### An Old Horse-Dealer's Talk.

66 TT IS my opinion," said Mr. Bishop. the well-known Bull's Head dealer, who has been for forty years in the business, "that there are no horses in this country to be compared with those that come from Maine. I don't mean, mind you, that nothing comes from anywhere else, for that isn't so; but the Eastern horse wears better than any I have ever seen. Being 'blocky' in build, he has something to run on, while the long-legged, thin-bodied, narrow-headed animal that comes from elsewhere starts off well, and makes a dash, but he's like a comet-that's the end of him. The Maine horse holds his own, and keeps getting better and better all the time, and is good to the last. I'd rather just have the tail of a Maine horse than a whole horse from anywhere else. That old fellow of mine out there in the wagon is one of them.

I drive him for common. Bring him out of the stable any day, and he'll make his sixteen miles an hour right here in the city. Nobody can pass him. He's as gentle as a kitten; a woman can drive him, Snap a whip within an inch of his ear, and it won't startle him. You might throw a pack of lighted firecrackers under him, and he wouldn't move a peg. I never tie him anywhere. I can stand here and tell him to go, and he won't budge an inch; but the minute I get into the wagon, and take those lines in my hands, and give him the word he's off like a flash.

"Mr. Kelly's picture of the Androscoggin is as true as a photograph. There's Auburn one side of the river, and Lewistown on the other. That's one of my buyin-places. A week or so before going up I advertise that I am coming, and when I get there they drive in from all over to sell their steeds. Sometimes a fellow rides in what they call a 'jumper.' It is nothing but a crockery crate lashed on a frame-work pinned into two hickory saplings nicked and bent up for shafts and runners. Not a nail is used. It is made in two or three hours, and serves only to carry the man to town. If he sells his horse, he throws his jumper away, and rides bome with the man who didn't sell

" 'Is it cold up there?' Well, it is, and no mistake. Many a time I have ridden for miles when the thermometer was twelve below zero. You can see for yourself in the picture the river is frozen over, and the sleighs are driven on the

"I don't buy all they bring me-probably not one out of ten. Some of the men that sell them are mighty smart, but there's a woman up there-a speculator-who is smarter than any of them. Mr. Kelly calls her 'the fair jockey,' but the people call her 'Old Mother Skinner.' For the life of me I can't tell why, for she isn't old, and she is good looking. She's quicker than lightning. That other woman up in the corner is teaching a motherless colt to take milk. She holds the bowl in her lap, and wetting her thumb in the milk, gets him to take it into his mouth. After he has done this several times, she gradually iowers her fist until his lips touch the milk, and he draws a full supply. Soon afterward he learns to lap it up directly from the basin, and needs no further assistance.

What do I do with the horses I buy?' Well, I bring them down here. trim them up nicely, clean them off, and feed them up, and when they're in good shape, sell them. They're just like country girls in one respect. The girls are nice as they can be on the farms, but after the city milliner and dress-maker fixes them up, you wouldn't know them. So with horses, when they're dressed a little it makes a great difference in them. It costs to do it, though, and sometimes we don't get the money back. Last trip I made I bought a horse for \$325, and after all the expense had been put on him, I had to sell him for \$250. But I average it with another that I sold for four times what he cost me. There are a good many risks in the business. A horse may sicken before you get him to market, and either die or be used up. One I bought the other day for \$250 took pneumonia, and I would be glad to sell him now for

" Tricks?' There isn't any end of them. If you want to buy a horse,don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him, and take everything off but the halter, and lead him around. If he has a born, or is stiff, or has any other failing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a little ways, and if he staves right into any thing, you may know he's stone-blind. No matter how bright and clear his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him up, too. Some horses show their weaknesses or tricks that way when they don't in any other.

"But be as smart as you can, and you'll get caught sometimes. Even an

expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice, and go a. mile a minute, and yet have fits, for instance. There isn't a live man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip, and off he goes for a mile or two; then, all of a sudden, he sits right down in the road. After a rest be gets up and starts again, but he soon sits down for good, and nothing but a derick could raise him. There are sharpers in New York who make a business of selling such horses. After the sale, they have their agents slyly follow the buyer, and when the final breakdown comes, they step up, and after expressing their sympathy for him, buy the horse back again for a mere song, only to sell him again at a fancy figure to the next greenhorn who may come along. Even a horse with the heaves may be doctored up so you can't tell him. They feed him on wet grain for a while, and then when they show him off, drive him so smartly that you can't see there's anything wrong.

"Do you know what a 'dummy' is? You don't? Well, I'll tell you. He's a horse that don't know anything. His brain is gone wrong. A dark stall and overfeeding have ruined his digestion, and that has affected his brain. Drive him out a ways and pretty soon .he'll jerk his head around and pull right straight on one line. You can't hold him; it's of no use to try. The first thing you know he's dumped you in a ditch, or smashed you up against a lamp post. Tie him in the stable, and he'll back up till he breaks every halter you put on him. Stretch a rope across the end of the stall so he can't back out, and he'll climb up the wall.

"Maybe you don't believe it, but it's so. I have seen one go clear up stairs, and once I saw one go out of a secondstory window, and another walked off a dock into the river. Watch him when he's eating, and you'll often see him go to sleep with the feed in his mouth. He doesn't know any better; he's just a fool. I bought one of these idiots when I was a beginner in the business. He broke everything in the stable, and then went up the wall like a lunatic. Afterward one of the boys that groomed him for the man I bought him of admitted that the animal was 'just a Lectle bit dumb.' I can tell one now the minute I set eyes on him. He steps uncommonly high. In most cases, when you see a horse do that, be sure he's a dummy.

"What do we do with horses we get stuck on? Send them to the auction, where buyers take all the risks. No reputable dealer ever sells a bad one any other way. It doesn't pay to do it.

"I could talk all day about these things, only your paper is full now, I guess, and I'll stop. But don't you ever buy a horse, young man, unless you know how to do it."—Harper's Weekly.

## A Brave Trooper.

DETROIT paper, talking of " nerve," A recalls among two or three cases that of Jno. Melrose, a trooper in the Sixth Michigan cavalry. He was an under seized, oniet-looking man, and he had that wonderful nerve which not three other men in the whole brigade possessed. While acting as a scout in the Shenandoah valley he was one day eating dinner at a farm house, when in walken seven Confederate soldiers. They knew him for a Union scout, and he knew them for Confederates. A brave man would have made a rush or had a fight. Melrose simply looked up as they filed in, smiled over his fix, and called out:

"Say, old woman, put on more dinner here, and we'll all have a square meal together."

" You are my prisoner!" said the sergeant of the squad as he advanced.

"Yes, I know it, but I'll pay for a dinner for you and your men just the same! Sit right down and make yourselves at home."

His nerve upset the soldiers, and after a moment they took seats at the table, forming a complete circle around the board. As soon as they began to eat he began to think of escape. It was summer, and the window behind him and ten feet away was open. If he stood up all eyes would be fixed on him, and any excuse to leave the room was not to be thought of.

The meal was about half finished, and captors and captive were chatting away when Melrose suddenly flung himself backward, upset his chair, and bounded through the window. The soldiers ran out and fired at and pursued him, but he made good his escape.

In the Luray valley, just before the affair known as Woodstock races, Melrose and his companion fell out of ranks to forage. After securing a supply of meat they pushed on after the column, and were riding at a gallop when five bushwhackers, well mounted, came out of the cross-road about twenty rods ahead of them.

"We are dead men," said the scout's companion as they came to a halt.

Looking back, they saw four more

bush whackers climing the fence to take position on the highway. Melrose calmly viewed their situation, and finally

"We will charge them! Fall in behind me and there will be less danger. Draw your sabre and strike hard !"

The other dared not try it, though he was a brave man. He therefore kept his place as the scout dashed forward. Melrose rode straight at the men with drawn sabre, and the volley they fired went over him. He struck the line, sabred a man as he passed, and soon rejoined the column. His companion was never heard again, probably being murdered in cold blood.

In 1864 Melrose and three other foragers were captured in the Shenandoah valley, taken to a small encampment, and the four placed in a log house under guard until their cases could be disposed of. They talked the situation over, aud the bravest of them could see no hope of escape. Melrose quietly listened to their discouraging remarks, and as quietly replied that he would be inside of the Union lines before midnight. There was a circle of sentinels around the building, which had no door. The sentinels paced within six feet of the building, and the one in front could see the prisoners through the doorway. Melrose said that if all would rush together the sentinels would be confused, and either hold their fire or fire wild. The three men had participated in more than twenty battles, and were known as brave fellows, but here they wanted nerve, and nerve was what they hadn't

"Very well-I will go alone!" was the quiet announcement, and as night came on Melrose was ready. Standing in the doorway, he asked the sentinel what time it was.

"You git back thar', or I'll shoot!" was the prompt reply.

"Yes-I'm going right back!" said the scout, and he dashed upon the man, hit him a stunning blow and made for the woods. He had to run across an open field in full sight of camp, and, though it was dusk, he could be seen quite plainly for half the distance. More than fifty shots were fired at him, and then pursuit began, but he reached the woods and made his escape.

#### Must We Give up the Bird.

GEORGE W. PECK, in his Fourth of July oration at La Crosse, said: It has been noticed that thus far I have made no allusion to the American eagle, the national trade mark, patent applied for, but it is not that I do not appreciate the position that species of poultry occupies on these occasions. The poet alluding to the eagle says:

Bird of the broad and fleeting wind, Thy home is high in heaven.

This is too true. He is a high old bird, and the committee that selected the eagle as a national emblem should have been arrested for disorderly conduct. O great bird! You live on mice. You soar aloft on pinions airy, until you see a poor little mouse with one leg broke, and then you swoop down like a ward constable and run him in. You are a nice old bird for a trade mark, for a nation of heroes, you old coward. You sit on a rock and watch a peasant woman hanging out clothes, and when she goes in the house to turn the clothes wringer you great bird, emblem of freedom, you representative of the land of the free and the home of the brave, you swoop down on the plantation and crush your talons in the quivering flesh of her little baby, take him to your home high in heaven, and pick his innocent little eyes out. The bird that should have been selected as the emblem of our country, the bird of patience, perseverance and the bird of terror when aroused, is the mule. There is no bird that combines more virtues to the square foot than the mule. With the mule emblazoned on our banners, we should be a terror to our foe. We are a nation of uncomplaining hard workers. We mean to do the fair thing by everybody. We plod along doing as we would be done by. So does the mule. We as a nation are slow to anger. So is the mule. As a nation we occasionally stick our ears forward and fan flies off' our forehead. So does the mule. But when any nation sticks spurs into our flanks and tickles our heels with a straw we come down stiff-legged in front, our ears look to the beautiful beyond, our voice is cut loose, and is still for war, and our subsequent end plays the snare drum on any thing that gets in reach of us, and strikes terror to the hearts of all tyrants. So does the mule.

## Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adopted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indignation or deranged liver. Constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidney, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters. 14 2t

#### SUNDAY READING.

#### England's National Vice.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR.

THE devotion to liquor, as every one knows who knows anything about his country, is the besetting sin of the nation; and, so far from trying to check this besetting sin, we encourage, we render attractive, we protect, we indefinitely multiply, we thrust at every step before those whom it is most likely to destroy, innumerable temptations to It; and this we do, and continue to do, though we know that so difficult is it for the poor, even when they wish to keep aloof from it; so subtle, so rapid, fatal, enslaving, is the horrible fascination of it, that a man often becomes a drunkard almost before he sees the awfulness of his peril; and when once he is a drunkard, most often he is hurried all downhill with fatal rapidity into incurable ruin of body, mind and soul. Can we then wonder that, more and more, by common confession, a confession, alas! how humiliating, of a fact how notorious, the national vice of Great Britian is drunkenness? Not one day passes without our witnessing its terrible ravages. To the ruin it engenders, all alike bear witness. From the army, from the navy, from the police, from guardians of the poor, from manufacturers, from merchants, from tradesmen, from all large employers of labor, from physicians, from judges, from the clergy of every denomination, and most often and most bitterly from the workingmen themselves, come pouring in the accumulated testimonies - emphatic, heart-rending, unmistakable, reiterated to the deadliness of this degrading sin. Do you who are rich and respectableyou who, shut up in your stately houses or quiet homes, know nothing of this, and therefore, nursing in some delicious stillness your dainty loves and slothful sympathies, hear it with Indifference or Impatience? If you would know what drunkenness is, if you would learn what cause there is to lift up the voice respecting it, leave your ease; do not be afraid for once to sicken your sensibilities; do not be afraid to soil your robes. See women, or what had once been those gracious beings, shricking, fighting, blaspheming, pawning the very shawls off their backs, and the very bed on which their children lie. Watch the poor, ragged, emaciated drunkard-lost to health, lost to respectability, lost to shame-reeling from the counter where he has over and over again shamefully squandered what might have kept himself and his family in comfort and independence. Follow him, at least in imagination, to the chronic and squalid misery of that bare, foul room, which might have been a home. See his children fly from him terror-stricken, and huddled away out of sight in the corner, in the street, anywhere. See his wife-but the picture, though infinitely less than the reality, is too horrible; and you may see this almost anywhere; you may see it almost any day; and when you have seen it you will know at last why the hearts of thousands sink within them as they contemplate this standing shame, this clinging curse, this eating canker of our prosperity and of our life. These are its infamous resultsparent of evil. Who will venture to deny one of these awful indictments with which I here arraign it? Unnecessary as it is, except possibly in rarest cases of illness, being neither a food nor a source of strength, it wastes our resources; it saps our national strength; it empties our churches; it frustrates our schools; It fills our prisons; it crowds the wards of our hospitals; it peoples the cells of our asylums; It swells the tables of our mortality; it degrades many of our rich; it brutalises multitudes of our poor. Now, all this being so, what will you do? Oh, I do believe that there are thousands of good men and good women who, if they knew about this subject all they might know, not look on coldly and indifferently while others struggle. They would not think the drunkard a fit subject for a smile or a jest. They would not oppose any legislative endeavour to diminish for the working man his worst and fatalest seduction. They would not meet the arguments of temperance by those feeble superstitions and exploded fashions of Scriptural reasoning which have been used ere now to kindle the fagot of the inquisitor, and rivet, the fetters of the slave. They would not supply to the cause of intemperance the shallow sophism or the ensuaring epigram. But what they will do would be to join hand-in-hand in a holy crusade against

this curse of nations; this worst stum-

blingblock on the path of moral, intel-

lectual, and religious progress. And if

they did not see their way to do, as a

simple and much needed protest, what

thousands, thank God, of our clergy

have done and have done not only

without injury to health, but with posi-

tive advantage to it-not only without

diminution of strength, but with decid-

ed increase of it, namely, abstain from

all intoxicating drinks for their brethern's sake, if not for their own :-- if they did not make this cheap and beneficial sacrifice, yet at least, in order that the next generation may be partially delivered from that which is the bitter curse of this, they would train up their children, when any fermented liquor is set before them, to say with the children of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, "We drink it not, for our father commanded us, saying, "Drink it not." Oh, what a generation would that be, how healthy, how wealthy, how clear of intellect, how strong of arm, how fertile in resources, how rich in hope, to which drink would be unknown.

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J. R. FLICKINGER, A. B., Principal, or Ws. Ghirn, Proprietor.

9 2m.

New Bloomfield, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE. - Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Castleberry Harris late of Penn township, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in said township.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to S. H. HARRIS Administrator.

8: H. HARRIS Administrat Penn twp., Duncannon, December 2, 1879.—6t