

**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, French, 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,—\$20.00. 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, or WILLIAM GRIER, [New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. 811]

**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,  
New Bloomfield, Pa.

**New Carriage Manufactory,**  
ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,  
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

**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.

**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.  
VAN DUZEN & TIFT,  
Nos. 102 and 104 E. 2nd St.,  
CINCINNATI, O.

**Poetical Selections.**

**A PARODY.**

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
"Would be an assurance most dear  
To know that my name was forgotten,  
As though I had never been there.  
To know that the tailor and landlord,  
And the banks where my paper is due,  
And hosts whom I now cannot mention,  
Had banished me quite from their view.  
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
When the market for money is tight,  
And collectors in haste are pursuing  
Their debtors by day and by night?  
Do the friends who once loaned me a "fifty,"  
And the others who loaned me a "ten,"  
Heave a sigh of regret as they miss me,  
And wish they could see me again?  
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,  
Where no longer I'm seen upon "Change"?  
And do those who were wont to assist me  
Say, "His conduct's infernally strange?"  
Does the Shylock who loaned me his money,  
To bear me to regions unknown,  
Look in vain for occasion to dun me,  
And wish I again were at home?  
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?  
"Would be an assurance most dear  
To know that my name was forgotten,  
As though I had never been there.  
But I know that my memory lingers  
Around the dear place as I roam,  
And while I've my wits and my creepers  
They'll miss me—they'll miss me at home!"

**KISSED BY MISTAKE.**  
*A Story of Counterparts.*

A QUIET, uneventful life was mine until I left the shelter of my father's roof in Graham, and accepted the desk of book-keeper in the wholesale clothing establishment of Shears & Prescott, in the busy little city of Westen. Out there, one fine afternoon in October, just in the midst of the Indian summer, I invited Lillie Prescott, with whom I was very nearly in love, to walk in the park with me. Her little hand in its delicate primrose-colored glove rested on my arm, her black eyes were lifted to my face. I felt particularly tender and confidential, and at peace with all the world. We were speaking of the gorgeousness of the distant hills, clothed, as they were, in their mantle of crimson foliage, when I was brought to a stop by hearing my name pronounced in a tone neither sweet nor agreeable: "Mr. Smith, I'll jest trouble you for a minute!" I looked up. A woman of fifty, or thereabout, effectually blocked the sidewalk before us; indeed her proportions were colossal. If ever I have seen the personification of indignation, I saw it in her countenance. "Madame?" I exclaimed, retreating a little from the battery of flashing gray eyes which she had brought to bear upon me. "You needn't 'madam' me!" cried she, waxing redder. "I'll jest trouble you to settle this little bill!" And she thrust an ominous piece of paper before my eyes, which read, substantially—  
*Richard Smith, to Juliana Diggins, Dr.:*  
For six months' board..... \$85 00  
For " " washing..... 12 00  
\$107 00  
I returned the bill to her. "I owe you nothin, madam. 'I never saw you before in my life."  
"You needn't lie to me!" she cried, setting her arms akimbo. "I hain't kept a genteel boarding house fifteen years for nothing, sir! You'll either fork over on the spot or I'll take the law!"  
"Take it remarked I; 'you're welcome to it."  
"You think to sarse me young man; Remember what you promise! I'll have you look up for it as sure as my name's Diggins! I'll learn you better than to deceive a trusting widdler woman in that way! You desatful hypocrite!"  
"Madam, you insult me! I——"  
"Oh, it looks well for such as you to stand on your dignity! Mighty lofty, all at once! You've forgot the cream flip-jacks I used to make you, and the kisses you used to give me every evening after the rest of 'em was gone to bed! You've forgot the half-dozen shirts I made you, and never charged you a cent! You've forgot that you solemnly promised to marry me last Tuesday morning! You've forgot that, have you?"  
"Yes—yes—th—that is—I never!—no!" stammered I, dropping Miss Lillie's arm, in consternation.  
"Do you dare to deny it?" cried she, in a rage.  
"Yes, forever, and a day afterward!"

I roared out. "Do you think I would marry an old termagant like you? I'd rather marry my grandmother!"  
I saw the fire flash up in her eyes.—  
The widow was waxing dangerous. I dodged the reticule she aimed at my head and fell over backwards as she charged upon me, with her half-mourning parasol. Miss Lillie turned and fled. I thought discretion the better part of valor, so I leaped over a garden fence near at hand, and was immediately attacked by large watch dog, that sprung out of a kennel near by. I seized a dahlia pole, and hurling it at the belligerent, made good my escape by fording a duck pond and reaching the next street, from which I hurried home at the best time I could command.  
I was resolved that I would not remain in Westen a day longer. Evidently there was in the city some other Richard Smith—for whose notorious self I was mistaken. I penned a hasty note to my employers, giving my reasons for leaving them, packed my trunk, paid my board, and marking my trunk and baggage, "R'd Smith, New Hampton," I took the cars for the locality specified.  
In selecting New Hampton as my destination, I had no very definite purpose in view; but in a place of its size I had no doubts of being able to secure some lucrative situation; and the office of boots was better, if I could be left unmolested—than the station of President; if I must lose my indentity, and be attacked by viragoes in the streets.  
It was near noon of the next day, when the train whirled up to the depot at New Hampton. I alighted, and was hastening down the platform to look after my baggage, when I saw a young lady, in a brown silk walking dress, earnestly regarding me. As she caught my eyes, she threw up her veil and sprang toward me. As the veil swept back, it revealed the loveliest face that I ever looked upon. I had never dreamed of anything half so beautiful. In involuntary admiration I stood still. She threw herself into my arms—her arms fell around my neck—her velvet cheeks touched mine,—and such a kiss as she planted full on my lips! My face was in a blaze. I felt as if I had been stewed in honey, with lavender for flavoring.  
She repeated the kiss—the munificent little angel!—exclaiming:  
"Dear Richard! How delighted I am that you have come at last!"  
I was dumb. My mouth was sealed up with the sweetness of her kisses. I dared not speak lest I should dissolve the spell.  
"We have been expecting you for four whole days! Only think what a period of suspense!"—went on the soft voice of the lady, as, clasping my hand, she drew me unresistingly to a phaeton in waiting. "There; make yourself easy. I'm going to drive. Isn't it pleasant to be waited on, Richard?"  
The arch brown eyes sought mine, as, drawing up the fur-lined robes, my companion shook the reins over the white horses, and we were whirled rapidly away.  
"Papa is so anxious to see you once more, Richard; but his rheumatism is worse to-day, and he could not drive down. William is absent on an errand for the bride. But I would come! I wanted so much to be the first one to greet you, Richard! Alice is so beautifully happy!—indeed, you ought to be the most grateful man alive!"  
"I—I—believe I am!" exclaimed I, as, reaching up her sweet face, the little enchantress favored me another kiss, which I this time repaid with compound interest, and then blushed to think of it.  
At this moment the phaeton stopped at the door of a fine mansion on an aristocratic street, and mechanically, I alighted and lifted out my companion.  
The hall door was opened. The clasping hand of the young lady drew me within the vestibule—her musical voice called softly at the door of a boudoir:  
"Alice! Richard has come!"  
Instantly the door flew open, and a dark-haired, beautiful woman came forth. She gazed at me an instant with a mingling fervor and shyness, absolutely bewildering.  
Verily, I was a favored individual.  
An elderly gentleman now came forward and saluted me—calling me his dear son, and cutting short everything I intended to say, by his joyful volubility.  
The folding doors separating the sitting-room and parlors, were thrown open. I heard the subdued hum of voices, and rustling of heavy silks; and, waiting in the clovered arch of an east window, I saw a clergyman in gown and bands.  
The elderly gentleman took the hand

of the dark-haired Alice, and placed it in mine.  
"Take her," he said, "and may God prosper you!" We will have the most important thing first, and dinner afterward. The guests are already impatient."  
I glanced at Alice's dress; it was a bridal white; and her beautiful hair was crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms.  
The sight gave me a tremor. I felt weak and faint. My pallor must have alarmed Alice; for she clutched my arm wildly, and gazed into my face with painful anxiety.  
"What is it, Richard? Are you ill? Merciful heaven!" Helen, look at him! He is ill!"  
"It is nothing—nothing!" I gasped—"only I cannot—cannot marry you!"  
"Oh, heaven!" cried Alice, in horrified dismay; and seeing she was about to fall, I clasped my arm around her for support.  
At this moment the hall door was opened, and turning at the sound, I saw, with my own eyes, my second self enter the room! My exact counterpart, Richard Smith No. 2.  
His fierce eyes took in the scene at one swooping glance. He rushed to me with a wild ejaculation, and tearing the half-fainting Alice from my arms, he planted his firm grasp on my throat. I put my hand on the same locality of his body.  
"What are you doing?" he thundered in my ear.  
"What are you doing?" I thundered in response.  
"Your life shall pay the forfeit!" he exclaimed, with mad vehemence. "The man who has dared to win Alice Herford's love, shall die!"  
"Gentlemen," interrupted the sweet voice of her whom they had called Helen, "be patient; there is some mistake. Which of you is named Richard Smith?"  
"I am!" replied I.  
"I am!" replied my counterpart.  
"But which of you is Richard Smith, the son of Archibald Smith?"  
"I am," said my second self.  
"And I am not," said I; my father was named Robert."  
Helen looked at me a moment, half in doubt, evidently, how to treat me, after what had occurred. Finally, she held out her hand.  
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Smith; it was all a careless mistake of my own, can you forgive me?"  
I thought of the kisses she had given me, and wished the same mistake might be made over again, though I was wise enough not to make that thought known.  
"Let me explain," she continued, frankly:  
"We were expecting my brother Richard home from the South, where he has been some four or five months past; and were quite sure that he would arrive on the train which brought you; he has for some years been engaged to Miss Herford, and the marriage ceremony was to take place immediately on his arrival. I went down to the depot to welcome him, and because of the striking similitude in your personal appearances, I mistook a stranger for my brother. That is all.—Brother Richard, Mr. Smith is entirely blameless of any wrong. We gave him no time for explanation. Let me present you to each other as friends."  
My counterpart shook hands with me, and begged my pardon for dislocating my necktie. I granted it, and begged his pardon for committing a like depredation on his necktie.  
And then at a sign from the elderly gentleman, we all walked into the drawing-room, where, in a brief space of time, my counterpart was made the husband of his blushing Alice.  
The acquaintance so singularly begun, with the Smith family, soon ripened into friendship, and became one of the most precious of life's blessings to me.  
Helen Smith had kissed me and she could not forget it. If a man can get a woman to think of him—it hardly matters in what way—he has claim on her; and so it was in my case. I believe that I never met Helen but she blushed at the memory which stole over her.  
Three months after our first meeting, she kissed me again, and called me "Dear Richard." And this time she was well aware that she was not addressing her brother.  
Is it a fortunate or unfortunate thing, to have a counterpart? When I think of the genteel boarding house keeper, I say, "No;" but when I look at Helen, and recall the circumstance of our introduction, I am accustomed to answer—"Yes."

**SUNDAY READING.**

**HEAVEN.**  
BY ERA EVANS.  
Heaven! how thrills my heart the sound,  
Heaven! and shall it be,  
That I shall dwell in endless bliss,  
There, where my bless'd Redeemer is,  
In joyous ecstasy?  
Those thrones of peace and pure delight—  
Those beauteous harps of gold—  
Those shining robes of spotless white—  
Those themes of rapture and delight—  
Will ne'er, like earth's, grow old.  
But ever hallow'd, ever blest,  
With newer scenes of grace:  
The joys of Heaven grow brighter still,  
And through eternal ages fill  
Their mouths with songs of praise.  
Thou humble, suffering child of God,  
Though downcast now and grieved:  
Those woes and trials which you fear,  
Must work for good to bring you near  
The God thou hast believed.

**The Philosopher's Stone.**

It is said that John Randolph once suddenly rose up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and cried out "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I have found the philosopher's stone. It is, *Pay as you go.*"  
John Randolph said many wise things, but perhaps not one better than this.  
"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with manly front, looking at men in the eye without finching. You will not have to cross the way to avoid a dun, or look into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.  
"Pay as you go," and when you laugh, it will be a right honest and hearty one.  
"Pay as you go," and when you sleep you will not dream of bills which you cannot support.  
"Pay as you go," and your home will be your home—happy, cheerful, contented safe.  
"Pay as you go." But there is one debt which you cannot pay—the debt of shortcoming and sin to your Lord and Sovereign. That can only be cancelled by the blood of Jesus Christ. Accept his suretyship, and you will then not only be square with this world, but what is far more important, square with the terrible reckonings of the world to come.

Simonides, the philosopher, being requested to describe God, asked a week to think of it; and after that a month, and then a year; then being still unable, he declined the task, declaring that the more he thought of so great a Being, the less he was able to describe Him.

There is no prison so deep, or dark, but God can bring us out of it, no enemy so strong but God can destroy, and no request of faith so silent but He will hear it for our good.

The Bible, so little in bulk, like the five barley loaves and two fishes, what thousands upon thousands, in every age, it has fed! And what multitudes it will feed in every land of Christendom till the end of time.

A man may see the figures upon a dial but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shines. We may read many truths in the Bible but we cannot know them savingly till God by His Spirit shines upon our soul.

Too long sermons. It is not a good plan, after you have driven a nail in a sure place, instead of just clinching and leaving it, to keep hammering away till you break the head off or split the board.

**A Curious Case.**

A curious case of the apparition of a living person is recorded as occurring not long ago at Clifton. A lady and her husband were walking among the fields beyond the Downs. Suddenly both observed a figure resembling the wife's brother walking hastily toward them and the wife exclaimed, "Good Heavens! there is Charley." Charley was an officer then in India. The figure approached still nearer, and then lightly leaped on a bank, as if to join his sister and brother-in-law. At that instant it vanished from their sight. The lady was so impressed with the vision that she wrote down an account of it immediately on returning home, and waited with great trepidation for news from India. The mail brought her a letter from her brother dated the day after her singular vision, and containing the remark; "I saw you quite clearly in a dream last night. You were walking in a path with J—, and I ran to meet you, and jumped over a fence to join you, but at that moment, unluckily, I awoke."