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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
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 Of every description, out of the best material.
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 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.
 5111

NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!
 After the 12th day of August of this year, (1870) suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of Dauphin County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.
 For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address
 S. H. GALBRAITH,
 Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor,
 Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.—41.

BELLS. (ESTABLISHED IN 1837.)
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY!
 CHURCH, Academy, Factory, Farm, Fire-Alarm Bells, &c., &c., made of
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I. C. U. R.
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 Then go to the One Price Store, o
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PAIN KILLER.
 It is a balm for every wound. Our first physicians use and recommend its use; the Apothecary finds it first among the medicines called for, and the wholesale druggist considers it a leading article in his trade. All the dealers in medicine speak alike in its favor, and its reputation as
A Medicine of Great Virtue,
 is fully and permanently established. It is the FAMILY MEDICINE of the age.
 TAKEN INTERNALLY, it cures Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera, Cramp, Pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, &c.
 TAKEN EXTERNALLY, it cures Boils, Felons, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swelling of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-Bitten Feet, &c.
 PAIN is supposed to be the lot of our poor mortals as inevitably as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used on emergency, when we are made to feel the exhorcating agony of pain, or the depressing influences of disease.
 Such a remedial agent exists in Perry Davis' "Pain Killer," the fame of which has extended over all the earth. Amid the eternal ices of the Polar regions, or beneath the intolerable and burning suns of the tropics its virtues are known and appreciated. And by its suffering humanity has found relief from many of its ills. The effect of the Pain Killer upon the patient, when taken internally in cases of Cough, Cold, Bowel Complaint, Cholera, Dysentery, and other affections of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, Sprains, Cuts, and Stings of Insects, &c., and other causes of suffering, has secured for it the most prominent position among the medicines of the day. Beware of Counterfeits and worthless imitations. Call for Perry Davis' Vegetable "Pain Killer," and take no other.
 Sold by druggists and grocers. Prices, 25c., 50c., and \$1 per bottle. April 12, 6m

THE OLD BLACK BULL.

OLD JOHN BULKLEY (grandson of the once famous President Chauncey), was a minister of the Gospel, and one of the best educated men of his day in the Wooden Nutmeg State, when the immortal (or ought to be) Jonathan Trumbull was "round," and in his youth. Mr. Bulkley was the first settled minister in the town of his adoption, Colchester, Conn. It was with him as afterward with good old Bro. Jonathan—Governor Trumbull the bosom friend of General Washington—good to confer on almost any matter, scientific, political, or religious—any subject, in short, wherein common sense and general good to all concerned was the issue. As a philosophical reasoner, casuist, and good counselor, he was "looked to," and abided by. It so fell out that a congregation in Mr. Bulkley's vicinity got to loggerheads, and were upon the apex of "raising the evil one," instead of a spire to their church, as they proposed, and split upon. The very nearest they could come to a mutual cessation of hostilities was to appoint a committee of three to wait on Mr. Bulkley, state their case, get him to adjudicate. They waited on the old gentleman, and he listened with great attention to their conflicting grievances. "It appears to me," said the old gentleman, "that this is a very simple case—a trifling thing to cause you so much vexation."
 "So I say says one of the committee. "I don't call it a trifling case, Mr. Bulkley," said another.
 "No Case at all," responded the third.
 "It ain't, eh?" fiercely answered the first speaker.
 "No, it ain't, sir!" quite as savagely replied the third.
 "It is anything but a trifling case, anyhow," echoed number two, "to expect to raise a minister's salary and that new steeple, too, out of our small congregation."
 "There is no danger of raising much out of you, anyhow, Mr. Johnson," spitefully returned number one.
 "Gentlemen, if you please—" beseechingly interposed the sage.
 "I did not come here, Mr. Bulkley, to quarrel," said one.
 "Who started this?" sarcastically answered Mr. Johnson.
 "Not me, anyway," number three replied.
 "You don't say I did, do you?" says number one.
 "Gentlemen—gentlemen!"
 "Yes, Mr. Bulkley," says Johnson, "and there's old Winkles, too, and here's Deacon Potter, also."
 "I am here, stiffly replied the deacon, "and I am sorry the Rev. Mr. Bulkley finds me in such company, sir."
 "Now, gentlemen, brothers, if you please," said Mr. Bulkley, "this is ridiculous!"
 "So I say," murmured Mr. Winkles.
 "As far as you are concerned, it is ridiculous," said the deacon.
 This brought Mr. Winkles up standing.
 "Sir," he shouted, "sir!"
 "But my dear sirs"—beseechingly said the philosopher.
 "Sir!" continued Winkles, "sir, I am too old a man, to good a Christian, Mr. Bulkley to allow a man, a mean, despicable toad" like Deacon Potter!"
 "Do you call me a despicable toad?" menacingly cried the deacon.
 "Brethren," said Mr. Bulkley, "if I am to counsel in your difference, I must have no more of this unchristianlike bickering."
 "I do not wish to bicker," said Johnson.
 "Nor I don't want to sir," said the deacon, "but when a man calls me a toad—a mean, despicable toad!"
 "Well, never mind," said Mr. Bulkley, "you are too much excited now; go home again and wait patiently; on Sunday evening next I will have prepared and sent to you a written opinion of your case, with a full and free avowal of most wholesome advice for preserving your church from desolation and yourselves from despair." And the committee left to await his issue.
 Now it chanced that Mr. Bulkley had a small farm, some distance from the town of Colchester, and found it necessary, the same day he wrote the opinion and advice to the brethren of the disaffected church, to drop a line to his farmer regarding the fixtures of said estate.—Having written a long and of course elaborate "essay" to his brethren, he wound up the day's literary exertions with a dispatch to the farmer, and after a reverie to himself he directs the two documents, and the next moment despatches them—

but by a mis-direction, sends each to its wrong destination.

On Saturday evening a full and anxious synod of the belligerent churchman took place in their tabernacle, and punctually, as promised, came a dispatch from the Plato of the time and place—Rev. John Bulkley.
 All was quiet and respectful attention. The Moderator took up the document and broke the seal open, and—a pause ensued, while dubious amazement seemed to spread over the feature of the worthy President of the meeting.
 "Well, Brother Temple, how is it—what does Mr. Bulkley say?" and another pause followed.
 "Will the Moderator please proceed?" said another voice.
 The Moderator placed the paper on the table, took off his spectacles, wiped the glasses, then his lips—replaced his specs upon his nose, and with a very broad grin, said:
 "Brethren, this appears to me to be a very singular letter, to say the least of it."
 "Well, read it—read it," responded the wondering hearers.
 "I will." The Moderator began:
 "You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built up high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull!"
 There was a general pause; a silent mystery overspread the community; the Moderator dropped the paper to a "rest," and gazed over the top of his glasses for several minutes, nobody saying a word.
 "Repair the fences," muttered the Moderator, at length.
 "Build them strong and high!" echoed Deacon Potter.
 "Take special care of the old black bull!" growled half the meeting.
 Then another pause ensued, and each man eyed his neighbor in mute mystery.
 A tall and venerable man arose from his seat; clearing his voice with a hem, he spoke:
 "Brethren, you seem lost in the brief and eloquent words of your learned adviser. To me nothing could be more appropriate to our case. It is just such a profound and applicable reply to us as we should have hoped and looked for from the learned and good man, John Bulkley. The direction to repair the fences is to take heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Maker's laws, and keep out stray and vicious cattle from the fold. And, above all things, set a trustworthy and vigilant watch over that old black bull, who is the devil, and who has already broken into our enclosures and sought to desolate and lay waste the grounds of our church."
 The effect of this interpretation was electrical. All saw and took the force of Mr. Bulkley's cogent advice, and unanimously resolved to be governed by it; hence the old black bull was put *hors du combat*, and the church preserved in union.
 The effect produced on the farmer by the communication intended for the church is not stated, but it is fair to suppose that he was somewhat mystified.
Mehemet Ali.
 A rather hard story is told of Mehemet Ali, which illustrates his nice sense of justice. Making a tour to his provinces, in great state and with a cavalry guard, he was stopped by an old woman, who threw herself at his feet. "Your highness," says she, "one of your soldiers has bought some milk of me for six paras, and won't pay me."
 "Why, won't you pay her?" demanded Mehemet Ali of the soldier.
 "Master," says he, "this woman lies. She has sold me no milk, and I owe her nothing."
 "You swear by Allah that you speak the truth?" said the Pacha, to the woman.
 "Yes, I swear it."
 "And you as well?" said he to the soldier.
 "Yes, I swear it."
 "Very well," said the Pacha. Then turning to his guard, he added with perfect composure—"Take this man and open his stomach."
 The Pacha's orders were obeyed, and the milk found. The soldier had just drank it.
 "The woman is right," said Mehemet Ali, remounting his horse; "let her have the six paras that are due her." And he continued his journey.
 The woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her she was skimming the sea.

Fishing for a Dog.

WE were travelling on ground we had no right on. The only excuse was like that of a military necessity—it was far better fishing through the farms where the trout had been preserved, than in open lots where all could fish.
 It was early in the morning. We had risen at three, ridden ten miles and struck the creek as the trout were ready for breakfast. Looking carefully for a sheltered place to hitch our horses, we slyly crept on behind fences, etc., till we reached the part of the stream not generally fished. A farm house stood not a quarter of a mile away. We saw the morning smoke curling lightly from a stove pipe; saw a man and two boys come out to do chores; saw a woman busy about the door, and a ferocious bull-dog wandering about the yard.
 If ever we fished close it was then.—Not a whisper to disturb the birds or the owners of the land. We crawled through the grass and dodged behind clumps of alders, lifting large speckled beauties out of the water until our baskets were full.
 This was the time to have gone; but the trout were so large and bit so readily that we decided to string and hide what we had, and take another basketful. So at it we went. No sooner would the hook touch the water than it had a trout. We forgot the house, the man, the boys and the dog. Suddenly there was a rushing through an out-field as if a mad bull was coming. We looked toward the house, and saw the farmer and his two boys on the fence, the woman in the door, and the dog bounding toward us. We saw it all—we had been discovered! The well-trained dog had been sent to hunt us out, and as the matter appeared it was safe to bet that he was doing that thing right lively.
 To outrun the dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared the fence and came for us, just as we reached a tree, and by great activity took a front seat on a limb above his reach—Here was a precious go! A vicious bull-dog under the tree, and the farmer and two big boys ready to move down upon our works. It was fight, foot-race or fangs.
 The former called to his dog, "Watch him, Tige!"
 Tige proposed to do that little thing, and keeping his eyes on us, seated himself under the tree.
 Then spoke this ugly farmer man:
 "Just hold on thar, stranger, till we get breakfast; then we will come and see you! If you are in a hurry, however, you can go now! Watch him Tige!"
 We surmised trouble; quite too much, for thrice had that bold man of bull-dogs and agriculture elegantly walloped innocent tourists for being seen on his suburban premises. His reputation as a peace man was not good, and there arose a large heart toward our throat.
 Time is the essence of contracts, and the saving ordinance of those in trouble. We had a stout line in our pocket and a large hook intended for rock bass, if we failed to take trout. And as good luck would have it we had got a nice sandwich and a piece of boiled corn-beef in our other pocket.
 We called the dog pet names, but it was no go. Then we tried to move down when he moved up! At last we trebled our bass line, fastened the limerick to it, baited it with corn beef, tied the end of the line to a limb, and angled for the dog!
 Tige was in appetite. He swallowed it, and sat his eyes on us for more; but with no friendly look beaming from his countenance. Not any!
 Then he pulled gently on the line—it was fast! Tige yanked and pulled, but 'twas of no use!
 We quickly slid down the tree—almost blistering our back doing it—seized our pole, and straightway went thence somewhat lively.
 We found our string of fish, and reached the buggy and a commanding spot in the road in time to see the sturdy yeoman move forth.
 We saw him and his cohorts, and female, move slowly, as if in no haste. We saw them look up the tree. We saw an anxious crowd engaged about the dog.—We came quickly home and kindly left the bass line and hook to the farmer.
 A person who advertises for a clerk, holds out this inducement: "A small salary will be given; but he will have enough of over work to make up the deficiency."
 Pay down when you buy, and you won't have to pay up by and by.

SUNDAY READING.

Keep it Before the Mind.
 That faith is what saved the sinners. "Thy faith hath saved thee." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Works are commanded. They must be done. No Christian can live without them. But it is faith that justifies, secures pardon of sin and acceptance with God. It is the arm that leans upon God, it is the staff with its foot upon the Rock of ages that support their feeble limbs. Faith nerves us for battle. It grasps the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, and strikes valiantly at the foe. It wields dextrously our shield for protection against all the grey darts of the wicked. In a word, faith in its broad sense is the whole of religion, as it is all pervading principle, and secures all the rest. What must I do for pardon of my sins? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. What must I do to be accepted of God? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. How shall I get strength for duty and trials? Believe on Christ. How shall I get rid of my corruptions? Believe on Christ. How shall I get wisdom to know my duty? Believe on Christ. Trust, trust, TRUST, is the sum and substance of the whole word of God.
"Thou God Seest Me."
 One day as the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making observations on the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of the hill was a large number of apple trees and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples, and one was watching to make certain that nobody saw them, feeling certain that they were undiscovered. But there sat Prof. Mitchell, seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.
 So it is often with men. Because they do not see the eye which watches with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the eye of God is upon them and not an action can be concealed. If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science constituted for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who sitteth upon their circuit be able to know all that transpires upon the earth, which He has made the resting place of His feet.
 The Bible will not be less, but rather more prized by our occasionally turning it to open another and equally divine volume, and read some pages of the book of Nature. Both are good books and both are God's books; and He only looks on this great world aright, who, valuing it for something more valuable than the gold men draw from its rocky bowels, the flocks it pastures, the rich freights borne on its wave, and the harvest that wave on its fields, behold there, as in a glorious mirror, the wisdom and power of God—his goodness shines in every sunbeam and falls in every shower.—R. Guthrie.
 Courage will most generally come to us with the occasion. As when at sea we behold with dread a mountain wave bearing down upon our bark, threatening to overwhelm it, but those strong bows meet it bravely and bear it safely over. So in contemplating the approach of afflictions and misfortunes, the heart will sometimes despair; but when the shock comes it will find itself sustained by an inward adaptation to meet it.
 Our greatest blessings often arise from the disappointment of our most anxious hopes and our most fervent wishes.—D. Webster.
 Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence: and so, as the week rolls by, we shall go on from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the glory at the gate, and enter in to go out no more forever.
 God loves to have us pray with earnest simplicity. Better in God's sight are the broken and heartfelt utterances of a child than the eight-flown utterances of some who think themselves wonderful in prayer.
 Sin produces fear, fear leads into bondage, and bondage makes all our duties irksome. Fear sin, and you are safe.