The Times, New Bloomfield, Da.

Circumstancial Evidence.

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Seal.

FOW often do we hear men in other pursuits-keen to detect trickery in callings but their own-denounce lawyers for defending people whom they have reason to believe guilty.

Did it ever occur to these critics that it is no more the lawyer's province than it is theirs to pass judgment on accused persons? That duty is confined to legally constituted tribunals, bound to hear both sides ; and so important is it deemed that none shall be condemned unheard, that if a prisoner be too poor to employ counsel, the court must assign it to him, and he upon whom the burden is laid is not at liberty to decline it. What a lawyer may thus rightly be compelled to do, it scarcely is wrong for him to do voluntarily.

So, at any rate, I reasoned on undertaking the defence of Walter Warren, against whom two indictments were pending, one for theft, the other for attempting to put off counterfeit bank notes.

The proofs against him , left scarce a loop-hole of doubt. He had worked his way to be Mr. West's chief clerk, and had completely won the confidence of his employer. The latter having occasion to forward a large sum to a place of some distance, selected young Warren to carry it. When ready for his journey, the money, inclosed in an envelope directed to the person to whom it was sent, was handed to Warren, and placed by him in an inside pocket of his coat, where, he insisted, he had found the package safe on reaching his destination, when he immediately delivered it to the proper person.

On being opened, the envelope was found to contain the correct amount, but made up entirely of forged bank notes.

Mr. West was positive that the bills he had inclosed were genuine-a point on which a man of his experience could hardly be mistaken. Besides they were on a different bank from that by which the counterfeits purported to be issued. He further remembered that, before inclosing the bills, he had, in Warren's presence, written the address of the gentleman to who they were to be delivered on an envelope in which he had intended to place them, but having laid it aside temporarily, he was unable to find it afterward, and used another. The inference was that Warren having secretly possessed himself of the mislaid envelope, after sealing it up with the counterfeit notes in it, had substituted it for the genuine packet, whose contents he had appropriated.

Mr. West's statement was fully corroborated by that of a gentleman present at the time of the delivery of the money to Warren, and who had seen it counted.

In my conferences with the prisoner, he strongly asserted his innocence, but could give no explanation of the mysterious transformation which the money had undergone, from good to bad, while in his possession. He had gone, he said, directly from Mr. West's office to the railway station, whither he had been accompanied by the gentleman who had seen him receive the money, who had occasion to go a short distance by the same train. Mr. Allgood, the gentleman in question, had for a short time, occupied the same seat with my client, conversing with him on different topics. With that exception, Warren had had the seat to himself during the entire journey ;

My client looked despondent. He evidently expected a better show of defence than I was making.

Mr. Allgood was then put upon the stand for the prosecution. His evidence tallied exactly with that of Mr. West.

For the first time I rose to cross-examine. By a few common-place questions I drew. out the facts of his having accompanied the prisoner to the station, and having for a time shared his seat. I paused as if at a loss what to ask next ; then, as if suddenly recollecting the circumstances.

"By the way, Mr. Allgood," I inquired, "were you aware that your house was entered last night ?"

The witness started as a mau naturally might at such a question.

"I-I was not aware of it he stammered "It is nevertheless true," I answered, and a considerable sum of money was taken from it."

The witness looked pale and anxious. "What is the relevancy of all this?"

asked the Judge. "I trust I may be indulged a moment,"

said, giving his Honor a significant look. "Go on," he replied, evidently understanding that I had some object in view.

"Permit me to relieve your apprehensions, Mr. Allgood," I resumed ; "I believe it is in my power to restore your money. You will probably be able to identify it."

His hand shook as I handed him a goodly roll of bank notes; but his eyes brightened as he turned them over.

"I recognize them," he said ; "they are mine."

He was about to put them in his pocket, but I requested him to hand them back for a moment."

"I have finished with Mr. Allgood," I announced.

"Have you any testimony for the defence ?" inquired the Judge

"I have a single witness," I answered. A messenger, whom I had dispatched, returned at this point with a stranger, who at my request, came forward and was SWOTH.

"What is your name ?" I began.

"Thomas North."

"Did you enter Mr. Allgood's house last night in his absence ?"

"I did."

" By what means?"

"A skeleton key."

" Is the witness aware that his answers may seriously criminate him ?" asked the Judge, sternly.

"He is quite advised of their effect," I replied.

"Did you find this money in the house ?" I continued, exhibiting the same bills already identified by Mr. Allgood. " Yes."

"Did you find anything else ?"

The witness opened a valise from which he took an engraved plate, similar to those from which bank notes are printed, together with a bundle of new notes, exact copies of those found in the pocket which had been delivered by the prisoner, and as basely spurious as they.

"I found these articles in Mr. Allgood's house," the witness answered.

"You may now tell how you bappened to go there,"

"This man," said Mr. North, pointing to Allgood, "has long been suspected of being a note forger. The authorites had lost sight of him for some time, but recently his trail was discovered. I am in the detective service, and entered his house last night by authority of the warrant

SUNDAY READING.

Preaching by the Job. 66T CAN'T put down anything," said Mr. Watson, pushing the paper back toward Mr. Williams. "I have been thinking the matter over for some time, and I have concluded to pay for preaching

by the job." "Pay for your preaching by the job?" Mr. Williams repeated after him. He was astounded.

"Yes, sir," repeated Watson. "I get what I pay for then. And now we will drop this matter. At the end of the year I will square up."

"But Mr. Watson-"

"Not another word," said Watson. And Mr. Williams well knew that it was useless to argue the question, so he went away.

The two men attended the same church, Mr. Williams as a member, Mr. Watson as one of the regular attendants, and the most liberal supporters of preaching. Mr. Watson's refusal to subscribe anything for the next pastoral year was therefore very unexpected to Mr. Williams, and the idea of paying by the job was so new and strange to him that he really thought him damented. He consulted with several members of the church and congregation, but they were all as sorely puzzled as he. Then he went to the pastor and related the whole story ; but there he got no light.

"It is beyond my comprehension," said the pastor. "I cannot account for it unless on the score of personal animosity .--But, Brother Williams, we will wait. Deduct from my salary the amount that Brother Watson usually gives, and go on as usual."

So the matter was left. Mr. Watson was always in his pew, morning and evening, rain or shine, and for extra expenses of the church gave freely, but in relation to the pastor's salary he always replied :--"I am paying for preaching by the job."

The year passed as all other years had done, and during the whole time, Mr. Watson gave no hint of his plan ; but at the meeting of the finance committee, held as the pastoral year closed, Mr. Watson rendered his account.

"Here it is in due form," he said, presenting a paper to the chairman, Mr. Williams.

It is not strange that Mr. Williams was somewhat curious about that account, and if he took it up a little out of order, no one demurred. As he looked it over, his eyes opened wider and wider, and presently his mouth opened too, with a broad grin.

"I will read the account," said Mr. Williams, "and I want to say beforehand, that I, for one, accept it." He read : John Watson, in account with Parson Haraford

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aases.	CINIL.		
an. 4.	One good sermon, One fair sermon,	Dr. \$1.00 75	С
an. 11.	One miserable sermon that had no life in it, put half the congrega- tion to sleep, and did more harm than good,		1.0
an. 11.	One evening sermon fair but not firstrate. Wasn't worth a cent to John Watson, but it might have been a tri- fle more valuable to somebody else, so I set it down.	an Ail Arrait Arrait	

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A Queer Wedding.

DAY or two ago Justice Jecko, of St. A Louis, received a call from a young man and a young woman, each of whom was the bearer of a portly carpet sack .--Their appearance indicated that they had just arrived on a railroad train from the rural districts of Illinois. "Be you the 'Squire?" asked the young man, with an air of diffidence. "I be. Do you want to get married ?" "Yes. How do you know ?" "I saw it in your eye. There is a certain sort of scintillation in the left eye of a man who is about to commit matrimony, that beirays its purpose as truly as a spot on the sun indicates falling weather." "Do tell ! 'Squire, you're pokin' fun at me, ain't you ?" "Not at all. It is a part of the Darwinlan theory of selection. You'll find it all out before you have been a year in the traces. Are you in a hurry to have the knot tied !" "Yes, sir. We want it done right away, don't we, Mollie ?"

"Yes, 'Squire," said Mollie; "but hain't you got a dressing-room, where I can put on my bridal dress and titivate a little ?" "I am sorry to say my bridal chamber is crammed full of hobby horses, toys, trinkets and stuff seized by the constable from a fancy store. However, there it is, if you think there is room enough in it for you to dress."

The bride looked into the room adjoining. the office, and declared that she could make out to slip on her wedding dress in it. With carpet-sack in hand she entered the lumber-room and closed the door. The bridegroom asked for another dressingroom, saying he had his wedding fixtures in his valise, and would like to put them on. He was told there was no other room vacant, and that he would have to take a seat and wait until the bride had enrobed herself, and then he could take his turn .--What followed is thus told by the local paper.

The young man sat down with an air of impatience, holding his carpet-sack between his knees, and twirling his thumbs. Constable McGeary, whose appearance is that of a Don Juau of the killing type (although in reality he is the chastest man that ever chased a juryman or replevined a widow woman's parlor furniture), had been writing at his desk when the bridal party entered and now arose and passed into the passage way leading down stairs. The young man with the carpet-sack turned red in the face as he saw the door close upon the constable. He evidently thought McGeary had gone into the store room where the bride was making her toilet. He became nervous, threw his carpet-sack into the corner, arose, sat down in another chair, and was extremely fidgety. The more he tried to concea his emotions the redder his face grew. At length, unable longer to endure the agony of doubt and mistrust, he ran to the door of the store room and entered. A scream was heard, and then the young man came back looking very sheepish. This rash act of the bridegroom came very near breaking off the match, but the Justice explained to the bride that it was all a mistake.

"Are you a married man, 'Squire?" asked the bride, putting her face to a crack in the door. "Yes, I have been married ever so long." "Well, then, I wish you would come in here and hook my frock."

The Justice complied with the medest request, and in a moment the bride came

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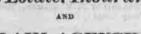
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LL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING Really executed at the Bioonfield Times

time, suffered half an hour to pass without ascertaining that his charge was safe.

nd he assured me that he had not

Mr. Allgood was a person beyond suspicion. True he had lived but a few months in the town, but he was a man who carried a certificate of character in his face It was long thin and melancholy. It wore an expression of satisfied sadness, often observable in those having no faults of their own to be sorry for, overflowing with sorrow for the sins of others. He lived in a small house by himself; led a retired, exemplary life ; was devoted to his books ; taught in two Sunday Schools ; and was a candiate for the next vacant deacon ship. Warren himself would have scorned to hint at the possibility of the contents of his pocket having been tampered with by such a man

as Mr. Allgood. At last the case came on. It was called late in the afternoon, and when a jury had been obtained, the court adjourned until next morning.

The county seat at which the trial was held being several miles from the town at which Mr. West and Mr. Allgood, principal witnesses of the prosecution, resided, they were obliged to remain over night.

Of course I had no hope of a successful result. I believed my client guilty, and that he simply lied when he said he was not

I was wending my way to the courthouse next morning, not more at a loss what to do to save my cliant, than puszled what to say to save myself from looking like a fool, when a stranger tapped me on the shoulder. A few words from him brightened me up considerably. What they were will come out presently.

The first witness was the gentleman to whom the prisoner had delivered the false bills, which were produced, identified, and their spurious character proven. I allowed the witness to go without cross-examination, as I did Mr. West, who was called Bext.

which I here produce. An examination of the premises soon revealed the proofs I was arch of." in s

That it was Allgood who had gotten possession of the mislaid envelope, put the counterfeit bills in it, and, by a little dexterous manipulation, substituted it for the one in Warren's pocket, was made addi-tionally evident by Mr. West's identification, by means of a private mark upon it, of one of the genuine notes found in All-good's house, as one of those placed in the original packet delivered to Warren.

Warren went forth a free man at once, while the authorities took charge of Allgood.

Finishing the Job.

A Melbourne paper gives the following as the latest bushranging gossip. Recently a certain person was traveling along the road, when he heard a great noise and an outcry. Thinking bushrangers were at work, he fired off a pistol, to intimidate them and presently the noise ceased and a scrampering was heard. On coming to the "open" the traveler discovered a man tied to a tree.

"Oh, sir !" oried the victim ! I've been attacked by rufflans, and they were robbing me, when they heard your pistol."

"And couldn't you get loose, my friend ?" asked the travelor.

"No ; they tied me so very tightly."

"And did they rob you of anything?" "No ; only of my watch. They had not time to search for my money which I placed in my left boot."

"How fortunate 1" observed the traveler. "Was the sum considerable ?"

"Over a thousand, thank heaven I" said the poor man.

"Are you sure they are gone ?" asked the other.

" Oh, cortain."

The newcomer looked round and round, and scoing the coast clear, said, cooly :

"Well, as they're gone, I think I'll finish the job myself !"

And he proceeded to rob the unfortunate victim.

Jan. 18. One rousing sermon, John Watson, will not forget for years, 5.00 Jan. 25. One sermon read alow-

ly and wonderfully

uninteresting, One svening sermon that made the church 15 . 35 ring. An off hand effort worth a dozen of those spiritless affairs called written ser-mons, and John Watmons, and John transition will pay accord-10.00 ingly,

So the bill read all through. Some poor sermons that did nobody any good, some that were so terribly dull that they were positively harmful ; but many that were good. The account was balanced, and Mr. Watson had brought himself in debt to the pastor more than he ever gave during one year. He paid it like a man.

"It is all right," said he. "I got all that I am paying for, and at my own valuation ; I am satisfied if you are, and I will bind myself to pay in the same way another year."

"I accept," said Parson Hereford, who had entered the vestry unnoticed. "And I also accept the merited rebuke in all kindness. I shall take good care that when you render your next bill, you shall have fewer of those cheap sermons to my credit, and none of the harmful ones charged against me.'

"All right," said Watson, obserily. I'll advance you fifty dollars on the next year's job."

After that Parson Hereford improved wonderfully. He discarded written sermons entirely, and the effort and thought that he found necessary to enable him to preach without a manuscript before him kept him awake and his hearers also ; and if he ever heard the members of other churches complaining of the dulness of their pastor's sermons, he always told them to try paying him by the job, for just one year.

out in gorgeous attire. The bridegroom then entered the room and made his toilet. and when he returned the ceremony was performed without further delay. Then the bride re-entered the store-room and changed har dress, and the happy couple marched out with their carpet-suck, highly elated at the success of their mission.

Chubb's Chimney.

We had quite an exciting time over at Chubb's the other day. His chimney would not draw, and he sent for a man to examine it. The man went out on the roof and tying a broom to a rope dropped It down to see if the fine was clear. Meantime Chubb got inside the fireplace for the purpose of examining the flue below, and just as he did so the soft end of the broom touched his head two or three times, as the man jerked it up and down. Chubb aprang out into the room in a condition of frantic excitement. He was certain there was a wild animals of some kind in the chimney choking it up. He seized his gun and determined to kill it. So, holding the muzzle in the flue he pulled the trigger .--While he was getting the gun, the man on the roof completed his investigations, and sat down on the top of the chimney to rest himself and enjoy the scenery. As soon as Chubb's gun went off, the man knew about it, and he did not wait for further suggestions. He suddenly alid to the roof and from thence to the shed, where he rolled about in agony. He weighed one pound more when they took him home than he did when he came, and the doctors consider it doubtful if they can ever dig all the shot out of his flesh. The next man that comes to examine Chubb's chimney will probably have him locked up somewhere with his gun until the experiments are concluded.

23" It is apparent that a great many children get on the wrong truck because the switch is misplaced.