

BANKING HOUSE
OF
HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
(United States Treasury Buildings)
No. 32 Wall Street, N. Y.

THE 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.
We are prepared at all times to make advances to our Dealers on approved Collaterals, at market rate.
Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand, or after fixed date, bearing interest at the current rate, and available in all parts of the country.
Collections made promptly everywhere in the United States, Canada and Europe. Dividends and Coupons promptly Collected.
We buy, sell, and exchange all issues of Government Bonds at current market prices.
Orders executed for the purchase or sale of Gold and Exchange, also for State, City, and all other first-class securities.
Special attention given to the negotiation of Rail Road, City, and other Corporate Loans.
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.—4 17 3m

Who has a House to Paint?

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, Globe White Lead and Color Works, 111 Fulton St., New York. Established 1855. Beware of imitations.—4 17 3m

WATER WHEELS.

DUPLEX TURBINE.

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, 83 Liberty St., N. Y.

HOW SHALL WE PAINT OUR HOUSES?
By J. W. Masury, Cl. 22p., \$1 50. Free by mail, on receipt of price. Masury & Whiton, New York.—4 17 3m.

HINTS ON HOUSE PAINTING. By J. W. Masury, Cl. 48p., 40c. Free by mail on receipt of price. MASURY & WHITON, N. Y.—4 17 3m

\$1140 How I made it in 6 mos. with Stencils. Samples mailed free. A. J. FULLAM, N. Y.

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.

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.

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.—4f.

THE WORLD'S WONDER!
Equalizing Oil!

THIS Oil for Rheumatism in all its forms, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds of all descriptions, Cramp, 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. 4 19 3m

For the Bloomfield Times.
CUPID'S PRAYER.

BY WILSON, JR.

MAY roses o'er thy path be strewn,
And every kindly flower—
With fragrance that may prove as sweet
As those in Eden's bower.
May blossoms on thy path be found,
And grain upon thy fields;
May fruit on every tree abound,
And fields abundant yield.
May ever in thy heart be found
A virtue pure and high;
May sunshine in thy heart abound,
And true love never die.
May we a happy couple be—
In Love's dear arms caressed;
May I in thee, and thou in me
Be always happy—blessed.
O! what a life of love and Joy,
And, O! what spirit free;
A blessing, may I find in you,
A blessing, thou in me.
O, Mollie let us ever prove
True to each other here,—
That I may always call you "Love,"
And you may call me "Dear!"
Don't think me green for writing this—
'Tis "love" impels me on;
My loving darling! dearest miss!
You friend of George—not John.

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

A Good Temperance Story.

"But far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in her heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written, 'WOMAN.'
"And so it is with the drunkard; far away up a great pair of winding stairs in his heart there is a door easily passed by, and we must knock at that door once, twice, seven times, yea, seventy times seven, to open it."—JOHN B. GORHAM.

HE WAS an old man. Not so very old, either, for the wrinkles that marked his visage were not the autograph that time's finger had laid there, and the hand that placed upon the low pine table the well-drained glass did not tremble so with the weakening that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtain, and floor stained with tobacco saliva, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room into which it opened.

A hat—it must have been intended for one—half-concealed the owner's uncombed locks; and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with brickbats and the gutter did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these, reader, a tattered pair of trousers, and you have a picture of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potatoes in the only "grog shop" he was allowed to enter. And yet the wretched, friendless man sat there, under the stupefying effects of his morning dram, had a heart, and far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in that heart was a door easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs of time and neglect, was written, 'MAN.' But nobody dreamed of this; and when the temperance man had gone to him, and promised him employment and respectability if he would "sign," and others (well-meaning men) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things and gone back with pertinacity to his "cups," everybody said old Bill Strong's case was a hopeless one. Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs and read the inscription on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild, hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her mild face. The man looked up with a vacant air of astonishment, as the bar-keeper tendered the lady a seat, and pointed to the other, saying, "That's Bill Strong, ma'am," and with a glance that indicated very plainly his wonder at what she could want there, left her alone with the astounded and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression over old Bill's features, and then, in a low, sweet voice, she asked:
"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah, with those few words the lady had got farther up the winding stairs and nearer the hidden door than all who had gone before her.
"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said

old Bill, and he glanced at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow that was peeping out. It was a long time since he had been addressed as Mr. William Strong, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," responded the lady; "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"
"Oh, no, Charley and I used to be great cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not shone there for a long time, except when rum gave it a fitful brilliancy!

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs and was softly feeling for that unseen door; so she went on:
"I almost feel, Mr. Strong, as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood. I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of yellow harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the grass before the front door, with the huge apple-tree that threw its shadows across it; and the old portico, with the grape-vine that climbed over it, and the white roses that peeped in at the bedroom window, and the spring that went shining and bubbling through the bed of green mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth occasionally, but unmindful of this, the lady kept on in the same low, melting voice:

"Many and many were the hours," so father would say, "that Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple-tree playing at hide and seek, or lolling on the grass and telling each other the great things we meant to do when we became big men, while Willie's blue eyes would sparkle with hope and happiness; and when the sunset laid a crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, Willie's mother might be seen standing in the portico, with her snowy cap, and checked apron, and we would hear her voice calling, 'Come, boys, come to supper.'"

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears went rolling down old Bill's cheeks, and falling on the pine table.—Ah! the lady was at the door then.

"I was always at home at Willie's," father would say, "and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too; and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his little stool to his mother's feet, and she would tell him some pleasant story of Joseph or David, or some good boy who afterward became a great man, and then she would part Willie's brown curls from off his forehead, and say in a trembling voice I can never forget, 'Promise me, Willie, when you are a man, and the gray hairs of your mother are resting in the church-yard yonder, you will never disgrace her memory.'—And Willie would draw up his slight form, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother and say, 'Never fear, mother, I will make a good man, and a great one, too,' and then, after we had said our evening prayers, we would go contented and happy as the bird that nestled in the old apple tree, to rest. Then just as we were sinking into some pleasant dream, we would hear a well-known footfall on the stairs, and a kind face bending over would inquire if we were nicely tucked up. 'It is a long, long time,' father would say, 'since I heard from Willie, but I am sure he has never fallen into any evil ways. The words of his mother would keep him from that.'"

Rap! rap! rap! went the words of the lady at the door of old Bill's heart.—Creak! creak! creak! went the door on its rusted hinges. The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his clasped hands, and while his frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur among childlike sobs, "My mother! oh, my mother!" With a silent prayer of thankfulness she resumed:

"But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good to look at them,' he would say, 'as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and confident William's voice sounded through the old church, as he promised to love, protect and cherish the bright, confiding creature at his side, and I knew he thought, as he looked down upon her, that the

winds of heaven would never visit her face too roughly; and then my father would tell us of your pleasant home, and of the bright-eyed boy and the fair-haired girl that came after a while to gladden it; and then, you know, he removed to another part of the country, Mr. Strong, and lost sight of you."

Once again the lady paused for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and then, in a lower tone she thus spoke:—"I did not forget the promise I made my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native place, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a desolate and broken household; of a blue eyed boy that a father's heart might so well delight in, who had left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless waters; of the gentle, suffering wife, who, faithful to the last, went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted, to the grave, and of the fair haired orphan girl, who followed her mother in a little while. Oh! it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! it was I that did it! I killed them!" cried old Bill, lifting his bowed head, and gazing on the lady, every feature expressive of such wild agony and helpless remorse, that she shuddered at the despair her own words had caused. "Wide, wide-open stood the door then and the lady passed in."

A soft hand was laid soothingly upon old Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope murmured—"Even for all this there is mercy. There is a redemption through the atoning merits of Jesus, and you will know your first step toward it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you, as your friend, will you do it?"

"I will," said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such force on the rickety pine table that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up his features, as he seized the pen and paper the lady placed before him, which paper contained a declaration, binding all who signed it to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; and when he returned it to her—in bold legible characters, there lay written beneath it the name of

William Strong.

There was an expression, almost ludicrous from its intensesness of curiosity on the barkeeper's physiognomy, as the lady, after her long interview with old Bill, passed quietly through the shop and the expression was not lessened when old Bill, a few moments after, walked through without taking another glass of grog; and he never passed over the threshold again.

"Not Letting."

There were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same playthings but never a quarrel sprang up between them, no cross words, no pouts, no slaps no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," I said to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?" They looked up, and the oldest answered, "I s'pose 'tis cause Addie lets me and I let Addie."

I thought a moment; "Ah, that is it," I said, "she lets you, and you her; that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball." "Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows Gerty; "well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want she should have my ball." "Fie fie; is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; "she'll lose it." "And you will only just lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

The "not letting" principle is downright disablingness, and a disabling spirit begets a great deal of quarrelling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, always ready to oblige each other; neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And are they not happy? O, yes! And do you not love them already?

"Fetch on Your Rats."

A VERY GOOD STORY is told of our German friend, Adam Bepler, who keeps a tavern in Allegheny. One rather gloomy evening recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor (as he seldom is,) a stranger presented himself about bed-time, and asked to stay all night.

"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather seedy looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will be youst one dollar."

"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me—"

"Ah," said Mr. Bepler, "I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night mit dat kind, but dat won't help to me run dis house."

"Well," said the stranger, after a pause, "have you got any rats here?"
"Yes," replied Adam, "you better believe we have. Why the place is lousy mit dem!"

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all your rats to-morrow."

"Done," said Bepler, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norways that infested his premises. So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast, next morning, Mr. Bepler took occasion in a very gentle manner to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night.

"What! Kill your rats! Certainly," said the melancholy stranger. "Where are they the thickest?"

"Dey are putty dick in de barnyard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go out there," said the stranger. "But stop! Have you got a piece of hoop-iron?"

A piece about fifteen feet long was brought to the stranger, who examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied, at length, with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn, accompanied by Mr. Bepler and quite a party of idlers, who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work.—Arriving there the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the barn-door, and raised his weapon.

"Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. Fetch on your rats!"

How this scene terminated, we are not precisely informed. It is said that, although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepler began to smell one pretty strongly at this juncture, and he became very angry. One thing is certain, and that is that the new boarder was not at Adam's table for dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart, probably to pursue his avocation of rat-killing in other quarters.

Taking a Drink.

The different manners of proposing to take a drink is well shown in the following:

The sentimental method of asking a person to drink, is in the formula, "Suppose we shed a tear." The operation, strange as it may seem, is identical with "taking a smile." There is a frequent toast in some places, which seems to contain considerable truth, viz: "Well, here is another nail in my coffin." On the Mississippi river they take a very practicable view of the ceremony, and say to their friends, "Won't you come and wood up?" Thus implying that strong potatoes supply the fuel of life. In cholera times a false notion prevailed that imbibition would prevent one from taking that disease, and a popular style of invitation was, "Let's disinfect." This may as well be offset by a mention of the Western bar-room salute, "Won't you hist in some pizen?" The last form, however, is almost too strictly correct and literal in its character, to be appropriate in this article.

Circumstances alter Cases.

Boy.—Do you want a dog skin?
Tanner.—Was it a fat dog.
Boy.—Oh yes, he was a fat dog.
Tanner.—was he very fat!
Boy.—Oh yes, sir, he was werry fat.
Tanner.—Very fat. eh? How fat was he?
Boy.—Well, he was the fattest dog I ever see.
Tanner.—Oh if he was so werry fat, his skin is not good.
Boy.—Well, he wasn't sich an almighty fat dog after all.