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Poetical Selections.

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat a-popping corn
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles was fat as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire;
And talked of different kind of ears,
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper.
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucers made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped and ate,
All kinds a fun a-poking;
And he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate,
(John's mouth was like a hopper,)
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, and then struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan 'what's the matter?"

Said she: "John Stiles, it's one o'clock,
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

A Jerseyman's Story.

THE following outline of the sad story of a citizen of New Jersey appears much like the romantic tales found in our sensation weeklies; but the narrative is nevertheless true, as the distressed family of the adventurer, who still reside in Jersey City, can testify:

Twenty years ago a gentleman in moderate circumstances, living in Jersey City, determined to try his luck in China. Accordingly he invested his money in goods suited for that market and embarked on board a ship bound for Hong Kong via Liverpool. His family, consisting of his wife and several children were left with sufficient means for their maintenance until his return, which was expected to be within four years.

The ship on board which our Jerseyman was a passenger had a fine run to Liverpool, where she completed her loading and then started on a long voyage to China. Once only did the family of the Jerseyman hear from him after leaving Liverpool, and that was by a letter received by a ship which spoke the Jerseyman's craft after rounding the Cape of Good Hope. Months passed by and no further news of the ship. She never arrived at Hong Kong, and nearly a year after her departure from Liverpool the captain returned to that port with the sad tale of her foundering in mid ocean, and his own escape, with most of his crew and passengers, from a fearful death.—The Jerseyman was not among the saved. A dreadful storm which continued many days, drove the ship far out of her course to the southward, and finally, after losing all her spars, she went down, giving her crew barely time to lower the boats before the noble vessel made her final plunge. The boats containing the captain and most of the crew, after tossing upon the sea for several days, finally reached a group of islands, where they remained six or seven months, kindly treated by the natives, until taken off by a transient trader and carried to Calcutta, where they secured a passage to this city. But the boat in which were the Jerseyman and five seamen was never heard of since the night after the wreck.

Twenty years of sorrow, struggle and privation for the Jersey family passed.—The noble-hearted widow and mother fought against the ills of poverty, keeping her children under her own roof tree, educating and fitting them well to fight the battle of life, and had the happiness of seeing them become brave men and good citizens, honorable among the most honored. During all these long years of sorrow and toil she clung to the hope that the husband of her youth would return to her; his memory was kept fresh in her heart, and almost her only solace was the recollection of the happy hours passed with him in their cottage home, and the belief that once more she would be folded to his heart. Twenty years rolled slowly around, the children became men and women. And strange young faces were seen around the hearthstone. The suffering wife's hair was turning white, and

her trusting heart was well nigh broken from its long waiting, when six weeks ago, came a letter from the wanderer, reciting his sad history. The second morning after the wreck nothing was to be seen of the other boats. With but a small stock of provisions the Jerseyman and his five companions, hoping against hope, determined to shape their course south of east, trusting to make one of the many groups of islands known to lie in that direction. After ten days' toil, during which two of the seamen died from privations, the party reached a small island, when they were immediately seized by the natives and condemned to a life of slavery. Their captors were cannibals, and long sought to induce the white men to join them in their horrible orgies; but finding both threats and entreaties unavailing, they finally desisted, and allowed their white slaves to eat such food as they chose. One after another of his white companions died, until the Jerseyman was left alone to his life of servitude among the savages, and so closely was he watched that although many ships touched at the island he was unable to communicate with them. At length a schooner from Australia dropped anchor during a night in March last, in a cove near the hut occupied by the Jerseyman, and being the first to discover her he seized a canoe and paddled on to her before any of the natives were astir. So long had he been among the savages that he had lost nearly every recollection of his origin, and had forgotten his native language. After gaining the deck of the schooner he was for some time unable to articulate a word, and only after a copious flood of tears had relieved him was the strong man able to utter the simple word "home." Finally, after many efforts, he made the captain understand his story, which so affected the noble-hearted sailor that he at once weighed anchor and sailed for Melbourne, where he arrived after a short passage. Here the Jerseyman was kindly cared for by the authorities, but being too unwell to take passage by the first steamer to Honolulu and San Francisco he sent a letter containing the joyful tidings of his safety. Last week a letter in a mourning envelope, from Melbourne was received by the Jerseyman's family. It was from a city official, and contained the sad tidings of the wanderer's death. After twenty years of hardship and slavery, just as he was ready to embark for his long coveted home, he was called to take a longer, more dreaded journey, and in that far-off land, among strangers, but among Christians, his spirit took its flight.

Taking the Census.

IN endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties as to well nigh deprive them of their senses.—The following colloquy is said to have taken place in Germantown between a deputy marshal and an Irish woman:

"How many male members have you in the family?"
"Niver a one."
"When were you married?"
"The day 'Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshiner day niver gilded the sky of owld Ireland."
"What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"
"Divil a man more miserable. He said if I didn't behave myself he'd blow his brains out wid a crowbar."
"Was he at the time of your marriage a widower or a bachelor?"
"A which? a widower did you say? Ah, now go away wid your nonsense. Is it the likes of me that would take up wid a second-hand husband? Do I look like the wife of a widower? A poor devil all legs and consumption, like a sick turkey! A widower! May I be blessed if I had not rather live an owld maid, and bring up a family on buttermilk and praties."

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath,
And yet a woman's fair name wilted,
And friends one warm grew cold and stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers, hushed and low,
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low for very shame,
That thing the slanderer dare not name,
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Novel use for an Emetic.

WE find in Chamber's London Journal an account of the mode in which a famous collector of precious stones, recovered a stolen ruby. The narrator says:

I called this morning on a certain well-known gem-collector, who was so good as to show me the contents of his cabinet. After the first half-dozen specimens, my attention began to wander, for a very little of that sort of thing goes a great way with me.

"What is that little bottle you have among your gems?" inquired I.

"That is my Queen Eleanor's Mixture," said he, laughing. "But for it, I should not be in possession of yonder ruby, the value of which is over a thousand pounds."

"What is that little bottle you have among your gems?" inquired I.

"So it is," said he, "but, nevertheless, I am indebted to the mixture for that ruby. The fact is this: My collection is too well known by half. I don't mind showing it to an old friend like you, and of course I am proud of all these things, but I have in a general way, to keep too sharp an eye upon my visitors to make the exhibition pleasant. People whom I know nothing about call upon me, and present a card of some friend of mine and say, 'Mr. So-and-so assured me you would be so kind as to let me see your gems.' Two men came together upon upon one occasion with the purpose (as afterward appeared) of what they call 'putting the jug' on me—that means garrote and robbery; but I did not like their looks, and declined to show them anything without a letter of introduction. They had, as it afterwards turned out, stolen the card of a Professor of Mineralogy. I am not, however, afraid of a single visitor, because I always keep this handy," and my friend produced a pretty little pistol, cocked, and I have no doubt loaded.

"But the bottle," said I, "what is the use of that?"

"That is the supplement to the pistol. Thus, only yesterday, a very ill-looking fellow—a foreigner, all hair and false jewelry; and a very foolish thing it was of him to come to me with paste-diamonds in his shirt-front—brought a letter of introduction with him from a friend of mine in Dresden. The letter was genuine, but I had my doubts from the first, as to whether this was the gentleman to whom it referred. However, I brought him in here to show him the gems. He made some very common place observations which convinced me that he knew nothing of the subject, and after thanking me in a somewhat servile manner, for my courtesy, he turned to go. I slipped behind him and the door, and locked it in a second. "My ruby," said I, "if you please, or you're a dead man." And I put the pistol to his forehead. That little stone, which I have said is valued at above a thousand pounds was missing. Instead of being indignant, my gentleman merely answered: "Indeed you are mistaken, sir. You may call your servant and examine every pocket."

"I know that, you scoundrel," returned I. "You have swallowed the ruby; now drink this or die." I held the weapon in my hand and the mixture which is an emetic in the other. The situation was very disagreeable for him, I have no doubt, but did not seem to be at all embarrassing. He shrank from the pistol (or at least the police station, which was its alternative) and took the physic like a lamb, while I stood over him with the weapon and the bowl—that little white bason yonder—exactly as Queen Eleanor stood over Fair Rosamond. That's why I call it Eleanor's Mixture; a decoction without which no gem cabinet, of any value, can be pronounced complete.—When I miss a specimen I always know that some visitor has swallowed it, and then you know, he has to swallow this.

It was in a Massachusetts village that an old scissor-grinder, calling on a minister made the usual query:

"Any scissors to grind?"

Receiving a negative answer, it was the minister's turn, which he took by asking:

"Are you a man of God?"

"I do not understand you."

"Are you prepared to die?"

The question struck him home. Gathering up his kit and scrambling for the door, he exclaimed, terror stricken:

"O Lord! O Lord! you ain't going to kill me, are you?"

SUNDAY READING.

"Pray Without Ceasing."

A sailor who had been long absent from his native country, returned home, flushed with money. Coming to London, where he had never been before, he resolved to gratify himself with the sight of whatever was remarkable. Among other places, he visited St. Paul's. It happened to be at the time of divine service. When carelessly passing, he heard the words, "Pray without ceasing," uttered by the minister, without having any impression made upon his mind by them. Having satisfied his curiosity in London, he returned to his marine pursuits, and continued at sea for seven years, without any remarkable occurrence in his history. One fine evening, when the air was soft, the breeze gentle, the heavens serene, and the ocean calm, he was walking the deck, with his feelings soothed by the pleasing aspect of nature, when, all of a sudden, darted on his mind the words, "Pray without ceasing!" "Pray without ceasing?" "What words can these be?" he exclaimed. "I think I have heard them before; where could it be?" After a pause—"Oh, it was at St. Paul's in London; the minister read them from the Bible. What! and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing?' Oh, what a wretch I must be to have lived so long without praying at all!" God, who at first caused him to hear this passage in his ear, now caused it to spring up in a way, at a time, and with a power peculiarly his own. The poor fellow now found the lightning of conviction flash on his conscience—the thunders of the law shake his heart—and the great deep of destruction threaten to swallow him up. Now he began for the first time to pray; but praying was not all. "Oh," said he, "if I had a Bible or some good book!" He rummaged his chest, when, in a corner, he espied a Bible which his anxious mother had, twenty years before, placed in his chest, but which, till now, he had never opened.—He snatched it up, put it to his breast, then read, wept, prayed; he believed, and became a new man.

A Ministerial Error.

It is, I think, an error into which many of our modern ministers, whose education has been carried to a high pitch, have fallen, that everything is to be done by the head rather than heart. We know very well, that the true method is to reach the heart through the head, and men must be made to feel by being shown why they should feel, and what it is to make them feel. But in many cases, especially in the least educated, the head is to be reached by appeals to the heart. We often hear the remark:

"Yes, it was a smart sermon, but wanted heart. It sparkled like the stars, or shone like the moon on a wintry night, but warmed no one."

I have been sometimes struck, as every one must have been, with the varying effect produced by different speakers at a public meeting; and how much power over an audience, and how much more the object of a meeting has been accomplished by a few gushes of simple eloquence from the heart of some earnest and ardent advocate, than by the elaborate, but passionless pleader. The latter was coldly admired, and admitted to be an eloquent speaker; but the former melted and moved his audience by the depth and intensity of his own feelings.

The Two Angels.

A traveller, who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by the dervish, and it seems even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel:

"Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel on the left side writes it down till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

Strength for works of holiness depends on being at rest in Christ as our righteousness.—*Hewitson.*

The more entire our dependence on free grace, the greater is our joy and peace in believing.—*Hewitson.*

Holiness first and pardon after says the sinner; but God's way is pardon and peace first, holiness after.