# The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

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THE undersign id, having formed a Banking As-sociation under the above name and style, are now ready to do a General Banking business at their new Banking House, on Centre Square,

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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

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PERRY COUNTY Real Estate. Insurance.

AND

CLAIM AGENCY.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT. ar All contributions to this department must

#### For the Bioomfield Times Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of thirty-nine letters. My 1, 5, 11, 18, 20 and 26, is a county in Alabama.

My 2, 6, 16, 12 and 9, is a county in Penn'a. My 33, 29, 15, 32, 17 and 39, is a town in Maine. My 10, 13, 94, 3 and 31, is a county in Ken-

tucky. My 22, 8, 27, 17 and \$6, is a city in Delaware. My 23, 25, 37, 21 and 26 is a town in N. York. My 30, 28, 14 and 38, is a town in Ohio. My 35, 34, 7 and 9 is a county in Kansas. My 4, 31, 19, 33 and 36, is a county in Iowa.

My whole is a work that should be pushed forward.

Lef Answer to last week's enigma :-"People's Freight Rall Road."

## A BACHELOR'S CONSOLATION.

A Romance of the Needle. In a snug little cot, not a thousand miles off, Lived a lonely, contented old " bach." Who cooked his own grub and dined by himself,

And had no one to sew on a patch. With his cat, and his dog, and his little pet

mouse, Our hero, 'twas said, wanted nothing ;

But needles were sharp, and would frequently stick. So he oft went with holes in his clothing.

There no doubt were misses and maids quite near.

Who would fly to relieve his distresses, But he oft had declared he could never abide The appearance of hoopskirts and dresses. Now, this lucky old bachelor heard by a friend, Or read in his morning journal,

Of the wonderful stitching of sewing machines, And considered the matter nocturnal.

Having fully determined to get a machine, He spent a whole day in inspection For an hour or so would never suffice To select from so large a collection.

For some thought the "Wheeler & Wilson" the best,

And others, the "Willcox & Gibbs," While others a firmed that the agents of both Were too much inclined to tell fibs.

And a few for the "Florence" were ready to fight,

While most liked the " New Family Singer ;" Another one swore "Grover & Baker's" was best.

The last one, I think, was a shaker.

So first to the Wheeler & Wilson he went, Where he found them making a shirt.

At the end of each seam they used needle and thread,

And by experience he knew they would hurt. Then down to the agent of "Florence" he

went, And told him the part that was slack, So the "Florence" a certain advantage had

gained By the feed that could make it sew back.

But our Bachelor friend was dissatisfied still, For the "Florence" so complicated seemed. He feared the minutiæ might "get out of fix,"

And could never be wholly redeemed. They then told him another advantage they had

Over other machines in the West, That four different stitches with it they could

make And from four he might sure get the best. Our hero replied, " What's the use of the four? If one of the sitches is best,

Why that is the right one to use all the time, And what will you do with the rest?

The "Howe" and the "Wilson" both vainly he tried.

The instruction continued, betimes, for a week And then it surceased for a day, And our bachelor felt, as the time rolled

along. There was naught to be gained by delay.

He heard something rustling, which made his heart leap,

But 'twas only his cat passed the door. He now hears a step-that must surely be she, But 'twas only his his dog-nothing more.

His cat and his dog are no company now,

He is lonely, unhappy, and sad, He at last wants a helpmete-will Julia say YOS,

And make him most happy and glad?

And Julia said yes. They were married at once.

But we'll skip a few mouths if you please, And while the sweet moments in rapture they pass,

We will take a short stroll 'mong the trees. And here we'll leave them, and bid you good-

night ; Since the wedding they happy have been, Through life they will look, with pure joy, and delight

On the " New Family Singer Machine." MORAL.

Now, all ye old bachelors, read and beware, And this kindly advice, don't despise-" If you hope for Joy here, or rest up above, Go thou, and in faith do likewise.

## A Stubborn Juror.

•• BOYS, did I ever tell you 'bout the time I sot onto a jury with Bije Bope ?" asked Joe, taking a swig out of the company's demijohn which was conveniently at hand.

"No," we answered.

" Bije, you see," continued Joe, "was jest a lettle the contrariest, overbearinest, crankheadedest cuss that ever rufiled a commoonity's temper. He hed Bluebearded three wives to death, an' hed jest tackled a fourth. In fact, the honeymoon was hai'ly over-though I guess there was more vinegar 'n honey into it-when Bije an' a passel more on us was yanked up afore Jedge Grimm to serve onto a jury.

"In ev'ry case we've stood 'leven to one an' Bije was that one. The jedge got mad at last, and thraitened. in the next case up, he'd keep us at it till we did agree.

"It was one of them peaky hoss-swappin' cases. Bill Banter 'd put off onto Hi Greene a sor'l critter with a false eye an' a artificial tail. The eye was found layin' into the manger one mornin', and the furst time the hoss got wet his tail came onglued an' drapt off.

"The evidence showed that Hi 'd been partic'lar to ax about the eyes, an' Bill 'd said the animal had as good a eye as the next hoss. Bill, howsoever, offered to man. prove that the next hoss to his'n at the time was stone blind, but the Court ruled that out.

"After a sarchin' charge from the jedge, we retired to our room, his Honor fust admonishin' us that, of we didn't agree this time, he'd make an example on us to all futur' juries in that court.

"It looked like a plain case, most on us thought, an' we 'd strong hopes that, for onc't. Bije would listen to reason. But the fust vote we took showed how fur we was out in our reck'nin'. 'Leven on us stood for givin' the plaintiff damidges, but Bije was unanimous for the defendant, an' said he'd be drotted ef he didn't eat his boots afore he'd cave.

"Listen here," says he proceedin' to read :

"STARTLING RUMOR .--- The town is great-"STARTING RUMOR.—The town is great-ly excited this morning by the rumored elopement of Mrs. B., the wife of a prom-inent citizen. She took advantage, it is said, of her husband's absence on public duty, to carry out her plan. A marked feature in the affair is that the lady has searcely been married a month."

"What's that !" screeches Bije Bope, in an out burst o' terror.

"The foremau read it over agin' slow an' solemn. Now Bije was as jealous as that 'ere dark-complected chap in the play. Besides there wa'nt no other Mrs. B., in the place lately married, an' then there was the circumstances of the husband's doubt that the Mrs. B., allooded to by the paper was his own wife.

"Let me out !" he yelled, runnin' full butt at the door.

"Not tell you've agreed onto a verdict," says the bailiff, through the keyhole.

"I-I-I'll agree to any thing !" splutters Bije. "For goodness sake, hurry, gentleman-a thousand dollars damidges, if you like !"

"We said that we thought that reether high. " Any thing, so it's done quick !" he gasped, in ag'ny.

"We could hardly keep him from jumpin' out o' the winder, while some on us pretended to dicker about the amount we should bring in, jest to torment him.

"At last everything was fixed, an' we went into court, gave in our verdict, an' was dooly discharged.

"Bije was rushin' out on the doublequick, with murder in his eye, when the foreman stopped him.

"I think you're lab'rin under some mistake, Mr. Bope," says he; "that there piece I read, you see, 's took from a California paper, an' must be, at least a month

old." "Bije went off lookin' cheap an' sheepish. He sent in an excoose next day, an' got let off for the balance o' the term, an' precious glad we all was to get rid of him."

### How Spinger put out a Cat.

MR. JOSEPH SPINGER is a peaceable , married man who lives on Detroit Street, near the Western city limits. He has in his employ a maid servant who has a young man that not only calls regularly, but often irregularly. The maid servant's beau is possessed of an appetite that requires frequent satisfying, and during his visit to the Spinger mansion, pies, doughnuts, cheese, cookies, cold meat, preserves and other nutritious and palatable articles, disappeared like dew before the morning sun, or hot griddle cakes before a hired

Since the panic has demoralized men and things Springer has been trying to economize in various directions, and among other leaks that he sought to stop was that of feeding his hired girl's beau. Springer even went so far as to tell his handmaid that she could only receive visits from her lover on Wednesday and Saturday nights, as the expanse of fire, lights and provisions five nights out of seven was too much. The maiden of all work pouted, burned the toast and served dishwater coffee for several mornings, but finally seemed to accept the situation and resumed her wonted cheerfulness.

Such was the state of affairs up to within a few nights since, when it appears "Sa-"We tried to argy with him; insisted rah's young man," unable to stand the that it was a clear case of fraud ; an' called pangs of hunger or love until Saturday night, rapped at the kitchen door of Springer's house, and was admitted. About eleven o'clock p. m., the handmaid, in obedience to a hint from her admirer, took the lamp in hand and proceeded to the cellar in search of something for him to eat. Though she used every precaution not to awaken the Springer family, asleep up stairs, yet, as she opened the cellar door, a strange cat bounded out into the room unbeknown to her, and a moment later emitted one of those sad and melancholy howls that cats are wont to give when concealed in a strange room. Mrs. Springer heard the cat yell, and after digging at Springer's shins with her toe nails until he was awake, she said, "Go down stairs, Mr. Springer, and let that cat out of the house." Springer hated the job, but was forced to comply, and descending the stairs in his night shirt and bare feet, found himself in the dining-room, where all about him was dark as pitch. The maid servant's beau had heard Springer descending the stairs, and fearing that if he were found there it might make trouble in the family, began to feel his way to the back door. In doing so, however, he tripped over the chair his sweetheart had been occupying, and fell headlong into a clothes horse full of garments which were being dried by the kitchen stove. The clothes horse struck the cat in its fall, and with another howl of misery, that animal began to cavort around the room, scale the walls and climb the tables seeking for and an exit. "Great Moses ! what alls that cat?" said Springer, as he entered the kitchen, only to fall over the unfortunate lover, who was trying to get untangled from the clothes horse and clothing. "Burglars ! burglars !" yelled Springer, as he clunched the supposed thief beneath him, who, in his struggles to get away, upset the table full of breakfast dishes.

The handmaid hearing the muss, came rushing up stairs so fast that the lamp was extinguished, and arrived in the kitchen just in time to get kicked in the pit of the stomach by one of the struggling men on the floor, and dropping the lamp and plate of doughnuts she had in her hands, she, too, doubled up with a shriek of pain and fell on the floor in a hysterical fit.

3

Mrs. Springer, who was only half-awake, heard her husband yell murder, and bounding out of bed came sliding down stairs in a sitting posture, and as she entered the kitchen, from whence came sounds of deadly strife, curses and shrieks, the cat, which had partially caused the trouble, bolted through the window, and before Mrs. S. absence on public dooty. Bije had no could collect her senses, the hired girl's beau had succeeded in getting out of Springer's grasp and followed the cat through the

same aperture. The hand maid hearing her lover escape arose, procured a light, when Springer ceased pounding the armful of clothing he thought was the burglar, and a general council was held to discuss war matters. Result :-- Springer is called a fool and an idiot, by Mrs. S. and the girl, for thinking there was a burglar in the house; the broken lamp, spilled doughnuts and fractured window sash are charged up to the cat, whilst Mrs. S., who had not fully recovered from her trip down stairs, says "the next time she wants a cat put out of the house she will do it herself. A man don't know how to do anything anyhow, nor never did."

Robbing a Grave.

N a town of Northern New York a poor

man went to the grave by a disease of

the brain, concerning which the local med-

ical authorities differed widely and acrimo-

niously. In fact, two particular physicians,

who had long been professional rivals, so

radically disagreed as to the exact char-

acter of the case that, when he whose treat-

ment prevailed could not save the patient,

the other did not hesitate to allege that the

sick man had been destroyed by ignorant

mismanagement. When a respectable prac-

titioner casts such an imputation upon a

member of his own professional school he

should be pretty confident of his ability to

prove it, and the accuser in the present

instance was not unaware of his imperative

obligation to substantiate his accusation.

But how was that to be done? He had

firmly maintained that the disease in ques-

tion was caused by a tumor, and that the

removal of the same by an operation would

save the patient's life. His rival insisted

that there was no tumor, and, consequently

did not perform the operation. Now, how

was it to be practically demonstrated that the tumor did exist, if the patient was in his grave? There was but one way of doing it, and the doctor adopted it. On Christmas Eve, near midnight, when lights shore brightly from homes far and at hand, and the snow lay crisply on the

hand, and the snow lay crisply on the ground, the professional disputer whose truth and standing were at stake, as he considered, in the matter, took a confiden-tial student of his with him in a sleigh to

the graveyard where had been placed the hapless subject of dispute, and rapidily and

silently disinterred the body and placed it in the vehicle. Then whip was given to the horse, and away started the [sleigh on the snowy]road back to the surgery. But scarcely had the descerators of man's

last resting-place got under way with their ghastly prize, when the muffled beat of horse's hoofs somewhere in the darkness

behind them told that they had been watch-

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#### LOOK OUT!

I would respectively inform my friends that I in tend calling upon them with a supply of good ofmy

#### 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. 6,17,4m

#### PERRY HOUSE,

#### New Bloomfield, Pa.

THE subscriber having purchased the property on the corner of Maine and Carlinie 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 accommodutions. THOMAS SUTCH. 10. Proprietor.

The "Domestic" and "Keystone" as well, But the "Howe" was too heavy, the "Wilson" too light,

And the " Keystone" broke down on a fell.

The "Finkle & Lyon" or "Victor" he tried, The "Ætna," "Blees," "Leavitt" and " Weed,"

- Till worried and vexed with his fruitless research.
- He scarce hoped in the end to succeed.
- After trying in vain many other machines, Without any hope of success,
- He called where the "Singer New Family" was kept.
- And they quickly relieved his distress.
- For here half a dozen machines were engaged In stitching of different sorts,
- Which they did so complete, and with so little
  - nolse
- He acknowledged the truth of reports.
- In lightness of running, in stillness and speed, In construction so simple, yet strong,
- Sure none but the "New Family Singer' would vie.
- Though he'd search through the infinite throng.
- Then the stitch was so neat, so elastic, so strong,
- That he vainly endeavored to break it, And so many advantages in it combined That he quickly decided to take it.
- Arriving at home without any mishap, He called on his friend o'er the way,
- Whose wife had a "New Family Singer" Machine,
- And could give him instruction each day.
- It happened, however, the lady was sick, Or her time was too preclous to spare,
- So her daughter was sent the instruction to give,
- And a beauty she was very rure.
- Her ways were so winning, her eyes were so bright,
- And their glances so plercing and warm That the snow-covered leebergs that blocked
- up his heart Were dispersed like the leaves in a storm.

attention to the strong pints in the jedge's charge.

"But Bije had his own views. He said Bill 'd only said the hoss hed a good eye, which couldn't be constrooed as meanin' two good eyes ; while, in regards of the tail, nothing 'd ben said, nary way; an' where there was no warrantee, a man's eyes were his market. He said that was good hoss-law, an' he knowed it, an' he didn't care a continental what the jedge raid.

"So we jowered over'n over it tell we was tired, but no use ; Bije still hung out. "When the court let out the jedge ordered us to be took to supper, an' then to be locked up in our room tell morning.

"I don't want to dwell onto the miseries o' that night. We worried through somehow tell Court took up next mornin', when the jedge hed us brnng out, lookin' for all the world like so many pennytent tom-cat's arter a night's mootooal misonderstandin'.

"Heve you agreed onto a verdict, gentlemen ?" he said.

"No, we heven't !" says the foreman, sulkin' up.

"There's no hurry," says the jedge, amilin'; the term'll last a couple of weeks yet. The sheriff'll take you to breakfast, now, an' then you may ressoom your deliberations."

"Arter breakfast we felt a little pearter, an' some on us picked up heart to make another set at Bije ; but he was headstronger 'an ever, an' says we'd ought, not to take the advantage o' numbers to bully an honest man's conscience.

"While we was at breakfast, the foreman 'd managed to get hold o' the county paper, which had just come out that mornin', and, to while away the time, he sat down and began to read It.

"Hollo ?" says he ; "what's this ?"

ed and were being pursued. Sharper fell the whip, and the spirited young animal before the sleigh went like the wind; yet still the pursuing hoof-beats sounded through the keen air, showing that the pursuer was well mounted. Turning from the main road into a by-way, or short-cut, leading through a swampy peice of woods, the fugitives managed to gain enough dis-tance to stop the sleigh a moment just at the edge of a plank-bridge over a frozen woodland stream, and stretch a rope across the dark and narrow road. This done, they were off again for the surgery close at hand, with the gallop of the pursuer coming sharply again to their ears. Pausing once again beyond the bridge, to hear presently the collision of the coming horseman with the unseen rope, a crash, and a cry of wrath, the two men carried the body to the house and triumphantly deposited it upon a dissecting table.

Then, thinking of nothing but his own discredited diagnosis of the disease and the glory it would be to prove it true, the darpractitioner set to work with his ining Carefully shaving one side of struments. the head, cutting through the scalp over the spot where the principal pain had been, he bored with his trephine through the skull until a circular button of bone, about as large as a copper cent, was removed, and behold there was, indeed, the tumor ! But the strangest scene of the curious drama was yet to come, and may be best described in the Doctor's own terms : "With no small degree of self-satisfac-

"With no small degree of self-satisfac-tion, I threw down my instruments and was going down-stairs, when I heard a faint sigh. As I kneeled by the dead man's side, and candle in hand, gased anxiously into his pallid features, he feebly gasped and rahaed his eyelids. My God! Could it be a reality? Eagerly the slender thread of life was selzed, and hour by hour, and day by day work by week it was strength. day by day, week by week, it was strong ened into a cable of perfect healt

ened into a cable of perfect health, until now, he is hearty and well." In other words, the supposed dead man, whose disinterment had occurred but a few hours after burial, had been only insensible instead of dead, and the removal of the ble instead of dead, and the removal of the tumorous pressure on his brain was just in time to save his life. And another strange discovery was, that, on the same Christmas night, the doctor who had denied the tumor had broken his arm by falling from his horse I Suspecting what his rival intended, he, too, had ridden secretly to the grave-yard, and was the pursuing horseman whom the concealed rope across the road so signally overthrew. so signally overthrew.