

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. SPONSLER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.
R. F. JUNKIN, " "
W. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSLER, President.

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

Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture.

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No policy or medical fee charged.

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J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent,
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THOS. H. MULLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

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Teacher of Music, Painting and Drawing.

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Price 25 Cents per Bottle. For sale by F

Mortimer, New Bloomfield, Pa. 7 6 52*

The Doctor's Prescription.

PETER PATTERSON was ill—at least he thought so, and depressed, he had headaches, and he hated the dusty street, in which the summer heat burnt and the summer sun shone before the green leaves had draped the trees, and the squares of grass and wisteria vines and potted geraniums which had come so blessedly popular in New York, had lent its summer freshness.

"What shall I do, doctor," he said to the white-headed physician. "You say nothing ails me, but I can tell my feelings better than you can. I know I shall be down with something soon. I rode in the car with half a dozen boys the other day, going to the small-pox hospital—very red and nasty-looking, all of them; and while I was buying something in a store the other day, a horrid old woman begged of me because her husband was sick of typhoid. No doubt I have caught both diseases, and it's the complication that puzzles you. Couldn't relish my coffee this morning; left my milk toast untouched. Hateful life, that of a bachelor at a hotel. Oh, dear me!"

"Why don't you marry?" said the doctor.

"They need so much courting," said Mr. Patterson. "You spend six months or so, at least, dangling at a woman's apron strings. You must go to the theatre and opera if she is gay, and to church meeting if she is pious. At fifty a man likes his slippers and dressing gown and easy chair evenings. If it was just stepping over to the clergyman's and getting married—put a ring on her finger, and saying or nodding 'yes' two or three times, why, I wouldn't mind it, you know."

"Well, courting is the fun of it all, in my opinion," said the old doctor, "but every one to his taste. And my advice to you is to go into the country."

"To another hotel and more mercenary waiters?" said Mr. Patterson.

"No," said the doctor, "go to a nice private house. I know one—a motherly widow lady who cooks a dinner fit for a king. River before the house, woods behind it, orchard to the left, kitchen garden to the right; no fever and ague; no mosquitoes. Heavenly! I am going up there tomorrow, and I'll see if she'll take you."

"Very well," said Mr. Patterson. "I think I'll try it."
"And you must drink plenty of milk, and eat plenty of nice home-made bread," said the doctor.

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Patterson, overjoyed at last, at hearing something that sounded like a prescription. "And you would advise milk?"

"Quart of it every day," said the doctor.

"I'll make a note of it," said Mr. Patterson.

"And if I should be very ill she'll nurse me?"

"Splendidly," said the doctor, and went his way.

Mr. Patterson thought the matter over, and thought better of it every day, and when the little note, informing him that the widow would "take him in and do for him" reached him, he had his trunk and portmanteau already packed, and was all ready to start that afternoon. As for her boarder's peculiarities, thus: "Nice fellow; plenty of money; thinks himself ill but isn't; ought to be married; told him so, but hates the idea of courting; marry off some day, no doubt; 'Will you have me?' 'Yes.' Call in clergyman. Over. Very peculiar old bachelor; but then old bachelors are peculiar generally."

The widow was what Yankees call an amazingly smart woman. She had married at sixteen, and had never failed to have washing over when other people were hanging out theirs. Her bread always rose, her cake was always good, and her butter was always sweet. At forty-five she had married off all her daughters, and was well to do buxom and happy.

Her son and his wife boarded with her, and she added to her plentiful savings by taking a summer boarder or two if they happened to offer.

"Fifty and a bachelor," said Mrs. Muntle, looking in the glass. "Well it seems to be a pity; but then when elderly gentlemen marry, it is generally some hitytity girl that leads them a terrible life, and likely it's for the best."

Then she looked in the glass again, for the widow was but a woman after all.

Mr. Patterson came to the widow's and obeyed the doctor's prescription carefully. He ate bread and drank milk, robbed the orchards like schoolboys, and declaimed over the strawberry short-cake after a fashion that would have made his reputation at the bar. Then, too, Mrs. Muntle did not smile at his aches and pains, and insist that he must be perpetually well because he had a fresh complexion and dimples in his cheeks. She had savory herb teas and potions, which she produced when he complained of feeling miserable, and she had that blessing to hypochondriacs, a homoeopathic box and book in the house.

There were remedies in that box for everything; and it was pleasant to find that when there was a crawling sensation in your flesh, or any kind of uneasy feeling in

your legs, there were dear little globules to be had just suited for the symptoms; that to find yourself angry for nothing indicated pulsatilla, and that even for unrequited love there was a medicine.

For two months or more Mr. Patterson boarded with Mrs. Muntle, and happier months he had never went through. Then he went back to the city for a few weeks, returned in urgent need of more pellets from the medicine chest, and stayed until the last pink chrysanthemum was blooming on its wilted branches.

He had grown so fond of his little room with its white curtains and fresh grass bleached linen, of the country good things, and of the cosy nursing of Mrs. Muntle, that he could scarcely bear the thought of parting with them altogether.

After all, why could he not buy a nice house, and try to get Mrs. Muntle to keep it for him? Perhaps she would. He would offer her a high salary, and she would have plenty of servants. Then, indeed, he might have friends dine with him and be as happy as possible.

If only he could approach his hostess; showing her as he did so that he considered her his equal and a lady, and all that, as she certainly was, a little countrified, of course, but a clergyman's daughter and the widow of a doctor.

After much consideration he finally mustered up courage for the effort, and walking into the parlor, sent a small servant to ask Mrs. Muntle to stop there for a moment, if she pleased.

"Gracious," thought Mrs. Muntle, "what can he want?"

Then she blushed brightly, settled her necktie, took off her apron and walked in.

"Be seated ma'ma," said Mr. Patterson. "Please sit here. Allow me to sit near you. I have something to say which may require some consideration."

"Oh, dear, what is coming?" thought Mrs. Muntle.

"I suppose you know I'm a man of some little means, ma'ma," said the old bachelor, "able to buy a nice house, furnish it well and live in it comfortable."

"So I've understood, Mr. Patterson," said the widow.

"And of course it is pleasanter to live that way than in bachelor lodgings, or at a hotel," said Mr. Patterson.

"I should judge it might be," said Mrs. Muntle, cautiously.

"You judge rightly," said Mr. Patterson, "but you know a bachelor must be in the hands of servants if he keeps house. A gentleman don't want that; he wants a lady to superintend things for him—some one of taste and refinement. Common people don't understand his feelings, and mercenary servants are a poor dependence."

"I know that," said Mrs. Muntle.

"You are almost as much alone as I, aren't you, Mrs. Muntle,?" said Patterson.

"The doctor knew him. He is going to do it, just as he said he would if he ever did," said the lady to herself. Aloud she answered: "Well, I am pretty free, it is true. All my children are married."

"I know money would be no object to you," said Mr. Patterson. "You have enough. But if I were to tell you that I hated boarding-houses and wanted a home, I think you would pity me. I'll buy a beautiful house, and you shall have complete control of everything; only to make my strawberry short-cake for me all my life."

He paused and looked at the lady.

"That was delicately put," he thought.

"Nor will you hire out for a housekeeper in that, I fancy."

"It ain't romantic, though," said Mrs. Muntle; "but, still, we ain't young, neither of us, and it gets to be just that with the most sentimental after a while."

"Don't refuse me," pleaded Mr. Patterson.

"Well, Mr. Patterson, I won't," said Mrs. Muntle. "I'm my own mistress, and though I've never thought of a second marriage, why I think I'm warranted in making one. And no doubt I shall never repent, for I think you've a fine disposition, and I understand your ways and tastes."

Mr. Patterson listened. He saw what he had done—proposed and was accepted without having any idea what he was about.

He looked at Mr. Muntle; she was very nice and fresh and comely, and ten years his junior, at least, if she was forty. He could not have done a better thing, and he would be married without any troublesome courting. So he put his arm around Mrs. Muntle's waist, and said: "Thank you, my dear, I consider myself very lucky."

He wrote to his good doctor in about a fortnight's time, to tell him that he had taken both of his prescriptions, was a married man, and intended to bring his wife home about Christmas.

A young man who was vain of his personal appearance and genealogy, was telling how he got his nose from a celebrated grandfather, his mouth from an equally distinguished uncle, his head from his intellectual father, his eyes from his beautiful mother, etc., when a fellow exclaimed, "Yes, yes, my dear fellow, that is all plain; but what puzzles us is to discover where you got your unequalled cheek?"

Travelling in Japan.

Of all the modes of travelling in Japan, the jin-riki-sha is the most pleasant. The kago is excruciating. It is a flat basket, swung on a pole and carried on the shoulders of two men. If your neck does not break, your feet go hopelessly to sleep. Headaches seem to lodge somewhere in the bamboos, to afflict every victim entrapped in it. To ride in a kago is as pleasant as riding in a wash-tub or a coffin slung on a pole. In some mountain-passes, stout native porters carry you pickapack. Crossing the shallow rivers, you may sit upon a platform borne on men's shoulders as they wade. Saddle-horses are not to be publicly hired, but pack-horses are pleasant means of locomotion. These animals and their leaders deserve a whole chapter of description for themselves. Fancy a brass-bound peaked pack-saddle rising a foot above the animal's back, with the crupper-strap slanting down to clasp the tail. The oft-banded slur, that in Japan everything goes by contraries, has a varnish of truth on it when we notice that the most gorgeous piece of Japanese saddlery is the crupper, which, even on a pack-horse, is painted crimson and gilded gloriously. The man who leads the horse is an animal that, by long contact and companionship with the quadruped, has grown to resemble him in disposition and ejaculation—at least, the equine and the human seems to harmonize well together. This man is called, in Japanese, "horse-side." He is dressed in straw sandals and the universally worn kimono, or blue cotton wrapper-like dress, which is totally unfitted for work of any kind, and which makes the slovens of Japan—a rather numerous class—always look as if they had just got out of bed. At his waist is the usual girdle, from which hangs the inevitable bamboo-and-brass pipe, the bowl of which holds but a pellet of the mild fine-cut tobacco of the country. The pipe-case is connected with a tobacco-pouch, in which are also flint, steel, and tinder. All these are suspended by a cord, fastened to a wooden or ivory button, which is tucked up through the belt. On his head, covering his shaven mid-scalp and right-angled top-knot, is a blue cotton rag—not handkerchief, since such an article in Japan is always made of paper. The head-gear is usually fastened over the head by twisting the ends under the nose. With a rope six feet long he leads his horse, which trusts so implicitly to its master's guidance that we suspect the prevalence of blindness among Japanese pack-horses arises from sheer lack of the exercise of their eyesight. These unkempt brutes are strangers to currycombs and brushes, though a semi-monthly scrubbing in hot water keeps them tolerably clean. Their shoes are a curiosity; the hoofs are not shod with iron, but with straw sandals, tied on thrice or oftener, daily. Grass is scarce in Japan, and oats are unknown. The nags live on beans, barley, and the stalks, leaves, and tops of succulent plants, with only an occasional wisp of hay or grass.

A Strange Case.

Some time ago a minister in Philadelphia told us of a most remarkable dream, that had its verification in a few hours. He was preaching by special invitation to a rural congregation in Maryland, and after dinner retired to rest, but soon joined his friends in the parlor, looking sad and careworn, and in answer to their inquiries, told them he had just dreamed that a ministerial brother who was that morning holding services some six miles distant, appeared to him remarking, "I am just two hours dead." Scarcely had he finished the narration of his dream, and while those present were discussing its probable import, a horseman stopped at the gate inquiring for the minister, and on his appearing informed him that the brother of whom he had just dreamed had died about noon, and his dying request was that his ministerial friend should conduct his funeral obsequies.

We offer no comments on these strange occurrences, and attempt no explanation. We leave the psychologist to do that. Facts like these are stubborn things, and frequently upset our philosophy and put our reason to shame. It will not do for us to say we don't believe these things ever transpired, for we might multiply instances by thousands of a similar character, that are as well attested as any historical fact. We must seek some other solution of the problem.

Minnesota is an awful cold place. There was a friend of mine out there last winter; he went out to chase a bear, but the bear chased him. He wasn't afraid, only he climbed a tree to get out of the way, leaving his gun on the ground; the bear longed for a savory mess, and not knowing that he chewed tobacco and drank rum he did picket duty around that tree until my friend drew forth his whiskey flask from his breast, and poured it down on the gun. The whiskey froze in one solid streak from the flask to the gun, and my friend took hold of the frozen streak of whiskey, and drew his gun up hand over hand, and shot the bear. For the truth of this I refer you to St. Paul—St. Paul, Minnesota.

The mystery of the milk in the coconut has been eclipsed by that of the hair on the outside.

SUNDAY READING.

Pray with the Children.

THE pastor of a young mother who had recently joined the church, was talking to her about her material responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones in supplication to the throne of grace, yet complained of a want of faith and of definiteness in asking for them the special influence of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately, and by name?" inquired the pastor.

"No, that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it of much importance, Mrs. Huston, especially as a help to our faith, and to the clearness and intensity of our desires on their behalf. You pray with them, I trust, as well as for them?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often. They seem a little restless, and inclined to whisper together when my eyes are closed; and so I have felt less embarrassment and more freedom in supplication, to be alone at such seasons."

"Let me persuade you, dear Mrs. Huston to try a different plan. Take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and kneeling with them before the Lord, tell him the name, the daily history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not opened to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother as she said with trembling lips, "I'll try."

As the evening came she had not forgotten her promise, but as she saw that Sarah, her daughter, was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son to her chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers and knelt by her side. As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord, a tender hush fell upon his young spirit, and he clasped his mother's fingers more tightly as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of the Father in Heaven. And did not the clasp of that little hand warm her heart to new and more fervent desires as she poured forth her supplication to the Answerer of prayers?

When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie's face was like a rainbow, smiling through tears. "Mamma, mamma," said he, "I'm glad you told Jesus my name; now he'll know me when I get to Heaven. And when kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour, take me and lay me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant, and say, 'Why, this is Willie Huston, his mother told me about him; how happy I am to see you Willie.' Won't that be nice mamma?"

Mrs. Huston never forgot that scene. And when she was permitted to see not only her dear Willie and Sarah, but the children afterwards added to her family circle, each successively consecrating the dew of their youth to God, she did indeed feel that her pastor's plan was "the more excellent way." So she resolved to recommend it to praying mothers by telling them this touching incident. When we meet our children at the last great day, may Jesus own as His, those whom we have "told Him about" on earth.

Enjoy the Present.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my house is left me still and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or good hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing and thrust it forward to tomorrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come soon enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to the morrow.

Dancing.

A man took his minister to task because he had understood he was opposed to dancing. But his minister replied: "I am not so much opposed to people dancing as I am in favor of people attending to the most important matters first. Secure the salvation of your soul; become an earnest devoted christian, and then dance as much as you like."

This reminds us of the answer of a pious Calvinist to an Arminian; who objected to the perseverance of the saints. "If I believed that doctrine," said he, "and were sure I were a converted man, I would take my fill of sin." "How much sin," replied the other, "do you think it would take to fill a true christian to his own satisfaction?"