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THIS business of our House is the same, in all respects, as that of an Incorporate Bank.—Checks and Drafts upon us pass through the Clearing House.

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WILL dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS, of six first class makers, at extremely low prices for Cash during this month, or will take from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid. New 7 Octavo Pianos for \$25 and upwards. New Organs for \$45 and upwards for Cash.—417-1/2

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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. 31

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Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,

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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.

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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.—11

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

Poetical Selections.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

FROM "MOORE."

And thus as in memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see looking down through the
tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as we fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse at the worst,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear,
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart that would echo it near;
Ah, well, we may hope when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile or a grasp of the hand has'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

TAKING THE WRONG SUIT:

OR

SWIFT'S MISTAKE.

MR. and Mrs. Frank Hopkins were supremely happy. Their condition was as felicitous as that of a well-mated pair of robins on the 15th day of February.

For it was the day after their marriage they arrived at Eagle Hotel, and were shown up to No. 15—a pleasant room on the second floor. Nothing was wanted to make them happy.

Mrs. Hopkins had two new silks, and a charming braided under-skirt, and a real cashmere shawl, and a love of a bonnet, and what more could a sensible woman require? And then such a husband? Frank was the very pink of the masculine garden. And he had such a beautiful mustache—just the shade that blonde Aggie admired—black ones were so fierce. Dear me, she said, with a pretty shiver, she should always feel a horror of a man with a black mustache.

And Frank looked so splendid in his new clothes. A blue coat and plaid vest and green pantaloons, and white vest, and an unexceptional necktie. Surely there was not such another "get up" in the city.

And Frank thought Aggie a little less than an angel, and a great deal better adapted to make him happy than one of those winged, ethereal creatures that are supposed to be the quintessence of all that is charming. So you see, dear reader, everything was going merry as a marriage bell.

In the same hotel—in the same floor, and in the adjoining room, which had been constructed to be let with the room of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, as a suite, and was connected by a large press—Mr. John Franklin Swift, a young gentleman from the country, was lodging.

John retired to rest early, and not being much accustomed to the usage of the city, concluded to do as he did at home—rise when he first awoke. And as he awoke at five, and this was in the winter, he was a little early.

He was afraid of the gas—in fact he did not understand its arrangements—so he decided to dress in the dark, and stepping into the clothes press, he took down his clothes and got into them. He thought the pantaloons a little tight in the waistband, and the coat felt singularly uncomfortable about the arm-holes, but then it was a cool morning, he reasoned, and broadcloth would be a little stiff.

Mr. Swift, having appared himself, went out for a morning walk.

As fate would have it he found employment that morning, for the first time since coming to the city; and so he off with his coat and went to work—but not until he had discovered that he was in the wrong suit of clothes.

"It's mighty queer," he said to himself, "but I reckon I got 'em in that press that was between the chambers, and whatever slept in the other room is wearing mine. It will come right again at night, and they are a slashing nice-looking set of rigging! Declare for it! I look more like a gentleman than I ever did before.

Meanwhile Mr. Hopkins rose just before sunrise, as he had to do, in order to reach the early train, which left for a country town about thirty miles away, where he had to go that day on important business. And as he was to leave his wife at the Eagle Hotel during his absence, and the day would seem so long to her because he was away, he thought best not to waken her, but dress in semi-obscure—taking his clothes from the closet where he had hung them the previous night. By the time he had got himself

invested in them, he had discovered the exchange, but there was not a moment to lose, and he could wear them for that day, trusting to good luck in getting his own garments again in return.

Mr. Swift returned to the hotel at night, everybody was exceedingly deferential to him. The waiter bowed to him as respectfully as it was in his power to do, and opened the door of parlor remarking:—

"She's there, sir."

"Who's there?" asked Mr. Swift.

"Your lady, sir. And she's had a sad day of it, I'm thinking. She's cried more than once at your absence."

Swift wondered who could be crying for him, as he had no lady acquaintance in the city; but being remarkably fond of the ladies, he had no objection to seeing this one who was plunging into grief on his account.

Mrs. Hopkins was sitting on the sofa, and the gas not having been lighted, the twilight of the place favored the deception, and she took him for her husband.

There was a resemblance between the two men—and that immaculate suit of clothes—of course it was he.

She sprang up and was in his arms in a moment.

"O, my dearest, dearest Frank!" she said, "where have you been? How could you stay away from your own Aggie so long?" and she began to put on the kisses in a way Frank Swift thought perfectly delightful. Swift returned them with interest, feeling very much like one bee in a whole hive of honey.

"My dear Frank, don't kiss so hard.—You dreadful man! You haven't shaved to-day! You ought to be ashamed!"

"Never mind that!" cried Swift; "I should forget everything if I were with you."

"Why, Frank how dreadful hoarse you are. You have a cold, my darling. I am so sorry! Here, have a peppermint lozenge," and she put one into his mouth in such a way that Swift wished he might have a perpetual cold, and be forever fed on peppermint lozenges.

"Where did you get this odious smell of cigars? I wish you would never touch another."

"I never will, my darling."

Just then the door opened, and there was a spirited altercation going on in the hall between the waiter and a man with a very red face, who wore a long-tailed coat and a pair of very baggy pantaloons.

"I tell you she's my wife, and if you don't stand aside and let me pass, I'll knock your eyes in farther than they are now," and the belligerent speaker dashed into the room.

"Jupiter!" cried he, at the sight of Mrs. Hopkins with her head lying on the shoulder of Mr. Swift. "Can I believe my eyes! My wife in the arms of a paragon! Good Heavens!"

"Your wife!" cried Swift.

"My wife; I am the lady's husband, you villain!"

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Hopkins, "the man is crazy! My husband indeed, sir! my husband don't wear a coat that was cut in the ark, and pantaloons that look like meal bags. Oh, Frank!" clinging to Mr. Swift, "protect me from him!"

"Let her go this instant!" roared Mr. Hopkins, "or I'll be the death of you."

"Don't let him touch me!" cried the lady. "Oh, heavens, only see the horrid coat. And he's got the expression of a murderer!"

"Murderer! Jupiter! This from my wife! 'Tis too much. I'll be the death of that vile scoundrel; and then madam, we will live apart henceforth and forever!" and seizing a heavy candlestick from the mantle he made a dive at Mr. Swift. Swift grappled with him—Hopkins trod on the tail of his coat and down he went and dragged Swift with him.

"Oh, gracious me!" screamed Mrs. Hopkins, "he'll kill Frank—I can see murder in his eye," and woman-like she wanted to have a finger in the pie, and with a huge copy of Shakespeare she fell to beating poor Frank on the back.

"You stole my clothes, you dirty wretch you!" exclaimed Hopkins

"And you stole mine!" exclaimed Swift, "my swallow-tail, that was made of one that my grandfather was married in, and the butter-nut trowserloons that my Aunt Sally contrived out of a bed blanket. And you left me your vie-bald affairs, and they're so straight that I've been afraid to stoop all day, and nothing in the pockets of 'em but a quizzing glass and a bottle of biled-down muskquash!"

"I'll strip you on the spot!" thundered Hopkins, making a grab at the gorgeous plaid; "off with them or take the consequences. It's bad enough to find you hugging my wife, but to hear you abuse

them pantaloons. It's sufficient to make a minister swear. The best fit in the United States. Cut by Jenkins, right from Paris!" and every word was emphasized by a punch in the ribs.

"Darn Jenkins and darn Paris!" cried Swift in a rage. "If I had a pair of breeches that fit me in the waistband as these do, I'd be the death of the man that spilt 'em."

Mrs. Hopkins began to swell a rat.—She drew back from pounding Hopkins, and took a survey of the parties.

"Good gracious!" cried she. "It's Frank himself but the other one's got his clothes. O, lordy me!" and she fainted, but recovered herself instantly when she saw her husband about to throw some water in her face.

"Don't, Frank," don't! she exclaimed, "it cost me a half dollar to get my forehead enameled, there's a quarter's worth of gold powder in my hair. I shall be better in a minute."

So she was, and the mistake was fully explained. Hopkins and Swift shook hands, retired and changed clothes.

They became the best of friends, and in due time Swift married Mrs. Hopkins' sister, and after a season he too rejoiced in a pair of plaid pantaloons, cut by Jenkins, and a bobtailed coat cut by Jenkins also.

Rather Absent Minded.

DOCTOR JOSIAH CAMPBELL, who lived for many years on the Western Reserve, in Ohio, was a skillful physician, but withal, one of the most eccentric and absent minded persons in the world, except Margaret, his wife, and she was fully his equal. One summer morning the doctor was caught in a tremendous shower, which drenched him to the skin. It soon cleared off, however, and Dr. Josh rode into his own yard, where he took the dripping saddle from his horse and let him go adrift into the pasture. The saddle he placed on a stout log of wood which was elevated some four feet from the ground on two posts, where the doctor had begun to build a platform to dry his peaches on.

After he got the saddle fixed so it would dry, he took the bride and putting it on the end of the log, he stretched out the reins, hitching them to the horn of the saddle, and went to change his wet clothes and get breakfast. Josiah, jr., and Margaret, jr., were away from home on a visit and so the two seniors sat down to their morning meal. When they were about half through, Jim Atwood, a farmer, who lived about eight miles distant came in, telling the doctor he wished he would go over to his house, as he reckoned he might be wanted over there, and then went off to the village in a hurry, after some necessary "fixens."

When the doctor finished his meal, he took his saddle-bags, and out he went in the yard, where he deliberately mounted his saddle and set out in the imagination, for Jim Atwood's.

For a long time he rode on in silence, with his eyes intently fixed upon Bachan's Practice, which lay open on the saddle before him. At length he began to feel the effect of the fierce rays of mid-day sun, and upon looking up from his book he discovered a comfortable looking house close by him, upon which he saug out lustily for a drink of water.

Aunt Margaret, who had been for the last two hours very busy in the garden soon made her appearance with a pitcher of milk, and after the thirsty stranger had taken a long draught, they entered into animated conversation, the doctor launching out into rapturous praises of the scenery about the place, the neatness of the buildings, the fine orchard of peach and apple trees; and the lady, who had caught a glimpse of the saddle-bags, made a great many inquiries about the health of the neighborhood, etc.

The doctor finally took his leave of the lady assuring her that he would call on his return and have some further conversation with her, as she reminded him so much of his wife, who, he was sure, would be very happy to make her acquaintance.

The lady turned to enter the house, and the doctor had just gathered up to the gate with his horse all in a lather of foam.

"What on earth are you doing, doctor?" yelled Jim; "get off that log and come along."

The doctor was greatly astonished at first, but after a few minutes it got through his hair that he had been all the morning riding a beech log in his own doorway.

Water is the best drink. Exercise and pure air the best medicines.

SUNDAY READING.

Rich for a Moment.

THE British ship Britannia was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boat. The first boat was about to push off when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man: "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate.

We should count such a person a madman, but he has too many imitators.—Men seemed determined to die rich, at all hazards. Least of all risks they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can lug to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through Jesus Christ, which we must make ours before the dark hour comes.

A Pithy Sermon to Young Men.

You are the architects of your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, self-reliance, honesty and industry; for your star, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level—water don't run up hill—put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that rule the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't steal; don't deceive; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be kind. Study hard; play hard. Read good books. Love your fellow-men; love your country and obey the laws; love truth; love virtue.—Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequence with God—*Ec.*

Not in Human Nature.

An estimable lady, a personal and beloved friend of mine, said to me, when urged to forgive an injury: "It is not in human nature to forgive injuries; as goading as these." You are right, my friend, I replied, it is not in human nature; but it is in the grace of Christ. He has charged us: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father that is in Heaven." The lady had a long struggle with herself, but through the grace of Christ she overcame. She forgave from the heart, and was a happier woman, and a more exemplary Christian. These virtues are not imaginary, nor are they beyond Christian attainment.

Napoleon Bonaparte wrote to General Bertrand; "I know men, and I tell you Jesus Christ was not a man. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ only founded his empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him. If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well; then I did wrong to make you a General."

Many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just going out of it they bethink themselves and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgotten, viz: The main business for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity.—*Tillotson.*

While we live, we are scholars—disciples; we cease to be Christ's followers when we cease to be Christ's disciples