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My First Visit to New York.

It was my first visit to the city. I was rather green, and perhaps showed it in my looks.

After a long walk which I had taken to see the sights, I had wandered into a quiet sort of a street where I stood wondering which way to go to reach my hotel.

Just at that moment a forlorn looking woman carrying a large bundle approached me and said:

"Mister, I'm a poor woman, and my husband's so sick he ain't able to do any work, and me and my poor little children is almost starvin' for bred. Won't you be good enuff to give me two shillin's?"

I looked at her a bit, and ses I:

"Hain't you got no relations nor neighbors that can help you?"

"Oh, no, sir; I'm too poor to have relations or neighbors. I was better off once, and then I had plenty of friends."

"That's the way of the world, thinks I; we always have friends till we need 'em."

"Oh, sir! if you only know'd how hard I have to work, you'd pity me—I know you would."

"What do you do for a livin'?" ses I, for she looked too delicate to do much.

"I do fine washin' and ironin'," ses she; "but I'm sick so much that I can't make enuff to support us." And then she cofed, a real graveyard coff.

"Why don't you git some of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup?" ses I.

"Oh, sir!" ses she, "I'm too poor to buy medicin', when my poor little children is dyin' for bred."

That touched me—to think that such a delicate young cretur as her should have to struggle so hard, and I tuck out my purse and gin her a dollar.

"Thar," ses I, "that will help you a little."

"Oh! bless you, sir, you're so kind. Now I'll buy some medicin' for my poor husband. Will you be good enuff to hold this bundle for me till I step back to that drug store on the corner? Its so heavy—I'll be back in a minnit," ses she.

I felt so sorry for the poor woman that I couldn't refuse her sich a little favor, so I tuck her bundle to hold it for her.

She said she was 'fraid the fine dresses might git rumbled, and then her customers wouldn't pay her; so I tuck 'em in my arms very careful, and she went to the store after the medicin'.

There was a good many people passin' by, and I walked up from the corner a little ways, so they shouldn't see me standin' thar with the bundle in my arms. I begun to think it was time for the woman to cum back, and the bundle was beginin' to get pretty heavy, when I thought I felt sumthin' movin' in it. I stopped ite still; and held my breth to hear if it was anything, when it begun to squirm about more and more, and I heard a noise just like a tomcat in the bundle. I never was so surprised in my life, and I cum in an ace of lettin' it drop rite on the pavement. Thinks I, in the name of creation what is it? I walked down to the lamp-post to see what it was, and Mr. Thompson, would you believe me, it was a live baby! I was so completely tuck aback that I staggered upagin a lamp-post, and held on to it, while it kicked and squalled like a young panter, and the sweat just poured out of me in a stream. What on earth to do I didn't know. Thar I was in a strange city, whar nobody didn't know me, out in the street with a little young baby in my arms. I never was so mad at a female woman before in all my life, and I never felt so much like a dratted fool as I did that minit.

I started for the drug store, with the baby squallin' like rath, and the more I tried to hush it the louder it squalled. The man what kept the store sed he hadn't seen no such woman, and I mustn't bring no babies in thar.

By this time a everlastin' crowd of people—men and wimin—was gathered around, so I couldn't go no whar, all gabblin' and talkin' so I couldn't hardly hear the baby squall.

I told 'em how it was, and told 'em I was a stranger in New York, and ax'd 'em what I should do with the baby. But thar was no gettin any sense out of 'em, and none of 'em wouldn't touch it no more'n if it had been so much pisen.

"That won't do," ses one feller. "You can't come that game over this crowd."

"No, indeed," ses another little rusty-lookin' feller—"we've got enuff to do to take care of our own babies in these diggin's."

"Take your baby home to its ma," said another, "and support it like an 'onest man."

I tried to get a chance to explain the business to 'em, but drat the word could I git in edgeways.

"Take 'em both to the Tooms," ses one, "and make 'em give an account of themselves."

With that two or three of 'em cum toward me, and I grabbed my cane in one hand, while I held on to the bundle with the other.

"Gentlemen," ses I—the baby squellin' all the time like forty cats in a bag—"Gentlemen, I'm not gwine to be used in no such way. I'll let you know that I'm not gwine to be tuck to no Tooms. I'm a stranger in your city, and I'm not gwine to support none of your babies. My name is Joseph

Jones, of Pineville, Georgia, and anybody what wants to know who I am, can find me at the American."

"Major Jones," ses a clever-lookin' man, what pushed his way into the crowd when he heard my name, "Major, don't be disturbed in the least," ses he; "I'll soon have this matter fixed."

With that he spoke to a man with a leather ribbon on his hat, who tuck the baby, bundle and all, and carried it off to the place what they've got made in New York a purpose to keep sich poor little orfans in.

The Esquimaux Dog.

The most valuable domestic animal in Kamtschatka is the dog. During winter they are fed with dried fish every morning and evening, but while traveling they get nothing to eat, even though they run for hours. Their strength is wonderful. Generally no more than five of them are harnessed to a sledge, and will drag with ease three full-grown persons, and sixty pounds of luggage.

When lightly laden, such a sledge will travel from thirty to forty miles a day over bad roads and through the deep snow; on even roads, from eighty to one hundred and forty.

During a snow storm, the dogs keep their master warm, and will lie quietly near for hours, so that he has merely to prevent the snow from covering him too deeply and suffocating him. The dogs are also excellent weather prophets, for when, while resting, they dig holes in the snow, a storm may, with certainty be expected.

The sledge-dogs are trained to their future service at a very early period. Soon after birth they are placed with their mother in a deep pit, so as to see neither man nor beast, and after having been weaned they are again condemned to solitary confinement in a pit.—After six months they are attached to a sledge with other older dogs, and being extremely shy, they run as fast as they can. On returning home, they are again confined in their pit, where they remain until they are perfectly trained, and able to perform a long journey. Then, but not before, they are allowed their summer liberty. This severe education completely sours their temper, and they constantly remain, gloomy, shy, quarrelsome and suspicious.

Animal Sagacity.

The workmen in the engine-house of the New Haven railroad were greatly amused, a few days ago, by the movements of a weasel that had killed a rat nearly as large as himself in one of the engine-pits. The side of the pit being perpendicular, and the rat too heavy for the weasel to carry up in his teeth, the question arose how he should get him out. It looked like a difficult task, but the weasel was equal to the emergency.

After several unsuccessful attempts to shoulder the rat and climb up the side, he laid him down and went about to the different corners on a tour of inspection. Finally selecting one in which sufficient dirt had accumulated to make an elevation of several inches, he went back, dragged the rat to the corner, and stood him upon his hind legs. He then clambered out of the pit, and going to the corner, where he had left the rat, let himself down by the hind feet, from above, clasped the rat around the neck with his fore paws, pulled him up and trotted off with him to his hole.

The weasel is one which made its appearance at the shop some time ago, and which by being unmolested, has become quite tame.—Springfield Republican.

Another Solomon.

Judge Cush once had a dog case, in which the ownership of the canine was in dispute. The evidence was conflicting, and the Judge became confused.

"Stop!" said he; "stop right there. We'll settle the matter very shortly. You Mr. Plaintiff, go out into the far corner of the room out there. You Mr. Defendant, come into this corner up here.—Now both of you whistle, and Mr. Clerk, let loose the dog."

So said, so done; but the dog sprang between the legs of the bystanders and "scouted" out of the door.

"Very extraordinary! very extraordinary!" said the Judge. "I can't understand that. Mr. Clerk on the whole, as the plaintiff couldn't prove his case when, I gave him the chance, you may enter judgment for the defendant."

An Irish surgeon who had coughed a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the smallest needle, or perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision. But that when he presented her with a book, "she was not capable of distinguishing one letter from another."

This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded doubt; and the problem grew darker at every explanation, when at length, by a question to the servant who attended, it was discovered that the woman had never learned to read!

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

A lady was imprisoned in a Castle surrounded by two very high walls, which were 40 feet apart. Her lover, determined to rescue her, succeeded in getting on to the outer wall with two planks each 39 feet in length. Of course they were too short to reach across, and he had no means of joining them, neither did he dare to descend into the space between the walls. Yet as he was a good mathematician, he succeeded in reaching the inner wall by the use of his planks. How did he do it?

Answer to Enigma of last week:—"Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow."

A Prophecy.

Mother Shipton's prophecy is almost forgotten, except by antiquarians. It was first published in 1488, and republished next in 1641. It must be confessed that the greatest part of it has been fulfilled, and we have only ten years to wait in order to determine whether the concluding lines will prove as true as the earlier ones. These are Mother Shipton's words:

Carriages without horses shall go, And accidents fill the world with woe, Around the world thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of an eye. Water shall yet more wonders do, Now strange, yet shall be true, The world upside down shall be, And gold be found at root of tree, Through hills men shall ride, And no horse or ass be at his side. Under water men shall walk; Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk. In the air men shall be seen, In white, in black, in green. Iron in the water shall float As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found, and found In a land that's not known. Fire and water shall wonders do; England shall at last admit a Jew. The world to an end shall come In nineteen hundred and eighty-one.

A Stranger Indeed.

As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear that last thing on Horace Greeley?" "Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus; "Horace Greeley? Who is he?" "The man was quiet about five minutes.—Pretty soon he said: 'George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastille?'" "Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly, "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes, then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?" "Grant? Grant? hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, and at last came back, and said:

"You confounded ignoramus! did you ever hear of Adam?" Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name?"

Saved by his Dog.

A Western woodsman recently found himself helplessly pinned to the ground by a prematurely falling tree. He was a great distance from home, and, in a few hours would doubtless have died from the pain and exposure, had not a little whining cur who had missed his master, and tracked him to his wood prison, begun a mournful howl as a possible relief from the dreary monotony of the situation. This suggested to the suffering man something of the story-book kind, and calling to his little pet he smeared his shaggy face with blood, and bade him return home for help. The little creature evidently realized the importance of his mission, for he trotted home forthwith, and breaking in upon the astounded household, gave the first alarm. He led the way back to the wounded man, and in an ecstasy of whines attested his satisfaction at the deliverance.

Two Kinds.

There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right education would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

A "pussen of cullah," of the female persuasion, was asked, a few days since, why she never wore white, as black women generally are fond of decking themselves out in snowy apparel. "Kaise," said she, "I allus thinks a white dress makes a nigger look like a fly in a pan of milk."

Curious Instinct of the Bees.

HONEY-BEES are governed by instinct not by art. They never deviate from the course they were created in. The first comb they ever built was as perfect as at the present day; no art has improved the shape or size. One bee lays all the eggs, while the others raise and protect them; each bee does its part of the labor in gathering in the stores and nursing the young; and I have noticed, for some years, their mode of gathering pollen or bee-bread. It is this:

When a bee goes out after food, it alights on some kind of flower, and gathers a part of its load; then goes to another flower of the same kind, and perhaps a third, to obtain a load.—Another bee goes out, and if it alights on another kind of flower, it keeps that kind till it gets a load. But how is this known? You go to the hive and watch them as they come in; some have yellow pollen on their legs; others have light colors; others have dark; but no bee has two colors on his legs. If you see any, you will see more than I have, for I never did; and I supposed that they stored it in different cells for a change of food. The other day, in overhauling a hive, I broke out a piece of comb, and found the different colors in different cells, which confirmed my belief; for I suppose they like a change of food as well as humans.

Another curious thing is their coming out and alighting before going off; from among the hundreds I have lived, I never had one swarm leave direct from the hive.

Another curious thing is their rearing the males and nursing them so tenderly, and after they become useless they destroy them. But instinct has directed them to do it. Another curious thing is that, when they get to be too numerous, the mother bee should call out a part of her brood to go with her, and leave the others to take care of the young. Why not call them all out to go with her? Because instinct has ordered it otherwise. Certain ones go out with her, while others are coming in with stores for future use. A certain part of them don't seem to have any inclination to follow the mother bee, nor do they mourn the loss, for another is provided.

How wisely the Creator has arranged every part and movement! It is curious, too, now the eggs of the drone cells are all drones, and those in the worker cells are all workers. We would suppose they would get mixed up like hens' eggs. Again when they want a queen why not make a mistake sometimes, and take a drone egg? And also by feeding a certain kind of food, make a queen instead of a worker? Again, the queen before she is hatched is head downward, which would seem to be unnatural; but the All-wise has made every part perfect.

Jackson and the Ruffian.

It was while he was Judge that he arrested the notorious desperado Bean, whom nobody else could arrest. Many of Bean's descendants are still living, and the place where old Hickory's eyes brought him down is still pointed out.

As the story runs, Bean went away and left his family for two years. When he returned his wife celebrated the advent by presenting him with a new-born babe. This was a new departure in domestic economy, and Bean did not accept the situation with very good grace. He demanded an explanation, and in the absence of a satisfactory one, he sharpened his knife and deliberately cut off both ears of the poor little baby, playfully remarking as he did so, that he wanted to distinguish it from his own. Some thought this was an innocent proceeding, a practical joke on the baby, in fact, while others considered it an outrage that should be punished. The grand jury took that view of the case and indicted Bean. Bean, as usual, brushed up his horse pistols and said that they might indict, but they couldn't arrest him. The sheriff tried it and was vanquished. Court came on, the criminal docket was called, and the clerk reported Bean "not taken."

"What's the matter?" asked Jackson of the sheriff.

"Nothing's the matter, only I can't arrest him," replied the official.

"Then, by the Eternal! summon the county to help you and bring him in here," thundered the judge.

The sheriff gathered up some citizens, and advanced on Bean. The latter backed himself up against a house to prevent a rear attack, drew his pistols, and told them to come on. He was a centre shot, and to have advanced would have been certain death to some. No one cared to sacrifice his life in giving the others a chance to make a start. The sheriff reported to Jackson that Bean could not be taken without a sacrifice of lives.

"By the Eternal! summon the court!" thundered the irate judge; and "the court" was summoned.

Jackson refused arms, and advanced empty-handed and bareheaded upon Bean. His friends tried to restrain him, as he valued life, but he heeded them not. He kept his cold eyes fixedly upon the desperado, walked right up to him, jerked his pistols away, took him by the collar, and marched him off to jail.

True love is never idle, but worketh to serve him whom he loveth.