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MANHOOD: How Lost and how Restored! JUST published, a new edition of Dr. CUTLER'S WELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY ON THE RADICAL CURE OF CERTAIN WEAKNESSES, the effects of Errors and Abuse in early life.

PERRY HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Pa. THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Maine 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 SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

THE following narrative of scenes and incidents at the memorable siege of Yorktown, is from the journal of a soldier, long since deceased, who distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery during the war of the Revolution:

Yorktown, at that period, was quite a flourishing little village, containing some sixty houses, several of which were elegant dwellings. It was and is situated on the right or South bank of York river, some twelve miles from the junction of the latter with Chesapeake Bay.

When the allied army, under General Washington, numbering twelve thousand, exclusive of some four thousand Virginia militia, sat down before the town, with the American right resting on the river below the place, and the French left on the river above, Lord Cornwallis was caught as in a trap—for a French blockading fleet, which had sometime previous taken its station at the mouth of York river, gave him no outlet to the ocean, and now he could not escape by land.

Although it may be said that the allied army had invested the town as early as the 28th of September, yet not till the 9th of October did our batteries fairly open upon the devoted place—the interval being employed in digging trenches, throwing up redoubts, and getting our heavy guns into position.

One night, while at work upon a redoubt which was pretty well advanced toward the British lines, I was called from my labor and told my captain wished to see me. I found him slowly pacing to and fro just beyond ear-shot of the men; and I approached him with uneasiness, not knowing if my reception would be pleasant, although unable to think of anything I had done to merit other treatment.

"Philip," he said, in a kind and feeling tone, "we have seen long and hard service together." "We both remember Valley Forge, Captain!" replied I, touching my cap.

"Philip, it grieves me to offer to try you as few men are tried; but truth is, I have been asked for a brave, intelligent man, to go on a secret service, and I have ventured to name you—though I beg you to understand at once, that you will not be sent on this service—if not voluntary on your part, you can return to your duty and no hard feelings between us."

"Name the service, Captain," said I. "It is no less than desertion to the enemy to play the part of a spy in his camp."

I instinctively shuddered, but strove to appear calm. "Who has asked for this service?" I inquired, in as indifferent a tone as I could assume.

"Our great and noble commander, General Washington." "I do not fear death so much as disgrace," I replied. "I have a name among my comrades, that this one act of my life will cover with infamy; yet, to serve my country and our beloved Commander-in-Chief, I will make the sacrifice."

"God bless you, Philip!" he said again grasping my hand; "I felt I could rely on you. Follow me." "He led me back about a hundred yards, to where three men stood grouped together. As we approached, one of these stepped forward. Dark as it was, I recognized that commanding form. It was the great General Washington himself.

discover anything of great importance for us to know, endeavor to return and report. If arrested in our lines as a deserter, you can say you had instructions from me, and demand that your case be brought before me. May Heaven prosper you! Adieu!"

With this General Washington withdrew, and I returned to my labors a prouder and a happier man, yet feeling the weight of a somewhat oppressive responsibility.

Some two hours after this, while at work upon the exterior of the redoubt, I found an opportunity to crawl along a bank of earth, till some yards from my companions, when I walked boldly off toward our line of pickets, concealed by the dense darkness. As I drew near the outer line of sentries, I got down on my hands and knees and crawled slowly and cautiously forward, watching my opportunity, as the nearest paced back and forth, to cross his beat behind him.

"Don't fire on me—I am a deserter from the enemy!" I shouted. The next minute I found myself surrounded by a small squad of soldiers; and an officer, seizing me roughly by the arm, demanded the cause of the alarm. I hurriedly explained.

"What a—cowardly pack you rebels are!" he exclaimed. "A runaway tumbles down, and forthwith the whole camp gets under arms."

My blood boiled for a severe retort, but I simply said: "I have left the cowardly pack, and do not wish to be considered a rebel."

An hour or two after, I was conducted into the presence of a number of distinguished officers, all of whom were splendidly dressed. They were seated around a table covered with maps, drawings and papers. One, from his stern, haughty bearing, and his post of honor at the head of the table, I believed to be Lord Cornwallis himself.

"Well, fellow," he said, eyeing me sternly, "you are a deserter from the cursed rebel nest?"

"So please your lordship." "Umph! how know you it is my lordship?"

"I fancy I perceive the stamp of nobility in your features."

"A shrewd knave!" he rejoined, but evidently not displeased. "Well, why did you desert?"

"I thought I could do better than work in the trenches so near the royal lines."

"Do you wish to enlist in our ranks?" "Not till this siege is over, so please your lordship."

"What is the reported number of the whole rebel force now before the town?"

"I have heard it estimated at sixteen thousand, your Lordship."

His lordship compressed his lips and frowned.

"I suppose Mr. Washington thinks he has me at last!" he said, with sullen anger, "but I will show him that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. If Clinton would only come with his reinforcements!" he added, thinking aloud. "What can detain him? But he will soon be here; and once out of this, I will cut the allied army to pieces and lay waste the whole country. Gods! if he were only here now!" and he struck the table with his fist. "How do our batteries tell on the rebels?" he suddenly demanded of me.

"It was with a degree of satisfaction I could scarcely conceal that I replied:

"They have done but little damage so far, your lordship—the intrenchments save the men."

"But the rebels do not reply to us!" he said, with a frown.

"They will shortly your lordship. Their great guns and mortars have arrived, and are rapidly being mounted and put in position."

"And do they really think they can compel us to surrender?"

"They are just fools enough to think so, your lordship."

"After a few more questions, his lordship waved his hand, and I was led away.

An hour later, a severe cannonade opened on our whole line of trenches and redoubts, and was continued all night and the next day. Being now at liberty to go where I pleased, I went through the streets of the town, mingled with the soldiery, and ascertained that the prevailing feeling was heavy gloom, deep mortification, and bitter hatred of the rebels. The most sanguine felt that without some unforeseen good fortune their doom was sealed.

"The night following my desertion, the American guns opened on the devoted town, and from that time for a week, ball and

boom came crashing in among us, doing the most terrible execution. Houses were completely riddled, and men were killed standing, sitting and lying—in every possible position, and at every possible occupation. A mounted officer, while turning in his saddle to give some orders to his men, was struck on the head with a shell descending vertically, and as it came down through the horse it exploded, and tore both rider and beast into a thousand pieces, at the same time wounding several others.

"The British fought bravely, and with desperation, and there was an incessant thunder of cannons and mortars night and day. The most sublime scene was in the night, when a hundred constant flashes could be seen below, and the heavens above were bright with meteoric shells crossing each other's paths, and coming down in a fiery shower at every point. One night a red-hot ball set fire to the Charon, a forty-four gun ship, stationed in the river, and all were consumed together, presenting a spectacle of gloomy magnificence I shall never forget.

"I have only mentioned what I saw, but no description could do justice to the awful scene of destruction on every hand. Toward the last the allies had a hundred batteries in constant play, while those of the British, one by one, were steadily becoming silenced. At last it became known that Cornwallis had resolved on the desperate measure of crossing the river in the night to Gloucester with the main body of his army, with the intention of cutting to pieces the French troops stationed there in opposition to Tarleton, and then mounting their horses, and such others as they might be able to seize, and attempting to reach New York by land, leaving his sick and wounded to the mercy of the allies. This I thought a matter of importance to our commander-in-chief, and watching my opportunity, I made my escape, at considerable peril, to the American line, and conveyed the news to General Washington, who again thanked me for my country, and prepared to act on the information.

"Lord Cornwallis actually did make the attempt to escape in this manner, but a sudden storm defeated his plan—the boats instead of crossing, were driven down the river and nearly lost—and the next day he was forced to the humiliation of sending a flag to the despised rebels, to negotiate the terms of that surrender which marks so bright an epoch in the history of our country.

"A few words from my captain restored me in triumph to my comrades, and I had the proud satisfaction of being present when the whole British army marched out in silence, with colors cased and laid down their arms at the feet of their conquerors—a sullen, angry, but humbled body of prisoners of war."

A Singular Case of Mistaken Identity.

ONE morning in 1861 a New Jersey wharfman complained to his employer that a barrel of pitch had been stolen from the pier. The same morning the clerk of a New York hotel complained to his proprietor that Mrs. Ida Ricard—once well-known in Cincinnati under another name—a woman of marvelous beauty of form and no small charm of feature, but sensuous as Lola Montez, and as frail of character—had suddenly and inexplicably left without paying her bill. The next day there was found floating in the North river a barrel of pitch, and tied to it by a rope around the waist was the corpse of a most beautiful woman, clothed only in a night dress and a pair of stockings. A gag fastened in the mouth was the only mark of violence, but that was sufficient evidence of murder. The form was of wonderful beauty—such voluptuous beauty as must have served for the model to Titian's Venus. It was noticed, though the stockings were almost too large for the feet. Upon one of the lower limbs was the cicatrice of an old wound.

The body was interred without recognition, but the head was preserved. A few days after, a gentleman intimately acquainted with Ada Ricard, recognized the face as hers without the shadow of a doubt. The police then interviewed her quasi husband Charles Ricard, cautiously concealing from him her supposed death. He freely entered into a description of her history and person, spoke with pride of her being obliged to wear stockings too large for her feet, in order to fit the well-rounded limb, mentioned the mark an old wound and its position, regretted the injury to her beautiful teeth by the loss of one on the left side, and laughed at her having worn ear-rings so heavy as to cut her ears and necessitate a second piercing very high up. The stockings, the wound, the lost tooth, and the marks on the ears coincided perfectly with the corpse. Ricard was then shown the preserved head, and fell back in utter horror of sudden recognition. The mystery was solved—but only for a day. Of a sudden, Ada Ricard, as beautiful as ever, returned from a month's wandering at New Orleans among the soldiers. No further discoveries have ever been made.

A Western girl who has been well brought up, knocks down every man that kisses her, and she is so pretty that half the married and all the single men in town have black eyes.

SUNDAY READING. GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight The rain from the dripping eaves, And stirs with a tremendous rustle The dead and dying leaves;

They call and they answer each other— They answer and mingle again— As the deep and the shrill in the anthem Make harmony still in their strain—

The shadows, the firelight of even, The sound of the rain's distant chime, Come bringing with rain softly dropping, Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings, To take all its wanderers home, Or, afar in the regions of fancy, Delights on swift pinions to roam,

But should they be absent this evening, Should even the household depart— Deserted, I should not be lonely, There still would be guests in my heart.

With those who have left far behind them The joys and the sorrows of time— Who sing the sweet songs of the angels In a purer and holier clime!

SLURS ON WOMEN.

At a recent dinner in New York, at which no ladies were present, a man in responding to the toast—"Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex—exclaiming that the best of them were little better than the worst—the chief difference being in their surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman rose and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters not ours."

The effect of this just and timely rebuke was overwhelming; and the maligner of woman was covered with shame and confusion.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words on the subject.

Of all the evils prevalent among men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effect than the tendency to speak slightly of the morals of woman. Nor is their anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as in the estimate they form of the integrity of woman—not their own mothers and sisters thank God, but of others whom they forget are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends on their faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of women.

Here is an anecdote told by one minister about another. A certain presiding elder, who was noted for being seldom up to the time, seldom very animated, and seldom very brief, once kept a congregation waiting a long time for his appearance, and when at last he did come he preached them a very prosy sermon of unusual length, on the text, "Feed my lambs." He had not yet finished when that original old minister known as "Camp-meeting John," rose from a seat in the congregation, and said: "Brother, I have some experience in raising lambs myself, and I have found that the following rules are absolutely essential to successful lamb-raising; First, give them their food in season; second, give them a little at a time; and third give it to them warm."

God's Work Must be Done.

A missionary in the West Indies, having called on the colored people for a little help in spreading the gospel, a negro with a wooden leg came forward, and pulling from one pocket a parcel of silver, said, "That's for me massa;" and another parcel from another pocket, "That's for my wife, massa;" and another still (in all thirteen dollars,) "That's for my child massa."

When asked by the missionary if he was not giving too much he said, "God's work must be done, massa, and I may be dead."

Boys, girls, let us do and let us give what we can; for "God's work must be done, and we may be dead."

A Jewish hotel has been established in Boston, where Israelites can find food cooked after the fashion prescribed by their religion.