

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,530,325.02!

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.

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. WYNKOOP, 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!

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 WILSON, Cashier New Bloomfield, 3 1/2 ly

BALL SCALES!

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

have now on hand a large supply of Boy's Patent COUNTRY 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,

OF 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 in tend calling upon them with a supply of good of my

OWN MANUFACTURE.

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

J. M. BIXLER, CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY, 6, 17, 4th J. M. GIRVIN, J. H. GIRVIN

J. M. GIRVIN & SON, Commission Merchants, No. 5, SPEAR'S WHARF, Baltimore, Md.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of a 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 six letters: Without my 1, 2, 3, I am part of a lock. Without my 4, I am the miser's God. Without my 5, 6, I am a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Without my 1, 4, 5, 6, I am a preposition. Without my 2, 3, 4, 5, I am a pronoun. Without my 3, 4, 5, 6, I am the initials of one of the United States. My whole is an animal.

Answer to Mathematical problem published last week:— "£90. 0s. 3d 8-0.

For the Bloomfield Times.

MARRYING THE WIDOW.

IT WAS just six months and four days after the decease of Mr. Titus Bubble, when his bachelor friend, Mr. Ichabod Thistle, found himself in the parlor of his widow. It was evening, and the mellow light of the single gas burner reflected its rays through the prismatic glass pendants from the chandelier to the opposite wall, in rainbow colors of exceeding beauty. This appearance induced Mrs. Bubble to take a seat near Mr. Thistle, that together they might more minutely scan the beauty of the reflection. Whether the near position gave the bachelor renewed courage or not, we never knew; but the lounge was downy, and his position was altogether an enviable one, especially contrasted with his straw matting floor at home, and the old leather-cushioned chair, which was his daily seat. Mr. Thistle began thus: "And so, Mrs. Bubble, you think of retaining this house and its comforts, just as your husband left it? Titus was a noble-souled fellow, very shrewd withal, and must have left you a handsome fortune."

Mrs. Bubble raised a deep bordered handkerchief to her eyes, and replied: "He did so; but then, Mr. Thistle, I never knew what real trouble was until my husband died. I never shall forgive the undertaker for his carelessness. That plate on his coffin was buried with him, and then to think of those mismatched horses in the procession. I am told, Mr. Thistle, that the distant connexions rode in a carriage where a white horse and a red one was paired. Poor Titus! Why, it seems as if the sight would have made him rise! you know, Mr. Thistle, my husband had a great fancy for finely matched animals."

Mr. Thistle wondered what he would think of their being yoked. He only bowed, therefore, to this remark, and added: "Unprotected women must have peculiar sufferings arising from their loneliness."

"But, Mr. Thistle, you well know my husband was not a domestic character.— Poor dear soul! how much comfort he used to take in that Club House. His admission fee was five hundred dollars, and this sum he always paid annually, because I insisted that cigar smoke was ruinous to our damasks; and then he was so fond of games, and nobody could beat him at billiards or chess; but the worst of it was, he would keep late hours, and that wore upon his constitution, and I used to reprove him and beseech him, out of pure regard to his own health; but God's will be done, his time had come!" and here the widow again wept profusely. "Still," she added, "I did my duty as far as I knew. I bought the best suit of bombazine and the richest crape I could find; I have ever since worn the first widow's veil, and conducted just as if he were looking out of his grave upon me. No gentlemen, Mr. Thistle, by invitation have crossed my threshold; for all men are alike to me now, Mr. Thistle; and when people joke me about them, I think to myself, could I ever act such a dutiful part to another? for, after all, Mr. Thistle, a husband has a great many wants, as well as a wife. To keep one's temper when one is slighted; to have the question rudely put to you, 'why didn't you mend this coat, and sew on that button, and oversee the nursing maid, and look into dark, dirty closets?' to be told that you are not so much of an invalid as you fancy yourself; to take no interest in a finely executed piece of embroidery, and object to one's riding, on the ostensible ground that walking is more conducive to health,—O, Mr. Thistle, when I think over all these things, all men are alike, and my dear husband was only like the race in general. I only regret now I ever gave him such. Caudle lectures; but Heaven knows I only did it for his good!"

"And nothing would induce you to change your mind, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Thistle. "I said all men were alike," replied the widow. "Perhaps I ought to qualify such language. Titus, you know, sir, had a violent temper, and was fond of some things, of which any woman ought to complain."

"But would Mrs. Bubble object to forming another connexion, with a sedate, home-loving, pleasing, agreeable companion, whose whole life should be devoted to her service?" Mrs. Bubble paused.

"But, sir, I have often insisted upon it to my friends that I should never quit my widowhood; that all my time should be spent with little Titus, that I should be a perfect laughing-stock were I to change it. But," said she, emphatically, "the boy does need a father. I am satisfied paternal care should be added to maternal, Mr. Thistle."

boy does need a father. I am satisfied paternal care should be added to maternal, Mr. Thistle."

"Certainly," replied the bachelor, feeling quite at ease.

"And then as to the guardianship, I have assumed that responsible charge; and Titus is beginning to have so many wants—that big drum cost ten dollars, Mr. Thistle, and the musical instrument, which he broke yesterday, was fifty; done in a passion, Mr. Thistle; and yet he is a dear boy—only so like his father. I am, therefore, free to say, that my care all devolving on one, is enough to break down the strongest constitution. And when I used to say to Titus, I never shall marry again in the event of your death," he used to call me womanish, and say, in less than a year somebody would be stepping in his slippers.

Poor man! he knew human nature; but, then, I had never realized the solitude of widowhood;—to act the part of a man at the table; to sit at the head of a pew; to ride alone in a carriage; to pass whole evenings without expecting your husband to return; to make solitary journeyings, and everywhere and at all times to feel unprotected. It really shatters my nervous system, and makes me at times almost relent."

Thistle's room, on his return, looked cheerless enough. An old bachelor's life seemed to him a dreary one. Those easy chairs; that comfortable fortune; the ample house, and freedom to range over every part of it; the fumes of his present residence; the cold coffee, and cold room, and cold reception of his cold-hearted landlady, except on quarter days, strengthened his purpose to again call on Mrs. Bubble.— The conversation was then resumed, and now the widow added:

"You are the most convincing man in the world, Mr. Thistle. I have been talking with little 'Titi.' He says he should love his new 'papa'; and as I have looked over the whole circumstances, I do not see that I can be blamed for changing my mind. I shall, however, Mr. Thistle, keep the pure strings in my own hands! but we shall mutually be benefited by the outlays."

Poor Thistle was thunderstruck; he doubted whether he had better hang his hat on that vacant peg; but he had gone so far, it might look dishonorable. And in seven months from Bubble's death, everybody was gazing at a pair of splendid white steeds which stood before the church door; and while they looked Mr. and Mrs. Thistle jumped into the carriage, having just been made one!

Sarcastic Romance.

APPEARING in a Nashville paper, whether original therewith or not, and credited to one J. Beateam Smith, is a tremendous romance of facts in Fayetteville, from which the appended chaste descriptions of the lovers concerned may be tastefully quoted:

He was young, he was fair, and he parted his hair, like the average beau, in the middle; he was proud, he was bold, but the truth must be told, he played like a demon on the fiddle. But, aside from this vice, he was everything nice, and his heart was so loving and tender, that he always turned pale when he trod on the tail of the cat lying down by the fender. He clerked in a store, and the way that he tore off calico, jeans, and brown sheeting, would have tickled a calf and made the brute laugh in the face of quarterly meeting. He cut quite a dash with a darling moustache, which he learned to adore and cherish; for one girl had said, while she drooped her proud head, that 'twould kill her to see the thing perish. On Sunday he'd search the straight road to the church, unheeding the voice of the scorn; and demurely he sat, like a young tabby cat, with the saints in the far amen corner. He sang like a bird, and his sweet voice was heard tugging away a long meter; and we speak but the truth when we say that this youth could outsing a hungry mosquito.

She was young, she was fair, and she scrambled her hair like the average belle of the city; she was proud but not bold, yet the truth must be told that the way she chewed wax was a pity. But aside from this vice, she was everything nice, and the world much applauded her bustle; and the Fayetteville boys, being calmed by the noise, walked miles just to hear the thing rustle. She cut quite a swell, did this wax-chewing belle, and the men flocked in armies to meet her; but she gave them the shirk, for she loved the young clerk who sang like a hungry mosquito. So she hemmed and she bawed, and she sighed and she "chawed," till her heart and her jaws were both broken; then she walked by the store, while he stood at the door awaiting some amative token. She raised up her eyes with a pretty surprise, and tried to enact the proud scorn; but, to tell the plain truth she just grinned at the youth who loved the devout amen corner.

Josh Billings gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if yer moustache don't grow; it sometimes happens where a moustache duz the best nothing else duz so well."

Appearances Against Him.

THE history of English law contains few more startling judicial tragedies than that to which the statute against murder owed such humane amendment as to make the finding and positive identification of the body of the slain person essential to the conviction of the murderer; and as the same remarkable case had a peculiar moral and social significance for the young lovers of all times who, in their passionate devotion to each other, are altogether too apt to disregard the fortunes of everybody else in the world, it may be recalled appropriately for modern reading.

Upon the death of Mr. George Perkins, a widower of considerable property in London, it was found that his will appointed a brother of his, living near Epping Forest, the sole guardian of his only daughter, and directed that said guardian should inherit the whole fortune devised in case his young ward should die either unmarried or without children. Implicit confidence in his brother, who was a middle-aged bachelor of limited means, had, of course, inspired the dying man to make such a will; but a number of family relatives pronounced the document an extraordinary piece of servile fatuity, and darkly hinted that harm would ensue from it. This feeling caused an alienation between the occupants of the Epping Forest residence and the aforesaid prophets, and made the latter the bitterest prosecutors of the dead man's brother in the strange and tragic succeeding events, which have been described as follows:

Uncle and niece were both seen one day walking together in the forest, but the young lady suddenly disappeared, and the uncle declared that he had sought her as soon as he missed her, and knew not whither she had gone or what had become of her. This account was considered improbable, and appearances being clearly suspicious, he was arrested and taken before a magistrate. Other circumstances, hourly coming to light, rendered his position serious. A young gentleman in the neighborhood had been paying his addresses to Miss Perkins. It was stated, and generally believed, that he had gone, a few days before she was missed, on a journey to the North, and that she had declared that she would marry him on his return. The uncle had repeatedly expressed his disapprobation of the match, and Miss Perkins had loudly reproached him with his unkindness and abuse of his authority over her as his ward. A woman named Margaret Oaks was produced, who swore that at about eleven o'clock on the day on which Miss Perkins was missed she was passing through the forest and heard the voice of a young lady earnestly expostulating with a gentleman. On drawing nearer the spot whence the sound came, Margaret Oaks testified that she heard the lady exclaim: "Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!" The woman was greatly terrified, and ran away from the spot. As she was doing so she heard the report of firearms. On this combination of circumstantial and positive evidence coupled with the suspicion of interest, the uncle was tried, convicted of murder, and almost immediately afterwards—according to the customs of those days—was hanged.

About ten days after the execution of the sentence upon the uncle, the niece reappeared, and, stranger still, showed by the history she related, that all the testimony given on the trial was strictly true. Miss Perkins said that, having resolved to elope with her lover, they had given out that he had gone on a journey to the North, whereas he had merely waited near the skirts of the forest until the time appointed for the elopement, which was the very day on which she had disappeared. Her lover had horses ready saddled for them both, and two servants in attendance on horseback.— While walking with her uncle, he reproached her with her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved, and after some remonstrances, she passionately exclaimed: "I have set my heart upon him. If I don't marry him it will be death to me; and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!" Just as she proclaimed those words she heard a gun fired, at which she started, and she afterwards saw a man come from among the trees with a wood-pigeon in his hand, which he had shot. On approaching the spot appointed for a meeting with her lover, she formed a pretence to induce her uncle to go on before her. She then fled to the arms of her lover, who had been waiting for her, and they both mounted their horses and immediately rode off. Instead, however, of going to the North, they retired to Windsor, and about a week afterwards went on tour of pleasure to France. There they passed some months so happily that in those days, when newspapers were scarce, when there was no very regular postal communication and no telegraphs, they never heard of their uncle's sad fate until their return to England.

A lady correspondent wants to know the meaning of "stag parties." They are entertainments whereat bucks usually get enough additional horns to make them stagger.

A good man who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

Saved by Dreams.

EARLY in the present century a Wiltshire farmer had a dream soon after midnight, thrice repeated, to the effect that there was something wrong going on in a certain field of his; and after dreaming this the third time, so strong was his impression of its being a reality that he arose, and taking his gun set out for the spot. It was Summer time, and an hour or two before dawn. On reaching the field he saw in a remote part of it a faint glimmering light, toward which he directed his steps. On approaching he found a man in the act of digging what appeared to be intended for a grave, the light being at the bottom.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer. But without replying the fellow bounded off at the top of his speed, leaving behind him his jacket, in a pocket of which was found a murderous weapon in the shape of a knife. The farmer did not pursue, but retraced his steps, and on approaching his house met one of his servant girls carrying a bundle. He inquired whither she was going at that unseasonable hour. But having formed her plan she seemed bent on carrying it out, and showed a disposition to avoid him. This, however, he would not permit, and insisted upon an explanation.

It appeared that the wretched man who had just been surprised in the act of preparing for his wicked design had promised to marry the girl; and the arrangement was that she should clandestinely leave her place and meet him at a specified hour and spot in the field in question, bringing with her the money she had saved while in service. It need hardly be said that, after being apprised by her master of what he had witnessed, the poor girl was only too glad and thankful to return with him thus doubtless escaping, through the interposition of a merciful Providence, an untimely and violent death.

In June, 1753, Mr. Robert Aikenhead, farmer in Denstrath of Arnhall, in the Mearns, about five miles north of Brechin and seven from Montrose, went to a market called Tarrenty Fair, where he had a large sum of money to receive. His eldest son, Robert, a boy between seven and eight years old was sent to take care of the cattle and happened to lie down upon a grassy bank, and before sunset was fast asleep.

Although the boy had never been far from home, he was immediately carried in his imagination to Tarrenty market, where he dreamed that his father, after receiving the money, set out on his return home, and was followed all the way by two ill-looking fellows, who, when he had got to the western dykes of Inglismaldy (the seat of then Lord Halkerton, now Earl of Kintore) and a little more than a mile from home, attacked and attempted to rob him; whereupon the boy thought he ran to his assistance, and when he came within a gunshot of the place he called out to some people who were just going to bed, who put the robbers to flight.

He immediately awoke in a fright, and without waiting to consider whether it was a vision or a reality, ran as fast as he could to the place he had dreamed of, and no sooner reached it than he saw his father in the very spot and situation he had seen in his dream, defending himself with a stick against the assassins. He therefore immediately realized his own part of the visionary scene, by roaring out "Murder!" at the top of his voice, which soon brought out the people, who, running to Mr. Aikenhead's assistance, found him victor over one of the villains whom he had previously knocked down with a stone after they had pulled him off his horse, but almost overpowered by the other, who repeatedly attempted to stab him with a sword, against which he had no other defense than his stick and his hands, which were considerably mangled by grasping the blade.

Upon sight of the country people the villain who had the sword ran off, but the other, not being able, was apprehended and lodged in jail. Meantime there was a hue and cry after young Robert, whose mother missing him and finding the cattle among the corn, was in the utmost anxiety, concluding he had fallen into some water or peat moss. But her joy and surprise were equally great when her husband returned with the boy and told her how wonderfully both his money and his life had been saved by his son's dream.

A Hint to Young Ladies.

Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off by simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels—if they would make good their title to that name—should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princesses. These tincleries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and refinement of delicacy cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly; a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.