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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. SPONSLER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.
R. F. JUNKIN,
WM. H. MILLER, Carlisle.
OFFICERS:
W. A. SPONSLER, President.
WILLIAM WILKES, Cashier
New Bloomfield, 3 1/2 ly

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

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

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For the destruction of all kinds of Insects, viz:

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Warranted Pure.

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THE WILL.

TOWARD the end of a gusty October day about the year 1830, a barrister of the Temple was sitting reading, when the opening of a door and the servant's announcement of "a gentleman" interrupted him. He rose to receive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly but extremely old-fashioned appearance. He was dressed in a grave colored suit of antique cut; a neat, tight gray wig surrounded his serious and even solemn physiognomy; silk stockings rolled at the knee, enormous shoe buckles of gold, a cane headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat completed his equipment, which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third, or the first of his successor. Having stiffly bowed in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered him by his host, and, after a preparatory hem, thus began in a slow and serious manner: "I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the S——family, whose property in Yorkshire you are therefore aware is about to be sold."

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, "full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be performed."

"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand; "the property need not be sold."

"May I presume to ask whether you are any relation to the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond the sea, who, as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate in default of a will to the contrary, and who desires its value in money instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it, and must therefore depart."

"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily. "You seem not to know of the will of Mr. S——'s great-grandfather, by which he not only left that, his real estate, to his favorite grandson, this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great-great-grandson."

"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, "was, indeed, supposed for many years to exist, and in the virtue of it Mr. S—— has, until now, peacefully enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S—— has given up all hope of finding it. The sale is to be completed next week, and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers."

"You are mistaken again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor. "I say, sir, the will exists! Go immediately," continued he, in an authoritative tone; "travel night and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall."

"We have looked there," interrupted the barrister.

"Silence, sir! There is a closet, I say; in that closet is a large iron chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited there, no matter when or by whom. Go; you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S——. I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S——Hall, but am his near relation, and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice."

So saying, the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat in a fashion that would have enchanted an elegant of Queen Anne's day, and, sliding the silken string of his cane on the fingers of his right hand, on one of which the lawyer remarked a very brilliant ring, he descended the stairs and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole thing a hoax; then, again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house to be able to describe the closet so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure, and arrived on the evening of the fourth day at S——Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through within twenty miles of his destination, and much and loudly was it lamented that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his rights, as they persisted in calling the possession of his estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal everywhere met his eye. Packages filled the hall; servants, with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about, and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their old, regretted house.

Mr. S——greeted his friend with a surprise which changed to incredulity when

the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.

"It cannot be," said he. "Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention? Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend. I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble to so little purpose."

The barrister mentioned the name of his visitor.

"Hugh S——!" exclaimed the gentleman laughing; "I have not a relation in the world of that name."

"It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer, "and, since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure."

Mr. S——, seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him toward the apartment he specified. As they crossed one of the rooms on their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-length picture.

"For Heaven's sake," cried he, excitedly, "who is this?"

"My grandfather," returned Mr. S——, "as good an old fellow as ever lived. I wish with all my heart he was alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years."

"What was his name?"

"Hugh S——, the only one of the family of that name."

"That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring are here."

They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and—found the deed!

The kind old grandfather was never seen again.

If it were possible to count the number of men and women who have been sacrificed to the force of mere circumstantial evidence, the result would scarcely be satisfactory to the enforcers of the law. In illustration of this, an interesting incident appears in a French paper. Thirty years ago two French peasants were attacked on their return from a village fair; one of them being murdered outright, while his companion was able to make his escape badly wounded. No trace of the assassins could be discovered for some time, but about a year after, two men, named Lionnet and Dussud, were arrested on suspicion.

The survivor, who at first said he should be able to identify his assailants, was induced to swear that these were the men; and though two persons of respectability declared that Dussud had passed the evening upon which the crime was committed, at a house many miles distant, the court condemned him to fifteen years' penal servitude, and his alleged companion to hard labor for life. The husband and wife who had come forward to prove an alibi in favor of Dussud, were, moreover, sentenced to seven years at the galleys for perjury.

They served their time and have since died, as also has Lionnet. Dussud, the sole survivor, who always asserted that he was innocent, has long since come back to his native village, and, despite the stigma attaching to a returned convict, has been slowly regaining the good will of his neighbors. A short time ago an old man named Rambin, who was lying ill in a hospital at St. Symphorien, sent for him, stating that he had some important communication to make, and in presence of the priest and a commissary of police, he confessed that he was the murderer, whence it followed that Dussud and Lionnet had been unjustly punished. But for the favorable antecedents of the accused, they would have undergone the extreme penalty of the law; and even as it was, they not only suffered very severely; but were the innocent cause of ruin to the witnesses who came forward to speak the truth in their behalf.

Want of Sleep.

We confess we never could relish the propriety or the act of many farmers of getting up at four o'clock on winter mornings, for no other apparent purpose than the burning of a foot of firewood or so before daylight—for that was apparently the sole object of their so doing—and keeping everybody in the house in a miserable half-wake condition until the proper time to get up arrives, and in a state of semi-lazitude all day thereafter. The practice is evil in its effects every way. Want of sleep—the worthy farmer justly says—is one of the chief causes of much of the physical and mental trouble of farmers and their families. During the busy season, when the farmer rises at four in the morning and works till six or seven in the evening, then eats his supper, does his chores, and sits up an hour or two later to read his paper, or chat with a neighbor, he does not obtain sleep enough to keep either body or mind in perfect health or vigor. The waste of brain is not fully made up. Little by little it decays, and insanity or incurable disease is the final result of using the hours which should be devoted to sleep for other purposes. Farmer's wives, who are kept awake at night by the exhaustion caused by overwork or by crying and fretting children, are the greatest sufferers, and yearly many of this class go to the insane asylum or to the grave. It is slow but certain suicide to curtail the hours of sleep, and no man, woman or child need expect to long continue in good health without taking the fullest amount of quiet rest.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

"BOB NOYES, do stop your racket. Nobody can have a minute's peace if you're in hearing."

Bob's face flushed scarlet, and he laid down his hammer, leaving the nail half driven. He turned the toy wagon he had been working at over and over, with a wistful look which told of a pitiful heart-ache. It was a pretty wagon in his eyes, and he had made every bit of it himself, and if he could only drive six more nails it would be finished. But there must be no racket, so he laid it away carefully, and going to one corner of the yard, stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heels, pondered over his many troubles. His mother had said there was no peace with him anywhere about home.

He had slipped into the parlor after dinner, and was having a good chat with Miss Somers, and she was telling him about three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when sister Jennie came in and asked him what he was imposing on Miss Somers for. He wasn't imposing, Miss Somers said so. Guess he could talk as well as Jennie, if she was eighteen two months ago. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. Maybe he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder, and wished he knew. After his ejection from the parlor, Bob started for the garret to console himself by rocking in the old-fashioned red cradle-grandmother Noyes rocked papa and Uncle John in, but Nell and the boys would not let him in; they were getting up surprise tableaux, and didn't want any little pitchers' around. He next sought his father's study, to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected—he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance. Almost broken-hearted, he turned to his mother's room. "Go right away, Bob, you'll wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He looked into the kitchen, and begged to help make pies; but Bridget told him to clear out." He "cleared out" to the wood-house and sought to assuage his sorrow by working on his wagon, and now he was forbidden that.

He could not understand why he was driven from everything—he had not been a bad boy and lost his temper. It was beyond his six-year-old philosophy. His poor little brain puzzled over what other children called certain inalienable rights, without finding a solution of his troubles of coming to a conclusion. Had he been strong-minded, he might have called a convention, and declared "in the present order of things little boys have no rights big folks are bound to respect," and drafted petitions for a change; but he was sensitive and submissive, and let people snub and trample on his toes without remonstrance. The tea-bell roused him from his cup of bitter, puzzled thoughts.

"Bob, come to supper."

He wouldn't have to wait, that was some consolation.

At the table Mrs. Noyes was telling Miss Somers about a troupe of performing monkeys. "One smart monkey with a striped tail played on the violin, and—"

"Mamma, it was ring-tailed," interrupted Bob, eager to have the account exact.

"Bob, how many times have I told you not to interrupt?"

Bob subsided, but he knew it was ring-tailed, for he counted the rings and watched it for half an hour, while mamma gossiped with Mrs. Layton.

"All the monkeys turned somersaults when their keeper played Captain Jinks," continued Mrs. Noyes.

"Mamma, it wasn't Captain Jinks, it was 'O vare is My little Tog.'"

Bob was correct, and he knew it; he could whistle like a mocking bird, while Mrs. Noyes did not know one tune from another. The two reproofs in presence of Miss Somers was too much for his sensitive bashful temperament, and mortified him beyond self-control. His little fingers trembled and dropped a glass of water, spilling the contents upon the cloth.

"Bob, where's your manners? Leave the table," commanded the father.

The children laughed, and Jennie called Bob an ill-mannered little boor, and the mortified little fellow crept sadly into bed and sobbed until asleep.

The day's experience was a fair sample of Bob's whole boyhood. Nowhere about home could his light shine freely; the whole household tried to thrust it under a bushel. He must not sing, whistle, shout, talk, ask questions or pound; yet he must have himself handy to run errands and pick up chips. He must not have company, "little boys are to be seen, not heard;" he must not have any company of his own, because of the consequent noise; and he could not go visiting, because he did not know how to behave properly. The idea that Bob had any feelings and rights was not tolerated. The family did not intend to act unjustly; they loved Bob; but they were selfish and did not want to be disturbed, and Bob was such an inveterate talker and questioner, and so noisy, if given liberty. He was clothed and fed, and sent to school, and to church and Sabbath School, and that was all duty required.

Bob made a discovery after a while. He could pound and saw and bang as much as he pleased in Tom Smith's carpenter shop.

Smith's wild, half dissipated apprentice made a discovery, too—that bashful Bob Noyes had a wonderful faculty for saying witty things, and whistling and singing, when he became acquainted—and they coaxed him off more than once, to enliven the evenings at the 'Excelsior' and 'Star' saloons.

They were as blind as moles at home, until a reckless, almost criminal deed, committed during the tumultuous period between manhood and boyhood, showed them that Bobby's young life was being steeped in degradation and sin. They wept bitterly, but not in sackcloth and ashes. Wrapped in self righteousness, they shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and as he went from bad to worse, washed their hands of that unavoidable family affliction—a black sheep.

But God and the angels knew that Bob was not alone to blame, knew that because his light was put under a bushel at home and kept there, he had groped around in the darkness, and fallen into the ditch.

"Mamma is Dead."

John W. Van Brocklin, of Twin Bridges, near Virginia City, Nevada, was helping to build a church at Sheridan, and was away from home with his wagon and team from Monday morning till Saturday night. He had been several weeks so occupied. He was therefore absent from his wife and two little children, the eldest five years old, all the week except Saturday nights and Sundays. Mrs. Van Brocklin and the children enjoyed good health, and the husband and father had no fear for the safety of the birds in the home nest. There were near neighbors too. On Saturday evening the two children used to toddle a good distance along the road by which their father came, to meet him and get a ride home in the wagon. On a late Saturday Mr. Van Brocklin was returning home as usual, and the two little fellows had gone quite a distance to meet him. He stopped to take them in the wagon, and as he lifted them up he asked, "How is mamma?" Two little voices replied, "O, papa, mamma's dead!" He thought he did not hear correctly, and asked again, "Your mamma." The little voices again chimed together, "Yes, papa, mamma's dead in the bed." Van Brocklin hurried his team home. He found his wife indeed in bed insensible and fast sinking in death. She was there alone, no neighbors were near. He called loudly for help—the neighbors were alarmed; a doctor was summoned, but before he arrived the poor woman had passed away. The doctor said her attack was of a paralytic nature. This is the children's story, gathered from them by odds and ends! On Thursday evening, Mrs. Van Brocklin called her children to her, and told them she was sick, and to run and call the nearest neighbor. Then she fell down on the bed. She never said anything more to them, and they at first supposed she was asleep. It was growing dark and they were afraid to go for the neighbors. They slept in their clothes, and tried to waken their mother in the morning, but she would not rouse. They ate what they could find cooked in the house, and drove up the cows morning and evening to be milked; but there was nobody to milk them, and at the usual time they turned them out to pasture again. The neighbors seeing the children at their usual daily task supposed, of course, that all was right with them at home, and it so happened that none of them called. The oldest child began to be a little frightened, and suggested to the other, "What if mamma should be dead. She must be dead or she'd waken up;" and so the little boys came to the conclusion that their mother had gone away from them and wondered what papa would say when he heard of it. Their curiosity on the point was excited, and, with hearts full of news, they started out to meet their father coming home in his wagon. They had been forty-eight hours with the shadow of death in the house, and were not old enough to realize what it meant.

Little five-year-old Annie, who was suffering from a bad cold, went to pay a visit to auntie. During the day she related her various successes at school, and ended by declaring she would read a good deal better than Sabin's, who was eight years old. "Well," questioned auntie, "wouldn't it sound better if some one else said it?" "Yes," answered Annie, with a sober countenance, "I think it would. I have such a bad cold I can't say it very well."

What shall be said of that benighted bachelor who, being called on for a toast, gave: "Our future wives—distance lends enchantment to the view!" And that other one, if possible, a shade more reprobat, who proposed, in a woman—the morning star of infamy, the day star of age; bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance!

A Scotch minister in a strange parish wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle: "What do they say of Mr. —?" his predecessor. "Oh," said the beadle, "they say he is not sound." Minister: "What do they say of the new minister?" (himself). Beadle: "O, they say he's all sound!"