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New Millinery Goods
At Newport, Pa.

I BEG to inform the public that I have just returned from Philadelphia, with a full assortment of the latest styles of

MILLINERY GOODS,
HATS AND BONNETS,
RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS,
FEATHERS,
CHIGNONS,
LACE CAPES,
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And all articles usually found in a first-class Millinery Establishment. All orders promptly attended to. We will sell all goods as cheap as can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as I get the latest fashions from New York every month. Gofering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE ICKES,
Cherry Street, near the Station,
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CARLISLE CARRIAGE FACTORY.

A. B. SHERK
has a large lot of second-hand work on hand, which he will sell cheap in order to make room for new work.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

He has, also, the best lot of
NEW WORK ON HAND.

You can always see different styles. The material is not in question any more, for it is the best used. If you want satisfaction in style, quality and price, go to this shop before purchasing elsewhere. There is no firm that has a better Trade, or sells more in Cumberland and Perry counties.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING
promptly attended to. Factory—Corner of South and Pitt Streets,
3 dp **CARLISLE, PA.**

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THE subscriber offers for Sale

THRASHING MACHINES, JACKS and HORSE-POWER.

With Tumbling Shaft, and Side-Gearing, Warranted to give satisfaction in speedy and perfect threshing, light draft and durability, on reasonable terms. Also

PLOUGHS
Of Superior Make.

CORN SHELLERS, KETTLES, STOVES, SCOOPS
AND ALL CASTINGS,
made at a country Foundry. Also,
A GOOD MILL SCREW,
in excellent order, for sale at a low rate.

I refer those wishing to buy to John Adams, Samuel Shuman, John Boden, Rosa Henel, at Ickesburg. Jacob Shoemaker & Son, Elliptsburg; Thomas Morrow, Loyalville; John Fieckinger, Jacob Fieckinger, Centre.
629 13
SAMUEL LIGGETT.
Ickesburg, May 14, 1872.

INSURE IN THE
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NEW YORK.

F. E. WINSTON, President.

The oldest and strongest Company in the United States. Assets over \$45,000,000 in cash.

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\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS.

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had but little loss during the past year, the annual assessment on Mutual Policy-holders will not exceed 50 per cent. on the usual one year cash rates, which would be equal to a dividend of 40 per cent. as calculated in Stock Companies, or a deduction of 2 per cent. on the notes below the usual assessment; and as the Company has over \$30,000 in premium notes, the whole amount credited to mutual policy-holders, over cash rates, will amount to \$4,000. Had the same policy-holders insured in a Stock Company, at the usual rate, they would have paid \$4,000 more than it has cost them in this Company. Yet some of our neighbor agents are running about crying Fraud! Fraud! and declare that a mutual company must fail. But they don't say how many stock companies are failing every year, or how many worthless stock companies are represented in Perry County to-day.

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break.

JAMES H. GRIER,
2541 See's of Penn's Central Insurance Co.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON,
Commission Merchants,
No. 3, SPEAR'S WHARF,
Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Answer to cross-word Enigma in last week's TIMES:—"Shakespeare."

ENIGMA.

I am a word composed of ten letters:—
My 7, 8, 9 and 4 is an animal.
My 5, 6 and 7 is an English title.
My 3, 6, 10, 5 and 6 is a high crime.
My 1, 2, 6 and 7 is considered an ornament to a lady.
My 8, 6 and 3 is a part of the human body.
My 7, 5, 8 and 10 is a metal.
My 7, 8 and 10 is a term for youth.
My 9, 3, 4, 6, 5, 7 and 8 is much used in inclement weather.
My whole is a town in Maryland.

A VERY SUSPICIOUS LETTER.

HER name was Julia Gigzjig, and she was remarkably handsome—for a woman. Making due allowance for her sex, I think she was almost as beautiful as I am, although her mustache was a decided failure, and her shoulders—well, if you fancy the "polished marble" kind, such as poets rave about, why, you ought to see mine! Still, Julia had a very fair kind of a shoulder, considering her sex. The right one I refer to, for as to the left, that was about three inches too high. If you admire sloping shoulders, though, Julia's would have suited you admirably, for they *did* slope beautifully.

Miss Gigzjig's neck was not quite so swanlike as mine; still it was quite swany. Her complexion was good. Yes, I should say that her skin was nearly as white as milk, though it had an azure tint that I never could account for, except on the supposition that she used too much of Bartlett's Liquid Blueing in her washing-water. I have another idea, though, regarding that azure tint. It might have been caused by the reflection of her large and very brilliant blue eyes, for she had a pair of the bluest eyes that ever winked.

Julia's form was not quite so fine rounded as mine; but you must remember that she was a woman, and I don't believe I am. Her features were decidedly fine, and so was her hair, which was of a golden hue, and very luxuriant. In fact, taking Miss Gigzjig altogether (and you could not take her any other way), she was, as I remarked before, a very handsome woman considering her sex.

I was not alone in this opinion of Julia's physical charms. For instance, Billy Jagazz went so far as to declare that

"She was of all sweet perfectness
The faultless prototype."

But I don't think Billy really meant that. It was altogether too poetical to be true, and he knew it; but then, he was in love, and when a man is in love he don't care what he says in praise of his mistress, unless he's a real conscientious young man, just like George Washington and me.

Miss Julia Gigzjig was an only daughter. I suppose that was what made her feel so lonely. That was what made her hanker after my society, perhaps. Her father was a nice old gentleman, with a real nice jolly red nose, and he owned the nicest house in Yangtcheoo, and his wife was just the nicest old lady you ever saw.

I loved Julia. I loved her for fourteen years steady, and I love her still. It is a peculiarity of mine, that when I once get to loving a woman I can't stop. There are men, you know, that can.

I live in Yangtcheoo. My name is Tompkins Thompson, and I'm the best looking, most agreeable, and the richest young man in town. If you don't believe what I say about my personal beauty, just send for my photograph. Any young lady in Yangtcheoo will tell you how agreeable I am. As to my wealth I am worth between forty and fifty millions. It was left me by my father, who belonged to a "ring." As I have no very extravagant tastes, I generally manage to squeeze along on the interest of my money, without expending any of the principal.

Well, as I said before, I have loved Julia Gigzjig fourteen years. She knew that I loved her, for I told her so several times. One night I asked her if there was anything that could induce her to change her name.

"Tompkins," said she, gently lowering her left shoulder to conceal her emotion, "Tompkins, do you mean it?"

"Honor bright," said I. "The fact is, my dear, although I believe Gigzjig to be the most euphonious name that ever mortal bore, it's nothing but a darn bother to write it, for the g's will get mixed the best I can do. Now, if you could be induced to change it to Thompson, you would make me the happiest man Yangtcheoo ever held within its limits."

Quickly taking of her chignon, she laid her head down upon my bosom, and rolling her beautiful blue eyes into position, she said, in that sweet voice of hers, the melody of which has so often set my teeth on edge, "Ask pa."

Then I kissed her ruby lips, and pressed her one-sided form to my wildly-throbbing, finely-developed snowy bosom.

"O my darling!" I cried, "this is too much."

"Now, Tompkins," said Julia, "don't let out your emotions to any great extent

til you find out what the paternal G. has to say about this proposal of yours. Let us go to him together."

"Where is he—in the library?" I asked rising, and taking her hand in mine.

Perhaps you never noticed in your reading that "the stern parent" is always in the library when wanted by his daughter's lover? Well, he always is in works of fiction. But as this isn't a work of fiction, you won't be surprised to learn that Mr. Gigzjig didn't hang around the library a great deal, and on this particular evening he was smoking his pipe on the piazza.

Julia, having adjusted her chignon, we went out together, and I told the old gentleman just what troubled me. "Mr. Gigzjig," said I, "I love your daughter, and your daughter loves me. We have concluded that we would like to get married, if you are willing. I believe I'm a gentleman of good moral character, and my credit is good at the grocery store. I think I can make your daughter happy, if you'll only give me a chance to try. I can't offer her just such a home as I would like to at present, but perhaps we shall be just as happy in a cottage as we could be in a palace. I have not much to offer, I know. 'My heart and lute,' and a trifle of between forty and fifty millions of dollars 'is all the store' that I can conveniently bring at present, but as the poet says, 'poor and content is rich, and rich enough,' and I am content, or at best, I should be, if I could but call this darling one-sided creature mine."

I paused to breathe, and Mr. Gigzjig removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Tompkins," said he, "I rather like you, but you've got a rival in my affections and the said rival has only this minute left my presence. He asked me for my daughter's hand."

"But you didn't—"

"No, I didn't give him a decided answer. I told him if he would get into some respectable business, then, if he could show me that he was able to support a wife, why, perhaps I'd let him have Julia."

"And my rival's name?"

"Is Jagazz, familiarly called Billy. While he is only worth twenty millions, while you are worth forty, why, if Julia thinks she likes you well enough to marry you, why, jam me! if I stand between two loving hearts"

"O my father!" cried Julia, "canst thou doubt that I love him?" And she folded me in her brawny arms.

"Well, no, not after such a proof of your affection," answered the old gentleman. And without any more ado, he arose, and remarking confidentially, "Bless you, my children," went into the house, leaving Julia and I to bask in the light of each other's smiles, and to snicker over our good fortune.

Like the late John Q. Othello, of Venice (I saw him at the Boston Theatre the very night that he stabbed himself), I am "one not easily jealous," and yet, I must confess that I've always been somewhat jealous of William Henry Jagazz. I know Billy isn't one half so handsome as I am. He hasn't got my wavy midnight hair, nor my classical features. As for eyes—well, say what you will, a glass eye can't compete for beauty with such a pair of soul-melting orbs as I wear. And then Billy's eye has an infernal bad habit of rolling over and leaving nothing visible but the white, which plays the very deuce with his "killing glances." Any well regulated mind can easily understand how it must destroy the effect of the most soul-thrilling glances to have one's eye flop over! You have got to pop it out, and then pop it back again, and by that time your opportunity is lost. See how it is, don't you?

But women are strange creatures. They always marry just the men that you think they ought not to marry. I heard of a woman who married a man with only one leg, because, as she said, two-legged men were so common. Now, wasn't it quite as natural that my Julia should love Billy Jagazz because he had only one good eye? Women are fond of variety, and I must confess that it is rather monotonous having so many two-eyed men around. Don't you think so, gentle reader?

So you understand now, I hope, why I was jealous of William Henry. When I left Julia, that night, after having gained the old gentleman's consent to our union, you would naturally suppose that I was happy, but I wasn't. No, I thought of Bill, and I remembered that Mr. Gigzjig had said that he had an affection for him, and I remembered that Julia, although admitting that she loved me, had never said that she didn't love Billy more. You may think that I had little cause for jealousy, so far, at least; but you don't know women so well as I do. I think I'm pretty well acquainted with the sex, for you must remember that my mother was a woman.

Yes, I passed a miserable night thinking of William, and I remained pretty comfortably miserable all the next day. It's all very well for a woman to say that she loves you, but there is nothing satisfactory to me in such a declaration, unless the lady declares explicitly that she loves me better than she does any other man. This is a peculiarity of mine, although I assure

you that I'm not naturally inclined to be jealous—O no!

Loving Miss Gigzjig as I did, it was perfectly natural that I should endeavor to satisfy myself in regard to the exact state of her feelings for me. Consequently I called at her house the next evening, with a firm determination to have a perfect understanding with her.

When I reached the house I found that Julia was out. "Ha! out, eh? And perhaps at this very moment," thought I, "she is walking with William of the vitreous optic."

I turned away with a determination of seeking her through every street in Yangtcheoo. As I walked down the path toward the gate, my eye fell upon a piece of white paper lying right in the path before me. I picked it up. Great heavens! it was a letter, and—and could I believe my eyes? It was Julia's handwriting! and it commenced *Dear William!*

I read that letter. I don't remember now that I was at all curious as to its contents, but I did get interested in it, I will admit. That you may understand just how interesting it was, I give you a copy of it. Here it is:

"DEAR WILLIAM,—If you love me, come to me at once. Come, ere it be too late. It is as you feared. He loves me. He has asked my hand in marriage, and father has given his consent to our union. Nothing is left for us to do but to elope, for I can never, no, never be his bride. O William, my Billy! come to the arms of your own 'AMELIA.'"

I folded that letter carefully and put it in my pocket. Then I tore my hair. 'Pon honor, my dear reader, I don't think I ever felt worse in all my life. If my memory serves me, I think I was slightly profane upon this interesting occasion. I am pretty sure that I made some remarks about the female sex in general, and Miss Julia Gigzjig in particular, that were not at all complimentary.

Now I enjoy a little fun just as well as any man you ever saw, that is, generally speaking. But I don't like any such practical jokes as it was evident Miss Gigzjig had been playing upon me, in thus leading me to believe that her heart was all mine own. And why did she give William to understand in her letter that she was obliged to marry me if she remained in Yangtcheoo? Why did she sign her name "Amelia"? Why did she tell me, why did she tell her father, that she loved me when she didn't? That was what I wanted to know. I couldn't understand it at all.

"O, I shall go mad!" I yelled; and I was somewhat mad already.

Well, while I was tearing around there in the frontyard, groaning and grinding my teeth, who should appear but Julia, but her beauty didn't have any effect upon me now. No, I stood and glared at her.

"Tompkins, what alleth thee?" she asked, in her birdlike voice.

"Canst thou ask me, perjured one?" I inquired.

Well, she thought she could, and she did, and she looked as innocent as a lamb all the while.

"O, false and cruel creature!" I cried, "wouldst thou break my heart? Wouldst thou drive me to distraction? Go—go to thy William—go to your Billy. Let him clasp to his bosom his own Amelia."

"His who?"

"His own Amelia," I repeated; and I think she began to understand my meaning then, partially.

"O, you've found it out?" she cried, trying to throw herself into my arms.

"You are decidedly cool about it," I remarked. "Perhaps, Miss Gigzjig, you think there is no harm in thus trifling with a young gentleman's affections. Perhaps you can go on doing this thing with impunity; but no! you shall suffer for it! I'll strike you through your Billy! I'll have his heart's b—no! I'll have his glass eye!"

That shot took effect, and she wilted. I thought that she snickered, but I may have been mistaken. I saw my advantage, however, and determined to follow it up; and so I drew from my pocket her letter, and flaunted it before her eyes.

"Now do you know what I mean?" said I. "Do you recognize this letter?"

She snatched it from my hand, and then burst out laughing. "O Tompkins! where did you find this? I've hunted for it all over the house."

"I dare say you have, Miss Gigzjig, and it's a great pity that Billy couldn't have found it instead of me."

"Billy? Why, Tompkins, you didn't think that?"

She just folded me in her arms then, and kissed me fourteen times without stopping to breathe. "Why, you foolish fellow, this is only a leaf from my great story, entitled 'Kaura, or the Belle of Moscoe Hill,' now being published in the New York Weekly Blowhard. Didn't you know that I was an authoress?"

"An authoress!"

"Yes."

"And you don't love Billy?"

"No. I don't love anybody but you."

"O Julia! come to these arms."

She came. Then we kissed.

"And now, Tompkins, promise me one thing," said Julia.

"Anything, darling."

"Promise me that you won't take Billy's glass eye."

"I won't take anything but you, dear-est," I said. And I didn't.

I don't think this is much of a story, dear reader. I know my wife could write a great deal better one; but then, she writes fiction, while I stick to facts.

An Incident in Lincoln's Early Life.

STRANGELY enough, the murder of Mansfield T. Walworth by his son recalls the story of Abraham Lincoln's duel. The mother of Frank Walworth is the daughter of Colonel John J. Hardin, who saved Mr. Lincoln from the remorse which would have overshadowed his life if he had killed General Shields. Colonel Hardin was a prominent whig politician, and was esteemed "the bravest man in Illinois. He was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, and in his death fairly earned the distinction which his admiring friends had given him while living. Mr. Lincoln was his intimate friend, and both men were gifted with a large sense of humor, which they turned to good account.

The hostile meeting between Mr. Lincoln and General Shields was brought about in this way: A witty young lady wrote a communication for one of the Springfield papers, in which there were several passages which the General was pleased to consider as personally offensive. He was a testy Irishman, who had a great deal of troublesome dignity, and could never appreciate a joke at his own expense. He forthwith went to the newspaper office and demanded the name of the correspondent, and, this being refused, he gave the editor three days in which to make up his mind, either to refer him to the writer or to take a whipping himself. The poor man was greatly distressed. He did not like to be guilty of the ungallant act of betraying his lady correspondent, and he did not care to have a fight with General Shields, who was a much stronger man. In this dilemma he came to Mr. Lincoln and told him of his trouble. The lawyer took the matter into consideration, but he could think of no stratagem for the relief of his friend. At last he said to him, "When Shields comes around with his club tell him that Abe Lincoln wrote that letter." The editor acted upon the suggestion, and when the irate politician appeared, ready to carry his threat into execution, he was politely requested to call upon Abraham Lincoln for satisfaction.

This put a new face on the matter. General Shields knew better than to come fooling about Mr. Lincoln with his cane. He was at that time a great, long armed muscular fellow, good-natured, but resolute, and when the occasion demanded he could deal such blows with his fist that made his antagonist think that rail-splitting was his pastime. If he had been attacked by General Shields, and had supposed that it would add anything to the humor of the fight, he would have bent his assailant over his knee and administered punishment after the manner of conscientious mothers. But after all his threatening and bluster General Shields could not back out without subjecting himself to the ridicule of his townsmen, so he concluded to challenge Mr. Lincoln. The challenge was accepted, but to the great dismay of the challenger Abraham named long swords as the weapons. He had no skill in the use of the sword, but with his tremendous reach of arm and great muscular strength he could have cut off General Shields' head before he got himself into position for one of his scientific thrusts.

The time and place of meeting were agreed upon. Mr. Lincoln went to the ground early with his second, and there being some bushes in the plat selected for the fight, he set to work to clear them away with a hatchet. While he was engaged at this, other gentlemen came on the field, and they were so stuck with the ludicrous scene that they could not refrain from laughter. Just then Colonel Hardin appeared, and, appreciating the humorous situation, he appealed to both parties not to make fools of themselves with such effect that they went home without fighting. Mr. Lincoln often said afterwards that his participation in this affair was the meanest act of his life.

Colonel Hardin, although a peacemaker on this occasion, was a man of great courage and most chivalrous bearing. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was put in command of the First Illinois Volunteers, and died on the battle-field of Buena Vista, as already stated.

The original Ravels are all alive,

but the youngest is more than sixty years old. When this troupe was last in the United States, two young ladies were riding in a car and wished to open the window near them. They failed, and one suggested asking the aid of an old gentleman sitting on the seat near behind them. "Oh, no," responded the other, "don't trouble the old man." To their astonishment this aged individual rose, stepped in the aisle, made a low bow to the young ladies, and then turned a somersault forward and then one backward. After this he made another bow, and threw up the window. This was Gabriel Ravel, aged seventy.