

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,539,325.02!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time. Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeited.

No extra charges are made for traveling permits. Policy-holders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company.

No policy or medical fee charged. L. W. FROST, President. M. B. WYCKOFF, Vice Pres't. J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent, No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa. THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

Perry County Bank!

Sponster, 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. B. F. JUNKIN, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle. OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLER, President. WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier, New Bloomfield, 3 & 5 1/2

BALL SCALES!

B. MARYKERTH, D. W. DERR and L. JAMES H. GIER, known as 'The Ball Scale Company.'

have now on hand a large supply of Buoy's Patent GONNETER SCALE, the simplest, Cheapest and best Counter Scale in the market.

For Scales, or Agencies in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, address 'The Ball Scale Company,' Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pa.

For Scales or Agencies in this County, apply to the undersigned, where they can be seen and examined any time.

J. LEIBY & BRO., Newport, Perry co., Pa. FRANK MORTIMER, New Bloomfield, Perryco., Pa.

LEBANON Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

Jonestown, Penn'a.

POLICIES PERPETUAL at Low Rates. No Steam risks taken. This is one of the best conducted and most reliable Companies in the State. Country property insured Perpetually at \$4.00 per thousand, and Town property at \$5.00 per thousand.

LEWIS POTTER, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., Agent for Perry County.

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, 617, 4th

J. M. GIBVIN, J. D. GIBVIN

J. M. GIBVIN & SON, Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF, Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of a kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly. 5341y

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS For Sale at F. MORTIMER'S, New Bloomfield, Pa.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Enigma.

I am composed of 28 letters. My 7, 9, 13, 16, 17, 19, 28 and 9, is a cape in North Carolina. My 13, 15, 4 and 20, is a town in N. Y. My 15, 2, 21, 8, 22 and 24, is a river in Iowa. My 6, 4, 2, 9 and 25, is a mountain in California. My 16, 18, 14, 9, 3, 8, 10 and 25 is a city in the west. My 27, 11, 6, 23 and 9 is a river in New Mexico. My 6, 23, 5 and 2, is an island in the West Indies. My 21, 26, 16, 19, 23 and 9, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea. My 9, 10, 1, 4, 7 and 24 is a river in Maine. My whole is the name of a subscriber of the TIMES.

A Problem.

A. B. C. and D., entered into partnership, with capital as follows: A. put in \$15,000; B. \$7,500; C. \$5,000 and D. \$3,500. The profits of the year's business, was 10% per cent. on the capital employed, which was divided pro rata in accordance with the money each had invested. The store in which the business was done, belonged to D., and the rent paid him made his income the same as B's. What was each one's income for the year, and what rent did D., receive for the store? Who can furnish the correct answer?

How a Merchant was Sold.

AMONG the solid merchants of Boston two generations ago, none stood higher than Mr. Henshaw. He was as fine a specimen of the old time Boston merchant as could be found; shrewd and far seeing in his business operations, exact in all his transactions, he was withal very lenient to an unfortunate debtor, especially when he thought the unfortunate was honest and meant to be honorable.

One day a country merchant who had been doing business in New Hampshire, and who was owing Mr. Henshaw about \$1500, called upon him and with pallid face and tearful eyes, told him he had failed and that his endorsement on some confidential paper had taken every dollar's worth of his stock which had barely realized enough to liquidate his liability as endorser and that everything was gone but a farm of 150 acres which he owned free of incumbrance, and "Here," said the debtor, "is a deed of that which I have drawn and duly executed conveying it to you, here is the abstract of title duly certified, and the papers are all recorded. It is all I can do, and I have come to ask you to accept it and give me a release."

And what do you propose to do?" asked the kind hearted merchant. He answered that he was going to sell his household furniture, and with the proceeds, take his wife and child and go west, enter some land, and try and work out a new home.— This "troughed the spot," and seizing him by the hand, Mr. Henshaw said, (the tears, meanwhile streaming down his benevolent face). God bless you for an honest man! and at once executed the release, and then taking his check book, wrote a check for \$500, and presented it to the bankrupt, saying, "Take this, it will help you to start in your new home, and I tell you, sir, that I never in my life signed a check with more satisfaction. So with a fervent "God speed" from the generous merchant, the man withdrew. This occurred in the fall of the year, and when the roads "got settled," the following spring Mr. Henshaw thought he would take a trip to New Hampshire and see his farm, and either rent or dispose of it some way. He accordingly took the stage early in the morning, and a little after dark arrived at the village in sight of which the honest bankrupt had stated the farm was located.

Taking his supper he retired to rest.— The next morning he was up with the sun, and walked out upon the steps of the inn, where he seen the landlord, and stating the object of his visit, he produced the deed, and asked if he could tell him the exact location of his farm, as he proposed to take a look at it after breakfast. The jolly landlord, upon looking at the precious document, smiled audibly, and said:

"Yes, Squire, that's all right. Your title is clear. I am the Town Clerk, and know all about it. But, Squire, I guess you won't care to go over the place. You can see it all from here."

"Where?" asked Mr. Henshaw. The old man pointed to a high ledge of rocks, covered with loose boulders, comprising, without doubt, a full 150 acres, upon the whole area of which a single goat would have died of starvation, if limited to the products of that farm for sustenance.

"Good heavens! You mean to tell me that pile of rocks is my farm?" "Just so, Squire, and it has been a profitable farm to more than one purchaser, I can tell you."

"How so?" "Well, you see, Squire, nobody round here is fool enough to pay taxes on it, and every two or three years it is sold for taxes and is always bid in by some merchant for a dollar or two, and he keeps it until he fails, and then goes to Boston and uses it in settling with his creditors. Why, I suppose, Squire, that that air pile of rocks has paid more'n \$5,000, of debts, 'owin' to them smart Boston merchants. But there's the bell for breakfast. Won't you take a little rum and tansy, Squire?" It's a real good

thing to brace a man up when he feels a little down in the mouth."

Mr. Henshaw took the return stage for Boston, and before placing the deed of his farm in his safe he wrote on the back of it, SOLD.

A Romance of Oshkosh.

A dispatch from Oshkosh to the Milwaukee News states as follows: There has been quite a sensation here among fashionable circles lately, caused by the finding out of a later will in the estate of W. Durande, deceased. The workmen while repairing a portion of the house in which Mr. Durande died, found the will between the hearth of the fireplace and the chimney, under a loose tile. The will, if a true one, divides the extensive property of Durande Park equally between his sons and heir, G. W. a fair haired youth of nineteen, and his niece, Mina Howard, of New York, a beautiful blonde of sixteen, in case they unite themselves together in holy matrimony on or before Gerald's twenty-first birthday. They both declare they will not marry, in spite of the will, and think it is a shame that their should ever be such a will. There is considerable talk of contesting it. This strange and romantic will cannot be accounted for, unless Mrs. Howard was a former sweetheart of Durande's and he wished to see the daughter lady of his house, if the mother mother could not be.

Value of a Long Nose.

Mozart's nose was a very long one, a contrast to his friend Haydn's, who had almost a flat nose. Many jokes passed between them about noses.

One day, in a numerous and grave society, the subject of music was being discussed, and Mozart, in reply to the compliments made him, laid a wager that no one, not even his friend Haydn, was capable of performing, at first sight, a piece which he had composed that morning.

Haydn accepted the wager. The piece of music was placed before him on the piano. Haydn easily played through the first portion of it, then he stopped short, finding it impossible to go any further. The two hands must each be at the farthest extremities of the instrument, and one note in the music imperiously demanded that one of them should be in the centre. Haydn confessed himself conquered.

As to Mozart, he took up the piece of music, and when he arrived at the puzzling note touched it with his nose. Everybody laughed heartily, and not the least he who had lost his wager.

Shed Out of Jail on a Hair Pin.

A mighty implement is the hair pin. Phil. Gibbs, a prisoner, confined in the station house at Atlanta, Ga., picked his way through the brick wall with one of these little chignon fasteners, on Sunday morning before day. He scratched out the mortar around one of the bricks with the pin, took out the brick, ran his hand through the aperture and slipped back the bolt of the door. This let him out into the passage, and when the policeman on duty hearing a noise, opened the outer door, Phil shot out past him and made good his escape.

An Atrocious Deed.

While about twenty persons were returning from Campbell's Church, six miles east of Carbondale, Illinois, on Saturday night, they were fired upon from ambush, and Mrs. Hamsell and David Bullmer dangerously and perhaps mortally wounded. It is not known who were the assassins, but it is believed the affair grew out of an old grudge existing between Bullmer's family and some of their neighbors, and that it was but a continuance of the tragedy which occurred three months ago, in which young Bullmer's father was killed.

Exposure of Milk Venders.

The Brooklyn Eagle has discovered the existence just beyond the limits of the city, in stables filled with filth and dirt, packed together in the closest possible space, and in all conditions of disease, eight hundred cows, fed on hot swill, emptied from an adjoining distillery, and publishes the names of some twenty dealers who peddle the swill milk as Orange co., milk to retail dealers and citizens of the two cities.

Dr. Lothrop, a somewhat eccentric but always sensible clergyman of West Springfield, Mass., recently told a young lady member of his church who feared she had done wrong in dancing that if she had a good time he was glad of it and hoped she would do the same thing again. He also informed an old lady who had made a great uproar about the girl's dancing that if she wished to get to heaven she would do well to use her feet more and her tongue less.

John Fowler, of Cherry township, Butler county, went to the war in 1863. He was taken prisoner by the rebels, and not coming back after the war was over, his wife took another husband, aged 19. John now returns and puts in a claim for his farm. His wife don't recognize him, and says he is an impostor.

"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our 'specie,' you must have understood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection."

SUNDAY READING.

Hearing and Doing.

Hearing is one thing and doing is quite another. Thousands attend church every Lord's day and give attention by hearing the gospel, but comparatively few do what the Lord has commanded. A very intelligent lady remarked in my hearing a few days since, that "too many professed christians think they have done their whole duty by going to church and hearing a sermon." We must sadly confess that what the good lady said is to often true. Men even go so far as to hear and understand and believe, and yet fail to do what the Lord has commanded, and by such failure lose the reward promised to the obedient.

In many churches a preacher is employed to do the preaching, and the members think they have done their whole duty when they have patiently heard what the preacher has to say. Thousands of sinners hear, understand, and possibly believe, and yet do not obey God. Such sinners are as sure of condemnation as that there is a day of judgment.

If professed christians simply hear, understand and believe, they are not a whit better than sinners of the world, who do the same thing and do no more. We must hear, and if we do not heed we must be lost. But we may hear and still be lost unless we do. To hear, understand, believe and obey is the sum of christian duty. Thousands may have their names recorded on a church book, may give liberally to the church, may attend church, hear, understand, and believe, and yet be condemned because they have not done the will of the Lord.

The first converts to the christian religion earnestly inquired what they must do. The great Paul so inquired of the Lord what he must do. The question is not so much, what must I hear and what must I believe? but what must I do? The greatest number of men in this country, no doubt, have heard and believed, but have yet to be convinced that they must also do. The moralist expects to be saved through Christ without doing the will of God. The Universalist also hears, and believe Jesus is the Christ, the son of God, but refuses to obey him. He will not do. Thousands of professed christians hear, know and believe, but will not do. All such professed christians, together with moralists and Universalists, will be condemned in the judgment of the great day for not doing. The glory of the life of Christ is in the fact that "he went about doing good." "It is written in the volume of the book, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

All that hear, understand, believe, and do what God has commanded, will be saved with an everlasting salvation. May God help us not only to hear, but to do his will. Hoping, loving and doing will prepare us to enjoy this life and fit us for the grand and glorious life above.—Christian Review.

Purity of Character.

Overs the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself; a soft delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flowers that grows in the morning, impregnated with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water on it as you please, yet it can never be made again as it was when the dews fell lightly on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hands upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which when once touched and defiled can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which torn and broke can never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that purity of character it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effort can never be eradicated, it can only be forgiven.

A newly appointed minister was visiting one of his parishioners, a gentle, pious old lady, to whom he related a story of a wonderful and direct answer of God to prayer, observing that she did not seem astonished he ended with saying, "Is it not wonderful?" "No!" Why not?" was the next question of the pastor who began to think she was simple. "Why, sir! it is just like Him."

It is not what people read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. "Be ye also righteous." Forty-two hundred and fifty-seven emigrants arrived at the port of Philadelphia during the year 1873.

Dead but not Buried.

When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existance; we mourn for him by degrees that becomes mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and snow flakes fall there; we leave it for the fingers of spring to deck the neglected mound.

But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may be to all intents and purposes dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door bell at midnight may be his ring; and approaching footsteps may be his footsteps; the unexpected letter with foreign post-marks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

The woman whose husband died last night may marry within a lustrum of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared so mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her.

There is no real absence but death.

Not a Pleasant Bed-Fellow.

"YES," said the old man with a smile, "I remember one time in particular while out prospecting with an old friend, about twenty years ago. We were traveling on horseback, and came across a tavern one night about ten o'clock. Being very tired and hungry, as soon as we got some supper and something warm to keep the cold out, we asked to be shown to our room.

On looking around we saw the room had two beds in it, one of which was already occupied by two strangers, who were both snoring lustily. The fact of there being two beds in the room, did not surprise us, as in back-woods taverns there were frequently three beds in a room. We undressed, and just as I was going to blow out the light, my friend who had got into bed, espied the foot of one of the strangers sticking through the bed cloths, at the foot of the bed.

With a suppressed chuckle he motioned me to hold on a minute; he got quietly out of bed, and going to where the stranger's boots were, he took off a huge, sharp Mexican spur, and carefully adjusted it to the bare heel of the unconscious stranger.

With another audible chuckle as he thought of the consequences that would follow when the stranger drew in his foot, he got back into bed, and I blew out the light and followed him. He soon managed to get a long straw from the bed, and, reached over and tickled the stranger's foot. He instantly drew his foot under the bed clothes and then drew his legs up until his knees almost touched his chin.— In doing this he drew the spur the whole length of his bed-fellow's leg, and making a bad scratch. The victim uttered a yell and sprang out of bed with a muttered exclamation that I did not make out, and then he commenced a wild dance around the room, with his nether garment under his arm and making frantic efforts either to dislocate his neck, or see how badly he was hurt, all the while making exclamations that would have made a baggage man with a Saratoga trunk on his shoulder turn green with envy.

The innocent cause of the trouble had been awakened at the first yell of the victim, and in straightening his legs out, scratched himself unmercifully. He did not yell, nor say bad words, but he jumped out of bed and made for his friend with the purpose of taking vengeance, I suppose; but he had not taken two steps before he jabbed the spur into his leg again.

The landlord then appeared with a light followed by half the boarders in the house, and inquired what the matter was.

An examination brought to light the spur, which explained the matter. The stranger looked sheepishly at the spur, then at his scratch, and with a sickly smile said:

"Well boys, I have lived all my life among people who wore spurs; but I never before saw a man who could pull off his boot and leave his spur on his foot! I'll treat in the morning."

A Despicable Father.

The father of Miss Mobar, of Pittston, N. Y., is a nice candidate for a visitation of Divine Providence or human vengeance. Enraged at her persistent purpose to marry a young man he didn't like, he beat her so terribly that she had just strength to reach her sister's, where she met and married her lover, and then went to his mother's house and died.

There is a lady of Sagadahoc co., Me., who has a head of remarkably fine hair. The average length is seven feet five inches. When unbraided and falling loose, it trails for quite a distance on the floor. She has refused a large offer for the hair, on which she naturally prides herself, next to her head.