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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.

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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. R. F. JUNKIN, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSER, President.

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PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.

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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.

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We will pay strict attention to the sale of a kind of woolly produce, and remit the amount promptly. 5 31y

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

ANSWER to last week's enigma:—"PENNSYLVANIA."

Romances of Life.

THE philosophy of domestic history involves many a problem in real life that would be scouted as extravagantly impracticable in fiction, and the peculiarly facile genius of social and legal institutions in the United States seems notably favorable to the development of such curiosities. Thus, a jury in Portland, Me., has recently disagreed, and thereby necessitated a new trial, in a case of alleged mistaken identity, the parties to which are a gentleman who claims another person's wife as his own, and the lady who firmly and indignantly denies that she ever even saw the claimant before. Mrs. Waite, wife of a highly respectable citizen of that name, is the lady in question, and the claimant of her marital allegiance, who is from another part of the country, persists that he once married and was deserted by her, and brings letters and witnesses in proof thereof. She, on the contrary, is sustained by husband, children, old friends and acquaintances, in utterly denying all knowledge of the man; and, as the disagreement of the jury shows, the evidence on both sides is so strong as to baffle the average of human sagacity to decide the astounding problem.

But yet more surprising are the anomalous legal complications of a case in San Bernardino, California, of which the following are the chief facts. In 1873, an Englishman named Oades came thither from Australia and purchased a farm in Temescal township; representing that he had experienced bitter domestic bereavement and pecuniary loss in the land whence he came, and exhibiting great despondency of spirit in consequence. In January of the following year he wooed and won a comely and highly respectable widow of San Bernardino, named Foreland, but not without giving her the tragic history of his past errors. About six years before he had been a thrifty farmer in Wellington County, New Zealand, on the frontiers of the seditions Maori county. During his absence from home one day, on a short journey of business, while his wife and several children were alone in the house, a band of savage Maoris devastated the place, and left the buildings in smoking ruins. Upon his return he found only heaps of smouldering embers and ashes in the place where the homestead had stood; and charred human fragments in the dreadful wreck left him no hope but that his whole family had been butchered by the pitiless destroyers. It seemed, indeed, barely possible at first that some of the victims had been carried off captive; but weeks, months, and even years of pitiful waiting and inquiring never sustained the possibility. At last the inconsolable man had gathered together what little worldly substance was left to him, and emigrated to California, and now told the story of his calamities to her whom he besought to be his second wife. Thus Mrs. Foreland knew what Oades had suffered before she gave him her hand in wedlock, and needed no further information from him when, in a year after the marriage—or only a few weeks ago—the first Mrs. Oades and three children arrived at the farm in search of husband and parent! The woman and the little ones had been made prisoners, instead of killed, by the Maoris; the human remains found in the smoking ruins were those of savages who were slain by each other in a fight for the spoils; and, after a captivity of years, the hapless Mrs. Oades and her children had finally been released, and followed their natural protector to California.

Upon hearing the piteous tale from the poor wanderer, Oades and his second wife were of one mind about what to do in the matter. They would not relinquish their own union, for it had been entered into in perfect good faith on both sides, and was justified by the mutual devotion it had developed; but the desolate new-comers must be received into the house as legitimate members of the family, and receive all the amenities that could possibly be made for their anomalous condition.

Not so, though, decided the good people of San Bernardino, who, on being frankly told of the domestic situation, insisted that there must be a divorce to accommodate affairs to civilized form. As neither Oades nor either of the Mrs. Oades would move in the matter, the public prosecuting attorney was constrained to institute legal proceedings. And then began the judicial perplexities of the problem. According to the Los Angeles Express, the husband was first sued for retaining the woman from Australia under his roof. He proved that she was his lawful wife, and the suit was abandoned. A suit was then brought against him for unlawfully living with wife number two. He was acquitted under the law, which declares that "the marriage of a person having a husband or wife living is void, unless such former husband or wife living was absent and not known to such person to be living for five years immediately preceding such subsequent marriage—in which case the subsequent marriage is void only from the time its nullity is adjudged by a proper tribunal." He was then prosecuted for bigamy, but the law provides that "no person shall be held guilty of bigamy whose husband or wife has been absent for five successive years without being known to such person as being living." So he again escaped. A fourth suit was finally brought to dissolve the second marriage. That failed because not brought by one of the interested parties. They were appealed to, but refused to take action. At a public meeting of the now fairly frantic citizens it was proposed to petition the Legislature to pass a special act dissolving Oades's last marriage. But Oades, who was present, immediately arose to address the meeting, and told them that that was no go, for by the twentieth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of California it is expressly provided that "no divorce shall be granted by the Legislature." As Oades produced the book itself, this argument was unanswerable. It was then proposed that the Legislature should be petitioned to call a constitutional convention for the purpose of annulling one or the other of Oades's marriages; but Oades produced the Constitution of the United States and read the tenth section of the first article, which expressly provides that "No State *** shall pass any law *** impairing the obligation of contracts." "and marriage," he said, "was well settled to be a contract, and therefore no earthly power could deprive him of his vested right in his two wives. And thus the case stands at present—one of the most remarkable examples of legal and social contradiction ever known in a civilized country."

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Among the Crusaders.

ELI PERKINS writes the following account of his uncle's experience among the crusaders, to the N. Y. Graphic:

Kansas City, Mo., March 14.—My Uncle Consider just came in from the East.

When I asked the old man why he lingered so long on his way through Ohio and Indiana, he said:

"Waal Eli, it wuz sorter this way. I wanted to kum, but then thar temp'rance wimmen which ar' trav'lin' round among the saloons, they got hold uv me an' I've been a crusadin' around with 'em. They wanted me to help 'em 'establish temp'rance bar-rooms for religious people an—"

"Where—a—bouts, Uncle?" I interrupted.

"Why, over in Springfield, where Abe Linkum's monument is. Thar these wimmen war a processin' around in a great crowd. As they kum by the depo' I asked one of the pretty gals whar the sois society waz. 'Whear you all crusadin' to?' sez I.

"Crusadin' to!" sez she, "Why, we aint a crusadin' anywhere; we are a visitin' saloons—licker-saloons. We are organized to put down whiskey. Won't you jine in, old man?"

"I told 'er I wud. Sez I, 'Young woman that's me zackly. I'm jes redly to cruise 'round with pretty, gallus-lookin' gals any time, and, as fur visitin' saloons, I'm jes 'home thar, too. I've visited a dog-on many saloons in my day, and when it comes to puttin' down whiskey, young women,' sez I, 'I's'pose I kin put down more whiskey—an' hard cider, an' Jamaky rum than—"

"No, no! old man, we want you to pray in the saloons—pray for the rumsellers and—"

"All right," sez I, "that's me agin. I've preyed 'round all the rumsellers and into all the saloons in New York, from Harry Hill's to Jerry Thomas', for years, and it's jes nothin' but boy's play to prey 'round these little county saloons."

"But who's to furnish the money, young woman?" sez I.

"Money! old man? Why, this is a labor of love," sez she, a col'ring up—"a priceless privilege—without money and without price, an—"

"All right," sez I. "I'm jes suited now. Preyin' 'round saloons and puttin' down whiskey 'without money and without price' jes suits me. Z-a-c-k-l-y so! Put me down a life-member."

"And you say it's all free and don't cost a cent, young woman?" sez I, hesitating like.

"No, sir, old man. Virtue is its only reward. Go, and crusade, and humanity will thank you for doin' it—posterity will heap benedictions upon you—the great reformers for centuries to come will rise up an' call you blessed and—"

"Nuf sed, young woman," sez I, and then I jes handed my perlice to the stage-man and jined in. I preyed 'round 98 rumsellers and into 180 saloons—puttin' down whiskey and beer and rum an' merrasses in ev'ry one, till I lost all 'count of myself or anybody else until the station-house keeper told me about it the next mornin'.

"An' now, Eli," said Uncle Consider, looking over his glasses very mournfully, "if them thar crusadin' wimmen kum 'round you to get you to help them prey 'round saloons and 'establish temp'rance bar-rooms you jes don't go. Now, you mind me, Don't you go 'round stigin'."

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand," but you jes stay at home and sing "I want to be an angel with General Butler an' Zack Chandler an' me."

A Pleasant Evening.

"YOU see," said the Squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude. "It wuz sorter this way. Last Chuseday wuz a week ago, I sailed down from Gwinnett to Atlanty with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold 'em, I kinder loafed roun, lookin' at things in general an' feelin' jest as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me an' the Kurnel used to be boys together, an' we wuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. We drunk outen the same goad, an' we got the lint' snatched outen us by the same bandy-legged schoolteacher. I wuz gitten as lonesome as a raincrow, afore I struck up with the Kurnel, an' I was glad to see him—durned glad. We knocked roun' town right smartually, an' the Kurnel interjuced me to a whole raft of fellers—mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter supper the Kurnel says:

"Skaggs," says he, "less go to my room whar we kin talk over ole times sorter comfortable an' ondisturbed like."

"Greenoble," says I, an' we walked a squar or so an' turned into a alley an' walked up a water par of stars. The Kurnel gin a little rap at a green door, an' a slick looken merlatte popped out an' axed us in. He wuz the darndest peritist nigger you ever seen. He jest got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with her tail afire. The room wuz as fine as a fiddle an' full of pictures an' sofas, an' the cheers wuz as soft as lam's wool, an' I thought to myself that the Kurnel wuz a luguriant cuss. Thar wuz a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered roun' a laffin' an' a talkin' quite soshabel like. Aperient, the Kurnel wuzent much sot back, for he sorter laffed to himself an' then he says:

"Boys," says he, "I hev fetched up a fren' Jedge Hightower, this is Squire Skaggs of Gwinnett. Major Briggs, Squire Skaggs," an' so on all roun'. Then the Kurnel turns to me an' says:

"Reely, I wuzent expectin' company, Skaggs, but the members of the Young Men's Christun Sosashun make my room thar headquarters."

"I ups an' says I wuz mighty glad to meet the boys. I used to be a Premative' Baptis myself afore I got to cussin' the Yankees, an' I hev always had a sorter bankerin' arter pious folks. They all laffed an' shuck han's over agin, an' we sot thar a smokin' an' a chawin' jest as muchuel as you please. I disremember how it come up but presently Major Briggs gits up an' says:

"Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day?"

"Oh," says the Kurnel, lookin' sorter sheepish, "that wuz humbug, I can't make no head nor tail outen it."

"I'll bet I kin manage it," says Jedge Hightower, quite animated like.

"I'll show you how, Jedge, with pleasure," says the Kurnel, an' then he went to a table, unlocked a box an' tuck out a deck of keards an' a whole lot of little what you may call ems, similarly to horn buttons, some white an' some red."

Squire Skaggs paused and supplied his tireless jaw with a fresh quid of tobacco.

"It ain't no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larnin' me that game I didn't have money enough to take me down stairs. I lay I looked a leetle wild, for when the Jedge closed the box he said:

"We hev had a pleasant evenin', Squire. You'll find the Kurnel waitin' for you on the steps an' he'll give you your money."

"I ain't never laid eyes on the Kurnel sence, an' when I do thar's goin' to be a case for the Kurrrier—you mind my words. I seed Rufe Lester next day—you know Rufe; he's in the Legislator now, but I used to give him pop-corn when he wuzn't so high—I seed Rufe an' he sed I wuz tuck in by the Pharoah men. Tuck in ain't no name for it. Durned if I didn't go to to the bottom an' get skinned alive."

One of the best illustrations of what tact, pluck, and energy will do for a man is given in the history of Samuel Bryan, of Cadiz, Ohio. Bryan enlisted at the opening of the war as a drummer boy, being 20 years old. In a short time he secured a discharge, and in a little while thereafter a situation as clerk in the sixth auditor's office in Washington. Here he was placed in charge of the British mail desk. Becoming acquainted with the foreign mail service, he was struck with the fact that while Japan had introduced our internal revenue and agricultural systems, she had made no effort to establish a postal department. He determined to make an effort toward doing this himself. He had an interview with Minister Delong, met with encouragement, and finally having secured a temporary situation on a steamship plying between San Francisco and Yokohama, left for Japan. He arrived in the latter city with but twenty-five cents in his pocket, and met with many difficulties in his work; but finally the government organized a postal bureau and made Mr. Bryan special commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany, at a salary of \$6,000 per annum, all expenses borne, and assistants and clerks to help him in his work. Mr. Bryan has accomplished his mission, so far as this country is concerned, and sailed for Havre on Saturday last. Though not the nominal, he is the real head of the postal department for Japan, and is very naturally and properly elated with his success.

A Midnight Sensation.

THERE was a big excitement near Hovelman's store, on East Eighteenth street, a few nights ago. An aged couple and a bull dog reside there, and on the evening in question the peace and quiet of the trio were disturbed by the aggressions of a vagrant cow that "hooked" open the gate and entered the enclosure. The old gentleman heard the noise made by the cow, jumped out of bed, grabbed his cane, loosed Tiger, and attacked the cow. Now this cow had a varied experience with all sorts of dogs throughout the city, and was especially proficient in the art of handling a bull dog. So, just as the old man caught the bovine by the tail, the said bovine lifted Tiger high in the air with her horns, and whisked out the gate with the old man still hanging to her caudal appendage, and beating her to his heart's content with his heavy cane. The old man and the cow went flying down the street, and Tiger, after turning a somersault or two in the air, came down kersouse into the cistern in the yard, the top of which was open.

Now the old lady, noticing that the noise in the yard had ceased, and wondering at the prolonged absence of her husband, stepped out into the yard to see what was the matter. She heard a splashing of the water in the cistern, and, in horror of horrors, she thought it was the old man.

Yell! well, her shrieks would have drowned out the sound of Gabriel's trumpet had that angel entered into competition with her. The neighbors, alarmed at her cries, gathered around her at once, and in quite a crowd. "My husband's in the cistern!" she cried. "He can't swim!" "Oh, he'll be drowned, he'll be drowned," and away went two or three for a ladder. The ladder was brought, placed in the cistern, and a man descended, just as the old gentleman rushed in at the gate. He had heard a block or two away, as he was returning from his chase after the cow, that some one had fallen into the cistern at his house, and he believed it was his wife, for who else could be about there? Seeing the crowd of sparsely-dressed neighbors around the cistern (the old lady had swooned away by this time and been carried into the house), he ran into the crowd crying in the greatest agony, "Save her! for God's sake! Oh, my poor wife!" "Save the d—!" exclaimed three or four in a breath; "your wife says that you are in the cistern."

By this time the old lady had recovered sufficiently to resume her hysterical screaming again, and commenced yelling at a greater rate than ever, just as the man who went down into the cistern crawled out and exclaimed, "It's nothing but that blamed dog!"

The night was cold, the neighbors had not taken time to dress, and their bodies were cold as their indignation was warm when they learned what had disturbed their rest and dragged them from their beds at such an untimely hour of the night. They had one consolation, however—Tiger was as dead a dog as ever breathed lay.

A Pyrotechnic Story.

A Wilkinson county Ga., man carried home some fireworks for his son and heir, and his wife undertook to superintend the display. The husband protested that he would fix the tricks, but a sarcastic remark from the partner of his joys, to the effect that some men thought they knew everything, silenced him. The woman then proceeded to show her son how it was done. She first seized a Roman candle and grimly proceeded to ignite it. The fuse was damp, and to facilitate matters the woman fanned the spark into life by blowing on it. The response of the candle was too sudden to contemplate.

The front hair and eyebrows of the adventurous female disappeared as if by magic, and the candle fell into the collection of fireworks, and proceeded to fire itself off with great exactness, igniting the other projectiles. A casual sky-rocket skimmed along the grass, causing the family cat to make an ascent of the nearest tree with great violence, while a fiery serpent took refuge in the husband's bosom. The author of all the trouble, discovering that her clothes were on fire, sailed around the house with as much earnestness as the liveliest pyrotechnic, and it was some time before the frightened husband could arrest her wild career. Later, the son and heir was found under the house with the back of his jacket burned out. The woman is now an invalid, and the man writes to a friend that he never had a more enjoyable New Year.

A minister once said: "Suppose, some cold morning, you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and you should ask what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another; you would say: 'Why, let your windows alone and kindle a fire and the frost will soon come off.' And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits, one after another, without avail? Well, they are like the man who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of Love to God and man, kindle at the altar of prayer burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away."