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642ly

Perry County Bank!

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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. J. JURKIN,
W. M. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

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PERRY COUNTY

Real Estate, Insurance,

AND

CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,

Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents

New Bloomfield, Pa.

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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 suit property very extensively, and use all our efforts, skill, and diligence to effect a sale. We make no charges unless the property is sold while registered with us. We also draw up deeds, bonds, mortgages, and all legal papers at moderate rates.

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THE subscriber having purchased the 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 STOVIL, Proprietor.

COURTING THE HEIRESS.

"WELL, I declare!" said Miss Chirk, in a shrill whisper. "Did you ever?" replied Miss Chirk, in another.

It was Rollin West's will that the two were discussing. It was very brief and explicit.

"I bequeath my entire estate real and personal, to my niece, Ruth Morgan."

This with date, signature, and attestation, was all there was of it.

The Misses Chirrup and Chirk were too distantly related to the testators to have entertained any considerable hope on their own account. A trifling reminder, in deference to family etiquette, was as much as either had a right to expect. But that Rollin West should have left his whole fortune to one of his nieces, to the exclusion of the other, whom everybody had supposed to be his favorite, took more than the Misses Chirrup and Chirk by surprise.

Mr. West had been for many years a widower. His children had all died in infancy, and a couple of orphaned nieces cousins to each other, and reared under his roof, constituted his household. That his large fortune would be left to them equally, was a point people took for granted; but should any discrimination be made with them, nobody would have hesitated to say it would be in favor of Millie Grauger, her uncle's pet, whose blithesome smiles he had been wont to call the sunlight of his life.

Millie's loving heart was too full of sorrow at her uncle's death, and of gratitude for his kindness in bygone years, to leave room for any feeling of reproach at his last unaccountable act, which the Misses Chirrup and Chirk so earnestly protested against.

An elderly maiden aunt came to live with the two young ladies, and the household remained unbroken. Except the changes caused by the vacancy in their home, the lives of Ruth and Millie continued as before.

It was not until the cousins had resumed their places in society that Millie began to notice the difference made by her altered prospects. It was Ruth now, and not herself, that was the centre of attraction.

To be rid of the common herd of fops, and to be no longer pestered by their silly flatter, Millie felt it was a thing to be thankful for. But when Orville Ryors turned his back upon her, and joined the ranks of her cousin's admirers, she must have been other than a woman not to feel it.

Mr. Ryors was the pet beau of Billingdale. Handsome in person, accomplished in manners, and of fascinating address, he was not one whose attentions were likely to prove distasteful in any quarter, and when they were directed toward Millie Grauger in a manner sufficiently marked to excite no small degree of envy, we need not be surprised if instead repelling, she just a little encouraged the m.

It would have required a closer analysis than Millie had ever made of her feelings to show her how little she really cared for Mr. Ryors, and how much she cared for Arthur Warren, whom she had known and liked since they had played and, sometimes quarreled together in childhood. But Arthur's self-examination had gone deeper. He devotedly loved Millie, and knew it. If he had never said so outright, it was from motives of delicacy, prompted by the difference of their positions. She was a prospective heiress; he was without fortune, and void of expectations, save those whose realization depended on himself.

Having never spoken out, it may be that Arthur Warren had no right to feel aggrieved by the attentions paid by Mr. Ryors to Millie. He should have remembered that the young gentlemen who have nothing to say for themselves are not privileged to stand in the way of others who have.

But Arthur was not reasonable. He was not even candid. He quarreled with Millie on the score of Orville Ryors, without a word of explanation as to what concern it was of his if she married that gentleman the next day.

Now Millie was a girl of spirit. She not only refused to decline Mr. Ryors' attentions at the unwarrantable dictation of Arthur, but received them with rather more encouragement than before.

People began to say it would be a match soon, and it might have been, had not Millie's uncle died. For Mr. Ryors, as we have said, was a very attractive person, and Millie had not sufficiently scrutinized her heart to be aware that her chief interest in him sprang from the pleasure of having triumphed where so many others had failed, and a disposition to assert her own will.

When Arthur Warren left his native village without so much as calling to bid her good-by, Millie cried a little, without well knowing why, and that evening went to a ball with Orville Ryors, and was the gayest of the gay. It is very likely she would then have accepted Mr. Ryors, had he said the word, just to show how little she cared for Arthur Warren.

The grief that Millie felt at her uncle's death for a season overshadowed all other thoughts. But when time at length had so tempered her sorrow that her life began again to flow in its accustomed channel, it was not with a little chagrin that she be-

held the man whose attentions had been lately so devoted to her that people began to couple their names significantly, turn, and follow her fortune instead of herself.

Millie knew now how little she had ever cared for Orville Ryors; but would others understand it? The thought stung her past endurance. And the meanness of him who thus humiliated her scarce exceeded in her eyes that of her cousin Ruth, who permitted, instead of spurning his advance.

In the bitterness of her heart, Millie resolved to quit her cousin's abode, and make her way to the great city, trusting that where so many live there must be many ways of getting a living, some of which would be open to her.

She had been liberally supplied with money during her uncle's lifetime, and had husbanded enough to meet the expenses of her journey, and, for a time, her living.—So one day, without a word to any one, she secretly packed her trunk, caused it to be conveyed to the railroad station, and took the first train for New York.

The day and night her journey lasted was one of alternate hopes and misgivings. At times she would have fain turned back, but when she thought of the jeering tongues behind her, her eyes would flash through her tears, and though her lips quivered, her heart would again become firm and resolute.

Millie had never seen the city before. Its din and bustle confused her. Surrounded by importunate hackmen and hotel runners quick to perceive her inexperience, she found herself at last, without her own volition, seated in a carriage whose driver undertook to convey her to the Kicksaw, the best house in the city, he assured her, though it had not a very inviting look, Millie thought, as the carriage stopped in front of it.

"Your fare, Miss," said the driver, jumping down—"five dollars you know."

It was not the extortionate demand that brought a troubled look over the girl's face. Putting her hand into her pocket, she found her money had disappeared. She searched everywhere, but in vain. She had doubtless been robbed in the crowd after leaving the train. A feeling of hopeless terror overcame her at the thought of being there, a total stranger, without a cent in the world.

In a trembling voice Millie explained her situation.

"That dodge won't do," said the driver.

"No, it won't do," added a frowny-looking clerk, who made his appearance just then. "We can't take people at the Kicksaw that have no money, you know."

"It's a rank swindle, an' I'll call a policeman!" exclaimed the driver.

A crowd began to collect. The frightened girl sobbed and glanced appealingly from one coarse face to another without encountering a single look of pity.

At this instant the driver and the clerk, who stood close to the carriage door, found themselves simultaneously collared and thrust a considerable distance asunder by a right-and-left shove from a pair of vigorous arms.

"Millie Grauger!" exclaimed a voice that brought the blood back to the maiden's blanched cheeks.

"Arthur Warner!" was all she could answer.

"Well, I declare!" uttered a shrill answer—none other than Miss Chirrup's, who, without Millie's knowledge, had come to live in the city, and who chanced to be passing at the time.

Matters were soon explained, and Miss Chirrup, who had the kindest of hearts, invited her relative home with her; and Arthur, having paid the driver his just due, called another carriage, and escorted the ladies to their destination. He called around that evening and spoke his mind to Millie. And Millie found out that she had always loved him. And Arthur explained that it was only the difference in their former prospects that had kept him silent.

And Millie said she wouldn't care to be rich if it wasn't for his sake. And Arthur said he was glad she wasn't rich, and added that he was earning a salary that two could live on comfortably. And, in short the two lovers were as happy as heart could desire.

Ruth Morgan's anxiety at Millie's sudden disappearance had been relieved by intelligence of her safety, and Ruth was in high spirits when Mr. Ryors called, determined this time, to bring matters to a crisis. He had more than once tried the plan of gradual approaches. On this occasion he resolved to come directly to the point, and had actually gotten half way on his knees when Ruth said, quietly:

"Don't be too hasty, Mr. Ryors; you may regret it."

"There is but one thing I can regret—your refusal."

"My uncle's will—" Ruth began.

"I know; it left you all he had," interrupted the gentleman: "but that is nothing to me."

"And quite as little, I assure you, to me," said Ruth. "When his will took effect my uncle had nothing to leave."

The kneeling process was suspended midway, and Mr. Ryors remained in a very uneasy and not altogether graceful posture, while Ruth continued:

"My uncle had some time before made a deed, you see, conveying his entire estate

in trust for the benefit of my cousin Millie, reserving only a life interest to himself."

The hinges of Mr. Ryors' knees suddenly unceremoniously.

"Good—good-morning, Miss Morgan," he stammered.

"Good-morning, sir," said Ruth, bursting into a laugh when the discomfited suitor's back was turned.

"It shall never stand!" said Millie, when she and Ruth met, a few days later.

"Your claims on your uncle were as good as mine, and the property shall be equally divided."

"Don't trouble yourself, little one," said Ruth. "Before Uncle Rollin provided for you, our aunt, by an understanding between them, settled her fortune on me.—Won't it console Mr. Ryors to hear it?"

"But that will of uncle's—"

"Was made to save you from a fortune-hunting husband," replied Ruth.

His Lucky Number.

"EVERY one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29—very like indeed, and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day, and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I.

"Was it a lottery or a draft, a conscription or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute; I'll tell you all about it."

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in his life. At twenty-five I was desperate. Talk about Romeo! He was nothing compared with me."

"I'm not ashamed of it. She was a worthy object. Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer. She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other, 'is there really an angel up there?' When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal."

"Well, I loved her, and, thought she liked me; but I wasn't sure. I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings. So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain. Some old poet says:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small;
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

"I agreed with him; and one evening as I walked home from a little party where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said:

"Jessie, I love you better than my life—will you marry me?"

"She gave none."

"'Jessie, I said, 'won't you speak to me?'"

"Then she did speak:

"No—oh, dear, no!"

"I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word. She did not speak either. She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York; but I did not even say good-bye at the door. I bowed; that was all. Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the village street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself."

"What had I done to have so cold a refusal? Why should she scorn me so? Oh, dear, no! I grew furious as I repeated the words."

"Yet it stung me all the same. I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and thought I could endure it no longer. But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of. I would go to New York—even then a very large city—and, seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in New York, requesting my presence on a matter of business. I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage. What did an 'unknown suicide' want of another coat and a change of linen?"

"I kissed my mother and sister, and startled my grandmother by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit."

"There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided. Another, chosen at a hazard, seemed to be better. Thither I walked; determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no clew to my identity to those who shall find me dead."

"I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper or letter with me. I had torn the latter's mark from my beaver. As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral."

"A grinning waiter bowed before me. A pert clerk lifted up his head and stared. I was an ordinary traveler to them—that was evident."

"It was late in the evening. The place wore an air of repose. Laughter and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment, told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspaper before the fire. Nothing else was astir."

"I asked for a room. The clerk nodded."

"Do you care what floor?" he asked.

"I shook my head."

"Number twenty-nine is empty," he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, whom I followed at once."

"We reached the room by two flights of stairs. At the door the waiter paused."

"Thought he said twenty-nine," he muttered. "The key is twenty-one."

"Then open twenty-one with it," I said. "I don't care for the number of the room."

"No sir—to be sure, sir," said the waiter, and passed along a few steps further.

"Twenty-one," he said, and, unlocking a door, pushed it open.

"Shall I bring you anything, sir?" he said.

"I answered 'No,' and he left me, having put the candle on my bureau."

"The hour had come. As I shut the door, a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas! that life had become so woeful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it."

"In the dim light of my one candle, I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I loved so dearly."

"It was in the days of curtained beds. The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows. Over the bureau was a looking-glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb, at the top, by way of ornament. There were four stuffed chairs, and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked, for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open, I lay down on the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and, as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened the door, and—'There now, Jessie,' said a voice, 'I told you you didn't look it.'"

"I did," said another voice, "and sent the key to the office by the chambermaid."

"I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains. There were two ladies in the room. One an old lady in a brown front of false curls, the other my cruel lady-love, Jessie Grey. For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming."

"Sure it's the right number?" asked Jessie.

"'Twenty-one—yes,' said the other. "And here's my hand-box. Oh, dear! I'm sleepy."

"I am not," said Jessie. "I wish I was, aunt."

"You didn't sleep a wink last night," said the aunt. "Nor you haven't eaten your meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black about you to-morrow."

"I don't want Dr. Black to be called," sighed Jessie. "I'd rather die."

"What's the matter?" cried the old lady. "You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and cry perpetually. What ails you?"

"I'm miserable," said Jessie.

"Why?" cried her aunt.

"Oh, aunt," said Jessie, "it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so! And, oh; he liked me! And when he asked me I felt so glad! But I remembered what you said, and oh, how could I do it?—I said, 'Oh, dear, no!' and he left me without a word. And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry!—because I loved him, aunt."

"You little goose!" cried the old lady.

As for me, you can fancy how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bed. I stepped toward the bureau and blew out the candle. The faint red light of the fire was still in the room. As I dashed out at the door, I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety."

"I met the waiter on the stairs."

"Found out the mistake, sir," he said.

"Just coming to rectify it."

"Don't mention it," I said. "I'm very glad—that is it, don't matter. Here is something for your trouble," and I gave him a five dollar bill.

"He said, 'I thank ye, sir,' but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried:

"Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!"

"But I never was sner than I was then, and never half so happy."

"Of course, I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not 'Oh, dear, no;' and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number."