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PERRY HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Pa.

THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Main and Carlisle streets, opposite the Court House, invites all his friends and former customers to give him a call as he is determined to furnish first-class accommodations.

AN IMPORTANT WITNESS.

THE case pending before our court interesting the people deeply. A few months previously Jacob Ames had died, leaving property to the amount of fifty or sixty thousand dollars, all of which was readily available. At first it was supposed that the old man—he was eighty-seven—had died without having made a will, as he had often been heard to remark that making a will seemed like a preparation for death, and as there could be no question about the inheritance of his property, he did not choose to make any such, to him, ghostly testament. His direct and only legitimate heirs were two orphans, both girls, children of his only daughter. One of them was a cripple, requiring almost the undivided care and attention of the other, and both were beloved by all who knew them. While people were feeling glad that the orphan sisters were to be thus grandly provided for, a man named James Arnold presented a will for probate, said to be the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Ames, made several years before. This Arnold was a nephew-in-law of old Jacob, the child of a wife's sister, and had for several years been employed as business agent and general accountant of the deceased; and when he caused the will to be presented, he produced a number of witnesses who declared that they had often heard old Ames say that he had made the only Will he should make, and that James Arnold was his heir; and, what seemed to make the matter sure, two witnesses to the will, former servants or employees of the testator, swore point-blank to having seen Ames place his signature to the document after which they signed their own names. Honest people shook their heads at this, for these two witnesses—a man and his wife—were not above suspicion. In fact, it was generally believed that a small sum of ready money would buy them body and soul.

I entered the court-room late in the afternoon of the third day, just as the last witness was about leaving the witness-box; and this witness was Thomas Cloudman, the servant just alluded to. He had been questioned by a jurymen, and had made a plain statement. Everything was against the poor deserving orphans, and all in favor of the despised nephew. In fact, no honest man, under the evidence, could have brought in a verdict against Arnold's claim.

The jurymen who had questioned this witness sat at the end of the box; and close to him, among the spectators, stood old Harvey Goodrich, who was at that time engaged in the paper-mill of Day & Lyon, at Portland. I had known him years before, when he worked for Rice, of Newport. The juror held the will in his hand, open, and Goodrich cast his eye upon it. I saw the paper-maker start and tremble.

"Let me look at that!" I heard him whisper, for I stood close by.

The juror, without considering, handed him the document; and before the counsel could interpose and regain it, Goodrich had seen all he desired and his first movement, after relinquishing the will, was to hasten to the side of the orphan's attorney, and whisper, hurriedly and excitedly, in his ear. I saw the attorney, whose name was Shipman, bend his head attentively, and then start to his feet. What was it? In those few brief moments the whole audience had caught the fever of excitement, for it was clearly evident that something of importance was on the tapis.

"May it please your honor," said Shipman, very quietly—so calmly and so quietly that we feared it could be nothing of importance, after all—"I must ask the indulgence of the court. I wish to present new and important testimony."

There was a slight war of words between the opposing counsel, after which, by permission of the court, the old paper-maker took the witness-box. He gave his name, residence, occupation, etc., and then Mr. Shipman placed the will in his hands.

"Mr. Goodrich, will you please examine that document?"

"I have done so, sir."

"What is the written date of that will?"

"September fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-one," answered the witness, reading from the instrument.

"Now, Mr. Goodrich, will you please inform the jury, and the court, if you observe any thing else, in or upon that paper which you hold in your hand, that would positively effect the reliability of that written date. Make your own statement in your own way, only make it concise and clear."

"Your honor, and gentleman of the jury," commenced the witness, "this piece of paper which I now hold in my hand was manufactured by myself and was calendered upon a machine of my own invention.

The water lines, in the place of the ordinary blue ruling, was included in my improvement. You will also observe, upon close inspection—though the ink upon the surface has somewhat obscured it—my own stamp in water-marks. Your honor can examine it for yourself."

The Judge took the document, and held it up against the strong light; and involuntarily he read aloud, so as to be heard by all in the room—for every breath was hushed—"Goodrich's Patent. Eighteen hundred forty-three!"

"Yes, your Honor," broke in Goodrich,

whose professional integrity was now in the balance, "I can solemnly swear that sheet of paper was not made until at least two years after the date of the instrument which has been written upon its face."

The paper was given to the jury, who were all upon their feet. Arnold's counsel demanded to see it. Mr. Cloudman and his wife got up, and tried to leave the room, but were prevented. Judge and bar were in a state of ferment, while the dense audience swayed to and fro in eager, painful suspense. Would this old man's testimony have its legitimate weight?

Ah, how could it be otherwise? There was a witness more potent to an intelligent court and jury than speech of tongue. The contested will bore in its innermost heart—in its "heart of hearts"—the emphatic evidence of the base lie upon its written face. Other witnesses were called—one paper maker and two paper dealers—but the thing was settled. The water-lined date of the paper was evidence enough. A little after the Judge gave his charge—about as brief a charge as I ever heard. A little longer, and we knew that the orphan's were the true and the legally established heirs to Jacob Ames's fortune. I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Suffice it for me to say, that the perjured parties were severely punished, while the sun of joy and gladness cast its gracious beams upon the beloved and deserving sisters.

The Town of Sitka in Alaska.

The following not very cheerful picture of the town of Sitka, is from the pen of a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press:

The village contains forty or fifty houses. The population consists of one thousand Indians and two thousand dogs. Of the dogs, all but one are of the same sharp-eared, wolfish type seen among the Indians of the plains. The exception was a bandy-legged, lop-eared cur of civilized breed, the only one among the two thousand that showed a lack of civility by barking at our heels. The houses much more resemble the semi-subterranean abodes of the Laplanders and Esquimaux than the wigwams of American Indians. Like the oak described by the American poet, they extended as far into the earth as above it. Some of them are twenty or thirty feet square, and built of very wide cedar planks; many of them four feet across, worked out by these rude people.

We entered several. Creeping through apertures, both square and round, not more than three feet in diameter, we descended flights of steps into the large single room. In the centre of each a fire was built on the ground, and in the centre of each roof a hole, out of which passed a small portion of the smoke, the most of it remaining for the benefit of a salmon hanging over our heads, and to make sore eyes for the inmates. The whole inside is floored, except the fire-place in the middle. On both sides are the sleeping-places, covered with skins and blankets, and in some instances separated by low partitions. In the rear and on shelves below the dormitories were stored potatoes and dried salmon in small bales, covered with matting. Their largest potatoes are the size of a hulled walnut.

A Curiosity of the Census.

It is now set down as a singular fact, fully confirmed by statistics, that the number of births varies greatly during the different months of the year. Taking Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Missouri, Ohio and Vermont, for the years 1869 and 1870, as samples, the result proves that June furnishes but few births,—not one-sixth of those which May brings forth. July has about double the number that June can boast, but still is far below the general average. August is next lowest in productivity. The other nine months of the year maintain something like a general average, with no more of variation than may be attributed to physical causes. To show the difference between May and June, we will give the number of births for these two months in the respective States named: Connecticut, May, 1830, June, 203; Maine, May 1302, June 283; Massachusetts, May 3,771, June 567; Missouri, May, 5,781, June 408; Ohio, May 7,803 June 1,059; Vermont, May 844, June 128. This variation is too marked to be attributed to accident, and the physiological causes must furnish an interesting study to the vital statistician.

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the school-master's wife, conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old lady was tasting a chicken which friends had sent her from the country "Oh, yes!" said the old lady, smiling; "he is particularly fond of poultry, and it always seems as he can't get enough of it." The old spit turned by the fireplace in reply to her answer, while she was going on. "I mean" said the lady, "does he show any of the divine affluatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for the divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children, and when he was a baby he fell and broke the carriage of his nose; but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of." The roasting chicken hissed and spluttered and Mrs. Partington basted again.

ALL A MISTAKE.

A CERTAIN sporting gentleman named Wild had become enamored of the only daughter of a wealthy and eccentric fox-hunter called St. George, who returned his passion with great sincerity. For some reason unexplained, however, St. George was averse to their union; although, as yet, no formal demand had been made for her hand. Taking courage, never the less, and with the consent of the young lady, Wild, who was in every way a desirable match wrote a straightforward and manly letter to the "terrible papa," asking the willing fair one in marriage; but determined to espouse her privately in case of a refusal. Weeks passed by without his having received any reply, and he was beginning to think about putting his own design into execution when one day, to his unspeakable joy and surprise, he received a note from the old gentleman, approving his suit and giving him permission to "call at the Grange" whenever he thought proper.

While the ecstasies over this intelligence, which reached him just as he and half a dozen of his friends were about to sit down to dinner a few lines arrived from a certain Mr. St. John, from whom he had been vainly endeavoring for some time to purchase a blood mare, as St. John stood out for a most exorbitant price, and with such pertinacity that he, Mr. Wild, at last made up his mind not to take the animal at any sum. St. John having in the meantime, however, become sorely pressed for money, was determined to come to terms; and this note was to apprise Wild that he could now have the mare for the amount so often refused. Wild, nevertheless, who still felt sure of the subject, determined to adhere to his resolution, and have nothing to do with the beast; and as it was still a few minutes to dinner, he sat down and replied to St. John in the following terms:

Sir: You have taken such an unreasonable length of time to make up your mind about her, that I now wash my hands completely of her; so you may sell her to some other person. Yours, etc., EDWARD WILD.

But how widely different and how warmly worded the epistle which he penned at the same time to his intended father-in-law. It ran thus:

FRIDAY EVENING. DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR: I have no language to express my gratitude. I shall call and pay my respects when I have disposed of a few friends who are on the eve of sitting down to dinner with me. Your very faithful servant, EDWARD WILD.

The two notes were instantly mailed together; and so matters stood until St. George about two hours afterwards, rushed into the dining-room of the happy suitor, with a horse whip in his hand, and to the utter astonishment of those present, began to belabor Wild most unmercifully, exclaiming at every stroke:

"So I may sell her to some other person may I? Eh! May I?"

In a moment however, the guests, recovering themselves, rushed between the maniac and his paralyzed victim, when the former dashed out of the house as precipitately as he had entered, gaining his own residence, and to the astonishment of the family, rushing into his study and locking himself up, while refusing to hold the slightest conversation with any one.

In the mean time, Wild and his friends had arrived at the conclusion that St. George had become suddenly insane, and were about to look further into the matter, when St. John was announced. At the mere mention of his name, Wild became exceedingly angry, and hastened to the drawing room to demand the nature of his visit. St. John was some what surprised at the manner in which he was received, and began apologizing for his intrusion by stating that as he had a very important creditor waiting on him, he took the liberty of making his man bring over the mare, fearing that Mr. Wild, as he had friends dining with him, might not be able to make it convenient to call, and in the hope that he would settle for her at once.

On hearing this, Wild thought that the whole world was going mad, but, collecting himself, he exclaimed, furiously:

"What mare? Didn't I tell you I'd have nothing to do with her?"

"St. John supposing him to be in jest, or clated with wine, smiled complacently, and taking a letter from his pocket-book, handed it to him, asking leisurely whether that was his handwriting or not.

The first glimpse of the contents of the letter seemed to send Wild out of his senses; for, with the rapidity of lightning, and without a single word of explanation, he, in turn, flew out of the house, in the direction of the stables, and was about to throw himself on one of his best racers, when who should he perceive riding toward him, like a madman, but St. George, with an open letter in his hand and exclaiming at the top of his voice:

"Oh! Mr. Wild! I'm a ruined man! I'm a ruined man! You may come and marry her this minute, if you like!"

Mutual explanations ensued. St. John's letter had been put into St. George's box, and vice versa, while neither gentleman thought of looking at the address of the letter he had received until it was too late. St. George was the first to discover his er-

ror. He knew that Wild had been in treaty with St. John for the mare, and that he was annoyed at not being able to obtain her without paying nearly double her value; and he knew also that Wild had subsequently made up his mind not to take the animal at any price. Therefore, on happening to get a glimpse of the superscription, while twisting the note in his fingers on returning from the house of the unsuspecting victim, the whole truth burst upon him at once, and sent him galloping off again, without a single explanatory sentence to his startled wife and daughter, toward the dwelling of his intended son-in-law.

A Strange Bedfellow.

The Baltimore American says: There appeared a few days since at a boarding house in the southern section of the city, a natty looking young man and engaged board, but was informed by the landlady that owing to a pressure upon her accommodations she would be obliged to room the new comer with one of her best boarders until such time as a spare room could be had. To this the young man assented, but not without some reluctance, he stating that he preferred a room to himself, but under the circumstances he would room with the "best boarder" for a few days.

The first night the new boarder retired to rest he did so in the dark, and insisted on sleeping next to the wall, and it was noticed by the "best boarder" that his chum occupied but little of the bed, sleeping as it were upon the rail. In the morning the new comer complained of feeling unwell, and did not leave his bed until after his bedfellow had vacated the room. For three nights this same programme was followed, and on the fourth morning a discovery was made by the chambermaid which created considerable excitement in the house, and which, when made known to the "best boarder," paralyzed him with astonishment.

On the morning in question the chambermaid entered the room of the new boarder just as he was about adjusting his clothing and discovered that the "he" was a "she." She now begged not to be exposed, but the chambermaid being unable to retain within herself such a rich joke, especially after what had befallen the "best boarder," disclosed the secret which she had discovered, and upon the landlady going in quest of the bogus young man, it was found that she had fled the house. Since then it has been discovered that several articles of jewelry and clothing have been missing.

A Queer Case.

A Boston girl, who had more than once during the continuance of a long engagement shocked her lover, a pious burgher of the Quaker City, by her declamations in favor of free love, completely disgusted him when the time of the marriage drew near by refusing to submit to the performance of the ceremony, and offering herself to his connubial embrace without the sanction of the religious rite of legal authority. In vain he remonstrated. She professed herself ready to undergo all the pains and pleasures of the marriage state, but to submit to the tying of the nuptial knot she would not. And when he demanded her reasons for her extraordinary dislike to the idea of clerical or magisterial intervention she claimed that were she bound irrevocably to him he would take no pains to please her, but were she free to leave him at any time, her happiness would be his chief thought to provide for; and then, too, she wished to bestow her affections and embraces on another man, if at any time she should cease to love him. At this candid avowal of her versatile proclivities he professed to consider their engagement broken, but this she would not allow, and has entered a complaint against him for breach of promise of marriage. The case promises interesting developments at its trial, as of course, the defence will be as above, that "Barkis is willing," but the lady not.

A Divided Town.

The town of Bristol, in Tennessee and Virginia, with a population of three thousand, is an anomaly among towns. The place is located in two states, and the state line passes near the centre of the main street, the rogues and lawless know where it is to an inch. This line used to be deeply venerated, and in former years it would have been considered a symptom of decay of the Republic for a Tennessee constable to cross the street on to the sidewalk, on the sacred soil of Virginia, and arrest a criminal. But the line is not now regarded with such tender veneration. When a man kills a another and steps over the line for protection, the officer steps after him and fetches him back; killing is consequently not so popular as formerly. Each side of the line has a separate mayor and board of aldermen, and regulates its own affairs in the sense contemplated by the Constitution.—There are two papers published, one on each side of the line. Each side also has its schools and churches, but there is not a dangerous number of either of these.

It will probably surprise a good many people in this country, and would astonish more in Europe to learn that boards, planks and scantling to the value of \$8,553,192 have been imported in the United States during the year, to say nothing of the several hundred thousand dollars worth of rough timber, and over two hundred thousand dollars worth of fire wood.