' was his eager response.

'For a moment she was silent. Rupert,' she observed, presently, 'the way is open for you at last.'

'He would study in England, France and Germany,' was his eager response.

'You are exceedingly unwise, Estelle,' she said angrily, 'to draw your capital to give to him. I doubt his goodness—I doubt his ever returning.'

'Estelle was wounded but not discouraged. She made him a present of a very handsome gold watch and chain, and money enough to defray all expenses incidental to his journey and first admittance to a medical school.'

His two years were spent in England, and he received money from her every quarter. He lived in style, even luxury; surrounded himself with everything he could wish for; and though she thought he must be extravagant in his habits, she made no inquiries, no comments.

Her sister married and went to California, and Estelle was left to watch and wait the remaining three years of his absence.

'My love, I do not know how to say what I wish. My five years have nearly expired. I believe I am nearing the goal, which save for the goodness of your true and noble heart, I never should have hoped to obtain, but yet I am not satisfied. I wish to see you so much my poor, lone birding, that I am ready to give up every future hope for this world and the next, to fly to you. But I restrain myself. I wish to be entirely worthy of you and all you have done for me when I do return. Oh, if I could remain here two years longer, I might accomplish much there!'

She perused that part of his letter. Two years more! Two years of long waiting—seven years of weary waiting! She let not even a sigh escape her lips.

Whether it was merely a delusion of her guilty conscience or not we can never know. Any way the fall fractured her spine, and until this day is a miserable, repeating, aching, faded invalid. And she is a conscience-stricken wretch, enduring all the pangs of earthly purgatory.

Verily my friend is being avenged! It is God's just retribution.

Bathing in the Dead Sea.

Bathing in the Dead Sea produces as novel a sensation as if you found yourself suddenly endowed with wings and culminating the feats of a timber-pigeon in mid air.

'You must not be surprised,' she said, in her responsive epistle, 'to find me much changed. I think my health has failed during the past two years quite rapidly.'

'Ah! too many hearts such an announcement would have carried terror! She knew the name of the ship in which he was to sail, and watched the slow, seemingly endless days go by.

'She was full of peace and joy; he was coming—she was content. Those that knew her said her face wore the expression of an angel. So that as it might—her heart wore the happiness of one.

'She heard when the steamship arrived.—They only lived twenty miles distant—sure he would come the next day. But the next day came, and the next, and the next, and he came not.

'She saw his name among the arrivals, was she sick? She was tempted to go down and see, when a gentleman called upon her.

'I have seen your friend, Dr. Kingland, in the city,' he said. 'He told me to inform you that he had been detained, and would soon be up.'

'The announcement took one pang from her heart, only to add another. He was well—she thanked God for that, but could she have been within twenty miles of him for a week without sending him some message?

'That was all the reproach she allowed her gentle heart to make, while she formed a thousand excuses for his cruel neglect.

'Two weeks went past, and they numbered three. Then a note came which commenced as follows: 'My dear friend, I feel as if I can say to you, through a note, that which I wish to say, better than face to face. Estelle, you have been my best friend, my good Samaritan, and I am sure you will rejoice at my happiness. I was married last night to Miss Morse. You remember her. A young lady of wealth, beauty and good position in society.'

She read no more. Some one in the adjoining room heard a heavy fall, and rushed in. They found her on the floor apparently dead. They picked her up and sent for a physician.

'A severe shock,' was his conclusion.—She is dying of the heart disease.'

She became sensible again, but her heart was utterly broken. Seven years of waiting and then the false-hearted lover had left her left her, after squandering her property, to die in misery!

Even then she uttered no complaints.—She had all his letters, little keepsakes, and every little trifle pertaining to him, brought to her. She bound up and addressed them to him.

'After I am gone send them to him she said.

A week later they laid her away, and fulfilled her request.

He began to practice early, and his success was wonderful, despite notoriety which his falsehood had brought upon him.

On the first day after he returned from Europe, Mrs. Morse gave a party. She made her brother promise to watch Dr. Kingland, and bring him up with him.

'See if I don't win him from that faded Estelle Atherton!' she exclaimed before he met her.

And she did so. His wick heart easily proved recalcitrant to every vow of love, every tie of honor.

Two years after, she was about to go down a flight of stairs, when she uttered a loud shriek, and fell forward to the bottom.

When she became conscious enough she said: Estelle Atherton stood at the foot of the stairs.

Whether it was merely a delusion of her guilty conscience or not we can never know. Any way the fall fractured her spine, and until this day is a miserable, repeating, aching, faded invalid.

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Jordan. Woe, too, to the unexperienced stranger, who, following his rule in other bathing, dips his head as well as his body into the Dead Sea. Inflamed eyes and nostrils, together with hair and beard laden with acrid salts are among the penalties of his rashness; while if he taste its waters, he becomes acquainted with a greater concentration of actions than had entered into his imagination before.

In buoyancy and bitterness the Sea of Sodom exceeded all we had heard or read respecting it, but in some other particulars our anticipations were falsified surprisingly.

'We looked for gloom, and we found a like exquisitely clear and delicately blue; we expected perfect silence and an unbroke waste, and we found the birds singing sweetly among the tamarisks and oleanders, which spring up wherever a stream finds its way from the mountains to mingle with the mysterious inland sea.

The 'fat Sheep.'

Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of the church in—I took occasion to attend a social meeting in the church in that place. As his custom on such occasions one after another rose and gave his or her experience. After a time a man in humble circumstance, small in stature, and with a very effeminate squeaking voice rose to give in his experience, which was done in the following manner.

'Brethren I have been a member of this church for many years. I have seen hard times; my family was much afflicted; but I have for the first time in my life to see my pastor, or any of the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door.'

'No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience than he was suddenly interrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose up and said—in a firm loud voice: 'My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you.'

On his taking his seat, the pastor in charge quickly rose, and also replied to the little man as follows:

'My dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.'

Whereupon the little man in answer said, in a very loud tone of voice: 'Yes, and if I'd been a fat one, you would have found me long ago.'

'The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described.

Snake Hunt in Missouri.

A novel affair recently took place in Marion county, Mo., being no less than a snake hunt on a large scale. The reptiles had become so numerous and so fearless of people, that small children were afraid to go to school; and they even attacked some adults, several having been bitten on their boots, and it had been a common thing for fifty or a hundred snakes to chase men, women and children across the prairie.

A party was therefore organized for their destruction, and the snakes were surrounded and driven into a twenty-acre patch of prairie, and the outer edges of the tall grass set fire to. The grass burned well, the flames rolling up ten feet high; and, as the line advanced, the snakes retreated to the centre, sometimes making desperate attempts to spring through the flames, but, the blaze being too heavy, they were killed in the attempt.

One blue-racer was nine feet four inches long, and several inches in circumference. This is the first snake story of the season.

A Word to Girls.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker.

But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than I can be brought to believe. Just because I do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, I would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can supply.

N. P. Willis wrote once a very pretty paragraph on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely ebullied the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it in on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

A correspondent of the London Sun gives this as his recipe for promoting health: 'Do not expect, sir, some wonderful announcement some fascinating mystery! No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bedroom window a little open at the top while sleeping, both in summer and winter. I do not come before you as a theorist or an inexperienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to adopt this healthful practice.'

I am the father of ten children all in pure health, and have (thank God) never lost one, although their natural constitutions were not robust. But in addition to the salutary effect of the practice in my own family, wherever I have advised others to try its effects it has invariably been found to be both pleasant and beneficial!

She Told Her Love.

'A Telegraphist sends an exchange the following: Not long ago a respectable lady handed in at the office a dispatch for transmission to her absent partner.

The message was found to contain twenty-two words. The clerk observed that by omitting two words the charge would be reduced ninepence, and respectfully suggested that 'Dear Husband,' with which the dispatch was prefaced, might be struck out.

'After some considerable hesitation the lady acquiesced, remarking, with real feminine penetration, 'Strike your pen through them, he will see at once that I have had the words written down.'

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help th man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting, and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinions, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day, to match the color of theirs.

Wear your own colors in spite of wind and weather, storm and sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

In Love.—I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She was enormous. But the course of my true love come to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things, I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side I rose and walked around, and there I found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was indignant, and unbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my coarce; as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once.

Backing Out.

'John,' said an angry parent to his son, who had committed a mistake. 'John, go to the next room and prepare yourself for a severe flogging!'

The boy departed, and when his parent had finished the letter he was writing, and sought the offending youth, he was surprised at the swollen appearance of the young rascal's back. 'What does this mean?' a leather apron, replied John, 'three double. You told me to prepare myself for a hard flogging, and I did the best I could!'

The hard features of the father's countenance relaxed, as also did the muscles of the hand which grasped the whip, and he let John off for that once.

Stick to One Thing.

Every young man, after he has chosen his vocation, should stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

There is a man in Dakota, Iowa, so penurious that when shelling corn, and a kernel flew into the woodpile, he removed seven cords of wood to find it. A neighbor standing by dropped a kernel near by where the searcher was looking. But when he found it he said, 'You can't fool me with that small kernel, the one I lost was a large one.'

A Boston shoe dealer detected a man in the act of stealing a pair of boots from his store, a day or two ago who proved to be a selectman, a bank director, a church deacon and a person of means, position, and family, in a country town not far from that city.—He asserted that he was driven to the theft by an irresistible influence, and he was allowed to depart after paying for the boots.

An indebted customer entered a provision store remarking, 'I'll take a leg of mutton, and want to pay for it.'

'All right,' replied the dealer, handing him the meat, which the customer takes and starts to go. 'Looker here,' cries the dealer, 'I thought you wanted to pay for it!'

'So I do,' was the reply; 'but I can't.' The dealer looked a little sheepish.

There is something exquisite in our countryman's reply to the European traveler, when he asked him if he had crossed the Alps: 'Waal now since you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground a spell ago.'

Kansas City reports a lady as passing along the main street in that town, composedly puffing a cigar, while her husband, a meek looking personage, walked behind, carrying his baby.

It is the idea of a minister down in Georgia, at the conclusion of a marriage ceremony to use in his prayer for the bridal couple the sentence: 'Suffer little children to come unto them.'

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, I kept except one man, who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest replied 'Oh! I belong to another church.'

Josh Billings says: Rats originally come from Norway, and nobody would have cared if they had originally stayed there.

A Boston paper records five elopements in one day. It adds, Go it, girls you'll have something to keep you at home by-and-by.

Mrs. Stowe says that in America no woman ever dies for want of speaking her mind. This, however, accounts for much of the mortality among men.

'There are three things,' said a wit, 'which I loved without understanding them: painting, music, and women.'

Why are old maids the most charming of all people? Because they are matchless.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.