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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.

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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.  
E. F. JUNKIN,  
Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:  
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WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier  
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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.

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Agent for Perry County.

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We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly. 6.14y

**THE EDITOR'S STRATEGY.**

THE story that I have to tell is about Charley White and his initiation into the "society" of Nugget City. He is dead now, and I would say, "May his soul rest in peace," if I believed it possible that there could ever be any rest for such a restless spirit.

When Charley accepted the position of local editor of the Nugget City Times he was strongly advised to have nothing to do with it, as the risk was altogether out of proportion to the pay. Since the close of the war the town had received an unpleasant addition to its population, in the persons of a large number of Texas roughs and desperadoes. These wild, lawless and uncontrollable men, connecting themselves with some of the worst characters from the mountains and the plains, who were always to be found in Nugget City, had expressed and carried out an intention to "run the town" to suit themselves enforcing their ideas by a free use of the slug-shot, the bowie-knife, and the pistol.

Any conscientious newspaper man who endeavored to show up the misdeeds of these ruffians was sure to fall under their displeasure, and to pay dearly for what they considered his impertinence. One local editor of the Times had been cowed and nearly beaten to death, another had dodged a hail of pistol bullets as he got out of town, a third had been induced to leave at the point of a knife. The consequence was that the position was frequently vacant, and that it was not sought after by any who were aware of its responsibilities.

But Charley White was offered a good salary, and was entirely unacquainted with fear, and he determined to go to Nugget City. He had seen life in some of its wildest and roughest aspects, as a sailor before the mast on a voyage to Australia and the islands of Polynesia, as a hunter and adventurer on the plains, and as a jour-printer all over the West and Southwest. He was rather under the usual size, but wiry and muscular, with sharp eyes, steady nerves and a cool head.

Charley's initiation began the second day after his arrival at Nugget City. He was standing in front of a hotel, looking at a caravan that was going to the West, when he was tapped on the shoulder by a tall, big-boned, rough-looking man, who asked him to step into the saloon.

This man was Bill Eads, a notorious, desperate, bloodthirsty character, the leader of the roughs who had inaugurated a reign of terror in Nugget City.

Charley complied with the request, and Eads, stepping up to the counter, asked him what he would take.

"Much obliged to you, but I don't drink."

"Don't drink! Look a-here, stranger, that's played. I ain't easy to get mad, or I would think you wanted to insult me.—We have a way out here of telling folks that they must either drink or fight."

"I never drink under any circumstances, and I don't fight if I can help it."

"Tol'able cool about it," said Eads, as he swallowed his "pison." "I allow that you must be the new chap that's come to the Times office."

Charley admitted that he was the "chap."

"What do you allow to do, if you don't drink or fight?"

"I expect to attend to my business and to do my duty as well as I can."

"All right, as long as you don't attend to my business, or the business of any of my boys. If you put any of us in the paper, I give you fair warning that you will have to fight, or run, or git everlastingly chewed up."

"What is your style of fighting generally?" inquired Charley, smiling until he showed his white teeth.

"The pistol is our best bolt."

"I am a pretty fair pistol shot, though I don't fight. As you and I are to be friends, suppose we have a little match with revolvers, say at twenty steps, at ten dollars a shot."

"I'm your man. When and where shall it be?"

"At three o'clock this afternoon and you must choose the place, somewhere out of town."

The place was fixed upon, and Charley was there promptly, accompanied by Joe Geonagan, a compositor of the Times, a young man who was fond of fun and entirely devoid of fear. Joe carried in his pocket two potatoes, small and exactly similar in size and appearance, one of which was whole and the other was perforated by a bullet from Charley's pistol.—He also carried a pin, to which was fastened a length of stout sewing silk.

Eads was on the ground, with a few select of his friends, and Charley requested him, as being the "oldest and best acquainted" to take the first shot. The whole potato was placed on a stump, the distance was stepped off, and Joe squatted near the stump to watch the effects of the shots.

"It's darned foolishness to shoot at such a mark as that," said Eads. "How many shots are we to have?"

"The first shot that hits the mark wins ten dollars," replied Charley.

"It's just a wast of powder and lead.—I can't hit that tater at this distance, and I don't believe any man can."

"We can try."

"That's so, and here goes for a straight miss."

The bully seized his pistol, aimed carefully, and fired.

"Didn't faze it!" exclaimed Joe, who ran to the stump to examine the potato.

As he did so he stuck his pin in the potato and again squatted on the grass, holding the silk in his fingers.

Charley White stepped to the line and fired with a quick aim. At the crack of the pistol the mark hopped off the stump, and Joe hastened to pick it up, deftly substituting for it the perforated potato, which he had kept in his sleeve for that purpose, and which he triumphantly held up to the gaze of the spectators.

"If I wanted to brag, I would say that I could do it every time," replied Charley.

"The fact is I can just do it three times out of five. But I wouldn't have much use for a pistol if I was going to fight. It is too apt to miss fire, and you might bore a half-dozen holes in a man without killing him. The knife would be my weapon."

"The knife is a sure card in a close scrimmage."

"Yes, or at a long range, if a man knows how to use it. Could you stand here and throw the point of your knife into that sapling yonder?"

"Not by a darned sight. I've heard of Indians doing those tricks, but I reckon they need a power of practice."

"Would you like me to do it?"

"Believe I am kinder curious."

Knife throwing was a sport with which Charley White had once been so completely fascinated that he had practiced the art until he became almost perfect in it, excelling most of the Indians, and nearly equaling the Japanese knife-throwers of the present day. He had practiced for this occasion, and knew that he had not lost the knack.

He stood at the place he had indicated, holding a heavy bowie-knife in his right hand, with the blade under his wrist and pointing toward his elbow. After measuring the distance with his eye, he threw up his arm and then launched it out, and the knife sped like a streak of lightning toward the mark, struck the sapling, and hung quivering in the wood.

Charley was obliged to make two more throws for the satisfaction of Eads and the other spectators, who were not backward in expressing their wonder and admiration at his skill.

"I have another weapon," he said, "that suits me better than either the pistol or knife, but I suppose you have never seen it. Here it is."

He took from under his coat a crooked stick of hard wood, pointed at each end—in fact, an Australian boomerang, a relic of his South Sea experience.

"What do you call that thing?" asked Eads, whose mouth expanded into a grin as he looked at the queer stick.

"That," said Charley, "is a boomerang, a kangaroo killer, a weapon with which I can hit a man around a corner as well as if he were in plain sight."

"Git out!"

"You shall see. I will throw it at Joe yonder, and it will turn without hitting him, and will come back here to me."

Charley threw the crooked stick and it gyrated through the air, cutting all sorts of capers, until it was so near Joe that he dodged to avoid it. Then it suddenly turned whirled its way back, and fell to the ground at its owner's feet.

"Now I will throw it towards the west, and you will see it turn and hit that sapling in which I stuck my knife."

The boomerang did so, striking the young tree with some force, but not hard enough to fix itself in the wood.

Charley then threw it on the ground, and it leaped over the prairie like a living thing, describing the most eccentric figures, until it turned and came whirling back, bounding over his head, and sticking itself upright into the ground behind him.

Eads and his companions gathered around Charley as he picked up his boomerang and wiped it, and all looked at it curiously and wonderingly; but none dared to touch it. Some were of the opinion that it was alive, others "allowed," that it was a piece of witchcraft, and others declared that it could be nothing less than Satan himself.

"Tell you what it is, young man," said Eads; "you can shoot a pistol to win on; you can fling a knife to beat any redskin on the prairie; you can hit a feller as well with that whangdoodle of yours where he aint as where he is; and I reckon you'll do. Aint in a hurry for them ten dollars you winned, are you?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Come around to George's to-night, and we'll have a supper. Perry chicken and antelope, and buffalo lump and all the fixins. Shan't cost you a cent, and I'll show you to the boys. Bring that little Irishman, too."

Charley promised to do so, and went to the supper, and was duly introduced to "the boys," and entered into a sort of a treaty with them, the principal conditions of which were, that he should write such reports for his paper as he chose to write,

so long as he did nothing out of malice or personal spite. Thereafter the laws were better respected, and there was a marked improvement in the tone of "society" at Nugget City.

Charley White pursued the even tenor of his way, gaining friends on all sides, until, one unlucky day when he was taking notes of a street fight, he was hit and mortally wounded by a bullet intended for another man, and the position of local editor was again vacant.

**A Trying Affair.**

A correspondent of the Sussex, N. J. Register sends an account of an amusing event which occurred in Walpack township, near Flatbrook, not long since. The facts are said to be as follows: A young lady of that vicinity had become enamored with a young man of Pennsylvania birth, but who has been living in Stillwater twp., for some time. Desiring to get "spliced," they offered a certain local preacher, living near by, \$5 to do the job. He informed them, with many regrets, that he was unauthorized to perform the ceremony.—They then dispatched a messenger to a corpulent 'Squire, residing in the Flatbrook valley, who agreed to come and marry them. Shortly after he arrived, the mother of the would-be bride, who had been absent from home, returned and discovered the situation. Seizing a piece of board three or four feet long and six inches wide, she proceeded to belabor all parties concerned. She drove her daughter to the garret, and the would-be son-in-law out of doors. The 'Squire began to expostulate with the excited woman, when she sprang toward him, and told him to "git." He obeyed the command, but when he reached the middle of the road, he told the sorrowing parties to come to him and he would make them one. This still further enraged the mother, and she charged on the 'Squire and forced him to flee homeward. Later in the day the disappointed bride and groom were seen weeping and bewailing the state of affairs. The result of this conference was that early the next morning they presented themselves before the 'Squire in his barnyard. He asked them to go to the house, but having learned wisdom from experience, they declined, stating that they desired to be married on the spot, before the bride's mother should be on the war-path. Without further delay the twain were made one; the only living witnesses being the cattle which surrounded them, who stood by chewing their cud in mute astonishment at the novel proceeding.

**An Unpleasant Fix.**

Quite an amusing incident happened to the wife of a prominent manufacturer of our city. While walking up Pearl street, near Hudson avenue, her shoe caught in a crack between the flags and she suddenly found herself unable to "move on." She was arrested, in her movements. She pulled and wriggled her foot in vain, but she was "tight," or at least her shoe was.—Finally, Rev. Mr. D. happened along, and noticing that one of his parishioners had an inclination to stay in one spot, he said, "Wherefore?" She replied, "There, that four," pointing to her right shoe. He immediately descended to his—knees and attempted to extricate it, but his efforts were also in vain. Of course the unusual spectacle of a gentleman kneeling to a lady in the public streets soon drew together a crowd, all offering suggestions. One ill-mannered boy was heard to sing "Shoe fly," but it didn't help matters much except to inspire the reverend to fresh exertion to hide his audible smile. As it was getting to be rather embarrassing to the lady, she good-naturedly requested to be excused, and unbuttoning her shoe stepped out of it and into an adjoining store.—By the united efforts of four of the strongest men in the crowd the shoe was finally extricated and returned to the owner rather the worse for the wrenching it had. The minister, his massive form reeking with perspiration, took his way homeward to change his collar and brush his unmentionables, while the victim of the unfortunate episode continued her course toward State street, not forgetting, however, to thank the gentlemen for their kindness.—"Albany Journal."

**A Biblical Reputation.**

Mr. Lord, who is now residing in Illinois, was a short time since, riding from Jacksonville to Peoria, in that State, and as he was passing a hut by the road-side, he noticed a shaggy-headed boy of about eight years of age, with large eyes and no hat, dressed in a worn out pair of his father's trousers, trying to balance himself on the splintered top of a hickory stump. More for the purpose of breaking the monotony of riding all day without speaking, than to gain information, Mr. Lord reined his horse up to the fence and exclaimed: "My little boy, can you tell me how far it is to Sangamon Bottom?" The boy poised himself on one leg, opened his large eyes to their largest extent, and replied: "Bout six miles I reckon." "Do you live in that house?" inquired Mr. Lord. "I reckon," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in the woods?"

"A heap."

"What ails your pants?"

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

Finding that he had hold of a genius that could not be pumped, Mr. Lord turned his head to depart, but in return was now halled by the boy, who, in a comical, half-reluctant tone, exclaimed:

"What mout your name be?"

"Lord," was the reply.

The boy here grinned all over, even to the wrinkles in his father's trousers, and seemed hardly able to suppress a broad snicker.

"You seemed pleased," said Lord; "perhaps you never heard the name before?"

"Yes, I have," replied the youngster, "I've heard pap read about you?"

Lord put spurs to his horse, and says that even the thoughts to which the incident gave rise, were not sufficient to keep him from snickering throughout the rest of the journey.

**New York Pawnbrokers.**

ONE of our New York letter-writers is responsible for the following in regard to the pawnbrokers:

They are a queer set, and do a queer business. The pawnbroker is a man who lends money on a short time on collateral security. Are you a widow, and is your boy sick? You take a shawl to Moses, and he advances you about one-fourth its value at a tremendous rate of interest—25 per cent. per annum. This supply gone, your best dress, your extra pair of shoes, your wedding ring, your Bible, and finally your bed. He takes them all, for they are all saleable. You get a ticket for each article, and if you come within a year and redeem them, all right; if not, at the end of the year they are sold. Inside of one of these shops you will find a satin dress hanging ticketed beside a calico skirt, shoes, Bible, revolvers, musical instruments, tools, clocks, kettles, skates, every species of portable property under heaven, side by side. But in the big safe in the back room you would, if you could get a peep therein, see other kinds of property. You would see diamonds, costly jewelry, and silver plate. For the poor are not Shylock's only customers. Madame, on Fifth Avenue, has spent more for dress than her pressed husband can afford, and she does not ask him for money. The obsequious dressmaker shows her that her diamonds can be easily removed from their settings, and bogus stones that an expert could hardly tell from the genuine, put in at a trifling cost.

Then Moses or Simon would be glad to advance her what money she needs on the genuine stones. This she does, paying a ruinous interest, and trying to save money enough out of her allowance to redeem them. And then ruined men find these shops a convenient place to get temporary aid on jewels with which they do not wish to part. For this class of customers there is a private side entrance.

Speaking of removing the genuine diamonds and supplying their place with paste reminds me of a little incident that excited the risibles of the fashionables only two weeks ago. A lady on Fifth Avenue had got into trouble. She had purchased thousand dollar dresses, and thousand dollar furs, and thousand dollar things, generally till her bill footed up to a sum total that was frightful. Her husband had lost heavily in stocks. She dared not ask him for the money, and what was she to do? She had diamonds to the value of \$15,000. She took these rings and bracelets and things and hid her to a jeweler's, who reset them with imitation stones that looked just as well as the genuine, and on the genuine stones she raised money to relieve her wants.

In the meantime the husband had lost money at gambling, and had "debts of honor which must be paid." How was he to get it? His wife's diamonds! Capital idea! One morning he slipped them into his pocket and went to a jeweler's.

"Can you take stones out of jewelry and replace them with imitation?"

"Certainly."

"What would these be worth—or rather what would you advance upon them?" said he, pulling out the sparklers.

The jeweller looked at them and looked up.

"About \$150."

"One hundred and fifty dollars! Why, they cost \$15,000!"

"The originals doubtless did. We have the originals in our safe. We took them out two weeks ago and put in these paste ones."

The gentleman gave a prolonged whistle, and put them in his pocket and walked out.

There was doubtless a scene at his house. Doubtless he demanded why madam his wife, had pawned her jewelry, and doubtless she wanted to know how he came to know it. How it was settled never will be known.

A German Jew was eating a pork-chop in a thunderstorm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork and observed: "Well, did any poty efer hear such a fuss about a little piece of bork?"