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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must

Lor Answer to enigmas in last week's Times: Enigma No. 1-" Horseman." Enigma No. 2-The letter "R."

Trapping a Rascal.

THE following incident we copy from a publication entitled "Mysteries of New York."

People who live in the Bowery, or the vicinity of Hester Street, or who have had occasion to be much in that locality, will probably remember a hobbling old man, somewhat lame, and supporting himself on a thick stick, who was often to be seen there on Sundays, as well as on week days, some two years ago. He was decently dressed, but was only known as "Old Sam." He was supposed to live in New Jersey, but no one precisely knew. He was generally taken for a farmer, or for a resident in some little outlying place .-People called him also "lame Sam," and whoever heard his ever quiet mode of speaking, and saw the friendly smile that was always lighting up his face, must have taken him for a very harmless man. And whoever met him on Sunday wending his way to church with a most devout aspect, must assuredly have thought that he was a very good old man, who was going thither out of pure piety.

But "lame Sam" was very little of a saint; on the contrary he was a most arrant secondrel, who, to get money was capable of any wickedness, and only went to church for bad motives. In everything he had a dishonest object in view, and although he was generally considered as a a good old man, he was in truth nothing else than a crafty, deceitful, scoundrel, and the confederate of a notorious forger, burglar, and safe thief, named Crosby.

Sam had been running his evil course for some years, and had systematically circulated counterfeit money wherever oc-casion had guided him in his wanderings; a proceeding which was easy enough to him with his seemingly honest face, and an aspect from which one would have thought that he could not say "boo to a goose." And fortune favored him so well, and so long, that he succeeded in accumulating a sum of money which enabled him to buy a fine farm in Quakertown, which brought him in a handsome return.

Sam was always at work, for the circulation of counterfeit money continued to remain his sole occupation. But he conducted this vile business so cautiously, so carefully, and under such a pious air, that it never occurred to any one to take him for what he really was. And so, as he hob-bled about from place to place, he was always the subject of a friendly good word, until one day the chief of the United States detective police, Colonel Whitley, conceived a suspicion against him, and thus, the man who had for so many years been cheating people with false money, began to be watched.

As before remarked, Sam always carried a thick stick, which, as he said, he could not do without, because he was so lame, that he therefore required a strong support. Wherever he was seen, wherever he went, sitting or standing, he had the stick confrom him. But one day the thought occurred to the detective who was entrusted with the case, that there must be something more about that stick than at first appeared, and he determined to come at the truth of it.

About that time there was a large number of counterfeit notes, of various denominations, in circulation in New Jersey, and down as far as Maryland. The detective officer working under the assumed name of Rugg, found out that Sam often paid visits in that direction.

So the officer scraped an acquaintance with Sam. At first, meeting him on the road he would go with him, then he very soon took a journey on the railroad with him, and the two were constantly in barrooms and beer houses together. He drank and gossiped with him, and thus the acquaintance grew thicker, and at last on one occasion Sam was observed to pass a counterfeit ten dollar bill in a hotel, and soon

after to repeat the action in another house. Now the officer was at work. Sam was traveling about in New Jersey, but Rugg was watching him unobserved; and one day just after Sam had come out of a hotel, in a country place, the detective went in and asked whether Sam had spent any

money there. "Yes," answered the landlord, "fifty cents. He is an old miser-never stays

through the night." "What money did he give you," asked

"A ten dollar note." "May I see it ?"

"Yes, here it is," answered the publi-

can, taking the note out of the till.
"The note is bad," Rugg quietly re-

"The devil it is," cried the host. "Nothing but a counterfeit, my friend !

Not worth a cent." "D_____ it.!" shouted the public and he burst into a torrept of oaths. But

Rugg whispered to him : "Now be quiet friend, I am a detective. Leave the rest to me and take care of the note till I return." Upon this Rugg left him, and going on

the road after Sam, soon overtook him. Sam had just come out of a store upon whose proprietor he had played a similar

"My daughter," said he, as he went in,

'asked me to get her three yards of calico. Have you anything good in the way?"

"Yes, answered the storekeeper. "How much is it a yard?"

"Twenty cents."

"Is not that a little dear?" "No, on the contrary ; you will not get it as cheap anywhere else.

"Well, then give me three yards." Sam took it; paid for it with another bogus ten dollar bill, and left the store with the calico "for his daughter," and nine dollars and forty cents of good money in his pock-

Meanwhile Rugg had altered his dress, beard, and hat, so that Sam could not recognize him. He also, as he fell into Sam's road feigned to be somewhat intoxicated.

"How are you getting along,old fellow?" said Rugg in a stammering voice. "Where are you going ?"

Sam stopped. They gossiped for a little while and then went off together.

Rugg asked Sam what he had in his little parcel. "Calico for my daughter which I have just bought at that store," said Sam, looking back towards the place. Upon which Rugg suddenly remembered that he had to take some needles and thread to his "old woman." took a ten dollar bill out of his pocket and asked Sam if he could not change it. Sam gladly seized such a good opportunity to do business, and he gave Rugg two counterfeit five dollar bills, for, thought he, the fellow is so drunk he will not know bad note from a good one.

Rugg now begged Sam to go to the store with him, then they would go on together; and, as they set off, Rugg noticed, as if for the first time, Sam's stick.

"What a curious stick," he stammered out. And so saying, he took it out of Sam's hand, looked at it on all sides and examined it to see if the large top unscrewed. It did; and he screwed it off, and found that inside a string was fastened. Sam was now on thorns, but he was a cunning fellow and knew how to control himself.

Rugg pulled the string (which had a knot at the lower end) and out fell a little roll of bank notes. He pulled again; and another little roll fell out, and then another, till altogether there were twelve rolls of five, and ten dollar bills.

"Hallo, you are rich, old fellow, very rich," cried Rugg.

Sam collected his notes together again. "Do you think they are good ones?" asked Sam, soon recovering himself.

Rugg looked at the notes and replied; Yes, indeed, they are all good," while he had noticed at a glance that they were all new counterfeits of the kind most recently put into circulation.

"It is curious," said Sam, "I have carried that stick more than twenty years. It belonged once to my father, who is dead, and I never in my life knew that the head would unscrew.' "Twenty years?" stammered Rugg;

"and you have had it all the time?"

possession."

"It seems to me," remarked Rugg, still feigning drunkenness, "that your notes were not printed at the time?"

That was a delicate question; but Sam went on as if he did not hear it; and when he had gathered together all his notes, he said. "You wanted to buy something in the store, let us go and do it and then we will move along together."

"So we will," said Rugg, making an effort to stand on his legs. So they went to the store.

When they had entered, Rugg quietly asked the storekeeper whether the old man had bought any calico of him?

"Yes, about an hour ago," answered the storekeeper.

"And with what did he pay for it?" "With this note, "replied the man; showing Rugg the note he had received

from Sam. "It is a bad one," remarked Rugg, qui-

"Bad," cried Sam, "that is not possible. Then I will very soon take it back to the place I received it from. I am an old man and have not very good sight. Is it not a shame to cheat an old man like that?"

Saying this, he wiped the tears away from his eyes. Then he looked about in his pockets and brought out ten good one dollar bills, and laid them down, apparently very much enraged at being cheated. He was on the point of going away, when Rugg, who now seemed to be sobered again, asked him whether all his money was like this, which to him seemed closely to resemble that which he had in his stick, to which Sam replied; "Indeed, I cannot say, for my eyes are very bad."

"Now then," said Rugg, "let us go over to the hotel and have something to drink;" to which Sam agreed, although he wished Rugg at Jericho.

Arrived at the hotel, Rugg called the landlord to one side and saked for the ten | died, having starved himself to death. mirror than Bout America

dollar bill which Sam had paid him. The landlord gave it and Rugg at once said to

"Did this man give you this note?"

"Yes, he is the man who gave it me." "What did you give him in change?" "Nine dollars and a-half."

"In a moment Rugg took "lame Sam' by the collar and began to search him. First he found the publican's nine and ahalf dollars; then his own ten dollar bill, for which Sam had given him the two counterfeit five dollar notes, and lastly he took \$400 in counterfeit notes from the stick.

".Where did you get these notes from?" asked Rugg, who was now quite sober. "I brought them from home. I went to see my sick daughter." And Sam was going into a long explanation, but Rugg took off his hat and his false beard, and said: "That is played out. I am a United States detective and you, old rascal, are now my prisoner." And at these words he slipped on the handcuffs, and taking Sam to the railroad station, soon brought him to New York and before the chief. After a few words of conversation Sam confessed that he bought the notes of a man named Crosby, a dealer in counterfeit money, and that for years he had been doing business by putting these notes in circulation in New York and the neighborhood, New Jersey and Maryland. Sam was prosecuted; he plead guilty and was sent for four years to prison, where he now

The work containing the above is published by Frederick Gerhard, in Day Street, New York, and is issued in magazine form semi-monthly, to be sompleted in bumbers at focts each, and gives a complete history of the Lights and Shadows of the great city.

The Flag of 1812.

The veritable flag which waved over Fort M'Henry in 1812, when it was bombarded by the British forces, and which suggested to Francis Scott Key the composing of one of our best national songs, "The Star Spangled Banner," has been sent to the navy yard at Charlestown for repairs. The flag was originally 36 feet long and 24 wide, but from usage it has lost some four feet of its length. It has fifteen stripes, and, when new, fifteen stars, but one of the latter was shot away at Fort M'Henry. It was not until 1818 that the law restricting the number of stripes upon our flags to thirteen was passed. The old flag is in a most dilapidated condition. Scarcely a square foot of it remains intact. yet its numerous rents and dingy appearance are in keeping with its honorable history. Written upon one of the white stripes is the name of Colonel Armstead who was in command of our forces at the bombardment of Fort M'Henry.

Rich, but Friendless.

Horace F. Clark is dead. A great deal of money, a great many railroads and Mr. Jay Gould mourned at the funeral, but tears were not to be dumped at any price, and sad faces were few. What a lesson this teaches the young and ambitious. There lay a dead man absolutely worthless and soon to be put out of sight, who but a few hours before was valued at eight millions of dollars, with the reputation of also controlling the New York Tribune.

Why it is that so many of our rich men have no friends I cannot explain. Even their home life is scarred and wretched, while outside they are mean, suspicious, unmanly and cruel. Is it a fact that riches so, and none of it can be carried away at death, isn't it on the whole about as well to be moderate in desire and satisfied with smaller fortunes?

Give it Up !

A Kentucky paper has discovered another of those fearful family complications, and tells the story thus : "John W. Daniels married the daughter of Mrs. Sarah R. Bravard; afterwards B. S. Daniels, the father of John, married the old lady, and still later James W. Daniels, the nephew of John, married a sister to John's wife. It is very easy to see that John is son and son-in-law of B. S. Daniels, and that James W. is a grandson and son-in-law of the old man and brother-in-law and nephew of John, &c., and John now desires to know, through the columns of the local newspaper, what relation the children of these three sets of parents are to each other."

The Emperor of Austria has two ministers in his employ to-day who have both been under sentence of death for high treason-Count Andrassy, minister of foreign affairs for the empire, and Herr Florian Ziemalkowski, mayor, of Lemberg, who has lately been appointed prime minister for the province of Galicia. These are striking incidents of ups and downs in life, Here is Count Andrassy, who, while in exile in London, supported himself by giving lessons on the guitar, and was often so poor that, like Johnson and Savage, he paced the streets throughout the night, having no means to get a lodging, now the most powerful subject in the Austrian em-

The Henry county, Ala., Register says: A man named McKissack took up the idea that his family wanted to poison him and would eat nothing. His brother took him to his house and the fancy continued, until at the end of eleven days he

SUNDAY READING.

Dr. Franklin on Death. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and Nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life .-This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to the immortals? We are spirits; that bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure-instead of aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given-it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided

by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all the pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he had gone before us; we could not conveniently start together. Why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?

I Couldn't.

"Mother," said a little boy, "Willie played truant to-day, and wished me to go, but I couldn't."

"Couldn't, my son! Why not?" "Because," he said, winding an arm about her neck, "I thought it would make you so sorry. That's why I couldn't."

It would be a world of happy mothers if all boys and girls were as careful not to make their mothers sorry.

"Oh, how sorry it makes a mother's heart when a wayward boy goes into paths of sin! How it grieves her soul to note in his breath the scent of the deadly cup; to see the loose card drop from his pocket; to feel that evil companions are fast drawing him away from "mother, home and Heaven." Ah! how many hearts there are which can take up the sad lament:

"We see them go out each night, Through a blinding mist of tears, And we cannot sleep, but lie and weep In a torturing maze of fears, Oh! the dread rum shop luring. Calling our dear boys in ; The souls that were white as morning light It blackens with vice and sin."

Funeral Rites.

A writer in the Christian Union urges various reforms in funeral rites, and pronounces funeral processions "a positive evil and disservice." He says:

"There should be nothing of the sort. After a funeral service at the house, the friends and acquaintances should go away, all but the nearest, and then, or still better, the next morning, the body should be entrusted to the tender care of some three or four tried and trusted friends, not members of the family, and these should bear it to its final resting-place. A parent's heart, a husband's, wife's, or child's, never ought to be subjected to the fearful tax of seeing their precious dead lowered into the grave by alien and untender hands, and hearing the dreadful thud of the first clods upon the coffin. It is most cruel and most barbarous to subject any near relative or nearest friend to such a test as this. If the whole company of relatives and friends must go to the grave-side, we must contrive somehow to make the closing scene less hard and withering.

We may compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of life to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry tomorrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

Human Life.

After a while-a busy brain Will rest from all its care and pain.

After a while-Earth's rush will cease, And a wearled heart find sweet release.

After a while-a name forgot-A crumbled headstone-unknown spot!

LW A Western Methodist has been colecting tobacco statistics among his brethren. He found that eight leading members in a certain place paid in one year \$195 for tobacco and \$33 for the support of their pastor, and were too poor to take a religious paper.

The husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest.