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MANHOOD: How Lost and how Restored! JUST published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY ON THE RADICAL CURS 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.

Troubles of a Night.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THEM CATS was awful. My husband Josiah, had been up and driven em away, and I had jest got into a nap when Josiah waked me up groanin.

Wall sez I, "U neednt swear so if they be" I listened a minute and sez I—"it aint cats"

Sez he, "it iz." Sez I, Josiah Allen, "no better—it aint cats."

"Wall what is it, sez he, "if it haint" I sot up on end ov the bed, and push'd back my nite cap from my left ear and listened and sez I, "It is a akordeon!"

"How kum a akordeon under our winder" sez he. "Sez I, 'it is Augustus Peedick seranadin Tirzah and he has got under the wrong winder." He leaped out ov bed and started for the door.

Sez I, "Josiah Allen kum back here this minute—sez I, do u realize ure'kondishun, sez I u aint dressed."

He seized his hat from the bure and put it on his hed and went on. Sez I, "Josiah Allen if u go to the door in that kondishun ill prosikute u, What do u meen actin so to nite? sez I, u wuz young once ureself.

"I wuznt a konfounded fool, if I wuz young"—sez he.

Sez I, "kum back to bed Josiah Allen! do u want to get the Peedicks'ees and Dobb'es mad at u. I should think u wud be ashamed swearin and actin as u hev to nite, and sez I, u will got ure deth of cold standing in there without ure klose on kum back to bed this minute Josiah Allen."

It aint of u I set up, but when I do Josiah knows I will be minded, so finally he took off his hat and kum back to bed, and there we had to lay and listen. Not I word could Tirzah hear, for her room is clear to the other end of the house—and such a time as I had to keep Josiah in the bed. The first he played wuz what they call an involuntary, and I konfess it did sound like a cat; before they get to spittin and tearin out fur, u no they' go on kinder melankoly.

He went on in that wa fer a length ov time which I cant set down with any sort of akuracy. Josiah thinks it was about 2 hours and a 1-2. I myself dont believe it wuz more than 1-4 or an hour. Finally he broke out singin a tune, the korus ov which wuz—

O think of me—O think of me. "No danger or our not thinkin on u" sez Josiah—"no danger on it." It wuz a long peece and he played and sung it in a slow and affection manner. He then played and sung the following:

Kum oh kum with me, Miss Allen The moon is beaming Oh Tirzah kum with me The stars are gleeming All around is bright With beauty teeming Moonlight hours in my opinion Iz the time for love. My skill is by the shore.

And a good many more lines. He then broke out into another peece the chorous of which wuz,

Curb oh curb thy bosom's pain I'll kum again—I'll come again. "No u won't," sez Josiah, "u wont never get away, I will get up, Samantha!"

Sez I in low but awful accents, "Josiah Allen if u make another move I'll part with u," sez I "it does beet all how u keep actin to nite, haint it as hard fer me as it iz fer u?" Sez I "do u think it iz eny kumfert for me to lay here and hear it?" Sez I, "that iz jest the wa with u men, u haint no more patience than nothin in the world—u wuz young once yourself."

"Throw that in my face agin will u? What if I wuz! Oh do hear him go on" sez he shaken his fist, "hear him agin—'curb oh curb thy bosom's pain' If I wuz out there my young feller I would give u a pain u couldnt curb so easy—though it might not be in your bosom."

Sez I, "Josiah Allen u have showed more wickedness to nite than I thought u had in u"—Sez I, "would u like to have ure pasture—and Deacon Todd and Sister Graves, here ure revengeful threats? if u wuz layin helpless on a sick bed—would u be thrown your arms about—and shakin ure fist in that way?" Sez I, "it scares me to think a pardner of mine should keep actin as u have, sez I u have fell 2 cents in my estimation to nite."

"Wall" sez he, what kumfert is there in his prowlin round here, makin two old folks lay all nite in perfect agony?"

"It haint much after midnite, and if it wuz," sez I, in a deep and majestic tone—"Do u kalculate, Josiah Allen, to go through life without any trouble? if u do, u will find yourself mistaken." Sez I, "Do be still."

"I wont be still, Samantha." Jest then he begun a neu peece, durin which the akordeon sounded the most melankoly and cast down it had as yet, and his voice wuz solemn and affectin. I never thought much ov Augustus Peedick, he is Thomas Jefferson's age, about 17, his moustash is if possible thinner than hisen, I should say whiter—only that is a impossibility. He is jest the age when he wants to be older, and when folks are willin he should, for u don't want to call him Mr. Peedick, and to call him bub as u always have, he takes as a dedly insult. He thinks he is in love with Tirzah which is jest as bad as long as it lasts, ez if he wuz—jest as painful to him and her. As I said he

sung these words in a mournful and effectin manner.

He didnt sing but I more peece after this, I dont remember the words for it wuz a long peece. Josiah insists that it wuz as long as Miltons Paradise Lost.

Sez I "dont be a fool Josiah, u never read it."

Sez he, "I hev hefted the book and no the size ov it—and I know it wuz as long if not longer."

Sez I agin, in a kool collected manner—"Don't be a fool Josiah, there wuznt more than 25 or 30 verses at the outside."

"I dont remember the words but the korus of each verse wuz—

"Oh! I languish for thee—Oh!! I languish for thee Wherever that I be Oh, oh! I am languishin for thee—I am languishin for thee."

As I sed, I never sot much store by Augustus Peedick, but truely everybody haz their strong pints, there wuz quavers put in there into them "ohs!" that can never be put in agin by anybody—even Josiah lay motionless listenin to em in a kind ov awe. Jest then we herd Thomas Jefferson speakin out of the winder overhed—

"My musikel friend havn't u languished enuff for one nite? Because if u have, father and mother and I, bein kept awak by other serenaders the forepart ov the nite, will love to excuse u—will thank u for ure labers in our behalf—and love to bid u good evenin; Tirzah bein fast asleep in the other end of the house. But don't let me hurry u Augustus—if u haint languished enough—u keep rite on a languishin—I hope I haint hard harted enuff to deny a young man and a naber, the privilege ov languishin."

I herd a sound of footsteps on the grass under the winder, follered seeminly instantaneously by the rattlin ov the bord fence at the extremity ov the garden. Judgin from the sound he must have got over the ground at a rate seldom equiled and never outdun. A button wuz found under the winder in the mornin—bust off we suppose by the impasioned beets of a 2 ardent heart—and a 2 vehement pare ov lungs exercised 2 much by the boldness and variety ov the quavers durin the last time.

The Strange Story of Martin Guerre.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, Martin Guerre, a young Biscayan, married Berthande de Rols, a girl of Artigues, as distinguished for good sense as for beauty. The newly-united pair were in comfortable circumstances, being in social rank above the peasant class.

They were a harmonious couple, the only drawback being that they had no children for several years. In the tenth year, however, a son was born, whom they named Sanxi. Not long afterward Martin quarreled with his father about some corn, and the dispute became so bitter that he concluded to go away for a time until the paternal anger should cool. He did not expect to be absent long, but eight years had passed away before he was heard of, his wife enduring his absence with exemplary patience.

At the expiration of the above-mentioned period a person appeared who claimed to be Martin Guerre, and was recognized as such by his wife, her relatives, and by the people generally. His protracted desertion of his family was forgotten and forgiven, and everything went on harmoniously for three years, during which two children were born to Berthande, one of them, however, dying soon after its birth. The so-called Martin managed his affairs energetically, selling land and doing other business which fell in his way.

After a while, from reasons that are not fully set forth, Peter Guerre, an uncle of Martin, became satisfied that the man was not Martin. Other residents of the vicinity came to the same conclusion, and at length found ground for convincing Berthande that she had been shamefully imposed upon. The so-called Martin was arrested and taken before the provincial judge. He denounced his accusers as wicked conspirators, saying that Peter Guerre had fabricated the charge to get possession of his property, and had drawn in Berthande through the weakness of her understanding. He gave a clear and circumstantial account of the reasons which led him to go away and prolong his absence. He asserted that he had been in the French and Spanish armies during the period, and showed that, notwithstanding the changes that increased age and exposure to the weather had made in his appearance, he was at once recognized by his wife, Peter and other people who had known him. He related minutely the circumstances of Martin Guerre's marriage; described his father-in-law, mother-in-law, and the guests at the nuptials, and narrated other incidents in his life.

Berthande, being called to the stand, corroborated everything to which he had testified. She mentioned one circumstance that had happened to Martin of which the witness had made no mention. This was his supposed suffering from witchcraft. The accused, being questioned, made replies which agreed exactly with the woman's statements. And thus apparently demonstrated his identity with Martin. He therefore demanded that she should be tried for perjury. An investigation, however, showed that she was thoroughly an honest woman.

Nearly one hundred and fifty witnesses were called to give evidence in regard to the respondent's identity. Of these nearly forty swore that they had known Martin Guerre from infancy, and were sure that the prisoner was Martin. They appealed also to certain scars and marks on his person as proof of the correctness of their judgment. On the other hand, there were a great many witnesses equally confident that the person before them was Arnaud Du Tihl, also called Pansette. Sixty remaining witnesses, who had known both Guerre and Du Tihl, said that they looked so much alike that it was impossible to determine which was which. The judges decided that the prisoner was Du Tihl, and sentenced him to death by decapitation. From this the condemned appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse.

On the second trial the parties were confronted in open court. The accused maintained so steady a face, spoke with so much assurance and made answers so apparently truthful that the members of the tribunal were much inclined in his favor, and equally prejudiced against his accusers. Thirty new witnesses were examined, nine or ten of whom believed that the defendant was Martin Guerre; seven or eight were positive that he was Arnaud Du Tihl, and the remainder declared that they could not decide. The parliament was in much trouble. It did not wish by concurring with the judge to condemn a man who might be innocent, neither did it feel justified in acquitting a possibly atrocious criminal. Nothing remained but to sift the evidence more carefully.

It appeared that forty-five witnesses had clearly identified the prisoner as Du Tihl. Among them was his mother's brother. Most of these persons said that Guerre was a little taller than the prisoner and darker in complexion; had slightly crooked legs, round shoulders, a turned-up chin, a large and flat nose, and two scars on his face. The prisoner, on the contrary, was well-proportioned, and had large and straight legs, and a chin and nose differing from those of Guerre. He had, however, the two scars on his face. A shoemaker who had been employed by Guerre testified that his foot extended to the twelfth mark on the rule, while that of the accused reached no farther than the ninth. Another man swore that while Guerre was an expert wrestler, the prisoner knew nothing about the art. Three persons deposed to direct and indirect acknowledgments on the part of the respondent that he was Du Tihl. There was also heresy evidence to the effect that Guerre was still alive in Flanders, and had a wooden leg. It was remarked by some that Guerre, being a Biscayan, had the accent of his province, whereas the accused could not speak the Basque, but took pains to mingle a few words which he had learned of it with his French, repeating them in a markedly affected tone. There was no end of testimony to the wicked character of Du Tihl.

If these charges seemed strong, the opposing evidence was not less formidable. Four sisters of Martin Guerre, who were brought up with him and were persons of good reputation, were sure that the prisoner was their brother. Two of their husbands also recognized him. Several of the guests at Martin's wedding, and who had seen warts and other marks on Martin, which the accused likewise had, were equally decided in their identification. Evidence was introduced rendering the existence of a conspiracy against the alleged Martin extremely probable. The parliament began to waver, and the reversal of the sentence of the lower tribunal would have followed, but a circumstance occurred which put an end to all doubt. No less a personage than the genuine Martin came into court! He had a wooden leg, as rumor had affirmed, and said he came from Spain. He gave a distinct account of the impostor who had assumed his name, and demanded that his claims should be heard.

The false Martin was not at all abashed. He denounced the new comer as the hired tool of Peter Guerre, and cross-questioned him fiercely. Martin, being frightened, answered rather faintly, but his interrogator being removed and his composure restored, gave a clear and obviously truthful account of himself. The two claimants were next placed side by side and submitted to the examination of Martin Guerre's relatives. The sisters at once acknowledged their former mistake, and Berthande recognized the cripple as her husband. Du Tihl was then condemned "to make an amende honorable in the market place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet being bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hand a lighted torch; to ask pardon of God, the king, and of Martin and his wife, to walk through the streets with a rope around his neck, and finally to be hanged and strangled, and his body to be burned."

He was carried back to Artigues, where the judge who condemned him examined him. He then made a long confession. He had known Guerre in the army, and had many conversations with him. On his return from camp he was mistaken by some of Martin's friends for Martin himself. This suggested to him the plan which he afterwards carried out. He crammed himself with faets in Martin's history, and went to Artigues to enact one of the most successful cheats ever known. He was ex-

ecuted according to sentence, and died with apparent penitence.

Were it not for the culprit's acknowledgment of his guilt we should regard it as perhaps an open question whether the one or two-legged Martin was the genuine husband of Berthande. If she pronounced two judgments she was as likely to be mistaken in the second as in the first, while the radical change of mind on the part of other witnesses renders their infallibility equally suspicious. The lesson of the whole story is that it requires a wise son to know his own father; wisdom is also essential to other recognitions of relationship.

No Doubt it is True.

A FACETIOUS writer says: I called on one of the inhabitants of Elmira, who keeps a corner blue and red light castor oil shop. I was trying to get him to give me a bigger lot of peppermint for a cent, when in rushed a fellow who called for a pound of camphor and downed with the whole of it. It was a surprise party to me, and I said, "What did he do that for?"

"Why," said drugs, "he is lined." "Lined," says I, "what is that?" Then he told me a story of mock turtle soup.

"Some years ago," he said, "a gentleman who was about to give a dinner party, spent a whole week showing his servant how to make mock turtle soup. When the day came she made the mock, and the turtle and the soup all right, and just as she was about to pour in a bottle of claret, a little boy entered singing "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," which distracted her attention, and she made a mistake and poured in a whole bottle of hair tonic."

"Did it make hair soup," said I very meekly.

"Alas," said he, "the results were sad." "What were the results?" said I.

"Ah," said he, "two went to the churchyard, four to the hospital, and all who did not die were called the survivors, and that fellow you just saw was one of them."

"What does he swallow so much camphor for?" says I.

"Well," he said, "that tonic started the hair growing down his throat, and he took the camphor to keep the moths out."

I told that fellow there was more lie in him than there was in a bar of soap, and left.

PIMENTO.

The pimento of commerce, commonly called allspice, from the fact that its flavor partakes of several spices—viz., cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg—is a product of South America and the West India Islands, and grows in great luxuriance in Jamaica.—The pimento trees, from which the allspice berries are gathered, frequently attain the height of twenty-five to thirty feet, and are exceedingly beautiful in appearance, the foliage being a luxuriant evergreen. These trees do not bear every year with the same luxuriance, an abundant crop being averaged at intervals of about five years. The berries, which owe their aromatic properties to the presence of a volatile oil, are gathered before they fully mature, as, when perfectly ripe, they do not possess the pungency of odor and taste for which they are valuable as a condiment. When picked they are exposed to the action of gentle heat, and great caution is exercised in their preparation for the market. The commercial value of pimento is estimated by millions of dollars, and consequently a vast amount of labor and care is bestowed upon its production.

Little Johnny had an aunt whom he disliked, and one day his mother was trying to convince him that even if his aunt misused him as he claimed, he should still be kind to her and "heap coals of fire on her head." Johnny looked pleased at this and left for the kitchen at once and returned with the fire shovel, to have it ready, he said, when his aunt came.