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Life Insurance Company,  
OF NEW YORK,  
STRICTLY MUTUAL!

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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.

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M. B. WYCKOFF, Vice Pres't.

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General Agent,

No. 6 North Third Street,  
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THOS. H. MILLIGAN,  
Special Agent for Newport.

642 1/2

**Perry County Bank!**

Sponsor, 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 WELLS, Cashier,  
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**BALL SCALES!**

L. B. MARYANERITH, D. W. DERR and  
L. JAMES H. GRIER, known as

"The Ball Scale Company,"

have now on hand a large supply of Buoy's Patent COUNTER SCALES, 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.

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**LEBANON**

Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

OF

Jonestown, Penn'a.

POLICIES PERPETUAL at Low Rates. No  
Sleam 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.

4 16

**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. RIXLER,  
CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY, 6 17, 4m

J. M. GIRVIN.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 5, SPEAR'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of a  
kind of country produce, and remit the amount  
promptly. 5 24ly

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.

**Mathematical Problem.**

Multiply \$0. 98. 9d. by \$0. 98. 9d.

This question has puzzled many men accustomed to Sterling accounts, and of a great number of persons to whom it has been given to solve, but two have given the correct answer. It is a question showing the properties of numbers and the relationship of their value, one the other.

Can any of our readers give a correct answer.

PRSVRYPRFCTMN  
VRKPTHSRCPSTN.

Answer to the above:

Persevere ye perfect men,  
Ever keep these precepts ten.

Answer to Geographical enigma in last week's Trans:—"William Henry Peters, Buck's Valley."

Answer to Mathematical problem published last week:—"A's 10,0700 feet; B's 9,6199 feet; C's 1,8516 feet; D's 1,4492 feet.

**Tricks of Sharpers.**

A NEW YORK letter gives the following description of some of the methods employed by black-mailers, to raise money.

In a great city, it is safe to say, that nearly one-half the population have no good reason for living. The number of rumsellers, gamblers, thieves, confidence men and people who steal a living would, if put together, make an army large enough to have cruised the rebellion. I now speak of the male ulcers on the body politic—there are at least 30,000 women in the city who live by equally disreputable means.

The meanest and most despicable of all the scoundrels who infest the city, next to the politicians, are the professional black-mailers, and a few paragraphs devoted to them may be of interest to your readers.—The black-mailer is a man, or woman, who possesses some knowledge of another person which will not bear open daylight, and then extorts money as the price of silence. For instance the professional black-mailer goes night after night to a fashionable gambling-house, and watches closely the players. They are admirable judges of human nature; indeed, this is the first qualification of the business.

He fixes upon some nervous player who is losing heavily, and notes to a dollar his losses. When the player finally quits and leaves the house he does not know that he is being followed, and that the street and number of his residence is taken; nor does he know that a watchful eye follows him the next morning to the bank or office where he is employed, and that by noon of that day every fact in his history is in the possession of a cool, calculating merciless scoundrel, who by knowing what he is, has a hold on him that will ruin him.

We will assume that the victim observed in the gambling-house is the cashier of a bank. From the moment the black-mailer spotted him he is not out of his sight for an instant. His losses are carefully noted, his goings to and fro observed and noted, and every incident that at all compromises him is set down with circumstances. For, be it known, he who gambles has other vices—in fact the most of the raw men at gambling tables are those who have squandered money not theirs on unlawful pleasures and they fly to gaming in the hope of getting even by a stroke of luck.

When the black-mailer has got "points" enough on his man—that is when he has facts concerning him, if made known to his employers or family, would ruin him—he moves on him. He takes him aside and tells him boldly what he knows of him, and fixes the sum at which his silence can be assured. The victim puts on a bold front and defies him. Mr. Black-mailer expects this, and it doesn't move him.

He pulls out of his breast pocket a little book, and he reads to him that on such a night, he lost \$2,000 at John Chamberlin's; on such another night \$1,000; on another night he was at a house in 22d street, with a woman closely veiled, but whose name is So-and-So, that moreover he pays the board of Miss So-and-So, at such a street and number; in short the black-mailer reads to his victim a complete history of his secret life, so methodically arranged as to make denial useless. And after this no denial is made. He wits and gladly pays the price demanded.

But it does not end here. Having once paid he belongs soul and body to his tormentor. The threats of exposure, so efficacious the first time, are equally so the second. He comes again and again, until the dupe becomes desperate and flies the country.

Frequently they do not wait for the commission of a crime. They select a timid, nervous man and threaten to accuse him of crime if he does not come down handsomely, and in many cases they succeed, the victim submitting to be bled rather than to be accused. One of these gentlemen met his match the other day.

A black-mailer, a graduate of the State prison, accused a clerk of stealing from his employer and proposed to "hush the thing" for \$200. The intended victim gave a seeming assent, but privately made arrangements with the police and had his black-mailer arrested with the money in his hand. It was fortunate that the clerk had

pluck. Had he yielded to the first demand for money he would have found himself compelled, in time, to pay over to his accuser every dollar that he could save or steal.

Women make the best game for these fellows. If a married woman indulges in what, to her, seems to be an "innocent flirtation," and happens to fall in the hands of one of these men, it costs her dear. So valuable is her reputation that rather than have it called in question, she will do anything. She pays the scoundrel money, silverware, jewelry, anything, as the price of silence, for they imagine a thousand evils where none could possible occur.

Next to women, clergymen are the favorite victims of black-mailers for their position is so peculiar and uncertain. In their cases the services of some fair but abandoned woman are brought into requisition. Some years ago a distinguished preacher in a Broadway church resigned his charge and left the city broken-hearted, because he had permitted himself to be plundered by a band of men and women who had combined to place him in a false position.

His friends felt that he was innocent, and yet they advised him to go, because his weakness had put him under suspicion. He had been sent for to console a dying woman, and he went, and was ushered into her room, and left alone with her, and was then surprised by a confederate, who claimed to be the woman's husband. The house was a regular trap, the woman a prostitute, and the two were black-mailers, but it was enough.

He was weak enough to pay once, and then it was all over with him. Paying was an evidence of guilt, and innocent of guilt as a child, he was compelled to resign his charge and leave the city. But it did not end with this. His prosecutors followed him to his new home, and extorted more money, for every step he took to relieve himself only put him more securely in their hands.

He was compelled finally to leave the ministry. But they do not always succeed so well. Not long ago another clergyman, approached in the same way, laid a very neat trap and had his accusers brought to shame. He thus saved himself a life-long trouble.

The only way is to defy them, and utterly refuse to pay. That ends it. They have no reason to divulge what they know, in fact, when their secret is made common property it ceases to have any value to them. They always leave such people alone.

**The Dutchman's Calf.**

OUR friend Carl, the butcher, had just bought a fine calf and stopped a moment in the bar-room of the drovers hotel to say good bye to the barkeeper. Their emotion at parting was very great—so much so indeed that the entire crowd joined in, the most of them taking "sugar in theirs."

At this juncture, Mr. Charles Hines, offered to bet champagne for the party, that he would steal Carl's calf before he got to town. "Eugh! eugh!" grunted Carl, "py tam I dakes dat bet." "Enough said," was the answer, and once more evincing their emotion, much to the satisfaction of the landlord and also three horny handed Grangers who had been ornamenting the stove with their "country twist" expectorations, Carl, giving an extra twist round the neck of his young bovine, mounted to his seat and drove slowly off, shaking the body of his wagon with suppressed laughter as he roared back:

"Yes, py tam, steal him if you can."  
"You can't do it, Charlie," said the crowd with one voice.

This young gentleman, whose wits had been sharpened by his early piratical life and his occasional intercourse with a few Chinese, said nothing, but buttoned up his coat, and taking from his pockets his large buckskin gloves started out, and with the speed of an antelope struck through the woods, and taking a short cut in a few minutes came out on the road some distance ahead of Carl, who had not yet turned the bend. Throwing down one of his gloves on the roadside he quickly withdrew to the bushes and quietly awaited the approach of our worthy butcher friend, whose voice could be heard in the distance—one moment swearing at the calf, which showed every inclination to return to the maternal fold, and next would be heard that deep guttural roar:

"Py tam, steal him if you can."

Shortly after the team came to a sudden halt, the spirited little bovine to a double halt which nearly dislocated the tailboard to which he was tied, and Carl leaned over and saw a fine large buckskin glove on the road.

"Eugh," said he, "why didn't the fool leave dem both? Vat's de use of one glove anyhow? G'lang!" and off moved the self-satisfied driver, still chuckling at the idea of anybody stealing his calf.

The ingenious youth, whose mind should have been upon better things, emerged from his lair in the bushes, and once more, after recovering his glove, started through the woods and bushes, and in less than half an hour's time was once again upon the roadside, and had deposited a glove.

The reluctant calf, the well-tried tail-

board, the burly driver, and the straining leader soon appeared in sight, with this exception, their positions were reversed.

"Got in himmell!" cried Carl as his eye caught sight of the big buck glove lying in front of him, "youst like the oder one, by tam. Why de teufel didn't I pick him up at once?"

Hitching his horses to a roadside sapling in another minute he was streaking it up hill and away at a 2:40 pace. The bend in the road was soon reached, and about the same time a swift-footed, smiling youth—the one whose mind as we before said should have been upon better things—stepped from the roadside shrubbery, picked up the glove, cut the rope, and leading the calf, which appeared willing to submit to anything for a change, through trees and bushes was soon lost to sight.

**Jerry's Testimony.**

The following is a brief report, not heretofore in print, of a law case which came up some years ago in the Circuit Court of Chesterfield, Virginia. The Judge a very good-natured man was rather a favorite with the people. His name was Clopton. The suit was for slander, and had assumed the form of a cross-suit for the improper use of the unruly member.—Counsel on each side was of the highest standing. All Virginians will assent to this when told that Samuel Taylor was for the plaintiff and Benjamin Watkins Lee for the defendant. The court being opened and the case being called, the Judge said:

"Mr. Taylor, are you ready in this case?"

Mr. Taylor replied, "If Jerry Moody is here, I am ready."

"Mr. Leigh, are you ready?"

"May it please your honor, I am ready if Jerry Moody is here."

"Sheriff, call Jerry Moody."

The sheriff went to the door, and lustily called thrice for Jerry Moody to come into court. So Jerry, a tall thin, straight man came forward. The jury were sworn. Then Jerry was sworn. In his solemn and forcible manner, Mr. Taylor said to him:

"Be so good as to tell the court and jury all you know about this case."

Witness said, "Well, I have often heard the defendant say that the plaintiff was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and I have often heard the plaintiff say that the defendant was a rogue, a thief, and a liar; and they were the only times I ever heard either of them tell the truth.

The counsel looked at each other. The court was embarrassed. The parties were confounded. Jerry Moody was the only man quite self-possessed. Of course the case was thrown out of court. As the parties and witness were walking out of the court-house, the plaintiff said, "Cousin Jerry, you joke too hard."

**Impudence.**

The following from St. Louis is said to be true, and it is certainly very good:

The venerable Mr. G——, is proprietor of a large planing mill, and is a highly respected Christian gentleman. Seated in his office one morning, he was accosted by a black-eyed specimen of humanity, who asked for ten cents to get a drink.

"Fact is," said he, "I have been on a drunk, am broke, and want just one good drink to sober off on."

Now Mr. G., was a strong advocate of temperance, and turning to the man, he said:

"I am not a drinking man, but there is my brother Jim over there; he may help you;" which remark, by the way, was a decided hit on Jim, who did not object to an occasional smile, and knowing how it was himself, he handed the man the asked for dime, remarking,—

"That's for telling the truth; if you had said you wanted to buy bread, or something to eat, I wouldn't have given it to you."

"Thank you," says the inebriate; "had I known you were so bloody liberal, I'd a boned you for a quarter."

"Here is fifteen cents more for your impudence," handing the man the amount.—

"Good morning."

Their visitor backed to the door, then turning to Jim with an amusing stare, he said,—

"I would like to tell you something providing you don't get mad."

"Go ahead. What is it?" was the reply.

"Well, you're the ugliest white man I think I ever saw!"

**A Lofly City.**

Potosi, in Bolivia, S. A., is the highest city in the world, being at an elevation of 13,350 feet, considerably above the level of the summits of the Alpine mountain giants and only 900 feet below the topmost peak of the icy Jungfrau itself. This is a tolerably lofty latitude for a city; but then Potosi is the metropolis of the richest silver mines in the world, which are worked in the neighboring Cerra (Sierra, or high ridge) de Potosi, at an altitude 16,000 feet above the sea level, a greater height than the top of Mount Blanc; so that the abundance of the precious metals we may suppose, compensates the 30,000 inhabitants (about half of whom are the native races) for the rarity of the air, the rapid alterations of climate, which presents the characteristics of the four seasons every twenty-four hours, and the rugged barrenness of the surrounding districts.

**The Minister and the Quaker.**

AN amusing story under this title has long been current, in various forms, among good people. An authentic statement of it, with name and place, is given in the Presbyterian Standard by the Hon. J. R. Snowden. He says that the minister in question was the Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, whose fame as a learned and eloquent divine has been overshadowed by that of his sons, John Blair Smith and Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College.

Dr. Robert Smith, before he became President of Hampden Sydney College, was principal of a very successful classical academy at Paquet, Pennsylvania. While here, he had a near neighbor, a Friend, whom Mr. Snowden, having forgotten his real name, calls William Jones.

Dr. Smith and Mr. Jones were very good friends, and often visited each other. One day Dr. Smith said, "Friend Jones, I notice that although we are good friends and neighbors, yet I have never seen you at my church, or meeting-house, as you call it." "That is very true, friend Robert, but thee knows the reason. We Quakers, as we are called, are not in favor of a hireling ministry, who are educated especially for that purpose. We favor those only who preach by the Spirit." "Well," says the Doctor, "without entering upon the first point of your objection at present, I think I can say that we Presbyterians follow the teachings of the Spirit in our sermons to the people." "O, no, friend Robert; thee knows very well that thee prepares thy discourse before thee enters the pulpit." "That is quite true to some extent, but nevertheless I can preach without such previous preparation."—"Well, then," says the Quaker, "I will try thee; I will go to hear thee preach on this condition, namely, that I will give thee a text, which thee must not see until thee goes into the pulpit." "I accept the offer," says Dr. Smith. "Very well, then, I will go to thy meeting-house next first day, and will send up the text by the sexton after thee has made the long prayer, which I learn thee makes." "That is not quite what I expected when you made the proposition," says Dr. Smith, "but I accept it; and will expect to see you at the Pequet church next Sunday morning."

Dr. Smith entered his pulpit the next Sabbath with some anxiety. A glance over the congregation showed him that his Quaker neighbor was there, and at the appointed time he expected the text. He commenced his services in his usual manner, and after the "long prayer" he commenced a very long psalm. I believe it was at the 119th Psalm throughout, but it was quite a long psalm. As soon as the precentor, or fine singer, rose, the sexton came up the aisle, and handed to the preacher the text. It was from the book of Ezra, 1st chapter, and latter clause of the 9th verse: "Nine and twenty knives." A sharp, as well as a hard text, thought the Doctor. The singing of the long psalm gave him a few minutes for reflection when that was ended he arose and announced his text, and noticed many a smile upon the faces of his congregation, even some venerable elders could not preserve the usual solemnity of their countenances. But the preacher proceeded with his discourse. He spoke briefly of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon; of their condition there; the proclamation of Cyrus; of the wonderful preservation of the utensils of the Temple, which had been taken from Jerusalem by the conquerors of Judea; none of the knives which were used for slaying and preparing the sacrifices were lost, mislaid, or destroyed. They were, said Dr. Smith, under the special care and protection of God, and were in due time restored to the temple. He then enlarged upon the special providence of God. "Not a sparrow falls without his notice;" "and the very hairs of our head are numbered." "The Lord knows them that are his, and none of them shall perish." The Quaker was not only pleased, but he was aroused and delighted.

The next day he sent for Dr. Smith to dine with him. After dinner he invited Dr. Smith to take a walk around his farm, and coming to a pasture field in which were his cattle, he stopped abruptly and said, "I was much pleased with thy discourse, friend Robert, last first day. Now, thee knows we follow our leader, George Fox, who bore his testimony against a hireling ministry; we never pay our public friends, but we sometimes give them presents I have many good milk cows. I wish thee to select one for thyself. Dr. Smith wished to decline the gift, but the Quaker insisted and said, "I will be offended at thee if thee refuse. The Doctor having noticed a small and ill-looking cow, said, "Well, if I must take one of the cows, I will take that small red cow," pointing to the one he had noticed, and which he supposed the least valuable. "Well, I do profess," says Friend Jones, "thee does not only preach by the Spirit, but thee can choose by the Spirit; that little red cow is the best 'one I have; my wife would not sell it for one hundred dollars; but thee shall have it." And accordingly the same evening the little cow was driven to the "manse," and proved to be a valuable acquisition to the domine's dairy.