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642 1/2

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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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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. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.
B. F. JUNKIN,
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L. B. MARYANETH, D. W. DERR and JAMES H. GRIER, known as

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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.,
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4 1/2

LOOK OUT!

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

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Consisting of

CASSIMERS,

CASSINETS,

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to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

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Commission Merchants,

No. 8, SPEAR'S WHARF,

Baltimore, Md.

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

6 3/4

The Battle Hymn of Temperance.
Tune—"John Brown."

The word from Heaven is spoken, and will never pass away,
That truth and right shall spread, and win a universal sway,
And now are pouring o'er the world the glories of the day:
God's truth is marching on.

CHORUS: Glory, glory, hallelujah! God's truth is marching on.

From sin and Satan, Christ shall have the empire of the world;
Through darkest dens, o'er ranks of hell, His lightnings shall be hurled;
Behold from afar, and waving wide, His banner is unfurled:
His truth is marching on.

The wretched earth has mourned so long the reign of vice and crime,
That hearts will dance and eyes will shine when comes the better time.

'Tis coming, coming on apace! In all its golden prime,
God's truth is marching on.

The fiend is doomed. Thy will be done, by woman pledged and sworn,
The forts are stormed by prayer and praise; and on the wind is borne
Exulting shouts of joyful hosts, as through the gates of morn,
God's truth comes marching on.

Arise with Heaven! and bless the world; let all respond below:
With heart and hand and voice arise, to foff and crush the foe;

For God hath cursed the curse of drink, and He will lay it low!
His truth is marching on.

Andre's Request to Washington.

I ask thee not for freedom—
I seek not to be free;
I beg not now for money—
I ask not life of thee.

I am about to perish;
And, with my latest breath,
I beg thee to allow me
To die a soldier's death.

A Lawyer's Story.

IT was a first night on the circuit after vacation, and old Tom Badger's turn for a story.

Tom's forte lay in the "criminal line." He had cheated the gallows so often that Bill Quipley used to say he wondered how he could look a hemp-field in the face.

"Did I ever tell you," said Tom, giving his tumbler of julep an exhaustive suck—"did I ever tell you, boys, about Obed Scott's case?"

No he never had.

"I should like to have such another now," he resumed. "It was just desperate enough to put one on his legal metal; and I think, with my present experience, I could win three times out of five under similar circumstances. But I was a boy then."

"How was it?" we asked, desirous to cut short the preface.

"The case was in a nutshell," said Tom coming to the point.

"Enos Burdge was an old settler, without wife or child, who began to feel hampered as the population averaged half a man to the square mile. He decided to sell out and go West.

He had a choice tract of land, with a comfortable home on it; and Obed Scott, the likeliest young man in the settlement, made an offer to buy it. Obed, instead of squandering his gains foolishly, as too many youngsters do, had saved them up.

One reason of his prudence, mayhap, was his engagement to Hettie Ward, the prettiest girl I ever saw."

The old lawyer stopped to honor her with a reminiscent swig.

"Though others," he continued, "offered more, in payments, Enos accepted Obed's bid; for the latter was ready to pay cash down, and Enos said he wished to quit the country for good, and didn't want to leave unsettled business behind him."

"On the day fixed for completing the contract, Enos went before a justice of the peace, and duly executed a deed to Obed Scott, which he carried away with him—saying Obed was to meet him that evening, pay the money, receive the deed, and take possession; after which it was Enos' intention to pass the night with an old friend to whom he was to pay a small debt, and whose house lay in the direction of his journey.

"But Enos never reached his friend's house, and the only account given of him after leaving the justice's was by Obed Scott, who said he had met Enos at his cabin, as agreed on, paid him his money, and gotten the deed; and then Enos had gone away, leaving him in possession of his purchase.

"There was no honest man than Enos Burdge. That he should have left the country clandestinely to avoid paying the one trifling debt he owed, and without stopping to bid his friends good-by, seemed a thing almost incredible.

"Rumors of foul play began to be circulated; and those were not wanting who hinted at the possibility of Obed Scott's having thought it an economical stroke to put Enos out of the way, and so possess himself of the deed without paying the stipulated price.

"So rife did these rumors grow, sundry

good citizens at last called on Obed, and told him that a thorough investigation was necessary to vindicate his name.

"Instead of inviting inquiry, as good policy, to put it on no higher ground, would have dictated, Obed was indignant or feigned to be, at the imputation cast upon him. His tone enhanced rather than allayed the prevailing doubts, and a search of the premises was begun without waiting for his permission.

"Not far from the cabin, beneath some scattered straw, signs were discovered indicating that the earth had recently been disturbed; and on digging down a little way, the mangled corpse of Enos Burdge was exhumed.

"Obed admitted that he had taken possession of the cabin on the evening of its late owner's departure, and that he slept there that night. Enos Burdge had never been seen alive since. Who was likely to have slain and buried him where his body was found but the man who had both the motive and opportunity?"

"That was the question I asked myself when retained to conduct Obed's defence, and I confess I was unable to return a satisfactory answer. Still I felt bound to do my best, and I did it.

"On the trial, the facts were proved much as I have related them. In summing up, I made the most of Obed's good character, dwelt on the fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence, read cases from the books to show how many judicial murders it had been accessory to, and wound up with a strong appeal to the jury to give the defendant the benefit of every reasonable doubt.

"But old Paxwax, the presiding judge, striped the gilding off my speech by repeating in his charge the usual platitudes about the impossibility of circumstances lying. True, he told the jury that the prisoner was entitled to all reasonable doubts; but, then, he emphasized the word 'reasonable' in such a way as to indicate, plainly enough, that in his opinion, in the present case, any doubt would be wholly unreasonable.

"When the jury brought him in guilty, Obed turned pale, for a moment, though, on the whole, I think he bore it better than I did.

"What have you to say asked the judge, 'why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon you?"

"Nothin'," Obed answered; "only you're agoin' to send me, afore a court as has got more sense, I hope, than this 'n' squar whar I'll git a fair trial, even if Enos Badger arn't thar to plead my case.

"The judge reproved him for his levity; and, after an exhortation to repentance, which would have become the mouth of a better man, old Paxwax sentenced the prisoner to be hanged, at the end of six weeks.

"I applied in vain for a writ of error and stay of proceedings. Equally in vain I appealed to the Executive clemency. Governors of States are generally so much more just than the Great Governor, than when it becomes a question of mercy, the responsibility is commonly shuffled off on the latter.

"Obed sent me a message to come and see him on his last night. He was the only inmate of the little log jail, with walls three tiers of timber thick.

"The jailer let me in and closed the door upon me. It wasn't usual, then, as now, to keep close watch on condemned criminals to see that they didn't anticipate their doom. If they hanged themselves, it was so much trouble saved.

"How do you feel, Obed?" I inquired, taking his hand kindly.

"Jest mid'lin," he answered. "You see I could a stood it a heap better if Hettie hadn't come to see me."

"Die like a man," I said; "there's no help for it now."

"I can't do it," he replied, and what's more, I won't."

"I looked at him in surprise."

"You see this yer rope," he continued. "I made it out o' my bed clothes, this afternoon, determined, if I had to be hanged, to do the job myself; but since I seen Hettie, I changed my mind."

"My astonishment increased."

"A lawyer han't no right to peach on his client, hes he?" he asked."

"This was a question including several others, among them the important one when the relationship referred to might be considered ended."

"At any rate, if you give the slap now, I'll kill you," he said quietly, and before I knew it he had grasped my arm with one hand, and placed the other on my mouth.

"You must submit to be gagged," he added, in the same firm determined tone.

"I felt that conscience didn't demand the imperiling of my life. I saw that Obed was desperate, and would stick at nothing. I was moreover an infant in his hands."

"He stuffed a wad of something in my mouth, and secured it by a bandage brought round and tied at the back of my neck."

"Then, compelling me to change clothing with him, he bound me hand and foot with the cord he had prepared, and fastened me on his bed. Then bidding me good night, he tapped at the door—my usual signal to be let out."

"I do not know if I would have warned the drowsy jailor if I could, I heard Obed

bid him good-night in my voice and walk away unmolested."

"I think I was glad I could not feel sorry; for I had never more than half believed in Obed's guilt, and despite the inconvenience to myself, I entertained a secret hope that his plan of escape might succeed."

"Of course there was a hubbub when the sheriff and his assistants came in the morning. Of course my expectation proved satisfactory; and of course, it would have been carrying the doctrine of representation by attorney to an unwarrantable extent to have hanged me in my client's stead.

"There were some who whispered that it was a concerted thing between Obed and myself; but my professional standing was a sufficient vindication against such a slander." "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed an irreverent junior.

The "death rattle" evoked by Mr. Badger's last suck at his julep was the only reply designed to the young men's impertinence.

"And what do you think of the case after all?" asked Bill Quipley.

"Oh, the truth came out at last! Ahab Grady was paying me some money, one day. Among the bank notes he gave me one peculiarly marked, which I remembered having paid to Enos Burdge on the day he disappeared. I secretly procured a warrant and had Grady's house searched.—The result was the discovery of a number of the murdered men's effects. Among them was a watch he had worn for many years, and which was readily identified.

"When confronted with the proofs of his guilt, Ahab confessed that he had way laid, robbed and murdered Enos Burdge, after the latter had received the money for his land, and that he had buried the body at dead of night where, if it should be found, suspicion would be likely to fall upon another."

"Ahab Grady was hanged in due time; Obed Scott, who turned up after a season, was happily married to Hattie Ward, who had never lost faith in her lover's innocence in spite of judge and jury.

A Dutch Justice.

A case came before a german judge in Chicago in which a young man pleaded the minor's act. The Judge wouldn't take the young man's oath as to his age, and even when he brought the family Bible the old fellow scowled, and said he didn't believe the Bible nor anything in it.

"Ha," he said, you dinks pekaus dot pook says Methusala vos a dousand years old dot I beliefs him!"

"But, your honor," pleaded Lawyer Hoyne, "we have a man here who lived on the same street and in the same house with my client, and he will swear that the young man is only nineteen years old. The witness remembers the very night he was born. He went for the doctor, your honor, and he will swear that he was born jurt nineteen years ago."

"No, Mr. Hoyne; I gives my judgment against dot man. I can't take any man's evidence on a ding vot has happened nineteen years ago. Uf he sewar dat dot young mans vas porn las week den I beliefs him!"

Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" when not required, such as "The King he has come," instead of "The King has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence is rendered ludicrous. A gentleman says he had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Mr. —, let his locality be a secret, and recently he began his discourse thus:—

"My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this afternoon in the first Epistle general of the Apostle Peter, chapter 5th and verse 8th, in the words 'The Devil he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads.—

Firstly. We shall endeavor to ascertain 'Who the Devil he was?' Secondly. We shall inquire 'Where the Devil he was going?' Thirdly. 'Who the Devil he was seeking?' And fourthly and lastly. 'What the Devil he was roaring about!'"

A popular clergyman of Buffalo returned from an extended journey a few days since and just as he alighted from the cars, and was receiving the congratulations of a crowd of delighted parishoners who had assembled to greet him, an inebriated individual followed in his wake, seized him by the hand and exclaimed: "Well, good-by, old pard, I'm going further and shall keep up the same old drunk for awhile yet, but you are pretty well sobered up, and you'd better keep so, I spect, as drinkin's rough on a feller 'round home. But you know how to go on a gallus spree and have a rum time just as good as any pard I ever had, and you have my respect. Day-day, old buster." Before the astonished clergyman could gather his wandering wits the hall fellow was off, leaving a terrible scandal for the delectation of the gossips of Buffalo, and a prospective candidate for the lunatic asylum.

A literal minded youngster was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there is money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

An Eccentric Member.

SOME thirty odd years ago, says "old Stager," Illinois sent an uncount, illiterate man to Congress named Reynolds. He had a strong vein of common sense, much natural shrewdness, with some comic humor. He had been Governor of the State, and Fund Commissioner, and seemed to have been uncommonly popular with his people. At that time Illinois was a frontier State, sparsely populated, deficient in the means of education, without refinement or much culture of any kind. Mr. Reynolds spoke frequently, always provoking merriment, in which he joined, without caring, apparently, whether the House was laughing with him or at him. His phraseology was tinged with the oddities and quaintness of a backwoodsman. Everybody was his "worthy friend." In opposing an appropriation for the navy he provoked the satire of Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, always one of the most courteous of men. He spoke of the want of appreciation of the usefulness and necessity of a respectable armed force for the water, so often betrayed by Western men. Mr. Reynolds rejoined: "My worthy friend from Boston does me wrong in saying I'm agin the navy. On the contrary, I love and admire the navy. Didn't our gallant sailors win unperishable honors in fighting our worthy friends, the British, in the last war? Didn't them dashing young fellows, Perry and Macdonough, drive a hostile flag from off the great lakes, and make the British lion put his tail between his legs?"

Visiting Baltimore soon after he came to Congress, he was amazed at many things he saw. The size of the city bewildered him, and the crowd of people in the streets nearly drove him wild. Passing down Pratt street early in the morning, he came to the Patasco at the time when the tide was running strong flood, it being nearly high water. Some six hours afterward he took another look at the river, when it was almost low tide. This rather puzzled him, so toward night he made another visit to the wharves, and found the tide coming in again. This was too much for him. "Dang me," said he, "if this don't beat all my calculations—two freshes in one day and nary a drop of rain?"

Going to New York for the first time on business connected with the duties of his office as Fund Commissioner, he put up at the Astor House. Such things as gas and bell-ropes were far beyond his comprehension. Lying on the bed, there being a brilliant light in the room, he began playing with the bell handle, and finding it to yield on pulling, he gave it a vigorous jerk. It was responded to immediately. "What did you wish, sir?" "Nothing at all. Come in. I'm glad to see you. Take a seat. I was getting to feel sort of lonesome." The waiter, slightly astonished, set down without a word. The Governor had taken off his boots, and John Thomas took them out to be polished without attracting the attention of the Fund Commissioner. After repeated efforts to blow out the gas, and finding it impossible, he went to bed.

In the morning he missed his boots. Rushing into the hall, half undressed, he shouted and shrieked until he brought up one of the proprietors, and a boarder or two, and no end of waiters. "My boots is stole! my boots is stole!" He was asked what kind of boots he wore. "Number thirteen," he screamed, "and pegged at that."

About eleven o'clock one night a policeman met a negro carrying a trunk along the street, and thinking he had discovered an item, he collared the negro and told him to drop that trunk and explain.

"I kin do it, sah," replied the stranger, as he put the trunk down. "De family what was boarding me has been axing for money, and as dey was gwine out to-night, I thought I'd git into some family whar dey respected de panic." He was allowed to go on.

A man who can have his corns smashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of a tolerably good disposition. One man, being once at a political meeting, said, in a pleasant manner, to a big burly fellow who was standing upon his toe, "My dear Sir, are you a miller?" "No Sir; why do you ask?" "Why Sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one too, because you have been grinding my corns this half hour without taking toll."

The young ladies of Washington county, Tenn., announce that they are going to offer two special premiums to be contested for by the young gentlemen at the next fair, but will not disclose upon what account they will be awarded until they are delivered to the young men found to be entitled to them.

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist standing before him, he said: "You said it in your haste, David. If you had been here, you might have said it after mature deliberation."

Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the chandelier.