

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.

L. W. FROST, President.
M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't.
J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent,
No. 6 North Third Street,
College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.
THOS. H. MILLIGAN,
Special Agent for Newport.

Perry County Bank!

Sponsler, 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 MILLER, Cashier
New Bloomfield, 3 5 1 y

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, stores 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 1 y 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,
CABBINETS,
FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)
CARPETS, &c.,
to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER,
CENTER WOOLEN FACTORY, 6 1 2 am.

PERRY HOUSE,
New Bloomfield, Pa.

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

THOMAS SUTCH, Proprietor.

A QUEER ELOPEMENT.

PERCY VAN RAPP, by his own saying, was of the purest blood of the Knickerbockers. It was like listening to one of the Mosaic genealogies to hear him trace back his lineage to old Rip Van Rapp, one of the veritable old Rips who built the town of New Amsterdam of bricks brought from Holland, before it was known that bricks could be made of American clay, or cheese from any but Dutch milk.

Percy was spending the season at a fashionable watering-place, and was the heaviest swell there; unless we accept Adrian Dodge, a young gentleman of great putative wealth, and more than average pretension.

Great rivalry existed between these two. Which could wear the sleekest hat, and dance in pumps of the finest kip, was the daily problem of their lives—and they put their whole minds to it till Kate Wiley came and gave them something else to think of.

Kate was a beauty and rich. This was her first season, and she at once became the center of attraction. Foremost among her admirers were Percy Van Rapp and Adrian Dodge whom this fresh rivalry might any day have personally embroiled, had either known how great a coward the other was.

The truth is, in this matter, both were deeply in earnest. Mr. Van Rapp's fortunes were little short of desperate; and Mr. Dodge's notwithstanding reports—chiefly of his own circulation—were in a condition not much better. Kate's cash would be a new lease of dissipated life to whichever of them could manage to get it.

Kate received their advances coolly at first, but after a time they seemed to amuse her—what impression they finally made we must let our story tell for itself.

Neither suitor had room to boast over the other. If Kate had any choice between them, she kept it to herself. There were times when each would have counted the day his own, had he not felt that his rival had equal grounds for confidence.

It was impossible that things should long continue so. Percy Van Rapp determined to know his fate at once. Accordingly he seized his first opportunity of laying bare his heart to Kate, only suppressing mention of a few private motives which lay at the bottom of it.

When Kate blushed and stammered something that didn't sound like No, Percy could have stood on his head for joy.

"But my aunt, said Kate—she was in the care of a maiden aunt, who had a sharp eye in her head—"my aunt, I fear, will never consent."

"Aunts have no authority to command the affections," was the lover's reply.

"True," she murmured.

"Then fly with me," he exclaimed "we will find some spot where we can be happy."

Kate paused, as if irresolute.

"My aunt," she said, "already suspects. I can trust the coachman, however. Disguised in mail attire,"—she blushed prettily—"I can leave the hotel unobserved, and John will be in readiness to take me in the carriage to a rendezvous, agreed upon. Meet me there, and in half an hour we can reach the house of a neighboring clergyman, an old acquaintance of my father, whose aid we can invoke, and—what a little plotter I am!"

"You're an angel!" cried Percy.

"But you must promise one thing," said Kate.

"Anything, darling!"

"Not to speak a word when we meet, nor until we are married—everything hereabouts has ears."

"I promise," he said solemnly.

The time and place were fixed, and Percy Van Rapp rose to take his leave. He already heard Kate's dollars jingling in his pocket.

"One thing more," said Kate.

Percy bowed obsequiously.

"It will be the night of the fancy ball. Let us both wear masks. If we are seen it will excite no remark, and we'll thus escape recognition."

"Capital," he exclaimed pressing her hand at parting.

At the hour and place appointed Percy was in waiting, closely masked, and peering through the night with the watchful impatience of an anxious lover.

The sound of wheels was heard presently, and in a few moments a carriage stopped on the spot agreed on. The driver alighted and opened the door. Percy entered without speaking, and the coachman, who had evidently received instructions, resumed his place and drove off rapidly.

In the darkness, Percy could barely distinguish the outlines of a figure with a masked face. He could hardly refrain from clasping it in his arms, and giving vent to a torrent of tender eloquence; but remembering his promise, he restrained himself. His capacity to do so was at the point of giving out, when, in deep bass, he heard the words:

"Dearest Kate!"

"Dearest thunder!" he shouted, "who the mischief are you?"

"And who the feud are you?" exclaimed the other.

"Adrian Dodge! by all that's amazing!" yelled Percy.

"Percy Van Rapp! by all that's infernal!" shrieked Adrian.
"Villain! you shall pay for this!" roared Percy, springing on his rival with the ferocity of a tiger.

Cowards fight desperately when cornered, and here both were. The uproar alarmed the coachman, who stopped and called a policeman. The combatants were dragged out and summarily marched off. Next morning they were discharged, and by that time the truth having come out, they took the next train for the city, thus relieving Kate of a pair of unwelcome suitors, whose selfish designs her aunt's eyes had been quick to penetrate, and for whom she herself felt nothing but contempt.

The way in which the two lovers came to find themselves in the carriage together was this: Before the interview between Kate and Percy, at which the elopement was planned, Kate had received a call, the same morning, from Adrian Dodge, who, being interrupted in the midst of a tender declaration by an inopportune visitor, made an appointment to return in the afternoon. Meanwhile Percy came and laid bare his heart, as we have seen, when it occurred to Kate to rid herself of the two adventurers by a little harmless strategy. How she enticed Percy into the trap we have already shown. In the afternoon, when Adrian returned, he was lured into a similar snare—the only difference being that he was to bring a carriage and find Kate in waiting, the conditions as to silence and disguises being the same.

Before the year was out Kate was married to one who had known and loved her, and whom she had known and loved from childhood; and the happy couple often laugh over the queer elopement, whose story we have attempted to tell.

A Southern Colored Meeting.

This has never been appreciated as it ought to be. It actually occurred in the negro church at Company shops, last month. The colored people were carrying on a big meeting, and many were coming to it. An old Guinea "aunt" went in, and her bull-dog went with her and coiled himself up at her feet. After the preacher got through, and the shouting and clapping hands commenced, the bull-dog became enraged, and seized a big buck negro fellow by the throat and threw him down on the floor. Some of his friends ran up, caught the dog by the leg and pulled him off. The beast turned in his fury upon the crowd, and bit four others seriously. You never heard such hollering and squalling in all your life. There was a tremendous crowd in the church, and this happening away up about the "altar," the crowd thought it was the mourners "coming through," and they took up the shout and went to shouting: "Bless the Lord!" "Shout, brothers and sisters, shout!" "One more poor soul saved!" etc. But about this time a frightened negro split through the crowd, the bull-dog hanging to the seat of his breeches, and he a-squalling.—
"Pull him loose! the devil's got me!"
And out went the crowd. Many fell down and were run over by the balance, and the lights were put out, and some of the negroes seriously hurt. The old woman keeps a chain on that bull-dog now, as big as a wagon pole, whenever she "tends meetin'."

The Rev. Moncure D. Conway, in a recent letter from London to the Cincinnati Commercial, says: "Mr. Spurgeon is credited with the following, which if not true, is *ben trovato*. He is said to have been taken to task by some Sabbatarian since he has found it necessary to employ a brougham to take him to church. 'But,' he urged, 'I only sit in the carriage—I don't work.' 'Ah, yes sir,' said the other, 'but your coachman—think of him!' 'Oh, he is a Jew, and keeps the seventh day Sabbath.' 'Get your horse?' 'Oh,' said Spurgeon, getting a little impatient, 'he is a Jew too!' This reminds me of another little story going the rounds concerning one of our Broad Church clergymen, who, being recently on an excursion in Scotland, was vehemently rebuked by his landlady for taking a walk on Sunday afternoon. The clergyman said that he could not see the harm, and replied, 'You know that our Lord himself walked with His disciples in the field on the Sabbath day.' 'Ay,' said the old lady, 'ay, I ken it, an' I ne'er thoct an' the better o' him for it neither!'"

At a recent Boston sewing circle, Sister Birch was somewhat late, and when she came in, some of the members ventured to ask why it was, as she was usually very prompt. Sister B. replied that she had always wanted to see a case of small-pox, and on her way to the "circle" she had found one, and called on it. Then there was a gathering in hot haste, so to speak, and scattering, as it were. Mrs. Brown said she had forgotten to lock her back door, and she must go home without a moment's delay; and she went. Mrs. Smith said she didn't feel just right; she had been taking medicine lately, and she thought she felt like going home; one of her bad spells was coming on. So the house was cleared without much ceremony, until Mrs. Birch and the lady of the house were left. Finally, a dog was set on Mrs. B., and she went to call on another "case."

Why she was Late.

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A Joker on his Journey.

CHESHIRE agriculturist found out

"What I know about Farming" in this wise:

Said he, "John, do you know the best way to raise potatoes?"

Says I, "I do."

"How?" says he.

"Why," says I, "grab hold of the tops with both hands and pull 'em up."

Says he, "Go to grass."

So I started to grass, and I'm now on a trip over the Erie railway.

The first thing I did after getting into the cars was to try and make myself agreeable. The attempt proved a failure. I saw a fellow with a package in his hand, and I said, "Have a game?"

"Game of what," said he.

"Seven up," said I.

There isn't so much bitterness in a ton of boiled aloes as there was in the expression of that fellows face. Intense scorn and malignity struggled for the mastery as he yelled out, "No sir, I'm a minister."

"Well," said I, "you needn't get mad. Nobody would ever believe it unless you told 'em so."

Then I told him on closer inspection that he did look like a minister—a minister of penitentiary—and I asked him what he was doing with those cards.

He said they were not cards, they were blank tickets for the Sunday school library.

Then said I, "What might your name be?"

"Said he, 'Barnes.'"

Then I said, with a smile, "There are lots of barns all over the country, ain't there?"

To this day he has never answered that question. He moved into another car.

Back of me sat a little boy. He had a half ticket. The conductor punched it. I said to him, "Is that boy obliged to have a whole ticket to travel on this train?"

He said, "No."

"Well," said I, "he's got one."

"He ain't," said he.

"I'll bet you," said I. "It was a half ticket until you punched it; that made a hole one."

He intimated he would "punch me;" so we didn't continue to converse.

I moved over next to a fellow who was short of nose. "Ahem," said I "case of mayhem?"

"No," he said, "my dog chewed it last July."

"Ah!" said I, "not mayhem, but July-hem, eh?"

"Be you from York?" said he.

"I am," said I.

"Do you know Smith?" said he.

"Smith," said I, "what Smith?"

"No not Watt Smith, but Mister Smith; he keeps a store down there."

He was surprised when I told him "I never heard of him."

"Hewer of water and chopper of grass, I exclaimed, "what is your biz?"

He said he was a miller.

"Gin miller?" said I.

"No sir," said he, "I conduct a well-regulated Christian saw mill."

"Ah," said I, "you are a Millerite, then." Just then I made some further remarks. I observed, "the country looked fine." I didn't exactly know how the country ought to look to look fine, but I hit it right, for he said, "Yes," and he said we were passing through a dairy country.

"Do they run trains nights through a dairy country?" I asked, sweetly.

He said yes, and said they made mighty good cheese in that section. I related to him how "I didn't like mite-y good cheese;" then I told him "Truth was mighty and would prevail, and cheese was mite-y, and that was prevailing to considerable extent, too."

Then we stopped for grub, and I was served with a piece of the steak old John Rodgers was burned at, and it was burned ten per cent. worse than he was, and tougher than a parboiled pump handle on toast. The proprietor asked me if I had been served? I told him yes, I had been served darned meanly.

When I got into the cars again the Millerite observed, "the pen is mightier than the sword." I told him this wasn't the case with a hog pen. Then we commended about the grass crop. He said he was much troubled with ground hogs. "So am I," said I; where I board we are annoyed to death with 'em all winter."

"Why," said he, "do you have ground hogs in York?"

"Yes," said I, "lots of 'em; we call 'em sassafras."

For the space of five minutes he bowed his head and wept.

As soon as he got through weeping I told him I had recently visited New England, and how prolific everything was up there and I observed to him how for miles alongside of the railroads the telegraph poles had sprouted and were bearing apples, quinces, muskmelons, huckleberries, and bananas. "No!" said he.

"Yes," said I.

Then he rose and said, "Wash, I thought you were dead."

"My name isn't Wash," said I.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I called you Wash because you remind me so strongly of George Washington, who did it

with his hatchet—the man who never told a lie."

Says I, "Sir it's lucky you ain't a nigger for if you were I would kill you, sir, and let your family go a blackburying in October."

Then he went in the next car where the minister went, then the cars stopped five minutes, and I had a slight altercation with a saloon chap. He sold awful small pieces of pie for ten cents a piece, and I asked him if he would sell three pieces for a quarter. He said no.

Says I, "by gosh, you do do it."

He swore he didn't. Then I told him he did—that there were three pieces to every quarter of a pie on his counters, and that was three pieces for a quarter.

A Hairy Sult.

There was recently filed in a San Francisco court, as reported by the *Chronicle* of that city, the following curious complaint: "Joseph R. Tilton, plaintiff, complains of P. Taylor, defendant, and alleges that on and prior to the 28th day of March, 1873, said defendant was bald in certain places on his head and scalp, and partially bald in and about other places thereon; and being and partially bald, as aforesaid, said defendant entered into a contract or agreement with plaintiff, whereby plaintiff agreed to restore the hair upon defendant's head where it had become bald and partially bald, and said defendant in consequence thereof agreed to submit himself to the treatment of plaintiff, and to pay plaintiff the sum of \$100 as soon as new hair should be started on defendant's head in places where defendant had become partially bald, and the further sum of \$100 when a good head of hair should be restored to defendant by plaintiff; provided, the treatment of defendant by plaintiff should cause defendant no injury. That afterwards, in pursuance of said agreement, plaintiff treated said defendant's head and the scalp thereof for said baldness, and made application of certain remedies for the purpose of carrying out his said agreement and restoring the hair upon said defendant's head; and plaintiff says that by reason of said treatment and the application of said remedies by plaintiff, as aforesaid, new hair did start out in places where defendant had become partially bald, as aforesaid, and that defendant's scalp and head, in said places where the same was bald, and had become partially bald, as aforesaid, became and is now covered with new and healthy hair, and a good head of hair is restored to defendant by reason of the promises. And plaintiff further says that defendant was not injured, nor was defendant's head or scalp injured in any manner by the application of plaintiff's remedies; and that defendant, though often requested, has refused and still wholly neglects and refuses to pay plaintiff either of said sums of money, or any part thereof, and that said sum of \$200 is still unpaid from defendant to plaintiff. Wherefore plaintiff demands judgment against defendant for the sum of \$200 and costs.

Coloring Artificial Flowers.

The coloring substances selected to give the requisite tint and shade to artificial flowers are varied, and this feature of the trade is of the utmost importance, in order to produce the beautiful appearance so essential to the combination and harmony of the object. For red and purple colors carmine, Brazil wood, madder lake, and garancine are used. The red of Brazil wood receives a purple tint by the addition of salts of tartar, or of potash; by the addition of alum it assumes a rich crimson tinge. Flesh, peach color and salmon tints are produced by the aid of various acids and alkalis. Carmine is the base of rose color, varied in tint by salts of tartar. Blue colors are obtained from indigo, Prussian blue, etc. The various shades of blue are modified by admixture with alcohol and potash. Yellows are the result of the application of saffron, gamboge, annatto, and chrome yellow; Green is obtained by mixtures of blue and yellow. If the coloring property is to be applied with a pencil or brush, the mixture is prepared before using; but if the material is to be stained, as with a liquid dye, it is first dipped in yellow, and afterward in blue. For violet, combinations of blue and red are necessary, such as Prussian blue and garancine, Prussian blue and carmine lake, or cobalt and crimson lake. Lilac is produced by a mixture of carmine or crimson lake with cobalt or ultramarine.

Jack and the Toll Gate.

A famous elephant, called Jack, was once traveling with his keeper from Margate to Canterbury, in England, when they came to a toll-bar. Jack's keeper offered the right toll, but the man would not take it. He wanted to make them pay more than was right. So he kept the gate shut. On this the keeper went through the little foot gate to the other side of the bar, calling out, "Come on, Jack," and at once the elephant applied his trunk to the rails of the gate, lifted it from its hinges, and dashed it to the ground. He went on his way, while the toll-bar man stood petrified to see what a mistake he had made in demanding an unjust toll from an elephant.

Carpet, though bought by the yard, are worn by the foot.

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