

Bloomfield Academy!

An English and Classical School
FOR
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

THE WINTER SESSION of this Institution commenced December 5th. The course of study embraces Latin, Greek, English Branches, Mathematics, Natural Science, &c., and is designed to furnish a thorough English Education, or a complete Preparation for a College Course.
Vacations:—July and August, and one week at Christmas.
Terms:—For Boarding, Furnished Room, Washing, Tuition in Latin, Greek, English Branches and Mathematics, for the academic year, except board in vacations.—\$200.00.
The Boarding Department is at the Institution, under the supervision of William Grier, Esq., by whom good and substantial board will be furnished; and the pupils will be under the strict care of the Principal.
Address:—
T. A. SWEELY, A. B., Principal,
or
WILLIAM GRIER,
5111
[New Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.]

New Stage Line
BETWEEN
BLOOMFIELD AND NEWPORT!
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE subscriber is now running a hack between Bloomfield and Newport, leaving Bloomfield at 9 a. m., arriving at Newport in time to connect with the Express train East.
Returning, leaves Newport at 2.30 p. m., or on the arrival of the Mail train West.
He has also opened a LIVERY in the Stables belonging to Blin-Smith's Hotel, where he is prepared to furnish horses and buggies at moderate prices.
AMOS ROBINSON.

NEW STORE!
CHEAP GOODS!

THE subscriber having opened a new Store, one door East of Sweger's Hotel, solicits a share of the public patronage. He has just received a full supply of

New Goods,
and will constantly keep on hand, a complete assortment of
DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS.
And Everything else usually kept in Stores.
Call and see my stock.
ROBT. N. WILLIS,
312
New Bloomfield, Pa.

New Carriage Manufactory,
ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order

Carriages
Of every description, out of the best material.

Sleighs of every Style,
built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.

Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.
SAMUEL SMITH.
314

JAMES B. CLARK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.
New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.

KEEPS constantly on hand every article usually kept in a first-class establishment.

All the latest styles and most improved
Parlor and Kitchen Stoves,
TO BURN EITHER COAL OR WOOD!

Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock. 31

BELLS. (ESTABLISHED IN 1837.)
BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY!

CHURCH, Academy, Factory, Farm, Fire-Alarm Bells, &c., &c., made of
PURE BELL METAL.

(Copper and Tin.) warranted in quality, long durability, &c., and mounted with our Patent IMPROVED ROTATING HANGINGS. Illustrated Catalogues sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT,
Nos. 102 and 104 E. 2nd St.,
41101ypd CINCINNATI, O.

Poetical Selections.

For The Bloomfield Times.
'Tis the Heart that Makes the Home.

ANONYMOUS.

YOU praise the homes of England, and your earnest glance is bent
On a cottage that you deem to be the cottage of content;
Around the porch how lovingly the rich, red roses cling,
How sweetly 'mid the orchard trees, the birds in concert sing.
You picture the fond husband, and the fair and gentle wife,
But do you boast a magic glass to view their inner life?
If storms of angry strife assail that scene of light and bloom,
Vain is its sylvan beauty—'tis the heart that makes the Home.

As we journey on our way, the air blows fresh and free,
You goodly dwelling looks upon the deep and boundless sea:
Well must its owners love you say, the votive waves to greet,
That east bright sea weeds and gay shells as tributes at their feet:
But, have they gifts of purer kind, of nobler, better worth?
Does true affection, bring its stores to cheer the social hearth?
If not, their eyes in languor o'er the wondrous sea may roam,
Unheeded of its glory—'tis the heart that makes the Home.

The owners of that stately hall, that now attracts your sight,
Are welcoming a courtly throng within their walls to-night;
'Tis but a fair dissolving view that morn will soon dispel,
Yes, soon the music will be hushed, the guests will say farewell:
Then, when the household group remains, 'mid dying lamps and flowers,
Will they, with fevered restlessness, recall those festal hours,
Each, reading in the other's eyes a tale of weary gloom,
If so, their gold is worthless—'tis the heart that makes the Home.

Come, I will show you happy homes amid the city's din,
Discord and strife may reign without, but love abides within;
They are not graced with works of art, rare flowers, and warbling birds,
Yet, they are rich in pleasant thoughts, kind smiles and gentle words;
Perchance their inmates may depart, another home to find,
Yet, will they cast no longing glance on that they leave behind;
The tranquil spirit of content, they feel will surely come
To cheer their future dwelling—'tis the heart that makes the home.

Our home below should typify the home we seek above;
How shall we gain the blessing? We are told that "God is love,"
Each to the humblest dwelling-place, the graces may impart
Of a pure and lowly spirit, of a true and tender heart,
Forbearance, kindness, patience, trust, these—these shall prove our stay
When youth declines, when pleasure falls, when riches pass away,
And though, beyond our calm abode, we gaze on mists and gloom,
Sweet peace shall shine within it—'tis the heart that makes the Home.

AN ILLINOIS INVALID.

"TELL you, sir, that truth is stranger than fiction."

"Yes?" said I, with a studied effort to play the agreeable to the new comer.
We were sitting at a plain but well-spread table in the kitchen of a Western farm-house. Everything was on a generous scale, from the rolling prairie with its billowy reaches, down to the hay-stacks and the big wood-pile near the door. Within the house the same ample greeting was prominent. Hence we were in excellent spirits as we sat down to the smoking hot supper. Mr. Felderkin with his two boys waited for no ceremony, and I followed their example in blunting my keen appetite with savory morsels. Two buxom daughters were bustling around the kitchen and replenishing the table, while their vigorous mother, with hospitality shining all over her red face, was watching with care, lest we should for a moment see the bottom of cup or plate.
We had nearly eaten our way through to victory, and some of us had rushed back to rest on our laurels and to ogle the damsels, when the door opened, and in stepped a man of medium stature, red cheeks, long reddish hair, intelligent face and about 45 years of age.

"How are you, David?" said our host, and turning to me, exclaimed in his hearty tones. "Stranger, this are Mr. Spencer, the sickest man that God ever

made. Now, Dave, tell the yankee some of your great moral truths."

Thus introduced and challenged, Spencer gazed solemnly into my face, and, seeing expectation there depicted, he uttered the original phrase with which this sketch begins. I had been so often quizzed, as a youth from New England, that I hardly knew what to expect, and therefore waited for Spencer to proceed.

At this stage, Mrs. F., in the kindness of her heart, poured out a bowl of milk and offered to the new comer. He took it in silence, swallowed it at a single gulp, set down the crockery with a slam, and sinking into a chair, appeared to be gripped with a terrible pain. "Perhaps you would rather have had water," said the hostess timidly. "Well marm, drinking milk is about like taking pills to me, but it's no consequence, now its down," replied the gloomy man.

Thinking to relieve the good lady's confusion I asked Mr. Spencer if he had recently been ill. Had my query been a patent corkscrew, and Mr. Spencer a resistless bottle of champagne, the explosion could not have been more immediate. "Ill, sir! ill! That little word is too short, sir. Ill! You see nothing, sir, but my remains. I have been David Spencer. Now, sir, I may say, without intending disrespect to my wife, I am the relic of the late D. S. Let me give you, stranger, in a few words, a sketch of my troubles.

"My lungs are badly cut up. One of them is clear gone—collapsed, the doctor says—shrivelled up like a blacksmith's apron. The other one looks better, but doesn't amount to much. Have often bled a quart at once, and thought it not worth mentioning. I take a long breath now and then, and have an awful time, bloating up like a toad.

"But that isn't the worst. My liver plagues me with an old trick. It turns inside out and wanders over my system. I suppose stranger, that the greater part of my liver is inside of those boots," thrusting out his two cowhides from under the table.

"But I have another curious disease. Some of the doctors say it's paralysis, but one medicine man calls it intermittent lock jaw, and I reckon he's right. It just grabs me and shuts me right up all over. Can't stir a muscle; teeth all locked together like a rat-trap; can't talk or wink my left eye. All my conversation is done with my right eye, and I tell you, stranger, it gets powerfully tired. The fit often lasts two or three weeks, and it takes away all my appetite, for I have to be fed with a squirt-gun just behind my eye tooth.

"You look as if you wanted to laugh, Mister, but them as takes care of me in those spells don't laugh much, I tell you. They don't reckon that I make it any joke for them.

"But I wouldn't mind these things if it wasn't for the slipping of my spinal cord. It gives me no warning; but the first thing I know it gives away and pitches me right over, head first, into whatever lies in front. Now, one day last spring, just as I was getting over the lock jaw, I rode out on the prairie across by the sloo, and I saw a big stone in the road, and got out to push it over. Then I went to the sloo to wash my hands. As I bent forward, my shaky old spine let right go, and I dove head first into the mud, and there I stuck, head under and feet thrashing on the bank. I had to stay there till one of my men, passing by, took me by the heel and pulled me out."

"How long should you think you were under water, Mr. Spencer?" asked one of the Felderkin boys.

"Really, I couldn't say exactly, as I couldn't really get at my watch, but it was nigh on to a half an hour, and I will confess, gentlemen, that I never was so hard put to it for breath in my life."

"But, Mr. Spencer don't you take any medicine for your troubles?"

"Medicine! Oh, yes! Why, sir, I've taken in one dose a hunk of blue pill as big as a baby's fist, and I've swallowed a whole apothecary shop except the bottles and corks. And I tried hydropathy; went to a Chicago doctor and got a prescription for boiling water so it wouldn't scald me; filled a half hoghead and got in; was scrubbed and rubbed, and scraped with an old iron candlestick to open my pores. Then I got to bed, and presently I began to sweat. I sweat through the feather bed, and through the straw bed, and through the sacking, down on to the floor of the room in a stream to the door-sill, and out through a crack under the door into the street. Said

I to Hannah, (that's my wife,) 'Hannah, I can't stand this; I won't be drowned in my own bed.' So I got up and dressed me, and put on my hat to go out. It was a cold day in January. As I opened the door I noticed the rain-drops falling fast on my clothes. Said I, 'Hannah, what a sudden shower!' 'Why, husband, it don't rain,' she said. Gentlemen, it was nothing but the perspiration streaming off my forehead!

How They Dined.

SHORTLY after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he inclosed his grounds with a high board fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman, so that none of the elite of the officers of the neighboring garrison were permitted to pass his gates. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British officers at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, and was always getting into mischief.

One day this chap took a small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over the Canada shore to have a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow within the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the fence and brought down his game. The Colonel witnessed the transaction, and advanced while the soldier was reloading. He was very angry but seeing the Yankee standing with a loaded gun in his hands he gulped down his anger for a moment and merely asked him if he had killed the crow.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By the way, that is a very pretty gun; will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with his request. The other took the gun and stepped back a few paces, and then broke into a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow or he would blow his brains out.

The soldier explained, apologized and entreated. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and sternly repeated his command.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it, and the stuttering soldier stooped down and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast, and it appeared as if he would throw up his toe-nails. The Englishman gloated over the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave.—When he got through vomiting and wiping his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun, with the remark: "Now, rascal that will teach you how to pouch on a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Expostulations, prayers and entreaties were useless. There was shoot in Yankee's eye then. There was no help at hand and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinner he had lately eaten on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in the agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore. The next morning the commander of Niagara was sitting in his quarters, and Col. —, was announced "Sir," said he, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who you mean," said the officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stoop shouldered, stuttering devil.

"Ah, I know who you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into trouble. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few minutes Tom entered, and stood straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes sir,"
"Where did you see him before?"
"I d-d-dined with him yesterday."

It is needless to say that the joke was against the Englishman, and that Tom escaped punishment.

SUNDAY READING.

It Never Dries Up.

I WAS staying at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well. Not a single house had a pump. At all hours of the day, but chiefly before breakfast and before tea-time, little feet and great, often unshod, but very active, might be seen passing along a narrow lane, with every kind of pitcher, kettle, and can, to a fresh-water well. Not a very trust-worthy friend, after all, was the 'village-well.'

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired,
"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And if the spring dries up?"
"Why then we go to the well higher up—the best water of all!"

"But if the well higher up fails?"
"Why, ma'am that well never dries up—never. It is always the same summer and winter."

"I went to see this precious well which 'never dries up.' The water was clear and sparkling, coming down from the high hills—not with torrent leap and roar, but with the steady flow and soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway-side. It was within reach of every child's little pitcher. The small birds came down thither to drink. The ewes and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way (as I could see by their tracks) to the well that 'never dries up.'

It reminded me of the water of life and salvation flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within reach of all men by the Gospel of Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Let us all hasten with hearts athirst to the heavenly well "which never dries up."

Good Nature at Home

No trait of character is more valuable in a wife than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it.—It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a sweet disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of the whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling here. Study then to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold. It captivates more than beauty, and to the end of life retains all its freshness and power.

The Idle Man.

The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of everyday life. He stands in our path and we push him contemptuously aside. He is no advantage to any one. He annoys busy men. He makes them unhappy. He is a cipher in society. He may have an income to support him in idleness or he may sponge on his good natured friends. But in either case he is despised.

Young men, form habits of industry; do something in this busy, wide awake world. Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread. This is a good one, and the bread is sweet. Do not be idle. Minutes are so precious to be squandered thoughtlessly.

Whitefield produced great effect upon his hearers on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed to the eye as well as to the ear. "You seem to think salvation an easy matter. Oh! just as easy as for me to catch that insect passing by me." He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment, and opened his hand,— "But I have missed it!"

REPENT NOW.—Rabbi Eliezer said to his disciples: "Turn to God one day before your death." "But how can a man," replied they, "know the day of his death?" "True," said Eliezer; "therefore you should turn to God to-day perhaps you may die to-morrow. The every day will be spent in returning."