

A Joking Ghost.

WHO among the thirteen young people who infested the Brown family mansion at Newport, Rhode Island, on Christmas, was responsible for the introduction of practical joking as an appropriate method of celebrating the season is not certainly known. By some it is asserted that a young broker from Wall street was the guilty person while others maintain that the first practical joke was played by Miss Mary Brown and her sister Miss Carrie, and their cousin, Miss Lucy Brown Ketchum. Let us be fairminded and generous and assume that the broking Brown was the first and chief offender. Every one who is familiar with the habits and customs of brokers is aware that they regard practical jokes, such as hat smashing and violent hustling, as the most brilliant manifestations of wit, and if the young broker in question did not play practical jokes on his Brown relatives, there is not the least doubt that he was entirely capable of so doing.

The thirteen young people were of the usual sexes, and were full of spirits. They exhausted the most familiar practical jokes, such as sewing up the sleeves of the young men's night-shirts, and substituting pieces of raw potatoes for soap in the young ladies' bed-rooms, in the course of the first two evenings, and on Friday night last it became necessary to invent some new joke. The youthful broker proposed that Chas. W. Brown—a medical student, who subsequently proved a bold, bad young man—should be induced to put his hat on, and that it should then be smashed over his eyes. "We do that sort of thing at the board every now and then, you know," said the broker, "and you've no idea how tremendously funny it is." This plan however miscarried, for the reason that no one felt anxious to act as smasher, since Mr. C. W. Brown notoriously carried concealed medicines, and was fully capable of making any one who might meddle with his hat an immediate and involuntary patient. After much discussion it was decided to frighten the medical student with a ghost, and, as a preliminary, all agreed to weaken his mind by a prolonged conversation on ghostly subjects.

In the evening, ghost stories were accordingly told at great length. Nearly every one professed to have seen or heard a ghost in peculiarly blood-curdling circumstances, and even the young broking person recollected a story of great antiquity, which he related as part of his personal experience. Then Miss Mary Brown remembered that the room in which the medical student was to sleep had the reputation of being haunted. She said that a ghostly skeleton frequently appeared in it at the dead of night, and required the unhappy person whom it might meet to instantly confess his sins, under some vague but awful penalty. The skeleton was believed to have been formerly the property of a wicked priest, who had committed suicide in the room, and it was said to make an annual appearance on the 26th of December.

By this time the young ladies had talked themselves into a very nervous state, but Mr. Charles W. Brown did not seem to be in the least degree alarmed. He said he had been on intimate and friendly terms with ghosts during the greater part of his life, and that he liked them very much. In fact, he was anxious to meet the skeleton, and asserted that if he saw it he should ask it to go to Philadelphia with him, so that he could study its bones at his leisure. At a late hour the thirteen young people decided to go to bed, and after bidding each other good night, with much elaboration, they sought their respective rooms.

As soon, however, as Mr. Charles W. Brown had entered his room, the other twelve young people noiselessly assembled outside of his door to ascertain the success of their joke. Miss Mary Brown, her sister and her cousin, had drawn with phosphorus a magnificent and appalling skeleton on the wall of the room and written above the head the legend, "Confess your sins." When the medical student, after consuming what was thought to be an unnecessary length of time in preparing for bed, finally put out his light, the phosphoric ghost shone brilliantly before his eyes, and he uttered a yell of the most terrible and, to the young people outside of his door, delightful description.

Then the wicked young student began, in a loud tone of voice, his confession. He confessed that on Wednesday night he had kissed Miss Mary Brown in the library, but he urged upon the ghost, as an extraordinary circumstance, the fact that the young lady virtually requested him to do so, and that he did not see his way clear to refuse. Then he confessed that he had promised to marry Miss Carrie Brown, and that he had broken his promise. Still, he claimed that he would not have been thus far faithless had he not seen her in the act of sitting on the young broker's lap, and had she not subsequently admitted that she had

promised to marry that "addlepated youth," as she accurately described him. Also, Mr. Charles W. Brown, who is undoubtedly a lineal descendant of Ananias, further confessed that he meant no harm when he kissed Miss Ketchum in the vestibule of the church on Christmas morning, and that he would never do so again.

By this time the young people outside of the door had fled. The three young ladies whose names had been mentioned in the medical student's confession, wept, indignant tears, and protested that the "wretch" knew that he was telling lies; while the other young ladies said they hoped that such was the case, but that Mr. Brown did seem very earnest and sincere in what he said. The next morning no questions were asked of that depraved young man, and in the course of the day nearly every one of the thirteen young people said they had received letters which would oblige them to go home immediately.

As a practical joke, the illuminated skeleton was not, perhaps, strikingly successful, but it is the opinion of Mr. Charles W. Brown that no further attempts to play practical jokes on him will be made, and that he has fully repaid the ingenious inventor of the ghost.

What a Kentuckian Knows About Roots.

"WHOA-EP! Here I am again, with another load of yer medicine stuff," bawled out a long, lean, lank Kentuckian the other day, as he pulled up his team in front of one of Cincinnati's large drug manufactories. "I want all the money yer got in yer store this time fur this load of roots," said he to the proprietor, as the latter stepped out on the sidewalk. "What have you got?" asked the drug man. "Oh, a lot of sang, wahoo and May apple root," replied the Kentuckian, as he commenced throwing off sack after sack of the valuable load. A Cincinnati Star reporter happened to be passing at the time, and overheard the conversation. He stopped and inquired of the man from "over the river" what he expected to get for his load. "Somewhere in the neighborhood of about a hundred an' fifty," replied he. "It takes you about half your lifetime to get a load like that, don't it?" asked our young man. "Now, look a here, young man, are ye kiddin', or have ye never bin out in the country any?" Do ye s'pose I'd gather roots half my natural life fur a hundred and fifty?"

The reporter didn't suppose he would, but still he was under the impression it must take a long while to gather together as large a quantity of roots as he had in his wagon.

"What do you get for different kinds of roots?" asked the reporter.

"Say, young man, I want ter git this yer wagon unloaded some time to-day, an' ye'd oblige me by not botherin' me no more at present. If ye'll go over in that er tavern across the road an' wait thar about twenty minutes fur me, I'll be thar, an' will answer any question ye want to ax me."

The reporter went, and in the appointed time was met by the man from Kentucky, who, as he entered the saloon, tucked a large roll of bank-notes down his pants pocket. He sat down at a table opposite the reporter, and in answer to the latter's questions as to what kind of roots he brought to market and the price he got for them, he gave the information desired about as follows:

"Roots ain't nigh so plentiful as they used to be. I know the time when I could gather a wagon-load like I just fetched in, in a day, but now it takes considerable longer than that, an' then prices are not nigh so good as they have bin. There's sang (ginseng), that I used ter git \$1.80 a pound fur, only brings me \$1 a pound now, and that's fur the very best. What is it used fur? Why, the biggest part of it goes to China, to purify queensware with. Sang won't bear cultivation at all. It has seed every year. A curious thing about sang is that crows won't tech it. They'll eat weeds off all round it, but they let the sang alone. Sang is mighty scarce. I bring in considerable Indian arrow or wahoo root. There's a big demand fur it, but still I can't git over ten cents a pound fur it. That's the stuff they make ager medicine of. It's the best ager cure known.

Then there's May apple root. It only brings three cents a pound. That's what the mandrake pills is made of. The roots is ground up into a flour and rolled inter pills. I've fetched in enough May apples this fall ter keep the United States supplied with pills fur the next ten years.

Prickly ash I also bring in. It ain't very plentiful. The roots bring twelve cents a pound. It is used in makin' medicine for the rheumatism.

Sarsaparilla root is used in makin' blood purifier. It is tolerable plentiful, and is worth five cents a pound.

Burdock root is used for the same

purpose that sarsaparilla root is. It only brings four cents a pound.

Then there is elecampane root. It is used in syrups for the consumption. It's mighty scarce, though, an' fetches ten cents a pound.

Yaller root, which is also known as 'Golden Seal,' is a scarce article now-a-days. It's worth seven cents a pound. It is used fur makin' washes fur sore eyes an' mouth.

Burwane root is also used in makin' medicine. It's hard to git and brings eight cents a pound.

Butternut bark I fetch in considerable of, but the price on it ain't very high. Sometimes it brings as high as three and four cents. That's what yer physicin' pills is made of. Jist bile it down till it gits thick, like a paste, an' then roll into yer pills. It is also used fur dyeing purposes.

Hoarhound is an herb, an' is used in makin' cough syrup. It brings eight cents a pound, although it is plentiful. Some places it grows so thick yer can mow it with a scythe. Don't take no time to git a hundred pound of it.

Another herb is lobelia, and I git ten cents a pound fur it, but the price is falling. Lobelia is what Ipecac is made of. If yer ever want to get rid of what's inside of yer, jist make a tea of lobelia leaves, an' I'll bet my team of bosses out there it'll accommodate yer.

I forgot to tell yer a funny thing about gatherin' butternut bark. If yer peel the bark down it'll physle yer when made inter pills, but if yer peel it up it'll vomit yer sure as I'm a sittin' at this table.

I brought in a good many Indian turnips this fall and got eight cents a pound fur 'em. They are used in cough medicines.

Silkweed root is used in ager medicine, but it is scarce in my part of the country. It is worth ten cents a pound. Pennyroyal an' peppermint brings ten cents a pound, but when dry it takes a heap to make a pound. The oil of pennyroyal is extracted in a still. The Shakers up here in Warren county, Ohio, have regular stills for making the extracts. There are a good many kinds of bark used. There's white oak bark, best thing in the world to check the bowels, when it is made into a syrup. Yellow poplar bark used with wild cherry bark, prickly ash, dogwood bark and wahoo is good for the consumption. I know a man that had the consumption for six years that it cured. Slippery elm bark is ground up and used for poultices. Good to take out fever. It's worth ten cents a pound.

Then there's elder bark. Take it, beeswax, mutton tallow and a little rosin and it makes the best kind of a salve for fresh cuts. Bone set, is an herb that grows about three feet high, with leaves of a milky color. It generally grows in old pastures. It is used for colds and is worth six cents a pound. Old field balsam looks a good deal like bone set, only it don't grow so high. It is used for the same purpose. I've sold lots of catnip to these druggists, but what it is used fur more than ter nourish young babies with I don't know. I sell these fellers here all sorts of roots and herbs, even to mullin and plantain leaves, which they make salve out of. Why, even these old gypsum weeds bring three cents a pound, and even sunflower seeds. Why, a couple of years ago I sold two bushels of sunflower seeds fur \$21. They buy pumpkin and watermelon seeds also ter make kidney medicine out of. But look a here, young man, I've set here and talked long enough ter ye. Suppose yer treat an' I'll go.

The reporter treated and, in answer to the question of how much time he put in gathering roots and herbs, the Kentuckian replied that he put in very little; that he had a houseful of small children who dug the roots out of the woods and all that he did was to clean, sort and dry, and haul them to market.

The Widows' Fund.

A minister aged 73, a bachelor, was on his death-bed. For the last twenty years he had had as a housekeeper a steady, sensible woman, who served him honestly, tended him like a daughter during his illness, and for whom he had quite a fatherly regard. She was 45 years old, and he was poor and had nothing to leave her. Finally he thought of a plan and calling her one day, said:

"Of course you are aware that there is a Ministers' Widows' Fund and so if the husband dies, his widow will have an annuity during her life. Now suppose you marry me; although I am almost at death's door you will be amply provided for in the future. Will you consent to this?"

"Master dear, you must be doting! What would people say?"

"I was never more serious in my life, Mary; and I am sure people will say we have both acted wisely in this matter. Take till this evening to think it over and then bring me your answer."

In the evening she told him she "would take him." In ten days after they were married, and three days later the old man died; but his widow still enjoys her share of the Widows' Fund."

SUNDAY READING.

Finding "Girl" in the Bible.

AN ENGLISH TOWN missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging house in his district, which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by a friend, who feared that his life would be endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in, and see what he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with the people and talk about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called the town missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like: If you do not answer right, we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word."

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said:

"I will try."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word girl in any part of the Bible? if so where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the prophet Joel, iii, 3. The words are, 'And sold the girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man; "I'm dead beat: I durst not have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And, now sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good."

What Have You to Show For It?

This is the question propounded by some newspaper correspondent, who proceeds to elucidate in this wise:

A young man commences at the age of 20 years to drink, and from 20 to 23, drinks but one glass of beer a day, worth 5 cents a glass; at 23 he will have spent \$54.75; from 23 to 25, two glasses a day, he will have spent \$73; from 25 to 30, three glasses a day, \$273.75; from 30 to 35, four glasses a day, \$566.25. By this time he will have spent in all the sum of \$1,222.75.

Now, if another young man commences at 20, and instead of spending the money named for beer each year, puts it out at 7 per cent. interest, without any savings but this beer money, he would be worth at the age of 40 years, \$2,280, having saved his money, his character, his health, and perhaps his soul.

Now, if you have been paying out your money for beer—what have you to show for it? Are you any better, richer, happier for it? Are you any healthier than your total abstaining friends? Has your beer drinking given you any better position in society? Are you any better for it in any way? Does your drinking help you to lay up anything of any sort to offset the bank account you would have had if you had paid your beer-money to the cashier? Or do you expect by means of beer-drinking to lay up anything for yourself or your family in the future? If so, what is it?

When you make a bargain, there are always two values. You pay your money for a pair of shoes and you have the shoes to show for it, and you can wear them while you are earning money to buy more; but when you have paid your money for a glass of beer, and swallowed it, what have you to show for it? Ten chances to one it makes you thirsty for another glass, and another, and you get the headache or a stupid feeling that does not help your work, and perhaps some other bad things—not worth paying for; but if you have any good thing to show for it, what is it?

Perhaps you have not yet drank enough to count up much; if so, now is the time to forestall the cost and make your bargain. Will you pay out your money for beer and lose it or will you lay it out so that you have something to show for it?

Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

SELLERS'

COUGH

SYRUP!

50 Years Before the Public!

Pronounced by all to be the most Pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Tickling sensation of the Throat, Whooping Cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box. 40 1y

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. M. GIRVIN, J. H. GIRVIN

J. M. GIRVIN & SON,
FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 64 South Gay, St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly. 45 1yr.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

MUSSEY & ALLEN

CENTRAL STORE

NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public

A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

DRESS GOODS

Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

BLACK ALPACCAS

AND

Mourning Goods

A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

MUSLINS,

AT VARIOUS PRICES

AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of

SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS.

And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!

Machine needles and oil for all makes of Machines.

To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.

Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE,

Newport, Perry County, Pa.

DRUGS. DRUGS.

JACOB STRICKLER,

(Successor to Dr. M. B. Strickler)

PHARMACIST,
NEW BLOOMFIELD, PENN'A.

HAVING succeeded the late firm of Dr. M. B. Strickler in the Drug Business at his Store-room, on MAIN STREET, two doors East of the Big Spring, I will endeavor to make it in every way worthy the patronage of the public. Personal and strict attention AT ALL TIMES given to the compounding and dispensing Physicians' prescriptions, so as to insure accuracy and guard against accidents.

BEAR IN MIND

that my stock has been recently selected and care taken to have everything of the BEST QUALITY. The public may rest assured that ALL medicines that leave my store shall be as represented—PURE and UNADULTERATED.

I HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND

HAIR OIL and POMADES
HAIR, TOOTH and NAIL BRUSHES.
SURGEONS, TOILET and
CARRIAGE SPONGES.
PUFF BOXES, TOILET POWDERS,
CASTILE and FANCY SOAPS.

PERFUMERY OF ALL KINDS,

Together with Fresh and Genuine Patent Medicines of every description.

ALSO,

Segars, Tobacco, School Books, &c.

ORANGES, LEMONS & BANANAS,
In season.
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

Terms, Strictly Cash.

By strict attention to business, I hope to merit the confidence and favor of the public.

JACOB STRICKLER, Ph. G.

April 20, 1879.