

**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. WYMKOP, 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.

**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. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.  
B. F. JUNKIN,  
WM. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSER, President.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier  
New Bloomfield, 3 1/2 ly

**PERRY COUNTY**

**Real Estate, Insurance,**

**AND  
CLAIM AGENCY.**

**LEWIS POTTER & CO.,**

Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agen  
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, which we 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 estate 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.  
420 ly  
LEWIS POTTER & CO

**LOOK OUT!**

I would respectfully inform my friends that I in send calling upon them with a supply of good 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, 4th.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Letters Testamentary on the estate of John Spier, 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 EFFLER,  
DAVID BRIGGEBILL,

December 23, 1873. (Executors.)

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Answer to last week's enigma:—"Will you publish Sheridan's Ride." [We will publish it if furnished the copy.—Ed.]

**A Strange Story.**

THE truth of the following is vouched for by the San Francisco Chronicle:

When Foster, the Spiritualist medium first came to this city and hung out his shingle at the Grand Hotel, he was an object of much curiosity. Among those who went to witness the marvelous manifestations which it was claimed were daily made was a well known gentleman, whose name we are not authorized to give. The gentleman had heard of the slip-of-paper trick, and believing that he knew a thing or two more than Foster did, he resolved to play a sharp game with him. Before going to the medium's room he wrote a name on a slip of paper, which he wrapped and folded tightly in a piece of tinfoil. When he got there, in company with several friends, he handed the little roll of tinfoil to Foster, and awaited events.

The little paper inside the tinfoil contained merely the full name of the gentleman's mother—her maiden and married name. Foster took it, pressed it to his forehead, in that dreamy, listless way he has, and then laid it on the table. Presently he said, "Yes, sir, I have a message for you. There is the spirit of a lady here who wishes me to write you this message." Here Foster took up a pencil, and with many jerks and quirks, wrote:

"Do not remove the remains of your father and myself. Let us rest where we are. Your heart is right, but your judgment is wrong."

The message was signed by both the maiden name and the married name of the gentleman's mother. The gentleman turned as white as a sheet, for he at once recognized the message as having been written in the name of his deceased mother. He had long been intending to remove her remains and that of his father from an Eastern cemetery to his vault at Lone Mountain. He had not thought of the matter at all that day. Foster had never seen him before. Neither Foster nor any one else—not even the gentleman's wife—knew what the mother's maiden name had been, hence the clearness, the strange outline of the message, and, above all, the aptness with which it referred to his project with regard to the remains of his parents, gave the astonished gentleman something to think about for days to come.

He did not wait for an answer to his tinfoil puzzle, but started away very much in the condition of the young man who went to church to scoff, but finally concluded to remain and pray.

Next day the gentleman met his friend, the Hon. Chas. E. De Long, who had just returned from Japan. To him he told his remarkable experience of the day before. De Long laughed at him for his apparent credulity, and scouted the idea that spirits had anything to do with the message. Netted at this, the gentleman induced Mr. De Long to go with him to see Foster and judge for himself. That night they both, in company with Howard Colt, called at Grand Hotel, and were shown into Foster's room. Mr. De Long was wholly unknown to Foster. They all sat down to the table, and after Foster had smoked a while at his cigar, he said: "I can only get one message to-night, that is for a person named Ida. Do either of you know who Ida is?"

Mr. De Long looked at Foster with rather a startling look, and said: "Well, yes, I rather think I do. My wife's name was Ida."

"Well," said Foster, "then this message is for her, and it is important. But she will have to come here and receive it."

This was just enough to excite De Long's curiosity, and after endeavoring in vain to get Foster to reveal the message to him, he consented to bring his wife the next night to receive the important communication in person. Accordingly the next evening the same two, accompanied by Mrs. De Long, were ushered into Foster's parlour. They were soon seated around the table, waiting eagerly for the spirits to arrive. After Foster had smoked for several minutes in silence he suddenly said: "The same message comes to me. It is for Ida. This is the lady is it?" he asked, as of the spirit.

"Oh, you will write the message, will you? Well, all right," and with this he took up a pen and dashed off the following: "My Dear Daughter Ida,"

"Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden, to invest for me in certain lands. After my death he failed to account for the investment to my executors. The money was invested, and 1,200 acres of land were bought, and one-half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden an account of my share of the purchase \$650. He must be made to make settlement. Your father,

VINEYARD."

Both Mr. and Mrs. De Long sat and heard this communication read with astonished faces. Mrs. De Long knew that in life her father had business dealings with Mr. Madden; but to what extent, or even the nature of them, she did not know.

She was terribly frightened at the denouement, for she knew that Foster did not know who she was, or who her father might have been; and when the communication came 'in so remarkable a way, the surprise of the whole party may be better imagined than described.

Mr. De Long had just enough faith in the correctness of Mrs. De Long's communication to want to see what there was in it, any way. So the next day he called on Mr. Madden, at the Occidental Hotel. Without saying what special reason he had for asking the question, he asked Mr. Madden if there was not some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then he said there was. He said several years ago he and Mr. Vineyard had purchased a tract of land together, and their interest was undivided. The land had increased and was still increasing, enormously in value, and he supposed Mr. Vineyard's daughter desired to let her interest lie untouched, which was the reason why the matter had never been settled up. Besides, she had been absent a long time from the country, and was not here to have the matter settled. When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of the investment of her father, Mr. Madden expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and the executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said he was ready to make a settlement at any time. This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly, on Saturday, Mr. Madden transferred a deed for 625 acres of the land to Mrs. De Long, her heirs and assigns for ever. Having done this, Mr. Madden offered the lady \$18,000 for the property, but having been informed that it is worth at least \$25,000 she declined to sell.

**The Ohio Liquor Law.**

THE Ohio women in their crusade on the liquor sellers meet with some curious cases.

In New Vienna J. C. Van Pelt, who kept a saloon bearing an unsavory reputation, lost his place. First he swore, and then prayed back—prayed that the Lord would convert the ladies and teach them to mind their own business. Then he shook a barrel of beer and took out the plug. In a moment the ladies were covered with foam. They came rushing out, looking like mermaids, and with an awful odor of beer. Their polonaise and panniers were wetted, and their ostrich plumes looked like whipped roosters' tails. But the ladies were not discouraged. They marched straight home, and returned again with prayers in their mouths and smiles on their faces. Van Pelt stood out until he succeeded in acquiring the name of being the wickedest man in Ohio, when he surrendered and helped to smash his own whisky barrels. Then the ladies presented him with \$150 and started him on a lecturing tour.

In Wilmington the ladies have a portable church on wheels, like a dangerous car, which they roll around in front of liquor saloons. There the car stands while the ladies pray and sing "Coronation" and "Old Hundred." One day they all crowded around a beer wagon which was labelled "Marietta Ice." The driver escaped, after they had prayed him crazy, and started for Sabine. But the ladies anticipated his arrival by a telegraph despatch, and the Sabine ladies met him with his load of beer and prayed for him till like Saul, he gave up in despair.

In Washington they tell a story about Ralph Johnson, who became alarmed when the ladies came and prayed in his saloon. The next day Ralph came to them almost heart-broken, and said if he could only get rid of five barrels of whisky which he then had on hand he would join the temperance cause himself. "We will buy your poisonous whisky and pay you for it," said the ladies. "All right," said Ralph, and he took \$300 and rolled the whisky out. The ladies emptied the whisky out into the street. Ralph joined the cause for one day, and then went to Lynchburg, where they have 11,000 barrels of proof whisky in store, and bought a new lot. "What do you mean by doing this Mr. Johnson?" asked a deacon of the church. "Well," replied Ralph, "my customers war kinder partic'lar like, and that that old whisky was so dog weak that I could not sell it to 'em no how; but it didn't hurt the ladies, for it was just as good as the best proof whisky to wash down the gutters with."

The funniest incident connected with the temperance imbroglio occurred with Charley Crothiers, a saloon keeper in Greenfield. The ladies all thronged to Charley's saloon, and commenced praying and singing. Charley welcomed them, offered them chairs and seemed delighted to see them. He even joined in the singing. The praying and singing were kept up for several days, Charley never once losing his temper. The more they prayed and sang, the happier Charley looked. One day a gentleman came to Charley and broke out: "I say Charley, ain't you getting most tired of this singing and praying business?" "What! me gettin' tired? No, sir!" said Charley. "If I get tired of the little singing and praying they do in my saloon here, what will I do when I go to heaven among the angels, where they sing and pray all the time?"

**SUNDAY BEADING.**

**What She Thought.**

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,  
With a ribbon and a feather and a bit of lace upon it,  
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,  
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,  
The getting of it settled proved to be the work of time;  
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,  
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door,  
And she shook her ruffles out behind and smoothed them down before,  
"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—  
"Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,  
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;  
For she thought the very hymn they sung was all about her bonnet,  
With the ribbon and the feathers and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,  
But pattered down the silent street and hurried by the stair,  
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a handbox on it,  
Had hidden safe from critic's eye her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find,  
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;  
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs  
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

**Good Advice.**

"That dreadful ministerial starch" attracts the attention of Spurgeon, who says to his brother clergymen:—"If you have indulged in it I would earnestly advise you to 'go and wash in Jordan several times,' and get it out of you, particle of it. I am persuaded that one reason why our workmen so universally keep clear of ministers is because they abhor their artificial and unmanly ways. If they saw us, in the pulpit and out of it, acting like real men, and speaking naturally, like honest men, they would come around us. Baxter's remark still holds good: 'The want of a familiar tone and expression is a great fault in most of our deliveries, and that which we should by very careful to amend. The vice of the ministry is that ministers will parsonificate the Gospel. We must have humanity along with our divinity if we would win the masses. Everybody can see through affectations, and people are not likely to be taken in by them. Fling away your stiffs, brethren, and walk on your feet; doff your ecclesiasticism and array yourselves in truth.'"

There is as much merit in catering to the humorous side of nature as to the sober and sedate. Men and women were made to laugh and to indulge in pleasantries just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead of wide it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as the long gauge.

If you have an enemy, act kindly toward him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, until you have accomplished your object.

Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night; seize them, therefore while they last.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

**Force of Habit Strong in Death.**

The friends of an old sport hit upon the following expedient of effecting his reformation:

Having a couple of coffins prepared and placed in the family vault, on his being brought home one night in a senseless condition, they conveyed him thither and stowed him snugly away in one of them, a member of the family taking possession of the other to watch his movements. After remaining for some time enclosed in his 'prison house,' he aroused from his stupor, and in astonishment at his new residence, exclaimed:  
"Am I dead?"

"Certainly," rejoined his sepulchral friend.  
"How long have I been here?" he asked.

"About three years," was the answer.  
"And how long have you been here?" he again inquired.  
"Seven years," responded his companion.

"Well, as you have been dead longer than I have, I suppose you know the best place where a spook can get something to drink!"

**What Zach. Chandler Found in a Hack.**

BY THE BY, speaking of returning Congressmen, rather a good story has been telegraphed of a new member who arrived with his family, consisting of wife, five children, and nurse. The economical member of Congress packed his family in one hack at 9 p. m., and drove to Willard's. They had been car riding for many nights and days, and were in consequence exceedingly fatigued.

Arriving at Willard's they paid the hackman, ordered their trunks off, and trudged wearily, half asleep, into that famous caravansary. The husband, wife, and four children were escorted in the supper room, after which, elevated by the coffee and elevator, they were carried beyond the jurisdiction of the Board of Public Works to rooms under the roof. When the good lady entered her bedroom, she encountered the nurse, and both exclaimed:  
"Where's Bobby?"

"Why, miss," said the nurse, "I thought you had him."  
"Nancy," screamed the Mrs. M. C., "didn't you fetch him in?"  
"No, mum; I had the three carpet-sacks, the cloaks, baby's clothes, and I thought you had him."

Now Bobby was the baby, and the frightful discovery was made that the body had been left in the hack. There was a frantic rush for the elevator and the stairs. The insane M. C., tried to burst open the door so as to precipitate himself down the well. He then pulled away at the bell until he broke it; then shouting "Fire!" rushed down after his wife and four children, who by this time were in the clerk's office trying to make the corpulent and amiable Mr. Bagley understand the horrible situation.

Some one suggested the telegraph, and all the police stations were advised of this loss of Congressional infancy. But the worst part of it was that the crazy representative could not remember the number of the hack, and the hacks are not remarkable for their ready return of lost parcels.

In the meantime the unhappy husband made a short excursion into the neighborhood. He hurried through the hacks on the back stands and had all the retired convicts who drove those vehicles volunteer to go and search for the lost child for two and a half hours. Each one was ready to make affidavit that he knew the hack, and one driver, who ought to have been hung long ago, swore that he heard the child cry as the hack drove by. From the hack stand the husband hurried to Newspaper Row, and stirred up the Bohemians to the highest pitch of excitement by his tale of woe. The corpulent Ramsdell sat down and wept; Adams blew his nose, while Boynton philosophically remarked that the loss of a baby was somebody's gain, and Preston added that it was a loss easily repaired; and so the night wore on.

What became of that hack, with the precious little burden, is the most interesting part of the narrative. It seems that our old friend Zach. Chandler, the Michigander, who goes mooning about at all sorts of late hours, found himself on Four-and-a-half street in such a state of absent-mindedness that he couldn't tell where he was or where he ought to be. In these emergencies he instinctively called a hack. All the hackmen in town knew the great Michigander, and entirely regardless of what he orders or says, they invariably drive him home, stopping at all the sample rooms and bars on the way. On this occasion he halted a hack, and getting in, said as he did so:  
"Takeme'omed—nyou!"

Sitting down upon the back seat, he was startled by a wild cry that almost sobered him. This will sound like exaggeration, but it's a fact. It came very near being a case of spoiled child, for old Zach. had hinged two hundred pounds of Senatorial beef and whiskey on the lost child of the lower House. He started up with such violence that his head struck the top of the hack, nearly bouncing the driver off his seat, more, however, with astonishment than joy.

Old Zach. resolved himself into an investigating committee, and, sitting down on the front seat, felt around. He gathered up the child, and for a minute sat turning the situation over in his gigantic intellect, then, sticking his head out of the window, he shouted with that voice which has made the British lion tremble:  
"Driver, go 'ome quick—I've-got-a-baby."

As the infant continued its screaming the driver had no doubt as to the truth of this startling revelation, and so tore along the street at a frightful rate, considering that his team consisted of one vicious kicker and one runaway. Pulling up at the palatial mansion, the great Michigander tumbled out and rushed in with the child in his arms. Presenting it to the astonished Mrs. Chandler, he said:  
"Moststronary 'fair-sot-down-baby—on hack. Going—to—dopt—him."

The good old lady did not receive the new-comer with the same enthusiasm, but sent for a policeman, not to arrest the Senator, but to remove the embarrassment. Through this means the poor little waif was returned to its frantic parents.

We are happy to say that both Chandler and baby are as well as could be expected.