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RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA BEST OF THE STOMACH

DR. FITTLER'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP  
A QUANTITY TO CURE GUARANTEED  
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\$500 REWARD offered to the Proprietors of any Medicine for Rheumatism and Neuralgia able to produce one-fourth as many genuine living cures made within the same length of time as Dr. Fittler's Vegetable Rheumatic Remedy.

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Suited to the Season,  
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A Family Secret.

CONCLUDED.

"WELL; is that all?" repeated the astonished man; leaping to his feet. "Pray, sir, isn't that enough?"

"No, sir, it isn't;" rejoined the other. "Your story is false. The property was duly delivered to my sister and myself, and we have the deed of it. My father was perfectly honorable. And now you wretched vagabond, I'll take your case into my own hands. If my father is afraid to turn you out of the house; I am not. I warn you not to let me put eyes on you in his house again; if you do you must suffer the consequences. I warn you further to leave this town within twenty-four hours, or I'll make it hot for you. And I advise you now to show me your greatest amount of speed in getting out of this office, and if it is not fast enough to satisfy me, I am in the mode to accelerate it. Start now!"

Bewildered as he was, the impudent lecturer was not too much so, to act at once upon the latter advice. He was in the street before he knew it; and walked without knowing whither until he came to a hotel, into which he stepped, threw himself into a seat and began to collect his thoughts.

He was not the man to be long in doing this, and he made a plan very quick. He did not dare to go near Mr. Lawton's for fear of meeting George; so he wrote a note explaining his situation, and warning Mr. Lawton to keep his son in check, or developments would be made at once. Having despatched the note he sat down to think over the matter calmly, saying to himself: "How could I have been so deceived in that matter! It's unaccountable, but can't be helped! I should feel rather disappointed if I did not know my other information to be correct. Ah, ha! I hold that over the whole of them. My time will come yet."

Upon receiving the note Mr. Lawton went immediately to his son's office, and George repeated his experience with Mr. Stuart with considerable indignation. His father listened quietly and then said:

"I have also a story to tell, George, which I ought to have confessed long ago; but it is not too late now, and I hope in season to make restitution."

Mr. Lawton then related to his astonished son the history of the disowned daughter, in substance the same as Mr. Stuart had said, and he continued:

"It is all true, George; I have done very wrong in this matter; but how this man Stuart knows of it all, I cannot imagine; we must take steps at once and prevent him doing mischief, and do what is right by the poor woman. I have long since repented of my unjust, wicked action; but the load is off my conscience now, and I will see justice done if it takes every cent I possess, and I have to go to the poor-house in her place. What is the first step to take?"

George was very thoughtful for some time. At length he said:

"This can all be made right. I think I can see the way clear through it all. Let us first go together at once and see the woman."

As they went neither spoke a word. George was busy with thinking how to manage Mr. Stuart, and so save the credit of his family. He reasoned that the man had, in some unaccountable way, got hold of these stories, and was intending to extort money to keep quiet; but the lawyer quickly saw that this could be kept up indefinitely, unless some means was found at once to circumvent him. Pondering this in his mind, they arrived at the alma-house.

The object of their visit was made known, and they were admitted into the presence of the unfortunate woman. After her divorce, while living among strangers, she had adopted the name of Mrs. Crayton, and was known by it here. In her younger days she must have been possessed of more than ordinary beauty; and notwithstanding her careworn face, unmistakable traces of it still remained. She was a small woman, barely up to the medium height, and her form was shrunken from sorrow and suffering. Thick, heavy hair, still fell about her shoulders, and although her appearance was very singular, it was calculated to inspire pity.

She knew Mr. Lawton, and at once turned away from him; but he went up to her gently, and said:

"Mrs. Crayton, I have come to do you justice, and to ask you to forgive, as far as you can, my wicked course."

"You expect to impose still further upon the crazy woman, I suppose. What is it now?" inquired the woman, in a sarcastic tone.

"My poor woman, do not say that. Try and be reasonable with me, now. I am willing to make amends for my false representations as to your soundness of mind. You have been greatly wronged in many ways. I ask you to leave this place, and come to my house, where the property left you by your father who forgave you before he died, shall be restored to you."

"Oh, do I dream?" exclaimed the poor woman, clasping her hands over her head. "No; I guess not!" exclaimed a sneering, yet wavering voice; and every one

turned about and met the small, piercing eyes of Mr. Stuart, peeping in at the door. The woman started, looked at him in an instant, and then with a loud cry: "Reuben why are you here?" she sank almost insensible to the floor.

At the sound of that cry, Mr. Stuart jumped as if he had been struck. He pressed both hands to his head, his eyes started wildly, and he gasped for breath. Mr. Lawton and his son looked at him in amazement; and well they might. The man was no longer the same; the expression of his face had entirely changed; its hard, contemptuous look had given place to one of extreme mildness, and the cold keenness of the eyes had been changed to a gentle gaze. But he was in a state of the most utter bewilderment. He looked about him and said:

"Where am I? What is this place?"

The two gentlemen in turn were as much bewildered, and thought the man insane, so the superintendent was summoned. Mr. Stuart continued to ask questions, and was beginning to grow quite wild, seeming possessed all the time to get near Mrs. Crayton; but he was held back, and a physician called in quickly. A long and careful examination was made upon the strange patient. He seemed to recognize no one about him; never remembered having seen Mr. Lawton before; did not know where he then was or how he came there. He made inquiries for unknown persons, and kept repeatedly asking to be allowed to speak to his wife. When asked who his wife was he pointed to the room where he had seen Mrs. Crayton.

The physician at length expressed his opinion, which was: That, for an unknown space of time, Mr. Stuart had been out of his right mind, from some cause also unknown; that the spell under which he had been, had been suddenly broken by some agency with which he had not come in contact during the time of his insanity. That agency seemed to be Mrs. Crayton, whom he affirmed to be his divorced wife, and whose scream of recognition had recalled him to himself.

The woman upon being questioned admitted that she was once her husband, and that the last time she had seen him was in the court-room years before, when the divorce was granted, at which time his whole manner and appearance seemed to change at once, so that many questioned whether he was not mad.

The case was explained to Mr. Stuart, and he was assured of the kind by feeling of all toward him. He slowly recovered his self-possession, but was like a stranger in a strange land. The very last thing he remembered was being in the court-room, and it seemed but a moment ago that he was there; all the intervening time was a blank.

A week later the scene at Mr. Lawton's house was a very interesting one. Mr. Stuart was still there, but how changed! He was almost the reverse of what he had been before—tidy in personal appearance, good-natured and gentle, with a winning smile and pleasant voice. One would not have known him. Mrs. Crayton, too, had changed. And what a pretty woman she was! The light had come back to her eye, the rose to her cheeks, and years seemed to have rolled from her brow during one short week. She was now standing with her arm resting on her former husband, and both having promised to forgive and forget, and to live happily in the future, were about to be re-united in marriage.

The whole story soon leaked out as such stories will, and great was the sensation made thereby. The lecturer was forgiven when the circumstances were made known, and his lecture no longer treasured up against him.

All the family kept the secret of Mr. Lawton's wrong-doings to themselves; and although the alma-house superintendent suspected something wrong, yet he could never get hold of any facts to prove it, and so said nothing. But Mr. Lawton had learned a lesson, which he never forgot, and he tried to atone in many ways during his life. He could not but reflect upon the strange freak of the crazy man, and how very much he had said in his lecture which was true, which applied to himself, although probably not one in the hall at the time suspected it. And he reasoned with himself:

"How far can this apply to others? How little we know of men and their inner lives! How little we dream of the way some of our respected men have made their money, and how little we realize their unhappiness in its possession, because of the anxiety which continually haunts them, lest discovery overtake and ruin them!"

Thus ends this narrative. It only remains to say that at last accounts Ella Jarvis was making frantic efforts to have everything ready for her wedding-day, which was near at hand. George Lawton had a bride he might well be proud of, and he richly deserved her. Miss Flora still went along in her old way, very disdainful of everything and every body, except a few special friends, and as she did not propose to make an "ordinary match," or marry any "common" man, the prospects were excellent for her to live on in single blessedness, and see her friends gradually leave her, one after another, for happy homes of their own.

His Own Detective.

OLD Jacob Britzer kept the village store in Bucksport. We say the village store because it was the largest, and, in fact the only store of any consequence in the place. Like all country store keepers, Jacob kept for sale dry and moist goods of every description, and both village and suburban gossips made his place their centre and tilting ground. To this the trader did not object, because he was himself of a social turn, and because these hangers on were all customers. Occasionally Jacob missed certain articles from his shelves and counters which he knew had not been sold, and he could only imagine that they had been stolen. This thing continued for more than a year, and Britzer with all his watching, was unable to detect the thief. There were several whom he deemed capable of the deed, but he could not fix the crime upon either of them.

At length, on Monday morning, Jacob Britzer entered his store; and upon removing the heavy wooden shutters from the windows he discovered that the large glass-top show case, near the main entrance, had been robbed of nearly all its contents. At least three hundred dollars' worth of fancy goods had been stolen—a large amount for the country store keeper to lose. Jacob had locked up his store on Saturday night, and had not visited it since until now, nor had the keys been out of his keeping. For a brief space he was thunder struck—then, for another brief space, he collected his thoughts, and reflected. His course of action was resolved upon. His first decided movement was to lock the door by which he had entered and draw the curtains over the windows. Next he replenished the show-case from a fresh stock he chanced to have on hand, making it look as neatly as it looked on Saturday evening that not even his clerk was likely to detect any change. Thus the matter, so far as he, and his store were concerned, was locked in his own breast, and so he meant to keep it. Having ascertained that the thief had gained entrance by a rear cellar window, and having so covered the tracks of the guilty—one that his clerk would not observe them, he opened his store, and prepared for business. Half an hour later the clerk came, and detected nothing out of the way. (This clerk we may remark was Jacob's own son.)

The day passed—customers came and went as usual—the gossips chatted over their beer and cheese, while old Jacob was attentive and affable, never betraying by words or sign that anything had happened amiss. In the evening Peter Hawks came in. This Peter Hawks was a farmer, owning quite a place near the outskirts of the village, who had of late been leading a life rather aimless and thriftless. It had been Peter's custom to spend a good part of the day in the store, but on Monday he had not put in an appearance until after tea; and even when he did come he failed to talk with his usual volubility, but remained for the most part silent, watching what others had to say.

At length the hour grew late, and one by one the gossips dropped away until Peter was left alone by Jacob and his son. The solitary customer arose from his chair and after a little nervous hesitation he approached the storekeeper with—

"Ah, Jacob, that was quite a loss you met with. Have you any idea who did it?"

"Who did what?" asked Jacob, dropping the piece of cloth which he was folding and looking up.

"Who robbed your show-case last night?"

"Yes," answered Jacob, with stern promptness—"I know exactly who did it!"

"Eh, who?"

"You did it?"

"Me!" gasped Peter, quiveringly.

"Aye—you did it. I know you did it; and thus far the secret is entirely between you and me. You are the only other living man besides myself who knows that I have been robbed at all!"

And then Jacob went on to explain to his customer how he had managed to detect the thief. Peter Hawks was forced to own up; and in consideration of his returning the goods last stolen, and paying for those stolen on previous occasions, and also promising to steal no more, he was let off. But he did not remain much longer in Bucksport. Having settled with Jacob Britzer, he made all haste to sell his farm and remove to parts where his shortcomings were not known.

A Green Bay (Mich.) clerk, who had a mind for logic applied it to a farmer with advantage, thus: Farmer—"Got any cow bells?" Clerk—"Yes; stop this way." Farmer—"Those are too small; haven't you any larger?" Clerk—"No sir; the large ones are all sold." Rusticus started off and got as far as the door when the clerk called him back. "Look here, stranger; take one of these small bells for your cow and you won't have half the trouble in finding her, for when you hear her bell you will know that she can't be far off." The logic was irresistible, and the farmer bought the bell.

Good expands and wars with evil all over the earth, first to contract and imprison, and finally to destroy it.

SUNDAY READING.

**On Marriage—To the Young Men.**

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show-goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But Oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, so pure, and so kind, and so womanly! When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were really women! If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million. She will not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, though vulgar magnificence frowns on her economy. She will keep everything neat and nice in your sky-parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how little happiness depends on money! She will make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now do not, I pray you, say, any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go find the true woman, and you can! Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

How far we See.

Herschel was of the opinion that with the telescope he used in those researches in the heavens, which immortalized his name in the annals of science, he could penetrate four hundred and ninety-seven times further than Sirius, assumed to be so far distant that the sun is near at hand in comparison. While exploring with that instrument, 116,000 stars fitted by the object glass in a quarter of an hour, that subtended only an angle of 15 degrees. So all the worlds are moving rapidly in space.—Reckoning from the limited zone thus inspected, the whole celestial region could be examined by giving time enough to the enterprise; and, judging from a few sections only within the scope of assisted vision, more than 5,000,000 of fixed stars might be reasonably supposed to be recognizable, and could be seen with modern improved instruments. But more are beyond, and when Mr. Clark, the self-made astronomer of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the most progressive telescope manufacturer known to scientists, has completed his great work, far more amazing discoveries will probably be made in the firmament.

What a blessed day is Sunday to the weary man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week, who is off in the morning while the little eyes are still closed in slumber, not back at night till they are again sealed in sleep! What would he know of the very children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed, breathing respite of Sunday? What honest workingman's child will ever forget this day, when, clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb papa's knee, and hang about his neck, and tell him the news which goes to make up his narrow little world? Narrow, did we say? We recall the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity. Sunday for the workingman's children! So would we have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, home influences, when the little band, quite complete shall rest from labor, and love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

A Mother's Influence.

A man finds he cannot make his way in the world without honesty and industry; so that, although his father's example may do much, he has to depend upon his own exertions; he must work, he must be honest, or he cannot attain to any enviable rank. But the tender soothings of a mother, her sympathy, her devotedness, her forgiving temper—all this sinks deep in a child's heart; and let him wander ever so wide, let him err, or let him lead a life of virtue, the remembrance of all this comes like a holy calm over his heart, and he weeps that he has offended her, or he rejoices that he has listened to her disinterested, gentle admonition.

When the brethren of Joseph had cast him into the pit, they beheld a company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead, "with their camels bearing spices, and balm, and myrrh, going down to Egypt." To-day the caravans of Syria do the same thing, travel the same road, carry the same articles of trade, and their sharp-eyed leaders are as ready for a bargain, whether in a precious stone or a slave-boy. Odd enough it is too, how cheaply across the desert freight is borne. A camel load is about 700 pounds avoirdupois, and is taken from Bagdad to Aleppo, a distance of six hundred miles, for twenty dollars in gold.

At the Troy Conference session at Saratoga, Rev. Dr. Wentworth gave a reason why the Baptist Church is like a beaver's hut: "There is only one entrance to it, and that is under water!"

The mother's yearning, that completest type of the life in an other life which is the essence of real human love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in the base, degraded man.