

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, 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.

Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture.

No extra charges are made for traveling permits. Policy-holders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company.

No policy or medical fee charged.

L. W. FROST, President, M. B. WYNEKOP, 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.

642 1/2

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. SPONSLEER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

B. F. JUNKIN, New Bloomfield, Pa.

W. M. MILLER, Carlisle, Pa.

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSLEER, President.

WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier

New Bloomfield, 3 1/2 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, captured, 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.

420 ly 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,

CABBINETS,

FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or all for cash.

J. M. BICKLER,

CENTRE WOOLLEN FACTORY, 6, 17, 18, 19

PERRY HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Pa.

THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Main and Centre 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, Proprietor.

111.

Never Known to Fail!

THOMPSON'S Fever & Ague Powders

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CHILLS AND FEVER, DUMB AGUE, OR ANY FORM OF INTERMITTENT FEVER!

The Greatest Discovery of the Age!

THERE are no diseases so debilitating in their effects upon the constitution as the above, and none more difficult to cure by the usual modes of practice. The Fever and Ague Powders will effect a cure in cases of the longest standing, as well as prove a preventive in the forming stages of disease. Being purely Vegetable, they act with certainty on the disease, totally eradicating it from the system, and preventing a return at any future period.

Why waste your money and health in trying every medicine you hear of, when Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders have never failed to cure the Chills in any case.

REASONS WHY THEY ONLY SHOULD BE USED:

Their Reputation is Established.—Thousands of testimonials have been received, showing that these Powders have performed miracles in curing cases of long standing, many of them considered hopeless.

There is no Risk in Taking Them.—They contain nothing injurious, and, therefore, cause none of those lingering diseases so often the result of the many nostrums of the day. Physicians recommend them as far superior to Quinine, or any other known remedy, for they leave the system in a healthy state, and the patient beyond the probability of a relapse.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—The genuine are put up in square tin boxes, with Thompson's Fever and Ague Powders stamped on the lid, and the signature of "Thompson & Crawford," on the wrapper.—No others can possibly be genuine.

PREPARED ONLY BY

CRAWFORD & FOBES,

141 Market St., Philadelphia.

THOMPSON'S

RHEUMATIC

AND

HORSE LINIMENT,

The Great External Remedy for

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c.

EQUALLY GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

This Liniment has earned for itself a reputation unequalled in the history of external applications. Thousands who now suffer from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, &c., would find immediate relief from all their pain by using this certain remedy. It is equally effectual in Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Stiffness of the Neck, Sore Throat, Swellings, Inflammations, Frost Bites, Pains in the Side and Back, Bites of Spiders or Stings of Insects. One rubbing will in all cases give immediate relief, and a few applications complete a cure. On account of its powerful penetrating properties it is beyond doubt, the SUREST REMEDY for the most troublesome diseases to which horses and cattle are liable. It cures Scratches, Old and Fresh Cuts and Sores, Chafes produced by collar or saddle. Injuries caused by nails or splints entering the flesh or hoofs, Bruises, Sprains, Sweeney, Spavin, Thrush, and all diseases which destroy the hoofs or bones of the feet. Full directions accompany each bottle. Prepared only

By Crawford & Fobes,

141 Market Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

29 b 1 y

Why not have a Beautiful Complexion?

WHY BE ANNOYED WITH

CHAPPED HANDS OR ROUGH SKIN?

when such an agreeable and effectual

REMEDY CAN BE OBTAINED

AT SO SMALL A COST.

BY USING WRIGHT'S

"ALCOHOLATED GLYCERINE TABLET."

Sold by Druggists & Dealers in Toilet Articles. 60

New Pension Law.

UNDER an act of Congress approved March 3, 1873, widows of officers who were killed, or died of disease contracted in the service, are now entitled to \$2.00 per month for each of their children. The guardian of a minor child of a soldier who heretofore only received \$8.00 per month pension is now entitled to \$10.00 per month. Soldiers who receive invalid pensions can now have their pensions increased to any sum or rate between \$5.00 and \$15.00 per month. Soldiers who have lost their discharges can now obtain duplicates. Fathers and mothers who lost sons in the service upon whom they were dependent for support, can also obtain pensions. The undersigned, having had over 10 years experience in the Claim Agency business will attend promptly to claims under the above act. Call on or address

LEWIS POTTER,

Attorney for Claimants,

New Bloomfield,

Perry Co., Pa.

7 204.

ROBINSON HOUSE,

(Formerly kept by Sweger and Shuman.)

New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.

AMOS ROBINSON, Proprietor.

This well known and pleasantly located hotel has been leased for a number of years by the present proprietor, and he will spare no pains to accommodate his guests. The rooms are comfortable, the table well furnished with the best in the market, and the bar stocked with choice liquors. A careful and attentive hostler will be in attendance. A good livery stable will be kept by the proprietor April 1, 1874.

J. M. GIRVIN.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

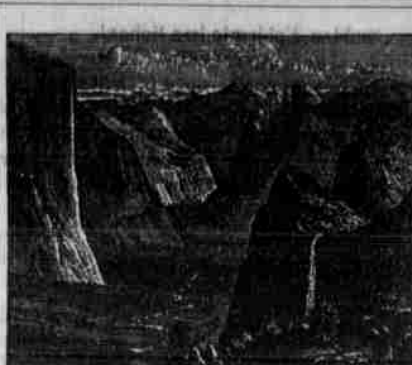
We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly. 534 1/2

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration on the estate of William Adair, late of Loyalville, Tyrone township, Perry County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscribers residing in Madison township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

ANDREW ADAIR, ROBERT A. CLARK, Administrators.

September 16, 1873—64



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.

Jim Smiley's Bets.

SIMON WHEELER, ESQ., of Angel's Camp, Calaveras County, California, tells the following:

"There was a fellow here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49— or maybe it was in the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was the one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but, anyway, he was the curiousest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides.

Any way that suited the other man would suit him; any way so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he almost always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; and there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he'd bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here—and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even saw a straddle bug start to go anywhere, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would follow that straddle bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road.

Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he would bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't agoin' to save her. But one morning he came in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerably better—thank the Lord for his infinite mercy!—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Providence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says: "Well, I'll risk two and a half that she don't anyway."

This yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse for all she was so slow, and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come covorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising n-o-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little, small bull pup that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as the money was up on him he was a different dog; his under jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steambot, and his teeth would uncover and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab the other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year.

Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd

been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died.

It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived; for the stuff was in him, and he had genius; I know it, because he hadn't had any opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this yer Smiley had rat carriers and chicken cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketches a frog one day and took him home, and said he cal'lated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but sit in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him to. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summer set, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right like a cat.

He got him up in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and singer out, "Flies! Dan'l flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot, as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more than any other frog might do.

You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it comes to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellows that had traveled and been everywhere all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little box, and he used to fetch him down town and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in that box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like: "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful and turned it round this way and that, and says: "H'm! so 'tis. Well what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate: "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says.

"Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only an opinion as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County."

An' the fellow studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I am only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right: if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to the chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went down to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketches a frog and fetched him in and gave him to the feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him along-side of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and

him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The fellow took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down on Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog thrown on for; I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketches Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up, and says: "Why blame my cats, if he don't weight five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketches him.

A Devilish Woman.

A SINGULAR disclosure took place in Chicago recently at the "Home for the Friendless," the circumstances being as follows: Some years since Mr. David Grimes, of Osceola, Ia., married a lady of that state, sister of a Mrs. Hoffman. A short while ago Mrs. Grimes died, leaving three daughters and a son. On her dying bed she desired that her sister might be made a guardian and mother to them. Mrs. Hoffman accepted the charge, and soon after went to Chicago, where she took up her residence at 113 West Jackson St. Mr. Grimes sent her money regularly to defray the expenses of clothing, feeding, schooling, and received frequent letters from his sister-in-law, giving satisfactory accounts of their progress. He had an occasion to pass through Chicago on his way to New York, and availed himself of the opportunity to visit his children. He found the boy with his aunt, but she stated that the girls had been for some weeks at boarding-school. She drove with him to the building, where he saw the girls occupied in the Industrial School. After leaving her, Mr. Grimes happened, in course of conversation with a friend, to remark that he had been to see his girls at school, and that the school had a very odd name.

"What name?" asked his friend.

"Why, 'The Home for the Friendless,'" replied the unsuspecting but puzzled farmer."

"That is no boarding school, it is a charitable institution," replied his friend.

It was not many minutes thereafter ere Mr. Grimes was at the refuge, and had rescued and taken home his children. He found that Mrs. Hoffman had brought them to the Home, declaring herself unable longer to support them, their clothing being in tatters. On leaving the Home the eldest girl said to the matron:

"All night long we cried together, myself and sisters, because we thought our father had forgotten us. We knew that he was able to support us, and when one day I realized this was a charity home, I thought I should die. I didn't know why we were left here, and we promised each other never to say to any one that father was rich. I don't know how rich he is, but I knew he owned a very large farm, and I had heard that each one of us children were also heirs to some property. Then we prayed to God to send father to us."

The inmates of the Winthrop House in Boston, were recently startled by the rushing of a woman in flames through one of the main halls. With wonderful presence of mind, she opened a closet door and leaped into a set-tub, of about two feet in depth, turning on the water from both the hot and cold faucets, and curling down into the mingled steam and smoke and flame before any one could reach her. The servants rushed with water to quench the embers which were catching the carpet in all directions, while a gentleman occupying a room on the same floor leaped for the closet door, which she had closed. On opening it she raised herself up, but immediately fell forward in a swoon. The flames were extinguished, and she was taken to bed, where it was found that her injuries will keep her an invalid for many days. Her hands, wrists, body and lower limbs were badly scorched.

Embalming the Dead.

In the Vienna Exposition there were several specimens of the embalming of parts of the human body. Those exhibited by Dr. Marini, of Naples, were particularly to be noted. One of these was a large round table made of muscles, sinews, etc., of a dark brown color, with a handsome polish. Among his other exploits he petrified Thalberg, the deceased pianist, and the widow is said to keep the corpse in her drawing room. He also embalmed Mazzinia, and so well that some of the more economical admirers of that statesman urged that the body should be set up in Rome as a statue, and thus save expense. The adoption of this suggestion would well test the permanence of the preserved bodies.