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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

A Question of Figures.

A professor of mathematics says that 19% multiplied by 19% will produce 390% as the true result. I say that this is not so; that the right answer is 390 1/16. And he furthermore says that 375% yards of silk at \$3 00% will produce \$1,881 57. I say it should be \$1,881 56 13-16. Which is correct? J. T.

Miss Bowlesby's Ten Thousand.

JERRY BILZMITH had lived on expectations until his father died, and then he spent the money that fell to him as rapidly as possible. After that he again lived on the expectations of a fortune from his Aunt Julinah.

But she, good woman, was more thoughtful than the father had been, and left her money, twenty thousand, in such a way that Jerry could only spend the interest.

This information had just reached the nephew and we now find him sitting in his room bemoaning his sad fate.

This room too was a real curiosity. It was filled with all manner of ornaments and pictures, which Jerry had from time to time fancied, until it was so crowded that the owner of the articles could hardly enter.

Now, as he glanced around upon his effects a smile of satisfaction lighted his face. "I might have done worse," he said. "If necessary—and egad! I think it will be—I can sell off what I've got here, and then—why, hang it! then I'll get married. I believe that's what fellows do when they find they're fit for nothing else. And I do think that Lalage would have me. I only wish she had a few thousand—"

"Ah! he is in. Didn't you hear me knock, Jerry?"

"O—what—halloo! Why, how d'ye do, Tom? And Lalage, too. Glad to see you both. I was busy thinking—"

"Ha! ha! that is good, isn't it Miss Bowlesby? The idea of Jerry Bilzmith thinking!" And Miss Bowlesby and Tom laughed in concert.

"Why, Tom, don't you suppose I ever think?"

"O yes, of course, after a fashion. But do tell us the subject of your thoughts."

"Let me find a chair for Miss Bowlesby first."

"Here's a camp-chair. The rest are already occupied. Mr. Tripp, you'll have to sit on the floor," said Lalage, opening the camp-chair.

"Sit on the floor and let my feet hang off!" cried Tom. "No, I'll try the table. O Jerry, if you want me to come to see you, you must have better accommodations. Why don't you sell off these works of the old masters, at least, what you can't hang up?"

Miss Bowlesby smiled at the mention of the old masters in connection with Jerry's pictures, and Tom Tripp grinned.

"I believe I shall sell part of 'em."

"Do, by all means!" cried Tom. "But, by the way, you were going to tell us what you were thinking of when we came in."

"Of myself, to be sure," replied Jerry.

"Not one thought of me?" asked Tom.

"No?"

"Nor me?" said Lalage, with a smile.

"Yes, I did think of you."

"O! O Jerry! Jerry!" cried Tom. "Always thinking of the ladies when you are not thinking of Jerry Bilzmith."

"I was only wishing for a song with a harp accompaniment."

"Then do let him have a song, Miss Bowlesby, if you can climb over this rubbish to the harp. Let me assist you."

"What shall the song be?" asked Lalage, after having reached the harp with Mr. Tripp's assistance.

"Something soothing."

"Yes, like Mrs. Winalow's syrup," said Tom.

"Art sad, Jerry?"

"Yes, very. My Aunt Julinah's will has broken my heart."

"Wise men never sit and wall their losses, But cheerly seek how to redress their harms," quoted Lalage.

Then she sang, and Tom assisted with a very fair tenor. Jerry listened, meantime devouring Lalage with his eyes, and really, now, for a man with cannibalistic tendencies, she did look lovely enough to eat.

Her hair was golden; eyes blue and tender; skin soft and white, and soft as satin; teeth of pearl, and lips like roses; neck built after the model of "Annie Laurie's," and a form as near perfection as they ever allow a female form to be now-a-days. In truth, my dear reader, if I wasn't a married man, I should have fallen in love with Lalage Bowlesby long ago.

Jerry Bilzmith was in love with her, but I don't think he knew it. He was certain that he liked her very much, and he was quite sure that if he married any woman he should want that woman to be Lalage Bowlesby. "If she only had a few thousand!" sighed Jerry. Well, she had, but the thousands were too few. However, she managed to live upon the interest of what she had, piecing out her rather scanty income by writing stories for the weekly papers.

The song was finished, and Lalage had

retired to her own room. Tom Tripp remained.

"What the deuce am I to do?" asked Jerry. "I never can live upon twelve hundred dollars a year."

"But I do," said Tom, "and I don't know how to sympathize with a man that can't. I'll tell you what to do, Jerry.—Marry Lalage—she loves you."

"What, and undertake to support two upon an income which I have just said was insufficient for myself alone? I'll tell you what, I'll marry an heiress; I swear it by the great horn spoon!"

"And leave Lalage to die of a broken heart?"

"Pshaw, Tom! women don't do that sort of things now-a-days. Besides, there'd be a better chance for you if I was married, that is, if, as you say, she does care something for me."

He blushed, for he was jealous of Jerry, though he had striven not to show it.—While Jerry was wealthy, he had felt that there was no hope for him; but now he considered himself a greater "catch" than Jerry, for he could earn a living, and he was working himself up in the world slowly but surely, while Jerry—why, he didn't work at all, but let things slide at a very rapid downward pace.

But just at this moment the bell rang, and Jerry and Tom went down to tea.

Jerry sat opposite Miss McKnight, a maiden lady of thirty-five. She was very ugly looking and very sarcastic, and she was in the habit of shooting her sharp-pointed arrows at poor Jerry; since the death of Julinah, she had so little respect for his feelings as to ask him quite frequently about his aunt's will. But tonight she was in a better mood, and greeted our hero with a smile. Jerry was good-natured too, and they sipped their tea, and chatted in the most sociable manner. Lalage noticed it and wondered; and Tom saw it, and laughed inwardly, for he thought, "Well, why shouldn't he be sociable with her? He just told me that he was bound to marry an heiress, and here is Miss McKnight with plenty of money, and all in her own hands. To be sure, she isn't handsome, and she's rather aged, but of course he must expect to take the bitter with the sweet."

That evening Jerry spent in Miss McKnight's parlor, or room, which he had never entered before, and how they passed the time together is more than I know, but at ten o'clock, when Tom Tripp passed the door, he heard Miss McKnight reading "Maud Muller," and thought he heard Jerry snore.

Tom chuckled to himself as he passed on, but had he known that another pair of ears than his were listening, and another pair of eyes were watching for Jerry, perhaps he wouldn't have gone to bed in such extraordinarily good-humor with himself and everybody else. He might have wondered at a certain woman's infatuation, but he would have known why she had not been down in the public parlor where he had waited and wished for her the entire evening.

The next morning Jerry was going down to breakfast. It was late. The rest of the gentlemen had been gone down town an hour at least. "I'll just take a peep at Lalage," said he, tapping at her door. "I feel rather dry and husky after passing a whole evening with Miss McKnight, and a peep at Lalage will refresh me. I did have a pleasant nap, though, while she was reading poetry to me. Egad! if she hadn't been so deaf she must have heard me snore, for I know that it was my own trumpet that awakened me."

He knocked three times, but there was no answer. Just then little Miss Smith came tripping down stairs.

"Lalage has gone, Mr. Bilzmith."

"Gone! where?" And Jerry's countenance fell.

"To Bramleigh. She had a telegram this morning, and she had to go right away. Somebody's sick, I believe or dying."

"And she didn't stop to bid a fellow good-by," muttered Jerry, turning away.

"Why, you were fast asleep. Mr. Bilzsmith; but as you feel so bad about a 'good-by,' let me inform you that there's somebody in the breakfast-room, sipping her coffee and waiting to bid you 'good-morning!'"

"Confound her!" muttered Jerry.

Miss Smith laughed and ran away.

"By George! I believe they're all laughing at me, and no wonder. But I won't see the McKnight any more. She's had her fling at me for some time, and last night I paid her off by playing the lover, though I was half a mind to marry her for money. But, no, I haven't the courage to face her this morning. She might want a kiss—by the way, I did kiss her when we parted last night. Faugh! I can taste it now! No, not any McKnight for me, thank you. I'm off for Hull, where I'll bury myself for a fortnight. Good-by, Miss McKnight; parting is such sweet sorrow that I could say good-by until to-morrow."

Jerry was as good as his word. He went to Hull and staid a fortnight, without ever seeing one of his old friends. Then he returned to the city, but before going to his boarding-house, he thought it best to find out something about his friends there, particularly Miss McKnight, and so, as he

walked up Washington Street, he dropped into Harry Dobson's office.

"Ha! the anchorite hath returned," cried Harry.

"Yes; and now what news of the great world? I am famishing for news."

"Well, sir, after your villainous treatment of Miss McKnight, she first thought to go into a decline, and then she concluded to go to Long Branch, and there, my dear fellow, you can find her, if it is she you seek."

"Pshaw! what would I want of her?" cried Jerry.

"Why, Tommy Tripp told all the fellows that you were going to marry her—said he had it from your own lips."

"Confound him! where is he?"

"Gone to Saratoga—fortune-hunting, I suppose."

"What, Tom!"

"Yes, Tom. Lalage Bowlesby is there, and you know you always were sweet upon her. By the way, you didn't know that she'd stepped into a fortune?"

"What! Lalage? No. How?" cried Jerry, starting out of his chair.

"O, she had an uncle, same as you did, and he died the other day and left her a hundred thousand."

"Whew! you don't say so! Who told you?"

"Old Bulger the lawyer."

"Then it must be so, for he knew all about her affairs. She used to go to him for advice, and he invested her money for her."

"O, it's so, you may be sure; and Tommy Tripp is just going for that hundred thousand."

"Hope he may get it!" cried Jerry.—

"By-by, I'm off for Saratoga." And he left the office in a hurry.

"A hundred thousand dollars does make a woman attractive," muttered Dobson, as he turned to his ledger.

Four days afterwards Jerry met Lalage in Saratoga. Tom Tripp was beside her, and they were drinking that villainous water together.

"Lalage!"

"Why, Jerry! who'd have thought of seeing you?" But she blushed rosy red, and was too glad to see him to attempt to disguise it. Poor Tom turned pale, and his voice faltered when he greeted his old friend, and then he turned away and sighed, "I'll go home. The game is up." And as no one took any notice of him, he slipped off to his hotel and began packing his trunk.

"Why did you run away from me, Lalage?" asked Jerry, still holding the hand she had given him at meeting.

"Run away! it was you that ran away, Jerry. When I came back from Bramleigh you had gone, no one knew whither. But why did you flirt so terribly with Miss McKnight?"

"O, don't ask me! I'm sure I got the worst of it," cried Jerry. "And I don't mean to flirt any more."

"Not flirt any more?" asked Lalage, with pleased surprise.

"No, I'm going to get married;" and Jerry looked very serious. "Yes, I'm going to get married—that is, if a certain woman will have me."

"O, by the way," cried she, looking around and seeing that Tom had gone, "I had a proposal last night."

"From whom, if I may ask?" And Jerry began to look blue around the lips.

"Why, from Tommy Tripp, to be sure. You knew he was an old lover of mine."

"But, good heavens! you didn't accept?"

"Why not? I always liked Tommy."

"Why—why," gasped Jerry, "I wanted you myself; and I thought you loved me."

"Well, and if I do?"

"Won't you be mine? You didn't say yes to Tom?"

"No."

"And you will say yes to me?"

She looked up into Jerry's eyes. Her's were just tender with love.

"Do you really want a wife, Jerry?"

"Yes."

"Then take me."

A fortnight afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Bilzsmith arrived in Boston. It was evening, and they drove directly to a hotel, where several of their friends were awaiting to receive them. Dobson and his wife were there, and Tom. The latter had brought little Miss Smith with him, and upon her he seemed to be lavishing a great deal of genuine affection, and we will hope that it was requited.

Late in the evening Mr. Bulger dropped in; and he kissed Mrs. Bilzsmith, in a fatherly sort of way, you know, and told Jerry he ought to be the happiest man in the world, as he presumed he was.

"And I am," said Jerry. "But, by the way, Mr. Bulger, can I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?"

"O, certainly, Mr. Bilzsmith. We'll go into the next room. There's no one there."

They walked away arm in arm.

"We'll take a seat on this sofa," said Mr. Bulger; "and now, Mr. Bilzsmith, what is it?"

"Well, you know I'm just married—"

"Exactly."

"And well, really, I don't feel like speaking to my wife about her pecuniary affairs—"

"O no, of course not; quite natural, quite natural, Mr. Bilzsmith."

"But still I—well, I should like to know something about 'em, and I dare say you can give me all the information I desire."

"I dare say I can, Mr. Bilzsmith."

"Now, my wife's uncle died lately, and I've understood he left her considerable money. Somewhere about a hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand! Let me see—a hundred thousand! O, ah, yes—yes—yes, he did. I'd forgotten, you see. Singular that I should, too. Yes, your information is correct; he did leave a hundred thousand. Who told you about it?"

"Dobson," answered Jerry, smiling sweetly.

"Dobson? O yes, to be sure. I intended that he should. You see, Mr. Bilzsmith, I knew that Lalage loved you, and I knew that you loved her, and I wanted you two to marry, because I knew she never would be happy without you, and you never would be anything without her; and so I told that story—"

"What! Didn't her uncle leave her a hundred thousand?" cried Jerry, starting up.

"Yes—keep cool, my boy—he left her just one hundred thousand cents! which, according to my arithmetic, is precisely one thousand dollars."

"O my prophetic soul! her uncle!" groaned Jerry.

"Was a very worthy man," said Mr. Bulger; "and his niece is just the best woman in the world, and you have won a treasure in herself alone. Now try to be worthy of her."

"Hang me, if I don't!" cried Jerry.— "I've made a fool of myself, but don't let her know."

"Not a word. Come, let us go back."

Jerry cleaned out his room the next day, sending most of the things off to be sold at auction. He saved the harp, though, for Lalage. Then he hired a pretty little house out in the suburbs of the city, furnished it, and began life anew, with something to live for and work for, and I really believe that they are the happiest pair of married lovers among my acquaintances.

At present Jerry is studying law with Mr. Bulger, and it is possible that he may yet make a stir in the world. I hope, though, that the first use he makes of his legal knowledge may not be in an attempt to break his Aunt Julinah's will.

A Japanese Paper Factory.

About two hundred miles from Yeddo is a plain twenty miles long, and varying from two to eight miles in width. Around this plain rise mountains covered with the paper mulberry trees, and in various villages upon this plain is paper manufactured.

One of these manufacturers is now continuing the business which has been prosecuted in the same place by his family for not less than six hundred years. In a yard near his house, a dozen boys and girls were seen by the visitor employed in peeling the mulberry branches which had been dried and macerated until the soft inner bark could be readily separated from the outer. These strips were then boiled in a lye formed from the ashes of rice straw; they were afterwards beaten almost to a pulp, and finally thrown into a vat of sizing made from the bark of the slippery elm and ground, boiled rice. They were agitated in this mixture until the sheets could be removed singly on fine matting, to be fastened on boards and dried in the sun. The sheets are afterwards pressed in an ordinary wedge and lever press, and finally receive a finishing gloss.

The establishment employs forty persons, at from six to eight cents per day and cleared about one thousand dollars a year.

A Misunderstanding.

One of the prominent physicians of this city was accosted by his son with, "Father, do you think Bill Hoar will get Mr. Sumner's place in the Senate?" The father replied, "why, what do you mean?" "I mean will Bill Hoar be elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Sumner's death?" "My son," replied the father, "there is no such person as 'Bill' Hoar, and if there was, that is not the proper way for you to speak of him; you should be more respectful." "Why, father," said the boy, "that's the way Mr. Sumner spoke of him, himself." "I don't understand what you mean," answered the father, when the boy explained, "I read it in all the papers that when Mr. Sumner was dying he said to Mr. Hoar, 'Take care of my civil rights, Bill!'"

The Right to Go to Hell.

Recently, at a revival meeting in the north part of Wright co., Pa., the exercises of the evening closed by a general invitation to all who wanted to go heaven to rise. The entire congregation, with a solitary exception in the shape of a boy, rose to their feet. Of course the good people were scandalized, and the result was the arrest of the youth and his trial for disturbing the meeting. But to the intense disgust of those liberal souls, the court held that if the boy wanted to go to hell he had a right to do so, and that such did not necessarily disturb the meeting within the meaning of the law; and dismissing the case, the boy was sent on his way rejoicing.