TNSURE IN THE

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANÇE COMPANY

OF

NEW YORK. (MA)

F. S. WINSTON, President.

The oldest and strongest Company in the United States. Assets over \$45,000,000 in eash.

S. M. SHULER, Agent. Liverpool, Pa.

S. SHULER.

S. M. SHULER

S. SHULER & SON, LIVERPOOL,

Perry County, Pa.,

Dealers in all kinds of Hardware, Groceries, &c.

All goods in our line sold at the lowest prices sive us a trial. 544 lat.

A New Leather, Harness and Oil Store At Duncannon, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has just opened in Duncannon Perry county, Pa., opposite the Nationa Hotel, a large and splendid assortment of LEATHER

SADDLERY. OILS,

TRUNKS,

SHOE-FINDINGS, &C. He is prepared to fill orders at the shortest notice and in the best manner. A number of the best workmen are employed, and repairing is done without delay and on the most reasonable terms. REFINED OIL—fire test—by the barrel, or in beyond his

EFFICIAL OUT AT A STATE OF THE CASH paid to suit purchasers.

The CASH paid for Bark, Hides and Skins of all marketable kinds.

\$\frac{\partial}{2}\$ Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

Duncannon, 54 tf

Bloomfield Academy!

An English and Classical School

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Young Men Prepared For College.

A Normal School and a School of Art.

FALL TERM COMMENCES

On Monday, the 6th of November, 1871.

A Sthe above school has recently been re-organized, students can enter any time.

Prof. WM. H. DILL, a graduate of Butger's College, N. J., Principal.

Miss ANNA E. AUGSPURGER, a graduate of Esther Institute, Columbus, Ohio, teacher of Music, Painting, Drawing, French and German.

Every facility for the training of the youth of both sexes in all that constitutes a liberal and thorough education.

The Collegiate Department

embraces all the higher branches, including the Latin and Greek Languages, Engineering, Practi-cal Surveying, Literature, Natural Science and ad-vanced Mathematics Vacations:-July and August, and one week at

Christmas.

Terms:—For Boarding, Furnished Room, Washing, Tuition in Latin, Greek, English Branches and Mathematics, for the scholastic year, \$150.

In vacations.—\$200,00.

The Boarding Department is at the institution, under the supervision of William Grier, Esq., by whom good and substantial board will be furnished; and the pupils will be under the strict care of the Principal. Address—

W. H. DILL, A. M. Principal,

or WILLIAM GRIER,

(New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

USE

PAIN CURE OIL,

Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness. BUY IT! TRY IT! Use Pain Cure Oil. Use Pain Cyce Oil. Use Pain Sure Oil. Rheumatism, For Fever Sore, ... For Choice Morbus, For Sprains Use Pain Cure Oil. Use Pain Cure Oil. Use Pain Cure Oil. Use Pain Cure Oil. For Headache For Bruises. For Corns and Bullions, Pain Cure Oil. se Pain Cure Oil. For Any Sore, . For Any Lameness, Use Pain Cure Oil. Eveny Bo nly and Internally for Used Ext OURE OIL. Take no other, for ARRANT IT TO CURE. Ask for PAIN Vegetable Oils, Herbs, and Evand is clean and safe to use.
all Druggists and Dealers in Medic PRICE, 50 CENTS. MCCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS

MANHOOD: How Lost and how Restored!

JUST published, a new edition of Dr. CULVER-WELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the RADICAL CURE of certain weaknesses, the effects of Errors and Abuses in early life.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay dearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successing practice, that the alarming consequences of such errors and abuses may be radically sured 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.

So 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. Culverweil's "Marriage Guide," price

Also, Dr. Culverwell's " Marriage Guide," price

Address the Publishers: CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 45.1yP.] 127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box, 4,590.

PERRY HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Pa.

E subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Maine and Carlisie streets, ite toe Court House, invites all his friends ormer customers to give him a call as he is almed to furnish first class accommodations.

THE LONDON CABS.

T THINK I know London. I ought to. I lived there two years and three months, and my only business was to see it, both by daylight and after dark. I do not know how much money I spent during that time for cab hire, at sixpence a mile, in exploring the great city, or, as Thomas Carlyle has it, the world of London.

The cab of London is the great leveler, and is used alike by prince and costermonger. Do you remember the Mordaunt divorce case of last summer, in which a noble English Earl brought suit against his wife for confessed infidelity? A witness testified that Lady Mordaunt acknowledged of her own accord that she was guilty of her own discretion with the Prince of Wales and others. This brought the Prince into court to clear his reputation, and, in the course of his examination, the question was asked if His Royal Highness was accustomed to ride in public cabs, and his answer was, "Yes, frequently." No one could see what the question had to do with the case, but it served to show what was the custom of even royalty. And any vehicle or class of vehicles that Albert Edward honors with his august presence can never be too common for the daily use of the highest nobility and gentry of the kingdom. The titled lady who rides down Oxford street or Picadilly in the morning in a hackney cab, will probably be seen the same afternoon in Rotten Row upon a blood steed worth thousands, and surrounded by Earls and Marquises,

Call the nearest cab to take you anywhere, and you will recline against a cushion which, perhaps, has just been pressed by the jeweled hands of a Duchess, or still retains a faint odor of gin and water, exhaled by some tremulous hag lately hauled to the parish workhouse.

The London cabman is at once your cabman and guide. If you arrive a stranger in the vast metropolis, with no human soul for an acquaintance, and with no knowledge of its inexplicable labrynth of streets and theroughfares, save a simple address in a strange, and by you, unheard of locality, hail the first cabman who drives by, get in and tell him where you want to go. You can trust him implicitly. If the place is anywhere in London or the suburbs he will be sure to find it. Through all the ins and outs, and winding and turnings, along dark alleys and grimy lanes, driving carefully over wretched, broken pavements, amid filth and squalor, or dashing down brilliantly lighted avenues, thronged with the equipages of wealth and fashion, never fear that he is not taking the shortest course or will not bring you to your journey's end as speedily as possible. He knows what he is about. Whether it is one mile or ten miles, is all the same to him, and he never stops or hesitates, until he reins in his horse with a jerk, shouts out cheerily, "Ere we are, sir." And he does not try to cheat in your fare. Suppose he does charge you a whole mile further than he has gone. It is only a sixpence, anyhow. That is not much of a "gouge," and if he sees you are a gentleman, he had as lief tell you he has asked a little too much as not, and if you see fit to add a couple of pence to get a glass of ale, he will drink your health heartily, and sin-

It is not strange that all foreign travelers who land in New York complain of the miserable back system of the American cities. A California United States Senator arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York. In the evening he concluded to go and see Forest as "Coriolanus." In front of the hotel he found a hackman, and told him to drive him to Niblo's Garden. Said hackman drove him round nineteen blocks, and landed him safely at the theatre, waited until the theatre was out, and then drove round seventeen blocks back to the hotel. His fare was fifteen dollars. It was not until the next day that the successful politician discovered that both the hotel and theatre were under the same roof, and that the entrance to each were less than twenty feet apart.

An American gentleman once gravely informed me that he had seen the whole of London in one day. Seen all of London in one day-how? His time was limited; he had but one day to spend in the city. He was provided with a list of the noted objects of interest, commencing with Westminster Abbey, and ending at Madame Tussard's exhibition of wax-work. Rising early in the morning he employed a cabman, promising him a couple of shillings in addition to his regular fare if he put him through the list before night. He agreed, at the same time suggesting the propriety of drinking an occasional glass of ale during the day. This was readily assented to. The traveler found his cabman the best guide he could possibly have employed, and by his assistance he was admitted to view several objects of note that he otherwise would have missed. He managed to complete the entire catalogue, including the Tower of London, St. Paul's, and the British Museum, and his cabman landed him serene and happy at his hotel, before the setting of the sun. The expenses of the entire day (a long summer day) was under five dollars. The next morning he left for Paris with that tranquility a man always epjoys when satisfied that he has accom-plished as much as any man possibly could under the same circumstances.

Some Londoners are in perpetual turmoil with cabmen. They carry a table of distances in their pocket, and never pay a fare without an altercation or a quarrel. They look upon cabmen as natural born robbing villians, created only for the purpose of being wrangled with, and they would be disappointed if one of them quietly accepted the short fare they tender him. The women are worse than the men. You can scarcely pass through any street in the business part of London without seeing some red-faced woman or sharpfaced downger or sharp-nosed spinster shricking with rage, or going into mock hysteries, because a cabman demands his legal fare, which she fully intends to pay, but will not yield the point until she has shown him and the bystanders her independence, and her opinion of extortion, and informed everybody of her position in society, and her acquaintance with Lord this or Lady that or Sir somebody else. The cabmen recognizes this class of persons at a glance-in fact, by constant practice, they become judges of human nature-and they receive them with submissive resignation, and part them with them with relief.

You need never have any trouble with a London cabman if you treat him with the least liberality. He understands you in a moment, and while you are in his charge he is your friend. A sixpence or a shilling over his fare is almost a charity anyhow. Look at him. That man with his rough overcoat and battered hat and fragment of a horse blanket over his knees, with immense pudge hands and broad cheeks so reddened by expesure to the storms of winter and summer, by day and by night, that they look like great pieces of raw beef lined with blue veins, has a wife and seven childrer living over the stable, where his horse is kept. He must clear two dollars a day for the owner of the horse and cab before he receives anything for himself and family. If it is a bad day and he takes in less than that, he falls so far behind hand, and must make it up another time. A rather precarious way of getting a livlihood in the great city of London, I assure you. A good many of the cabmen are decayed gentlemen, fellows who ten years or twenty years ago were known as young men about town; Bond street loungers and swells around Convent Garden Theatre; young fellows who sported diamond studs in their shirt fronts, sailed on the flood tide along the sunny side of Regent street, flirted with the ladies, and on Sundays drove out to Richmond, four-in-hand. Times have

changed since then. He has come to it at last. The cabman's box affords him the refuge it has afforded to hundreds of the same class before. He takes to his fate kindly; he is not soured with the world, but as he drives along the street you can see, by the half-serious, half jocular twinkle of the eye, that he knows a thing or two. If you have a delicate mission to execute, he is just the man to execute it, and if there are ladies in the case, he will astonish you by his sagacity and fertility in expedients.

With the cab system the Londoner, or the stranger even, is always at home in the vast metropolis, in any locality, and at any hour of the day or night. Four millions and a half of dollars are spent annually for cab fares in London, at sixpence per mile, or two shillings per hour. No matter where you are, whether in the meretricious blaze of the haymarket at two o'clock in the morning, or away off in the blackest and remote suburb, five, ten, fifteen miles from home, in any imaginable condition yourself, you can always find a cab in five minutes.

Tell the driver where you want to go, 1001 Strand, or wherever it is you live, then tumble into the corner of the seat and sleep soundly until he draws up in front of your door, and arouses you with a shake. If you cannot find the keyhole, he will find it for you, and when you pay him a shilling beyond his fare, he will put his knuckles to bis forehead and make you a bow, and when he picks up his reins to drive off will mentally ejaculate that he "knowed how that was a gentleman."

A Nameless Grave.

Among the countless throngs who daily pass and repass Trinity, New York, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway, is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the records of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands. No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death, appears on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple. The most beautiful girl of New York, -as it was claimed, -she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of England's oldest families, who with his regiment entered New York, when the British occupied it, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the dashing young officer. Soon after he deserted her and then-the old story,-she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she left was tenderly cared for, at a proper age she was taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanely. She, like a true daughter and a true woman, returned to New York, and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. SUNDAY READING.

No Armor for the Back.

THAT ancient general who burned all the bridges behind him, made no provision for retreat. He intended to teach his soldiers that there was no escape from perils that confronted them, but by encountering them; that their safety was to be found in victory and conquest, not in falling back. He has made no provision for retreat. In earthly warfare, these are full of exposure; in the heavenly they are disaster itself. And, so, when the apostle enumerates the various parts of the Christian armor, he speaks only of the girdle of truth, the breast-plate of righteousness, the sandals of preparation, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit. There is no armor for the back. The back is not to be turned to the foe; safety is in facing him.

And so also Bunyan's pilgrim found it. When he espied Appollyon, that hideous monster, coming out to meet him, with his dragon wings and his flery darts, he bethought him that he had no armor for his back; that it was more perilous to attempt to escape, than to stand his ground. For prudence and discretion, piety and charity had just armed him, from head to foot; as is shown in the engraving. And so he fought and conquered, instead of falling

It is a great thing for the Christian, to remember that his safety is in facing his foe; that no provision had been made for a retreat; that the law of his life is from conquest to conquest; that when he has done all, he is to stand. This is the posture of preparation for advance. Obstacles may force him to halt, but they may not turn him back. His pathway is forward. An earthly army may be defeated through incompetent generalship, or because outnumbered by their foes. But, not so the Christian. He can be defeated, only when he turns away from Christ; when he begins to go away backward from God. For, if he stand his ground, He that is for him is mightier than any that rise up against him. He will send his enemy howling from the field as Christian sent Appollyon.

A Little Candle but Shining Far.

A mother, on the green hill of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood by the garden gate one morning, she said:

"Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he for he told the story, 'I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, to Calcutta and the Moditerranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the North and South poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was that not sweet evidence of the power of a single word? yet that is not half; "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty

"Do you known me ?"

"No.

"Well," said he, "I was brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I had never heard a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden-gate, and today I am master of one of the finest ships in New-York harbor, and I come to ask you to come and see me."

How far the little candle throws its beam! The mother's words on the green hills of Vermont ! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!

A Knock Down Argument.

There is much of infidelity of a kind which cannot be easily argued out of men's minds. It has its seat in the heart; and nothing in the shape of argument can affect it, so long as the skeptic remains in health, strength and courage. But times of storm or danger will come when all this bravery and courage fails, and then this infidelity flies like a dream.

An English paper reports that a Mr. Bradlaugh, a noted infidel, having concluded a lecture, presented his doctrines to the people and called upon any person present to reply to his argument, if they could. A collier arose in the assembly, and spoke somewhat as follows :---

" Maister Bradlaugh, me and my mate Jem were both Methodys till one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jem turned infidel and used to badger me 'bout' tending prayer meetings; but one day in the pit, a large cob of coal come down on Jem's head. Jem thought he was killed; and, ah, mon! but he holler and cry to God I" Then turning to Mr. Bradlaugh, with a knowing look, he said :

"Young man, there is now't like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a man." The collier carried the audience with him, for they well knew that a knock in the

head by a big chunk of coal would upset the courage and with it the skepticism of stronger infidels than "my mate Jem."-Many an infidel has discarded his infidelity and cried to God for mercy in sickness or in danger, both on land and sea; but who ever heard of a Christian turning from his faith in the hour of peril, and forsaking God when death was at the door?

A Marriage in Haste.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin says: The Newhall house recently was a scene of a matrimonial occurrence, which for neatness and dispatch in execution challenges comparison. On the noon train there came to this city a gentleman from Kenosha, the Right Rev. Father Doherty, and a young man bearing the aristocratic name of Desmond. They immediately betook themselves to the Newhall house, and, as soon as they had registered their names, the reverend gentleman asked to see Miss Fanny Cary, one of the waiteresses of the hotel.

Although she was at the time engaged in waiting on the table, his business appeared to be so urgent that she was summoned from the dining-room, and met Rev. Doherty in the hall. After exchanging the usual compliments and benedictions of the season, the clergyman, who it seems, had had long been acquainted with Miss Cary, told her without further explanations, that a young gentleman friend of his, who accompanied him, was about to settle down in life, had made his fortune, and having determined to take a partner for better or for worse, had consulted him as to an eligible person.

That he had immediately suggested that Fanny Cary was just the person for the place, and that, Desmond on the strength of his recommendation, had decided to offer himself to her, and bring about, if possible, and immediate consumation of the matter.

After stating these facts, the Reverend Father made a formal proposal to the young girl in behalf of Desmond.

The proposal was accepted. Desmond. summoned, the couple, who had never seen each other before, introduced, and by four o'clock the ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Doherty, and without waiting for congratulations the newly married couple set out for Fox Lake, the residence of Desmond. Desmond is said to be a man of considerable means, owning property about Fox Lake to the amount of \$40,000.

Effects of a Dream.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel says: A gentleman of high social position living in this county has a son engaged as a clerk in a large mercantile house in Omaha. A few weeks ago the father received a letter from his son to the effect that he had been robbed of \$5,000 belonging to his employer in returning from a collecting trip into the country. The father was naturally troubled by the intelligence, and when he retired to his room for the night he lay awake for some time thinking of the occurrence. At last he fell asleep, and as it seemed to him he was sitting by a table in a bed-chamber of-Hotel, of Omaha, listening to the conversation of two young men who were recalling the partculars of a robbery in which they had just been concerned, while they counted over the proceeds of the same with an exultant air.

Learning the number of their room he descended the stairs, consulted the register, fixed their names in memory, together with the date under which they were written and then awoke. He immediately wrote a letter to his son requesting him to call at the-Hotel, look at the register, and if he found the names of John B. Wilson and James Frank inscribed on its page under the date of November, to have the parties found, arrested and charged with the theft of the five thousand dollars. The son followed the directions, and from a letter received by the father, we learn that the said John B. Wilson and James Frank were arrested at the said hotel, that they confessed to the felony, that \$4,812 of the lost money was recovered, and that the offenders had been sent to the penitentiary.

A bill was lately introduced in the Alabama Legislature to prohibit the sale of liquor within two miles of Zion Church, Montgomery county. The bill was read twice, and was on the verge of passing when, at the last moment, it was discovered that it was a negro church, just outside the corporation of the Capital city, and of course the interdiction was equivalent to shutting off the supply from the city, as well as the entire Legislature. The member introducing the bill was not aware of where the church was located. The bill did not pass,

13 The town of Peshtigo, which was literally destroyed by fire, has been almost entirely restored already to its former condition. The greatest disadvantage the inhabitants suffer from, is want of water. All the streams flowing from the burnt district are so impregnated with lye that the water cannot be used, and that the people have to melt snow to obtain the daily allowance.

A wag lent a clergyman a horse, which ran way threw him, and then claimed credit for "aid in spreading the Gospel."