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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 goods of my

OWN MANUFACTURE. Consisting of CASSIMERS, GABBINETS, FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c., to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

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

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 29 letters.

A. B. C. and D. own a stack of hay in the form of a pyramid, 10 ft. high and containing 10 tons; what part of the height shall each take off, in the order named, so that each shall take 4 tons?

Dr. Franklin and His Mother.

IT was an idea of Dr. Franklin's, if not a settled opinion, that a mother might, by a kind of instinctive natural affection, recognize her children, even though she had lost the recollection of the features.

On a bleak chilly day in the month of January, the Doctor, late in the afternoon, knocked on the door of his mother's house, and asked to speak to Mrs. Franklin.

She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume who imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment which they deem a degree below their real occupation in life.

He introduced himself, and observing that he understood she entertained travelers, requested lodgings for the night.

She eyed him with that cold look of disapprobation which most people assume who imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment which they deem a degree below their real occupation in life.

The entrance of the boarders prevented further conversation. Coffee was served, and he partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies and a paper of tobacco, when the whole party formed a cheerful semi-circle before the fire.

Perhaps no man ever possessed a colloquial power in a more fascinating degree than Dr. Franklin, and never was there an occasion on which he displayed them to better advantage than the present one.

Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until supper was announced. Mrs. F., busied with her household affairs, supposed the intruding stranger had left the house immediately after the coffee, and it was with dislike that she saw him seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper she called an elderly gentleman, member of the council, in whom she was accustomed to confide, into another room, complained bitterly of the rude appearance of the man and of his introduction into her house and observed that she seemed an outlandish sort of a man.

She thought that he had something very suspicious in his appearance, and she concluded by soliciting her friend's advice as to the way that she could most easily rid herself of his presence.

The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was surely a young man of good education, and, to all appearance a gentleman—that perhaps, being in agreeable company, he paid no attention to the lateness of the hour.

Franklin doubted, and took leave to dispute his mother's disposition on the power of natural feeling. He said he had tried the "natural feeling" in his own mother, and found it deficient in the power she ascribed to it.

Franklin then told her unknown guest though he had been absent from her ever since he was a child, she could not fail to know him among a thousand strange faces, for there was a natural feeling in the breast of every mother, which she knew would enable her—without a possibility of a mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise he might assume.

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Representatives was mentioned by one of the members. A Bill had been introduced to extend the prerogative of the royal Governor. The Doctor immediately joined in the discussion, supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the influential men in the House, when Dudley was Governor, recited their speeches, and applauded their noble defence of the charter rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the delighted company no wonder the clock struck unperceived by them. Nor was it a wonder that the patience of Mrs. Franklin became entirely exhausted.

The doctor made a slight apology and deliberately put on his great coat and hat; took leave of the company, and approached the street door, attended by the mistress and lighted by the maid.

While the Doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous storm of wind and rain had occurred, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch than a roaring northeastern force opened the door, extinguished the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail.

"My dear madam, can you turn me out in this storm? I am a stranger in this town and will perish in the street. You look like a charitable lady—I should not think that you would turn a dog from your house this cold, stormy night!"

"Don't talk to me of charity!" replied his mother, "charity begins at home. It is your own fault not mine, that you have tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like either your looks or your conduct, and fear you have some bad design in thus intruding into my family."

Though the boarders appeared to confide in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin. With suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper box and porringer, from her closets, and after securing the parlor door by sticking a fork above the latch, carried the valuables to her chamber, charging the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to awaken and seize the vagrant the first noise he should make in attempting to plunder.

Mrs. Franklin arose before the sun, roused the domestics, and was quite agreeably surprised to find her terrible guest quietly sleeping in her chair. She awoke him with a cheerful good morning, inquiring how he rested, and invited him to partake of her breakfast which was always served previous to that of her boarders.

"And pray, sir," said Mrs. Franklin, "as you seem to be a stranger in Boston, to what distant country do you belong?"

"I belong, madam, to the colony of Pennsylvania, and reside in Philadelphia." At the mention of Philadelphia, the Doctor declared that he for the first time perceived something like emotion in her.

"Philadelphia!" said she, while the earnest anxiety of a mother suffused her eye, "why if you live in Philadelphia perhaps you know my Ben?"

"Who, madam?"

"Ben Franklin. My dear Ben. Oh! how I would like to see him! He is the dearest son that ever blessed a mother."

"What! is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? Why he is my most intimate friend. He and I work together, and lodge in the same room."

"Oh! Heaven, forgive me!" exclaimed the lady, raising her tearful eyes, "and have I suffered a friend of my son Ben to sleep upon a hard chair, while I myself rested upon a soft bed?"

"Mrs. Franklin then told her unknown guest though he had been absent from her ever since he was a child, she could not fail to know him among a thousand strange faces, for there was a natural feeling in the breast of every mother, which she knew would enable her—without a possibility of a mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise he might assume.

"No, indeed," replied Franklin, "she neither knew me, nor did she treat me with the least sympathy or kindness. She would have turned me out of doors but for the interposition of strangers. She could hardly be persuaded to let me sit at her table. I

knew I was in my mother's house, and had a claim upon her hospitality; and, therefore, you may suppose that when she pertinaciously commanded me to leave the house I was in no hurry to obey."

"Surely," interrupted his mother, "she could not have treated you so unmotherly without some cause."

"I gave her none," replied the Dr. She would tell you herself I had always been a dutiful son—that she doated upon me, and when I came to her house as a stranger, my behavior was scrupulously correct and respectful. It was a stormy night, and I had been absent so long that I had become a stranger in the place. I told my mother this, and yet, so little was she influenced by the "natural feeling" of which you speak, that she absolutely refused me a bed, and would hardly suffer what she called my presumption to take a seat her table. But this was not the worst for no sooner was the supper ended than my good mother told me, with an air of solemn earnestness, that I must immediately leave the house."

Franklin then proceeded to describe the scene at the front door—the snow drift that came so opportunely into the entry—his appeal to her "natural feeling" of a mother—her unnatural and unfeeling rejection of his prayer—and finally her very reluctant compliance with the solicitation of other persons in his behalf—that he might be permitted to sleep on a chair.

Every word in his touching recital went home to the heart of Mrs. Franklin, who could not fail to perceive that it was a true narrative of the events of the preceding night in her own house; and while she endeavored to escape from the self-reproach that she had acted the part of an unfeeling mother, she could not easily resist the conviction that the stranger, who became more and more interesting to her as he proceeded in his course, was indeed her own son. But when she observed the tender expressiveness of his eye, as he feelingly recapitulated the circumstances under which she attempted to turn him shelterless into the street, her maternal conviction overcame all doubt, and she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "It must be—it must be my dear Ben!"

A Woman's Curiosity.

A TIRED husband went home from his work one night recently, and, taking off his coat, requested his wife to mend a rent in the sleeve, then sank upon the sofa behind the evening paper. Wife-like she took up the coat; woman-like she dived into the pockets. From the inside pocket she drew forth a letter, directed, in delicate chirography, to her husband. With darkening brow, she quickly took the suspicious looking missive from the envelope, and, without noticing the date, began to read:

"DEAR GEORGE: I am lonely, oh! so lonely, since you left me last Thursday night."

"Ah, ha! that was lodge night, he told me," said the now thoroughly interested woman, as she glanced viciously over at her husband, who appeared to be just falling asleep. "Oh, how can you sleep with the weight of this deep sin upon you? But I'll see what more the brazen huzzy has to say, if it kills me." With one hand pressed to her throbbing heart, she read on:

"I know I am foolish, darling, but when you are away there seems to be a barrier between me and all that is bright and lovely. The sun does not shine half so bright; the moon is but a white spot in the sky, and the stars stare coldly down, when you are not with me, lord of my life and heart."

"Was it for this? was it for this?" moaned the unhappy wife. "Fortune speed the day when we may be united in those indissoluble bonds that are sacred in the eyes of Heaven and earth!"

"What mockery! Does he or she consider that his vows made to me are not sacred? What are they going to do with me, any way, I wonder? Poison, perhaps. Oh, false, perfidious man! Oh wicked, hellish, designing wanton!" Still the suffering woman read the letter, though each word burned to ashes a thousand hopes and joys:

"when we need meet no more clandestinely and trembled in each other's embrace—"

"I'd make you tremble if I had you in my embrace a minute!"

"when my head may be pilloved in safety upon your breast—"

"The fiendess!"

dreaming, perhaps, of the wicked temptress that had come between him and his fond wife. Presently a reaction took place, and the wretched woman sank into a chair and found relief in that blessed panacea for female ills—a flood of tears.

Growing calmer after a while, she picked up the rumpied letter, smoothed out the creases, and, with an air of mingled despair and resignation, looked for the signature.

"Your ever loving and devoted, but poor, apprehensive—"

"What's this? Flut—flut—tering birdie, A-d-a—Ada. Why, bless me! this is one of my own old letters to George. What a fool!"

A sound from the sofa, first like escaping steam, and then like a car rattling over the stony street, assured her that her ridiculous actions had been witnessed by her husband. Burning with shame, the foolish woman flew to her room, and locked herself, in, and she is almost as miserable now as when she felt that she was a wronged and deceived wife.

Pawnee Rock.

IN western annals, certain places, unimportant in themselves, have gained a large importance and wide celebrity from their associations. Such a place was Pawnee Rock. Though only a landmark of the plains, a cluster of reddish-colored rocks in a bluff on the north side of the Arkansas, it was a famous place so lately as three or four years ago. All frontiersmen and Indians knew it well. It had witnessed many a council, many a treaty and "swap," many a gathering of the clans while yet the encroachments of the white man were far to the eastward. It occupied the same necessary place in Indian and frontier affairs which a country town or commercial centre might in civilization, and finally became endowed with a semi-sacredness in savage eyes. As a place where momentous negotiations were carried on, and solemn compacts made, this red landmark on the western plains is entitled to more consideration than Penn's Oak, and probably has a stranger history, almost forgotten.

It is strange to reflect that the history of Pawnee Rock is now merged in the stranger history of the wonderful advance of civilization. Only a few days since, the quarter section upon which it stands was turned into a farm. Not by a frontiersman who knows anything of its history, but, as though the extremes of birth and education should meet upon the scene of savage camps and councils, by a Swedish gentleman named Eric Norburg, one of the old Bishop Hill colony, of Illinois, who purchased it from the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. Company. Barton county, in which it is, is one of the richest in western Kansas. People are gathering around it upon all sides, and soon it will likely be the nearest neighbor to a church or a school-house.

People who are fond of associations, and who have some regard for that strange history of a race which is rapidly passing away without a record, except such as this, will be glad to reflect that the famous landmark is not a tree, or a mound, liable to waste and decay, but a rock, whose very ponderous uselessness may perpetuate tradition in the midst of the wheat-fields and vineyards which are destined soon to come.

A Mystery Solved.

A church in Prussia was used as a magazine for provisions for soldiers, but great care was taken of the high altar on account of the beauty of its construction. A rumor spread that the altar was mysteriously illuminated every night, and throngs of people gathered about the church. The commandant ordered the key and with a lantern explored the church, but nothing was found to clear up the mystery, but as soon as the church was empty the altar and whole church were again illuminated. The commandant issued a proclamation offering a reward to any one who could unravel the mystery.

For two days no one claimed the reward, but on the third a common soldier belonging to the fortress requested a private audience with the commandant, and explained to him that he was occasionally employed to put frames to mirrors and burning glasses, and one evening when at work at a large concave glass it happened to be so placed as to throw a light into the church, when finding public curiosity excited he often threw the light from the attic to the altar. The commandant explained to the public and gave the promised reward to the joker.

A Hill of Sulphur.

One of the most remarkable deposits of native sulphur, as yet discovered, is a great hill composed of the almost pure article, found some two years ago at a distance of thirty miles south of the Union Pacific railway and nine hundred miles west of Omaha. This marvelous deposit is found to consist almost wholly of sulphur, containing only 15 per cent. of impurities. The best deposits heretofore available are those found in Sicily. The principal supplies for the manufacture of sulphuric acid come from there; the deposits contain 35 per cent. of impurities and 64 per cent. of sulphur. Our western sulphur hill, therefore, is much the most valuable, and promises to become one of long of great importance to the country.