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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,  
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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.

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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.  
B. F. JUNKIN,  
Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.  
OFFICERS:  
W. A. SPONSER, President.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier  
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**PERRY COUNTY  
Real Estate, Insurance,  
AND  
CLAIM AGENCY.**

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Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agen  
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WE INVITE the attention of buyers and sellers to the advantages we offer them in purchasing or disposing of real estate through our office.

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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  
**CASSIMERS,  
CASSINETS,  
FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)  
CARPETS, &c.,**

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.  
J. M. BIKLER,  
CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY.      6,17,4in,  
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**PERRY HOUSE,**  
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THE subscriber having purchased this property on the corner of Main 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 HUTCH,  
Proprietor.  
111.

**The Fat Man's Joke.**

AN English gentleman of true John Bull proportions—weighing some eighteen or twenty stone—had occasion some years ago, anterior to the railroad era, to travel in summer by stage coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he usually did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door, and peering into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements, its owner said, with a smile:

"You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. It will greatly oblige me if one of you will kindly move into the opposite seat so that I may enter."

"My good sir!" said a pert young law student, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are—one on each side. We engaged one each, and entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats which we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other; "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"Oh! hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house. "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grand-mother. It's ungrateful as well as uncomfortable; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner!" And he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart looking youth with a simper on his face—a clerical student, who had hitherto sat in reverie, possibly thinking over his chances of a rich benefice in the future.

"Will you accommodate me?" he asked. "This is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urging importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with mock gravity—"some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to the earth." And his companion roared with laughter at the joke.

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he mastered the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure to the fourth:

"Are you also determined that I shall lose my place? Or will you oblige me by taking a central seat?"

"Ay, do, Tom!" said his lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession—quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do!" replied the student of medicine. "In a dissecting room he would make an excellent subject. But in a coach—this warm weather, too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you, hereafter, the expense of a double seat! But, really!—to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and a practice to which I have a professional objection!" And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of the coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted.

"Harkee, gemmen!" said he. "Settle the business as you like. But it wants just three-quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer on the King—God bless him! 'Twould be as much as my place is worth." And with that he mounted his box took up the reins, bid the hostler shut the door, and sat with the upraised whip listening for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry, the horses, as if they recognized the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat man's dilemma afforded a prolific theme of merriment during the whole stage. Meanwhile the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed, and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers got out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn-door two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads!" said the corpulent gentleman. "What say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of their sooty cheeks.

"Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?"

"Yes, sir!" said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then, hostler, open the stage door. In with you! And—d'ye hear?—be sure to take the middle seats. So, one on each side!"

The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard:

"Only one-minute-and-a-half more, gentlemen. Come on!"

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps.

"Why, how now, coachee? What confounded joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again!"

"Sit still, my lads! You're entitled to your places. Milord, the two middle seats, through your action and that of your young friends, are mine. They were regularly taken and duly paid for. I choose that two proteges of mine shall occupy them. An English stage-coach is free to every one who behaves quietly, and I am answerable to their good conduct. So, mind you behave, boys. Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat. Pray take the corner one!"

"Overreached, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the case, and cry your mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name."

"We cry quits, worthy Mr. Blythe."

"You forget that possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these lads to their seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *ocum tenentes*, if that be good law-Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to suffer our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend, and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be ye don't like my company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal!" said the disciple of Æsculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimblely eluded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations. At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed; and the worthy sons of the university made up, among themselves, the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rule of hygiene, by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage and only three seconds less than three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint; that it was!"

**Circumstantial Evidence.**

A CASE of attempted murder which recently occurred in the township of Delhi, near Cincinnati, has led to a most extraordinary conflict of evidence, and the most singular feature of the whole affair is that all the contradictory testimony produced in the case was undoubtedly given in good faith, and may easily be explained on a theory which would clear all the witnesses from any suspicion of having testified falsely, while acquitting the person accused of the crime of any knowledge of the act imputed to him. Delhi is a district mostly inhabited by German market gardeners, who supply Cincinnati with early asparagus, cabbages, and other vegetables. One of these gardeners, named Joseph Harmes, is a thrifty German who was reputed usually to have a considerable sum of money in his house. On the evening of Nov. 26th, Harmes was shot, under circumstances which are described by himself and his wife as follows: At about half past five o'clock, as he came out from his stable, he was approached by a man named Fred. Kleaver, the son of a Mrs. Williams from whom he rented his place. He had known Kleaver for nine years, and the two at once entered into conversation. They talked about gardening, about the price of cabbages, and other matters in which Harmes was interested, and were

presently joined by Mrs. Harmes, who took part in the conversation, in the course of which Kleaver mentioned various circumstances familiar to all of them. He also made a proposition to Harmes to rent him a piece of ground belonging to one of the Williams family, saying that he was going to the house of his mother, Mrs. Williams, and on leaving went in that direction. On the same evening, after Mr. Harmes had his supper he met Kleaver just outside his house, and went toward him when he was shot at and hit in the arm. Harmes was astonished, and exclaimed, "Man, are you crazy? You have shot me in the arm." His assailant then fired several more shots, two of which took effect in his head, and he fell, mortally wounded as it was at first supposed.—Harmes and his wife both positively swore at the examination which subsequently took place before a magistrate that Kleaver was the man who fired the shots. This examination was held Dec. 15th, when Harmes who had unexpectedly recovered, was able to take the stand, as a witness.—But the evidence of both himself and his wife was completely overbalanced by that produced by the defence; for Kleaver, who is a young married man of excellent character, employed as a baggage master on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, proved by a number of unimpeachable witnesses that he was in Cincinnati at the time when the alleged conversation and subsequent shooting at Delhi took place. The result was that Kleaver was discharged from custody, having established an unquestionable *alibi*, though the German friends of Harmes are as confident as ever that he was guilty of the attempted murder. In view of the unimpeachable character of the witnesses on both sides, the only reasonable way of accounting for the discrepancies in the evidence is to suppose that some person closely resembling Kleaver personated him with the premeditated design of killing and robbing Harmes if possible, and of throwing suspicion upon Kleaver in case his plans should miscarry, as it happened they did.

**President Madison and the Office Seeker.**

PRESIDENT MADISON was fond of telling the story of a visit made him by one of his supporters. After due introductory discussion of the weather and the state of parties, the voter explained to the President that he had called upon him to ask for the office of Chief-Justice of the United States.

Mr. Madison was a little surprised, but with that ready tact which he had brought from his diplomatic experience, he concealed his astonishment. He took down the volume which contained the Constitution of the United States, and explained to this Mr. Swearingin—if that were his name—that the judges held office on the tenure of good behaviour, and that Judge Marshall, then the ornament of the bench, could not be removed to make place for him.

Mr. Swearingin received the announcement quietly; and, after a moment, said he thought he should like to be Secretary of State.

The President said that was undoubtedly a place where a man could do good service to the country; but then Monroe, like Mr. Swearingin and himself, was a Virginian, and he did not like to remove him.

"Then," said Mr. Swearingin, "I will be Secretary of the Treasury."

Unfortunately, the President said, the present incumbent was a Pennsylvanian; it was necessary to conciliate Pennsylvania; and he could not remove him.

"Then," said Mr. Swearingin, "I think I will be abroad. I should like to go to France."

"Do you speak French," asked the President, kindly.

"No, no; I speak nothing but Old Dominion English,—good enough for me, Mr. President."

"Yes, yes; and for me. But I don't think it will do to send you to the Mousieus unless you can speak their language."

"Then I'll go to England."

"Ah, Mr. Swearingin! that will never do; King George might remember how often your father snapped his rifle at Lord Cornwallis."

No Europe was exhausted. And Mr. Swearingin fell back on one and another collectorship, naval office, district-attorneyship; but, for each application, the astute President had his reply.

"I think, then, Mr. President, I will be postmaster at our office at home."

Mr. Madison had forgotten where that was; but learning that it was at Slate Creek, Four Corners, Botetourt County, Virginia, he sent for the register. Alas! it proved that the office was in the hands of one of Morgan's veterans. Impossible to remove him!

"Truly, Mr. Madison," said Mr. Swearingin, "I am obliged to you for your attention to my case. I see the difficulties that surround you. Now, seeing you cannot give me the chief justice's place, nor Mr. Monroe's, nor the Treasury, nor any of these others, don't you think you could give me a pair of old leather breeches?"

Mr. Madison thought he could,—did better; gave him an order on his tailor for the breeches; and Mr. Swearingin went happily on his way. From *Old and New* for January.

**Peculiarities of the German Baptists.**

Mr. Editor.—In the last issue of your valuable paper, I said something of a series of meetings that were held by the above-named people. I now intend to give some of their peculiarities.

This singular people had their origin, it is said, in some part of Germany, but emigrated to this country in 1719, under Alexander Mack, the leader and founder of their sect. They started in Germany with a membership of only eight, but continued to increase to such an extent, that they were persecuted from place to place, until they were obliged to emigrate to the United States. They settled at Germantown, near Philadelphia, and continued to increase so, that now they have the followers of Alexander Mack in nearly every State in the Union. They are most numerous in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and many of the Southern States. It is now thought that they are represented only in this country. They believe that we must obey all the commandments in the New Testament Scriptures among these are Faith, Repentance, Baptism by Immersion, the Lord's Supper, Feet Washing, the Kiss of Charity, Anointing of the sick with Oil, &c.

They are generally known by the name of "German Baptists" and "Dunkards" or "Tunker," but these they ignore, but call themselves the "Church of the Brethren." One of the peculiarities extant among them is that they do not pay their ministers a fixed salary. Sometimes if a minister is called away a great distance, those who make the call, pay his expenses and remunerate him otherwise for lost time, especially if he be poor. They generally go "two by two," according to the Scripture. Another of their singular ideas is the doctrine of Non-resistance. During the Rebellion, if they were drafted, they paid their Commutation, if they were able, and if not, it was paid by the Church. If a member would slip the bounds in a case like this, he would be expelled from the church, but, if on confessing that he had done wrong, he was again restored. They do not go to law among themselves, but all of their difficulties are settled among themselves, or by the Church. Neither do they allow any of their members to hold office under the Government. They hold that Christ's Kingdom is not of this world, but is of Heaven, therefore, if a member run for, or is elected to an office under the Government, he is expelled. There was a case of a minister among them, who ran for, and was elected Assemblyman. They "counseled" him, and tried to convince him of his error, but failing in this, they threw him out, and he is out yet, as he did not "confess his wrong." This is a fact, and I am well acquainted with the minister.

"They believe in the 'Kiss of Charity,'" but they are grossly misrepresented. It has been said that they kiss each other, irrespective of sex, but such is not the case. The men kiss their own sex, and the women give their sex,—the right hand of fellowship and the holy kiss." They adopt no creed, but take the New Testament as their guide, and "thus saith the Lord."

They meet in Annual Council to consider such matters as have been brought before their District Meetings during the year, and the result of their arguments, are placed on the minutes, and become one of the rules of the Church.

They are an industrious people, and good citizens, obedient to the laws of their country, when they do not conflict with the dictates of their conscience, but sometimes there are "wolves in sheep's clothing" among them, as in all other denominations. I think there has been enough said on this subject to let your readers know what kind of people they are, and I shall close.

"OUTSIDER."

December 23, 1873.

**Be Cheerful.**

Emerson says:—"Do not hang a dismal picture on the wall, and do not deal with sables and gloom in your conversation."—Beecher follows with:—"A way with those fellows howling through life and all the while passing for birds of paradise. He that cannot laugh and be gay should look well to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light."—Talmage then takes up the strain:—"Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they groan over them.—Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul. When you bind up a broken bone of the soul, and you want splints, do not make them of cast-iron." After such counselings and admonitions, lay aside your long faces.

Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and mirth flash. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries upon the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty and of ease, and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health. Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt.