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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.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time.

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M. B. WYKOFF, Vice Pres't.

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General Agent,

No. 6 North Third Street,  
College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOS. H. MILLIGAN,  
Special Agent for Newport.

642 1/2

## Perry County Bank!

Sponsler, 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. SPONSLE, Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.  
R. F. JUNKIN,  
Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:  
W. A. SPONSLE, President.

WILLIAM MILLER, Cashier  
New Bloomfield, 3 1/2 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, stores 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.

Families 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.  
LEWIS POTTER & CO.  
420 ly

## 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 BUTCH,  
Proprietor.



TO SEMITE VALLEY.

The above cut represents as well as so small a picture can, the Chromo "TO 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.

## A Geographical Puzzle.

Can any of our readers substitute the proper Geographical name where reference is made to any place or river, in the following:

The morning was—a state of South America—and I dreaded to go out, but my brother, who is as cunning as a—small island south of Maine—remarked, "you know you want to wear your new—town in Scotland—to-day." Thus reminded, I was soon ready, and we set out, I, owing to the weather, throwing a light—mountain in Oregon—over my bonnet to protect it from the—mountains in south Africa—. My brother declared that I had never looked prettier, but this I knew, was—a cape west of U. S.—. When we reached the church we found the Rev.—town in Illinois—in the pulpit. He is not a favorite of mine, but some persons think him a very—city in north of Russia—. His text was from one of the epistles of—the capitol of Minn.—. The preacher compared our easily besetting sins to—a city of Western New York—and exhorted us to follow the example of—a bay east of Brazil—and wage war upon them till they were all—a sea in Palestine and we safe across the—river connecting Great Salt and Utah lakes—.

The sermon was so long that it seemed to me it must have covered—a city of France—but the slinging was really—a lake between the United States and British America—. As we came out we heard—a bay east of Michigan—and I remarked that we should soon see—a cape west of Oregon—to which my brother replied,—a river of Italy—the— island west of Scotland—is too nearly—a cape south of Ireland—for that.

Answer to Enigma in the Times of the 25th ult.:—1, Eye-lids; 2, Knee-caps; 3, Eardrums; 4, Feet; 5, Teeth, Joints and Nails; 6, Soles, Muscles; 8, Palms; 9, Tulips and Iris; 10, Adam's Apple; 11, Calves; 12, Hairs; 13, Heart; 14, Eye-lashes; 15, Veins; 16, Arms; 17, Insteps; 18, Eyes and Nose; 19, Pupils; 20, Tendons.

## My Bachelor Uncle.

"BEWARE of her, Herbert!" said my mother, a pair of gold-mounted pebble glasses adding an owl-like wisdom to the nature of her remark.

"I have mistrusted her from the first," said my sister, Mrs. Beverly.

"So have I," said my other sister, Miss Rosamond Rockthorne. "These girls with greenish eyes and low voices are sure to have something of the cat nature about them."

"Your argument is thrown away," said I, calling up a comfortable obstinacy of demeanor. "I love Charlotte Courtenay, and I am determined to make her my wife."

And I walked out of the room, with all the dignity I could assume.

Charlotte Courtenay was my sister's governess, and just at that moment she was in the school-room teaching Dicky and Billy their impersonals and nominatives, with little Jesse strumming her scales on a wretched piano in the corner.

She looked up as I entered. Her eyes were a little green—green with the dreamy beryl tint that sleeps on a summer sea—but her hair shone and glistened like gold, and her features were small and regular, with flushes of pink on either cheek, and a little ripe cherry of a mouth.

"You had better give me up, Herbert," she said, when I told her the story of the recent discussion with the feminine powers of the household. "Not for worlds would I make dissension in a family. Let me drudge on. Life is but short, and it will soon be over."

The tears started in her beryl eyes.—Could I do anything but clasp her in my arms, and vow to be faithful forever and ever?

And then she went back to her work; and I had to fight it all over again with my mother and sisters.

"Oh, Bertie, don't you see through her?" cried Rosamond. "She don't care for you at all."

"She's a mere scheming fortune-hunter!" cried Helena Beverly, bursting into tears. "And I won't keep her one day beyond the quarter—no, not if she begs for bread in the public streets!"

"All that is nonsense!" said I. "She knows perfectly well that I haven't a cent in the world."

"But she knows that you have expectations from our bachelor uncle," said Rosamond, spitefully. "I wrote to him this

morning, stating all the facts of the case."

"I bit my mustache indignantly.

"It's very strange you women can't learn to mind your own business," quoth I. "A little more provocation of this nature, and I marry her at once."

"O, Bertie," cried my mother, "only wait until we hear from Uncle Ulric."

"Let his decision settle the matter," said Rosamond.

"We are entirely willing to leave it to his discretion and mature judgment, added Mrs. Beverly.

From which I drew the inference that they had all three written to him, each stating the case from her own point of view.

Well, let them. I promised to wait for Uncle Ulric's reply.

For my bachelor uncle was rich and eccentric, and in consideration of my middle initial being U, had promised to remember me amply in his will. He paid my college bills, allowed me five hundred a year, and generally represented Fortunatus in our family.

I sat down myself and penned a melting appeal to my bachelor uncle.

"She is all that is perfect," I wrote. "Only come and see for yourself."

And a telegram reached me the next day.

"I will come. Expect me on the 3.50 train ULRIC MARTIN."

I hurried to impart the tidings to Lottie.

"You must be sure and look your prettiest, dear one," said I enthusiastically.

"Put on that blue dress, with the blue ribbons in your hair, and he cannot help liking you."

"O, Herbert," sighed Charlotte, dropping her hand like a newly gathered lily, "I do dread his coming. Is he very old?"

"Not very, darling. Only sixty, or thereabouts."

"And very rich?"

"A hundred thousand, at the least. Our future fortune depends on him, Charlotte, or rather the favorable impression you make."

Lottie blushed and dimpled and trembled.

My sister had the best bed-room aired, and a fire lighted on the hearth. My mother went down stairs to prepare a brooder outlet just as he liked it, for supper. Rosamond set herself to work finishing a new pair of slippers, worked with the monogram "U. M." And I took a cab and drove to the depot to meet my bachelor uncle.

He came—brusque, bluff and rosy, with a clear complexion, like a well-preserved winter apple, and hair just streaked with dashes of gray.

"Well," said Uncle Ulric.

"Well," faltered I.

"So you're in love."

"Beyond all hope of redemption," said I, looking somewhat sheepish.

"What's she like?" demanded my bachelor uncle.

"She's an angel, sir," I asserted positively.

"Humph!" said my bachelor uncle, and he fell to reading the evening paper in a way which was, to say the least of it, impolite.

My mother and the girls had the whole afternoon to poison Uncle Ulric's mind, but I cared not. Lottie would undo it all when she appeared.

She came down to dinner with her pupils looking lovely in the blue cashmere, and just a knot of blue ribbon in her golden braids.

"She is pretty," said my bachelor uncle. And I maneuvered to leave them alone, together after dinner in the school room.

That evening I received a telegram to proceed at once to Portland to attend the funeral of a dear deceased friend.

"What shall I do?" cried I.

"Don't mind me, my dear boy," said Uncle Ulric. "You will not remain away long?"

"Three days only, uncle."

"All right, I'll stay till you come back."

Was ever such an uncle? I wrung his hand, kissed Lottie, and whispering to her, "Make the best impression you can, dearest," rushed frantically to catch the last train.

At the end of three days I returned.

"Where is Lottie?" was my first question.

"Gone out for a walk," said Rosamond tossing her head.

"Where is uncle?" was my second query.

"Gone out for a walk?" returned my mother frigidly.

Presently they returned, Lottie hanging sweetly on Uncle Ulric's arm. I knew in an instant that she had conquered the old man's rusty, musty prejudices.

Uncle Ulric sat down, and laid a detaining hand on Lottie's arm.

"Don't leave us dear," said he. "I wish to state a few words as briefly as possible. Nephew and nieces, you all may understand that you needn't calculate any longer on the reversal of my fortune. I have other views—I am married."

"Married!" cried my mother.

"Married!" shrieked my two sisters.

"Married!" echoed I, instinctively burying my hand in Lottie's side. "Never mind, Lottie. I will work. I will make myself a rich man for your sake."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said Lottie, turning a charming carmine. "The

fact is—I am married too. I am Mrs. Ulric Martin!"

That was the end of my great expectations. But it is a sort of melancholy satisfaction to know that Lottie leads my uncle a dog's life, spending his money as if it were water, and openly flirting with all the eligible young men of the neighborhood.

I shall never believe in human nature any more, after the way in which Lottie and my Bachelor Uncle have treated me.

## A Wonderful Case.

THE Evansville, Ind., Journal prints the following in a letter from Malone, Washington county, N. Y.

Two years ago a farmer started from this neighborhood to go to Nashville, Tenn. He took with him several hundred dollars, a trunk of clothing, a patent right model for a spring bed and several letters of introduction to parties in the South. The last heard of him he was at Terre Haute, when he wrote that he was feeling ill, but would push on to Evansville, where he had an old friend named David Weaver, with whom he intended to spend a few days, after which he would proceed on his journey.

He was never heard of again, or at least such is the claim of his wife and two sons, who are now resisting the claims of a stranger who pretends to be the man, although he is eight inches taller than Willis Peyton, the missing man; has brown curly hair and luxuriant beard, whereas Peyton had light hair, nearly red, and very scanty beard. Another radical point of difference is, the claimant is round-faced and has an aquiline nose, while Peyton was thin and had a large, arched nose, and closely resembled William Bedford, Jr., of your city, except in the color of his hair. So far the case seems simply a specimen of artistic lying, but the sequel shows the strangeness of it.

About four months ago this man came to this neighborhood, and, entering the house of the widow Peyton, as she is called, took a seat, and looking at Mrs. Peyton, said: "I suppose you don't know me, Addie?" Mrs. Peyton answered: "No sir, I do not. Who are you? The stranger burst into tears, and said: "You'll not believe me, I know, when I tell you, but I'm Willis Peyton." Mrs. Peyton, who is a woman of nerve and decision of character, ordered the fellow out of doors, and he persisting that he was her husband, and causing trouble, was taken by her sons and a hired man to the nearest Justice, and committed to jail as a lunatic.

The question first arose on his sanity by a commission of lunacy tried before a Surrogate, and it was decided that he was perfectly sane on his own testimony, or rather on an examination of himself. In court, he related to the Surrogate circumstances that had occurred in his court years before, told the lawyers many things of themselves that a stranger could not know; related his own family history, giving some minute details well known to all, and even reminded Mrs. Peyton of words spoken during her courtship that it seemed utterly impossible for any one but she and her husband to know.

His story, as related under oath, is that he left Terre Haute on the train, and after a short time seemed to lose his sense, or at least lost all consciousness of what was transpiring around him, but he thinks he was taken to a hospital in Evansville where he was sick with small-pox. From the hospital he was released in a state of semi-consciousness, entirely bald and toothless, his hair and teeth having fallen out. When he asked for his clothes, they gave him what appeared to be the clothes of a smaller man, his legs going through the pants, and leaving from four to six inches below unprotected.

He could get no trace of either his money, watch or other effects; and half crazy with mortification he sought out his friend David Weaver, only to be spurned as an imposter trying to sow pestilence. Weaver's remarks to him caused him to examine himself, and to his astonishment he found that although forty-two years of age, he had grown five inches in eight weeks. At first he thought he would drown himself, he felt so miserable, but he concluded to try to get home.

On his way back he was taken ill again, and again the world was a blank to him. Where this sickness took place he cannot tell, nor is he certain of any of the events of the past two years after leaving Terre Haute, except what occurred during a few days at Evansville, where, he says, a watchman at an engine-house was kind to him, and gave him a portion of his mid-night lunch. He is now prosecuting his claim to be recognized as Willis Peyton, and the best legal and medical talent in the vicinity is engaged in the case.

He has thus far undergone severe scrutiny, and, notwithstanding his claims are most extraordinary, it seems probable that he will establish his identity. The principal evidence in his favor is that of several marks and scars on his person. When he was a lad he received a severe cut on the instep, which left a bad scar. This scar is on the claimant, but is longer than the original. He had a tattoo mark of an American shield on his right arm, and this appears on the claimant, but out of proportion, and on his left arm an anchor, which is also elongated out of due proportion. Peyton had also a very curious scar on one of his fingers, disfigured by being crushed in a cog-wheel. A close and critical examination of this finger by the physician who dressed it inclines that gentleman to say that it is the finger of Willis Peyton.

## SUNDAY READING.

## Whitfield and the Thunder Storm.

ON one occasion Mr. Whitfield was preaching in Boston on the wonders of creation, providence, and redemption, when a violent tempest of thunder and lightning came on. In the midst of the sermon it attained to so alarming a height that the congregation sat in almost breathless awe. The preacher closed his notebook, and, stepping into one of the wings of the desk, fell on his knees, and, with much feeling and fine taste, repeated—

"Hark! the eternal rends the sky!

A mighty voice before Him goes—

A voice of music to His friends,

But threatening thunder to His foes.

Come, children, to your Father's arms;

Hide in the chambers of my grace,

Till the fierce storm be overblown,

And my revenging fury cease.

"Let us devoutly sing, to the praise and glory of God, this hymn—'Old Hundred.'"

The whole congregation instantly rose and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly accompanied by the organ, in a style of pious grandeur and heartfelt devotion that was probably never surpassed.

By the time the hymn was finished the storm was hushed, and the sun bursting forth, showed through the windows to the enraptured assembly a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace.

The preacher resumed his desk and his discourse with this apposite quotation:

"Look upon the rainbow; prize Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof! It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have blended it."

The benediction with which the good man dismissed the flock was universally received with streaming eyes and hearts overflowing with tenderness and gratitude.

## God Loves Bad Children.

"What kind of children does God love?" said a christian, one day, to the children of a Sunday-school. "Good children," "Good children," was the answer from several voices.

The teacher was silent, and the scholars were perplexed to know what answer he desired them to give.

Presently he said, "Jesus loves bad children."

The children were surprised at this, and one little girl anxiously asked whether it was really true.

When she was assured it was really true, because it is written that God loved the world, and in it "there is none that doeth good, no, not one," she burst into tears, and said:

"I am so glad then, for I am a bad child."

Thus the "Gospel of the grace of God" first dawned upon a little child, and melted a rebellious spirit into tenderness and tears.—The Appeal.

## Nothing Leaves Us as it Found Us.

If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the key will again appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, or glance over, every picture we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves its image on the brain. Those traces, though invisible, never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement start into prominence, just as the spectre image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influence to which we are subjected.

## A Beautiful Reply.

A pious old man was one day walking to church, with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good morning, neighbor."

"Ah! good morning," replied he, "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what has he left you?" said his friend.

"He has bequeathed me a hundredfold more in life; and in the world to come life everlasting."

It was a word in season; his friend was in circumstances of affliction, but went home comforted.

So long as God holds you up by the will and determination to serve Him with which He inspires you, go on boldly and do not be frightened at your little checks and falls, so long as you can throw yourself into His arms in trusting love. Go there with an open, joyful heart as often as possible; if not always joyful, at least go with a brave and faithful heart.

Human life is a gloomy chamber, in which the images of the other world shine the brighter, the deeper it is darkened.

When men of sense approve the million are sure to follow; to be pleased, is to pay a compliment to their own taste.

He who lends money to the poor is often better than he who gives them alms.