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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. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't.

J. P. ROOMS, Sec'y.

J. F. EATON, General Agent.

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

THOS. H. MILLIGAN,
Special Agent for Newport.

6421y

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 51y

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, 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.

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.
LEWIS POTTER & CO
4201y

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

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER,
CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY, 6, 17, 4m, 2

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.

111.

A Leaf from a Lawyer's Diary.

THE following graphic and remarkable narrative has been obtained by us from a prominent lawyer in one of the Eastern Kentucky counties. The facts in it have not before been published, but for their entire accuracy the reputation of the writer will vouch.

In 1865 I was the State's attorney in the judicial district in the State of Kentucky.

I had gone to the county of O—one of the counties in the district—for the purpose of being present in the prosecution of the criminals. There had been no court held in that county since 1861, owing to the civil war. I found everything in the worst confusion possible. Men had been murdered in cold blood, and nothing was done with them. Murder, arson, robbery and all crimes in the catalogue had been committed with impunity, and the malefactors had gone unwhipped of justice, owing to the absence of law. During the war everything was in anarchy; there was neither safety to women nor innocent children—all suffered alike. When it was known that there would be a Circuit Court held in that county, the news attracted a very large crowd.

On Monday morning, November 8, 1865, I found a large crowd in B—the county seat of O. Men, women and children came, some the distance of thirty miles. Guerrillas and bushwhackers came with their guns and pistols, as though they intended to overawe the court, and determined that none of their gang should be indicted for the numerous murders of which they had been guilty. Court opened, and the sheriff returned his list of a grand jury. The court instructed them as to their duty; they were sworn and sent to their rooms. I had determined in my own mind that every person that had been guilty of a felony or misdemeanor in O—county should be regularly indicted, if I could in any way obtain the evidence against them.

There was a case that was shrouded in mystery. A young man, who was the pride of a widowed mother, had suddenly disappeared from the county about two years before, and never been heard from. His name was Chas. Belknap; he was an only child; handsome, finely educated, and as brave as a lion. I made diligent inquiry. I had about one hundred witnesses summoned. I examined them closely, and when I dismissed them I warned them to tell no one what had transpired in the grand jury room. In that way I hoped to keep the real murderers in the dark as to what I was doing.

I could only gather the following circumstances in the case: That young Belknap had left his home in June, 1863, and was riding a very fine horse, with \$1,500 in his possession. He failed to return at night, and his mother became very uneasy about him, and the next morning set out to make inquiries concerning him. She went to the house of 'Squire Mosely, who lived about five miles from her, a leading man in the county, and told her story and made inquiries concerning her son. The 'Squire told her that her son was at his house the day before, and left in the direction of the town of B; that he left about ten o'clock in the morning. This was all she could hear of him. No one else had seen him, and she returned home a broken-hearted mother. She made inquiries of every person; every stranger that passed was interrogated, but all in vain. She still kept up her search for her missing boy, and about twelve months after he had so mysteriously disappeared she was returning home from one of her searches and met 'Squire Mosely. The 'Squire told her he had heard from her boy; that he was in Iowa. He had received a letter from him, and that he would be at home; that he had left the letter at home, etc. Mrs. Belknap went directly to the 'Squire's house without communicating her intention to him, and inquired of the family for the letter that the 'Squire had received from her long-lost boy. The family seemed surprised, and knew nothing about such a letter having been received.

This was all the evidence I could get as to the probable fate of her son. What was I to do? I went to my room and studied over the matter. How could I say that young Belknap had been murdered? His body had not been found; and who would dare to accuse 'Squire Mosely of such a crime? I lay in my bed that night thinking over the circumstances, and it was near four o'clock in the morning when I fell asleep. I slept until eight o'clock. I got up, washed and dressed myself, fully determined to indict 'Squire Mosely for the crime of murder. I went to the grand jury room, directly after eating a hearty breakfast. I told the foreman what my intentions were. I drew up the indictment, accusing 'Squire Mosely of the crime of murder, committed as follows, viz: The said 'Squire Mosely on the day of August, 1863, in the county of O—, did feloniously and with malicious aforethought, kill and murder Charles Belknap by shooting him with a gun loaded with a leaden bullet, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. I presented the indictment to the grand jury, and they indorsed it a true bill. I cautioned the members of the jury to say nothing about what we had done, but to keep the whole thing secret, and if before the court adjourned nothing turned up to fix the crime on the

'Squire, that we would destroy the indictment. The grand jury found indictments against eighteen persons for murder, and so secretly was it managed that the Sheriff had them all in jail at once.

The indicting of so many persons naturally produced great excitement among the citizens. I went to my room that night and double locked my door, examined my pistol and put it under the head of my bed. About 12 o'clock I heard a knock at my door; I demanded to know who was there. A person answered; "a friend." I got up, lit a lamp, took my pistol in my hand and opened the door and demanded his business. He seemed very much frightened, and casting a hasty glance around the room to satisfy himself that there was no other person in the room except myself, he told me that his name was Colby, and stated that he wanted to communicate a very important fact to me concerning the fate of young Belknap. I told him to proceed. He wanted to know whether he could turn State's evidence or not and save himself. I replied in the affirmative. He then told me that he knew where young Belknap was buried, that 'Squire Mosely had killed him, and got \$1,500 from his person, and had run Belknap's horse off and sold him to some Confederate soldiers, and that he had assisted Mosely in burying Belknap. I told Colby to keep his seat in my room, that he should not be hurt; and I went out, hunted up the Sheriff and told him to get eight or ten reliable men and bring them to my room. He did so. I then took the Sheriff and Colby into a room and made Colby repeat his story over to that officer. I then directed the Sheriff to procure a sack and take Colby and the men he had brought with him and go and get the bones of young Belknap and bring them to my room that night. The sheriff did as I directed him.

When the court convened next morning, and I stepped into the court room, 'Squire Mosely was the first man I saw. I had the Grand Jury called, and they presented the indictment against 'Squire Mosely for murder. People looked at one another in blank amazement, and looked incredulous. 'Squire Mosely marched up to the bar and demanded a trial then; that the charge was a base fabrication and false. I whispered to the Sheriff to bring in the sack.

He did so. I told him to empty the contents on a bench in front of 'Squire Mosely; and as the bones of the murdered man fell out upon the bench, they seemed to sound the death knell of the accused man. He looked the picture of despair, and dropped in his seat and covered his face with his hands. I announced to the court that all that was mortal of Charles Belknap, was then in the court, and I was ready to proceed with the trial.

Excitement ran high, the mob shrieked and howled "Hang him! hang him!" and the court was powerless to protect the miserable man. The mob, with the mother of young Charles Belknap at their head, forcibly took the trembling culprit out of the custody of the Sheriff, and hung him to a limb of the nearest tree. Before he swung off he acknowledged his guilt.

And as I passed by his lifeless form swinging from the limb of that tree, I was forcibly reminded of the legal phrase, "Murder will out."

The Red River Raft.

THERE is now a certain prospect that the great raft, which has been an obstruction to the Red river, in Louisiana, ever since the advent of white men in this country, will soon be removed, and that navigation will be opened for steamers from Shreveport, La., to Jefferson, Texas. The history of the raft and the attempts to remove it are exceedingly interesting. In 1805, the obstruction of logs reached one hundred miles. Since that time rafts have formed at various points in the river near Shreveport. One of these was removed by Capt. Shreve in 1830, by the help of a Congressional appropriation, and another between 1840 and 1844, under a Government contract, by Gen. Williamson. In 1855 the raft region extended only twelve miles, and at that time Captain Fuller, aided by a Congressional appropriation of \$150,000, attempted to remove it. At the end of two years, however, the appropriation had been exhausted and nothing accomplished, and the work being abandoned the obstruction began to increase.

The present raft region extends thirty-five miles from a point forty miles above Shreveport to the Arkansas State line, and contained before the present work commenced, nearly fifty rafts from one eighth of a mile to a mile in length, and occupying the entire width of the river, navigation only being accomplished through the bayous around the raft; but, as these were only available at very high water, navigation was insignificant. In 1871 the attention of the engineering department was again directed to this work, and an appropriation of \$10,000 having been made by Congress, the work of preliminary surveying was intrusted to Lieutenant Woodruff, who completed it in 1873, and submitted plans and specifications for the removal of the raft, whereupon an appropriation of \$150,000 was made. The plans were accepted, and Lieutenant Woodruff reached the raft region in January last with a snagboat, two craneboats, and all the necessary machinery for his work. The following

description shows the difficulties to be overcome:

Logs, roots and snags of every description had been crowded and jammed into a tangled mass, becoming more compact each year as the pressure from above increased. Annual freshets had brought down mud and deposited it on and over this mass until, in places, the raft itself had become entirely covered with earth, small islands, or "tow-heads," thus being formed. Upon these tow-heads were growing trees, usually willows, three feet and more in circumference.

In addition to the removal of logs by sawing and cutting, blasting powder was used, but it did not prove of any use. Dynamite was then tried, but failed, refusing to explode even within an electrical exploder. At last nitro glycerine was brought into use, and it never failed to do its work thoroughly. All that remains to be done now is the blowing out of some tow-heads and improving certain points in the channel, which will be accomplished in a few weeks. The obstruction of centuries will then have been removed by the skill and perseverance of Lieutenant Woodruff. The saddest part of the record of the great work is that Lieutenant Woodruff has not lived to finish it, having died of yellow fever at Shreveport, October 1st.

Buffer's Dog.

"I CAN'T see it," said Buffer. "No body reads all these little advertisements. It's preposterous to think it."

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?"

"Yea."

"And if there's anything that you want particularly you look for it."

"Certainly."

"Well, among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I do assure you that the printer's ink is the true open sesame to all the business success."

And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out of the way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions, if only two lines. Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded it under the head of "Wants." And he waited and saw proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

WANTED—A good house dog. Apply to J. Buffer, 575 Tower St., between the hours of 6 and 9 p. m.

Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting he found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of paragraphs, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be so to others.

That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain, old-fashioned man, and took tea at six) when his door bell was rung. The servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him that I don't want one."

Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in, and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third application was a small boy with a girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle for sale. Buffer bought the poodle of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off.

To the next applicant he was able truthfully to answer—"Don't want any more.—I've bought one."

The stream of callers continued until near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas.

On the following evening as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted thirty-nine men and boys, each one of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size, and color, and growth, and bowl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude, and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertise for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home.

Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had had no idea that there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he didn't want

any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and posted upon his door—"Gone into the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property, and then he looked up and went away with his family.

From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printer's ink; neither has he asked: "Who reads advertisements?"

The Quaker's Horse.

"WHAT black mare of yours is a fine animal Joseph?"

"Well, yes, friend Leander, at least I think her a good mare."

"Raise her yourself?"

"No, she was raised by neighbor Nichols. I'll tell thee how I got that mare, friend Leander. She was one of the handsomest colts I ever saw, and I tried time and again to buy her, but Nichols wouldn't talk of any sort of a price for her. She had only one fault, and that was a bad one; she would back at first when put in harness, but Nichols said she would outgrow that. One day—the mare was five years old then, and had broken a good many things first and last, backing as I was riding past Nichols' and found him in the road in a towering passion. The black mare was standing quietly at the fence, and Nichols' buggy was standing close by badly smashed. The mare had suddenly backed the buggy, breaking it and seriously injuring Nichols' wife and also two of his children."

"What will you give for the infernal mare?" shouted Nichols. And in five minutes I had bought her and was on my way home with her, just about as pleased as I could be, for it was threshing time and I wanted another horse very much."

"What! such a horse as that?"

"O yes, I'll tell thee. It was wheat threshing time, so I harnessed three good horses in the threshing mill, and the mare too, only I harnessed her in wrong end foremost, so that when I started them and she commenced backing, as she did, all went along well enough. After going once around the mare felt inclined to stop; but I just switched up the other horses, and kept her going backwards in spite of her efforts to go the other way, for half an hour. Then I took her out, turned her around, and I tell thee, she started right along, and has never backed unless made to do so from that day to this."

"Good! that was shrewd in you, Joseph."

"But there is still one little trouble about her."

"What is that?"

"When she is harnessed now she starts up a little too quick."

Max Adeler's Military Experience.

Parker was in our company when we were out with the militia. We always noticed that when anybody fired a gun in the vicinity of Parker, he invariably began to move off, and when there was a report that the enemy were approaching, Parker always picked up his gun and began to walk in the direction of British America with as great rapidity as if he had an important engagement with a man up there, and must be on hand within an hour and a half. We remonstrated with Parker upon this practice.

"It has a bad appearance. It looks as if you were afraid. Now you are never any worse scared than the rest of us, and it isn't right that you should pack up and leave before we have a chance to get our things together. It is your duty as a soldier to cover the retreat of your superior officers, and get between them and the enemy so that the bullets won't hit the lieutenants and the sergeants."

"You misunderstand me," said Parker. "My falling back is not an evidence of fright. When I do that, I am really thirsty for blood; I am wild with anxiety to plunge into the Confederate ranks and bathe myself with human gore. But the fact is, that I have made a solemn promise to die with my face to the foe. Now a man generally turns over at least once when he is expiring in agony—and I am afraid if I fall with my face to the foe, I might roll over and die with my back in that direction. Whereas if I start with the enemy at the rear, it is probable that when I draw my last breath I will have turned over and will be looking right at him. Do you understand?"

It was a noble purpose that was cherished by that heroic young man, but he never realized it. The next time an engagement was threatened he struggled so hard to get into the proper position, that he was twenty miles in the interior of Snyder county before the enemy fired a shot. He is now in the grocery business, and to hear him tell the story of his valor, as he weighs out the sugar and measures the molasses, is to obtain a vivid impression that if Parker had not been in the army the fratricidal contest would be raging yet.

A few days ago a resident of Detroit was taken sick and sent for a doctor. The doctor left a prescription, and with a request that one of the children should call at his office the next day and say how the patient was doing. A little girl came, and when questioned she promptly answered, "Please, sir, father is getting better; he's broke the stove all to pieces this morning, and been fighting mother, just like he used to."