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**Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!**

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ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States.

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Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture.

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**Perry County Bank!**

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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. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

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**PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, and CLAIM AGENCY.**

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,

Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents

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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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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.

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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.

No charge for information.

420 1/2 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,

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CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

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**PERRY HOUSE,**

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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 to his first class accommodations.

THOMAS BUTCH,

Proprietor.

11.

\$72 Each Week. Agents wanted every legitimate. Particulars Free. Address—J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 17 62 \*

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

**Enigma.**

I am composed of nine letters:

My 1, 8, 7, and 9 is the name of a town in Spain.

My 5, 7 and 4 is a fluid substance in universal use.

My 3, 2, 6 and 7 is the name of a town in New Jersey.

My 1, 4, 7 and 5 is the name of a woman recognized in Grecian Mythology.

My whole is a chemical preparation.

**A WOMAN'S EXPERIMENT.**

"IT'S a very convenient house," said Squire Northall. "Water filtering cisterns, asparagus bed, dry basement—everything in apple pie order. Such an opportunity don't occur every day."

"Yes," said Miss Grace Pennybacker, eyeing the premises in a keen business sort of way. "What do you think, Gerty, my dear?"

"I think as you think, aunty," said Gertrude, who was the most docile little white lamb of a damsel that the imagination could conceive.

"Then we'll take it," said Miss Grace, "I'll pay a quarter's rent in advance, and sign the papers to-morrow night."

The Squire took snuff in an embarrassed sort of way and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but is it true that you're one of the woman's rights people?"

"What difference does it make whether I am or not?" shortly demanded Miss Pennybacker.

"Because I don't believe in that sort of thing," answered the Squire, "and I won't let my house to one of 'em."

"Well, then," said Miss Grace bravely, "I do believe in a woman's right to vote if she chooses, and to be just as independent as she chooses. If that's being a woman's advocate, I'm one."

"Then," said the Squire thrusting his hands deeply into his trouser pockets, "I'd rather not let my house to you."

"Then you can let it alone," said Miss Grace, tipping her round hat defiantly on her nose. "Come, Gerty."

And the obedient niece dutifully followed in her warlike aunt's footsteps.

"What shall we do, aunty?" Gertrude asked, when they had walked on a little way.

"There are houses enough," said aunt Grace; "and I won't be dictated to! I tell you what, Gerty, the more one sees of men, the more one gets disgusted. I wish I knew of an island inhabited solely by women!"

"So do I, aunty," said Gerty, clinging to Miss Grace's protecting skirts.

Miss Pennybacker selected the next most eligible house on her list—a Swiss cottage on the hill, owned by a pathetic old lady, who would let her house to Mephistophiles himself if he had come with a dress coat, French boots and a suitable recommendation from the real estate agent.

"What kind of a neighborhood is it?" asked Miss Pennybacker.

"Well," drawled out old Mrs. Hall, "taint very lively. The doctor who lives in the big house—an eccentric sort of a man, that won't have a woman nowhere around, and there ain't no society, and—"

"I don't want society," interrupted Miss Pennybacker. "Give me the keys, and I'll take possession at once."

Great was Miss Pennybacker's gleeful self-congratulation, when she found herself safely installed in "Laurel Lodge," which was the name of the Swiss cottage on the hill.

"Roses, daffodils, honeysuckles, and plenty of current bushes," she chuckled. "I'll send you a load of books at once, and get your easel up in the nookroom, Gerty."

"It will be so nice, aunty," said Gertrude, who was one of those human mirrors who reflect the thoughts, ideas, and propensities of those who surround them.

Miss Grace Pennybacker was fat, fair, and thirty-five—a smooth-browed, merry-eyed old maid; and Gerty at sixteen was just like a daisy—fresh, innocent and blushing.

Miss Pennybacker believed in the independence of women, and had a store of theories which she ventilated on every occasion. Gerty believed just what her aunt did.

"And now," said aunt Grace, "I'll show that old blockhead Northall whether two women can be independent or not. I won't have a man about the premises, for I always believed that what man can do, woman can do much better, if she only chooses to turn her whole mind upon it."

So Aunt Grace had her wall white washed by an Irish female, her garden hoed by a stout German frau, and her piazza columns painted by a sharp-faced daughter of the soil who "worked around the neighborhood, for ten shillings a day and her board."

"Doesn't this suit you, my dear?" said Miss Grace, coming in from the flower borders with an apron full of gladiolus bulbs, and a trowel under her arm.

"Yes, aunty, dear," said Gerty, descending from her chamber with a purple velvet bound prayer-book, in her hand, and a round hat to match. Miss Grace demurred somewhat.

"I'm only going to church, aunty," said Gerty.

"To hear a man preach?"

"But what shall I do, aunty?"

"Better stay at home and read a sermon."

"We haven't any sermons, aunty."

"I could preach one myself, I dare say," said Aunt Grace ambitiously. "Well, go just for to-day. Next week, I'll order down Blair, Channing and Spurgeon."

"They are men too, I suppose, Aunty," said Gertrude, a little mischievously.

But Miss Pennybacker thought proper not to hear, and she went gently on her way.

"My birthday," she thought, as she leaned back in the rocker, as Gerty's departing footsteps died away on the ear.

"Well, well, how the time passes to be sure. It seems but a day that I was as young as Gertrude there, with Harry Ames drawing my picture in a rustic dress, a wreath of corn flowers and wheat, a Flora. I believe I should have married Harry Ames if it had not been for the meddling of Sarah Clifford. He did love me—and—yes, I do think I loved him. Well perhaps, it is better so, and yet—"

"Hallo-o!" shouted a deep gruff voice over the hedge of arbor vitae that separated Miss Pennybacker's domain from the eccentric disciple of Galen, who kept house with a selected corps of men, "I wish you would keep your hens at home, scratching up my strawberry beds."

"Hens yourself," somewhat ironically responded Miss Grace. "How can they when I don't keep any?"

"Whose are they then?"

"How should I know? Who are you?"

"I'm Doctor Ames! And I wish you'd tell your servant girl to leave off flirting over the fence with my stable man, at least, until he gets the wagon wheels washed."

"You are Doctor Ames," philosophically responded Miss Pennybacker. "I think you might do better making pills and powders than quarreling over the fence with your neighbors."

There was a moment's silence, then a rustling among the leaves of the arbor vitae hedge, and a round, good-humored face appeared above the green luxuriance.

"I do believe you are Grace Pennybacker," said the adjurer of woman kind.

"Of course I am," said Miss Grace, "and you are Harry Ames, grown older and not half so handsome."

"Shake hands," said Doctor Ames.

"I would if I could reach," said Miss Grace.

"Hold on a minute; I'll come round by the gate," exclaimed the doctor. And this was the unromantic way in which the two lovers, separated for eighteen years, met again.

"As brisk as ever, eh Grace?" said the doctor, "and not married yet."

"I should think so!" Miss Grace answered emphatically.

"And why not?"

"That's my business!"

The doctor looked roughly up. Miss Pennybacker laughed; she could not help it.

When Gerty came home, casting about in her mind how to tell her aunt that she had promised the Rev. Charles Canterbury to take charge of a class in the Sunday-school, she found Aunt Grace chatting familiarly with the ferocious medical man, who was the terror of half the country.

"I needn't tell her just yet," thought Gertrude.

But the catastrophe couldn't be put off forever.

"Aunty!" gasped Gerty, running into Miss Pennybacker's room the next day, "the Rev. Mr. Canterbury is trying to open the garden-gate. May I go and unlock it?"

"Yes, child, yes," said Miss Grace, scratching her nose. "These men will somehow work their way in, and I don't see any use to struggle against fate."

So while Gerty and the Rev. Charles Canterbury mingled romance and theology together in the front garden, Harry Ames and his sweetheart talked a melody of old lang syne and asparagus, rhubarb plants, and reproach, over the hedge in the kitchen garden.

"It's all nonsense I know," said Miss Pennybacker to herself "but he certainly has improved!"

"Aunty, dear," said Gertrude one day in October, "I wish you would tell me what you really think of matrimony; am I too young for it?"

"Am I too old?" demanded Aunt Grace, turning with a look of comic perplexity to her niece.

"I don't know what you mean, aunty?"

"What do you mean, Gerty?"

"Mr. Canterbury has asked me to marry him," said Gerty, growing pink.

"And I've promised to be Doctor Ames' wife," said Miss Pennybacker, striving resolutely not to be embarrassed; "so while we are about it we may as well have two weddings."

"Ob, aunty!" whispered Gertrude, nestling close up to Grace. "I'm so glad!—because I really don't think I should have dared to get married unless you did, too!"

"Child," said Miss Grace, smoothing the girl's golden hair, "here's an end to our independence."

"No aunty," said Gerty, coming out with her first original opinion; "it's only the beginning of it."

And Miss Pennybacker did not contradict her niece.

In life, as in art, the beautiful moves in curves.

**Farmer Purnell's Mistake.**

"PLEASE, sir, may I ride?"

The question was asked by a lad of about twenty years of age, who, with his books under his arm, was on the way home from school. It was a keen, bright afternoon in January; the snow crackled under foot and sparkled in the sun, and the sleighing was excellent. The boy had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile on his way, and had something more than a mile yet to walk. He was a farmer's boy, with many chores to do, and he knew there would be little daylight left after he had walked home. I say home. It was the place where he boarded while he was attending school that winter, and he was trying hard to do work enough to pay for his board. It was a matter of some consequence to this lad whether he could save an hour for study in the evening; and every moment saved on his way home from school was something towards it.

Solomon Purnell, a rich farmer of the neighborhood, was just passing in a large box-sleigh, alone, drawn by two stout horses; and knowing that Mr. Purnell went past his boarding-place, he had no hesitation in appealing to him for a ride. He did more—he assumed that the farmer would cheerfully grant his request; and so thinking, he ran swiftly to the passing sleigh with his books under his arm, and laid his hands on the tail-board, preparatory to jumping in.

The farmer instantly laid the lash to the horses, and the spirited animals bounded away at a fast gallop. Their speed was so much increased that the boy was unable to jump into the sleigh, but had to run with it, with his hands on the tail-board. The farmer then turned around in his seat, and exhibited his face—the face of a young man, too, not more than thirty years of age—glowing with vengeful wickedness.

"I'll teach ye, ye young heathen, to catch riders with me!" he exclaimed; and his "black-snake" whip whistled through the air, and descended in a cruel cut across the boy's cheek and neck. Astonished, frightened, and humiliated, the lad would have let go at once; but he saw that the speed of the sleigh was now so great that he could not do so without falling. Again the lash descended, this time over his shoulders. He relinquished his hold, and was whirled into a snow-bank at the side of the road, while his cherished school-books spun into the snow in the opposite direction. A loud, rude laugh from Mr. Purnell greeted his mishap, and the sleigh disappeared over a hill.

The boy arose, grieved, shocked in body, and angered. He was a studious, retiring lad, sensitive to ill-treatment, and scrupulously careful himself in his treatment of others. He picked up his cap and books, brushed the snow from his clothes, and dashed a tear of mortification from his cheek.

"I only hope, Sol Purnell," he said to himself, "that I shall live long enough, and have a good chance to resent that meanness as I ought to."

And then he quietly plodded on home, and was occupied till eight o'clock milking the cows, while Mr. Purnell sat in his arm-chair before his own fire-place, and smoked his pipe, forgetting already the thorn that he had planted that afternoon.

Thirty years passed. Solomon Purnell, was sixty years old, a wealthy land-owner and cultivator, and one of the most substantial men of the county. The office of superintendent of the poor was vacant, and an appointment to fill the vacancy was to be made by the governor. It was an office of much importance in the county, and considerable profit. This appointment was invested with unusual importance, as it was conceded that the appointee would be the candidate of the dominant party at the next election for the full term of six years, and would unquestionably be elected. There were two candidates for the place, and Solomon Purnell was one of them. It was generally conceded that he would be appointed. He was an excellent party man; he had contributed largely in times past to the success of the party, by his labors and his influence, and he had the names of the greater part of the influential men of the party on his petition. He was well qualified by nature and experience for the place; and it was well understood that he was quite anxious for it. He had never before asked anything of his party; but this place was just such a one as he should like to fill; and it seemed to be the voice of the party that he ought to fill it. His opponent was a clever, competent man, but possessed of hardly a tittle of the influence of Mr. Purnell.

At the proper time a delegation of the friends of each candidate appeared before the governor and urged the claims of their respective candidates. For Mr. Purnell, judges, legislators, and men of large property and position spoke, urging his appointment; for his opponent, Mr. Sands, only a few political and personal friends. The governor, a middle-aged man, with an earnest, firm-featured face, heard all that was said, and then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have heard your arguments, and have considered them as you made them. There were some others that might have been mentioned, but I will not refer to them. It is conceded here that either of the gentlemen named would

creditably and competently fill this office.

Such being the case, for reasons that are entirely satisfactory to myself, I shall appoint Mr. Sands. His letter of appointment will be forwarded to-morrow."

The friends of the successful candidate retired, delighted and surprised at their good fortune, those of Mr. Purnell went away, astonished and chagrined beyond measure. One of the latter, a personal friend of the governor, remained after all the rest had gone, and, taking advantage of his intimacy, began to remonstrate against what he termed injudicious action of his excellency in this matter. The governor stopped him at once.

"I know Solomon Purnell a great deal better than you do," he said. "Let me tell you a little story." He then went on to relate the incident narrated above.

"Well, sir, I was that boy. I presume I was somewhat in the wrong on that occasion," but that was no excuse for the exhibition of such a hateful, unchristian spirit as Mr. Purnell showed towards a poor schoolboy. I don't know what kind of man he is now; I hope he has changed; but I certainly cannot commit the interests of the unfortunate poor of that county into such hands. I refuse him this appointment, not in retaliation, but as a duty to the public; I dare not trust the interests of any class of the people in his keeping. You are at liberty to tell him all I have said; indeed, I request that you will—for I think that what I have said is a full justification for refusing him the appointment."

It was a hard blow to the ambitious old farmer—a much harder one than the one he had dealt upon the poor schoolboy thirty years before—but it taught him a much-needed lesson, which he never forgot during the rest of his life—a lesson which it is desirable that all the cruel, selfish Solomon Purnells of this world might receive for themselves.

**One of Beau Hickman's Tricks.**

Beau once made a raid on the Baltimore restaurants. He determined to dine well that day, or know the reason why. He walked into Guy's restaurant and asked for the proprietor.

"Sir," said he, "I want the best dinner you can give me."

"All right, sir," said Mr. Guy; "walk in here," showing him into a neat little private room.

The Beau ate and drank of the best, and, just after he had finished his cup of cafe noir, and had lit his cabanas, a servant entered with a folded paper on a silver waiter, which he gravely handed to the Beau.

"What is this?" inquired the Beau.

"De bill, sah," said the waiter.

"Bill; I don't want any bill. Ask the proprietor to come here."

The proprietor appeared, bowing and smiling; he hoped there was nothing wrong, and that his guest had liked his dinner.

"I liked the dinner well enough, and the wine," said Beau Hickman, "but I want to know what this means."

"That's the bill, sir," said the proprietor.

"Well, I never pay any bills. I am Beau Hickman. I don't pay anybody.—Besides, you have no right to charge me for this dinner. I asked you for the best dinner you could give me."

"Well, Beau, you have rung in on me and got the better of me fairly. Now I'll not only forgive you for this trick, but I'll give \$25 if you will play this trick on the St. Clair, on the other side of the way."

The next day the Beau fared sumptuously at the St. Clair, and the scene was re-enacted. The bill was presented, and the proprietor wound up with "Beau, I'll give you \$50 if you will play this off on Guy."

"My dear sir," said the Beau, "why didn't I call here first. Guy has paid me \$25 to play it on you."

**Annual Growth of Antlers.**

Deer, moose, the elk and that family of animals to which they are related, cast their branching horns every year. Their rapid reproduction indicates a great determination of blood to the head, and particular activity in those vessels which secrete the osseous material. Between casting these organs of defence and the growth of a new set, the males manage to be on very peaceable terms with rivals, but as soon as they feel the new hostilities, or commencing new quarrels for eminent position in the herd, they fight vigorously. "The survival of the fittest" insures a progeny from the strongest and most perfect source. At Salt Lake City, a fine collection of native animals is on exhibition, which the Mormon proprietors are augmenting as new or strange specimens are secured. At Woodward's Garden, a beautiful public resort about four miles from San Francisco, is another large collection of California wild beasts and birds, an institution eminently worthy of examination of all Pacific-coast visitors. In that native menagerie are several splendid elks. While their broad spread palmed antlers are in perfection, they are imposing objects. The moment they drop off, they seem to realize their defenceless state by a subdued, retreating manner.