

Perry County Bank!

Sponsor, 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. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. B. F. JUNKIN, Carlisle, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSER, President.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier
New Bloomfield, S. 5 1y

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. E. WYNSHOOP, Vice Pres't. J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.

J. F. EATON, General Agent.

No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa. THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

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, Ann.

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. MARKEE, 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. H. FLICKINGER, Teacher of Penmanship.

For further information, address Principal, or else

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

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.

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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.

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 complete a cure. On account of its powerful penetrating properties it is beyond doubt, the SUREST 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 mills or spindles entering the flesh or hoofs, Bruises, Sprains, Sweeney, 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,

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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, LAOE 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 to order as possible.

ANNIE ICKES,

Cherry Street, near the Station,

5 16 13 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,

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MUTUAL

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OF NEW YORK.

F. B. WINSTON, President.

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

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Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPRAUE'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

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

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HOW THE WIDOW DID IT.

A LIBERAL education, a handsome person, and a wealthy and indulgent father were among the agreeable things that were vouchsafed Robert Anson by smiling fortune. His mother had died in her early youth, and the father and son—the only members of the family left—had afterwards been more like brothers in their relations towards each other. Anson desired to visit Europe, and his father preferred a trip to the Pacific coast; therefore each went his way followed by the good wishes of the other.

Mr. Anson, Senior, spent six months in California. Stopping in Chicago, he accidentally learned of the existence of a distant relative of his deceased wife—a girl whose parents had not long before died, leaving the daughter dependent on her own exertions for support. Mr. Anson sought her out, finding in Clara Mightmay a pretty intelligent girl of eighteen. He was charmed with her, and at once offered her a home.

"By making your home with us you will add to it a social attraction, relieve it of being a bachelor's hall, and we'll be as happy as larks together."

The outlook was certainly alluring to the lonely orphan, and she accepted the offer, returning to New York with Mr. Anson.

Thereupon the old mansion was renovated, refurbished, and soon became the headquarters of a brilliant social clique. Clara at once took her place as favorite, and Mr. Anson was proud of his pretty protegee.

As the return of Robert Anson was now daily to be expected, it may be well to follow him on his trans-Atlantic voyage. He had barely embarked at Liverpool before his eyes fell upon the form of a decidedly handsome and dashing woman. A widow. Not much past thirty, and at the zenith of her charms, she was a rarely bewildering creature. A Mrs. Morrow, she proved to be, and she was alone and unprotected on her voyage, which had been made to visit some distant relatives in England. The steamer consumed nine days in its passage. On the first Robert managed to gain a speaking acquaintance. On the second he had improved it so far as to be on easy chatting terms, and before the close of the third he was enslaved. They walked the deck by moonlight on the fourth and fifth, and before the seventh their billing and cooing had attracted the attention of the passengers. On the eighth Robert proposed and was accepted, and on the ninth they reached New York.

Mrs. Morrow owned a little house in Brooklyn, and had a modest income from property left by her husband. To her home Robert saw her safely conveyed and then sought his own. The changes there astonished him, for his father had kept it all as an agreeable surprise.

"Robert," said Mr. Anson, as he welcomed him, "do you recognize the dingy old house?"

"Scarcely, father," was the reply; "everything is new, bright, and cheerful. What does it mean?"

"A woman."

"Married?"

"No, no; but hush there comes the cause of it all. Clara, this is my son Robert."

Possibly the widow had seen the impression that Clara produced on her lover, would have felt less secure in her conquest. For Clara had improved in spirits since her residence with Mr. Anson, and she was even prettier than when she first came there.

That night over a social bottle of wine, the father explained to his son the manner in which he found Clara, and the light and happiness she had brought to their home.

"And I have formed a plan in reference to her," said Mr. Anson. "You shall marry her."

"Impossible!"

"Why?"

Thus brought to the point, Robert confessed his engagement to Mrs. Morrow.

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Anson.

"Thirty."

"And you are twenty-six—how absurd. People will laugh at you. Clara is young, pretty, and I know she will love you."

"But I love the widow."

"Nonsense!"

"Father!"

"There, my boy don't take offence. I only mean you have mistaken admiration for love. That you really love a woman four years your senior, and a widow at that is absurd. You think you do, but you don't. Not another word shall be said on the subject for one month. And at the end of the time, if you persist in marrying Mrs. Morrow, I shall marry Clara myself."

"I agree," replied Robert.

The month passed quickly, and at its close the situation was about this: Robert was fenced between love for Clara and his duty for the widow; Clara was deeply in love with Robert; Mrs. Morrow was troubled by a certain falling off in her lover's ardor; and Mr. Anson, who had steadily refused to see the widow, hoped for the best for his plan.

The father and son met after supper.

"Well, Robert," said the former, "the

month is up. What have you decided upon doing?"

"We have always made confidants of each other," began Robert.

"Certainly."

"And I will not hide anything from you now. I love Clara, and believe she loves me; but I am engaged to Mrs. Morrow, and cannot honorably break the engagement."

"That leaves the matter entirely to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will secure your release by the widow."

"By fair means?"

"By her own free consent."

And so the interview closed.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the house of the widow. She was in, and, upon learning who he was, welcomed him cordially. She asked him to be seated on the sofa, which she also gracefully sank upon. Mr. Anson had made up his mind to be brief and business-like; but the gorgeous widow quite upset him before he even broached the subject of his son's engagement. They came to speak of him naturally at last, however, and the widow saw his opportunity.

"You love my son?" he began.

"What a question Mr. Anson," she replied, showing her perfect teeth in a bewitching smile; "am I not going to marry him?"

"I hope not."

"Sir?" even the widow's pretty frown captivated him.

"I beg your pardon," he added, crestfallen. "I mean that I came to talk the matter over with you. Do you think the match is altogether a good one?"

"I see," and her eyes dropped appropriately "you object because I am comparatively poor."

"Indeed I do not. The financial aspect of the affair has never been considered by me."

The widow here pierced him with a look of gratitude.

"It was the difference in, in—" he stammered.

"In social position?" suggested the widow.

"No—no—"

"Ah! I see—you mean in age?"

"Yes," he replied sheepishly "you have divined the reason, and I will be perfectly frank with you. My son is dear to me, and it has been the dream of my life to see him happily married to some beautiful and loving woman."

Here the widow turned her glorious eyes full upon Mr. Anson, and managed to show her arm, which happened to be encased in a loose sleeve. It was a particular round, smooth arm, and as white as possible.

"I beg your pardon," hastily continued Mr. Anson, "I know that you are good, beautiful and lovable, but—"

"But I am too old—I am thirty. Not so very old either, although I do feel older than Robert. My love for him has been largely of the guardian sort—I have petted and admired him as a mother might. And he loves me—"

"But not exactly as he should a wife. He loves another woman—not a handsomer or a better one, my dear madame—but one younger and better suited to be his wife."

The widow burst into tears—presumably, at least, as she buried her eyes in her handkerchief, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. The widower's courage quite forsook him at this, to him, unexpected crisis. A pretty woman in tears is a melting object, and the effect upon the widower was all that Mrs. Morrow could have desired. She sank down on the sofa in her grief, very close to him. He wanted to console her, so he took her hand. It was white, soft, and warm.

"Please don't cry," he said; "I have offended and grieved you. Pray forgive me."

"There, don't pity me," said the widow, in a trembling but musical voice; "I can bear it. I have only Robert's welfare and happiness at heart—if he can be happy I ought to be contented."

"Then you release him?"

"Certainly."

"And lose a fortune—you are a noble woman."

"What is money to me? I am alone and unloved. I will try to be happy in the consciousness of having sacrificed myself for your son."

"He will appreciate your sacrifice," and Mr. Anson wiped a tear from each of his eyes.

Here Mrs. Morrow wept afresh, and her head sank upon the widower's shoulder. Her form shook convulsively, and he put his arm around her waist to support her.

"My dear madame," he said, "I cannot find it in my heart to take Robert from you."

"Robert," she sobbed, "I shall never see him again. I have nothing left to desire, except your respect and esteem.—Without those, I should indeed be unhappy."

Mr. Anson drew her closer to him—so close that she lay trembling on his breast, and pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"You have both," he said, "and my deepest admiration."

"Then I am content. Let Robert marry the girl of his choice. I only claim the

privilege of retaining an interest in his welfare, and a corner in your esteem."

Mr. Anson promised, as he bade the widow adieu at the door step, to call again soon. And he kept his promise so well that the next evening found him there again.

"Victory!" murmured the widow, as she heard him enter the hall; "he will propose to me before he leaves to-night. Robert is a very pretty fellow, but he is consistent. The father is handsome, infatuated, with me already, and the money is all his. I prefer the father."

She proved reliable in her prediction. Before her caller kissed her good-night, he had offered her his hand, heart, and fortune, and she had accepted all three.

The result was a double wedding, and subsequent happiness for all concerned. Mr. Anson was a devoted husband, and Mrs. Morrow made a faithful and affectionate wife; while both parentally watched over the younger couple. Although so cleverly fooled by the widow, Mr. Anson never suspected it, and never had cause for regret.

"Didn't Like Beans."

PROBABLY no branch of business affords such a field to the ludicrous of nature as that of the theatrical profession, and a short anecdote related to us a day or two since by a friend who is connected with the above profession is too good to be lost, and the fact of its being an actual occurrence will give it a keener relish.

About a year ago, a troupe was started from Boston, to make a short season through the principal towns in the East.—In the company was the leader of the orchestra (Jake Tannerbaum), a family of fine musical abilities, of decidedly Teutonic extraction, who liked his beer and cheese, but had a mortal horror of the yankee dish, pork and beans. Among the places they visited was the famous "brick and herring" town of Taunton, where the favorite dish is to be found on Sunday. The boys of the troupe, aware of Jake's peculiar aversion, resolved to have a little fun at his expense, and accordingly "put up a job" on him. The landlord was let into the secret, the waiter fed, and the fun commenced at the breakfast table, where he was politely asked by the waiter:

"Will you have a few beans for breakfast?"

"No," was the emphatic reply; "I don't want no beans."

"Oh," said the waiter, "you must eat beans; everybody eats beans on Sunday."

With a look of extreme disgust, Jake replied: "I told you I won't eat beans; vot's de madder, are you crazy? Gif me some sdeak and fried peradders."

"Very well," said the waiter, "but you will have to wait till it is cooked;" and wait he did for about fifteen minutes, when, his temper getting the best of him, he left the table to see the landlord, and state his grievances. No sooner was he out of the dining-room than the door was locked, and Jake, not finding the landlord, was compelled to go without his breakfast. Resolved not to be cheated out of his meal, he put on his hat, and went in search of a larger beer saloon, where he could get his favorite Bologna and beer; but, alas! for poor Jake, the Sunday law was in force, and nothing was to be had; so he had to wait till noon to satisfy his appetite, which was never poor. Well, the dinner bell sounded, and up went our hero, who, as before, was met by our faithful waiter, who again approached him, and smiling, said:

"Well, Mr. T., will you have a few beans to commence with?"

This was too much, and the answer, not couched in the most amiable tones, came forth:

"No, py tam, I told you dwo dimes I vont eat beans."

"But you must have a few beans," persisted the waiter.

"Mine Got in himmel, who der—I is going to eat dis dinner, you or me; dat's vat I'm drying to find out."

"O, very well," responded the waiter, "if you can't speak civilly, I shall not wait upon you."

Up jumped the irate Dutchman to again find the landlord, which he did, and related his grievances, but was partially pacified on being told that the waiter should be promptly discharged, and told him to go up stairs and get his dinner, while he, in the meantime, was going to take a short ride. Back went Jake, only to find that the boys had again locked the door, and he was wild. Seizing his hat, he again rushed out, to make a more thorough search for something to eat, but with no better result than before. Ashamed to come back too soon, poor Jake waited until near supper time, when he again returned to the hotel, and seating himself in a corner, not a civil word could anybody get out of him. Shortly, supper was announced, and Jake was one of the first at the table.

Prompt to his cue, the waiter again went for him; but, before he could ask him his order, Jake broke out:

"Yass, you bring me some beans; you vas right dis morning ven you say I moost eat beans!" and, for the first and probably the last time in his life, Jake did eat beans; but how the lager and Bologna did suffer when the company struck the next town.