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THE subscriber has just opened in Duncannon Perry county, Pa., opposite the National 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.

Bloomfield Academy!

An English and Classical School FOR 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.

As the above school has recently been re-organized, students can enter any time. Prof. WM. H. DILL, a graduate of Rutgers College, N. J., Principal.

The Collegiate Department includes all the higher branches, including the Latin and Greek Languages, Engineering, Practical Surveying, Literature, Natural Science and advanced Mathematics.

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THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT FOR Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness. BUY IT! TRY IT! For Rheumatism, Use Pain Cure Oil. For Neuralgia, Use Pain Cure Oil. For Fever Sore, Use Pain Cure Oil.

MANHOOD: How Lost and how Restored!

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

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.

THE LONDON CABS.

I 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.

It is not strange that all foreign travelers who land in New York complain of the miserable hack 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."

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.

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 villains, 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.

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 pudgy hands and broad cheeks so reddened by exposure 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 children living over the stable, where his horse is kept.

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 remotest suburb, five, ten, fifteen miles from home, in any imaginable condition yourself, you can always find a cab in five minutes.

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.

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.

And so also Bunyan's pilgrim found it. When he espied Apollyon, that hideous monster, coming out to meet him, with his dragon wings and his fiery darts, he thought him that he had no armor for his back; that it was more perilous to attempt to escape, than to stand his ground.

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.

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.

"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 Mediterranean, 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 years."

"Do you know 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 to-day 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.

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.

"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!"

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.

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 consummation 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.

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.

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 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."