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Philadelphia Advertisements.

Ready Mixed Paints!

LUCAS' READY MIXED PAINTS! NO WATER, NO CHEMICALS, NO BENZINE, BUT A PURE OIL PAINT, READY FOR USE.

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30 BEAUTIFUL SHADES OF PAINT SENT BY MAIL. IT IS PUT ON LIKE OTHER PAINT. MADE WITH LEAD AND OIL, VIZ: NICELY BRUSHED OUT, NOT FLOWED ON LIKE WATER PAINT.

TRY IT, And You Will Prove It to be the Best Liquid Paint in the Market.

JOHN LUCAS & CO., Philadelphia, MANUFACTURERS OF SWISS and Imperial French Green, WHITE LEAD, COLORS, VARNISHES, &c.

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Successors to SHAFFNER, ZIEGLER & CO., Importers and Dealers in Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Suspenders, THREADS, COMBS, and every variety of TRIMMINGS & FANCY GOODS.

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WITH TRIMBLE, BRITTON & Co., WHOLESALE GROCERS, No. 505 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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Publishers of Saunders' New Readers, and Brooks' Arithmetics, also, Robert's History of the United States, Felton's Outline Maps, &c.

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DRY GOODS. January 1, 1879.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is a sure cure for spavin, splint, curb, callous, sprains, swellings, galls, lameness and all enlargements of the joints of hoofs.

Statement Made Under Oath.

To Whom it May Concern:—In the year 1875 I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure a bone spavin of several months' growth, nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues.

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Is an absolute and irresistible cure for DRUNK-ness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics and Stimulants, removing all their demerit, and leaving the system in a healthy state.

HORSE

Send 25 cents in stamps or currency for a new HORSE BOOK. It treats all diseases, has 35 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses, a table of doses, a BOOK large collection of valuable recipes, a BOOK for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS

We are Headquarters for everything in the way of Stereopticons & Magic Lanterns, Each style being the best of its class in the market.

Men's Wear

Don't you want some cheap goods for Pants and Suits? If you do, don't fail to examine the splendid assortment for sale by F. MONTIMER.

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS IN PIANOS and ORGANS

FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS, Before Our Advance in Prices!

Pianos \$140 to \$400

All new, and strictly first-class, and sold at the lowest net cash - wholesale factory prices, direct to the purchaser. These pianos made one of the finest displays at the Centennial Exhibition, and were unanimously recommended for the HIGHER HONORS—over 12,000 in use.

American and Foreign Patents.

GILMORE & CO., Successors to CHIPMAN & HOSMER & CO., Solicitors, Patents, Copyrights, Trade Marks, &c.

ARRANGERS OF PAY AND BOUNTY.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge.

ALL OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND SAILORS,

wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slight, can obtain a pension by addressing GILMORE & CO.

Everyone That Cultivates the Soil

should compare The Original, Independent, Consistent Rural New Yorker with other papers.

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\$4 Paper for \$2 per annum. No Club Rates. The "Rural" is the disseminator of Bunton's White Fertilizer, Beauty of Flowers, Potato, Pearl Millet, and Fifty sorts of new and rare vegetables and flower seeds.

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Experiment grounds of 20 acres owned by "The Rural New Yorker" and worked in the interest of its subscribers.

Enthusiasm Throughout the Country—

10,000 Congratulatory Letters. Third Year of its Present Management, 31st Year of Its Age.

RURAL NEW YORKER,

78 Duane St., New York. Highest Medal at Vienna and Philadelphia.

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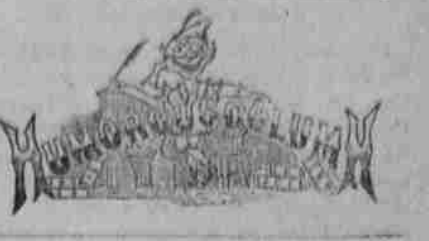
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A young lady being asked which party she was in favor of, replied—a wedding party.

If you wish to get rich get married. Honey is not made with one bee in the hive.

Why is a stick of candy like a horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

"No, Algernon, dear; I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at his grandpa's nose!"

How rapidly a man loses all interest in politics and national finance when he shuts the door on his own thumb.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad! I don't know," says he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

"You promised to pay that bill yesterday," said an angry creditor to a debtor. "Yes," calmly replied the other, "but to err is human, to forget, divine, and I forgot it."

With pleading eyes a young lady looked up from the piano and sang: "Call me your darling again." The young fellow didn't do it, however, for he had already figured in one breach of promise suit.

A very weak tenor in Dublin, singing feebly, caused one of the "gods" to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery, "Corney, what noise is that?" "Bedad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistlin in the pipe!"

It is a mistake to suppose that every body is thinking about you. You do so much of that kind of work yourself that you exhaust the subject. It is a mistake to suppose that the dismally pious man has had a change of heart. The change is in his liver, if anywhere.

"And how is me father, your rivalence?" "Your father has his head and shoulders out of purgatory. I think another halferown, Patrick, would liberate him. "Och, thin, I'll put me money in me pocket. If me father has his head and one shoulder out of purgatory, the devil himself can't howld him there."

Two readable stories are now current. One is that Charles Sumner was not musician, and a lady friend once told him that if he was to buy a music box set to "Old Hundred" she did not believe that he could make it play "more than seventy-five." The other, that old Mrs. Rothschild, when ninety-seven, said to her physician, "Doctor, you must keep me up for three years more at least; it would be discreditable for a Rothschild to go off under par."

A Boy's Composition on Cats. The New York News got the following from a boy: "The cat which we had fore we got Mose was yellor, and didn't have no ears, and not any tail, too, cos they were cut off to make it go way from where it lived, for it was ugly, and it cum to our house. One day my mother sed wudent my father drown it, cos she new where she cud git a nicer one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag too, and threw it in the pond, and went to his office, my father did. But the cat busted the bag string, and when my father cum home it was lying under the sofa, but cum out to look at him. So they looked at each other for a long while, and bime by father sed to my mother: "Wel, you are a mighty poor hand to go a shoppin' for cats. This is a sight uglier than the other!"

A Second Class Chap. Two boys—each employed in a different office on Griswold street, were one day last September licking a lot of one cent stamps on a pile of letters at the Post Office, when one of them asked: "Has your boss got back from his summer trip yet?" "Yes, has your'n?" "Yes, has anybody been around to the office to welcome your boss home?" "No, he's been home three days, and hasn't had a caller."

"Well, I guess he's kind o' second class like," continued the other, as he whacked on a stamp. "Over twenty folks were waiting in the office when my boss got home, and they said if he didn't straighten up them accounts they'd make him trouble right along! He hadn't hardly landed at the depot before most everybody knew he was home."