

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.

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.

31st

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!

Sponting 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!

HURCH, 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. 102 and 104 E. 2nd St.,

101ypd

CINCINNATI, O.

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 Binesmith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate prices.

AMOS ROBINSON.

F. D. Miller. T. Rickert. C. H. Miller.

MILLER, RICKERT & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

GRAYBILL & NEWCOMER,

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

HATS, CAPS, FURS,

STRAW-GOODS, &c.,

No. 349 North Third Street, 2d Floor,

PHILADELPHIA.

4 11 ly 10

PATTERSON & NEWLIN,

Wholesale Grocers,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

No. 129 ARCH STREET,

Philadelphia.

The sale of Eggs, Seeds, Grain and Wool, speciality.

Please send for a Circular.

4 138

Jim Smiley's Frog.

HE coted a frog one day and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but sit in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him too. He'd give him a little punch behind and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn a summerset, and maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right like a cat. He got him so up in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him.

Smiley said that all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most any thing, and I believe him. Why, I have seen him set Daniel Webster down here on the floor—Daniel Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out: "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and shake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straight forward as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to a fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever seen. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that Smiley would ante up money to him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over every frog that they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch it down town sometimes and lay for a bet. Once a feller—a stranger in camp, he was—came across him with a box and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like:

"It might be a parrot or it might be a canary, maybe; but it ain't, it's only a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful and turned it around this way and that and says:

"Hem—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras County."

The fellow took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gives it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley said,—"Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you ain't only an amateur, as it were. Anyways I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras County."

The fellow studied a minute, and says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

"And then Smiley says, "That's all right! that's all right! If you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog," and so the fellow took the box and put his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and sat down to wait.

So he set there a good while, thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him with quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin, and set him on the floor. Smiley went out to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and gave him to the feller, and says:

"Now, if you are ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.—Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l gave a heave and histed up his shoulder, like a Frenchman but it was no use; he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out of the door he sorter jerked his thumb over

his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no other points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley stood scratching his head and looking down at Daniel a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for. I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him; he 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow;" and he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds," and he turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot, and then he saw what the matter was, and he was the maddest of men, and set the frog down and took after the fellow but he never caught him.

A Potent Charm.

Twenty three years ago—or a little over—a man, who was then young set up in the grocery and dry goods business in a small village in Maine. He was known as a free-hearted, jovial fellow; and as the habits of those times were not such as they are happily now, was quite as ready as any of his neighbors in taking a glass or two of rum. Indeed, his best friends became somewhat alarmed for him, fearing that his fate was likely to become that of a systematic drunkard. One day the clergyman who officiated in district happened to say in the presence of this man (who undoubtedly had a superstitious quality about him), that he had a charm of amulet, the possession of which would surely lead a man to competence or fortune. The remark was expressed by the person in question to possess such a valuable article. The clergyman said he had many evidences of the efficacy of the article; but certain sacrifice were demanded of its possessor which he felt afraid his unfortunate friend might promise to make, but would forget to carry out, when the virtue of the charm would depart and never be restored. But this objection was not allowed to stand in the way of the receipt of such a valuable boon as the amulet was to prove, for the strongest promises of fidelity to whatever condition might be imposed were given. The good pastor gave his consent to a trial, and in due time produced a small package, bound in leather, which he gave to the young tradesman, telling him that so long as he kept it about his person and so long as he never tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, wealth would begin to come, and continue to flow into his coffers. The conditions were accepted, and most faithfully observed, and the amulet worn until a few weeks ago, when its owner died, a worthy, wealthy man. After his funeral it was found in one of the pockets of his clothing, and opened. The only thing in it was a circular piece of card on which could be faintly discerned the written words, which constitutes the moral of this true tale: *Temperate Habits are the Surest Sources of Prosperity, and the Best Promoters of Virtue.*

Rather Romantic.

M. ROBERT, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished gentleman, well-known not only for his valuable collection of paintings and mediaeval relics, but for his skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive manufactories of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting room he found a good-natured eccentric gentleman, of middle-age, who greeted him thus:

"I suppose you have seen my advertisement, and have come to apply for that situation as a designer?"

For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. Mr. B. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found out that what Mr. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. He soon produced a sketch which suited his employer to a dot.

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in a room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced into the work rooms, and found one hundred and fifty girls—many of them young and beautiful—busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show them how they were to be carried out, the

young artist began to feel as if he should need to be carried out himself.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attraction."

Being an accomplished artist, he pleased his employer, and was delighted in seeing his designs in steel, silver enamel or wood. He took pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his work in the shop windows, in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was carefully concealed, nor did his employer suspect who he was. But he soon found a more fascinating object in the daughter of Mr B., who took part in the duties of the manufactory. She was remarkable in her accomplishments and beauty, and M. Robert soon found that, as regarded taste and culture in all matters which especially interested him, he had never met with one like her—Step by step the pair fell in love, and he so ingratiated himself with the father that, after due deliberation, he consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage the old gentleman spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Marie 50,000 francs," said he, with a little air of boasting. "Ah, mon garcon?"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert, gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added: "And I will settle this piece of property, house, and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their astonishment when he drew forth the title deeds and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord. Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy.—There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up his business. He declares that there is more amusement in being useful than in amusing one's self.

Not the Right Stuff.

A long, lean gaunt Yankee, entered a drug store and asked:

"Be you the druggist?"

"Well, I suppose so; I sell drugs."

"Well, have you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the girls put on their handkerchiefs?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, our Sal is goin' to be married, and gin me a nippence, and told me to invest the whole amount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind, I'll just smell round."

The Yankee smelled around without being suited, until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of harts horn, said:

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will last you for two weeks, and you can't wash it out. But to get the strength of it, you must take a big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wal, jest hold on a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say now, you put it under my smeller."

The directions were of course followed and the Yankee was nearly knocked off his pins; but recovering himself, he exclaimed:

"Chain littenin! Mr. Druggist.—Is the top of my head on? Sal don't want any thing like that: it would break up a camp-meetin in ten minutes. You hain't got the right kind o'stuff."

For Fat Meat Eaters.

Who eats the leanest

Is the keenest

In wit and repartee,

Since sense and fat,

Like dog and cat,

Never will agree.

Then shun fat food,

It is not good

For stomach or for brain,

'Tis full of ills

Requiring Pills

To make us well again.

Thus, dainty bits

Destroy the wits,

As William Shakespeare said;

So if you're prone,

Let fat alone,

Or you'll be sooner dead.

A young lady at fashionable dinner party pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. "Why is the letter J like the end of a spring, doctor?" Of course the doctor could not tell her. "Because it's the beginning of June," was the solution. "Now, miss, will you tell me why the letter K is like a pig's tail?" The young lady had to give it up. "Because it's the end of pork, miss." The doctor was troubled no more with conundrums.

SUNDAY READING.

For The Bloomfield Times.
The Happy Days Gone By.

How often, amid the turmoil of busy life, come, like the balmy breezes from some fairy land, the enchanting vision of our childhood's days—the days when our hearts were free from guile, and knew nothing of the wounds of slighted friendship or betrayed trust; and when all the earth seemed perfection, unmarred by a blemish.

Truly, childhood is the Eden of life—the sunny, verdurous paradise among lovely bowers, blowing but the most enrapturing and ethereal breezes, full of bright flowers, blissful hopes, and pure desires—every recollection and association connected with it are sacred. The present, however joyous, is fleeting and evanescent; but the past—the scene of our childhood days—memory recalls, fixes it upon the canvas, and hangs the picture upon the soul's inner chambers, that we may gaze upon it when we will, living over the past, and thus enjoying some of the purest pleasures of life.

Say not O, sordid soul, there is no joy in dreaming, no pleasure in recalling the past to view, while treading the torturous windings of the world's way!

The days gone by! the days when buoyant childhood crowned our brows, and laughed in our radiant eyes—the days when we sported innocently with loved companions; when we rambled through the pleasant forest, the rolling fields, and the murmuring streams—the days when our young eyes rested on the laughing faces, and our young hearts delighted in the innocent sports of dear companions—the days when earth, to us, seemed free from sin—these, these are indeed the happiest days of our lives.

Maturity may bring position, wider experience, and thorough knowledge; but all the rich inheritance of age cannot compare with the innocent and care-free hours, so fleeting and so sunny, of our early days gone by.

MYRTLE.

The Pilgrim and the Knight.

In a noble castle there once lived a very rich knight. He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling, but he gave little to the poor. A weary pilgrim came to the castle and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily refused him and said:

"This castle is not an inn."

The pilgrim replied—

"Permit me only to ask two questions, and then I will depart."

"Upon that condition speak," said the knight; "I will readily answer you."

The pilgrim then said to him—

"Who dwelt in this before you?"

"My father," replied the knight.

"And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim.

The knight said, "With God's will, my son."

"Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but his time in the castle, and in time must depart and make way for another, what are you otherwise here than guests? The castle, then is truly an inn. Why then spend so much money in adorning a dwelling which you will occupy but a short season? Do good, be charitable, let that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given He will pay back again."

The knight took these words to heart. He gave the pilgrim shelter for the night and was ever afterwards more charitable to the poor.

An Allegory.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seeds in the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to an ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," replied the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."