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OF NEW YORK,
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L. W. FROST, President.
M. B. WYKOP, 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!

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

OFFICERS:
W. A. SPONSLER, President.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier
New Bloomfield, 3 5 ly

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, 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.
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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

PASSIMERS,
CASSINETS,
FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER,
CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY, 6 17, Am.,*

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 BUTCH,
Proprietor.



YO 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.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Enigma.

I am a trunk with two lids; two caps; two musical instruments; two established measures; a great number of articles that a carpenter cannot dispense with. Then I have with me at all times a couple of excellent fish, and a great number of smaller ones; two lofty trees of fine flowers; two kinds, also a fruit. Two playful animals, and a number of less playful ones; also a fine stag. A great number of whips without handles; some weather cocks. Also some weapons of war. The steps of a hotel; the house of Commons on the eve of a division; two scholars, and a number of Spanish grandees to wait on me.

How Harris was Cured.

I WAS sent for in great haste, to attend a man of responsibility, whose wife a lady of intelligence and refinement, had discovered him in his room lying senseless upon the floor.

On arriving at the house, I found Mrs. Harris in great distress of mind.

"What is the matter with Mr. Harris?"

I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looking the picture of distress.

"I'm afraid it is apoplexy," she replied.

"I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearances, fallen suddenly from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

I went up to see my patient. He had been lifted from the floor, and was lying upon the bed. Sure enough, his face was purple, and breathing labored; but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was filled, and he lay perfectly stupid; but still I saw no clear indication of an actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadh't he better be bled, doctor?" asked the anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," I replied; "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours! he may die in half an hour," she exclaimed.

"I don't think the case so dangerous as that, madam."

"Apoplexy not dangerous?"

"I hardly think it apoplexy," I replied.

"Pray, what do you think it is, doctor?"

Mrs. Harris looked anxiously into my face as she spoke.

I deliberately hinted that he might possibly have been drinking too much brandy; but this she positively and almost indignantly objected to.

"No, doctor. I ought to know about that," she said. "Depend upon it, the case is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the stagnant circulation of the blood in his veins."

Thus urged, I after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opened a vein, from which the blood flowed freely, and relieved him of about eight ounces of his circulating medium. But he still lay insensible as before, much to the distress of his poor wife.

"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that the bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not quickly relieved he must die."

By this time several friends and relatives who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some more active means for restoring the sick man to consciousness. One proposed blisters all over the body, and another a blister on the head; another, immersion in hot water.—I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, doctor?" asked one of his friends.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, doctor," said his wife.—

"He has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug of any kind in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured the assertion again.

"No, doctor! No spirits of any kind, not even wine in the house," returned Mrs. Harris, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician, and had been called in to meet the alarm-

ing emergency, because my house happened to be nearest to the dwelling of Mr. Harris. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be sent for.

"But the delay, doctor," urged the friends.

"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied.

But my words did not assure them.—

However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Dr. Solly came, they had to submit.

I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going—to be back by the time Dr. Solly arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room.

When Dr. Solly came, we conversed aside for a few moments, and I gave him my views on the case, and stated what I had done, and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bed-side of the patient. There was still no signs of approaching consciousness. "Don't you think his head ought to be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Dr. Solly thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, by all means. Send for a barber; and also a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Dr. Solly with surprise. It was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do; but he spoke confidently of the result, and said that it would not only cure the disease, but he believed take away the predisposition thereto, with which Mr. Harris was affected in a high degree.

The head of Mr. Harris was shaved, and Dr. Solly applied the blister with his own hands, and which completely covered the scalp from forehead to occiput.

"Let it remain on for four hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. Solly. If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy. Sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but heard from Dr. Solly the result.

After we left, the friends stood anxiously around the bed-side upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning blister parched the tender skin of Mr. Harris' shorn head, and was then removed. It had done good service. Dressings were then applied, repeated and repeated again, but still the sick man lay in a deep stupor.

"It has done no good. Hadn't we better send for the doctor?" suggested the wife.

Just then the eyes of Harris opened, and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face, of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What's the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavy thereon. "Heavens and earth!" He was now fully in his senses. "Heavens and earth! what ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake, keep quiet," said his wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill. There, there now!" And she spoke very soothingly.

"Don't say a word, but lie very still?"

"But my head. What's the matter with my head? It feels as if scalded. Where's my hair? Heavens and earth, I don't understand this! What's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet, my dear husband, and I'll explain all. Oh, be very quiet. Your life depends upon it."

Mr. Harris sank back upon the pillow, from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand to his head, and felt it tenderly from temple to temple and from nape to forehead.

"Yes, dear. You have been very ill. We feared for you," said Mrs. Harris, affectionately. "There have been two doctors in attendance."

Harris closed his eyes again. His lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strange to ears polite and refined. After this, he lay for some time quiet.

"Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he then said interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "I found you lying insensible on the floor on happening to come into your room. It was most providential I discovered you as I did, or you certainly would have died."

Harris shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience, but its meaning was not understood.

Finding him out of danger, friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah," he said, "why in heaven's name did you permit the doctors to butcher me in this way? I am laid up for a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save—"

"Hu-u-sh! There, do for heavens sake keep quiet, everything depends on it."

With a gesture of impatience, Mr. Harris shut his eyes, teeth and hands and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he

turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice, "Too bad! too bad! too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impression of Mr. Harris's disease, neither had Dr. Solly, although he certainly used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case are these:

Harris had a weakness. He could not taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified and grieved at this; and they, by admonition, and he by good resolution, tried to bring about a reform. But to see was to taste; to taste was to fall.

At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home, for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly as his coachman kept a well filled bottle for him in the carriage house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a too ardent devotion to this identical bottle brought on supposed apoplexy.

Dr. Solly was right in his mode of treating the disease, after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the predisposition. The cure was effectual. Harris kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head on his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blisters had disappeared, concealed the barber's work till his hair had grown again. He never more ventured on wine or brandy for fear of apoplexy.

When the truth leaked out as such things always will, the friends of Harris had many a hearty laugh, but they wisely concealed from the object of their merriment the fact they knew anything more than appeared on the supposed illness.

Such Fun.

A PERUVIAN, officer stationed on board a man-of-war lying in Calleo harbor (writes a correspondent), had a lovely and devoted Peruvian wife, and both were devoted to each other, but both unreasonably jealous. An American officer fond of a practical joke, and a great favorite with husband and wife, conceived a very clever trick, as he thought, to break them of their unfounded jealousy. He caused a note to be sent to the wife that her husband was in the habit of going to a certain street and number, and asking at the door for a Signorita Mercedes, each week, on such a day and hour. He also had an anonymous note sent to the husband that the wife was seen weekly going at the same day and hour to such a street and number and asking at the door for Signor Mercedes. It was a large dress-making establishment, but never patronized by the wife. Securing in some way the aid of a servant of the establishment, he awaited the "fun," as he supposed. The wife, true to her womanly curiosity and jealousy, came first, closely veiled, and in a trembling voice, said, "Signorita Mercedes," and was shown into an ante-room. The husband, a few minutes later, and punctual to the hour specified, presented himself at the door and rung. To the boy who opened it he said simply, "Signor Mercedes," and was at once shown into the room where sat his wife! Both commenced at once: "I have found you out!" "I have caught you!" &c. Neither would listen to explanation or reason. The wife screamed and cried; the husband swore and stormed, each accusing the other. After both were exhausted, the lady of the establishment, hearing the noise, came in, listened to the parties in astonishment, and protested that she had seen neither of them ever there before. The boy was called in; in fright he confessed the money paid him for the "fun;" was cuffed, kicked, and discharged; and the husband and wife went hom arm in arm, happy and ashamed. But the friend who had gotten up the "fun": The evening of the denouement, while in his room a knock came at the door. He said, "Come in," and in walked the husband and wife. Without a word they "went for" him then and there. They scratched him and tore out his hair; they banded and beat him, and pulled out his beard; they cuffed and kicked them, and left him with torn clothes, bleeding and disfigured. He kept his bed for a week, his eyes were closed for a fortnight, and his friends on shipboard never dared to ask him what was the matter with him.

A good looking Irishman stopping at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of the landlord—

"What is the news?"

The landlord, disposed to run upon him, replied—

"They say the devil is dead."

"An' sure," says Pat, "that's news indeed."

Shortly after, he went up to the bar, laid down some coppers and resumed his seat. The landlord, always ready for a customer, asked him what he would take.

"Nothing at all," said Pat.

"Then why did you put this money down?"

"An' sure, sir, it's the custom in my own country, when a chap loses his daddy to give him a few coppers to help him pay for the wake."

The most noble feeling of the heart is true love.

Scene at a St. Louis Bank.

"VER ish der gasheer?" ejaculated the breathless Teuton as he bounded up the steps and in the door.

A courtly gentleman made the bland response, "I am the cashier, sir; what can we do for you to-day?"

"Vot gan you do vor me, sacrement! Dot ish a poety note, and it? Do vor me? Herr Got donnerwetter und zeifen-blizen! I vants dot monish—mine gold vot I make deposit mit dia here pank poety soon last summer, und—"

"We have temporarily suspended payment, sir, by an arrangement similar—"

"Arrangements similar, der troyfel!" broke in our Hebrew friend; "vat do I vant mit your arrangements? I vants dot monish—five thousand dollar vat I makes deposit here all der vile und I vants him poety quick, too, oof you dond vants some droobles right away!"

"Calm yourself, my friend, and let us talk this matter over. I shall be glad to certify your checks for your balance with us, and—"

"Certify nodings! Vat you tinks I vas one fool? Here, here! (pounding the counter with his fists) I vants dot monish—dot gold—efry cent, und I vants him right away, queek, owt, oder I make you a heep o' droobles poety soon! Gif me dot monish—dot greenbacks—dot ish all I vant! Make him owt queek, und I goes right away off, und you can go mit der troyfel und your old bank!"

Seeing there was no way of reasoning with his excited customer, the cashier turned to his paying teller and said: "Mr. —, cash this man's check for his balance in full."

The Chicago dealer in "sheep clothing" nervously drew up the check and the urbane teller counted out the sum it called for. The Teuton drew in one good long breath, counted his money carefully, put it in his breast pocket, and went his way a happy man. The cashier went back to his office, and had been seated there some minutes when the prominent nasal appendage of his Teutonic customer again overshadowed the counter and his voice was again heard:

"Mr. Gasheer, I vood like to speak mit you some dings."

Thinking that perhaps his customer had recovered from his fright and desired to re-deposit his funds, the cashier responded quickly and came forward to the counter.

"Well, sir, what is the matter now?"

"Vell, you see, ven I hear about dis dings mit der panks I vas in Shecago, und I must gum right avay queek here und I dinks dot it vill pe all right ven you bay mine leedle expenses down here und pack home und—"

"Pay your expenses!" broke in the cashier. "Pay your expenses! Well, that is an idea, to be sure. See here, my friend, how many brass bands do you suppose could be supplied with instruments from that cheek of yours, and then have bronze enough left to make an equestrian statue of Jim Fisk? About how many six-gun batteries of twelve-pound Napoleon howitzers were melted down to make that cheek, ayhew?"

The excited individual from Chicago eyed his interlocutor with the injured air of one who thinks he has been refused a very reasonable request, and then sadly preceded his coat tails out of the bank. He had got his money.

Right the First Time.

"As I was riding along the road some time ago," said the eccentric old Peter Cartwright, in one of his last sermons, "a man overtook me who looked as though he might be a preacher. He called me by name, and after some talk asked me if I was ready to hear the truth. I told him that Cartwright was my name, my debts were paid, my will made, and I was ready for anything. 'Very well,' said he, 'you old ignoramus, or hypocrite, you ought to know too much, or be too honest to remain a Methodist. I used to be one myself—yes, a Methodist preacher—until I found out the error of my way.' 'Ho! ho!' said I, 'and what are you now?'"

Cartwright mentioned the name of the denomination to which his interlocutor had gone, but which I need not repeat, and then proceeded: "Now, brethren, I knew well enough that the devil had only one of three ways to get a man out of the Methodist Church into that denomination; and that there must be rascality in money matters, a woman scrape, or liquor at the bottom of this fellow's change. So, judging from his looks, I pulled a bow at a venture and said: 'What was the fuss you had about a woman?'"

"Cartwright, you old rascal!" he shouted in a rage, 'how did you ever hear about that?' And, putting whip to his horses, he was soon out of sight. I never saw or heard of the man before; but that's the way I tread that coon—no, drove that skunk to his hole."

Gain a friend by a quarrel, if it is possible never lose one—however, this is possible; for there is a peculiar mode of conduct, even when dissension reigns, that commands veneration and generates esteem.

Conceit and confidence are both of them cheats, the first always imposes on itself, the second frequently deceives others too.