### NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK.

STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,539,325.02;

I SSUES all the new forms of Policies, and pre-sents 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. Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeit ure.

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 feecharged.

L. W. FROST, President. M. B. WYSKOOP, Vice Pres't.

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College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

# Perry County Bank!

Sponsler, Junkin & Co.

ALTON MARKET

THE undersign ed, having formed a Banking Association under the above name and style, are now ready to do a General Banking business at their new Banking Rouse, 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 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 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 WILLIB, CHAhler New Bloomfield, 3 5 ly

BALL SCALES!

L. B. MARYANERTH, D. W. DERR and

"The Ball Scale Company,"

have now on hand a large supply of Buoy's Patent COUNTERSCALE, the Simplest, Cheap-est and best Counter Scale in the market.

57 For Scales, or Agencies in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jorsey, Delaware and Maryland, ad-dress "The Ball Scale Company," Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pa. 83. For Scales or Agencies in this County, apply to the undersigned, where they can be seen and examined any time.

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LEBANON Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

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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.

LEWIS POTTER,

NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA...
Agent for Perry County.

LOOK OUT!

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

OWN MANUFACTURE Consisting of

CASSIMERS.

CASSINETS, FLANNELS. (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c.,

to exchange for wool or sell for each. CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY. J. M. BIXLER.

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NO. 8. SPEAR'S WHARF. Baltimore, Md

The evil that men do, lives after them, the good is often interred with their

SAW.

An Innocent Granger.

FARMER-we will call him Smith, A for short-lives in --- county, Pa., and would be know, at least by reputation, to many of our readers were his right name given. But the incident we now relate, though coming to us in a reliable way, was known to few outside of his neighborhood. Farmer Smith lived in a quiet way, and was supposed to have accumulated something ahead, besides a pretty good farm. After his second son had been married about a year, he concluded to settle near the old man's, if he could rent a place.

"Hearing of this, Mr. Thompson-again we withhold the true name—thought there might be a chance to sell a certain place on pretty fair terms. Mr. Thompson was a money-loaner, and nothing suited him so well as good interest, backed by good security, and he was moreover considered a pretty shrewd trader. He rode over to see old man Smith, but the farmer said he did not feel able to buy-he might buy on a credit, if the price was low enough and the interest was not too high. His son 'Jakey,' he said, would have to pay for the farm himself if the trade was made, but his son was a good farmer, and, he thought, it would be all right-at least the land would be there, and would be good for what remained unpaid if his son should fail. What seemed to startle the old fellow was the twelve per cent. interest that Thompson insisted upon demanding.

Finally, however, after a great deal of talk, the price was agreed on at twenty thousand dollars, one-fifth cash, and notes at one, two, three and four years, with twelve per cent. interest from date, for the remainder. The contract was drawn, and they were about to sign, when the farmer suggested that if he should at any time get more money than was due on the notes he wanted to be allowed to pay it, and count off the twelve per cent. The proposition seemed reasonable enough to Thompson, and he could not object to its insertion in the contract, and so the document was signed in duplicate. The deed was to be ready, the notes drawn, and the first payment made on the following Saturday.

When the time arrived, both were punctually on hand, the first four thousand was paid, and the notes were ready for signature.

"Mr. Thompson," said farmer Smith, "I've been thinking about that interest, and it seemed skeery, so I thought I'd gether in some little money I had out, and"-pulling from his breast pocket a roll of money-"jist count that."

The money was counted, and, with twelve per cent. off, the first note was paid.

When Thompson had pocketed the money, again said Smith:

"I've got a son livin' in Missouri, Mr. Thompson, and as soon as he heard that I was buyin' a farm for Jakey, he sent me a little money"-pulling a roll from his right side breeches pocket-"and, so, whatever it is, we'll credit it on the next note, if you have no objection."

Again the money was counted, and, with the twenty-four per cent. off, just paid the note to a cent.

"Well, that's luck," resumed the old man, "and now, Mr. Thompson, the old woman has been selling right smart of butter and eggs, and some chickens now and then, when they came round the country a-buying, and she told me this mornin' that I better take what she had, and may be it wouldn't come amiss."

A roll was produced from the left side breeches pocket, and, when counted, just paid the third note after the thirty-six per cent. interest was deducted, and Thompson said not a word. Smith seemed to be considering for some minutes, and then, raising his head, said as though a sudden thought had struck him :

"You knowed my darter Sal, didn't ye? leastwise you've seen her. Sal was a fine gal. About five years ago, at hog-killin' time, one of my hands tuck sick, and what does Sal do but turn in and help us, and I tell you, she could sling a hog across her shoulder equal to any man on the ground.

"Well, you know, Sal married year before last, and her husband, Hibbell-you know Hibbell-is doin' they tell me, as good a grocery business as any man in Kirksville. Jakey, he went over to see Sal and Hibbell the other day, and they was talkin' about this here interest business, and Sal says to Hibbell, says she-

"Never mind what they said, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Thompson, "just hand over the money you were going to say they sent you."

And, sure enough, the old man produced still another roll from some secret pocket, which, when counted, proved to be the exact amount necessary to pay off the last note when the forty-eight per cent. had been taken off. Thompson pocketed the money, went straight to the court house, acknowledged the deed, and handed it over with only this remark : "You are the greatest rascal I ever

Our Dog "Beau."

No Jew or Puritan was more conscientious in attendance at synagogue or conventicle than he was, and having learned in his puppyhood that the habits of the household were churchward every seventh day, he adopted the same at once, and their practice became as natural and inevitable with him as the chase of a squirrel on sight, or the unearthing of a woodchuck.

Beau was of plebian extraction, of that no particular, conglomerate breed usually termed cur. He was a medium sized specimen of his kind, mostly black, and of no remarkable beauty, though most certainly above mediocrity in intelligence. Of this I might cite numerous instances, but I intend in this article to mention only his devotional proclivities. It was his custom to move gravely up the broad aisle shortly after the commencement of the services, and take possession upon the broad stair of the flight leading to the high box pulpit, where he remained as decorous, though somewhat somnolent, a worshipper as any biped in the pews below him. If some stranger, however, of his species, which had followed the team of a distant comer, should chance to enter, he considered it his duty to walk down, meet him in the aisle, and after the usual equivocal salutations, question his right to an appearance there by sundry demonstrations of teeth, side glances and muttered threats, which were more annoying to the minister and his adult hearers than to the youngest members of the congregation. In case of interference at such times, of the deacons or others, Beau retreated to his asylum on the broad stair, whence he could hardly be ousted without scandal to the place and occasion, while the stranger dog was ejected howling under the ignominy of

Our family did not fancy this canine habit even of church going and to break it up Beau was shut up one morning, on their leaving for meeting. But he broke through the window, sash and all and put in his appearance as usual. The next Sunday he was confined in the barn whence he could not force an exit, but when released after the exercises of the day, he was unmistakably sad and sullen. Nor was he to be so thwarted again, for every Sunday morning thereafter, having taken his breakfast, he immediately disappeared and could not be found, nor would he answer to call. But invariably about the time of the first singing, he would walk into the church and assume his accustomed place on the stair. Out of respect for such an analogue of conscience, even in a dog, we were fain to indulge his idiosyncracy and Beau was for years as regular an attendant at church, in all weathers, as any possessor of a soul and-as far as in many cases appeared-was as much edified by the exercises. He died by a rifle ball at the age of sixteen years.

## Various Ways.

The ways of the wicked are various .-The way it is managed in Oakland, California, since the local option has carried the day, and no more liquor is sold by retail, is thus :

Thirsty Customer .- Mr. Barkeeper, what will five gallons and a gill of your best whiskey cost?

Mr. B.—\$30.25.

T. C .- Cheap enough. I'll take it. Demijohn is handed down. T. C. takes a nip, smacks his lips, and informs Mr. B. that on the whole he thinks he will not keep the balance and suggests that Mr. B. shall buy it back. Mr. B., always ready for a bargain, offers \$30.10 for it, which offer T. C. accepts, paying the 15 cents difference. You see he "sells short" on Bourbon, "seller 15."

Massachusetts, if we credit a writer in the Boston Gazette, furnishes a pleasing variety in means, but the same result :

We at length reached the hotel again, and I propose a glass of brandy and water. My friend looked at me and then at the landlord; and then the landlord at me and then at my friend. Perplexity overspread the countenance of both. "Such a thing as a drop of liquor is not to be had in the place," said the landlord.

"Bought, you mean," retorted my friend.

"Bought, I mean," was the answer. Then both eyed me significantly.

I could not explain how badly I wanted it, and could only give vent to my feelings in a sigh.

Without a word the landlord disappeared within the recesses of a small room behind the office deak, and presently came forth with two empty tumblers in his hand .-These he placed upon the desk.

"But where is the liquor?" I inquired. "The law forbids me to sell it," he said, "and I dare not disobey the law. If you can find any here you are welcome to it," saying which he accidentally turned back the breast of his coat. The neck of a bottle peeped forth from the inside pocket. He winked his eye at me, and I winked my eye at him, after which I drew forth the bottle. He faintly struggled to prevent the daring robbery upon which I was bent, but I proved inexorable.

"My private bottle kept for medicinal purposes, and not for sale," he moaned, as he poured out the liquor for myself and shoot 'em."

the worthy Chairman of the Parish Committee. "Have some water, gentlemen! he added with alacrity.

We drank, and I replaced the bottle in the repository whence I had taken it. Then I put a dollar bill in his hand,

"What is this for?" he asked, as he deposited it in his waistcoat pocket, and gave me a half dollar in change.

"For a bushel of oats," I answered .-Keep them until I send for them."

"Ah, sir," said the landlord, with an air of virtuous resignation, "the prohibitory law has done a world of good in stopping the sale of liquors. It's a severe law on us, but it's a good one."

Justice Miller's Game Cock. Justice Miller, of New Castle, tells this

story about himself : My wife had half-a-dozen Leghorn hens and a rooster which she thought everything of. She had all the modern improvements put into the hen-house, and took special pains to see that her fowls enjoyed all the luxuries that well regulated and orderly hens should enjoy. One day a friend of mine from Groton Falls gave me a game cock. Of course I had to keep him in a coop to prevent him from exterminating the Leghorn rooster. My wife disliked game fowls, and I had to feed him myself. One morning the rooster got out. He went straight for the masculine Leghorn. I pursued him, and seemingly made desperate efforts to catch him. But I took good care not to capture him until he had half-a-dozen enchanting battles with Leghorn. When I thought that Leghorn had about all he could stand, I cooped up my chicken. Mrs. Miller was ex cited, and I was very sorry about the accident. The next night I went out to find my rooster, but he was not in the coop. I searched the yard, but could not find him.

ries of my wife. "He got out this morning," said Mrs. Miller.

I went into the kitchen and made inqui-

"How did he get out ?" said I

"I let him out," said she. "Where did he go ?" said I.

"Into that pot," she said, pointing to the steaming vessel on the stove.

I have not had a game fowl since.

A Mechanical Marvel.

Mr. William Webb, of London, has produced a curiosity in microscopic writing. He has accomplished the feat by means of machinery on glass, with the aid of a diamond. The writing consists of the Lord's Prayer, which is written upon glass within a space equal to one two hundred and ninety-fourth part of an inch in length, by one four hundred and fortieth part of an inch in width, a space corresponding to the dot over the printed letter i. The dot of writing has been enlarged by means of the photograph so as to occupy a space of about two inches in length by one inch and a half inches broad.

The photograph brings the words out legibly, the number of letters being 227. Such is the fineness of the original writing that 29,431,458 letters written the same way would only cover one square inch of glass surface. The whole Bible, including the Old and New Testaments, contain 2, 566,480 letters; therefore Mr. Webb could write the contents of more than eight Bibles within the space of one square inch. Two specimen plates of this microscopic writing have been produced for the United States Museum at Washington at a cost of \$50 each.

The Webb machine, however, does not equal in the finness of the writing or the perfection it has attained a similar machine, the invention of Mr. Peters, a wealthy banker of London. This machine produced writing, as long since as 1855, nearly three times as fine as that of Mr. Webb. It was competent to engrave the the entire contents of the Bible, twentytwo times over, within the space of a single

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the animal stumbled, and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would appeal to him for help. But the horseman proved to be the nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he quickly dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John-for he was a gentleman toolifted his Kalmarnock bonnet, and said: "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness ?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman, "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him and that will be thanking me.

A Polite Hint.

A Detroit gentleman prides himself on his fine fowls and his neighbor is equally vain of a fine coach dog. The dog worries the life out of the chickens. A few days age the owner of the dog received the following note:

" Priend-You keep dogs, I keep chickens. If my chickens worry your dogs,

#### SUNDAY READING.

An Interesting Decument.

It being the usual custom of Roman Covernors to advertise the Senate and people of such material things as happened in their provinces; in the days of Emperor Tiberius Casar, Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, wrote the following epistle to the Senate concerning our Saviour : "There appeared in these our days, a Man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and of the People is accepted for a Prophet but his own Disciples call him The Son of God-He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases-A man of statue somewhat tall and comely. with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear-His hair, of a chestnut color and plain to his ears, but thence downwards it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders.—In the midst of his hair is a seam, or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazerites-His forehead plain and very delicate-His face without a spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red-His nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended-His beard thickish, in colour like the hair on his head, not very long, but forked-His look innocest and mature-His eyes grey, clear and quick-in reproving he is terrible-In admonishing, courteous and fair spoken-Pleasant in conversation, mixed with gravity-It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh-But many have seen him weep-In proportion of body most excellent—His hands and arms delectable to behold—In speakiug, very temperate, modest, and wise—A Man, for his singular Beauty, surpassing the Children of Men."

"God is Here."

There was a man in Ohio who was perishing for want of a knowledge of him who to know as mediator between God and man is eternal life. Not believing there was any God, he had a card printed with these words, "God is nowhere," and hung it up in his office. He had a little niece who loved Jesus and was happy all the time.-One day she visited her uncle's office. After playing a long time with everything she could find within her reach to interest her, she began to look around on the walls, and her eyes fell on the card. Having just begun to read writing, the letters were not so familiar to her but that she had to spell anything that was written. she began to spell aloud, G-5-d-God, is-is, n-o-w-h-e-r-e

She could not understand it, and looking down on the floor repeated the words. She thought she was mistaken. Then she commenced again, so loud that her uncle, who sat at his desk, heard her, G-o-d God i-s is, n-o-w-now, h-e-r-e-here- "That's right," she exclaimed, looking at her uncle. The arrow had struck home. Her uncle became a changed man. He believed in the true God, and sought and found forgivness of sin.

The Islands of Life and Death.

We often think, what a blessing it would be to live always on this earth, with no fear of death ever before us. This is pure fallacy, as is illustrated by one of those beautiful myths of the middle ages in which truths were enclosed like the kernel in a nut. It is related that in a certain lake in the county of Munster, Ireland, there were two islands, one of which was the home of death, but to the other death could never come : yet, notwithstanding the immortality of its inhabitants, age, sickness, wounds, decrepitude, and all the most fearful paroxysms of suffering were well known. The people of this island under the apprehension of their cares and ills began to look toward the other island, as the height of human felicity, as the relief from their suffering, and as they one by one tired of a life of immortality they would launch their boats on the gloomy waters, longing to reach the other shore and be at rest.

An extraordinary scene occurred in a church at Dakinville, England, recently. At the close of the sermon a man named Revill rose from his place, rushed through the church to the communion rails, over which he jumped, and seized the curate, who was sitting near. He then proceeded to get the curate in a corner, and pummelled him unmercifully. He tore his surplies off and smashed up his spectacles. After a great deal of persuasion he left the curate, and went with his wife out of the church. It is understood that Revill was some little time ago confined in a lunatio

17 No more truthful sentence was ever written by man than the following, written by Chancellor Kent: "The parent who sends his son into the world uneducated defrauds the community of a lawful citizen and bequeaths it a nuisance." These words should be written in letters of gold over the entrance of every school-house.

One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator .- Webster.

Wise hearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases; one of auother; therefore let men take heed of their