

Perry County Bank!

Sponsler, Junkin & Co.

THE undersigned, having formed a Banking Association under the above name and style, are now ready to do a General Banking business at their new Banking House, on Centre Square.

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

We receive money on deposit and pay back on demand. We discount notes for a period of not over 60 days, and sell Drafts on Philadelphia and New York.

On time Deposits, five per cent. for any time over four months; and for four months four per cent.

We are well provided with all and every facility for doing a Banking Business; and knowing, and for some years, feeling the great inconvenience under which the people of this County labored for the want of a Bank of Discount and Deposit, we have determined to supply the want; and this being the first Bank ever established in Perry County, we hope we will be sustained in our efforts, by all the business men, farmers and mechanics.

This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSLEK, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. B. F. JUNKIN, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSLEK, President.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier

New Bloomfield, 3 5 ly

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company,

OF NEW YORK,

STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,059,201.85!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time.

Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture.

No extra charges are made for traveling permits. Policy-holders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company.

No policy or medical fee charged.

L. W. FROST, President.

M. B. WYNKOP, Vice Pres't.

J. P. BOGGS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent.

No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

LOOK OUT!

I would respectfully inform my friends that I intend calling upon them with a supply of goods of my

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Consisting of

CASSIMERS, CASSINETTS,

FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER,

CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY, 6, 17, 4m.

Bloomfield Academy!

Spring Session Begins Monday, April 7th, 1873.

THIS school is designed to be a classical and normal institute of the first grade. Students are prepared thoroughly for any college in the land. Those desiring to be teachers receive a thorough normal drill on all studies taught in the public schools. All others are carried forward in the higher academic studies and on completion of course receive certificate of graduation.

Excellent boarding is provided in the building of the institution and the school is pleasantly located.

The working force is as follows:

Rev. JOHN EDGAR, A. M., Principal, Teacher of Classics and Advanced Studies.

A. M. MARKEL, M. S., Teacher of English Studies.

Miss S. LIFE, Teacher of Music, Painting and Drawing.

Miss E. M. MORROW, Teacher of Preparatory Department.

Prof. J. R. FLICKINGER, Teacher of Penmanship.

For further information, address Principal, or else

WM. GRIER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.

1011

CLARK'S PURE PERSIAN Insect Powder,

For the destruction of all kinds of Insects, viz:

ROACHES, BED-BUGS, ANTS, FLEAS, MOTHS, &c., &c. Also,

Insects on Animals, Fowls, Plants, &c.

ASK FOR IT

CLARK'S INSECT POWDER.

Warranted Pure.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle. For sale by F. Mortimer, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Never Known to Fail!

THOMPSON'S Fever & Ague Powders

PERMANENT CURE OF CHILLS AND FEVER, DUMB AGUE, OR ANY FORM OF INTERMITTENT FEVER!

The Greatest Discovery of the Age!

THERE are no diseases so debilitating in their effects upon the constitution as the above, and none more difficult to cure by the usual modes of practice. The Fever and Ague Powders will effect a cure in cases of the longest standing, as well as prove a preventive in the forming stages of disease. Being purely Vegetable, they act with certainty on the disease, totally eradicating it from the system, and preventing a return at any future period.

Why waste your money and health in trying every medicine you hear of, when Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders have never failed to cure the Chills in any case.

REASONS WHY THEY ONLY SHOULD BE USED:

Their Reputation is Established. — Thousands of testimonials have been received, showing that these Powders have performed miracles in curing cases of long standing, many of them considered hopeless.

There is no Risk in Taking Them. — They contain nothing injurious, and, therefore, cause none of those lingering diseases so often the result of the many nostrums of the day. Physicians recommend them as far superior to Quinine, or any other known remedy, for they leave the system in a healthy state, and the patient beyond the probability of a relapse.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS. — The genuine are put up in square tin boxes, with "Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders" stamped on the lid, and the signature of "Thompson & Crawford," on the wrapper. — No others can possibly be genuine.

PREPARED ONLY BY

CRAWFORD & FOBES,

141 Market St., Philadelphia.

THOMPSON'S

RHEUMATIC

AND

HORSE LINIMENT,

The Great External Remedy for

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c.

EQUALLY GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

This Liniment has earned for itself a reputation unequalled in the history of external applications. Thousands who now suffer from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., would find immediate relief from all their pain by using this certain remedy. It is equally effectual in Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Stiffness of the Neck, Sore Throat, Swellings, Inflammations, Frost Bites, Pains in the Side and Back, Bites of Spiders or Stings of Insects. One rubbing will in all cases give immediate relief, and a few applications completely cure. On account of its powerful penetrating properties it is beyond doubt, the BEST REMEDY for the most troublesome diseases to which horses and cattle are liable. It cures Scratches, Old and Fresh Cuts and Sores, Chafes produced by collar or saddle. Injuries caused by nails or splints entering the flesh or hoofs, Bruises, Sprains, Swelling, Spavin, Thrush, and all diseases which destroy the hoofs or bones of the feet. Full directions accompany each bottle. Prepared only

By Crawford & Fobes,

141 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA.

29 b ly

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,

NOTIONS,

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. Goffering done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE IOKES,

Cherry Street, near the Station, Newport, Pa.

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,

dp CARLISLE, PA.

INSURE IN THE

MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

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

S. A. SHULER, Agent, Liverpool, Pa.

J. M. GIBVIN, J. H. GIBVIN

J. M. GIBVIN & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

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

534ly

That Stone Girl.

Jerry was our only brother, looked upon by us girls as an idol to be worshipped, and we often wondered that our own intimates could so successfully resist his charms. He had graduated at Harvard, and was doing Europe, and writing us the most delightful and gossiping letters from all the beautiful places he had been visiting. He had been delighted with London, gone into ecstasies over Paris, exhibited the proper rapture at Berlin and Vienna; and his last letter had been dated from Florence, and in it he told us he should soon be starting for home. A few days after the reception of this last epistle, I received a hasty scrawl from him, as follows:

FLORENCE — 18 —

DEAR SA —

I've lost my heart to one of those lovely Stone girls. I saw her at Vaughan's; she bewitched me; her admirers are legion. But Yankee pluck is bound to win, or I am never more.

YOUR JERRY.

What dismay the whole household was in from the receipt of the above, can be imagined. We had made so many romances in regard to Jerry's future, in which some one of our many feminine friends had always taken a leading part, that it seemed cruel to have them thus rudely scattered to the winds.

Miss Stone, you may be sure, was very thoroughly discussed that night, and it was with heavy hearts that we made up our minds to make the best of it, never for a moment doubting that any girl living could refuse the offer of Jerry's heart and hand.

In a few days after, we received a line from him, saying: "Give me joy. She is mine; all my own. We leave by next steamer from Havre."

How slowly the days dragged on, and when the time approached for the steamer's arrival, how eagerly we read the ship news; and at last, one beautiful spring day, we heard of his arrival at New York, and the next afternoon a carriage drove to our door; out jumped Jerry, and for a few minutes, what with kissing and crying over him, we forgot the other occupant of the carriage. But all at once I came to my senses, and said, with a start:

"Where's Miss Stone, Jerry?"

A smile came over his face, as he said, carelessly: "Oh, I've had her expressed through."

Would you believe that the "Stone" girl we had been in such a worry about, turned out to be nothing more than a beautiful marble figure, cut by some great sculptor? It was a long time before we forgave him his practical joke, and now we don't know whether to be cross or merry at the mention of "Stone" girls.

"SA ELN."

A Slight Mistake.

A gentleman of unquestionable respectability living on Franklin street went home late at night. The moon was shining brightly, after entering the gate, and in approaching the house, he was surprised to see a figure of a man rise suddenly and face him. The circumstance was well calculated to make any one tremble. Burglars and robbers were in the city; it was reasonable to suppose this was one. But the gentleman had always understood that in such emergencies it was best to put on a show of courage, even if you didn't feel any.

To this end he put his hand in his pocket and then withdrawing it, extended it toward the supposed outlaw as if he had a pistol in it and meant to shoot him. The man did this same. Now the gentleman was only making believe he had a pistol, for he had none; but he was not certain the intruder was equally deficient in fire arms. On the contrary, he thought he was armed, and the steely glitter of a pistol he was sure was flashing before his eyes. His hair bristled with horror and he cried out: "Stop, you rascal! don't shoot, don't shoot!"

But still the arm was extended, and the fear of death was heavy upon the gentleman: He shouted murder, thieves, and robbers!

The cries of the frightened citizen aroused his wife, who came rushing to the door terror-stricken, inquiring the cause of the alarm.

"Why, that rascal is going to shoot me!"

"What rascal, my dear?" inquired the lady.

"There I don't you see him?" pointing to the still silent figure.

"Why, my dear, that's your shadow!"

"What?"

"Your shadow!"

"Blessed if it isn't! I thought it was a man."

"No, my dear, it is only the reflection of a brute, and a very tight one at that."

And the saubrious citizen was conducted to his couch.

A nicely dressed gentleman applied for a marriage license at Dover, Tenn., last week, but when he spoke the lady's name the polite County Clerk suggested that if it was the same to him he would prefer that he should name some other party, as the one mentioned had become his wife the previous evening.

A Pittsburgh jury headed up to the judge a communication indorsed "The honorable gag."

Reeside's Roof.

Reeside's patent roof was a bad failure. The shingles leaked, and so he covered them with concrete to the depth of three or four inches. In winter time it was elegant; but when the hot weather came, the stuff softened, and the neighbors used to stop to look at the thousands of long black strings of tar which dripped from the eaves to the ground. And early in the summer Reeside and his wife began to be annoyed by the animated discussions of cats in the neighborhood. The more he "shooed" them and flung his boots at them, the more fierce and awful were their yells. Night after night it continued to grow more terrific, and day after day Mr. Reeside observed that the mysterious caterwauling continued through the daylight.

At last, one moonlight night, the uproar became so outrageous that Reeside arose from his bed and determined to ascertain precisely, the cause of the disturbance. It appeared to him that the noise came from the top of the house. He went up to the garret and put his head out of the trap-door. There he found one hundred and ninety-six cats stuck fast knee-deep in the concrete. Some of them had been there eleven days; and when they perceived Reeside, the whole one hundred and ninety-six doubled up their spines, ruffled their back hair, brandished their tails and gave one wild, unearthly scream, which shocked Reeside's nerves so much that he dropped the trap-door, and fell down the ladder upon the head of Mrs. Reeside who, courageous and devoted woman that she was, was standing below dressed in a thing with a frill on it and armed with a palm-leaf fan and bed-slat, resolutely determining that nothing should harm Horatio while she was by.

Professional Amenities in Court.

Judicial proceedings in the remoter districts of the Union are sometimes characterized by an absence of conventionality and an exuberant naivete that recall the golden age. As, for instance, at Muston, in North Carolina, where, not long since, Judge Cloud thought it incumbent on him to fine Wm. D. McGill for contempt of court. Instead of flying into a passion, and firing pistols and things as an ill-regulated person might have done, Mr. McGill calmly seated himself beside the prosecuting court and cheerfully observed:—"If you were not an old man, I would pull your nose, you black old scoundrel." The Judge responded to this affable salutation by ordering the jovial William to jail for sixty days. As he left the court-room in custody of the sheriff, this irrepressible prisoner again expressed his opinion of the presiding dignitary in terms much more precise than flattering. For this fresh exhibition of candor, thirty days more in jail, and an additional fine of \$250 were added to his sentence. Still Mr. McGill preserved his temper, until on the way to jail he passed his horse in charge of a negro. Then he produced his revolver, requested the Sheriff to stand back, vaulted gracefully into the saddle, and rode gaily out of town, leaving his compliments for the Judge, with the assurance that "he would come back and pull old Cloud's nose."

A Rich Story.

The following story is too good to be lost and as it must have been told by a lawyer, of course the profession will take no offence at our reproducing it. An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him:

Lawyer—The boy appears to be rather young, madam; how old is he?

Lady—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer—He is too young, decidedly too young; have you no older boys?

Lady—Oh yes, I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him.

Lawyer—No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady—Why, you see, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only 5 he'd lie like all natur'; when he got to be six he was saussy and impudent as any critter could be, and new he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on.

An illustration of Irish simplicity is afforded by the reply of a young candidate for the office of teacher. The examiner was endeavoring to elicit the candidate's idea of the market value of labor with reference to demand and supply; but, being baffled, he put a question in this simple form: "If there are in your village two shoemakers, with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?" "What would follow, air?" echoed the candidate, "why, a fight, to be sure."

A newspaper man died in New Orleans recently, and an exchange says: "In a personal altercation he killed the father of Josie Mansfield once." We should think "once" was enough to kill him.

SUNDAY READING.

Anecdote of two Arabs.

Lamartine, the French poet, relates the following anecdote:—"There was a horse the name of which was spread far and near in the tribe of Nagdeh; and a Bedouin of another, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. In vain having offered for it his camel and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, and to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. So equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way.

"When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger: for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you!' The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise: I have no strength left.' Naber, touched with his distress, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, 'It is I, Daher! I have got the horse, and am off with him!'

"Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear, 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter. 'Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any man how you obtained it.' 'And why not?' said Daher. 'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been.'

"Daher, struck with shame at these words, was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, and embraced him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life."

Luther and Melancthon.

On a certain occasion a messenger was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick bed, and found him presenting several signs of the nearness of death. He mournfully bent over him; and, sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. This roused Melancthon from his stupor; he looked into the face of Luther, and said, "O, Luther, is it you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. Turning round, he fell upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his friend's recovery for upwards of an hour; he then went from his knees to the bed, and took him by the hand. Again Melancthon said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip, we cannot spare you yet from the field of labor," was again the reply. Luther then ordered some soup, and when Melancthon declined to take it, saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was still the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you." The sick man took the soup, soon commenced to grow better, regained his wonted health, and labored for years afterwards in the cause of the Reformation. When Luther returned home, he said to his wife, with abounding joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

"That's Me."

A poor Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good Dutchman, who kept up family prayer daily. One day he read, "Two men went up into the temple to pray." The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered, "Now I'll learn how to pray." The Dutchman read on, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." "No, I am not, but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot. Again the Dutchman read, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess." "I don't do that. I don't pray in that manner. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage. The good man read on until he came to the publican "standing afar off." "That's where I am," said the Hottentot. "Would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven," read the other. "That's me," cried his hearer. "But smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner!" "That's me; that's my prayer!" cried the poor creature, and, smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

Says an ancient writer: "when a man dies, people say 'what property has he left?' But the angels say to him, 'what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"