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PERRY HOUSE, New Bloomfield, Pa. THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Main 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.

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

SUNDAY READING. UNDER THE DAISIES.

I have just been learning the lesson of life, The sweet, sad lesson of loving; And all it teaches for pleasure or pain, Been sadly, slowly proving. And all that is left of the glittering dream, And its thousand brilliant phases, Is a handful of dust and a coffin lid— A coffin under the daisies.

A Moment's Carelessness.

A photographer of note once took a long journey, with a great supply of apparatus, to photograph an eclipse at a very advantageous point. The preparations were made with great care, and the moment of total eclipse came and passed. The operator went to his instrument, and to his great mortification and vexation, found he had forgotten to put in the slide. No picture was there, and all his journey and expense had been for nothing. The eclipse would not repeat itself for his accommodation.

Later a scientific man, expert in all matters of the kind, was watching most intently with the telescope all the phases of the eclipse, but at the moment when it was total chanced to look off, a cause of much regret to him afterwards. A little neglect, a moment's carelessness, often makes way for lasting regret to somebody. A sculptor had spent months over a model for a statue, which was to be exhibited along with many other competitors. Just as the drayman was bringing it to its destination in Washington, he let the box fall on the pavement, and the figure was broken into fragments. So, too, a piece of ancient sculpture, which had withstood the storms of three thousand years, and had safely made its long journey over land and sea, was broken to pieces on the sidewalk in New York by the careless handling of a porter.

Yet these are small grievances beside those which effect the heart and soul. A moment's thoughtless speech may crush the sweet hopes in a heart, and leave it to cheerless misery. A little unkind act may do a mischief that a lifetime of regret cannot undo. A neglect to seek Christ when the Spirit is calling us to come may cost us our precious souls.

It seemed a small matter for a young lady who was anxious about her soul to go to a party instead of the prayer-meeting one evening, but never again did the spirit strive with her, and in a little while she was gone, gone forever.

Card Playing. The Christian Union in reply to a question upon the morality of card playing, says: Cards are no more sinful in their nature than jack straws. Under some circumstances we should reprobate card playing as leading to waste of time, to associate with bad men—and always when one plays for stakes. On the other hand no one should judge the conscience of those who never gamble, who play at home, who have been brought up to regard the game as a lawful amusement, whose reason does not condemn it. Paul's formula is eminently applicable here: "Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth."

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, anxiety, moroseness, all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which every one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

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.

To show the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceeding frugal in dispensing with that; for he never grants us a second till he has withdrawn the first, still keep the third on his hands, so that we are in perfect uncertainty whether we shall live or not. The true manner of preparing for the last moments is to spend all the others well, and ever expect that.

Few, if any, repent of their silence; many repent of their talk.

The Rescue.

THE last dying rays of an autumn sun were just shedding their gleam over a western prairie, growing fainter and fainter as the brilliant orb of day slowly receded from sight behind the distant hills. The tall grass rustled lazily as a gentle breeze swept over the countless acres, and at last, when the final beam of day had stooped to kiss the waving sea, the surroundings looked dismal and deserted in the extreme, as they were being slowly enshrouded in the dark shadows of the coming night.

But not entirely deserted was this uninviting section; for, had we been in that vicinity, we might have observed a solitary horseman making his way slowly westward, through the entangled masses—the lofty productions of the rolling prairies. He was a young man, not over five-and-twenty, his neatly fitting hunting suit signifying the manner in which he improved his pastime. Above the medium height, with broad, full chest to correspond, prepossessing in general appearance, he was one who would not fail to elicit a favorable impression from a stranger at first sight. Reaching the bank of a little brook, the horseman halted, and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked long and steadily through the gathering gloom to a belt of timber about three miles away.

"They are there," he muttered, as his faithful steed quaffed the dancing waters at his feet. "I see smoke from their camp fire if I mistake not, sifting through the tree tops. However, I must stop here till it is fairly dark, as there is yet light enough to reveal my approach." Leaving him thus waiting we will proceed a little in advance. A camp fire blazes up brilliantly in a dark forest, sending its flashing rays far out into the night. Around this is grouped a number of rough-looking personages, in a variety of attire, and while part of them are talking and laughing loudly, two of the band may be seen seated a little apart from the rest, conversing more earnestly, but with less vehemence.

"I tell you, Hank, we've made a lucky strike kidnapping that girl. The captain will be sure to reward us when we get back to the cave, as he has long had his eye on her," said one of the two, who appeared to be the leader of the band, pointing to a covered wagon near at hand, from whence ever and anon, could be heard the long drawn sigh of a female.

"We might have been lucky in getting her, but may not be so lucky in keeping her," said the other. "Who do you think will take her from us?" asked the first speaker, gruffly. "Why, there is that young devil, Clarence Blake, who's been shinning up to her, I believe, and you know he's Satan himself, when his blood's up."

"A fig for Clarence Blake or any other man! I'm going to take the first watch myself to-night, and if I see any one prowling around this camp, they'll get blowed through, that's all."

"Well, you're boss on this trap, so go ahead; only, if you make a cent on the gal, just come down, for if it were not for me you would not have got her."

"I'll remember you, Hank; just look to the horses, and then you can take a snooze. I'll call you soon after midnight."

"All right, boss," and the speaker walked away. As it was getting quite late, the leader gave orders to have the fire partially extinguished, and soon the camp was wrapt in silence.

Dave Grindly, who gloried in the lofty position of "boss of this trap," took his station near the foot of a tree near the wagon containing the captive, and laying his rifle across his lap, began his duty as sentinel.

"She's a handsome gal, and it's going to be money in my pocket to keep her; so I won't trust her to any one but myself till toward morning," he soliloquized.

"Look, Clarence! Look behind us!" He did so, and plainly distinguished the outlines of nearly half a dozen dark forms riding after them at full speed, the sound of their horses' hoofs now plainly audible as they came madly on. "It is a ride for life, Nettie. Be brave and hopeful, we may outstrip them yet." He stooped forward and patted the neck of the faithful steed, and then gave the word. "Go!" Like a whirlwind he darted forward, and his hoofs seemed scarcely to touch the ground as he flew with lightning rapidity. But still the robbers seemed to gain, as their horses carried a much lighter burden, and had a long rest. They refrained from firing, however, for fear of injuring the girl.

"Seize the pommel of the saddle, and hang on firmly for a moment," said Clarence, hastily, and drawing a long seven shooter from his belt he turned about and emptied the contents of three barrels among the pursuers. He did not stop to see if the hasty shots had proved effectual, but again drew Nettie to him and urged his horse forward. The robbers' progress seemed slightly retarded by the shots, but they soon rallied, and with wild shouts came dashing on again.

Clarence looked perplexed and anxious, for he knew by the sounds they were not far away. Cautioning Nettie not to be alarmed at what might transpire, he turned his head to ascertain how near the pursuers really were. Only one of the gang was dangerously near, he being mounted on a fleet horse, and was some distance in advance of his companions. "It won't do to let him get so close as to take accurate aim," rapidly ran Clarence's thoughts, "or he'll pepper me, sure."

The young scout was right, for no sooner had the thought fairly coursed through his brain, than whiz came a bullet tearing through his hat, just grazing his head, but doing no serious damage other than relieving him of a lock of hair. "Great heavens, Clarence! they have shot you," screamed Nettie, trembling with fear for his safety. "Not yet, Nettie," he replied, calmly; "the rascal meant to wig me, but fired wild. I hate to take life, but he tried hard to take mine then, and now he must look out for himself."

The bridle rein, in the meantime, had been lying loose upon the horse's neck, so, clasping his precious burden more firmly with his left arm, with his right he again drew that never failing weapon, and again half turned in his saddle, just as the robber, who was within ten yards, was raising his weapon to fire. Nettie heard a sharp report, a wild yell of agony, and the robber's steed was seen veering madly away to the right, riderless. An answering yell of baffled rage came from the fallen man's friends, and while but one dismounted to ascertain if Dave Grindly was dead, the others came thundering on faster than ever.

Again Clarence urged the horse forward, and on they sped like the wind. Minutes came and went, and soon it seemed the shouts behind them were growing fainter. "We are gaining on them," said Clarence, joyfully. "Faster! faster! Black Hawk!"

Obedient to his master's words, the noble animal seemed to tax his propensities for strength and fleetness to their utmost, and passed over the ground with great rapidity. The angry demonstrations from behind still continued, but were momentarily growing less distinguishable.

The fatigue of this wild ride proved too strenuous for Nettie's nerves, and ere long she lost all consciousness, and lay a lifeless burden on her rescuer's arm.

On, still on, dashed the foaming steed, never retarding in his headlong course, seeming to fully realize the duty which devolved upon him. A half hour passed, and all sounds of pursuit had ceased. Reaching a little grove through which ran a stream of water, Clarence halted his horse, and leaving him to browse among the green grass which grew about, he procured some water in his flask, and washed the pale face of Nettie with a gentle hand. Soon the dark eyes opened; and when they rested upon a well known face bending over her, she smiled gratefully.

"You have saved me from a fate worse than death, Clarence. Can I ever repay you?" "Yes, Nettie; but not now will I claim my reward," he replied, gently, clasping her willing hand within his own. There was a world of meaning in his tones, and Nettie seemed to realize their import, for a little blush mounted to her pale cheeks. A little while longer they rested, and then again remounted and continued eastward; and then again the shadow of night was receding before the first approach of day the riders entered the little settlement of H—, and drew up before a small cottage—Nettie's home. Great was the joy of her parents at her return, and when, soon after, Clarence claimed his reward—her hand in marriage—her father replied, leading forward the blushing, happy girl: "Clarence, you saved her from worse

than death, and her life shall hereafter be devoted to your happiness. Take her, and may God bless your union." The wedding soon after took place, and while happiness crowned their every walk of life, that eventful midnight ride remained ever fresh in their memory.

Long Parted Lovers.

AN Ashtabula correspondent relates the following: A beautiful, brown-haired daughter of Sweden was the heroine of a romance having its termination in Ashtabula recently, which throws the 'novel writers' completely into the shade. Twenty years ago, when a little fifteen year old damsel, she was wooed and fairly won by Christian Hanquest, a bright lad twenty years of age, in far off Sweden. The parents of the girl were of a higher rank than the relatives of poor Christian, and as soon as they learned of the preference manifested by the young couple for each other, they ruthlessly 'tore their young hearts asunder,' and probably 'packed the girl off to boarding school,' if there was such a cruel institution in Sweden.

Christian bore his hard fate at home as long as he was able, when finding all efforts to see his betrothed fruitless, he ventured upon the ocean as a common sailor. After a lapse of several years Hanquest returned to find his friends and relatives scattered or dead and himself a total stranger. He was unable to find even the slightest trace of his sweetheart. Hanquest had amassed quite a little fortune in his wanderings, but his unsuccessful efforts to find his beloved, for whom he had labored so long, caused him to care but little as to the manner in which it was spent, and finally found himself once more on his own resources, without money or friends, in the early part of the year 1873. He was in an English seaport when he became rid of his last 'red,' and shipped upon an American vessel and worked his passage to New York. While there, hearing stories of the fabulous wages which were paid sailors upon the inland lakes, he went to Canada and engaged himself on a schooner. Here, however, he found his golden dreams were naught, and, reaching Cleveland, he started on foot to Buffalo, where several of his friends from the old country were living.

Hanquest spent the night of the 3rd ult., at Ashtabula, and in conversation with some of his countrymen who were employed on the railroad, he accidentally related fragments of his past history, among them an account of his early love. While he was speaking a Swedish lady, aged about thirty-five years, who resided in Jamestown, N. York, and who was spending a few days in Ashtabula, exclaimed in the language of her Fatherland: "Christian, do you know me?" and fell weeping upon his shoulder. The wanderer had found his mate; but we draw a curtain over the scene, as too hallowed for the prying eyes of the reporter to penetrate.

The reunited couple started for Jamestown, where they will soon be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. The fair one's parents are said to be highly respectable people, and they will probably not now maintain any opposition to what is evidently the manifest destiny of their daughter, who for so long a period has remained single. Hanquest will doubtless settle down to a sober and industrious citizen.

On Marriage—To Young Men.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself, as show-girls. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But O! what a heart she has when you find her! so large, and pure, and womanly! When you see it, you wonder if those showy things outside were really women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million. She'll not ask you for a carriage, or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificent to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how very little happiness depends on money! She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can! Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

Foolscap.

The origin of "foolscap" paper is not generally known. Charles I. of England granted numerous monopolies for the support of the government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark, of the finest sort, was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I. to the scaffold, and as one way of showing their contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's cap and bells were taken from the paper; but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name and watermark as in indignity to Charles I.