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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.  
Corporations, Firms, and Individuals keeping Bank Accounts with us, either in Currency or Gold, will be allowed Five Per Cent. Interest per annum, on all daily balances, and can check at sight without notice. Interest credited and Account Current rendered Monthly.  
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We buy, sell, and exchange all issues of Government Bonds at current market prices.  
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We are prepared to take Gold Accounts on terms the same as for Currency; to receive Gold on Deposit, bearing interest and subject to check at sight; to issue Gold Certificates of Deposit; to make Advances in Gold, against currency and other collaterals, and to afford Banking facilities generally upon a GOLD BASIS.—417 Im

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### READY-MADE COLORS,

Known as "RAILROAD" Colors. Guaranteed to be more economical, more durable and more convenient than any Paint ever before offered. A book entitled "Plain Talk with Practical Painters," with samples, sent free by mail on application. **MASURY & WHITON,**  
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**NOT** Equaled by any Wheel in existence.—Great economy of water. The only Wheel suitable to variable streams. Adapted to all kinds of Mills. Illustrated Pamphlet with Useful Tables sent free. **J. E. STEVENSON,**  
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### 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!

**REPAIRING** and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock. 31

### New Carriage Manufactory,

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,  
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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

### 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.

**REPAIRING** of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

SAMUEL SMITH.

### 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.

**REPAIRING** of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.  
S. H. GALBRAITH,  
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor,  
Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.—1f.

### THE WORLD'S WONDER!

#### Equalizing Oil!

**THIS** Oil for Rheumatism in all its forms, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds of all descriptions, Cramp, etc., etc., etc.  
**IS UNEQUALLED** by any now offered to the public. It is for sale at 50 cents per bottle, by  
**NORTH E. BOLINGER,**  
Millerstown,  
Perry county, Pa.  
**AND** **F. MORTIMER & CO.,**  
New Bloomfield, Pa.  
Relief given almost instantly, and permanent cures effected. 419 3m

## Poetical Selections.

### THE PARTING.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

**T**HE signal from the distant strand  
Streams o'er the waters blue—  
It bids me press thy parting hand,  
And breathe my last adieu;  
But oft on Fancy's glowing wing  
My heart will love to stray,  
And still to thee with rapture spring  
Though I am far away.  
With thee I've wandered oft to hear,  
On Summer's quiet eve,  
The wild bird's music, soft and clear,  
Borne through the whispering leaves;  
Or see the moon's bright shadow laid  
Upon the waveless bay,  
Those eyes—their memory cannot fade,  
Though I am far away.  
My life may feel Hope's withering blight,  
Yet fancy's tearful eye  
Will turn to thee—the dearest light  
In retrospect of the sky;  
And still the memory of our love,  
While life was young and gay,  
Will sweetly o'er my spirit move,  
Though I am far away.  
'Tis hard, when Spring's first flower expands,  
To pass it coldly by,  
Or see upon the desert sands  
The gem unheeded lie;  
The gentle thoughts that bless the hours  
Of love can ne'er decay,  
And thou wilt live in memory's bowers,  
Though I am far away.  
The Sun has sunk, with fading gleam,  
Down evening's shadowy vale,  
But see—his softened glories stream  
From yonder crescent pale;  
And thus affection's chastened light  
Will memory still display,  
To gild the gloom of sorrow's night,  
Though I am far away.

### "DON'T TELL BETSEY JANE."

**"A**ND FOR YOUR life, don't tell  
Betsey Jane!"

Mr. Nicodemus Harding, having uttered this caution in a low, earnest tone of voice, alighted from a Concord wagon in front of his own farm house door, and stood there for a few moments in a brown study, watching the figure of his brother-in-law and lawyer, as he drove back toward the village of W——, whence the two men had just come.

"Don't tell Betsey Jane!"

Now Betsey Jane was Mr. Nicodemus Harding's wife—a stirring, notable soul, who made more butter and cheese, and took more eggs and fowls to the village market, in the course of the season, than any other woman for miles around. Strong, healthy and hearty, she "made the housework fly," to use her own energetic expression; and if Nicodemus Harding owned his farm that day, and was a "well to do," in fact a rich man to boot, it was owing in no small measure to the skill and energy, and economy and go-ahead-ativeness of his Betsey Jane. What was it, then, that the ungrateful man was not about to tell her?

"It would never do, never?" thought Nicodemus to himself, shaking his head. "She'd be wanting a new carpet, or a new silk gown, or the house all painted over, or some such nonsense. No! the woman is the weaker vessel, and it won't do to trust one too far. Their heads won't bear it."

So Mr. Nicodemus passed through the house, and out toward the barn with the preoccupied air of a hen who has an egg to lay, and don't know where she can hide it from the eyes of mankind to the best advantage. The kitchen was empty and silent as he went through it. But oh! if he could but have seen the buxom, good looking female who stole silently followed him on his way toward the barn!

Mrs. Harding came back in about twenty minutes or so, with a face red from suppressed laughter.

"Don't tell, Betsey Jane," she said, giggling into her gingham apron. "You are a very smart man, Nicodemus, and my brother, Tim, Noyes, is another, and a lawyer into the bargain. Don't tell Betsey Jane indeed! Two wretches! you deserve all you'll get pretty soon."

Betsey Jane said no more but bided her time. A week passed away, and then brother Tim's wagon drove up again to the door, and Nicodemus stepped into it, and was off to the village once more. Betsey Jane had asked in vain to go. Nicodemus was bound on "business which a woman could not understand,"

he loftily exclaimed. Her lord and master well out of sight, Betsey Jane went about business that a woman could understand, with a merry twinkle in her bright black eyes.

At 4 P. M. Nicodemus returned home again, looking quite as important as before. He tip-toed along through the kitchen, Betsey Jane watching him from the corner of her eye the while. He passed out into the shed. A fragrant smell of smoke came forward to greet him—an odor of burning corn-cobs gradually curing ham.

Nicodemus turning deadly pale, and ran frantically forward to a large fire smouldering in the ash house, and a large ham or two, covered over by blankets, hanging placidly there! The yell he gave brought Betsey Jane from the house instanter, to find Nicodemus groveling before the ash house door, weeping and wailing and tearing his hair, and uttering yell after yell of despair!

"Why, bless me! what's the matter? are you in a fit? Let me run for the camphor!" shrieked Betsey Jane.

"Camphor! Bring arsenic! Bring prussic acid! Bring poison of some kind—poison, poison!" yelled Nicodemus, frantically.

"Woman, you've ruined me! Twelve thousand dollars in government bonds did I put into that ash-hole for safety just a week ago, and you've gone and burnt them up to cook that cussed bacon! Poison! poison! poison! And let me get out of this weary world!"

"Oh—so; that is what you were not going to tell Betsey Jane! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Nicodemus Harding?"

Nicodemus could not answer. He laid prostrate in the ashes, and howled!

"Get up—and don't be a fool!" said Betsey Jane, amiably. "I heard you and brother Tim, conspiring at the door that day, and watched you to the ash-hole, and soon found out what you had hid away there. Woman is the weaker vessel no doubt, but she don't put twelve thousand dollars where the first match that comes handy can burn it all up! Here are your bonds, Nicodemus—ten thousand, for I've kept two for my honesty!"

Poor Nicodemus! He gathered himself up out of the ashes, and took his bonds—what was left of them. He rather thinks it pays best, on the whole, now, to tell Betsey Jane.

### Curious Mode of Getting a Wife.

**O**NE little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was strolling through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor with impulsiveness, exclaimed, "That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquettish enough to accept the service of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "Thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a house, and disappear within its rose-wood entrance. For a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh, turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the Captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being ex-

alted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theaters and bowling alleys, on his return from sea, he purchased books, and had become quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart, little black-eyed fellow, with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One night the young man, with all the other officers were invited to an entertainment at the Captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps, that two years before, the brightest vision he had ever seen passed over—a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor; and like a sledge hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said, "The young lady was once indebted to your kindness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all ablaze, and his brown cheeks flushed hotly, as the noble Captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not as handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty ladie."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the Captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child, had pleased the Captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

### A Ridiculous Mistake.

**A**T A FAMOUS and popular watering place a gentleman one night was suddenly seized in bed with an excruciating pain in the stomach, which, neither brandy, No. 6, nor any other remedy could remove. His wife, after trying a number of things in vain, and having exhausted all her stock of remedies, left her husband's bed-side for the purpose of getting a warm application. Guided on her return by a light which she saw shining in a chamber, and which she supposed was the one just left, she softly entered, and was not a little surprised to find her patient apparently in a deep slumber. However thinking he might still be suffering, she gently raised the bed-clothes, &c., and laid the scalding poultice upon the stomach of her husband—which no sooner touched the body of the person than he, greatly alarmed, and writhing under the torture of the burning application, shouted: "Hallo! hallo! what in the name of heaven and earth are you about there?" then with one spring from his bed, he made for the door and rushing down stairs, declared in a frenzy of excitement, that some one had poured a shovel of hot coals upon him. The woman, overcome with excitement and alarm gave a frantic scream, which brought her husband hurriedly in from the next room to her rescue. The husband was so much excited, and also so much amused with the singular mistake and the ridiculous position of his better half, that he forgot all his pains; but early next morning he, his wife and trunks left for parts unknown. The poulticed gentleman still retains the handkerchief—a beautiful linen fabric with the lady's name on it, which he considers of rare value.

A good old Massachusetts deacon, recently deceased, was once called in question upon some points of faith pertaining to his denomination. With a great deal of earnestness his reply was:—"Don't tell me that I'm mistaken. I know all about Congregationalism, for my son has taken the *Congregational Globe* for years."

## SUNDAY READING.

**Were** Christ's "Sermons on the Mount" more regarded by Christians, there would be less of religious preaching and more of practice enjoyed in the world.

**The** Bible is a light house, and designed to give particular information, not in regard to the country where it stands, but to enable tempest tossed mariners to gain a safe harbor.—*Albert Barnes.*

**We** should let God turn over the leaves in the book of life, and be content to read what is written thereon. It is enough to know that we have a Father who will watch and protect us unto the end.—*Beecher.*

**Abraham** Lincoln used to say the best story he ever read of himself was this: Two Quakeresses were traveling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed."

"Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes; but the Lord will think that Abraham is joking," the first replied conclusively.

### Power of Love.

The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

Christ's love is the Church's fire; rather bring thy heart when it is cold frozen and dead; meditate on his love, and pray until you can say, "He loved me and gave himself for me."

The best system of theology without love is a corpse. To make it a power put life into it, glowing love to God and man.

### Children Trained Up For God.

It is pleasing to God that our children shall be given Him, and so be trained up, that though His blessing, they will early know Him. When we come into a garden, we love to pluck the young bud, and smell it, that we may be delighted with its fragrance. And so God loves the heart in its bud, before its fragrance is all scattered upon the world and sin. Of the trees made choice of, in a prophetic vision, it was the almond tree which God selected, the tree that blossoms among the first of trees. Such an almond tree is an early convert, a young heart given to its maker.

### Heroic Faith.

Said a clergyman in the Fulton street prayer meeting: "There is such a thing as great faith. Christ said there was when He said: 'O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' There is also, such a thing as heroic faith. This is the faith that overcomes all obstacles, and holds on when all things oppose. It believes and trusts in God as giving faith by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Elijah could not tell why he believed fire would come down from Heaven and burn up the sacrifice, when the altar had been built and the sacrifice had been laid upon it, and the trench around it had been filled with water. But he did believe it when it seemed the most impossible thing in the world, and the fire came according to his faith."

### Count Over the Mercies.

Count the mercies which have been quietly falling, in your history. Down, they come every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father in Heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, renewing them every day, and never yet realized whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you. You have murmured under afflictions, but who heard you rejoice over blessings? Ask the sunbeam, the rain drop, the star or the queen of night. What is life but mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life? Had each the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you have never regarded them as such. If not, you have been a poor student of nature and revelation.—What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers, and eat pleasant fruits?

**A** celebrated philosopher used to say—"The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."