

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.

W. F. FROST, President.
B. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't.

J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. E. EATON, General Agent.

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

THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

642 1y

Perry County Bank!

Sponser, 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. SPONSLEER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.
R. F. JUNKIN,
WM. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:
W. A. SPONSLEER, President.

WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier.

New Bloomfield, 3 5 1y

PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,

Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agen

New Bloomfield, Pa.

WE INVITE the attention of buyers and sellers to the advantages we offer them in purchasing or disposing of real estate through our office.

We have a very large list of desirable property, consisting of farms, town property, mills, store and tavern stands, and real estate of any description which we are prepared to offer at great bargains. We advertise our property very extensively, and use all our efforts, skill, and diligence to effect a sale. We make no charges unless the property is sold, while registered with us. We also draw up deeds, bonds, mortgages, and all legal papers at moderate rates.

Some of the best, cheapest, and most reliable fire, life, and cattle insurance companies in the United States are represented at this agency.—Property insured either on the cash or mutual plan, and perpetually at \$4 and \$5 per thousand.

Pensions, bounties, and all kinds of war claims collected. There are thousands of soldiers and heirs of soldiers who are entitled to pensions and bounty, who have never made application. Soldiers, if you were wounded, ruptured, or contracted a disease in the service from which you are disabled, you are entitled to a pension.

When widows of soldiers die or marry, the minor children are entitled to the pension.

Parties having any business to transact in our line, are respectfully invited to give us a call, as we are confident we can render satisfaction in any branch of our business.

No charge for information.

420 1y LEWIS POTTER & CO.

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.

CASSINETS.

FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER.

CENTRE WOOLLEN FACTORY. 6.17.4m.

PERRY HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Pa.

THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Maine and Carlisle streets, opposite the Court House, invites all his friends and former customers to give him a call as he is determined to furnish first class accommodations.

THOMAS SUTCH, Proprietor.

PRINTING (ALL KINDS OF Printing neatly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD TIMES" STEAM JOB OFFICE.

A Boy's Inventions.

IT appears from the San Francisco Chronicle that Oregon possesses a youthful genius who deserves more than passing notice. This is his story as told by the journal: "A caveat was recently filed in the patent office at Washington for a new motive power, which in the opinion of experienced engineers and scientific gentlemen who have examined the working model, will not only supplant the present steam engines in use, but largely increase the use to which machinery can be applied with profit. Strange to say this invention which promises such great results is the product of a boy but eighteen years of age, who was born and reared in the backwoods of Oregon. Frank G. Crouch is the name of the young genius. His father settled on a farm in Douglas county over twenty years ago, and the only educational advantages enjoyed by the young man were those afforded by the country school. At a very early age he demonstrated a wonderful ingenuity in the construction of windmills and waterwheels. Before he was ten years of age he built a toy sawmill, which was the wonder of the inhabitants for miles around. Natural philosophy and chemistry were his favorite studies, not only faithfully followed in school, but fairly revelled in out of school hours. He was continually testing the theories of the book by actual experiments, and produced results which astonished his elders. The frivolous amusements of other children he turned from, his whole time was occupied not only practically demonstrating what he saw in print, but in endeavoring to improve on the original. Up to four years ago, when he went with his father to Portland, he never had seen a telegraph instrument; yet in having its operation explained to him, he astonished the operator with a more profound elucidation of its workings than the operator himself could have given. Upon his return home he constructed an instrument, made a battery, and in a rude way could telegraph with it. He came near losing his life at this period, from the strength of a battery which he had constructed, receiving a shock which laid him up for a month. In this connection it may be stated that this young man has perfected a system of telegraph whereby messages may be sent and received on board a train of cars, whether standing still or moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The young man fully explained this system to a Chronicle reporter, showing plainly that it is feasible, but as his application for a patent is not yet filed it would be unfair to make it public. This system also renders collisions impossible, and greatly reduces the chances of accidents of all kinds. It has been tested on twelve miles of road and found to work like a charm. Another of his inventions, from which his friends and practical machinists expect great results, is a self-regulating water-feed, to be applied to boilers. The great majority of explosions which occur are caused by the water getting low through the carelessness of engineers. By this arrangement the water in the boiler will always be kept a certain height, rendering explosions impossible, requiring no attention from the engineer, and dispensing with the water gauges. Among all the inventions to which this young man has applied his attention, the one which he was most desirous to bring before the public was his new steam engine. His father, who is a plain, practical farmer, endeavored to turn his head from machinery and electricity to the every-day life of the farm, but finally he was persuaded by the unceasing importunities of the youth to go with him to Portland, and endeavor to get some capitalists to supply the money to bring out the inventions of the boy. They met with poor success in Portland, and his father whose means were limited, endeavored to persuade his son to return home. The young man would not listen to such a proposition, and finally induced his father to come down to San Francisco. They met with poor success here at first, but young Crouch finally succeeded in getting a miniature model of his engine manufactured. He took it down to San Jose, where several old friends of the Crouch family resided. At Judge Hester's residence, on the Alameda road, the little engine, with but two-inch cylinder and two-inch stroke, was applied to a large straw cutter, ordinarily worked by a very strong mule. It easily handled the machine, and accomplished work which the mule could not, cutting off grape vines and barrel hoops as readily as straw. The mule was substituted for the little engine, and brought to a dead stop when these things were put in the machine. Judge Moore and Mr. Bishop at once took stock in the undertaking. With the means furnished by them a large engine is now being constructed at a machine shop in this city, and will be in operation this week. The merit claimed for this new engine is that by its steam is converted into a wonderfully expansive gas, by being superheated in combination with air, thus giving to a comparatively small engine great power. By this arrangement the main obstacle which has prevented the application of machinery to many purposes will be overcome, and the steam carriage for common roads made practical. A great saving in

fuel as well as in weights, is also secured by the invention of young Crouch. The engine and boiler are combined, and an engine of forty-horse power will not take up a space of six feet square."

Eli in Hot Water.

THE other day, I sent this paragraph to "The Graphic":
"Mrs. Johnson is said to be the most beautiful lady in the hotel."
I didn't know what I was doing. I'm sorry I did it. Now the ladies are all down on me, and poor Mrs. Johnson is being persecuted on all sides. The ladies are telling all sorts of stories about her—how she poisoned her first husband, threw a baby or two down the well, and all that.
A few moments ago a tall, muscular man entered my room, holding the Daily Graphic in his hand. He looked mad. I wasn't afraid. O! no; but I was writing and hadn't time to talk.
"Are you Mr. Perkins?" he continued.
"No, sir; my name is La—"
"Did you write this article about Mrs. Johnson being the most beautiful woman?" he interrupted.
"Why?" I asked modestly.
"Because my wife is here, sir—Mrs. Thompson—a very handsome woman, sir, and—"
"Ah! Thompson—yes; only the fact is I sent it down 'Thompson,' and those rascally type-setters they made 'Johnson' of it. Why, yesterday, Mr. Thompson, I wrote about President Porter, the well-deserving President of Yale College, and those remorseless type-setters set it up 'hell-deserving,' and President Porter has been cutting me dead ever since."
"All right, then, Mr. Perkins, if you really sent it down 'Mrs. Thompson,' I'll put up my pistol and we'll be friends; but if I ever hear of your writing about any lady being more beautiful than my wife I'll send you to New York in a metallic case—I will, sure!" and Mr. Thompson strode out of the room.
A few moments afterward I met Julia, my fiancée—the one I truly love.
"You look lovely to-day, Julia!" I commented as usual.
"You're a bear, Eli—you're a dreadful person—a false bad man. You—"
"What is it, Julia?" what has displeased you now?" I interrupted, sweetly.
"Why, you base deceiver! haven't you been calling me beautiful all the time? Haven't you made sonnets of my eyes, compared my cheeks to the lily, my arms to alabaster; and now here you go and call Mrs. Johnson the most beautiful woman in the hotel. You mean, false, two-sided man, you!" and Julia's eyes snapped like sparks of electricity.
"But, Julia, dear Julia, let me explain." I repeated. "It was all a ruse, Julia.—Don't you know newspapers tell a great many lies—they must, you know; the people must have them; and there is a rivalry between them to see which can tell the biggest and longest ones, you know and tell them the oftenest?"
"Yes," she murmured, sweetly.
"Well, I've been telling so much truth lately that the Daily Graphic folks telegraphed to me to change my course a little—to throw in a few lies, and—"
"And you did?"
"Why, yes, and this was one of them. Of course you are the most beautiful woman in Saratoga. Of course you are."
This seemed to make Julia happy again, and I thought it was all right. I went to my room thinking so, but was all wrong.
In a moment, Rat! tat! tat! sounded on the door.
"Come in!" I said, as I stood with my pantaloons off, thinking it was the boy to take this letter to the post.
"Is it you who is making fun of my wife—"
"I beg pardon, sir; if you and your wife will just keep back a moment, I'll draw on my pantaloons and try and tell you," I said, trembling from head to foot.
"No, sir, we won't withdraw; but say, sir, did you say my wife, Mrs. Johnson, was the handsomest woman in Saratoga; she that has been known as the plainest woman and I the plainest Methodist minister in this here circuit—say, did you?"
The woman was a fright. I could see it from behind the sofa where I stood scotched down. She wore spectacles, had freckles, crooked teeth, and peaked chin.
"No, sir!" I said, vehemently. "No Sir—r! I never said your wife was the most beautiful woman in Saratoga, for she evidently is not. I meant somebody else—another Mrs. Johnson." I could not tell a lie about it, and she is positively ugly—that is, she is not handsome; she is not beautiful.
"Far different!"
"Far different! My wife not good-looking? My wife far different? I'll teach you to attack my wife in that way." Then his umbrella flew up and flew down. I don't know how long I staid there, but I do know that the next hour I found myself in a strange room, and my clothes smelt of chloroform and camphor. The doctors say I met with an accident. I don't know what it was, but I do know that I shall never say anything about that handsome woman again. Never!

"The Gray Mare the Better Horse."

THIS well known proverbial saying originated from the following circumstances: A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family: therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.
The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who has a sense of right or wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this to proof, if you are willing to try it.
I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing 100 eggs; and if, passing through the country and making a strict inquiry into the truth and falsehood of my assertion and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then not think your own case uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again and you shall keep her fortune."
This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our young married man, therefore, set out with great earnestness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife. At the first house he came to, he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next house he met with something of the same kind, and at every house in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the country. He knocked at the door, and inquiring of the master of the house, was told by the servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor.
The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said if his business was urgent she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite, for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question, but as a wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."
The gentleman at this time entered the room, and after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best; and to accept of it as a present.
A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the gray mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman caller, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavor to live happy with my wife."
The great struggles in life are limited to moments; in the drooping of the head upon the bosom—in the pressure of the hand on the brow.

A Tell-Tale Skeleton.

The following advertisement appears in the last numbers of the *Gestimunde* (North Germany) *Gazette*:
"The following heirs of Catharine Spelling and her daughter Dorothy, both of whom died a violent death in 1851, at Amsterdam, are requested to send their addresses immediately to the Royal Probate Court at Amsterdam—Sophia Bekrensbrug, Otto Kelenner, Anna Derling, Maria Derling, Joseph Derling, all of whom emigrated to the United States since 1864.
EARNST BILGERS, Solicitor."
This advertisement was issued in consequence of the discovery of the murderer of the widow Spelling and her daughter, and the recovery of the spoils of his fearful crime, upwards of twenty years after it had been committed.
In July 1853, the police of Amsterdam saw on the door of the house on Harlem street, where Catharine Spelling lived with her daughter Dorothy, a notice to the effect that the two women had gone to the country. This notice aroused no suspicions, but when the old lady and her daughter did not return after the lapse of six weeks the police entered it. A fearful sight met their eyes. The widow and her daughter, with their throats cut from ear to ear, were lying on the floor in an advanced state of decomposition, while all the bureaus were rifled of their contents. It was ascertained that the murderer had carried off diamonds, money and bonds amounting to nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
Time passed by and the double murder was almost forgotten, until on the third of July last the house in which the crime had been committed was torn down. Between it and the adjoining house was a space of about one foot in width, and hemmed in there was found a male skeleton. At the bottom of this space lay a large leathern pocket containing the diamonds, the money and bonds of the murdered widow. This skeleton was undoubtedly that of the murderer of the two women, who, after assassinating them and bagging his plunder, had tried to escape over the roof of the house, but, slipping his foot, had fallen into the space between the two buildings. There he met with just retribution of his terrible crime. He died there the excruciating, painful death of slow starvation.

The Engineer's Signal.

An engineer on a Rhode Island train lived in a house quite near the track. He had been for years employed on that road, and was a most faithful, excellent man. It was his custom, every time he passed his house, to give a peculiar short signal with the steam whistle, which said to his wife, "I am here, and all safe." By day or by night he never omitted sending that message to his home when he passed it. Frequent passengers on the train learned to recognize the sound, and would say, "That is Guild signalling to his wife." It was a little thing, but told much with regard to the man, and his noble, manly, loving nature, which would spare his dear ones every breath of anxiety in his power.
But there came a morning when that signal was not heard. The night train came thundering over the road, and there was no one to warn the doomed passengers that a bridge on the meadows had been washed away. On, on it came, and dashed down into the chasm, the engineer and fireman dying at their posts, and many of the affrighted, shrieking passengers being hurled down after them to the same fearful fate.
Ah, never more would that signal sound be heard by the watchful ear which had grown so accustomed to it. How vividly would every passing train recall it! Yet the sorrow in this home was only a type of that which darkened many hearth stones. Why was all this ruin wrought? Because there was no one to watch at that little bridge; no one whose business it was to go over the route through the night, especially in such a time of freshet, and see that all was safe. How dreadful the results of such negligence.
But, alas, worse wrecks are made than this, because people do not watch. The enemy comes in to the soul, and takes it captive, then hurries with it down to a more fearful destruction. We have all need to watch and pray lest we, too, thus miserably perish.

Children.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as well as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is always in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father, and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little one, in such a way as to make them happy.

Innocence is not virtue, and those who fancy that it is, make a fatal mistake. Innocence is simply the ignorance of evil; virtue knows it, appreciates it, rejects it. Infancy is lovely in its innocence; but life, with its stern realities, demands the strong, ripened vigor of manly virtue to resist evil, to protect its good to build up character, and to bless the world.