THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., JANLARY 8, 1078.

| Professional Cards. | Nerport Advertsements. | THE |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | $J^{0 N E S ' ~ B R O S, ~ \& ~ C O ., ~}$ (Formserly Jolin Jones |  |
|  <br>  | Grain \& Produce |  |
| $\mathbf{L}^{\text {k }}$ <br>  <br>  | MERCHANTS, Newport, Perry County, Pa |  |
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 OWN MANUFACTURE.

## cassimers.

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CARPETS, \&e



## 

## Therpass Noxice. Tho underivned


 $\mathrm{N}^{\text {OTICE. }}$



Not His Shirt.
Mras. Jones wns oue evening busy em .
 looking at the rich display she was makijing, and at last sald: "Why don't
you fix my underclothingupfincy too ?", you fix my underclothing upfancy too?",
i"Oh," replled Mra, Jones, men don't care bout such things.
"Of onorse they do," answered her "Ot course they do", answered her
husband, " but the women are too carehusband, "but the women are too care-
lees and lasy to take the trouble to put on the fancy work." Nothing more was sald but Mra, Jones
looked ns though something into her mind that wonderfully pleased her.
A few nights afterwards as they were retiring Mr. Jones appeared to be anx-
loualy hunting somethog the loualy hunting somethligg he couldn't
find, and at lnat, very petulnantly asked "where is my night shirt $\%$ ") "Under your pillow my dear," gently
replied his wife." "No it isn"t," sald replied his wife. "No it is is 't," gald
Jonee, "you have made a mistake and Jonee, "you have made a mistal,
put some of your flumery here." put some of your flumery here,"
son no that ts not mine, ", said Mrs.
Jones as she took up the Jonees as she took up the garment and
hield it up before her husband, "it is your night shirt fixed up as you sald you would like ist, And further examination showed the astonished Jones,
that his shirt wes ornamen that his shirt was ornamented with a frill
around the bottom, and a rufle around around the bottom, and a ruffle around
the top while a pretty piece of em. the top while a prety pleee of em.-
broldery ran down the front. To make the joke the more decided, his wife had put all his other night shirts in the wash so that for once he was compelled to
sleep in this fancy garment sleip in this faney garment, and as he
expressed it when he not up in the expressed it when he got up in the
morning, he was not sure whether he morning, he was not sure whether he
was himself or some woman. At his was himserf or some woman. At his
request his wife took off the fancy fixings as Jones called them, and he never afterward complained that she was care-
lees of his underclotblige less of his underclothing.

Doze Stmall Bubby.
My poy Shake, he haf one of doze leetle ting vat dey calls a oup oup. Oh,
me, dot leetle dog! How I hates em me, dot leetle dog! How I hates 'em
already. I goomes home in der night dime
from dot tore vare I was stand belind from dot store vare I was stand behind
de counter all der time, vixin der de counter all der time, vixin der goots,
and I feels so tired as never before In my life. Und I says to mine vife, "Goom along mit doze somedings to eat." I eats somedings and den goes to bed.
Ven I vas asleep I feels Ven I vas asleep 1 reels somedings
geet glose up to me; den I pelieves dot geet glose up to me; den I pelieves dot
leetle baby gooms so near his fader
und I leetue baby gooms so near his fadier
und $I$ sends my hand ${ }^{\circ}$ over dar to bat
him him. Blitzen! I sticks my right hand in der mour of dat leetele buppy, und he
gooms down on it mit ble gooms down on it mit this eye toof. I
tell you done dogs geets out of dot bed zo mooch faster as he geets in.
Ven I goes to sleep again. I feels
someting pite so hard as a pin, und I someting pile so hard as a pin, und
slape my legs and says to my frow,
"geet nght "geet right un und night der gandle;
dares some udder tings yat dares some udder tings vat pites shoost
so hard ns der buppy." Mine frow she so hard as der buppy." Mine frow she
geets up und I sees 17 flees dot I don't
 dey goes avay, I sleepp. Und in der dey goes avay, I seeppa, Ond in der
mornin', ven I geets up, dose dog is in der back yard playing mit my stook. I kills dot buppy shoost der first day mine vife leavee der house.

## It Wasn't a Dog.

Old Mr. Gibney, from Eighth street, came down to market this morning and under his arm and went on. Then he coveted some fine tomatoes and laid down the melon and sat down his basket While he bargained for ciem, During the progress of the transection the
watermelon got restless, or elise some body nudged it, and it rolled down against the old gentleman's legs behind. "Shoo ! get out of thatt" he remarked, thinking it was somebody's dog, as
he counted he counted out eight pennies, and
moved six inches forward out of the moved six inches forward out of the
way. But the melon followed him up way. But the melon followed him up
and gave him another gentle bump on the ankles.
"Plague on you!" and he made a
viclous kick back wards thint rolled the melon a couple of feet, but in doing this he lost his balance and sat down on that
misgulded vegetable wilh all the vehe misgulace vegtable wilh all the velie-
mence of a stan his busket elear into the tail end of Alex. Schuitz's vegetable wagon, and pulled over two crates of tomatoes in
trying to save himself trying to save himself. When he got
up he diseloesed the saddeat tooking goot up he disocosesed the saddest tooking coat
tail and the most disheartened looking tail and the most disheartened looking
watermelon we ever remember to have seen. he said was, "hang it all. I thought it y̧us a dog."-Easton Freen
man.

- Brown saya he has so often been decelved by the chilikensis at hits boarding-
house he call it he moek deevive hy the ithokens athig boand
house he calls it the mocking bird.

