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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.

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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.  
B. F. JUNKIN,  
Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:  
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WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier  
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**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.

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**PERRY HOUSE,**

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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.

THOMAS SUTCH,  
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**\$72 Each Week.** Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars Free. Address—J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 17 52

**A Hasty Marriage.**

"IF I could only fly away, Lilly! Sometimes I feel as if my reason will, if my feet do not."

Maybelle Carlisle's face was scarcely less white than the lace dress that lay across her lap, and her brown eyes, as they looked at Lilly Wall, had in their deeps a weary woe. Lilly looked up in surprise.

"May I and you to be married to-morrow morning! What can you mean?"

"What can I mean? Only this, Lilly: that if it wasn't for mamma, I'd never marry Mr. Claiborne—not to save my life. Oh, Lilly, if you only knew how unutterably miserable I am!"

The pretty brown head bowed over her hands, and tears, that were as bright and glistening as the diamonds on her fingers, trickled through.

"Well," and Lilly Wall shook her head decidedly, "it would not be me, you know to marry Wallace Claiborne, or any other man, if I didn't love him. I am only surprised that you've ever allowed such a thing."

There was such a cheerful decisiveness in Lilly's tones that May looked up in surprise.

"You wouldn't marry Mr. Claiborne?" she repeated the words in a half-dazed way.

"Exactly," returned Lilly, and the roguish eyes twinkled as she spoke.

"Oh, Lilly, what do you mean? You mystify me so. You seem to be speaking in fun, and yet intend earnest."

"Precisely, Maybelle. I repeat, not for ten thousand worlds would I marry Mr. Claiborne—old, ugly, false teeth—ugh! But I would marry—Leslie Wallingford, for instance."

Then, of a sudden, a hot, red stain went surging over May's face only to leave it pale and wan again, with tell-tale witness in her eyes.

"Lilly, you must not talk of—of Mr. Wallingford any more. Since our engagement was broken by mamma, and I promised Mr. Claiborne, I have no right to consider him even a friend, or he me."

But her wistful eyes searched Lilly Wall's face so eagerly that it belied the cold words she had just spoken.

"See here," said Lilly, very deliberately, and very decisively turned around in the swinging-chair, "once for all, my dear May, you are going to do the wickedest thing of your life when you marry this suitor of yours, whom you detest so thoroughly, and whom you only consent to wed because of business matters. But you do love; you can't deny it, Maybelle. You are this moment worshipping Leslie Wallingford, as he does you; and yet you dare crush the hearts of both of you, simply because your mother wants a rich son-in-law. May, I mean no disrespect whatever to Mrs. Carlisle, but it seems to me that you, a woman of twenty-three, are capable of judging for yourself."

Lilly's bright eyes were fairly dancing, and one little foot was impatiently tapping against the matting on the floor.

"I agree with you, Lilly. I will confess it. I do love your cousin Leslie; but of what avail is it?"

Lilly laughed—one of those delicious outbursts of merriment which invariably prove contagious; and May caught herself smiling.

"Now, Maybelle, I am going to make an honest confession, and tell you that Leslie sent me here. He and I have laid our heads together, and we propose to emancipate you—if you will be emancipated. Listen, now.

And, with scarlet cheeks, May listened.

In Mrs. Carlisle's pleasant parlors the guests were assembling, and up the stairway soft murmurs of voices and occasional bursts of joyous laughter came to Mrs. Carlisle's ears, as, in her elegant gala dress of pearl moire, she awaited some one in her—boudoir, she called it, really her sewing and sitting-room.

Across the hall, through the door of Maybelle's room, she could see occasional glimpses of white drapery, and hear low, confidential voices, and now and then Lilly Wall's joyous laugh.

And then, when she had consulted her watch at least half a dozen times, and as often re-read a note she held in her hand, footsteps approached her door, and a rap followed; then Mr. Wallace Claiborne entered.

"Really, you have appointed a most awkward time for a private interview—the guests assembled, the minister momentarily expected. What is it you want of me, Mr. Claiborne?"

The lady was irritable; what lady would be otherwise under the circumstances? Mr. Claiborne adjusted his eye-glasses, cautiously shut the door, and then peered suspiciously around the room.

"Madam—dear madam, I may say, considering the very near relation we so closely escaped,"

"What's that? What is it?" Mrs. Carlisle turned savagely on him.

"Keep cool, I beg, my dear madam. I will explain. To be brief, I never knew, until this morning, that my charming fiancée was troubled with—was in danger of—was a—"

"What on earth do you mean, Mr. Claiborne?"

borne? What is the matter? Are you sick or crazy?"

"A—h! that is it exactly. Crazy is the word my modesty would not permit me to mention. Poor, dear child! And to think I came so near marrying her!"

"Mercy on us! what ever shall I do? At the very last minute to find out he is crazy! Lilly! May! poor Mr. Claiborne has gone crazy. What shall we do?"

A little cry of surprise greeted the announcement, as Mrs. Carlisle burst into her daughter's room.

"Mamma! O, what shall I do? What will they say down stairs? I am mortified to death."

Mrs. Carlisle's face was a sight to behold. Naturally large and high-colored, it was fairly apoplectic now, as she stood in momentary meditation, and then suddenly sallied out of the room—to meet Mr. Leslie Wallingford in the hall, dressed in full bridal attire.

"O, Mr. Wallingford!" she gasped, "my poor, dear child has just escaped the most awful fate! He's gone crazy." She pointed to the perturbed gentleman in her boudoir—"and my darling May is a de—a de—a—left at the eleventh minute, I mean the eleventh hour! I am fairly distracted! How shall I account for it to them all? And there's all the money I've spent on it. O, Mr. Wallingford, what shall I do?"

A twinkle was in Leslie's handsome eyes.

"It is, indeed terrible, Mrs. Carlisle. Poor Miss Maybelle will be very awkwardly placed, indeed. I know of but one way—"

"What—what? Anything you can suggest, Mr. Wallingford." The widow grasped his arm in her excitement.

"Let the wedding go on; and let me marry your daughter."

He spoke very quietly; and his deliberate coolness had a good effect upon the boiling lady.

"Marry you!" she gasped out. Then, with a shuddering glance toward the room where Mr. Claiborne still paced to and fro, she dragged him by the shoulder into the room where May and Lilly were.

"Here's your bridegroom, May! Be quick, and tell her, Mr. Wallingford! Thank God it is fixed so easy!"

Then, safely pulling to the door of her boudoir, she locked Mr. Claiborne in, while May and Leslie went down stairs and were married.

A half hour later, when Mr. and Mrs. Wallingford were driving to the Twenty-third street depot, Mrs. Carlisle went up stairs and unlocked the door, to find Mr. Claiborne angrily confronting her.

"What does this mean, madam! Why am I secured in this room!"

"Now, Mr. Claiborne, don't get excited, I beg. I thought it best, you know, while the ceremony was going on for you to remain quietly here; and now that May and her husband have gone—"

"Who?"

"Don't get excited, please. Since you were so kind as to tell me you were crazy—"

"Madam! I tell you I am crazy? I? I crazy?"

"Well, what did you say then?"

"Hear the woman! What did I say? I only know I intended to say that I this morning received a note, telling me that Miss May's past lowness of spirit, of which I have repeatedly spoken, was a forerunner of the insanity that caused her family—"

"O-h-h-h! My May going crazy! Did I ever listen to such an insult? No, sir, it's only one of your crazy ideas! My Maybelle indeed! What a blessing it is that we are so well rid of you! Good-bye, Mr. Claiborne!"

She held the door open, and he walked out, firmly believing that the terrible misfortune was breaking out in the widow herself.

Lilly and Leslie and May talk it over sometimes, and laugh over the unexpected turn affairs took, but Mrs. Carlisle never knew.

**Irish Wit.**

The Gold Hill (Nev.) News says: "An Irishman, a resident of this city, noted for his wit upon all occasions and also for his successful attacks on the tiger, was proceeding home the other evening and when he had reached the Divide was stopped by some footpads and told to 'hold up his hands.' The robbers knew he had made a large winning and got off with it, and proceeded him for the purpose of waylaying him. Pat did not scare worth a cent, and when stopped quietly asked the robbers what they wanted. They answered, 'We want your money!' Pat quietly lighting his duds, said: 'O, murder, murder! but ye fellers are awful thick to-night.' 'Awful thick!' said one of the robbers, 'what do you mean?' 'I mane,' said Pat, 'that this is the fourth time I was stopped since I left Virginy.' One of the men, disgusted with himself to think that others of the profession had got in ahead of him, struck Pat on the neck and then kicked him, saying: 'Get out here, or I'll blow the top of your head off.' Pat did 'get' willingly, and arrived safely at home with \$700 in coin in his pocket."

London consumes 109,000,000 gallons of water daily, and Paris 70,000,000 gallons.

**SUNDAY READING.**

**In the Morning Sow Thy Seed.**

Sow, though the rock repel thee  
In its cold and sterile pride;  
Some cleft then may be given  
Where the little seed may hide.

Fear not for some will flourish:  
And though the tares abound  
Like the willows by the waters  
Will the scattered grains be found.

Work while the daylight lasteth,  
Ere the shades of night come on,  
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,  
And the laborer's work is done.

**The House of God Shut.**

The Christian Observer says, in regard to extravagance in church dress:—"The house of God shut.—Against whom? Against multitudes of the working class, and of the poor, whose purses won't admit of dressing themselves, their wives and children, in the style of the average church-goers. Nonsense, says Esquire Well-to-do, as he looks at the new gaiters and hats of his daughters; the elegant dress of Madame that only costs three times as much as a lady's dress used to do in the good old times; and as he puts on his French calf-skin and fine broadcloth and cashmere—Nonsense—people have no business to feel or reason that way! Well, it may be nonsense, and all wrong; but there stands the huge granite fact, call it what you will, that multitudes do not go to church because they cannot dress well enough."

The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life that away and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus the house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and window is clustered with associations.

Every sin meets with its due fate—inevitable expulsion from the paradise of God's Humanity. He loves the sinner so much that he cannot forgive him in any other way than by banishing from his bosom the demon that possesses him, by lifting out of that mire of his iniquity.

No one, however, supposes for a moment that a man who has once refused to forgive his brother, shall therefore be condemned to unforgiveness and unforgivingness.—What is meant is, that while a man continues in such a mood, God cannot be with him as friend; not that he will not be his friend, but the friendship being all on one side—that of God—must take forms such as man will not be able to recognize as friendship. Forgiveness, as I have said, is not love merely, but love conveyed as love to the erring, so establishing peace towards God, and forgiveness towards our neighbor.

Whenever I see a knot of religious disputants together, it puts me in mind of a story or fable, whichever you will, of a company of apes that had gotten a glow-worm among them, upon which they heaped sticks and other combustible matter; and laying their heads together, blew with all their might, hoping to make some improvement of that little shining particle; but, when they have done all they can, are neither able to increase the light, much less to warm themselves by it. So these busy disputing wits after all their blustering, neither bring any useful truth to light, nor warm their own or other men's breasts with any spark of true piety or charity, but, contrariwise, frequently obscure the one and extinguish the other.

It is reported of Godfrey of Bouillon, in his expedition of the Holy Land, that when his army came within sight of Jerusalem, beholding the high turrets and fair fronts [which were skeletons of far more glorious bodies,] they were so transported with joy that they gave such a shout, that the very earth was said to ring again. How might thine heart leap with joy, when thou upon thy death-bed should'st with the eyes of death behold the stately turrets, and pearly gates of the new and eternal Jerusalem! Thou mightest contentedly leave thine earthly habitation for thy Father's house, and joyfully bid adieu to thy corruptible silver, and airy honors, for an enduring substance and an eternal weight of glory.

Hast thou now a sweet temper, whereas thou once wast passionate? Boast not of it; thou wilt be angry again yet if He leaves thee. Art thou now pure, whereas thou wast once unclean? Boast not of thy purity; it is a plant, the seed of which was brought from heaven; it never was within thy heart by nature; it is of God's gift and God's alone.

**Interesting Traveling Companion.**

A LITERARY gentleman recently took charge of a lady on a railroad car, and gives the following account of the pleasures of his journey:

Many men think a railroad journey rendered really pleasant by the companionship of an unprotected female. She insisted on counting her handbox and traveling bag as we got seated. She counted. There was just two, I counted, and made no more or less. Then she wanted her parasol put into a rack, her shawl folded up and her handbox counted again. I counted it. There was just exactly one handbox of it.

As we got seated she wanted to know if I was sure we were on the right road to Detroit. I was sure. Then she wanted her traveling bag counted. I counted it once more. By this time she wanted the window up, and asked me if it was not a very hot day. I said it was. Then she felt for her money and found it was safe, though she was sure she had lost it. While counting it she related how Mrs. Graff, in going east five years ago, lost her purse and three dollars. She wound up by asking me if it wasn't a hot day. I said it was. Then she wanted that handbox counted, and I counted him. He was still one handbox. There was a pause of five minutes, and then she wanted a drink. I got it for her. Then she wanted to know if I were on the right road to Detroit. I assured her that I was positive of the fact.

The brakeman here called out the name of a station in such an indistinct manner that the lady wanted me to go and see what the name really was. I went. It was Calumet, and I put my hand on my sacred heart and assured her that I would perish sooner than deceive her. By this time she wanted the traveling bag counted, and I counted her. She figured up as before. I had just finished counting when she wanted to know if I didn't think it was a hot day. I told her I did. We got along very well for the next half hour, as I got her to narrating a story about how she got lost in the woods eighteen years before, but as soon as she finished she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I told her that I hoped to perish with the liar if we were not, and she was satisfied.

Then the parasol fell down; she wanted me to change a ten cent piece, and then the window had to go down. When we got down to Marshall she wanted to know if the place wasn't named after court martial, and whether it wasn't barely possible that the station was Niles instead of Marshall. The handbox was counted, and he was just one. Then the window was put up, and she asked me if, in my opinion, it wasn't a hot day. I replied that it was. Then she related a story about her uncle, and another about a young lady who had been deaf several years.

During that day counted that handbox three hundred times, raised the window thirty times, said it was a hot day until my tongue was blistered, arranged that parasol twenty-one times, got her sixteen drinks of water, and inquired the names of thirteen stations.

She said it was so nice to have a man in whom a stranger can place confidence, and I dared not reply, for fear of bringing out another story. When we reached Detroit, I counted the things three times over, and helped her off the cars, got her a hack, directed her to a hotel, told her the street, price, name of landlord, head waiter, porter and cook; assured her she would not be robbed or murdered; that it had been a hot day; that Detroit hack drivers were honest and obliging. Poor woman, I hope the landlord did not get out of patience with her artless ways.

**Light Cares.**

What a pity it is that young married folks will not emulate the example of Japanese housekeepers! They are troubled very little by household cares. A few mats, a chest of drawers for clothing, two or three quilts for a bed on the floor, some simple kitchen utensils, and their houses are furnished. They never have known the use of a bedstead, a chair, or a table, as we understand these articles; and yet, these people have all the virtues of civilization, and perhaps not quite all its vices. They are polite, generous, hospitable, perform their religious duties with exemplary piety, and, if cleanliness is next to godliness, they are much more godly than we are, for they are the cleanest people on the earth, according to the general testimony of travelers. We have certainly much to learn before our houses can be immaculately neat as theirs are. The habit of doffing street boots and assuming slippers before entering a room does much towards keeping houses cleaner than our own. A poor Japanese housewife really enjoys more ease, after her simple duties are done, than many of our wealthiest dames who are weighed down with the cares of an extravagant establishment. As for young people just entering life—compare their lot with that of the people under discussion, and, if an ease-loving person, you will soon render a verdict in favor of Japanese housekeeping.

Another Iowa woman has been giving herself heirs in the matter of four pairs of twins in seven years.