

**NEW STORE!**

**CHEAP GOODS!**

THE subscriber having opened a new Store, one door East of Swager'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.

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

41101ypd CINCINNATI, O.

P. 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 1y 10

**PATTERSON & NEWLIN,**

Wholesale Grocers,

AND

**COMMISSION MERCHANTS**

No. 129 ARCH STREET,

Philadelphia.

The sale of Eggs, Seeds, Grain and Wool a specialty.

Please send for a Circular.

4 138

**Judson's Self-Washing Boiler.**

THE BEST WASHING-MACHINE in existence.

It saves 3/4 time, nearly all the labor, 1/2 the soap and more than 1/2 the wear of clothes.

Agents wanted in every town. Orders promptly filled, when accompanied by Cash, or at Express station sent C. O. D.

THOMAS HULL,

S. W. Cor. 10th and Arch Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

Other papers wishing to insert this advertisement will please address F. E. Thurston, Advertising Agent, 2900 Lancaster Avenue, Philadelphia.

**WALL PAPERS AND BORDERS.**

A Fine Assortment of spring styles are now for sale by the subscribers at low prices.

F. MORTIMER & CO.,

New Bloomfield.

**Poetical Selections.**

**THE NAME IN THE SAND.**

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand,  
A pearly shell was in my hand;  
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year and day;  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast,  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
And washed my lines away.

And so methought 'twill quickly be  
With every mark on earth from me!  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
Will sweep across the place.  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been to me no more;  
Of me, my day, the name I bore,  
To leave no track, no trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands  
And holds the water in His hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught  
For glory or for shame.

**JONES IN DIFFICULTY.**

THERE were five of us—yes, five as happy fellows as were ever let loose from college. It was "vacation," and we got aboard the cars at N—, and were soon travelling very rapidly toward our destination. We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend B. After the common salutations had passed, he said he had some business for us to attend to.

"Out with it, old chum," said we.—  
"Anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it."

"Well, boys," said he, "in the next car there is as loving a pair as it was ever my lot to see. They are going down to H—, to get married; and now if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in."

In a moment he was gone, and we set our heads together to form a plan.

"I have it boys," said Bill Steevers.—  
"We must make the girl think that her lover is married."

"That's it Bill—that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That he is a married man and the father of children," said Bill.

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly, I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. Sure enough, there they were. The girl, thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken her seat on his knee, and he for the purpose of protecting her, had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat in real soft lover's style. All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them, I said:

"Why, Jones, what in the deuce are you doing with this girl?"

The girl rose hastily and seated herself on the seat.

"See here, stranger," said the fellow, "you are a nite mistaken; my name is not Jones."

"Why, Jon-s," said I, "you certainly haven't left your wife and children and tried to palm yourself off for a single man, have you?"

"I tell you my name ain't Jones; it's Harper. It never was Jones—'tain't going to be, nuther."

I merely shook my head and passed on to another seat to see the rest of the fun. About the time the couple got feeling all right again, in came Elliot Gregg. Walking up to Harper, he accosted him with:

"Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?"

"Now, see here, stranger, you ain't the fast man that's called me Jones today, an' I reckon I must look awfully like him, but I ain't Jones, an' more'n that, you mustn't call me Jones, I hain't got a wife nor babies either; but this ere girl an' me is going to splice, and then you can talk about my wife, and I would not wonder, but in course of time, you might talk about babies, too; but you mustn't call me Jones?"

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and it also brought blushes to the face of the girl that "was goin' to be spliced."

"Ah, Jones," said Gregg, "you'll regret this in the future. I pity your wife and this poor girl."

"So, Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it? and you've been fooling me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet, and I don't think we shall be very soon," the girl said, and her eyes flashed fire.

"Jane, Jane!" said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper? Their ain't a darned drop of Jones blood in me, an' I'll prove it."

At this moment, Jeff. Jackson, Bill Steevers and Jim Beyers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:

"Why Jones, what is all this fuss about?"

This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped up on a seat.

"Now," said he, "my name is not Jones, an' I can lick the fellow that says it is."

By this time we had got to H—, and our friend Fred came into the car and got Harper to keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be "spliced" requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to S., which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper followed her. We learned, afterward, that he proved himself to be Bill Harper, instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal Jane got "spliced."

**An Affecting Story.**

From a St. Louis paper of the 13th inst., we take the following and story:

Captain S. Main, conductor on the Council Bluffs and St. Louis Pullman Car Line, furnishes some particulars attending the death of a Mrs. McClurg, on the sleeping car of the Union Pacific Railroad, while on her way from California, with two small children, to join her parents in St. Louis. The poor woman lost her husband in California some time ago, and being ill with consumption she became dispirited and longed to return to St. Louis. Her desire was to see her parents, named Collins, residing on Emily street. She started, with two small children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively 4 and 6 years.

At or near Sacramento she was robbed of all her money by a man, who she believed was connected with the railroad, who demanded \$12 from her on a pretense of paying for her baggage. In her feeble and bewildered state she handed the man her wallet. The wretch disappeared and was never seen by the invalid again. She was robbed in this way of about \$1000 in gold and greenbacks. She lingered, gradually sinking lower and lower, until the train, on its long and tedious route, had reached Papio Station, this side of Salt Lake. Here she called her children and some of the passengers to her side, and told them she was about to die. She asked some one to pray for her, but there was no one present who volunteered, although, as stated by the conductor, there was not a dry eye among the passengers.

Death ended the poor woman's miseries and her body, with the orphan children, who could hardly have a realizing sense of their loss, were brought on to Omaha. Here a military officer took an interest in the matter, and the body was put in charge of an undertaker, with directions to have placed in a coffin and sent to St. Louis. The children were taken in charge by Captain Main, and brought to St. Louis, having received almost parental attentions from two families, who were en route for New Orleans. The passengers raised a purse of \$140 in gold for the children. The latter were met at the North Missouri depot by Mr. Collins, who had been telegraphed from Omaha and taken to his home.

**"Trying to the Bast."**

A Hibernian, fresh from the "ould sod," having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter a kind he probably never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the boss told him that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better the next time. After loading again he drove up to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel and upset the horse, cart and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful at his horse below him, he observed: "Bedad, it's a mighty sudden way, but it must be tryin' to the baste!"

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of stairs in a house, the counsel asked him: which way do the stairs run? The witness very innocently replied: "One way they run up stairs, but the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

**How It Is Done.**

THE HAPPY Chinese principle of compromise with that large class which is apt to be oblivious of the eighth clause of the Mosaic by-laws was first made fashionable among Anglo-Saxons by Wall street. Bank directors learn their lessons in the school of the brokers. There is an amusing story of this description afloat. X, the cashier of a certain bank, had "appropriated" a hundred thousand dollars, and lost it in speculation. The day for the examination of the books was at hand. In great fear X called in his lawyer, and asked advice. "I have a reputation to sustain. My wife, children, the church—it would be a horrible scandal. What can be done?"

"You can't raise the money?"

"No."

"Well there is an easy way out of it."

"Eh!" gasps the cashier.

"Why, you should simply absorb two hundred thousand more, and the day before the scrutiny call together the directors, and make a frank confession."

X grew interested, asked more questions, and then decided to follow up the suggestion. When the outraged officers met, X was overwhelmed with mortification. He was a defaulter for \$300,000. It was all gone in that infernal Harlem. He was exceedingly sorry. "Of course, gentlemen, there's the law. You can expose me.—You can throw me into Sing Sing, shock the community, and hurt the bank's credit. It ought to be done. I have not twenty dollars. But then my friends are exceedingly concerned. They agree—if you will keep the whole affair silent, give me a letter regretting that I am compelled from my health to resign, and duly testifying to my integrity—to privately collect one third of the amount and place it in your hands. You can figure to yourselves the pain such a proposition causes me. But then there is the family, and the bank."

The directors reflected for thirty-six hours. Then they called X in, and asked if the money was certain to be paid over. He referred them to a "friend." All was satisfactorily arranged. The bank got back its one hundred thousand, the cashier retired on a hundred thousand, and the letter of regret and admiration remains in the family archives as evidence of the incorruptibility of its worthy but invalid member.

Among brokers this exquisite anecdote has a certain lack of freshness. It is what the brokers have been doing for years. Half the time, indeed, the cashier is not even suspended, provided he guarantees that the deficiency shall be made good.

**What it Did.**

A woman went to a wood-yard on a very cold day and asked to see the head man. He came forward. "Sir," said she, "can you let me have a quarter of a cord of wood for that?" handing him a piece of money, "my children are freezing."

The man looked closely at her. "Why, you are not Seth Blake's wife?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the woman.

"How does it happen you are in such low circumstances?" asked the man.

"Sir," answered Mrs. Blake, "rum did it."

"That's bad" said the man.

"Yes, sir, it is bad. My children are starving and rum did that. My children are growing up outside of the church, outside of the sabbath-school, outside of the day-school; and rum does that. My husband, once kind and industrious, is now a vagabond, and rum did that. My heart is broken and rum did that." And the poor woman sat down on a log of wood, the picture of want and woe.

Nor did the rough woodman keep his eyes dry, for he remembered the time when Seth Blake was a promising young printer. He married a nice woman, and the young couple started in life with as fair a prospect of comfort and happiness as a young couple could well have. They had seats in the Methodist church, too, and could be seen listening to the word of God.

But Seth had a weak point. He would sometimes "drink." He did not quite believe in total abstinence. "Taste not, touch not, handle not," was not his motto.

The habit gained on him. It mastered him; it ruined him; and what is worse—a drunkard's family had to share a drunkard's shame and degradation; and worst of all, drunkenness ruins the soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not, boys. That is the only safe ground. Any other may sink you.

**SUNDAY READING.**

**Is the Bible the Word of God?**

"The Bible the word of God? No!" says a young sceptic, who has been reading an infidel book. "No. It is the invention of men."

"But the bible claims to be the word of God, does it not?"

"Yes; the men who wrote it pretend that they 'spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' and that what they said was 'thus saith the Lord;' but that was only a cunning deception in order to make men the more readily believe it."

"If the Bible is not what it claims to be, then it is, you think, an imposture, and its writers were deceivers and liars?"

"Yes that is what I believe."

"Good men would not lie and deceive, would they?"

"Of course not."

"Then the Bible, you are sure, could not have been written by good men?"

"I don't believe it was."

"Now answer me candidly, does the Bible condemn sin, and threaten bad men with punishment?"

"Yes."

"Does it forbid and condemn lying and deception?"

"Yes."

"Does it declare that liars shall perish, that Annaas for lying was struck dead; and that false prophets who speak deceit in the name of the Lord, and all who love him not and make a lie shall be shut out of the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"It does."

"And would bad men—false prophets deceivers and liars—make a book that condemns their own sins and threatens themselves with everlasting punishment?"

"They would not be likely to, certainly."

"Then the Bible could not have been written by bad men, could it?"

"I must admit, it is not easy to see how it could."

"If, then, as you admit, it could not be the invention of bad men—because they could not be guilty of an imposture, who else could be its author but God?—And if it is God's Book, why not believe and obey it?"

**Procrastination.**

A lady who found it difficult to awake in the morning as she wished purchased an alarm watch. These watches are so contrived as to strike with a loud whirring noise, at any hour the owner pleases to set them. The lady placed her watch at the head of her bed, and found herself effectually aroused by the long rattling sound. She immediately obeyed the summons, and felt better all day for her early rising. This continued for several weeks. The alarm watch faithfully performed its office and was distinctly heard so long as it was obeyed. But after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising; and, when she was awakened by the noisy monitor, she merely turned herself and slept again. In a few days the watch ceased to rouse her from slumber. It spoke just as loudly as ever, but she did not hear it because she had acquired the habit of disobeying it. Finding that she might as well be without an alarm watch, she formed the wise resolution, that if she ever heard the sound again, she would jump up instantly and that she never would allow herself to disobey the friendly warning.

Just so it is with conscience. If we obey its dictates to the most trifling particulars, we always hear its voice, clear and strong; but if we allow ourselves to do what we fear may not be quite right, we shall grow more sleepy until the voice of conscience no longer has any power to awaken us.

**Bishop Taylor beautifully remarks:**

"Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night. But as the clouds drop the early dew and the evening dew upon the grass, yet it would not spring and grow green by that constant and double dropping of the dew, unless some great shower at certain seasons, did supply the rest; so the customary devotion of prayer twice a day, is the falling of the early and latter dew; but if you will increase and flourish in works of grace, empty the great clouds sometimes, and let them fall in a full shower of prayer; choose out seasons when prayer shall overflow, like the Jordan in time of harvest."

There are two modes of spiritual growth, one by looking in, the other by looking up. The latter enables us to transplant into our life the life of God.