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642 1y

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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

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H. F. JUNKIN,

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PERRY COUNTY

Real Estate, Insurance,

AND CLAIM AGENCY.

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Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents

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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.

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

THE DOCTOR'S BABY.

ONE day the Doctor came in, brimfull of excitement.

"Well, I never," he exclaimed. "Droll-est thing!"

"Why, what is it, Doctor?" we all demanded.

"Just you come out to the swamp!" cried the doctor. "Come quick!" And catching up one of the blankets, he strode off again. The spider was hastily set aside.

We resumed our snow shoes, and followed after him as fast as possible; but he had gained quite a start. We did not come up with him till he had entered among the cedars, and was coming out one of the open holes, which looked still broader and muddier since the thaw. On the very edge where the icy snow bordered the black muck, the doctor drew up.— "There?" he exclaimed. "For pity's sake, just look here!" pointing to the mud. "Them's what gets me! Little baby's feet."

We all started. Sure enough, there in the mud were some little footprints not more than three or four inches long, toes and all, as plain as could be, patted down into the soft muck. Some little foot had evidently run along there not many minutes ago. "Just made, too!" continued the Doctor. Then after a hurried glance around, he stooped to examine them.— Wash winked to me, then to Reed and Wade, who were regarding us with curious looks. We all choked down a great grin. Unless we are much mistaken we had a "soft thing" on the doctor. "Well, if this don't beat the Dutch!" resumed the doctor standing back a step. "There isn't a house within fifteen miles, that I know of. How the little thing ever got up here is more than I can guess; but (stooping down again) it's a baby's foot fast enough."

"It may be an Indian family is camping about here, not far off," suggested the hypocritical Wash. "Perhaps this is a little pappoose."

"Barefooted too," observed Wade; "or else nothing but a very thin moccasin. Look at those little toe-marks! Can't be over a year and a half or two years old."

"Poor little thing, it must be lost!" remarked the Doctor, reflectively, and with a touch of feeling which did him credit, but came near making us shout with suppressed merriment. "And boys," he cried with sudden gravity, "we must try to hunt it up." "Poor baby, here all alone in the dark swamp! It can't be far off, either."

"If it's a lost child, we certainly ought to hunt it up," said Reed.

"And if it's a little pappoose, I should like to see it," remarked Wade.

"Mere common humanity demands that we find the lost baby," Wash affirmed.

So we all began to search along the border of the muck-hole with effected zeal; but the Doctor was in earnest.

"Ah! there's where he stopped to play in the mud. See where his little fingers clawed it up there!" said he. "And here's where he clambered up on the snow; and out here is another track. He's left the hole, and gone off into the woods."

Here and there we could still see the little footprints close together on the damp snow as we hurried on.

"See where he broke off those tender sprouts!" Wash noticed. "Little cub! Isn't it curious? I wonder where his mother is? I've heard of children being carried off by wild beasts, and so growing up to be 'wild men.' Perhaps we've stumbled upon an example!"

"Like enough," said the Doctor. "Luckily it was getting too dark for him to see our faces."

"I declare, he walks well for a little one!" said Wade after a little. "Why we've come as much as a quarter of a mile from the muck-hole!"

A few moments after we came out to a large yellow birch-tree, or rather stub; for it was all decayed, and evidently hollow, having a great open hole in the trunk at the roots. The little foot marks led directly toward this hole.

"You don't suppose he's crawled into that hole, do you?" asked the Doctor. "I declare, he has!" continued he, pointing to a track in the wet punk within the aperture. "Gone in there, as I live!"

We all took a look.

The inside of the tree had rotted away; and the hollow cavity extended both upward and downward into the root beneath the ground—a dark hole indeed.

"Fell in there, I'm afraid!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Baby, little chuck! are you down there? Likely as any way there's water at the bottom! If it weren't so dark down there! Got any matches, boys? Let's make a torch."

I pulled off a crispy roll of the curled bark, and lighting it, let it down into the opening. The doctor had not thought of looking up the hollow trunk. Nobody would expect a baby to climb a tree, of course, but the moment we put in the fire, there was a great scrambling overhead on the inside; and a shower of dust and punk came rattling down.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Doctor. "The little rascal is up instead of down! I don't believe it's a child. But that is a baby's foot fast enough," said he, stepping

back, and again examining the track. "Yes, little brat! scared, I suppose. How he can climb! They say little babies can swim, too. I shouldn't wonder if they did make 'wild men' in just this way."

Then in a coaxing voice, "Come, baby, come down. We won't hurt you, Oh no! we'll take you to your mother."

But the baby gave no indications of coming down; and despite the dust which filled the aperture, the doctor again poked in his head to see if he couldn't discern him.

"Light another piece of bark, Kit," said he, "and let me take it, I can see something up there; but I'll be skinned if it looks like a baby!"

I got the bark; and putting it on the end of a stick, we thrust it up the hollow, and saw, up some ten or twelve feet, not exactly a baby, but a big raccoon, peering cautiously down, with his visage turned askew as if he thought it a more than commonly good joke.

"Sold!" ejaculated the doctor, pulling out his head, and gazing comically at the little track. "Well, I never knew that before!—a raccoon makes a track just like a child's! Well, live and learn. I've been completely 'done for.' Go for me, boys! I won't say a word! Go for me as much as you're a mind to! But, for pity's sake don't tell of this in town, boys," he added pathetically, a moment later. "'Twould be the ruination of me. Confound the raccoon! Let's give it to him!"

Legal Anecdotes.

CHANCELLOR KENT, was at all periods of his long life, one of the most simple, genial, cheerful, playful men. He manifested in public and in private a perennial, bubbling gaiety. The Chancellor, once in his old age climbed a cherry tree, and, with his foot upon one branch whilst holding by another, was enjoying the fruits. William his son standing upon the ground beneath, grew nervous and begged his father to come down, and to be careful to avoid a fall in doing so. "No, sir," said the old gentleman, "I'd have you to know that I am accustomed to elevated positions: I can maintain myself in them with safety and descend from them with dignity."

Our courts have at times witnessed scenes of coarse insult, bitter speech, and unseemly wrangling. In 1845 John Van Buren, Attorney General of New York, and a very distinguished opponent, Amrose L. Jordan, came to blows in open court in the course of an important public trial, but the fact that this was not deemed a common or a light offence, appeared from what followed. The presiding judge, Edmunds, immediately imprisoned both offenders. They, in their return, offered to the just and prevailing public opinion, all the atonement in their power, by acknowledging the flagrancy of their fault and the justice of their punishment. Neither harbored resentment against the court, and Mr. Van Buren promptly tendered to the Governor of the State a resignation of his office.

The peculiar peril to which the manners of the young lawyer or the new-made judge are exposed, is the taking advantage of his privilege and position, to trifle with the sensibilities of the timid and helpless who may come within his power. It is a mean and petty tyranny, whether practiced by a barrister or by a judge, which generous minds will generally steer clear of; but the temptation to this sort of unfairness is sometimes yielded to by very good men. The anecdote books relate this of Erskine: "A commercial traveler appeared in the witness box, dressed in the height of fashion and wearing a starched white necktie, folded in the Brummel fold. In an instant, reading the character of the man, on whom he had never set eyes, and knowing how necessary it was to put him in a state of extreme agitation, before touching upon the facts concerning which he had come to give evidence, Erskine rose, surveyed the coxcomb, and said with an air of careless amusement, 'You were born and bred in Manchester, I perceive.' Greatly astonished, the man answered, nervously, that he 'was a Manchester man—born and bred in Manchester.' 'Exactly so,' observed Erskine, 'I knew it from the absurd tie of your neck cloth.' The roars of laughter which followed this rejoinder so completely effected the speaker's purpose that the confounded bagman did not know his right hand from his left.

The late Mr. Charles Edwards, in his volume entitled, "Pleasantries of the New York Bar," tells us of the grief which befell a brow-beating advocate of a different order from Erskine, in the rural districts of New York. The story runs thus: "Mark S.— used to try causes in Justices' Courts. His principal forte, and that on which he prided himself most, lay in the examination of witnesses. He boasted he could worm truth out of a stone. In consequence of some rather sharp practice, Mark had reason to suppose that the district attorney was preparing an indictment against him for perjury; and so he disappeared from his accustomed haunts, 'on a little law business,' as he afterwards said, when closely interrogated, sojourning on what was called Snipe Hill, a sort of Alsatia, being the same place of which somebody said the inhabitants had broken every

law, every Sabbath, and every sheriff's head for the last ten years.

After his return he was one day trying a cause before a justice, and a boy was called as a witness to whom Mark objected, on the ground of his simplicity—that he was 'non compos,' as Mark safely observed, and he insisted on the *voir dire*. The boy was accordingly sworn preliminarily, and Mark assumed his sternest face, and looking at the boy as though he would eye him into a fit, 'Boy!' said he, 'who made you?' 'The Lord, I thupothe,' lisped the boy; 'who made you?' 'Never mind who made me,' said Mark. 'Folks say you are a fool; how is it?' 'Do they?' responded the witness, 'thath nothign. Thome folkth thayt you won't cheat. Folkth will lie, you thee.' 'Boy! no impertinence,' shouted Mark, glowering fiercely, as the justice checked the subdued giggle that ran around the room. 'Suppose you were to commit perjury, do you know what that means?' 'Yeth, thur; thwearing to a lie, jeth what you did lath winter, ain't it?' 'The witness is clearly incompetent,' appealed Mark to the court. But the court could not see it, and the learned Mark proceeded. 'Well, suppose you were to commit perjury and swear falsely, where would you go to?' 'To Thainpe Hill, I thuppothe, where you went lath winter.' The boy was admitted as a witness.

The law has always been a witty profession, and opportunities for saying good things have often been the temptation and excuse for violating the canons of politeness. A spinster of uncertain years being on the stand as a witness, the cross examining advocate deemed it material to inquire what her age might be. "I am not ashamed of my age," answered the lady, spitefully. The lawyer replied, "Certainly, madam, you ought not to be ashamed of anything you have had so long."

Fortunate Ladies.

The matter of the large bequests to two ladies of Madison, which has attracted considerable attention, is thus particularized by an Atlanta paper: "From authority, we have learned that Mrs. Virginia M. Campbell and her niece, Mrs. Elmira Chambers, of Madison, Ga., are entitled to twelve millions of dollars now waiting in France to be claimed by these fortunate ladies. Mrs. Campbell is a widow about seventy years of age. Her niece, Mrs. Chambers, is also a widow aged about thirty-six. The vast property which they have inherited belongs to the Rennauleau estate. Information in regard to it was received by them about three months since, and by the advice of a gentleman in Madison, who says he was once a law partner of Judah P. Benjamin, they at once wrote to the latter at London, asking him what course to pursue in the matter. Mr. Benjamin, after thoroughly investigating the case, wrote to Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Chambers that there was not a question of doubt in regard to their claim, and advised them to come to Europe at once. The property descends to these ladies through a Mrs. Rennauleau, grandmother of Mrs. Campbell and great-grandmother of Mrs. Chambers. Mrs. Campbell's maiden name was Maguire, and that of her mother Mademoiselle Rennauleau. They are connected with one of the best families in France. It appears that a certain party who once resided in the United States and for a number of years transacted business for several old refugee St. Domingo families living in this city, in connection with their indemnities from the French government for their losses in that island, became aware some time ago that the huge estate was waiting in France to be claimed. He, therefore, hurried post-haste to that country, hunted up a remote branch of the Rennauleau family, and succeeded in marrying one of the female members of it. He then presented proofs of the death of all of the American and nearer branch of the family, and claimed the estate for the distant branch into which he had married. Mr. Benjamin, in his letter to Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Chambers, remarks that this man will soon find out that the dead can be resurrected. By the terms of an agreement between Mr. Benjamin and the two ladies, the former will take one-half of the whole amount of the estate, and the other half—six millions dollars—will fall to Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Chambers, the share of each being the neat little sum of three million dollars. Of the entire amount of twelve millions, seven millions and a-half are in the Bank of France, and four millions and a-half in the hands of the Rothschilds, the celebrated bankers.

A Curious Revenge.

A woman living in a town in the canton of Zurich, recently resorted to a curious mode of revenge. Her cat of which she was exceptionally fond, had for some reason or other been killed by an official. She accordingly procured several mouse-traps, and caught some fifty mice which she immediately inclosed in a box and sent to the offending person. He, suspecting nothing, opened the package, and was horrified to see a swarm of mice spring out of the box and run all over the place. At the bottom of the box he found a note containing the following words: "You have killed my cat, I have, therefore, the honor to send you my mice."

SUNDAY READING.

The Clergyman and the Infidel.

Some years ago a well-known clergyman delivered a series of discourses against Atheism, in a town, some of the citizens of which were known to be infidels. A few days afterwards he took passage in a steamer ascending the Mississippi, and found on board several of the citizens of the town, among whom was a noted infidel. So soon as this man discovered the clergyman, he commenced his blasphemies; and when he perceived him reading at one of the tables, he proposed to one of his companions to go with him to the opposite side of the table and listen to some stories that he had to tell about religion and religious men, which he said would annoy the old preacher. Quite a number, prompted by curiosity, gathered around him to hear his vulgar stories and anecdotes, all of which were pointed against the Bible and its ministers.

The preacher did not raise his eyes from the book which he was reading, nor appear to be in the least troubled by the presence of the rabble. At length the infidel walked up to him, and rudely slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Old fellow, what do you think of these things?" The clergyman calmly pointed to the land and said, "Do you see that beautiful landscape spread out in such quiet loveliness before you?" "Yes," "Well, if you were to send out a dove, it would pass over the scene and see in it all that was beautiful and lovely, and delight itself in gazing at and admiring it; but if you were to send out a buzzard over precisely the same scene, it would see in it nothing to fix its attention, unless it could find some rotten carcass that would be loathsome to all other animals. It would alight and gloat upon that with exquisite pleasure." "Do you mean to compare me to a buzzard?" said the infidel, coloring deeply. "I made no allusion to you, sir," said the clergyman, very quietly. The infidel walked off in confusion, and went by the name of "The Buzzard" during the remainder of the passage.

A Drunkard's Warning.

A young man entered the bar room of a village tavern and asked for a drink.— "No," said the landlord, "you have too much already. You have had delirium tremens once, and I can not sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by sullen and silent, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where these young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck—body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way, there is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die and the world will be rid of me; for Heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

In the depth of the forest, there lived two foxes. One of them said, "Let's quarrel?"

"Very well, how shall we begin?"

"It cannot be difficult," said fox number one, "two-legged people fall out, why not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There!" said he, you say they are yours, and I'll say they are mine, and we will quarrel, and fight and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well, you are welcome to them,"

"But we will never quarrel at this rate!" cried the other jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again.

The prejudiced man is like a man walking on a narrow path with his eyes downward, and will not raise them to behold the grandest scenery which appear on either hand; or, like a man shut up in a house, with the doors locked, the windows closed, the shutters fastened and the blinds down; without a candle or lamp to light his dismal condition, and in the dark, without much hope of seeing things differently; yet he is indulging a kind of satisfaction that he is right, and all who differ from him necessarily wrong.

Life, according to the Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.

The ground work of all manly character is veracity, or by the habit of telling the truth. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said.

The great happiness of life, I find after all to consist in the regular discharge of some mechanical duty.—SCHILLER.