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6421y

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.
E. F. JUNKIN,
W. H. MILLER, Carlisle,

OFFICERS:
W. A. SPONSLER, President.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier

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BALL SCALES!

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

"The Ball Scale Company,"

have now on hand a large supply of Boy's Patent COUNTER 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.

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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 \$3 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 of my

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Consisting of

CASSIMERS,
CASSINETS,
FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd)

CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

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CENTRE WOODEN FACTORY,
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J. M. GIRVIN & 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.

TUBAL CAIN.

"Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a man,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that man with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,

In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,

And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"

And he fashioned the first plowshare.
And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall

And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.

But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

A few weeks since, we published an arithmetical problem, which we are requested to give the solution of, as well as the answer. The following working is different from that given by the gentleman who furnished the problem, but gives the correct answer, and is furnished by H. J. Schrist, one of the students at the Bloomfield Academy.

MULTIPLY 49, 98, 98 by itself.

Solution: First reduce 49, 98, 98 to the fraction of a 2, which gives you 49 2/2, 98 2/2, and multiply these two amounts together furnishes the answer = 190, 08, 24 3-88.

Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters.
I am found in lake, but not in river.
I am found in shake, but not in shiver.
I am found in nose, but not in face.
I am found in goes, but not in pace.
I am found in bound, but not in spring.
I am found in round, but not in ring.
I am found in gain, but not in win.
I am found in shame, but not in sin.
From each, one letter choose,
To name what nations use.

A Riddle.

My first is quick, my second dead,
My whole has just been shown:
To be my first, as I have read,
So make the riddle known.

A True Story.

From the West we get a true story which gloomily suggests some of Frydeau's weird and horrible fancies. It is well for mankind's peace of mind that things like this which we are about to relate seldom occur.

The St. Louis Chief of Police was very much agitated the other morning by the receipt of a telegram from the conductor of a Vandalla train then approaching the city. In the briefest manner the dispatch stated that in the baggage car of that train was a trunk emitting so diabolical an odor that it irresistiably suggested a murderous tragedy, and further, that its owner was on the train, and the number of the check was so and so. A whole battalion of policemen and detectives was immediately sent to the depot, the train arrived, the trunk was quietly confiscated, and its owner secretly accompanied to his hotel, not to be arrested until its fatal contents were revealed. Then followed a scene to which only the pencil of a Kaubach and a Dore could do justice. The lid of the heavy trunk was slowly lifted in the presence of a horror-stricken group, and—it is hard to mention the fearful fact—to their dilated eyes were disclosed the ghastly forms of six (6) Limburger cheeses.

An overbearing lawyer endeavored to browbeat a witness by telling him he saw a rogue in his face. "I never knew before," said the witness, "that my face was a looking glass."

A Romantic Story.

IN a recent number of the *Boersen Courier*, of Berlin, a paper whose title may be presumed to indicate financial, solid, matter-of-fact and trustworthy character, there is an incident related of Prince Bismarck's domestic life which, if true, is fairly interesting. Most people who read the newspapers have heard somewhat of the great Chancellor's daughter. The young lady, though not beautiful, is amiable, accomplished and accustomed to the homage of high society in which she moves. With her father she has been a great favorite ever since she grew up. When in Berlin he was wont to spend with her whatever leisure moments he could snatch from his occupations, and in the country his idle hours have been usually passed in her society. The Prince saw with concern that his daughter repelled all proposals of marriage made to her. Though wooed by the eligible suitors, among them the heirs of the richest families, members of the most ancient nobility, gentlemen filling the highest official positions, even a Prince, the young lady declined them all. After brooding for a long time over the possible reasons of his daughter's conduct, the Chancellor believing at last he had fathomed the secret of her severity, opened his heart to her on the subject. He told her he felt sure that she must have become profoundly attached to some person inferior to herself in position and wealth. He then begged her to mention the name of the man to whom she had given her heart, as he, her father, was rich enough and powerful enough to change the conditions which might seem to render her lover an ineligible match. With flowing tears the young lady confessed that she did cherish such affection as her father suspected, an affection that was returned, but that her lover was a simple lieutenant in the army.

The next day the lieutenant appeared in the presence of the father. The Chancellor hardly gave him time to speak before saying: "I know why it seems to you impossible to become my son-in-law; notwithstanding the difference of social position your wish shall be accomplished.—Though I do not know you, the love of my daughter is to me sufficient guaranty of your worth."

But instead of the joyful thanks which the Prince naturally expected, he received a reply of the following tenor: "I thank you for your infinite goodness, but this union is impossible. I belong to an old Catholic family. I cannot take home as my wife the daughter of him whom my family regard as the enemy of the Church, whom I myself am also compelled to look upon as such." The officer then sadly took leave and withdrew, leaving the Chancellor utterly confounded, who had little anticipated such a reception of his condescension.

Having summoned his daughter, the Chancellor told her that the officer wholly refused her hand, and that she must forget him. The daughter, becoming paler than ever, replied, "He is too honorable to deny his religious faith." I will not ask of him such a sacrifice, and if he desire it I, less believing than he, will adopt his religion to render our marriage possible." The father saw his child more inconsolable from day to day, and at length he was thrown into a state of fearful excitement, which was not without consequences. So things stand at present. How they will end no one can foresee.

The following illustration of the power possessed by insects to communicate their experiences to one another is given by a lady correspondent of the *London Spectator*: "I was staying in the house of a gentleman who was fond of trying experiments, and who was a bee keeper. Having read in some book on bees that the best and most humane way of taking the honey without destroying the bees was to immerse the hive for a few minutes in a tub of cold water, when the bees, being half-drowned, could not sting, while the honey was uninjured, since the water could not penetrate the closely waxed cells, he resolved on trying the plan. I saw the experiment tried. The bees, according to the recipe, were fished out of the water after the hive had been immersed a few minutes, and with those remaining in the hive laid on a sieve in the sun to dry. But as by bad management the experiment had been tried too late in the day, as the sun was going down, they were removed into the kitchen, to the great indignation of the cook, on whom they revenged their sufferings as soon as the warm rays of the fire before which they were placed revived them. As she insisted on their being taken away, they were put back into their old hive, which had been dried, together with a portion of their honey, and placed on one of the shelves of the apiary, in which were five or six other strong hives full of bees, and left for the night. Early the next morning my friend went to look at the hive on which he experimented the night before, but to his amazement, not only the bees from that hive were gone, but the other hives were also deserted—not a bee remained in any of them. The half-drowned bees must therefore, in some way or other, have made the other bees understand the fate which awaited them."

Effects of Imagination.

DR. SEQUARD says in one of his lectures: Not only anesthesia may be produced, but the sensations may be very powerfully affected by the influence of the mind over the body. Here we find facts of great importance indeed. There are many facts which show that the secretions of milk may become poisonous for a child from a mere emotion in the mother, and especially from anger.

And if it were not the duty of every one to avoid anger it would certainly be the duty of a young mother who has to nurse a child. There are cases, although they are not common, in which death had resulted; and alterations of health in children from this cause are very frequent. A great many men who have reached an adult age owe their ill health to such an influence in childhood.

Every one knows also that the secretion of bile, the secretion of tears, and the secretion of saliva are very much under the influence of the nervous system. The purging of the bowels, which depends on a secretion there, or a secretion in the liver, is also much dependent on the influence of the imagination. The Emperor Nicholas tried to see what power there is in the imagination in that respect. Bread-crumbs were given to a great many patients and, as a result, most of them were purged.

In one case a student, not of medicine but of theology, having the idea that the word pill meant a purgative, looked for "pill" in the dictionary; and the first kind of pills that he found there was one composed mainly of opium and henbane, both astringents, and capable of producing great constipation. He wanted to be purged, and took a certain number of these pills, and instead of becoming constipated he was purged just as he wished to be.

Vomiting may be produced in the same way. Du Cros, a French physiologist, tells of a trial made in a hospital by a nurse who went around and gave to all the patients a very harmless kind of medicine, and then told them that she was sorry that she had by mistake given them all very powerful emetics. Out of 100 patients 80 were affected as if they had taken the most violent emetic, and vomited for a long time.

This we see on a very large scale on seaboard every summer. I have no doubt whatever that sea-sickness is in a great measure due to that, and if you could go on board of a steamer with the idea that you would not vomit, I am well satisfied, from experiments I have made, that you would escape a great deal of sea-sickness, if you did not escape it altogether.

One fact I recall is very interesting. A person had crossed, on one occasion, a small bay when it was very rough. There was a man playing the violin on the boat. The person I refer to was terribly sea-sick and vomited a great deal. He had not, of course, made up his mind that he could not be sick. However, the point is that after that he could never hear a violin without vomiting.

Bucking the Tiger.

A story is told of a jolly sugar-planter, who, in the days of specie and slavery, found himself in New Orleans, with the proceeds of his crop in his pockets, anxious to invest them in the pursuit of happiness. Having duly primed himself at the St. Charles, he was wandering along the streets in search of a faro bank, when his attention was attracted by an Italian, who was turning the crank of his hand-organ, on top of which moved and danced a number of puppets, one which held a plate for contributions. Taking this for a novel game of chance, the planter, wholly unsophisticated, and more than half inebriated, resolved to "buck the tiger," and placed a \$5 piece on the plate. The Italian ground on, the figure dexterously tilted the money into a basket, the Italian solemnly placed it in his pocket. "Here goes to get even," said the planter, as he planked a ten, which shared the same fate. "Fifteen out; here's a twenty." The imperturbable Italian pocketed the twenty and still turned the crank. The disgruntled planter departed with the remark: "Well, I never was lucky, but blamed if ever I see a game before where all the per centage was in favor of the dealer!"

A young man in one of the Penobscot river towns in Maine, recently supposing himself to be upon his death-bed, quietly arranged his earthly affairs, as far as he was able, and then astonished his weeping friends by the choice of an auctioneer to conduct the funeral services.—"There's Mr. — down to Bangor," he said, "he is an easy, fluent talker, and I affers like to bear him. I've had dealings with him, an' affers found he set out things just about as they was. He's the man I want to talk to my funeral." But the young man recovered and the auctioneer lost the job.

A Boston man and a Titusville (Pa.) maid had a little quiet dance all to themselves the other day. He did the dancing while she applied the cowhide, and he doesn't dance attendance on her any more. Neither does he insult Titusville ladies as much as he did.

How a Church Started.

The true origin of one of the New Haven churches is perhaps unknown even to many of the present worshippers within its beautiful gates. "Not to put too fine a point upon it," it began in a dog fight. As a young man (whom it will be sufficient to describe as being at present the surgeon of the U. S. Marine Hospital at Puget Sound) was on his way to church one Sunday about eight years ago, a couple of vagabond curs fell out directly in his path. It was in a part of the city where Bibles, and Sundays, and sanctuary privileges were sparsely enjoyed, for in less than five minutes from the first grapple of the combatants, no fewer than twenty-eight children had gathered to act as umpires. The Surgeon-to-be at once decided that then was the time and that the place for a mission-school on which his heart had long been set. The shop in front of which the fight took place happened to be that of a rag-picker, and after some difficulties, the loft above it was secured for two years at a moderate rent, the rags swept out, benches furnished by the old Center Church, and the Sunday school opened with 80 at its first session. The numbers and interest constantly increased from month to month, until, to make a long story short, this school of street Arabs has now become the strong West Church with its stately edifice of stone and sterling membership.

Curious Love Letters.

The proposal:
Madam: Most worthy of my admiration, after long consideration and much meditation, of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration, I shall make preparation to move my situation, to profess my admiration, and if such obligation is worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandizement, beyond calculation, of the joy an exultation, of yours,
SANS DISEDERATION.

The answer:
Sir: I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd remuneration, or rather multiplication of words of the same termination, though of great variation in such respective signification. Now with disputation your laborious application to so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and, thinking imitation sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation, yours,
MANY MODERATION.

Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary and lie down to rest no more. At three-score and ten a band of some four hundred still struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.

There is a gentleman living on the Southwestern Railroad near Columbus, Ga., who has thirteen daughters. He buys clothing for them by the wholesale. Thus, when last in Columbus he bought 370 yards of calico, 100 of lawn, 13 corsets, 26 pairs of shoes, and other goods in proportion. Unlike many fathers who have only one daughter, he paid cash for all his purchases. Though an old man, he has never bought a bushel of corn or pound of meat, but raises them himself. He has never sworn an oath, and does not owe a dollar.

A Rutland farmer sold his colt recently. Two nicely dressed young men came along and wanted to "sample" the colt by driving him a little way, with the intention of purchasing if his style suited. The farmer consented and the nice young men started off, leaving an elegant gold watch and \$100 in money, just as a matter of form for security. They didn't seem to come back, however, and on examination their collateral proved to be crooked as to the watch and "queer" as to the money.

Mr. Beecher recently announced from his pulpit that he wished to raise \$500 for a benevolent purpose. "Now," said he, "there are 3,000 persons present, and if all pay a half-dollar that will be too much. We have some dollar men, some half-dollar men, some quarter-dollar men, some shilling men, some six penny men, some three penny men, and some are so mean they will not give a penny."

A sinful young lady in Ohio was so affected by a sermon preached against extravagance in dress that she went home, took her ear-rings and jewels from her person and put them in a bureau drawer; then took all the flowers from a beautiful bonnet and—put them on a new spring hat!

A Dewitt county teacher has adopted a plan, whereby, when a girl misses a word, the boy who spells it has the right to kiss her. A western paper thus slanders the girls: "The result is that the girls are fast forgetting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rapidity."