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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.

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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.

B. F. JUNKIN, " "

WM. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:

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Agent for Perry County.

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LOOK OUT!

I would respectively inform my friends that I intend calling upon them with a supply of good

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

Smythe's Mystery.

A MORE honest fellow than Pennington Smythe never lived. He was young—say twenty-two or three—full of a large assortment of varied enthusiasms, possessed of an unlimited belief in the goodness of human nature, and absolutely incapable of falsehood.

And yet, curiously enough, he had a passion for mysteries. Although practically a common-place Presbyterian, he nevertheless affected to believe in the mysteries of Rosicrucianism. He was perpetually striving, with conspicuous want of success, to magnetize his friends, and although he was too orthodox to believe in Spiritualism, he lived in constant hopes of inducing his wash-stand to move and his writing-table to trap, by the patient contact of his tireless hands. As for secret societies they were his delight. He belonged to nearly every ancient and venerable of very modern mechanics and grocerymen in existence, and kept locked up in his trunk more glaring gilt badges and fantastically trimmed aprons, and horse-collars than would have sufficed to purchase the sovereignty of a dozen African kingdoms.

And there never was a more honest and straightforward little girl than Mary Morris, to whom Smythe was engaged to be married. She was just out of boarding-school, and her respectable father—in the wholesale lard business—and her equally respectable mother—in the wholesale family business—and all her thirteen brothers and sisters of assorted sexes, were ready to affirm, as the case might be—that Mary was as good as gold, and many times as valuable.

The engagement of these two young persons was with the full approbation of the elder Smythes and Morris. Young Pennington was expected to spend three evenings every week with his betrothed, and they were always accommodated with a convenient back-parlor in which to converse after the manner of their kind. In these circumstances Pennington Smythe ought to have been happy, but he was not. There was no mystery about his love affair, and the fact weighed upon his spirits.

He did what he could to convince himself that the respectable old Mr. Morris, who used to say when Pennington made his appearance, "Now, you children, keep out of that back parlor, and give Mary and her young man a show!"—was bitterly opposed to the match, and must be kept from perceiving that his daughter was beloved by her "young man." But the only possible way which he could devise to throw an air of secrecy over the affair, was to write notes to his beloved in a very cramped hand, and to deliver them himself. Usually he had to read them, too, since his handwriting was too mystical to be readily deciphered, and when they were read they usually contained nothing but an amplification of the innocuous idea that he, Pennington Smythe, proposed to love her, Mary Morris, in spite of every obstacle this statement was not one of tremendous moment; but still it gave young Smythe no little comfort to make it in writing and deliver it with an air of immense secrecy.

One day a happy thought struck him.—How delightful it would be to correspond with his darling in cipher. This idea filled him with a calm, mystical joy that was really a first-class sensation. So he devised a cipher of the kind so much in vogue among school-girls, and which consisted in substituting one letter for another, and instantly wrote a brief note to Mary. This he carried to her the same evening, together with a key, and attained the seventh heaven of mystical delight in transmitting it to her. Poor Mary suffered much from this cipher. It was very hard work for her to write an intelligible letter with the new alphabet. She continually made mistakes in it, and so kept Pennington out of bed for hours, while with locked doors and shaded windows he tried to decipher some such sentence as, "I do so long to see you." It was only when mistakes were made in the use of this cipher that it became at all difficult of comprehension to an ordinary reader. Poor Pennington had not devoted much attention to the subject of cryptography, or he would have known that there is nothing more transparent than a cipher which merely consists of the substitution of one letter for another. He was, however, soon to learn this fact in a very unpleasant way.

One evening Mary dropped a note which she had received by mail, and it was picked up by her father. The old gentleman was wild with horror. There was his trusted daughter actually corresponding with some unknown villain in cipher. Obviously the cipher must have some shameful secret. He sat in his arm-chair with the open note in his hand, and serious thoughts of immediate apoplexy in his mind, when his son Tom, a young fellow just home from college, entered, and, frightened at his father's expression of face, asked and received an explanation.

Tom was a bright young fellow, and he at once remarked that it was hardly worth while to take to apoplexy until it was really apparent that the mysterious note contained something wrong. He suspected that it was written by the mystery-lov-

ing Smythe, and did not doubt his ability to read it. The note ran as follows:

CHRM PSMX : H TRDS XBC SVC STPFXN
FRTT. OSTYHDURY NFXLUS.

In less than ten minutes Tom had translated this innocent mystery into the words, "Dear Mary, I love you and always will. Pennington Smythe," and thus banished his father's doubt and wretchedness.—However, the old man was angry enough to desire to give the unfortunate Pennington a lesson which he might remember. So when the young man made his usual evening call, he was awaited in the parlor by the incensed father and his greatly amused son, and addressed him in the following stern and cruel words:

"Mr. Smythe, what do you mean by writing to my innocent daughter in such infamous style as this, sir?" and he shook Pennington's letter before his astonished eyes.

"Sir," replied the youth, "it is not infamous. It is an entirely proper note. All the world might see it."

"Then why the devil did you write it in this outlandish lingo?" returned the father.

"She is not to blame," hastily urged Pennington, judiciously shirking the main question. I assure you she never can read them without my help, and when she writes them she makes so many mistakes that often I can't make head or tail of them."

"By 'them' I suppose you mean the letters written in cipher," replied Mr. Morris. "Well, I won't add to your trouble. Only let me advise you not to write any more cipher notes, my boy. Tom, here, read your note almost as easy as if it had been written in print. There, go along now, and don't be silly again—at least, any more than you can help, you know." And the old man, quite recovered from his anger, went laughingly away.

Pennington lingered. "Is it really true, Tom, that you could read it without a key?" he doubtfully asked.

Of course I could. Why, Pen, there is nothing easier to read than that sort of cipher. If you will write in cipher—and I don't see why you shouldn't if you want to, though you'll find it beastly tiresome—I can tell you of a cipher that no one can possibly translate."

"If you would be so very kind," murmured Pennington.

"Why," continued Tom, "you select some book. Then out of the words in this book you make your cipher. For instance, you want to write 'dear,' as I presume you do, and you find it, say, on the twelfth page of the book, in the second line from the top, and the third word in the line.—You then represent it by the numbers 12, 2, 3. And so with the rest of your note.—You see, no human being could possibly read it unless they happened to guess what book you used."

Pennington was overjoyed at this delightful plan, and, thanking Tom warmly, hastened to unfold the new cipher to Mary. He felt at perfect liberty to disregard Mr. Morris' advice not to write in cipher, for he now decided that Mary's father would be justifiably regarded as a hoary-headed tyrant, bent upon separating two loving hearts, and only fit to be circumvented by careful strategy. So he selected a novel of which he knew that both Mary and himself possessed copies; explained the cipher with the utmost care, and after he reached home put it in immediate practice by writing a brief note and sending it by post, as he would be unable to see her next evening.—This is what he wrote:

35.9.5—33.2.3—45.4.4—69.5.9—65.4.5—51.15.6—15.1.4—77.1.1—85.19.9—83.4.2—83.8.6—89.5.2—39.2.6—117.5.6—71.17.8.

Now the book upon which this cipher was based was printed in double columns. Unfortunately Pennington forgot to explain which of these columns he intended to use. However, he decided to use the outer column trusting that the other heart, which, as he frequently remarked, was one of two "which beat as one," would divine his selection.

Two nights afterwards he reached the Morris' door, full of delightful anticipations. He was met by old Morris, who, thrusting a note into his hand, explained, with much unnecessary emphasis, and a total disregard of the commonest rules of politeness, that if he ever ventured to present himself at that house again he would be kicked down the front steps, mixed up in complicated relations with the family bull-dog, and committed to the final care of the police.

He went home maddened with this very undesirable mystery, and confident that old Morris had been attacked with delirium tremens, and was an exceedingly unsafe acquaintance. Once in his room, he sat down to read the crumpled letter that had been forced upon him. It was his own letter to Mary. Below the cipher was written Mary's translation of it. The poor girl had tried to translate it by using the inner columns of the book, and with the following unsatisfactory result:

"You lar when almost hate her and farewell you deceitful never again and base infamy."

And still further down on the page was written in Mary's hand, "I can make out enough of your letter to see it is a cruel, wicked insult, and I shall tell papa."

It flashed across Pennington's remnant

of a mind that perhaps Mary had made a mistake in the columns of the book. He seized the volume and verified his suspicion. The innocent note that he had written was actually transformed, by the simple process of reading it with the wrong column as a key, into the incoherent, but obviously impolite letter, which had wrought such unhappy consequences.

Pennington sank into his chair utterly overwhelmed. He called himself all the choice names that old Morris had applied to him, together with a large selection of other epithets. He spent an hour in this profitable occupation. At the end of that time he had formed a resolution which he proceeded to put into immediate execution.

He rose up, and going to his trunk, took out his secret society emblems and solemnly threw them into the grate. He next sat down and wrote twelve separate resignations for twelve different lodges. Then he wrote a solemn pledge never, to the day of his death, to meddle with cipher or any other mystery, and, finally, writing out a full history of the cipher letter, sent it, together with a book which he had used as a key, his pledge to solemnly abstain from mysteries, and an humble apology to old Morris.

Of course his explanation was accepted, and Mary forgave him. Several years have passed since that event, but if you want to make Pennington Smythe blushed with wretchedness, all that is necessary is to ask him if he knows of any good, trustworthy cipher.

That Nose.

At one of the demi-French reunions, not long since, a little scene occurred which amused a few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a monsieur entered very correct in his "getting up," unexceptionable in his demeanor, of fine figure—altogether an accomplished gentleman gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, "A large nose never spoiled a handsome face," and the stranger justified the proverb.

Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit, then taking a more familiar tone he said, "It has been very happy to accept your invitation, madam; an honor of which it is quite unworthy."

This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly articulated that it could be understood by those who stood near.

The lady, who, though a very distinguished person, is somewhat timid, because still young, was somewhat embarrassed at this address, and, thinking she had misunderstood him, replied—

"Excuse me, sir; you were saying—"

"I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your soiree."

The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and more out of countenance.

"I do not understand you," she said, at length; "of what are you speaking?"

The gentleman did not speak again, but pointed in reply to the prominent feature in his face.

"What, do you know? Oh, imprudent!" exclaimed the lady; and blushed from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in her handkerchief a face half laughing and half embarrassed.

The explanation of this little mystery soon came out. The hostess had met this gentleman the evening before at the house of her sister, where he had made himself very agreeable, as was his custom. On her return, recollecting her own soiree of the next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her sister:

"I have taken a liking to the big nose.—Give it an invitation for me."

Her madcap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was, and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on her side.

The Secret of Dress.

The great mistake made by many ladies is that of spending a large sum of money on one or two very handsome toilettes, intended for dressy occasions, and by this means not only rendering these dresses so expensive that they are rarely worn, and then in "fear and trembling," thus becoming old-fashioned before half worn out, but at the same time so curtailing the sum set aside for toilette purposes that all the other articles of dress have to suffer. This is a mistake never made by the true Parisienne; she, on the contrary, pays particular attention to the dresses for every day wear, and seen by every one, and thus, while spending far less, appears always well dressed, to the utter eclipse of those who do not happen to have on their best dresses. This is exemplified even in so small an article as a fan. The foreigner or provincial will have one very handsome fan for grand occasions; the Parisienne will buy several for less money, and of course, not so handsome but of different colors assorted to her toilette, and giving her a far more elegantly finished appearance than the lady who is forced to use the same fan, whatever color her dress may be.

A little boy, who was worrying over a piece of shad at dinner lately, demoralized his mother by asking, "Mamma, where did God find all the bones to make the first shad of?"

SUNDAY READING.

The Kind of Religion Wanted.

The annexed, from the *Christian* (Boston) is well worth reading and consideration, too:

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counter, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big straw-berries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one half pair of shoes of good leather and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvain's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end at the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards to be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all-woolen delaines nor all-wool handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together to be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys; it contracts to build of seventeen dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that fifty cents returned for one hundred cents given in according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.

Selfishness Rebuked.

A clergyman who lived in a New Jersey village which was not supplied with water works, was the fortunate possessor of a well of good water. Some of the wells in the neighborhood were not as good as his; and by common consent and long custom, many neighbors came into his lot and drew water from his well. It cost him nothing, except the tramping down of a little grass over which the people trod.—But he got tired of accommodating the public, and nailed up his back gate, affixing to it a sign warning all people against drawing water from his well. He had a right to do so; no reasonable person could dispute the legal correctness of his position. But soon afterwards when the neighbors (members of his congregation) began to say that he had done a small thing, he was startled to find on his gate a notice, erected by some critical unbeliever, and reading thus:

"COME TO JESUS,"

BUT

DON'T DRAW WATER

AT MY WELL.

The good man saw his mistake. He had not meant to be mean; but he had done an illiberal thing. If he was calling his neighbors to drink of the water of life was it the right thing to forbid them the filling their buckets at his well? He threw down the bars and threw open his gate, and let the people come and take of his well water freely. And he felt that the good-will of his neighbors was more than a compensation for annoyance.

Stern Reality.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fences, let cattle into the crops, kill the fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his field with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of the windows, and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden, as well as to the farmer, for, in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons.

A Brief Temperance Lecture.

It has been well said, that "Drunkenness expels reason, distempers the body, inflames the blood, impairs the memory, is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the purse, a beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow; and that a drunkard is a picture of a beast, a self-murderer, one who drinks to the good health of others, and destroys his own, as well as the happiness of those whom he ought to protect, love and cheerish."

There are people independent in politics, and independent in religion; why can't a man be independent in his morals just as well? The good old times are gone.

Show may be easily purchased, but real happiness is a home-made article.