

Bloomfield Academy!

An English and Classical School

FOR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

THE WINTER SESSION of this Institution commenced December 6th.

The course of study embraces Latin, Greek, English Branches, Mathematics, Natural Science, &c., and is designed to furnish a thorough English Education, or a complete Preparation for a College Course.

Vacations:—July and August, and one week at Christmas.

Terms:—For Boarding, Furnished Room, Washing, Tuition in Latin, Greek, English Branches and Mathematics, for the scholastic year, except board in vacations, \$200.00.

The Boarding Department is at the Institution, under the supervision of William Grier, Esq., by whom good and substantial board will be furnished; and the pupils will be under the strict care of the Principal. Address—

T. A. SNIVELY, A. B., Principal,
WILLIAM GRIER,
[New Bloomfield, Perry county, P. A.]

New Stage Line

BETWEEN

BLOOMFIELD and NEWPORT!

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE subscriber is now running a hack between Bloomfield and Newport, leaving Bloomfield at 9 a. m., arriving at Newport in time to connect with the Express train East.

Returning, leaves Newport at 2:30 p. m., or on the arrival of the Mail train West.

He has also opened a LIVERY in the Stables belonging to Rinesmith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate prices.

AMOS ROBINSON.

NEW STORE!

CHEAP GOODS!

THE subscriber having opened a new Store, one door East of Sweger's Hotel, solicits a share of the public patronage. He has just received a full supply of

New Goods,

and will constantly keep on hand, a complete assortment of

DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,

QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,

BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.

And Everything else usually kept in Stores.

Call and see my stock.

ROBT. N. WILLIS,
342 New Bloomfield, Pa.

New Carriage Manufactory,

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

Carriages

Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,

built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.

Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH,
3147

JAMES B. CLARK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware,

New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.,

KEEPS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

All the latest styles and most improved

Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,

TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock.

BELLS. ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY!

CHURCH, Academy, Factory, Farm, Fire-Alarm Bells, &c., &c., made of

PURE BELL METAL,

(Copper and Tin,) warranted in quality, tone, durability, &c., and mounted with our Patent IMPROVED ROTATING HANGINGS. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT,

Nos. 103 and 104 E. 2nd St.,

CINCINNATI, O.

TRICKS OF BEGGARS.

THE ingenuity practiced by professional beggars, to obtain a livelihood, is really surprising. In New York there are clandestine schools where children are taught the rudiments pertaining to this profession. They are placed under the immediate care of experienced persons until they have acquired sufficient confidence to make their own way in public. The arts of the professional beggar are many, and very curious.

A stout, middle-aged person, for several successive years appeared in Broadway under the disguise of an old, broken down man. He was very lame; misery was depicted in his countenance; he was shockingly clad; spoke with a feeble and trembling voice, and appeared to be in the greatest destitution. This man received alms in abundance, and seldom made less than five or six dollars a day. About five o'clock he would hobble away from the scene of his labors, and disappear very mysteriously until the following day. He frequently changed his locality, and traversed Wall street and other noted localities, and almost always with great success. Occasionally, charitable individuals endeavored to obtain some insight into his history; but his language was so broken, and his voice so feeble, that it was impossible to understand anything he said. He was regarded with great compassion, and the police seldom disturbed him in his daily rounds.

This man was at last secretly followed by a gentleman who had long noticed his peculiar manner and habits. He was tracked to a vile part of the town, in the neighborhood of Baxter street, and was seen to enter one of the squalid abodes in that vicinity. By dint of persistence, and the free use of money, the gentleman who led the pursuit was able to secure the services of a hard featured woman, who occupied apartments in the same building, and he was thus able to cautiously observe the movements of the beggar. It appears he went there, old, decrepid, and miserable, to come forth from the building entirely rejuvenated. This house was a mere halting place, where he changed his clothes. Where he went, after he left for the night was unknown to the wretched acquaintances of the slums. All they knew was that he was not what he appeared to be to the public at large; that he came there early in the day to put on the habiliments of his swindling profession, and that at night he returned to change them for better apparel. The gentleman was now more than ever determined to fathom the beggar's secret; but it required several weeks of cautious effort before his labors were crowned with success.

The beggar was naturally suspicious of being tracked, and he had recourse to various plans to elude pursuit. From the wretched abode at the Five points, he walked very briskly up town, turned many sharp corners, looked about him watchfully, plunged boldly into one of the hotels on his route, mingled with the crowd a few moments, and then rapidly walked away. He occupied luxurious apartments in the vicinity of Bleeker street, and almost nightly visited some place of public amusement. He was rich, and dressed luxuriously. After a while he appreciated the fact that there were persons who had discovered his secret, and he soon disappeared altogether from public view.

All large commercial towns in Europe and this country are infested with what are known as army and navy beggars. Experienced persons can sometimes detect the shrewdest impostor. An English gentleman, named Halliday, relates an occurrence that came under his own observation. He was walking with a friend who had spent the earlier part of his life at sea, when a "bogus sailor" shuffled up to them. They had just been conversing on nautical affairs, and Mr. Halliday said to his friend: "Here is a brother sailor in distress; of course you will give him something?" "He a sailor?" said the friend, with great disgust; "did you see him spit?" Mr. Halliday answered, "Yes." "He spits to windward," continued the friend. "What of that?" inquired Halliday. "A real sailor never spits windward. It is a regular landman's trick."

A professional beggar studies character and appearances very carefully. His manners and speech are very often as perfect, to sustain his part, as the proficiency of the best actors on the stage. Many women beggars expose miserable, emaciated infants and young children to the public gaze, and thereby excite great sympathy. It is known to many persons that these children are starved, and otherwise cruelly treated, on purpose to render

the situation the more likely to excite sympathy.

These are a few of the deceptions practiced by some of the most successful of our female impostors, many of whom have an abundance of this world's goods.

Cashmere Shawls.

SHAWLS are said to have been first manufactured in Thibet Persia, and India, where they have been made and worn from the earliest period of time of which we have any authentic record. The Cashmere shawl of Thibet is the most beautiful production of the far East, and no European country has yet been able to manufacture shawls that will compare with them, either in richness, fineness or delicacy. The real Cashmere shawls are made from the soft-down or under fleece of a diminutive goat, of graceful form, that has its home amid the vast solitudes of the Himalaya Mountains. This goat is also provided with an outside coat of heavy hair, and is consequently well protected from the extreme cold of this elevated region. Here the goat is found in the company of the deer and other animals, and here she browses on the sweet and delicate pasturage of the soil of Thibet. This rich herbage is grown on thin soil, and it is said that the moisture of the mountains never imparts rankness to its growth.

That the purity of the waters of the Hydaspes, and the unexcelled quality of the herbage are indispensable to the shawl goat of Thibet, is proven by the fact that wherever he has been transplanted, he has undergone various modifications at each remove, and in every instance degenerates. In some countries he is deprived of his hair; in others, he loses the whole or part of his fleece, but in all, the essential fineness of his undercoat is wanting, and becomes more or less harsh, as the climate or pasturage effect him.

In Thibet, the looms on which the shawls are woven, are of the most primitive construction, and the labor is performed by miserable artisans, who receive barely sufficient wages to keep them from actual starvation. Yet these wretched workmen are possessed with intense enthusiasm for their employment, and deftly and patiently weave scarfs and shawls, such as have never been produced in any other section of the globe.

Three hundred years of trial have failed to produce a fabric that equals the genuine Cashmere, and we shall probably never witness the manufacture of an article that will rival the original in beauty or excellence.

A New View of Things.

A GOOD story is told of a colored member elect of the Virginia Assembly, who, being nearly white, was able to pass at the leading Washington hotels for a Cuban. Here his official position brought him in contact with hungry Virginian politicians who treated him with considerable deference, and were careful to say nothing of his African origin. About this time an old Virginia Judge came along and recognized in the supposed Cuban one of his former slaves and he, in turn, recognizing the Judge, addressed him familiarly. The old Judge was furious at his presumption, saying: "You impudent nigger, you, I don't want your acquaintance." "Oh, but you may need my services, Judge," said the humble legislator. "No, I will die first," replied the Judge, growing more irate at the presumption of his ex-slave. Just here one of the Judge's friends, who was familiar with all the facts whispered in his ear, that the negro was a member of the Assembly of Virginia, and that as the Judge was a candidate for a district judgeship—which, under the new constitution of Virginia is made elective by the assembly—it might be as well for him to treat the darkey civilly, with a view of getting his vote. The Judge's demeanor toward the darkey was suddenly changed. When he had dispelled the late "unpleasantness" sufficiently to admit of the proposition, the Judge said, looking directly at the negro assemblyman: "Gentlemen, suppose we all go up to my room and take a drink."

The famous Jenny Lind is said to be unable to sing in public any more and this circumstance is reasonably accounted for by the statement that her little daughter has "inherited her mother's voice."

A well-known journalist hung up his stocking on Christmas, and his wife put a baby in it; whereupon he said, "My dear, darn that stocking!"

The London omnibuses carried 40,000,000 passengers last year.

Just Such Neighbors.

A MAN stopping at a tavern for rest and refreshment, began talking about his journey. He came from a neighboring town; he was moving away, and glad enough to get away too. Such a set of neighbors as he had there, unkind, disobliging, cross, and contrary, it was enough to make anyone want to leave the place, and he started, and was going to settle in another region where he could find a different set of inhabitants.

"Well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going."

The next night another man stopped at the inn. He, too, was on a journey, was moving. On inquiry it was found that he came from the same place from which the former traveller had come. He said he had been obliged to move from where he lived, and he did not mind moving so much as he did leaving his neighbors; they were so kind, considerate, accommodating, and generous, that he felt very sorrowful at the thought of leaving them and going among strangers, especially as he could not tell what kind of neighbors he would find.

"O, well," said the landlord, "you will find just such neighbors where you are going."

Does it not seem possible that men will generally find about such neighbors as they are looking for? Some people are always in trouble, others, "follow peace with all men." Who knows but we can have just about such neighbors as we wish for, simply by treating them as we ought to.

Our Destiny.

IT cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festival around the midnight thrones" are not above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back like Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born to a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the rainbows never fade, where the stars will spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentice.*

A Story for Lawyers.

The Valley on the Hackensack contains still a certain number of old people—descendants of the old Holland settlers, people who will speak Dutch in their homes, and who are reported to jog on faithfully adhering to old styles of living and old ideas.

One of these "Old Dutchmen," as they are irreverently called, riding on the Northern Railroad the other day, noticed at Englewood a handsome carriage, and asked a gentleman sitting not far from him, a well-known New York lawyer, whose it was.

"It belongs to Colonel Bank," replied the lawyer.

"He must be a rich man," observed the settler.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "he is a rich man, and a good honest man, too."

"Ah?"

"He is a broker and banker."

"A broker," said the old man with surprise, "a banker and a broker, and an honest man?"

"O, yes," replied the lawyer, "there are honest bankers and brokers."

"Well," said the old man, in a doubting voice, "I dunno 'bout it; I class 'em all with lawyers."

TRUE.—That was a sound philosopher who compared advertising to a growing crop. He said: "The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping the corn is growing. So with advertising; while you are sleeping or eating, your advertisement is being read by thousands of persons who never saw you or heard of your business, nor never would had it not been for your advertising."

SUNDAY READING.

A Boy's Faith.

WHEN Charles Gleason was about ten years old, a bright half-dollar was given him by his grandfather to buy anything he pleased for a New Year's present. The boy's mother that morning taught him the verse: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will repay him again." The words were running in the boy's mind on his way to the store to purchase a toy he had seen in the window of a shop on the previous day.

Just before Charlie reached the store he met a poor woman, who had sometimes done washing for his mother, and she seemed to be in great distress.

"What is the matter, Hannah?" said this kind-hearted child.

"O, Master Charley, I've got to be turned into the street this cold morning, and my little Bill so sick, too!"

"Turned into the street—you and Bill—what for?"

"Because I can't raise my weekly rent. I've just been to see my landlord, and he says it's three days overdue, and he'll not wait another day. There go the men to put my bed and stove and a few other things on the sidewalk. Oh, what shall I do?"

"How much is your rent, Hannah?" asked the boy, with a choking voice.

"It's half a dollar," said the woman.

"It will kill Bill to put him out in the cold—and sure I will die with him."

"No, you won't! No, you shan't!" said the tender-hearted child; and feeling in his pocket, brought forth his treasured half dollar, and placed it quickly in her hands. Seeing she hesitated to keep it, notwithstanding her great need, Charley told her it was all his own, to spend as he pleased, and that he would rather give it to her than have the nicest toy in the store. Then walking away swiftly from the shop windows which were full of tempting New Year's presents, he went bravely home to his mother, sure of approbation.

The first person he met was his grandfather. He had observed Charlie go down the street, and waited for his return, that he might see what he had got. So his first salutation was:

"Well, child what have you done with your money?"

Now Charlie's grandfather was not a religious man, and the boy knew, that though he sometimes gave his money to his relations, he seldom or never bestowed it upon the poor, so he rather disliked to tell him what he had done with the money; but while he hesitated, the verse which he had learned that morning came into his mind, and helped him to answer. Looking pleasantly into his grandfather's face, he said:

"I've lent it, sir."

"Lent your half dollar, foolish boy? You'll never get it again, I know."

"O, yes, I shall, grandpa; for I've got a promise to pay."

"You mean a note, I suppose: but it isn't worth a cent."

"O, yes, grandpa, it is perfectly good. I am perfectly sure about it, for it's in the Bible."

You mean you have put it there for safe keeping, eh? Let me see it."

Charley brought forth the book and he showed him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him back again."

"So you gave your money to some poor scamp? Well, you'll never see it again. Who has got it, pray?"

"I gave it to Hannah Green, sir; and Charlie told him the sad story."

"Fudge!" said his grandfather; "you can't pay poor folks' rent. It's all nonsense. And now you have lost your New Year's present—or will if I don't make it up to you. 'Here,' he added as he threw him another half dollar, 'seeing your money is gone where you'll never see it again, I must give you some more, I suppose.'"

"O, thank you," said Charlie, heartily.

"I knew the Lord would pay me back again, grandpa, because the Bible says so—but I didn't expect to get it so quick."

"That boy's too much for me," said the old gentleman as he walked pookily away.

Christians should betake themselves in earnest to the study of the way to salvation, in those Holy Writings, wherein God has revealed it from Heaven, and proposed it to the world; seeking their religion where they are sure it is in truth to be found, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual."—*Locke.*