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**Perry County Bank!**

**Sponster, 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,  
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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. SPONSTER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.  
B. F. JUNKIN,  
Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:  
W. A. SPONSTER, President.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier  
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**PERRY COUNTY**

**Real Estate, Insurance,**  
AND  
**CLAIM AGENCY.**

**LEWIS POTTER & CO.,**  
Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents  
**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.

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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.

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**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,**  
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**PERRY HOUSE,**  
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THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Main and Centre 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.

14.  
PRINTING ALL KINDS OF Printing neatly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD TIMES" STEAM JOB OFFICE.

**A Mesmerized Darkey.**

COLONEL WATSON was a well-served, jolly old gentleman, on the murky side of sixty.

Watson was the victim of a single weakness. One great absorbing, overshadowing idea gave direction to his nightly dreams and was the burden of his daily thoughts.

Through the mystical and subtle agency of mesmerism, he hesitated not to say that one day he would discover gold in such huge quantities that, like the Peruvian Atahualpa, he would fill a room.

In the year 1851, the Colonel, in company with several miners (myself included), located some claims on the Agua Frio, in the County of Mariposa. A greener or more incapacitated set, I believe, never attempted to pry boulders or feed a sluice box. For ten long, sweating hours we addressed ourselves to our now exciting occupation, and when night came we panned out the proceeds of our united labor. It was duly weighed at the grocery and its value ascertained.

The purchase of four pounds of bacon and one bottle of molasses consumed it all!

The Colonel was furious. In his paroxysm of uncontrollable disgust, he kicked over boxes and even jeopardized the very existence of the molasses bottle. "Others," he said "could go it blind." He knew "a way by which intellect could be made to penetrate the earth and discover first the locality of gold before he would apply muscle to extract it."

A few days after this event, Colonel Watson, with much gravity, informed me that James Jackson, the negro barber, was a fine mesmeric subject. "In fact," said he, "our old friend Blinker has told me all about his wonderful adaptability to the influence of human electricity."

The Colonel expressed his determination that only his best and most confidential friends should be let into the secret—"Sailor Jack, Blinker, Snorting Charley, and yourself," said he, "are the only persons whose assistance I desire. In a few days I shall place Jackson in a somnambulistic state; in that situation he will communicate to me the exact whereabouts of the richest gold beds in the country."

As the Colonel had invited me to be present, and (to be frank with the reader) as I fully believed in the orthodoxy of Watson's convictions, I visited the Colonel's cabin on the day of the anticipated revelations. I found the subject, James Jackson, seated in a corner of the room on a three-legged stool. Blinker, Snorting Charley, and the other invited guests were present. Watson's face wore an expression of the greatest gravity. He required that all should observe the utmost silence and attention.

Many years have passed since my eyes have rested on the face of Jim Jackson, but my fading recollections were restored only a few days since. An inverted top (without legs, of course), called back his facial contour, and restored, green to memory, the sombre character of his cuticle. But, if Jim's face was black, the immutable law of compensation asserted itself in giving color to his eyes. Their parian whiteness would, indeed put lilies and snowballs to the blush. Jim's eyes, however, wore an expression of benignity and intelligence. But what shall I say of Jim's mouth? those massive arching lips? those well-developed molars? His mouth was certainly the grandest and most striking feature of his face.

The colonel fixed his eyes on Jim Jackson's eyes. He placed his hand on Jackson's head, and then made slow passes down Jackson's face to the patches on Jackson's knees. In less than five minutes the subject was lost in a sound, mysterious slumber. The Colonel surveyed him with a satisfaction prompted by his knowledge of his controlling mind. "He is now," said Watson, "thoroughly permeated with what is known to the professors of mesmerism as human electricity. I have as much power over his faculties as you gentlemen, have over your fingers and toes."

As I had stock in Jackson, I regarded him at this time with the same interest as Jackson's ancestral neighbors of the Nile were wont to regard the sacred crocodile and ibis. Big drops of fluid fell from the Colonel's nose, but as this gentleman was a victim to the sad infirmities of influenza, I am not prepared to assert that these exudations were the consequences of fatigue.

After a few moments' pause the Colonel interviewed his subject:  
"Tell me where you are and what you see," said the Colonel.

"I'm down on de Mariposa, 'bout five miles."

"Tell me the spot on which you stand, and what you see."

"I'm a stanin' right in the doorway of 'Squire Dayly's old cabin, and right under my foot, 'bout ten feet deep, I see lots of yellow stuff."

"What is the yellow stuff that you see?" said Watson.

"Gold," said the subject.

"Enough," said the Colonel, and thus ended the scene to which I was a deeply interested spectator.

A few reversed passes by Watson acted

on Jackson as the fifteenth amendment did, in after years, on all of his race. It restored him to certain rights irrespective of his previous condition, &c.

I returned to my cabin, and, as it was now night, I attempted to sleep. It has often been a mystery to me how my little home could hold so many gorgeous castles. One after another came floating before an imagination wild with an excess of joyous anticipations. I awoke fatigued. All night I had been extracting big nuggets of gold. But the pile which rewarded my labor grew smaller and smaller as the land of dreams grew fainter and fainter, and at last to sentient eyes, was seen no more.

On the morning succeeding the eventful day referred to, our little party met at the cabin of the Colonel. Blinker was the only absentee. This gentleman had that morning been suddenly seized with violent cramps.

Did you ever attempt to ascend a high mountain in the month of August? On that day it really seemed to me that the sun was consuming petroleum and pine knots, with the incendiary design of setting the world on fire. It was at such a time as this that we passed the summit of the mountain that rose to obstruct the path which led to the spot designated by Watson's medium. However, we crossed the mountain and followed a rugged ravine at the mouth of which stood the old deserted cabin of Squire Daly. We found without difficulty the spot to which the medium had referred, and without a moment's delay began the work of excavation.

"Look here," said Sailor Jack, after he had thrown out a few spadeful of dirt, "somebody has been here a digging before."

"I presume so," said the Colonel, "but I am sure that they failed to go down far enough to strike the lead." With this assurance we cheerfully resumed our labors.

Charley was in the act of moving a large stone, when I heard his crowbar strike against some metallic substance. "By thunder," cried Snorting Charley, "I've now struck the yellow boys." A few moments' work revealed an old camp kettle carefully covered. We raised it, and found that its weight justified the opinion that the reward for our labor was at hand.

I raised the lid, and to my horror and disgust found its contents to be only the fragments of an old iron tank, on the top of which was a large-sized memorandum book. This I also opened, and with surprise almost approaching bewilderment, I discovered a letter addressed as follows:

COLONEL WATSON,  
Professor of Mesmerism, &c.,  
Agua Frio.

With the consent of the Colonel, I tore open this mysterious document and read as follows:

TO COLONEL WATSON—Sweet Plum: The blasted cramps did the business for me. None of your precious wealth can now be mine. Alas! poor Blinker! He never did have any silver lining to his clouds. When I was just eleven months old my junior brother (with the assistance of my unnatural parents) seized upon the first and best rations I ever had.

Poor Jim Jackson! He thinks the world of you, Colonel. He can't say your name without going off into violent convulsions, with alarming symptoms of lock-jaw. Good-by, Sweet Plum.  
Yours, mesmerically,  
BLINKER.

The bald hills of Mariposa echoed the wild anathemas of our infuriated Colonel, and the next day, when we returned to Agua Frio, our professor, without halting for a moment, went for Blinker, but that gentleman, like an Arab, as he was, took himself out of reach.

Blackhall has always been famous for the beauty and spirit of its women. In the ante-Revolutionary days the family once boasted seven dashing sisters, so full of life and fun and frolic that they were known the country over as "the seven Blackhall boys." None of them but could ride a horse bareback, row a boat, or swim far out in the Sound. Handsome and fearless, they were accomplished women, and good housekeepers, withal; hence they had no lack of suitors. Of the oldest, it is narrated that when a male cousin, while on a visit to Blackhall became so much interested, but did not dare to speak, she, one day, met him going up-stairs as she descended, and meeting him more than half-way (in a double sense) stopped, saying, sweetly: "What did you say, cousin?" To which, the tremulous young man replied: "Oh, I didn't speak—I didn't say anything." "High time you did, cousin. High time you did," replied she, as she passed on. The young man took the hint, and a happy married life ensued.

**Served Him Right.**

On Friday a week a farmer, named Jas. Warner, and his wife while returning from Hazleton to Dorrance township in a large wagon, were accosted by some miners who asked to ride. Their request was granted, and soon after getting in they commenced quarreling and using indecent language, Warner ordered them out, when they attacked him. He defended himself with a board which he had been using as a seat-board, and knocked out the brains of one of the miners. Warner is now in prison at Wilkesbarre, waiting an investigation.

**An Old Joker.**

A WAY back in the State of New York lives a Dutch farmer, well to do in the world, who always keeps around him a thousand dollar bill. With this in his pocket and a shabby coat on his back, he prides himself on playing tricks with strangers—particularly such country merchants as have recently commenced business in the neighborhood, and are not acquainted with his pecuniary circumstances.

As an instance of this kind he went lately to a new merchant, with his clothes all in rags, his toes sticking out through his shoes, his hat without a crown, and his beard a fortnight old, and ordered a few dollars' worth of goods. The merchant stared at him; but as there was no great hazard in laying out articles for him, none of which were to be cut, he executed the demand. When the goods were ready, the merchant stared still more to hear his sennry-looking customer ask him to charge them.

"Charge them!" exclaimed the man of merchandise, "we're not in the habit of charging our goods to everybody. We keep a lookout for breakers."

"Won't you charge 'em den?"

"Not to you, I thank you. You must have a better coat on your back, to expect to get credit from us."

"Den you won't charge 'em," continued the Dutchman, with great moderation, "I must try and pay for 'em down, if so be supposin' I can muster money enough." Then taking a thousand dollar bill from his pocket he extended it to the merchant, with a sly leer on his face, and said, "Will you change dat?"

"That—what! a thousand dollar bill! Is it possible that—that a man of your appearance—"

"What, misthur, be's you scart, ha?—Did you never see a thousand dollar bill afore?"

"A man of your appearance," continued the merchant, "with a thousand dollar bill! I could have sworn—"

"None of your swearing here, if you please, misthur, but give me mine change dat I may be off to mine farm again."

"Off to your farm! A thousand dollar bill! Who are you, if I may be so bold?"

"Who be's I. Why don't you know your own neighbors, man? My name is Fritz Van Volger, a poor farmer, mit no more as one thousand acres of land, and dis small bill in mine pocket, so, if you'll change it, and let me be gone, I'll thank you."

"Change it! Lord, sir, where shall I get money of a morning to change a thousand dollar bill?"

"Will you trust me, den?"

"Trust you! Mr. Van Volger, that I will, to the amount of a thousand dollars, if you wish. You didn't suppose I was afraid to trust you?" said the merchant, growing very complaisant.

"Ha! ha!" roared the Dutchman, as loud as he could laugh—"you begins to haul in your horns a little, does you?—Strange what wonders a small thousand dollar bill will work in a man's good opinion! So you'll trust me now, will you?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir."

"No, I'll be vip't if you shall—if so be supposin' I can find silver enough in mine pocket to pay you." As he said this, he hauled out an old stocking full of dollars, paid for the goods, and giving another hearty laugh at the astonishment and sudden change of opinion of the merchant, he departed.

**Too Deaf to be Useful.**

A Nelson Street dry goods man, who is well known for his politeness, has a father who is an excellent physician, but not a very smooth talker. They were so busy at the store Saturday afternoon, that the old gentleman was called in to help. Among the customers was a young lady, who appeared to be waiting to trade with him whose elderly appearance invited her confidence. Soon an opportunity offered, and leaning over the counter as an invitation for him to do the same, she whispered her order. He bent closer to her, and said, "What's that?" in a voice that started the perspiration to her forehead. Again she whispered. "Oh, elastic!" said he, in a tone that could be heard on the walk, and looking much pleased with his success. "What kind of elastic?" he added bending his head closer to the burning face of the perspiring maiden. Once more she tremblingly whispered. "For garters, hey?" he repeated, even louder than before, without noticing the horror-stricken expression of the almost fainting young lady. "Something fancy, I suppose," he went on to say, in happy oblivion of the store full of people. "Young people now-a-days want things nice. My old woman uses a shoe-string, and sails around not noticing the difference." Then got down with the box, and turned around to show it, but the customer was gone. He stood around with the elastic some five minutes in waiting, but she did not return, and it is likely he has forgotten all about the circumstance now.

When Shakespeare's mother wished him to confess a theft, what distinguished character did she hold up before him?—William Tell.

**A Sheriff Badly Sold.**

THERE is a Sheriff in Illinois who was rather taken in on one occasion and done for. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish peddlers for traveling through the State without a license; but one morning he met his match—a "ginoone" Yankee peddler. "What have you got to sell—anything?" asked the sheriff. "Yess, sartin; what d'ye like to hev? Got razors, fust-rate; that's an article, squire, that you want, tew, I should say by the looks o' your haird. Got good blackin; 'twill make them old cowhide boots o' yourn shine so't you can shave into 'em. Balm of Klumby, too; only a dollar a bottle; good for the ha'r and assistin' poor human natur', as the poet says." The sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said he did; he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as high sheriff of the State. The peddler showed him a document "fixed up good, in black and white," which the officer pronounced all correct; and handing it back to the peddler, he added, "I don't know, now that I have bought this stuff, that I care anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you agin. What'll you give for it?" "Oh, I don't know as the stuff's any use to me; but seein' it's yeon, sheriff, I'll give you about thirty-seven and a half cents for it," quietly responded the trader. The sheriff handed over the bottle and received the money, when the peddler said, "I say, yeon, I guess I've a question to ask yeon now. Hev you got a peddler's license about your trousers?" "No; I haven't any use for the article myself," said the sheriff. "Hain't eh? Well, I guess we'll see about that pooty soon. Ef I understand the law, new, it's a clear case that you've been tradin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on yeon." Reaching the town, the Yankee was as good as his word, and the high sheriff was fined for peddling without a license. He was heard afterwards to say, "You might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

**One More Drink.**

The following story is told of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various experiments to cure his drunkenness, she at last bet thought herself of another plan of making a reformed drunkard of her husband.

She engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward to carry "Philander to the watch house," while yet in a state of insensibility and to "frighten him a little when he recovered."

In consequence of this arrangement he was waked up about 11 o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and damp apartment. Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked around, until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said a cigar smoker.

"What a doing, there?"

"Going to be cut up."

"Cut up! How comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy.'"

"It's a lie! I ain't dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcass, anyhow, from your wife, who had a right to sell it for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're not dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or alive."

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now—immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Wall, look o' here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"

The last speech satisfied the watchman that the man was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent upon his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so, with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irreformable inebriate out of the watch-house.

**A Sharp Convict.**

Convicts in Sing Sing are a jolly set of fellows. One of them was detected last week in the act of manufacturing whisky from a still which he had managed to construct in an obscure corner of a quarry, where he was supposed to be employed in the service of the State. In his confession he stated that several of the keepers were not only aware of the existence of the still, but were among the best customers. Just previous to the discovery of the still he had completed arrangements for supplying several neighboring groceries with liquor, of which he produced five gallons a day. Six hundred dollars were on his person, being the proceeds of his contraband traffic.

**A Father's Advice.**

A young man leaving home to try his fortune, in another country, took leave of his father and asked his benediction, which he gave him with advice, as follows:

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.