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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.

Dried Peaches.—A very fine lot for sale at 12 1/2 cents per pound by F. MORTIMER & Co., Bloomfield.

Poetical Selections.

WRECKED HOPES.

Like one who was doom'd o'er distant seas,
His weary path to measure,
When home at length with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far sought treasure.

His ship in sight of shore goes down,
That shore to which he hasted,
And all the wealth he thought his own,
Is o'er the water wasted.

Like him, this heart through many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

Like him, alas! I saw that ray
Of hope, before me perish,
And one dark minute, swept away,
What years were given to cherish.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

"IT is utterly useless, Marian. In most respects my father is a perfect old brick, a jolly good fellow, and he has let me have my way in everything since I was old enough to discard the short jacket of boy-hood for the frock-coat of riper years, but on the one subject of matrimony he is inexorable. If I marry during his life, his entire fortune will go to found a hospital or educate the bare-legged heathen. He has told me so a thousand times, and he always keeps his word. Why he has taken this unaccountable aversion to your sex, I do not know; and I hesitate to ask lest I may hear what I have long dreaded, that my mother disgusted him with womankind. You know she died when I was an infant, and since her death, her name has never passed his lips."

Charles Osgood, whose words we have just written, was the young, handsome, and wealthy,—in prospect—lover of Marian Stevens, the fair girl who sat by his side in the window of a little cottage in the village of C—, New Hampshire. She was the daughter of a clergyman's widow, who added to her moderate competence by taking in boarders from the city during the summer months. Charles had found a home in the widow's house and in her daughter's heart, and would long before have made her his wife but for the command of his father never during his life to think of marriage.

Charles continued: "Now, Marian, I cannot and will not give you up. You have confessed your love for me; your mother, heaven bless her, has approved of it, and it remains for you to decide whether we shall have a secret marriage—an idea which I abhor—or whether I shall try to marry you and take you home to get myself kicked out of the parental front door by the paternal boot."

"You shall do neither, Charles. I positively refuse to marry you unless your father gives his full and free consent, although for your sake I will never marry another."

"Then I may as well set myself down for a life of celibacy. The old gentleman is as obstinate as a mule, and would fly into a passion, if I should but mention your existence to him. How he will tolerate the new housekeeper he is going to engage, puzzles me."

"A new housekeeper, did you say, Charles?"

"Yes. You see, ever since my boyhood, he has only allowed one woman about the premises, my nurse, a snuffy old woman, who loves me like her own son, and has managed our household ever since I can remember. She has become too decrepit to work, and my father has consented to allow her an assistant."

"Is the place filled yet, Charles?" said Marion, nestling closer to her lover's side, while a thoughtful look overspread her pretty face.

"No, my dear. Mrs. Wilson, our housekeeper, is almost as hard to please as the governor himself, and he has left all to her. She has had applicants by dozens, but most of them were too young and pretty—or otherwise incompetent, for ours is a well-ordered household."

"You say she loves you, Charles?"

"My own mother could not love me better. The fondest wish of her heart would be fulfilled if she could see me sitting by my own fireside, and nurse my children as she did their father."

"Charles, you must start for home this very day. Convince Mrs. Wilson that you have got a very paragon of a housekeeper for her, and leave the rest to me. My woman's wit shall accomplish what your blundering straightforwardness never could."

Charles at once took in the situation and comprehended that the intrepid Marian had determined to try upon her father the witcheries which had made

him the slave of the delicious bit of femininity he was seated beside. He at once made a lover-like demonstration, which she checked in a most dignified manner.

"Remember," said she, "your father's housekeeper must take special care to keep your father's son at a distance.—You must never by word or look, after I gain a foothold in your father's house, allow it to be known except to Mrs. Wilson, that we have ever met. Now get yourself ready to catch the next train.—Confess everything to Mrs. Wilson; trust the result to me, and good-bye."

One kiss, and the lovers parted. A week later, the breakfast-bell rang in the fine, old-fashioned family mansion of Mr. Osgood, and in a few minutes that gentleman—a solid, portly, good-humored-looking old gentleman—entered the breakfast-parlor in his dressing-gown and slippers. Charles was there in his usual place, the fire was burning brightly, the table neatly arranged, and the cloth snowy-white. Everything looked snug and comfortable, but an expression of astonishment and dismay overspread his countenance as he saw behind the coffeeurn, the sweet, demure face of Marian Stevens. Her luxuriant curls were carefully put away, and her laughing eyes, partly veiled by their long lashes, but her loveliness seemed rather increased than lessened by her strictly proper housekeeper's attire.

Mr. Osgood stared, took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them on, stared again, and finally burst out with:—

"Who the devil are you?"

"If you please, sir, I am Mrs. Wilson's new assistant, Marian Stevens. She is confined to her bed with rheumatism this morning, and she was so anxious that your coffee should be all right, and your muffins done to a turn, that I ventured—that is—"

"But, Miss, you are a great sight too young and a great sight too good-looking, Miss. When I consented to allow another woman within my doors, I did not agree to take a pretty-faced, dainty-figured school girl to assist Mrs. Wilson. What the dickens was the woman thinking of?"

"But, sir—"

"But me no buts, Miss. I'll go and see her myself. I'll not allow a young woman in the house for a single day—not an hour, Miss."

"Right, father; have nothing in the house under sixty, and get Mrs. Wilson out of bed so that we can have breakfast," shouted Charles, as his father stamped out of the room in a rage, to blow up the elderly housekeeper, who was tucked snugly beneath a pile of coverlids, laughing inwardly, but outwardly groaning, with fictitious rheumatism.

In a few minutes Mr. Osgood returned, looking more annoyed than ever.

"What am I to do Charles?" he asked of his son, who sat quietly at his breakfast buttering a roll. "To keep Miss—Miss—whatever her name is, in this house is wholly out of the question.—I would not, my son, for worlds, expose you to the temptation of being in constant association with a young and beautiful girl." This Mr. Osgood said in a low tone of voice, but Marian had quick ears, and she heard enough to guess the rest.

"Really, sir," she began, with one corner of a coquettish little white apron wiping imaginary tears from her eyes, "your advertisement said nothing about age, and Mrs. Wilson seemed to like me because she knew my mother, and I have not got any other home, and I liked this place so much and was just beginning to feel happy, and now, to have to go out all alone into the world when I was going to try so hard to please you and to do my duty, sir. Oh—bo-oh-oh!" And she burst into such a capital imitation of a genuine sob, that Mr. Osgood began to think himself a hard-hearted brute.

"My dear father," said Charles, with almost supernatural gravity, "I agree with you perfectly that the harmony of our domestic life is not to be broken up by the introduction of a young girl into our family, but your teachings, sir, have impressed me to such a degree that I fear no danger for myself, and think the young person can safely remain here until Mrs. Wilson recovers sufficiently to supply her place with some one of a more suitable age. So eat your breakfast in peace, father, and I will take care to keep out of the house as much as possible for the present."

"Very well, my son," said Mr. Osgood. And he sat down to his breakfast with his apprehensions somewhat allayed.

I suppose no housekeeper ever tried harder to suit an old gentleman's fastidious tastes than did our little Marian, and

her success was astonishing. The careful instructions of Mrs. Wilson had prepared her fully for the task, and she was herself a notable housewife. Mr. Osgood was compelled to acknowledge that her muffins were superb, her coffee incomparable, and her arrangement of the table a masterpiece of taste. He was very careful, however, to take Charles with him when he left the house, and the young man, well-schooled in his part, played it to perfection. Dinner and supper passed off most satisfactorily, after which Marian disappeared for the night, not daring to follow the custom of Mrs. Wilson and take that lady's seat by the drawing-room fire.

Surely there was never such an obstinate attack of rheumatism as that of Mrs. Wilson's, nor such a cold, stolid, ascetic man in the presence of a young and beautiful woman, as Charles Osgood. Days passed into weeks and Mrs. Wilson still kept her bed and Charles his distance. Mr. Osgood thawed by degrees, almost imperceptibly, and his reserve vanished much more rapidly than Marian's. At last he astonished her one day by asking her to take a seat in the drawing-room, and by conversing with her as socially as he had been accustomed to do with her predecessor. After this she regularly read the evening paper to him and he would have sorely missed her fair young face had he been deprived of it. He accordingly chided Charles for the coldness and indifference with which he treated her.—How this state of things would have gone on it is impossible to say, had not the Providence which watches over the fortunes of youthful lovers contrived to break the old gentleman's leg one evening, as he was returning from his counting-room across a glare of ice upon which he slipped and fell. He was carried home and never did a man have a gentler nurse than Marian. Her presence was ever about him. The sound of her light step never jarred upon his nerves, and her hand possessed the most soothing influence when she bathed his fevered forehead. As he grew convalescent, he could not bear to have her out of the room. Charles tried to read to him, but he would hear no voice but hers, and the young man began to fear that his father would marry Marian himself by main force, and thus make matters worse than ever.

Mr. Osgood had so far recovered that he could be lifted into an easy chair and sit comfortably with his broken leg resting on a cushion, when Marian one evening, after arranging his position to his entire satisfaction as no one else could, seated herself upon a stool at his feet and in a hesitating, timid, but firm tone she said:

"Mr. Osgood, I have been here much longer than you originally intended I should remain. Mrs. Wilson is getting well enough to look out for other help, and I must look for another situation. If you please, sir I will go a week from tonight, and—"

"—and—"

here again the little apron came again into highly effective play.

"You must look out for what?" gasped the astounded Mr. Osgood, as he looked down upon the little head buried in the dainty little apron from which sob after sob came convulsively.

"Another situation, if you please, sir."

"Why, my dear girl—are you not well used here? No one is unkind to you, is there?"

"Oh, no, sir, but you told me yourself that you did not want young and pretty women about your house, and I don't think I ought to stay."

"Fiddlestick, my dear. I did not know your value then; I did not appreciate your modesty and good sense as I do now. I can't spare you."

"But I must go, sir, nevertheless."

"You must go? Then you must have some other reason. You don't mean to say that that scapegrace boy of mine has been making love to you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I thought you knew that general rumor says he is paying his addresses to Miss Wood around the corner. Of course he would never stoop to me."

"What's that you say?" growled the old man, starting up so suddenly that his leg gave him a fearful twinge. "Do you mean to say that my Charles has been making an ass of himself?"

"Why, how should I know?" innocently replied Marian. "You have seen for yourself that he is hardly civil to me; I only spoke of what I had heard from the rest of the servants, and they heard it from somebody else. Perhaps it isn't true, and please, sir, don't quarrel with Mr. Charles on my account."

"I will be calm, my dear, but send Charles to me this instant. I'll soon put

him out of the idea of bringing that red-headed minx home as a wife, or I'll put him out of the house."

Marian left the room in search of him, and as the old man watched her graceful form depart, he thought of the tenderness with which she had nursed him, the loving care with which she had watched over him, and he was almost tempted to forswear the hatred of her sex for her sake. "It will be very cheerless," he thought, "to go down to the grave with no gentle woman's hand to smooth my pillow, and I think it would be sweet to hear children's voices once more in these old rooms. Really, I am either getting childish, or I am forgetting my old resolutions. Perhaps Charles is right in wanting to get married; it is natural that he should at his age. I was young once, myself. But he shall never marry the red-headed trollop—never. Darn it, why didn't I think of it before? He shall marry my little Marian or he shall stay single."

The door opened and Charles entered. "Charles, what is this I hear?" exclaimed the old man angrily; "have you dared to fall in love without my consent, after all I have told you about the wiles of womankind?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Charles, hesitatingly, "you got married before me, and your father before you, and so on up to the time of Adam; and there seems to be a sort of tendency in the family that way."

"Do you dare to tell me, sir, that you intend to bring a red-headed daughter in my house, and give me a parcel of red-headed grand-children when you know the color is odious to me?"

"Well, father, I am not very particular as to Miss Wood, if she is the one you refer to; but you see you have kept me so closely under your eye that I have never had much of an opportunity to investigate very closely into the subject of marriageable females. I feel that I must get married, but I am not particular about the lady, if she is of the same color as myself and not over forty."

"Very good, sir, as far as it goes.—Now, do you mean to say that you need to look any further than my house to find the sweetest, dearest, prettiest and most lovable little gypsy that ever bore with an old man's infirmities?"

"Why, surely, father, you don't mean to marry me to Mrs. Wilson?"

"Mrs. Wilson be—blessed," shouted the old man, in fury. "I mean Marian Stevens, the only girl I ever saw fit to be a good man's wife. You shall marry her or you shall remain single; and if you don't do it darn me if I don't marry her myself."

"What do you mean father? You would not have me disgrace our family by marrying a nameless, penniless, friendless girl like her. To be sure she is not ill-looking, and with a little cultivation—"

"Darn your cultivation, sir; she is your superior in every particular, and you may bless your stars if she will marry a self-conceited young jackanape like you at any price. Marian, Marian!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

I do not mean to charge Marian with listening, but she certainly answered Mr. Osgood's summons with a most astonishing alacrity.

"Did you call me sir?" she said looking prettier than ever, with her eyes cast down, her cheek somewhat paler than usual, and her fingers nervously twitching at that omnipresent apron.

"Yes, my dear I called you. Do you see that six feet of lubberly humanity there, my son Charles?"

"Yes, sir," said Marian not looking up.

"Do you think you could love him well enough to marry him?"

"How can I answer until he asks me?" was her coy reply.

"Do you hear that Charles? Are you going to ask her to marry you, or am I going to kick you out of doors with my broken leg?"

"Well, sir, as I have no desire to put you to any such unnecessary trouble, I will be as obedient as you wish. Marian, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Charles, to oblige your father. Then, come here both of you," cried the old man, overjoyed at their unexpected obedience—"come to my heart my son and daughter. By Jove, I never thought to be so happy again!"

It was not until Mr. Osgood held his first or second grandchild upon his knee that Marian told him of the ruse by which she had won his consent to her marriage, and the old man confessed that he had good cause to bless the day he hired his young housekeeper.

If you would have true friends be true to your friends.