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INSURE IN THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. F. S. WINSTON, President. The oldest and strongest Company in the United States.

A New Leather, Harness and Oil-Store At Duncannon, Penn'a. THE subscriber has just opened in Duncannon Perry county, Pa., opposite the National Hotel, a large and splendid assortment of LEATHER.

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.

USE PAIN CURE OIL. 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.

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 LAST TIME.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

"COME IN JOHN, and let us have something warming. There's nothing like it, after a hard day's work, to cheer a man up." "Thank you, Joe not to-night."

John Burns hesitated one moment before he entered, while there arose before his mind's eye a pale pleading little face that had been lifted to his that morning, and a sweet voice had pleaded: "Come home early to-night, dear; I shall have such a nice supper, and please don't let it spoil."

She had spoken playfully, without any allusion to his besetting sin; yet he well understood the wistful pleading of the blue eyes, the deep undercurrent of feeling that caused the tremor in the musical voice.

John Burns and Joe Herney were mechanics, working for the same employer and receiving the same amount of wages; but their circumstances in life were very different.

John Burns was one of those people of whom we frequently hear it said: "He is his own worst enemy." He was kind and generous to a fault, but he lacked firmness of character.

He paused under the vine-sheltered doorway to gain courage to enter. How should he meet those earnest blue eyes that had never given him an unkind look, even when heavy with the weight of unshed tears?

"Oh, it is sure to be sold! John Burns will never pay off the mortgage." "He may get an extension of time, or borrow the money."

The speakers had paused before the gate while speaking, and John, without being seen, had heard all, and recognized in the would-be purchaser his fellow-workman, Joe Herney.

his frame as he heard these comments upon his worldly affairs.

"Great Heaven! have I, indeed sunk so low? I have been blind—blind! I thank you, Joe Herney, for opening my eyes. I think I understand your game now. Buy it, will you? We'll see. John Burns is not quite the poor sot you take him to be."

He shook his clenched fist after the retreating figures and took a step toward the gate as though he would follow them.

But a detaining hand was laid upon his shoulder and a woman's voice spoke his name.

"Why, John, what is the matter? Come in out of the storm."

"Oh, the scoundrel! and I thought him my friend. It is his fault that I am as I am to-night. I should have kept my promise but for him."

"But for who, my dear?" "Joe Herney. He enticed me into Williams to-night, or I should have come home sober. But it is the last time—the last time! I will never touch another drop of strong drink while I live."

"Oh, if I might believe it." "You may, Jane, you may. I have broken my promises, I know, but this I will keep with Heaven's help."

"Oh thank Heaven for these blessed words." "I know, Jane, that you are surprised at this sudden resolve; but sit down here in your old place on my knee and I will tell you, and when you have heard the history of this evening you will better understand me."

"First have off your wet coat and muddy boots and eat your supper will you not?" "Thank you for the dry coat and slippers, but supper can wait. I want to tell you now."

Then followed an account of incidents of the evening, already known to the reader, from the time he paused before the door of the saloon to the conversation overheard at the cottage gate.

"And Jane," he continued, "when I heard those words I saw my true position, as I never saw it before. You had often reasoned with me, prayed for me, but I never before realized my danger. While Joe was speaking there came with the quickness of lightning and with all its vividness, the vision of ruin to myself and family, and I made a resolve that moment, with Heaven's help, to reform. Is it not strange that the word enemy of an should have more influence than the prayers of a faithful loving wife?"

"It was the Lord's chosen way of answering my prayers, John. His ways are past finding out."

June roses had twice bloomed and faded since the opening of our story, and now the rose bushes are bereft of their leaves, and the vine over the door wears the russet hue of autumn, the little path is strewn with the fallen leaves as we again enter the humble dwelling. It is evening, the family are gathered around the table to partake of the evening meal. John Burns, with bowed head, asks the blessings of the Almighty to rest upon the food ere they partake of the bountiful supply of good things.

The neat and cosy appearance of everything within and without the dwelling tell at a glance John Burns has kept his resolve. The victory had not been an easy one. Sometimes it seemed that he warred with the powers and principalities of darkness, but early in the struggle he had learned to look to the right source for help. In the end he had triumphed, and we find him prosperous and happy. The debt that at one time threatened to deprive him of his little home, by industry and strict economy, had been paid, and by unswerving uprightness he had re-established his good name.

How was it with Joe Herney? Things had not seemed to prosper with him of late. He had become a frequent visitor of the dramshop, his property had fallen to rack, his credit was impaired, and his family ill cared for. It seemed as though the curse invoked upon the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips had fallen upon him.

Romance Boiled Down.

Eloping couple at hotel detected by youth in false whiskers; detective takes him aside and hears his painful tale: They loved. The lady had stern parents. Benjamin was forbidden the house. Grief, grief! Love laughs at stern parents. An elopement is "set up." He assumes a disguise! A clean shirt and false whiskers. He goes to Newark. Is she true? She is. Oh joy and things! She joins him on the train. Rapture beneath decorum, like the fast rushing brook covered with ice. They are bound to Cincinnati. There he is to stop, while she proceeds to St. Louis, where they have friends, and where they will soon join her, and where they will be made "each others." She his'n and he her'n. Some more joy! They were allowed to proceed without the whiskers.

Baby stories are getting to be rather common, it must be admitted, but it may be interesting to know that an Iowa woman has just been favored with triplets, one of which is crowned with black hair, the second with auburn, and the third with red.

SUNDAY READING.

BY REQUEST.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY C. C. REEN.

Good night, good night, till we meet in the morning, Far above this fleeting shore, To endless joy in a moment awaking, There we'll sleep no more.

CHORUS: Where the pearly gates will never, never close, And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws, Where the ransomed ones in love repose, Our glorious home shall be.

Good night, good night, till we meet in the morning, See the hours are waning fast, Along the banks of the clear, flowing river, We shall meet at last.

CHORUS: Good night, good night, till we meet in the morning, When our friends have gone before, In robes of white they are waiting to greet us, On the other shore.

CHORUS: Good night, good night, till we meet in the morning, There from pain and sorrow free, With him who died from the grave to redeem us, We shall ever be.

CHORUS: Worldliness in the Church.

It requires a martyr-like courage in these days, when pride and worldliness has almost universal sway, to stand up in one's Christian integrity and maintain the gospel standard. And to rebuke fashion when it presents such a bold front in the Christian Church, is no light crucifixion.

Worldly professors of religion, who come to the house of God, "walking and mining as they go," bedecked with tinkling ornaments and Babylonish garments, to take the upper-most seats in the sanctuary, do not want to be told of the sinfulness of worldly conformity, or hear the bitter denunciations of God's Word against pride.

They come to the church on Sunday as they go to the theater, or the concert, on the week day, to show their fine clothes and be entertained. And a Gospel to suit them must be diluted; all the ugly facts about self-denial, cross bearing and humility must be glossed over or wreathed with the flowers of poetry and eloquence.

They have taken the vows of the church without any purpose to fulfill them. Like Ananias and Sapphira, they have perjured themselves by keeping back part of the price.

Worldliness has so deadened their sensibilities that they can go to the communion table with a garland of flowers on their brow to commemorate the death and sufferings of Him who wore a crown of thorns, and stretch out jeweled hands to take the emblems of His broken body, whose hands were pierced with nails.

With the Laodiceans they say: "I am rich increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" and know not "that they are wretched, and miserable, and blind and naked," in his sight, whose "eyes are as a flame of fire."

In Brazil there is a vine, called the Matador, or Murderer. It creeps along the ground till it meets a vigorous tree, which it eagerly fastens upon, and throwing out its tendrils, clasps in murderous embrace.

Climbing higher, and higher, and growing stronger, and stronger, it saps the life current of its victim, nor stays its till the top most bough is reached. And when its work of death is done, it blooms and scatters its seed for another murderous course.

Worldliness is the Matador of the church it is slowly creeping in and clasping it in a murderous embrace. Where are the brave, true workers who will lay the axe at the root and help to tear it from its place?

It will require no less courage to-day to stand up and rebuke and turn back the tide of worldliness and vanity from the church, than it did in other years to stand up for Christ in the midst of the flames.

Not Doctrine, But Christ.

It is not truth, but Him who is the "Truth and the Life," you are to love. It is not virtue, but Him who embodies it, you are to admire. It is not power, but Him who wields it with the heart of a lover and the hand of a friend, you are to address in prayers. It is not purity, white as a marble statue, robed in snowy drapery, you are to admire, but Him, the warm, living embodiment of it whose absolute stainlessness is tinted with the warm glow of his humanity, and whose form is not of chiseled alabaster, immobile and rigid, but vibrant with sympathy and as sensitive to emotion, as a happy mother to the cry and touch of her first born. It is not just at this point that we are able to see why religion is so cold and unexpressive in the case of almost all of us? Our philosophy is at fault. We have put truth in front of Him who revealed it. We keep the principles but lose the person of Christ. We associate our lives, in their growth, with a few great principles, instead of with the one great God. We have preached to defend and explain creeds more than to present Jesus to the hearer. We have lost sight of the sun in our eager chase to capture the sunbeams; and Christ might say, in a voice

which should have in it the sadness and rebuke of all ages: "You have loved my doctrines more than you have me!—Rev. W. H. Murray.

A deceitful man is more hurtful than open war. A fox should not be on a jury at goose's trial. A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little. An old dog cannot alter his way of barking. A penny-worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow. A small leak will sink a great ship. Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal. Draw not thy bow before the arrow be fixed. Grieving for misfortune is adding gall to wormwood. Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it. Have not the coat to make when it begins to rain.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

A Problem in Per Centage.

Smith purchased a piece of land for \$75. Soon after, needing some money and not finding ready sale for the land at cost, he sold it to Brown at a loss of 30 per cent. Brown subsequently sold it to Jones at 40 per cent. less than Smith had paid for it, with the proviso that if Jones sold it at a profit, Brown was to have one-third of the gain. Jones sold it for 50 per cent. above what it had cost him, and then settled with Brown according to agreement. What was each person's loss or gain in the transaction, and what did the fourth purchaser pay for the land?

COMMUNICATED.

The Mysterious Prophet.

A Shermansdale subscriber sends the following:

A great and wonderful Prophet has arrived at Shermansdale, Perry county, Pa. He is not a Wandering Jew, nor John the Baptist, nor the old Levite, as some may think. For before they were, he was. The Scriptures make mention of him—he is no impostor—he knows not his parents—his voice is shrill and powerful—his beard is red—he goes bare-footed like a gray friar—he wears no hat—his coat is not knit or wove or spun—it is not hair, linen or woolen, yet of a fine color. He cares not for the pomp and vanities of this wicked world. He lets all men alone with religion. He would rather live in a barn than in a king's palace. He sleeps not in a bed, but sitting or standing. He cries unto the whole world with outstretched arms—doors and windows open at his prophecy. He rises from his slumber by proclaiming the day of the Lord is at hand. He walks not with a staff or sword, but marches boldly along in the face of his enemies. Both men and women who follow his example live to a good old age. He was with Noah in the Ark, and with Christ before he was crucified. He is neither Whig nor Tory. He once preached a sermon which convinced a man of his sins, and drew tears from his eyes. All people who come to see him are convinced that he is no impostor, so then send all your friends and brethren that they may see him before his departure. R.R.

Can any one send the name of this Prophet?

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

SHREWD SIMON SHORT sewed shoes. Seventeen summers saw Simon's self-same sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, shoemaker. Shoes sewed superfinely." Simon's spy, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout, sturdy sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, shoes. Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver spoons; Selish Shadrach sold shoestrings, soaps, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed, storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly, singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such Aple-did summer sales!" said Simon.

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally, "Sam's smitten."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten!"

"Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall stop."

Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shipward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoned Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy."

See Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stapie; so solicit, sure; so secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching, saluted Sam smilingly.

"See Slater Susan's sunflowers!" said Sophia.

Sophia's sprightly smaciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally. "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying: 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade.' Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia!" said Sam solemnly. "Sam!" said Sophia. "Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some spouse, Sophia. Speak! Sophia, speak! such suspense speculates sorrow!" "Seek sire, Sam!—seek sire." So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin!"