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JUST published, a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY ON THE RADICAL CURSE OF CERTAIN WEAKNESSES, THE EFFECTS OF ERRORS AND ABUSES IN EARLY LIFE.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of such errors and abuses may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent, under seal, in plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post-stamps. Also, Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the Publishers: CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 45, J.P. 127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 4, 596.

WHAT WAS STOLEN?

ABOUT five years ago I received information that a larceny of great magnitude had been committed in the residence of Mrs. Hillheigh, on Rolvat street.

The last was answered by Mrs. Hillheigh, who furnished a list of the missing articles, among which was a miniature breastpin of peculiar make. It was in the shape of a hand holding a small gold fan open, and when a concealed spring was touched the fan closed and revealed a miniature of a gentleman.

From one of the servants I learned that about seven o'clock in the morning a middle-aged woman, with a masculine cast of features, had called with a letter for Mrs. Hillheigh, saying that it was of the greatest importance, and must be delivered by herself to the lady, and that in private.

Mrs. Hillheigh did not come from her room at the usual hour that morning, and one of the servants fearing that she was sick, went to her bedside, found her in a profound slumber, and the same time discovered a small vial which had contained ether on the bed.

When I heard this the truth of the matter flashed through my mind in an instant. A man disguised as a woman had entered the house under pretext of handing Mrs. Hillheigh a letter, had placed her under the influence of ether and then robbed the jewel casket, which was found with the lid forced off.

That it had been done by some one well acquainted with the lady and her mode of living I had no doubt in my own mind, and when I suggested to the lady that it might be some friend of her family, she laughed at the idea, for, according to her statement, her friends were all wealthy and necessarily would not prompt them to commit such an act.

Again I questioned the servant who had admitted the visitor, but the only description I could obtain from her was that the woman, as rather tall, was dressed in a maroon-colored dress, with overskirt of the same color and material, and further that she wore short curly hair, and that there was a small scratch, apparently a fresh one, on the right cheek.

It was not long before I chanced to get "on a track of the jewelry," as we call obtaining a clue, and in a small jewelry store kept by a Polish Jew, who was known to be a "fence" for receiving stolen goods, we found some of the stolen jewelry in a highly demoralized state, for the valuable diamonds had been removed from the settings.

Said Sanog, the jeweler, to me, in answer to a question, "So help me mein gottness, I didn't was know dot dings vas steal goods; If I know dot, I never buys dem, but I tells you dot was a mans mit curly hair, and ein scratch on dot right side von de face, vot sells dese dings."

This responded in a measure with the description of the woman by the servant girl, and now I was satisfied beyond a doubt that my conjecture about the thief being in disguise was correct.

I left my Polish friend and reached Emonias street just as I saw a man with a curly head of hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

He looked at me for a moment, and suddenly threw up his right hand to his face in such a manner as to hide the scratch from view. I then advanced toward him, when he suddenly turned and crossed to the other side of the street.

The man was about thirty-seven years of age, spoke several languages fluently, and was evidently well educated. When I charged him with the crime the color forsook his face, and for a moment he was speechless; but when he recovered the color returned to his cheeks.

"That is the old respectability dodge," I remarked to a brother officer who was present; and then, turning to my friend, said: "You run a fine chance of being just where the dogs won't bite you for sometime," for I felt sure that I had the right man.

Placing him in one of the cells below, I started for Mrs. Hillheigh's residence to get the servant to come to the prison to see if she could recognize in the prisoner the person who had visited the house in female attire; but I had been gone but a short time, when my attention was attracted to

a notorious woman of the town seated at the window of a house, and noticed that a lace collar which she wore around her neck was held together by a breastpin, which corresponded with the description furnished of the one stolen.

Entering the house I made myself known, and asked permission to examine the pin which the woman said had been given her as a present by a friend. The jewel was passed into my hand, and I was looking for the secret spring, when the door of the room in which we were was unceremoniously opened by a man who, the moment he saw me, attempted to retreat, but I stopped him the instant I caught sight of his features, for he also had curly hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

A brief inquiry followed, when I learned enough to satisfy me this time beyond the question of a doubt, that I had the right party, and therefore took him into custody, and also the woman. He made a full confession of the larceny, and implicated the woman, saying that she, as we term it, "put up the job" and he executed it.

My next step was to take the prisoner, who gave the name of Charles Wellward, and confront him with Mrs. Hillheigh and the servant. The moment the lady saw him she extended her hand in a cordial manner, saying: "Why, my dear nephew, how do you do? when did you get back?" He made no reply but hung his head as all guilty ones do when detected, and I informed the lady that he was the thief.

Shortly after making the arrest I returned to the prison and caused the release of the unfortunate man who had fallen under my suspicious eye. Everything was fully explained to him, after which I ascertained that he was the person he represented himself to be, and among his letters of recommendation was one from a particular friend of mine. He said he had come here in the hope of finding employment, but had not offered his services. I apologized for the indignity I had heaped upon him in placing him under arrest, and told him I would do what I could to make reparation.

Saved by a Horse.

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snowstorm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as nearly to blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of the horses—a grey pony known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "If any one can show us our way to camp out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way back to camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tall into the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: "Come on, boys! Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him.

A Wine Bath.

An American traveler desiring while in Paris to take a bath, his physician recommended a wine bath. In the employ of the establishment was a colored man whom he had known in America, and of him he inquired how they could afford to give a wine bath for seventy-five cents.

"Why, massa," said the negro, "that wine has been in the bath room one week, and you are the thirty-eighth person that has bathed in it."

"Well, I suppose they throw it away when they are done with it."

"Oh! no, massa; they send it down stairs for the poor people, who bathe in it for twenty-five cents."

"And then what do they do with it?" "Bottle it up and send it to America, where they sell it for French wine."

A Compromise.

A good old hunter friend, residing in one of our romantic valleys in Perry county a few days ago, followed a deer which had been chased by one of the dogs from a neighboring wood. This persevering relative of Uncle Nimrod, pursued the chase for several miles when a neighboring friend becoming attracted by the noise of the dogs and the sight of the deer, mounted his horse and pursued the game and finally succeeded in overtaking and capturing it, just in sight of the residence of a Justice of the Peace.

There is a very important mathematical question connected with this circumstance, because when they killed the animal, they took two from one and three remained.

A Curious Case.

A Chinaman dying, left 11 sheep and 3 sons—and making a will left one-half of his estate to his eldest son, one-fourth to the next, and one-sixth to the third son. Now, they wished to divide without killing a sheep, but could not see how to do it; so they sent for a wise man, who showed it was easy enough.

Now take your half said he to the eldest, and he did so. To the second—take your 4th and to the younger, take your 6th and be gone. And they all did so; when the wise man drove his home.

Was the distribution agreeable with the will? 12

There dwelt some years ago in Bourbon county, Kentucky, a drunken, worthless, one-eyed fellow, named C—, whose chief occupations were getting tipsy and fighting. There had just been elected a new prosecuting attorney, who was entitled to part of the fines which might be imposed on the malefactors of Bourbon, and he determined to squelch old C—.

The constable quietly replied, "I thought the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers, and I've been out three days hunting 'em up. I've got twelve here, but if you don't like 'em, I've got twelve more waiting outside."

The constable wrote his return on the warrant thus, "Dismissed by the county attorney on sight of the jury," and so it stands recorded to this day.

A remarkable instance of the effect of fright in a dream occurred in an interior town of Wisconsin recently. A young man a school-teacher just married, spent an evening in reading to his wife incidents of Indian life and warfare in the Western country.

Singular Effects of a Dream.

Going to bed with his mind filled with the subject, he dreamed of the scenes he had been reading of, during which he had lost his scalp at the hands of a redskin, receiving thereby a terrible fright. On being awakened by the stir in the house in the morning, he found himself unable to speak, and could only communicate with the others by writing—thus relating his dream.

The Famine in Persia.

The Jewish Messenger says: How can any one read this latest telegram, received by the London committee, from Mr. Bruce, the resident consul at Ispahan, without an inward shudder, and a longing to assist by his mite the poor neglected children of woe!

What a horrible story in those few lines—Christians and Jews—starving! And for six months the papers have been disclosing the fact, and America has thus far been deaf to any appeal.

SUNDAY READING.

Addison's Receipt for a Happy Life.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconsistency in pursuing them, are the greatest and universal cause of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please.

Looking Back.

If, my friend, in the pressure and worry, of "closing up" one year, and "opening" another, in your trade, or in your social duties, you have had no time to sit down quietly, and let memory go retrospectively, please put it down as an engagement with yourself for the earliest possible evening.

Ancient Music.

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall were only ram's horns; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick.

A Hint.

If a youth is woollingly disposed toward any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him call on that lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoes fit neatly, and the hair well dressed. And we would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world.

I observe that God hath chosen the vine, a plant that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all birds, the mild and guileless dove. Christ is the rose of the field and the lilly of the valley.

One of the most mournful and pitiful sights to see in this world is one of those preachers who has grown wiser than the Bible, so that he disowns its help, and thinks, out of the small well of his own understanding, to supply from Sabbath to Sabbath the spiritual thirst of a congregation of waiting souls.

One who studies the Bible much, with a prayerful, humble mind, will not be apt to go wrong in matters generally. It is not what the Church "will let you do," but what Jesus Christ sanctions, that must be your guide. Sunday-school teachers and others should remember this advice.