

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. WENKOP, 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!

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 parties: W. A. SPONSLE, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

B. F. JONES, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle, OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLE, President.

WILLIAM WILKES, Cashier, New Bloomfield, 3 5 1/2

PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO., Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agency, 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, 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 \$2 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 bounties, 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. LEWIS POTTER & CO. 420 1/2

LOOK OUT! 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 WOOLLEN FACTORY, 617 1/2

EXECUTORS NOTICE - Notice is hereby given, that Letters Testamentary on the estate of John Kippner, late of Marysville, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscribers, residing in Marysville, Perry county, Pa.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to HERMAN EPPER, DAVID BRIGHTBILL, Executors. December 22, 1873.

The Doctor's Bill.

As a sample of how doctors' bills are sometimes made to figure pretty high we present the following:

About three months ago, Jacob Milchman's wife, in Detroit, was somewhat ill, and thought that a doctor ought to be sent to her; so he called at a Detroit street office, and requested the physician to go to his house. The call was made, a prescription left with Mrs. M. and either the medicine was very effectual or Mrs. M. was not very sick, for, when he called the next time, she informed him that she was all cured and he need not come any more. Last Monday, Jacob received by mail a bill from Dr. Z. "one for medical services, \$13.75."

Jacob studied a long time over that bill, and showed it to his wife, and studied over it with her; but the more he looked at it, the more it seemed to him there must be a mistake. The next morning he called at the doctor's office, bill in hand, he found the proprietor sitting there, waiting to hear of some one suffering from green corn or one of the other prevalent diseases.

Mr. Milchman laid his hat down carefully and handed the bill to Dr. Z., saying, "you are Dr. Z. I suppose?"

"Yes, yes, certainly, Mr. Milchman, sit down. How is your wife?"

"Oh, my wife is all right. You doctor-ed her, eh?"

"I gave her some medicine that seemed to work like magic."

"Yes, so it did. That was your bill, eh?"

"Yes, but no hurry about it, Mr. Milchman; take a little time on it, if you want to, don't hurry."

"That was right, was it—\$13.75?"

"Let me see; yes, that is the amount Mr. Milchman; but no hurry about paying it you know."

"Thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents for one visit! That was pretty tam dear, don't you think so?"

Here the doctor smiled all over in the most forgiving way, saying: "My dear Mr. Milchman, you are far out of the way. For one visit. My dear sir, that is the way with the unprofessional mind. I assure you when you see the items you will agree with me that the amount is low sir, very low me."

"Oh!" said Jacob "they were items, were they? Well, where are those items?"

"In my memorandum book, sir. You shall have them, certainly, if you wish. You want the items, do you?"

"That is just what I want," said Jacob, and apparently much to the doctor's annoyance. He hesitated a moment, and then drew a small memorandum book from his breast pocket, opened it, looked at Jacob, and began:

"May—use of horse and buggy to call on Mrs. Milchman, one dollar and a half."

"Stop a little," said Jacob, "I'll write him down," and he proceeded to write the item down. Don't you keep no horse?"

he asked when he had finished his writing.

"Ye-es," said the doctor unwillingly, "but of course I have to charge for use the same as if he were a hired horse; don't you see?"

"Oh, yes, he was your horse but you charge yourself with him?"

"Yes, that's it! Now item No. 2. The looking at the tongue of Mrs. M. fifty cents."

"Oh, you look at my wife's tongue, eh?"

"Certainly; I had to, you know."

Item No. 3. To feeling pulse of Mrs. M. sixty cents."

"Dat was cheap enough."

"I know you would think so," exclaimed the doctor, now satisfied that he was all right. Item No. 4. "To hearing Mrs. M.'s report of her case one dollar."

"Mine Gott! You charge me for my wife's talking?"

"Only what she said in a professional way, I assure you. That item you will find correct; take the next. To writing prescription for Mrs. M. \$3. That was where the heavy work came in, you know."

"Pretty dam heavy! I think so."

"Very reasonable for the amount of care I gave the subject, as you will see when you think it over. Item again—to calling next day with copy of prescription book with me \$3."

"Well, dat was all you got aint it?"

You was told my wife was all right, and that was only \$9.00. Where you make your \$13.75?"

"You are mistaken about that being all, Mr. Milchman. No, sir, I could not let the matter drop there. Pray allow me to proceed. To studying over the case in my office, \$2."

"Oh, you studied over him there."

"Certainly I did. Next. To riding around by your house, on my way home and looking attentively about the premises, \$1; to meeting child and asking how her mother was, \$1, to making out bill, letter postage, etc., fifteen cents. There, sir, are the items, and very reasonable too, upon my honor."

"A package containing \$4,000 was left in the reading room of a Chicago hotel for thirty hours undisturbed, but is only due to the honesty of Chicago people to say that the valuable package was mistaken by everybody for an old shirt."

"To make money—Got an appointment in the Mint."

For the Bloomfield Times. JIMMY'S WOOL.

JIMMY FOSTER, as he was called by the good people of Snobville, down east, was a little the meanest man going, and would have skinned flints, eaten rats, or done any other like very comfortable and agreeable piece of work, if thereby he could save or steal a trifle. We won't dilate here about Jimmy's habit of wearing low boots with very wide tops among his neighbor's hulled corn and oat-bins, whereby he brought away, at least, a half peck of food for his hens at a time, nor any other of his numerous little eccentric acts, as ingenious as profitable, save one.

Jimmy's parsimonious and miserly disposition at last had so direct an effect upon his character, as to make him absolutely dishonest. One day, having occasion to purchase some wool at the village store to be manufactured by his wife, on her spinning-wheel, Jimmy went to the store and purchased a quantity at rather a tall price, as wool was scarce, and while the storekeeper was at the extreme end of the store making change, Jimmy looked wistfully at a large heavy oak cheese within reach of his arm. It was easily done—why not slip it into the bag? He thought he'd try it; and so he put the cheese quickly into the large bag with the wool, and gathering up the mouth of it, tied it up and took his change.

"Ah, Mr. Foster, don't trouble yourself to take out the bag. I'll carry it to the wagon for you," said the obliging storekeeper. "No, no, said Jimmy, quickly. 'I'd rather take it myself.'"

But as the storekeeper in a looking glass over his cash drawer had seen Jimmy steal the cheese and was therefore disposed to punish him for the transaction he said:

"I always do so for my customers; and you are one of the best, you know."

"I tell you I'll take it myself," said Jimmy, nervously, lest the storekeeper should discover the weight of the bag, and suspect the theft.

"But I cannot let you buy goods and load them yourself. So stand away, and I'll put it in the wagon for you."

"No, no," said Jimmy, half giving up the bag, and finally letting it go.

"Bless me," said the storekeeper, "I had no idea there was so much wool in the bag. I must have made a mistake in the weight."

"No you haven't; I tell you it's all right," said Jimmy, coloring.

"Let's see—I'll weigh it again."

"No, no."

"Why not, Mr. Foster?"

"'Cause it's no use."

"But if I have made a mistake, you know, I want to correct it. 'Don't I, Mr. Foster?"

"Well, I suppose so," was the dogged reply.

"Stop—I'll open it, and then I can tell."

"No, no, no," said Jimmy, quickly, "weigh it if you like."

"Just as you please, Mr. Foster," said the obliging salesman, as he lifted the bag into the scales.

"Why, bless me, what a mistake I made," continued the storekeeper; "here's thirty-two pounds more wool than I charged you for!"

"Is there?"

"Yes; don't you see?" he continued, pointing to the scales.

"Well, yes. How much is it?"

"About five dollars more, Mr. Foster."

"Creation! I won't pay it; I don't want it!"

"O, very well; we'll just open the bag and take out a part."

"No, no!" said Jimmy, hastily. "Upon second thought, I believe I want it all."

"Just five dollars, then."

"Can't you take a little off, considering the amount?" said Jimmy.

"Not a cent."

"Say half a dollar."

"Can't do it. I'll take out half of the wool, if you say so," continued the storekeeper, making a motion to undo the bag.

"No, no! here's the money," said Jimmy, "I'll take the whole."

He put it into his wagon, and drove home with the consolation of having paid three times over the value of the hard, heavy, cheap cheese he had stolen, and with a bit of experience that perhaps, taught him to be more honest in future.

Detective Trickery.

The case of Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co., extensive dry goods importers of Boston, whose books have been seized by Customs officers on the ground of alleged revenue frauds, continues to attract great attention in that city. There is, of course, much asserted pro and con as to the features of the case, but it seems pretty clear now that there has been a great deal of exaggeration as to the amount of penalty to which the firm will be liable, even if the charges made should be sustained. The most striking peculiarity of the case is that the information is alleged to have been given by a man named Jackson, a clerk employed in the house, who was at the same time receiving pay as a Treasury detective. The fact does not seem to be clearly established, but if true we hope the Secretary of the Treasury will at once abandon the prosecution. Better the government should be cheated than right itself by such a despicable piece of detective trickery.

Hints to Horsemen.

BY A PRINTER.

If your horse is in the habit of kicking use a low dash-board, and your horse will soon get over it.

Keep your horse fat; don't allow any one to get a lien on him.

When your horse refuses to take up an oat consider him as having failed.

A nail in a horse's foot often causes an ail there.

To make your horse very fast, tie him with two halters.

Never feed horse chestnuts to chestnut horses, nor horse sorrel to sorrel horses; you can give cream to a cream horse, if you like and the horse likes it. It is not necessary to employ a cream pitcher to pitch hay to a cream horse, however.

Look carefully after the bits of your horse, or you may soon be looking after the bits of your wagon.

If you have the proper address, you may receive a couple of lines from a horse, but on no account "drop a line."

However well you may be attached to your horse, you must be certain your horse is well attached to your carriage.

A horse is something like a public officer when he is installed, in this, that he begins to "feel his oats" directly, if there are any oats in the stall. Whatever stall you use for your horse in the stable, you should always use a head-stall when you drive him. An unbridled horse is very much like an unbridled tongue.

Hearing colts is often profitable, but rearing horses are not profitable, especially those which rear up in the rear and execute flank movements on the dash-board with shoe-fly accompaniments. They "foot up" a bill for repairing too rapidly.

A Trotting Horse Dies of Hydrophobia.

We learn of the death from hydrophobia of Ripon Boy, by all odds the fastest trotting horse in Wisconsin.

The first suspicion that anything was the matter with the Boy was when the groom took him to water. He drank sparingly, and at each attempt to drink thereafter would tremble in every limb. The Boy allowed Mr. Van Burnt to approach, but exhibited great vice when he attempted to touch him. Mr. Van Burnt supposed that he might have been poisoned by eating sumac with the hay, and telegraphed to Mr. Ormond on Wednesday to come to Horicon. After watching the symptoms of the animal for a few moments, Mr. Ormond pronounced them those of hydrophobia.

Water was several times offered the Boy, but when he undertook to drink he was seized with spasms, followed by extreme viciousness. The doctor says the actions of the horse were terrible to behold. He would rub his head against the stall so forcibly as to knock out his upper teeth, and finally fractured his jaw. Finding that the life of the horse could not be saved, Mr. Van Burnt ordered the stall to be boarded up so as to prevent him from doing any mischief. The animal lingered along until 2 o'clock Friday morning, when death ended his misery.

Arrested.

On Thursday afternoon, Wm. Wolf and Edward Routzahn, of Cumberland county, were arrested by officer Selak, on a warrant issued by Justice Heckert, at the instance of H. L. Fisher, Esq., for cruelly treating a dog. The parties gave bail for their appearance at Court to answer. A more aggravated case of cruelty to animals could scarcely be imagined than this. The dog it appears was tied to a buggy at Dillaburg, and compelled to follow it all the way to York, and apparently there was pretty fast driving done by the parties. The dog being large and strong, kept on his feet until they were driving into York, when he fell down from exhaustion, and was dragged.—The parties were notified of the fact, but seemed not to care anything about it. At the instance however, of persons, who assembled, he was placed in the buggy and the parties, after being very insulting to the persons who censured them for their cruel conduct, drove up street, with the dog lying on his back, and head hanging out of the buggy, and stopped at the Kindig House, where the poor brute was taken into the saloon under Spangler & Welsh's store, in a perfect helpless condition.—York Gazette.

Pat's Mystery.

"I say, Murphy, what's the meaning of mystery? Faith I was rading the paper, and it said 'twas a mystery how it was done.'" "Well," said Murphy, "Pat'll tach ye. Ye see, when I lived with me father, a little gossoon, they giv a parthy, and me mother went to market to buy somethin' for the parthy to ate, and among a lot of things, she bot a half a barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, bless her soul, for safe keeping, till the parthy come on, do ye see.

Well, when the parthy come on, me mother sent me down to the cellar to get some of the pork, do ye see; well, I went down to the barrel and opened it, and fished about, but divil a bit of pork could I find; so I looked around the barrel to see where the pork was, and found a rat hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had all run out and left the brine standing, do ye see."

"I would on, Murphy! I would on I wait a bit; now tell me how the pork got out of the barrel and lave the brine standing?" "Well, Pat," said Murphy, "that's what I'd like to know me-self, do ye see; there's the mystery."

SUNDAY READING.

A Little Red Pocket-Book.

PATRICK Kane, an Irish lad of fifteen years, had \$47 in a little red pocket-book, which was inside of his carpet-bag, and with this \$47 he had resolved to go back to Ireland; if he could find a ship to take that as part pay, and his work during the voyage as other part. He had just become acquainted with Patrick Stack, another Irish boy of about his age, and Stack advised him to try his luck in New York a little longer. But Kane was homesick, and went to the wharf with his friend Stack, to see about his passage.—Stack sometimes relieved his friend of his carpet-bag by carrying it for him, and holding it while Kane went aboard the vessels. The boys lost each other somehow, and this happened when Stack had charge of Kane's carpet-bag. Kane went to a police station in his distress, and told his story, how his carpet-bag and little red pocket-book were gone with Stack.

The next day an officer went with Kane, to the pier where Kane had lost sight of Stack, and there was Stack himself looking for Kane. Stack told Kane where he had put the carpet-bag for safety, and the officer and two boys went to the place.—The carpet-bag was indeed there—in a cigar store—but it had been forced open and the little red pocket-book was gone.—Stack was arrested, charged with the theft. The two boys told their stories to the court and jury. Both boys looked and talked honest, and Kane seemed to still have confidence in his friend.

The jury took the case, and brought in a remarkable verdict. It is probably the only one on record. "We find the prisoner not guilty, but we have raised among ourselves \$32 to give to the complainant." The judge then said he would give \$15 to the complainant, and thus the \$47 was made up. The lawyers caught the spirit which had actuated the jury, and Patrick Kane walked out of that court room with \$65 in his pocket, and Patrick Stack went free. The prisoner got the benefit of the doubt. If he did steal the money maybe that lesson of justice and mercy will be of more benefit to him than imprisonment. But Patrick Kane's little red pocket-book is gone.

Restraint Under Provocation.

I recollect distinctly on one occasion, when I was not more than six years old, that a man of great violence of temper came to see my father, and rated him with such a scolding as I had never heard. I looked at my father with amazement, as he sat perfectly still and tranquil, father began, in the gentlest manner, to say to him, "Well, if all you say is true, I think you are right in the severity of your remarks; but I suppose that if in any regard you are not correct, you are willing to be set right?" "Yes," said the man, with a growl, "of course I am." "Well, will you allow me to make one statement?" said father, humbling himself before the man. "Yes." So father began with a little matter, and stated it; and then he went a little further; and then a little further; until, by-and-by, the man began to lose color, and at last broke out, "I have been all wrong in this matter; I did not understand it." After he had gone away father said to me, in a sort of casual manner, "Give up, and beat 'em." I got an idea of self-restraint under provocation, which I never could have got by all instruction in the world which came to me merely in the form of ideas, and picture-forms and fables. I had before me the sight of my father suffering—for his pride was naturally touched (though you may not think it from his posterity, yet there was pride in my father, to some extent); he felt it keenly; and under the keenness of the feeling he still maintained perfect calmness and perfect sweetness. He overcame the man by suffered reproach and abuse, and maintained himself under them.—[Henry Ward Beecher.

Beecherism.

In Plymouth Church, Sunday morning Mr. Beecher refused to give a notice in the following characteristic and Beecher like manner. He said: "I am requested to give a notice which puts me in a little difficulty. I don't want to and I do want to. The Amaranth Dramatic Association wish to give a benefit in the Academy of Music next Saturday evening. They wish to pay all the expenses themselves, and give all the receipts to the poor of Brooklyn. Now, I want the poor to have all the money they can get, but I don't want to advertise a theatrical company, and therefore shall not give the notice.

New York, though reputed to be a wicked city, is well supplied with religious teachings. Its churches number 350, or one to each 3,000 inhabitants. The first erected on the island was the Dutch Reformed faith, and was placed within the fort, where Castle Garden now stands. Next come the Episcopalians, and then the Presbyterians and Baptists. The church property in the city is estimated at \$40,000,000.

A negro preacher holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the command of God says: "Bredren, whatever God tells me to do in dis book (holding up the Bible), dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it 'long to God, jumpin' at it 'long to me."