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Assets, \$6,539,325.62! ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States.

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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 partners: W. A. SPONSLER, Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa. R. F. JUNKIN, ... OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLER, President.

WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier, New Bloomfield, 3 5 1y

PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

LEWIS POTTER & CO., Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agents, 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 properties, mills, store and tavern stands, and real estate of any description which we are prepared to offer at great bargains.

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 \$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.

LOOK OUT! I would respectfully inform my friends that I intend calling upon them with a supply of good

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 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 BUTCH, Proprietor.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

For the Bloomfield Times. Enigma.

I am composed of twelve letters: My 8, 10, 11 and 3 is what pretty girls are apt to be. My 5, 9 and 1 is the life of vegetation. My 2, 8, 11 and 7 is not good. My 1, 12, 11 and 4 is hard to bear. My 1, 3, 10, 4 and 6 is an American coin. My whole is one of the United States.

Answer to last week's enigma:—"Duncannon, Bloomfield and Loyallville Rail Road."

Mr. Finch's Disappointment.

"YOU'LL make a smart, capable woman, if you git the right kind of a husband," said Uncle Jonathan Kingsley, chucking me under the chin. "I know where there's a splendid chance for you, Susan—a splendid chance."

"Where?" I asked, amused at Uncle Jonathan's seriousness. "Ah, up to Brashererville," answered Uncle Jonathan, knowingly. "Just say you'll consider the matter soberly, and I'll send him down."

"Of course I'll consider the matter soberly," I answered, not having the faintest idea that Uncle Jonathan would take me at my word.

But he did; for about a week after his departure, I received the following letter, which, from its appearance generally, had most likely cost him a whole day's work:

"MY DEAR NIECE SUSAN—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well. An heap these fu lines will find you enjoyin' the same great blessing. On account of your great resemblance to my dear deceased wife, who you was named after, I feel a great interest in your welfare, and would like to see you settled down an' doin' wel. I think a good husband would be the best thing for you."

"As you promised to consider the matter soberly, if I would send down a likly respectable man, I am goin to do so. His name is Caleb Finch. He's a widder, and has 5 children, they're smart, an' you wouldn't have any trouble with em. Hes got 80 akers of the best land in the whull of Brashererville, an 8 cows an severil horses. Hes goin to start a dairy of he gets married, now he don't have anybody to see to things, an his housekeepin is goin to rack an ruin."

"I've told him all about you an I think you'll suit him, only you're a most too young. Howsumever that cant be hept. He will come down the first of next week and there wont be nothin to Hender you makin a good bargain, if you've only a mind to. he was very kind to the late Missus Finch, an spared no expenss when she was sick. her doctor bill amounted to Over 25 dollars. He got her the handsomest gravestone that's ever been set up in the symetry."

"Hopin you you'll conclude to act for your interest. I scribe my Self Your affeckshunate unkle."

JONATHAN KINGELEY.

"To Mis Susan Spencer."

"Dear me! I never laughed so in all my life before as I did over that letter, with its awful spelling, and its capitals scattered in promiscuously, for all the world, Bell declared, as if he had shaken them out of the sand-box, and they had stuck wherever they happened to fall."

But the most laughable part of it was the idea that he had actually got a husband looked up for me, and was going to send him down to see me.

"You're a lucky young lady," said Bell, with tears in her eyes, the moment she stopped laughing enough to utter a coherent word. "Only think how kind he was to the late deceased 'Missus Finch'! If you should die, you'll have the consoling thought to cheer your last hours, that he'll get you a 'handsome gravestone,' and that he will pay your doctor's bill cheerfully, even if it does amount to 'over twenty-five dollars.' You'll be attended to 'regardless of expenses,' I haven't the least doubt."

"And the five children!" I said gasping with laughter. "But they're smart, and that's one consolation."

"What a pity that you're quite so young," said Bell, making an effort to recover her dignity, and failing signally in the attempt. "It's too bad that you can't have your age changed by an act of the Legislature, to accommodate your expected Mr. Finch. Mrs. Susan Finch! That sounds splendidly, doesn't it? It'll look nice, too, when he has you deposited by the late 'Missus Finch' in the 'symetry,' Dear, dear! who ever heard of anything quite so comical before?"

"But what's to be done?" I asked, as the real state of the case began to make itself apparent. "Here we are, left to keep house while mother is visiting. Next week Mr. Finch is coming—"

"Coming to woo!" said Bell. "Mr. Finch coming to woo!"

"And I want to know what we're going to do with him?" I demanded.

"You're going to marry him, of course," answered Bell. "I advise you to fall to and 'begin to consider the matter,' as Uncle Jonathan requested. Think it over prayerfully and well, and let the argument of the 'Missus Finch's gravestone' weigh in Mr. Finch's favor."

"It's all well enough for you to laugh," said I, indignantly; "but if you were in my place, you'd think differently of it. How am I going to get rid of the wretch? What under the sun possessed Uncle Jonathan to send him off down here? I never was so provoked in all my life, never!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Bell, after a silence of a minute or two. "He doesn't know how you look, and if I were to pass myself off for you, he'd never know the mistake. 'I'll be Susan if you'll be Bell, and I'll get rid of Mr. Finch for you.'"

"If you only would!" cried I. "I will," answered Bell, her eyes sparkling with anticipated pleasure; "I'm going to make Mr. Finch think that I'm deaf—deaf as a post. Oh, my! won't it be jolly, though?"

Bell leaned back in her chair, and laughed till her sides ached.

Monday morning Mr. Finch came. We took a good look at him from the window as he came up the path. He was a little man, with red hair, and no eyes to speak of. The poor gentleman had evidently got on his best clothes, and looked ill at ease in consequence. Perhaps his mission helped to make him nervous.

"From this time forth, as long as he stays, I'm deaf, remember," said Bell, warningly. "I shan't be able to hear anything short of a respectable scream."

I went to the door. "Is this Miss Susan Spencer?" asked Mr. Finch, as he entered.

"Susan is in the sitting-room," I answered. "I'll introduce you. You are Mr. Finch, aren't you?"

"Yes'm; Caleb Finch," he responded, so solemnly that I wanted to giggle.

We took him into the sitting-room where Bell was.

"Susan," said I, in a loud voice, "this is Mr. Finch."

"I don't hear a word what you say," said Susan, turning her ear toward me. "Speak a little louder if you please."

"This is Mr. Finch!" screamed I, in her ear. I thought I must laugh, to see how horrified Mr. Finch looked.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Finch," said "Susan," with a beaming smile. "Take a chair—bring it close if you please, because I'm slightly affected with deafness. How are the children?"

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Finch, in a fair war-whoop.

"Louder, if you please," said "Susan," presenting her ear.

"Pretty well," answered Mr. Finch, in a fair war-whoop.

I managed to keep my face turned the other way, and had hard work to keep from screaming.

"I was much touched at what Uncle Jonathan wrote about your kindness to your late wife," said "Susan," with a fond glance into Mr. Finch's face. "What did she die of?"

"Congestion of the brain," answered Mr. Finch, his voice about two octaves higher than its usual pitch.

"I didn't hear," said "Susan." "A trifle louder, Mr. Finch."

Mr. Finch repeated his reply in so loud a tone that he got red in the face with the exertion its utterance caused him.

"Ah!"

"Susan," comprehended at last.

"Is she always so?" he asked, turning to me, and wiping his face vigorously with a big red and yellow handkerchief.

"She isn't quite as deaf all the time," I answered, demurely.

Pretty soon Mr. Finch made another attempt at conversation.

"You have a very pretty place here," he shouted.

"Yes; groceries are pretty dear," responded "Susan." "You are right about that, Mr. Finch."

"Pretty place," explained Mr. Finch, getting desperate. "Pretty place here," and he waved his hand toward the garden and grounds.

"Yes, I know," answered Susan mournfully; "but it couldn't be helped, I suppose."

Mr. Finch cast a despairing glance at me. I had to leave the room. I could stand it no longer.

When I was safely outside the door I laughed till I could laugh no more. I could only chuckle in a kind of faint imitation of a laugh. I hadn't strength enough left for the genuine article.

As I sat there I heard Mr. Finch shouting in his highest tones to "Susan," who always had to have everything repeated to her. It wasn't long before he began to get hoarse, for she kept him busy. A dozen times, while we were eating dinner, I thought I must laugh; it was so comical to see "Susan," not a muscle of her face relaxing from its dignified look, holding out her ear for Mr. Finch to repeat his remarks in it. He couldn't have eaten his dinner, if he had had the best appetite.

All the afternoon "Susan" kept him sitting by her. I could see the poor man, half tired out, casting furtive glances at the clock.

At last he got up, and beckoned me to come out into the hall.

"I think I'll be goin' back," he said, with a sigh that indicated how great his disappointment was. "I come down on your uncle's recommend, to make some kind of a bargain with your sister Susan; he never told me a word about her bein' so deaf."

"It's an unfortunate affliction," I said, feeling that he expected me to say something.

her about my intention, 'cause 'twouldn't be prudent for me to marry any one as deaf as she is. Beats all I ever see or heard of!"

"I'm sorry," I said, working hard to keep my gravity.

"So'm I," said Mr. Finch. "She seems willin' enough. She's got a real kind disposition; talked feelin'ly about the late Miss' Finch, an' appreciated my efforts to 'rd doin' justice to her mem'ry. But I don't feel of I'd order say anythin' to her about what my intentions were. I don't s'pose you'd be willin' to come an' keep house for me?"

Mr. Finch gave me a very insinuating glance, and looked hopeful.

"O, I couldn't think of such a thing," said I. "I'm too young, and then there are other reasons, you see."

"Yes, I s'pose so." Mr. Finch heaved a disappointed sigh. "I don't s'pose there's any use of goin' in to tell her good-by; you can tell her that for me. I may as well be goin'," he added, taking his hat. "Good-day."

"Good-day," I answered; and Mr. Finch took his departure.

A week after that my sides were lame and sore from the effect which Mr. Finch's visit had on them.

I got a letter from Uncle Jonathan after Mr. Finch's return to Brashererville. "I never heard nothin' about your bein' deaf," he wrote. "Seems to me it come on sudden. It's a pity, because Mr. Finch is a nice man."

Bell and I often laugh about the poor man. I hope the efforts he made to make her hear didn't injure his lungs. I've been afraid he'd go into a quick consumption.

Remarkable Discoveries.

AN enthusiastic German, named Dr. Schliemann has been hunting for relics of the ancient city of Troy. After many disappointments and finding some relics that were of little account the doctor was rewarded by reaching a different class of relics at a depth of twenty-three to thirty-three feet below the surface. Elegant vases and weapons of copper began to appear, with pottery of great antiquity and heavy masonry. In short, it was evident that the traces of a civilization older than that of Ilium Novum had been reached.

Moreover, the image of the "owl-headed Minerva" became so frequent that—she having been the patron goddess of Troy—it was evident that the site of the old city had been reached. Immense numbers of relics were discovered—more, indeed, than can be made useful for archaeological purposes—and the supposed foundations of the Temple of Minerva were quite thoroughly explored. This was in 1872. Early in April, 1873, a house of eight rooms was uncovered at a depth of twenty-seven feet. Near it the foundation of a large tower had previously been found. This house was manifestly the abode of some distinguished person. Its walls were massive and bore traces of stucco on the inner surfaces, while in front of its door was a stone altar for offerings, and all around were human bones including two copper helmets with skulls inside, and numbers of lance-heads and other weapons. Traces of fire were everywhere visible. Who shall accuse Dr. Schliemann of undue enthusiasm when he concluded that he stood on the scene of the final struggle, which may well have taken place before the old king's door, and amid the calcined bones of those who took part in the fight? Let us not dispute his fancy to call this "Priam's House."

But farther triumphs were yet to come. A few days later a paved street was discovered near the "Tower of Ilium" and "Priam's House." This Dr. Schliemann, with the instinct of a true antiquarian, instantly said must lead to the Scæan Gates (for Homer always refers to this portal in the plural number). A large force of workmen was accordingly set to follow this heavily paved street. It led them first to another large Trojan house—evidently this was the aristocratic quarter of Troy—and then to the foundations of a large double pair of gates, about twenty feet apart and each a dozen feet wide. Here was undoubtedly the Scæan Gate, about which cluster so many memories dear to the student of Homer.

Beside the house of Priam a curious copper article was discovered by the doctor and his wife one morning, and, as he thought he caught the gleam of gold behind it, he sent away the workmen and worked at it himself, his wife standing by and carrying the treasures away in her shawl as fast as they were taken out. In the doctor's own words:

"The first thing found was a large oval shield of copper, with a raised rim, and a boss in the center. Then came a copper pot, nearly eighteen inches in diameter, with two handles; a copper tray, fifteen inches long, with a small silver vase welded to it by the action of fire; a golden flagon, weighing nearly a pound; two golden goblets, one of which weighed nearly a pound and a quarter, (600 grammes,) and had two mouths for drinking—a small one for the host and a large one for the guests. The latter had been cast, but the former, as well as the flagon, were of hammered work. There were, further, pieces of silver which were probably 'talents'—the talents of Homer—three silver vases, with two smaller

shes; a silver bowl, fourteen copper lance-heads, the same number of copper battle-axes, two large two-edged copper daggers, a part of a sword, and some smaller articles."

All these objects lay in a heap together—in a quadrangular space," Mr. Taylor, says, surrounded by wood-ashes, and close by their side was a copper key. The inference is, that the articles were packed in a wooden chest which was burned at the destruction of the city. Within the house were found many articles of silver and gold such as vases, buttons, rings &c.

SUNDAY READING.

Settlement of a Church Quarrel.

Mr. Seward was a sort of standing mediator of church difficulties in his county. Contending parties in those disputes and troubles which destroy harmony and brotherly love in churches would often mutually seek his mediation, and such was their confidence in him that each party would accept his advice and settle apparently irreconcilable quarrels and difficulties.

An amusing incident was once the result of an appeal to him in one of these church difficulties which had for a long time threatened the destruction of a Presbyterian church in a neighboring town. At last it was decided to submit all these difficulties to Mr. Seward, and that his decision should be entirely conclusive. He consented to become the umpire for the parties—gave them a patient hearing, and promised to send them his decision in writing. In due time he arrived at a decision, reduced it to writing, and enclosed it in a letter to one of the leading members of the church.

At this time Mr. Seward was the owner of a large farm in another part of the county which was occupied by a tenant, to whom he wrote at the time he was about to mail his decision in the case of the church. In directing the letter the one intended for the church was directed to his tenant, while the one intended for the tenant was sent to the church. It was duly received by the proper officer and the members of the congregation assembled to hear the decision of Mr. Seward, which was to heal all difficulties and dissensions.

After calling the congregation to order, the moderator, in appropriate language, explained the object of the meeting. "I hold in my hand," said he, "a paper which I am about to open and read to this assembly, which is, I have no doubt, the olive branch that is to restore harmony and prosperity to this church and congregation. It comes from one who, though a lawyer, loves the Lord and is a peacemaker." Then, breaking open Mr. Seward's letter, he read the following:

"You will take particular care of that old, dangerous black bull, who often attacks people when not aware of his presence, and sometimes plunges at them openly, and you must carefully see to the repair of the fences, that they are built high and strong, and also see that the water in the spring is always kept pure."

There was a mystery about the advice that greatly puzzled the whole assembly, who for a long time sat in profound silence. The moderator stood like one bewildered. Presently, however, he recovered himself enough to say:

"Brethren, I—I—don't exactly—that is to say, I—I—can't exactly see how this applies to our case. Suppose we have a season of prayer over it and ask the Lord for instruction."

Accordingly the congregation knelt, while several of the leading members fervently addressed the Throne of Grace. When the people resumed their seats, one of the oldest, most esteemed and pious members of the church arose.

"Brethren," said he, "nothing can exceed the wisdom of Mr. Seward's decision. I have no doubt the Lord directed him when he wrote it, for it is just what we need, and I know it will restore peace and harmony among us. Look at its great wisdom. The direction to keep the fences in repair, is to admonish us to take heed in the admission and government of the members of the church. We must see to it that only those who are regenerated are admitted into our fold. The direction to keep the spring open and pure means that we must not let our faith, our love to God, and our love for each other, get cold and clogged, and our daily walk and conversation corrupted by the weak and beggarly elements of the world. And we must, in a particular manner, set a watchful guard over the devil—the old, dangerous black bull, who often attacks us when we are not aware of his presence, and who, with his long horns, plunges at us openly, and who has made many savage plunges at this church in particular."

These remarks opened the eyes of all the people present to the wisdom and enlightened piety of Mr. Seward's decision. It was unanimously resolved to abide with it, and peace, good-will and prosperity were restored to the church, brotherly love took the place of hatred, and piety increased. Nearly forty years have passed away since this remarkable decision was received by that church. Its organization has been continued down to the present time with uninterrupted prosperity.

What effect Mr. Seward's letter had on his tenant has never been known.