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PERRY HOUSE.

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." "Have you signed the pledge-gone

over to the enemy?" "No-not that, but, the truth is, Joe, I promised that little woman of mine to be home early to-night, and-and"

"Tut, man, you're not going to allow yourself to be tied by a woman's apron string in that style, are you? That will be a good joke to tell the boys. Come in and take a glass, or I'll blow."

John Burns' weakest point of character was a dread of ridicule. This his companion well knew, and had chosen his weapons accordingly; and now he stood holding the door half open, allowing the light and warmth, and boon companions within to aid him in his purpose, forming, as they did, a striking contrast to the wet, muddy street.

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. Knowing this, he had promised, sealing the promise with a kiss, holy in its tenderness. She was waiting for him now, he knew; peering out into the storm to see if he was coming. The knowledge made him strong. Love had nearly gained the victory; but the temper was at hand and the influences of the place were around him. He yielded, and when once in he was in no haste to leave, for though the weight of a broken promise was upon him, and the thought of the cheerful home and the patient wife that awaited his coming, caused his conscience to upbraid him, he found it hard to tear himself away from the gay company and the light and warmth of the place to go out into the drizzly rain and cold, damp streets, for though the month was June, the day would have been more in place in November-one of those cold, disagreeable days that our northern climate sometimes thrusts in among the June

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

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. With Herney everything seemed to prosper, for though drinking a glass occasionally, he never drank to excess. By nature he was grasping and penurious.

Upon the evening in question, as soon as the two men had received and drank the the liquor they had called for, Joe Herney paid for his glass and passed out, but the temptation of the place was upon Burns, and the shades of twilight had deepened into night ere he turned his unsteady steps homeward. A walk of half an hour through the wet and gloom brought him to a small cottage in the suburbs of the city. A pretty place, when seen in the sunshine, with its clinging vines and sheltering trees; but looking gloomy enough in the darkness and storm, with the wind wailing through the trees and strewing the path with the petals of John Burns' choicest roses.

He paused under the vine-sheltered doorway to gain courage to enter. How should he meet those carnest blue eyes that had never given him an unkind look, even when heavy with the weight of unshed tears? He knew she was waiting for him, for out through the half-open shutter came a tide of bright light, and he could catch a glimse of the cosy home scene. While he stood thus, the sound of approaching footsteps and the utterance of his own name arrested his attention.

"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.'

"No. Harcliff is not the man to wait for his money. And who would lend money to a man like Burns? He spends too much time and money at the dvinking saloons for his credit to be good. You should have seen him to-night at Williams' spending his money as though there was no end to it."

"I am sorry, for John is a good-hearted fellow."

" Yes, I pity him; but it can't be helped. And when the place is sold, as it is sure to be, I have a few hundreds laid by to invest in it. It will be sold cheap, and I shall make a good thing of it."

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

It is not in the power of pen of mine to

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

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

And she drew him, with gentle force, into the cosy apartment. "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 prom-

ise 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 Henven's help.'

"Oh thank Heaven for these blessed

"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

"First have off your wet coat and muddy boots and eat your supper will you not?" "Thank you for the dry coat and slip-

pers, but supper can wait. I want to tell

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 influer ce 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 lfis neighbor's lips had fallen upon

Remance 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 laughe at stern parents. An elopement is "sot 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 his 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 secscribe the storm of emotions that shook ond with auburn, and the third with red.

SUNDAY READING.

BY REQUEST. GOOD NIGHT.

BY C. C. HEEN.

Good night, good night, till we meet in the 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 When our friends have gone before,

In robes of white they are waiting to greet us, On the other shore.

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.

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 Curch, is no light crucifixion.

Worldly professors of religion, who come to the house of God, "walking and mineing as they go," bedeeked 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

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 were 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 fiame 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

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 statute, 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. H. Murray.

A dereitful 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 Brown subsequently sold it to Jenes 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 fol-

A great and wonderful Prophet has ar-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 woollen, 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 sitting or standing. He cries unto the 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 Neah 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.

Can any one send the name of this Prophet?

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

SHREWD SIMON SHORT sewed shoes.
Seventeen summers saw Simon's selfsame sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, shoemaker. Shoes Simon's spry, sedusewed superfinely." lous 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; Selfish Shadrach sold shoestrings, soaps, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuff-

ed 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

"Strange Sam should slight such Aplendid summer sales !" said Simon.

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

smitten." "Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Si-

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

"Truth and the Life," you are to love. It Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoned Sam, she spoke sweet sym-

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

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

singing softly. Seeing Sam, she stopped starching, saluted Sam smilingly. "See Sister Susan's sunflowers!" said

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts,

Sophia. Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally. "Sophia, Susan's sunflow-ers seem saying: "Samuel Short, Sophia

ers 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!"