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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.

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No policy or medical fee charged.

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M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't.

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No. 6 North Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

642ly

Perry County Bank!

Sponsor, 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. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.
B. F. JUNKIN,
WM. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:
W. A. SPONSER, President.

WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier

New Bloomfield, 35 ly

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.

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.

420ly 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,
CASSINETTS,
FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER,
6.17 Am.

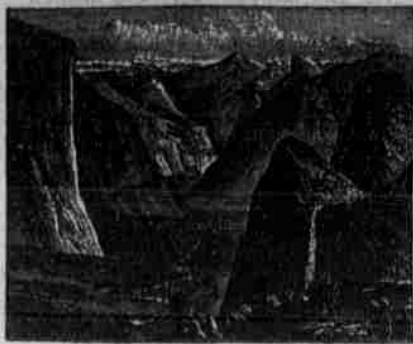
CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY.

PERRY HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Pa.

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 first class accommodations.

THOMAS STUCH,
Proprietor.



TO SEMITE VALLEY.

The above cut represents as well as so small a picture can, the Chromo "YO SEMITE," given as a premium to subscribers for the Times and Wood's Magazine.

The Preacher's Rooster.

REV. MR. PINKNEY, of Slawson, bought a game rooster from a Danbury dealer, Saturday. Mr. Pinkney informs us that he was not aware the fowl was of the game species; he bought it because of its shapely appearance. We believe this statement, and are confident that the good people of Slawson will acquit him of all blame in the unfortunate affair of last Sunday morning, the particulars of which are as follows: At the time when the trouble commenced, Mr. Pinkney was engaged in arranging his necktie preparatory to putting on his vest and coat. Happening to look out of the window he saw his new rooster and a rooster belonging to the Widow Rathburn, squaring off in the street for a fight. Surprised and pained by this display, he immediately started out to repel the disturbance, but was too late. When he got there, a half dozen young ruffians with cigars in their mouths and evil in their eyes, had surrounded the birds, which were already in the affray. They would thrust their heads out at each other, and ruffle their necks, and then dance around and strike out with their spurs, and jump back and thrust out their heads again.

And when the boys saw him they shouted out: "Hurry up, baldy, (Mr. Pinkney is a little bald,) or you'll miss the fun." Mr. Pinkney, was inexpressibly shocked. It was Sunday morning; the homes of two of his deacons and several of his most prominent members were in sight, and here were those roosters carrying on like mad, and a parcel of wicked and profane boys standing around, shouting their approval and noisily betting on the result. He made an effort to secure his fowl, but it eluded him. The perspiration streamed down his face, which burned like fire, his knees trembled, and he felt, as he saw the neighbors gathering, that if the earth would only open and swallow him he could never be sufficiently grateful. Just as he attempted to catch his rooster, a rough-looking individual, with his pants in his boots, and a cap with a draw down fore-piece, came up, and taking in the scene at a glance, sided in with the roosters: "Fair play," shouted the new comer for the benefit of the crowd, and "don't step on the birds, old codger," for the particular benefit of Mr. Pinkney, who, crazed beyond reason, was jumping about, swinging his arm, and muttering incoherent things, to the great danger of stepping on the combatants. "Good for Pinkney's rooster," screamed the boys, in great delight, as that fowl knocked a handful of feathers from his opponent's neck. "The parson knows how to do it," said one man gleefully. Mr. Pinkney could have swooned. "I'll go you five dollars on the Widdler," said the rough man earnestly winking at the clergyman. "Take him, Pinkney; take him Pinkney," chorused the crowd of ragamuffins. "My friends," protested the unfortunate minister in a voice of agony. "I cannot, I cannot—" "I'll back you, sir," said an enthusiastic man with a fishing-pole, "I'll put up for you, and you can let me have it from your donation." The clergyman groaned. "Catch the Widdler," shouted the rough man to Mr. Pinkney, indicating that lady's bird by a motion of his finger. Mr. Pinkney, clutched it, dropping on his knees as he did so. At the same time the rough man by a dexterous move, caught the clergyman's bird, and dropped on his knees opposite.

Just then Mr. Pinkney looked up and there saw two of his deacons and several of the members staring down upon the scene, with an expression that brought the blood to his face, and with a groan of intense pain, the unhappy man dropped Mrs. Rathburn's fowl and darted into the house. As soon as he recovered from his misadventure, he sent in his resignation, but a critical examination had been made in the meantime, and it transpired that as far as the worthy man was concerned there was not the least blame. The resignation was not accepted.

A young man decidedly inebriated, walked into the Executive Chamber in N. Y., recently, and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the Secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the Secretary, "I can tell you something better than a sinecure; you had better go and try a water cure."

A Leper's Home.

THE lepers of the Sandwich Islands occupy what is known as the Plain of Kolano. The plain contains about 16,000 acres, and looks like an absolute flat, bounded on three sides by the blue Pacific. It is believed to have been once the bottom of a vast crater, of which the Pali formed one of the hills, the other having sunk beneath the ocean, leaving a few traces on one side.

The whole great plain is composed of lava stones, and to one unfamiliar with the habits of the Sandwich Islanders, would seem to be an absolute sterile desert. Yet here lived, not many years ago, a considerable population, who have left the marks of an almost incredible industry in numerous fields inclosed between walls of lava rock, well laid up; and in what is yet stranger, long rows of stones, like the winrows of the hay in a green field at home, evidently piled there in order to secure room in the long, narrow beds partly cleared of lava which lay between, to plant sweet potatoes. As I rode over the trails worn in the lava by the horses of the old inhabitants, says a correspondent, I thought this plain realized what Vermont's say about a piece of particularly stony ground, that there was not room in the field to pile up the rocks it contained. Yet on this apparently desert space, within a century, more than a thousand people lived contentedly and prosperously, after their fashion; and this, though fresh water is so scarce that many of them must have carried their drinking water at least two or three miles. And here now live, among the lepers, or rather a little apart from them at one side of the plain, about a hundred people, the remnant of the former population, who were too much attached to their houses to leave them, and accepted sentence of perpetual seclusion here, in common with the leper, rather than exile to another part of the island. When we had discovered this cliff, a short ride brought us to the house of a luna, or local overseer, a native who is not a leper; and of this house, being uncontaminated, we took possession.

By a law of the Kingdom, it is made the duty of the Minister of the Interior, and under him of the Board of Health, to arrest every one suspected of leprosy; and if a medical examination shows that he has the disease, to seclude the leper upon this part of Molokai. The disease, when it is beyond its very earliest stage, is held to be incurable. He who is sent to Molokai is, therefore, adjudged civilly dead. His wife, upon application to the proper court, is granted a decree of absolute divorce, and can marry again; his estate is administered upon as though he were dead. He is incapable of suing or being sued; and his dealings with the world, therefore, are through and with the Board of Health alone. In order that no doubtful cases may be sent to Molokai, there is a hospital at Kalih, near Honolulu, where the preliminary examinations are made, and where Dr. Trousseau, the physician of the Board of Health, retains people about whom he is uncertain.

Absent Minded Men.

A FRIEND tells the following amusing instance of absence of mind: My grandfather was returning home one evening from the hay-field, driving his oxen before a load of hay. He tied an old mare which he had been using to the cart behind but happening to think of one of her favorite tricks of pulling, he untied her again, and mounting, rode astride, still driving the oxen. He fell into a deep reverie, as was his wont, in which balking mares and all other vexations sublunary matters were banished from his mind. But this serene state was suddenly broken up by his happening to think, when near home, that he had, when starting from the field, tied that unruly beast to the cart behind. Entirely forgetting the precaution he had afterward taken, he whirled about only to discover that she was missing from the place; and, supposing that she had pulled loose, he rode back at full gallop in search of the vixen. In the course of half a mile he met one of his neighbors, a stuttering fellow, to whom he called out to know if he had seen anything of her. Before the man had half surmounted his t-t-t-s (perhaps from a comical expression on his face) the whole truth flashed into my grandfather's mind, and he turned back at full speed, without waiting for a reply to his inquiry, only exclaiming "let her go, I'll not look her up." But it was too late for him to save himself, and his neighbors in the old Vermont village never suffered the story to be forgotten as long as he lived there.

An absent minded man, Mr. A—, of Troy, receives a letter; he knows the hand writing—he wants to read it in haste—it is already dark; he strikes a light, tears a paper and lights a lamp, but the letter is gone—he has used it to light the lamp.

There is a late striking instance given of Pere Grady, who has just been nominated as director of the academy in Paris. One day, when going to the Sorbonne, where he lectured on theology, he imagined he had forgotten his watch, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and fetch it.

It is said of Neander, the learned lecturer

and ecclesiastical historian of Germany, that his sister had to watch him daily to see that he did not start to the university with his night cap on, or with his study gown and slippers—and it was not uncommon for him when moving aside to step into the gutter, where he walked on and on, seemingly unconscious where he was stepping.

How he Scared his Wife.

Merriwether lives in one of a row of houses which, as is generally the case in Philadelphia, are uniform. He thought the other night he would scare Mrs. Merriweather, while she was in bed, so he rose, and dressed in his night shirt, went upon the roof while she slept. He tied a nail to a piece of string, lay down on the cornice, leaned over and tapped the bed room window with the nail. Mrs. Merriweather, meanwhile was not asleep, but she followed him up, shut the trap door in the loft, and went back to bed.

Merriwether concluded to give it up and turn in, but, to his dismay, the trap wouldn't open. To make matters worse, a policeman, who had been watching him felt certain he was a burglar, and began to practice at him with his revolver. The manner in which that old man dodged about those chimneys, clad in that simple robe of white, would have done credit to a performer on a flying trapeze. At last, he came to his trap-door, and finding that it had been opened he went down. On entering his bed-room, he saw a man turning down the gas. As soon as he shouted "thieves!" the man also shouted, and the woman in the room gave a wild and awful yell.

Then the man turned up the gas, and seized a pistol, and as Merriweather dashed down stairs, he perceived that he had got into the wrong house. As he flew into the parlor and hid under the sofa the other woke the whole neighborhood with a rattle, and in ten minutes six policemen came in, and, after a search, dragged Merriweather out and marched him to the station-house. When he came out in the morning, he walked home in a pair of the turnkey's pants, and began to eat his breakfast without asking the blessing, and when Mrs. Merriweather inquired if his muttered ejaculations, "fool!" and "idiot!" referred to her, he said she might wear them if they fitted her. He will not probably play any fresh practical jokes on Mrs. Merriweather soon again.

Singular Accident to a Cable.

Details of a most extraordinary breakdown to the Persian Gulf cable came to us from Mr. Isaak Walton, the superintendent of the Persian Gulf telegraph.—He relates that "the cable between Karachi and Gwadur (a distance of about 300 miles) suddenly failed on the evening of the 4th inst. The telegraph steamer *Amber Witch*, under the command of Captain Bishop, with the electrical and engineering staff under Mr. Henry Mance, proceeded on the following day to repair the damage, which, by tests taken at either end, appeared to be 118 miles from Karachi. The *Amber Witch* arrived on the ground at 2 p. m. on the 6th, a heavy sea and thick fog prevailing at the time, but the cable was successfully grappled within a quarter of a mile of the fault.

"The soundings at the fault were very irregular, which overfalls from thirty to seventy fathoms. On winding in the cable unusual resistance was experienced, as if it were foul of rocks, but after persevering for some time, the body of an immense whale, entangled in the cable, was brought to the surface, where it was found to be firmly secured by two and a half turns of the cable immediately above the tail.—Sharks and other fish had partially eaten the body, which was rapidly decomposing, the jaws falling away on reaching the surface. The tail, which measured fully twelve feet across, was perfect, and covered with barnacles at the extremities.

"Apparently the whale was, at the time of the entanglement, using the cable to free itself from parasites, such as barnacles which annoy this fish very much, and the cable hanging in a deep loop over a submarine precipice, he probably, with a flip of his tail, twisted it round him, and then came to an untimely end."

Roughing It.

A few evenings since a Detroit chap was sparking a West-side girl who wore an Elizabethian ruff. Expecting his coming, she had dressed for the occasion, and her ruff, stiff as an unrestricted use of starched glass could make it, was one of the most stunning characters. The lover came at the orthodox time, and was ushered into the parlor, where the enchanting maiden and her father and mother were seated. He was cordially received, and the evening passed pleasantly, although the old folks sat up a good deal longer than the youngsters thought necessary. Finally they went to bed and the twain were left alone. After a certain amount of preliminary bashfulness, the maiden assented to her lover's request for a kiss. He essayed to take it, but was met at every point by a bristling wall of tartletan and starch. He came up to her in front, and was gouged in each eye. He sidled up to her and the right-hand prong cut one of his ears half off. He attempted to reach the prize over her shoulder, and a cheveaux de frise of lace tickled his nose till he was obliged to take a seat and sneeze. Then the maiden came to the rescue, and held down one side of the provoking ruff, and again the lover advanced. Just as he had but reached blooming cheek, the damsel lost her grip, and the razor-like decoration flew up with a force that took an "under bit out of his right ear." Then he got mad.—Then she got mad. Then they both got mad, and an anticipated wedding has come to a premature end.

SUNDAY READING.

LICENSED TO DO WHAT!

Licensed to make the strong man weak;
Licensed to lay a wise man low;
Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do a neighbor harm;
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed to abet the murderer's knife.

Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit men for a hell below."

The Small Worries.

The Christian world has long been guessing what Paul's thorn in the flesh was. Many of the theological doctors have felt Paul's pulse to see what was the matter with him. We suppose the reason he did not tell us what may have been because he did not want us to know. He knew that if he stated what it was there would have been a great many people from Corinth bothering him with prescriptions as to how he might cure it.

Some say it was diseased eyes, some that it was a humped back. It may have been neuralgia. Perhaps it was gout, although his active habits and a sparse diet throw doubt on the supposition. Suffice it to say it was a thorn—that is, it stuck him. It was sharp.

It was probably of not much account in the eyes of the world. It was not a trouble that could be compared to a lion or a boisterous sea. It was like a thorn that you may have in your hand or foot and no one know it. Thus we see that it becomes a type of those little nettlesome worries of life that exasperate the spirit.

Every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeeper finds it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience, or too large to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath school teacher finds it in inattentive scholars or neighboring teachers that talk loudly and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is northeast, lifts the storm signal. Another, a business partner who takes full half the profits but does not help earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because like Paul's thorn they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and smashed feet, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful, and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was disciplinary as the shipwreck. If it is not one thing it is another. If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good, the ink must be poor. If the thorn does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make up our robe of Christian character without pins and needles.

The Door Unlocked.

Some time since I wished to enter a strange church with a minister a little before the time for service. We procured a key, but tried in vain to unlock the outside door with it. We concluded we had the wrong key, and sent to the janitor for the right one. But he came and told us that the door was already unlocked. All we had to do was to push and the door would open. We thought ourselves locked out, when there was nothing to hinder us from entering.

In the same way we fail to enter into love and fellowship with God. The door, we think, is locked against us. We try to fit some key of extraordinary faith to open it. We try to get our minds wrought up to some high pitch of feeling. We say, "I have the wrong key; I must feel more sorry; I must weep more." And all the time the door is ready to open if we but come boldly, with humble earnestness, to the throne of grace. We may enter freely at once, without having to unlock the door. Christ is the door, and his heart is not shut against us. We must enter without stopping to fit our key of studied faith, for His mercy is not locked up. We must enter boldly, trustingly, not doubting His readiness to receive us "just as we are." He is willing already, and we must not stop to make Him willing by our prayers or tears.

A pious old lady at New Bedford boasted in prayer-meeting that she was not afraid of the devil. A young chap present, with a view to testing her faith and courage, followed her home, and in a lonely, secluded spot, crept up behind her, and whispered, "I am the devil." But the good woman never heeded him, and again and again he introduced himself in the same style. Finally, finding the thing was getting monotonous, she turned to him with the ejaculation, "Well, nobody denies it." That young man does not follow the frightening business any more.

Money is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.