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Perry County Bank!

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

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New Bloomfield, Pa.

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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 BUTCH, Proprietor.

PRINTING! ALL KINDS of Printing neatly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD TIMES" STEAM JOB OFFICE.

WHY BANGS HATED DOGS.

"GET out!"

"Bangs, that is my dog!"

"Yes, I know it. Get, you brute!"—And he shied at him an iron paper weight. My face flushed, "Bangs," said I, "excuse me, but I've an affection for that dog."

"Excuse me, Pills, but I've an antipathy against all dogs. Get out vermin!" and he gave my pet black and tan a vicious kick, that sent him howling into the corridor. Bangs shut the door and put the key in his pocket.

"I wish, Pills, the next time you come to my office you would leave that brute behind. I've a most uncomfortable antipathy against all canines, and—"

Bangs might have said more, but the look of my face must have convinced him that I was seriously angry.

"Suppose we let this pass," he said.

"I was wrong, I'll admit; I ought not to have kicked your pup, but you don't know how I hate 'em, big and little. Sit down, Pills, and let me tell you something that heretofore has been a secret with me, a secret hidden from the gaze of the cold unsympathizing world. I feel that now some explanation is proper for me to make, in hopes that it may prevent a misunderstanding between two such firm friends as we have been in the past, and I hope will be in the future."

I sat down in the chair Bangs pointed to, and said, "go on."

"I don't know," continued Bangs, "that I ever had any particular dislike to dogs previous to the circumstance which I am about to relate. Do you remember the spring I took a trip to the country?"

"Very well," I replied.

"That was some six years ago. I had confined myself very closely to business ever since my admittance to the bar, and I thought a month in the country would freshen me up considerably."

"It did not seem to, if I remember rightly," I said.

"You'll not wonder at it Pills, when I tell you about the facts. I went down to a little sea side resort, called San Marino—ever been there?"

"Never."

"Well, it's a very queer sort of a place.

There is a fine stream of water courses down from the mountains and empties into the sea about half a mile from the town; although there is no town there, only a little hotel and blacksmith's shop. The stream empties into the sea in winter, during the heavy rains, but in summer time the surf banks up the mouth with sand and forms quite a lake or lagoon. 'Laguna a Puritas' is the Spanish name. The proprietor of the hotel had a few little sail boats fitted up, they were in constant use by the guests. Game is plenty in the hills and about there, deer, and quail; the creek is full of speckled trout; the hotel is just far enough from the sea to render the climate delightful. The San Marino House, was filled to its utmost capacity that season. It was a curious kind of a crowd gathered there. City sportsmen, with dogs, guns, fishing tackle, etc.; superannuated old women, and, for the benefit of the sea breeze, young boys, fourteen or fifteen years of age, making their first trip from home alone—two or three grass widows—a somewhat fat clergyman rode down from the city on his velocipede—and three or four young ladies, and a dozen frisky school girls. On the whole it was as jolly a crew as ever gathered together. With horse-back riding, boating, fishing and hunting, the time passed rapidly enough. I said there were three or four young ladies, but so far as I was concerned, there was only one, Miss Tootie Tusby—excuse me, Pills, but I cannot speak that name, without emotion," and Bangs drew forth his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes vigorously.

"I cannot describe all her charms; but Pills, if ever there was an angel in this world she was one. I devoted myself to her from the first. When Miss Tootie rode I rode, if she walked I walked, when she went fishing, Bangs went fishing. If she sailed upon the lake Bangs was there also. Pills, I loved that girl—and when I think what separated us, you'll excuse me, but—" there the handkerchief came into requisition, and Bangs' voice failed him completely.

"Did you propose?" I asked.

"No, Pills, no. Ah! if I only had; if I only had!"

"What prevented?"

"Well, nothing but my own folly. I was faint hearted when it came to that. I had it in my mouth a dozen times and my tongue failed me. There was another fellow there, who made me terribly jealous. She didn't show him any particular favors, but he was a great admirer of her, any one could see, and I really wasn't certain in my mind which one she preferred. She might, in time, have shown some preference and my doubt been dispelled had it not been for the affair that happened which I am about to relate, and which blighted all my future life."

"Bad as that?" I asked.

"Pills, you never was in love; you never lost the one Heaven assigned you—you don't know anything at all about it."

"That's it; go on."

"There was a party at the San Marino

Hotel that evening, a soiree or something like that they called it. They sent up to the city for music, and went in for a gay time. I was counted out somewhat, for you know I don't dance. The other fellow did. More than that he danced with Tootie all the time. Pills, you don't know anything about it at all, you never had the girl you love dancing with your rival all the evening right before your eyes, while you sit in the corner like a knot on a log—see him in the quadrills, when all the rest of the couples take each other's hand and promenaded, see that fellow just put his arm around that girl and go waltzing or polking all around the room, every time right in front of you, and that cussed fellow treading on your corns every chance he can get—you don't know anything about it."

I admitted my ignorance.

"Well, I couldn't stand it; it was too much. I rushed out and started for the sea. I don't know as I had any intention of suicide, but I was in a desperate mood. The path to the beach lay along the side of the lagoon, and by the time I had gone a hundred yards I changed my mind and thought I wouldn't go to the beach, but would take a swim in the lake. That is all the accomplishment I possess, and one can't show that off before the ladies, you know—not in the same way you can dancing. I disrobed under the branches of a huge alder tree, or sycamore or some such tree, and struck out for the other side of the lake. The moon was shining brightly and the water was warm and delightful. I grew cool, and soon was enjoying to the utmost the luxury of the situation. I almost forgot Miss Tusby and her admirer. Having crossed to the opposite side, I swam into the dark shadows of the elders until I came to the beach. Then I noticed the moon was getting low. I must return before I was missed at the party. After a short rest I plunged in again, and struck out for the place where I had left my clothes. I could find it easy by the large tree growing there, and Pills, I tell you, the situation of things about that time was precarious."

"How's that?"

"I couldn't find my clothes! Gone, sir, every article except my plug hat. I rushed around among the brush and nettles, and poison oak, like a setter after a quail. Jerusalem! Whew! I tell you I got a dose that lasted for a month. Not a rag of clothing could I find. I happened to look up the path to the hotel. What do you suppose I saw? A cursed greynod that belonged to my rival, with my white vest, tossing it upon his nose, and dragging it about amongst the dirt and tan weeds as though it had been an old dishcloth. The situation flashed upon me in an instant. The dog had stolen my clothes in sport, and there I was out there in the night air, and no possible show of getting in the house without discovery. Pleasant, wasn't it?"

"You don't know anything at all about it, sir. That was nothing to what followed. Just as I was wondering how in the dickens I was to get out of the scrape, I looked up toward the hotel and saw something that fairly made the blood freeze in my veins. I saw three persons coming down the path. I at once recognized them as my rival, Wilkins, Miss Tootie and another young lady. They met the dog when about half-way between the lake and hotel. I saw by their actions that the discovery of the vest had alarmed them. They all came hurriedly down the path to the very spot where I stood. Pills, that was a situation I hope never to be placed in again."

"Undoubtedly!" Did you take to water?"

"I dared not do it, but it would have been better if I had. I had been in the water too long already. I was in an awful shiver—goose flesh all over. There wasn't time to deliberate long. My first thought was to spring up into a tree, and I did so. They came rushing down to the water's edge, under the tree just beneath me.—They were discussing the probability of my being drowned."

"I roosted there on a limb shivering like sin, nothing on but my plug hat, you know."

"By and by they began to talk about going back to the hotel and giving the alarm. I could hear one of the young ladies weeping; but hang me if I could tell which one. I was anxious to know, of course, for if it was Miss Tootie, the fact would be significant, at least. In my anxiety to discover which was weeping, I crept noiselessly out a few feet farther on the limb. I did not stop to consider that the sycamore was a very brittle tree. Stretching my neck to the utmost, I peered down through the leaves, and crash!"

"The limb broke!"

"Yes, sir; and I found myself stretching out in fell length on the sand, right in the midst of them. O, Jupiter Ammon! Pills, you don't know any thing about it! I prayed for an earthquake to open the ground and swallow me up; but it didn't."

"The girls looked at me in astonishment a moment, and there was a tremendous fluttering of white dresses as they ran back to the hotel. Wilkins burst out in a roar of laughter and kept it up until I sprang up and collared him. I told him if he valued his life to go to the hotel and bring my valise, which contained an extra suit of clothes. I made him promise to

keep mum, too, until I was clear of the place. He was glad to do that, for he felt that he'd have the whole field to himself. He brought the valise as he promised, and I walked eight miles to the next hotel. The next day I took the stage for the city. Miss Tusby married Wilkins, and I have never seen her since that fatal night."

"And therefore you hate dogs?"

"And who wouldn't? If it hadn't been for that dog, I never should have met with that accident. I might have won Miss Tusby, I might have been the father of a large and flourishing family, instead of a misanthropic bachelor. I might—"

Here Bangs was interrupted by some one rapping at the office door. He unlocked it, and ushered in a disconsolate looking fellow, who, on seeing me, intimated a wish to consult him privately. Bangs' private office is separated from his reception room by sliding doors. He invited his visitor in and closed the doors, as he thought, but it happened that the track which they ran on was out of order, and the doors slid open about three inches. Unavoidably I listened to the whole conversation.

"You are lawyer Bangs, are you not?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir. Can I do anything for you?"

"I think so. I am unhappy in my marriage relations."

"Ah! that's bad. Thinking of a divorce?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, perhaps it is best where two cannot live together happily. Personally, I have always thought the marriage state the only happy one for a man in the world."

"Are you married, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir; no, sir; might have been, possibly, had it not been for an unfortunate accident I once—"

"You ought to think yourself lucky, sir," interrupted the stranger.

"Perhaps so. But let us attend to your business. On what ground do you intend to proceed?"

"Incompatibility of temper, first."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir; deception. She claimed to be a maiden lady."

"Wasn't she?"

"She had been married three times, and was the mother of three children."

"Can't agree, eh?"

"No, sir; could as soon agree with the devil."

"That was bad."

"Her reputation, I know, is not good. She is nothing but an adventuress."

"Let us get this thing in shape. I will take down your statements," and immediately I could hear Bangs scratching away with his pen.

"Your name?"

"John Badger."

"Wife's name?"

"Susan Badger."

"Name when you married?"

"Susan Tinkham. Tinkham committed suicide six months after marriage."

"Name before she married Tinkham?"

"Plunket. Plunket ran away and left her, and she got a divorce from him."

"Ah, ah! She's one of 'em, isn't she? What was her name before she married Plunket?"

"Wilkins. He lived with her about a year, when he got a divorce."

"Wilkins; the name sounds familiar. Do you know her name before she married him?"

"Yes, sir. It was Tusby—Susan Tusby, or Tootie Tusby, as she was called."

There was a dull thud on the floor, a cry of dismay from the stranger, and I throwing open the door, rushed in.

Bangs had fainted.

Five Days' Sleep.

A well known gentleman of Jersey City, says the "Journal," tells the following story, and as he is known to be truthful, the story may be relied upon. He was visiting in Tonawanda, N. Y., for the last week or two, and put up at a hotel. Among the guests was a Mrs. Parker, who enjoyed the best of health. On Monday afternoon two weeks ago she lay down to enjoy a siesta. The evening drew on and she did not awake. A friend sought to awaken her but failed, as did others.

A physician was called in and he did all that his art suggested, but the sleeper did not awaken. A large pitcher of ice water was emptied slowly upon her face, and a galvanic battery was applied, but neither produced the desired effect. She slept calmly and peacefully from Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock until Friday morning at 10 o'clock. All through these five days her breathing was regular, her skin moist and pulse regular. When she awoke she was totally unconscious of having taken so long a nap. The sleep had no other effect than to exhaust her considerably, but in three days she was as lively and wide awake as ever.

A woman is either worth a great deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one—but he is a double fool to cut his throat for either.

The experience of all countries that have been robbed of their forests is to the same effect, an experience of disastrous spring freshets and long summer drouth.

SUNDAY READING.

Bible Quotations not in the Bible.

There are many familiar phrases in constant use, which the majority of people suppose have their origin in the Bible, and use them in that connection. The New York Observer corrects this error in the following manner. But, as the phrases are fine, we still love to use them. To prevent misquotations from the Scriptures, it gives them thus:

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's "Sentimental Journal to Italy."

"In the midst of life we are in death."—From the "Burial Service," and this originally from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The Scriptural form is, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. xii. 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads, "Shall a nation be born at once?"

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of a friend." "Iron sharpeneth; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Prov. xxiii. 17.

"That he who runs may read."—"That he may run that readeth."—Hab. ii. 2.

"Owe no man anything but love."

"Owe no man anything, but love one another."—Romans xiii. 8.

"Exalted to heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's helpmate, but merely a helpmeet for him; nor was Absalom's long hair the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having caught in the boughs of the tree. (11. Samuel, xxxii. 8.) A London wig-maker once had a sign upon which was painted Absalom suspended from the branches of the oak by his hair, and underneath the following couplet:

"If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair, He'd ne'er been found a hanging there."

Don't Fret.

Don't fret, whatever you do, and don't let your children fret. Fretfulness is a habit easily acquired, even when it is not naturally a part of one's disposition, by associating with fretful people.

Everybody feels a tendency to it, at times, and if the desire is indulged, it gains strength very rapidly, and is a source of annoyance, even of unhappiness, not only to the fretful individual himself, but to all by whom he is surrounded. If mothers would not gratify their children when they fret for what they want, a good deal could be done towards preventing the little ones acquiring a habit which will certainly contribute nothing towards the possessor's comfort, ease, or happiness, nor towards that of any with whom they may come in contact.

I know a lady who has a little boy, not yet three years old, who is inclined to be very fretful, sometimes—though not at all sick—which may be an excuse. She never gives him anything that he asks for in a fretful tone. Before he had learned that when his mother said, "Can't give it to a fretful boy," that he was not to get it, and I have often heard his tone change in a very few minutes, and he would reply, "I see smilin' now, Mamma" when his request, if a reasonable one, would always be promptly granted.

Children of a fretful mother, always fret, it might safely be asserted, and many indulge this bad habit, whose mothers never gave way to it themselves, but, in many cases, did not take the trouble, or did not know how to control it in their children.

If anything was gained by it, there might be some little excuse for being uncomfortable one's self, and for making others so too—but we all know fretting accomplishes nothing, except making the one who indulges in it, disagreeable to himself, and to every one else. Therefore, I conclude by saying, as I began—don't fret yourself, and don't allow your children to fret.

From very careful investigations, it appears that the increase of communicants of Evangelical churches in the United States, from 1870 to 1873, is more than 600,000; or a little more than eleven per cent. in two years. If we continue at this rate through the next decade, the increase will be fifty-five per cent. in 1880; or, at least, ten millions of communicants. All the late talk about the "decline of Protestantism" is fallacious, at least so far as our own country is concerned. Protestantism has a profound sway over the American heart and conscience. Scepticism, "spiritism" "liberalism," etc., make much noise, but evangelical religion, meanwhile, goes on, deepening and widening all through the nation. In no former period of our national history has religion had a more pervasive or deeper power in this country. Such is the fact, whatever may be the mystery of it to philosophical doubters.

Let your promises be sincere, and so prudently considered as not to exceed the reach of your ability. He who promises more than he can perform, is false to himself, and he who does not perform what he has promised, is false to his friend.