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This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSLER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.
B. F. JUNKIN, Newport, Perry county, Pa.
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We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of country produce, and remit the amount promptly.

HOW THE WOMAN DID IT.

PETER PENNYWISE was in deep grief. All the hopes of a life-time were to be frustrated. The fond ambition he had so long nursed, his pet scheme to make the name of Pennywise the greatest in the land, was no more. His only son, Launcelot, was to be married, and married to a plebeian—to a girl who had wealth but no name, no family ancestry, or no coat-of-arms on the panel of her coach.

Could human misery be greater? Could the Ossa of grief piled on the Pelion of disappointment make a heavier load of sorrow? No. The cup of Pennywise was full to the brim and he must drain it to the lees, however bitter the draught. Such was the tenor of old Pennywise's musings as he paced the velvet carpeted floor of his library on the evening when our story opens. A conversation his son had with him as they sat together sipping their wine after dinner, had been the cause of this tumult in the breast of Peter Pennywise.

Launcelot was a weak-eyed and pink-skinned youth, with thin yellow hair, which he parted in the centre, and a little whisp of saffron whisker on each side of his face, the pulling of which with his nervous little hand constituted the principal employment of the scion of the house of Pennywise.

"Father," said Launcelot, after gulping down two or three glasses of wine to give him courage. "Father."

"Well, my son, what do you want?" asked the pompous head of the house.

"What do you think of marriage?"

"What do I think of what?" questioned the surprised Pennywise.

"Marriage," replied Launcelot. "Matrimony, you know. Two hearts with but a single thought, two souls that beat as one and all that."

"I think that every man should marry, and I would be glad to hear that you had fixed your affections on some lady with the proper qualifications," said Pennywise.

"What are the proper qualifications?" inquired Launcelot.

"Family," replied his father, "family—whatever else you do, be sure never to disgrace the name of Pennywise by a plebeian connection."

"Why, is our family such a very great one?" demanded the young man.

"A great one!" echoed Pennywise; "why, it's the greatest in the land. Study carefully the genealogical tree that hangs in the hall, which cost me five thousand to have properly traced and you will see that the name of Pennywise was as well known as that of William at the time of the Norman conquest, and that the coat-of-arms is one of the most respectable and ancient that ever heraldry boasted of."

"Well, of course that's all true, father; but I've heard some of the fellows at the club say that grandfather was a pawn—"

"Your grandfather was a broker and banker as I myself am, and was fully aware of the responsibility of being worthy of his family," said Mr. Pennywise, interrupting his son;—"therefore he began my education by impressing the value of a family name upon my young mind, and so, when I had grown older, and he intimated to me that I ought to marry the highest respectable Miss Poundfoolish, I went to that lady, proposed, and was accepted. Thus I consolidated the two great families of Pennywise and Poundfoolish, and you and your two sisters are the result. But you asked my opinion of matrimony; are you thinking of marrying?"

"Ye-es sir," gasped Launcelot.

"And whom do you propose honoring with your name?"

"Miss—a Miss Petersham," answered youthful Pennywise.

"Petersham—Petersham; I never heard of a Petersham. Who is she? demanded the gentleman, with a darkening brow.

"She is very rich."

And Launce faltered.

"Riches are very well, but you do not need them. Your mother left you all her fortune, and I shall leave you half of mine if you marry as I wish. Who is this—this Petersham? What does her father do?"

"He keeps a large clothing establishment."

"What!" roared Pennywise. "A tailor? It shall not be. The arms of Pennywise shall never be marred with a needle or disfigured by—great heaven—a goose! It shall never be—never—never!"

"It must be!" said Launcelot, going to the door, "because I've 'popped' and she's accepted me."

The old man mechanically arose and walked to his study, where he began pacing the floor, as we found him at the commencement of our story, until there came a rap at the door.

The visitor proved to be the governess of the two Misses Pennywise—aged twelve and the other fourteen—whose disorderly conduct and willful destruction of wardrobe and text books occasioned many a visit to the library, after the dinner-hour, by the governess.

She was a neat, pretty little body this governess, and had often attracted the notice of the young bloods who came to visit Launcelot, but she paid not the slightest

attention either to their compliments or glances, attending quietly to her pupils, and seeming wholly wrapped in their charge. In fact Charlie Gushington, who was falling in love with every girl he met, once observed of her to Launcelot:

"Launce, that governess gal!—what's her name?—Amy Dorr?—ain't got any heart. The only thing she could love would be more pupils or plenty of money."

"Good evening, Miss Dorr," said Pennywise, when Amy had entered the library.

"What can I do for you this evening?"

"Excuse me sir," said Amy, hesitatingly. "I wish to see you about my pupils, but I can see you are grieved and agitated, and as I fancy I know the cause of your agitation, I will not annoy you with my common-place complaints."

"You know the cause?" gasped Pennywise.

"Yes, sir; I have no wish to intrude my opinions or my knowledge, but the cause of your grief is, I imagine, of your son, and I think he is acting most foolishly."

"You are right, Miss Dorr," asserted the old gentleman—"you are right. He is acting most foolishly—most foolishly."

"Cannot you prevent it?" asked the governess.

"No; I am powerless—powerless. He will wed the tailor's daughter, and disgrace the great, the aristocratic name of Pennywise."

There was a smile playing around the corners of Miss Dorr's mouth, and a satirical twinkle in her eye, as Mr. Pennywise spoke of his aristocratic name.

"Can you not threaten to disinherit him?" she asked.

"No use—no use," groaned the disconsolate Pennywise; "he has half a million left him by his mother."

"A half a million!" cried Amy, and the smile and twinkle faded away leaving her face stern and calculating looking.

"Mr. Pennywise, this marriage would be scandalous. Listen; I know Miss Petersham very well, in fact she considers me her intimate friend—"

"My son's wife the intimate friend of a governess," sighed Pennywise regardless of the feelings of the girl before him.

"Yes," replied Amy, "not heeding the insult; "but she is only a tailor's daughter."

"Alas! alas! too true, too true," said the unfortunate Pennywise.

"Mr. Pennywise," continued Amy, "you are rich, very rich, and I am poor. You regard this marriage as a disgrace to your family. I think I can prevent it. What will you give me if I do?"

"My dear Miss Dorr," cried old Pennywise, jumping up from his chair, "if you can prevent my son from marrying that tailor's daughter I will bestow upon you ten thousand dollars."

"'Tis a bargain," said the governess, "Please write a little agreement to this effect: That as soon as I give you proof that Miss Petersham is married to some one else than your son you will pay me the sum of ten thousand dollars."

"Married to some one else than my son!" said Pennywise, as he was writing the agreement.

"Yes," answered Amy, "that is my meaning, I will make her marry a young man I have in my mind now."

"But my son will not permit it; he is fascinated by this tailor's daughter."

"I will see that he permits it," the governess said, taking the agreement Mr. Pennywise had drawn up and signed. "My duty is to prevent the marriage of Miss Petersham."

"Yes," said the old man, "do that and I will bless you;" and the interview ended.

For the week immediately following the evening the foregoing conversation took place, Miss Amy, very much to their delight, absented herself entirely from her pupils; and she might have been seen any afternoon walking arm in arm with the lovely Miss Petersham.

During the walks, somehow, Mr. Charley Gushington invariably met the two ladies and joined them in their walk—nor did he seem to regard the meetings as at all unexpected. The fact was that the wily governess had introduced Mr. Gushington to Miss Petersham, and was unknown to them fanning the flames that they declared was consuming both their young hearts.

Three weeks had passed since the night Miss Amy had agreed to prevent the marriage of young Pennywise with Miss Petersham when one morning the governess presented herself to the clerks in the office of Mr. Pennywise, and asked to see that gentleman. She was ushered into a private office where she found the aristocratic Pennywise very much surprised at his visitor.

"To what good fortune am I indebted for this visit?" he asked, wheeling around from his desk.

"To the best fortune," answered the governess. "Please read this advertisement that I am going to insert in to-morrow morning's papers," and she handed him a slip of paper on which he read the following:

GUSHINGTON—PETERSHAM.—On the 17th inst., at Grace church, by the Rev. Jeremiah Waller, D. D., S. T. D., Mr. Charles Gushington to Miss Emeline, eldest daughter of Jacob Petersham, Esq., all of this city. No cards.

"My dear Miss Dorr," said Pennywise,

jumping up from his chair, "you have saved the family—you have done wonders—I owe you a debt of gratitude I can never pay."

"Well, here is a debt you owe me you can pay," said Amy, producing the agreement. "I will thank you for ten thousand dollars in greenbacks. I don't want a check, I want the money."

"My dear Miss Dorr," said the banker, "if it took my last dollar I would not repudiate your claim."

And, drawing a check for the amount, he called a messenger, and bade him go to the bank and get ten thousand dollar notes. After the messenger had departed on his errand, Pennywise turned to the governess and said:

"How did my son bear the news that Miss Petersham was false to him? Thank heaven, my family will not be disgraced."

"When he first discovered that Miss P. was receiving attentions from Mr. Gushington, he threatened to commit suicide; but I finally induced him to listen to reason, and he attended the ceremony last night."

"But how did you effect this alteration in him? You are a witch or I should say a good fairy. How did you do it?"

"Will the boy be long at the bank?" asked the governess.

"No, he is here now. I see you want your money before you give your information; quite right. Well there it is," and he handed her the money.

Miss Amy walked to the other end of the room and placed the money safely in her bosom. Then turning to Mr. Pennywise she said:

"Mr. Pennywise, you asked me how I obtained your son's consent to the marriage between Mr. Gushington and Miss Petersham."

"And saved my son from an alliance to a woman socially beneath him," interrupted Mr. Pennywise. "You marvel among women, will you tell me?"

"I will."

"How did you do it?"

"I married him myself. Good morning, sir."

Recently, near Germantown, a woman was scooped up by the cow-catcher of a locomotive. The train could not be stopped until it had run half a mile. The woman was unhurt. When the story of her escape was told to her husband, he said sadly: "Well, I'll be darned if wimmen ain't hard to kill. There was my finest durham. He got on the track and the locomotive struck him and there wasn't enough life left in him to supply animation to a fly. And my horse ran away with the gig, and the train came along, and hit him and it, and the horse was killed, and there wasn't a piece of the gig left big enough to make a plug for the spigget-hole of a barrel. Now that wife of mine is of no account, and she escapes. It's always the same. If you have two eggs in your hand, and one is bad and the other is good, and you let them drop, it's invariably the good one that breaks." And he looked sad, and turned his chaw of tobacco in his mouth, and cogitated on the strange inconsistencies of accidents.

On Shares.

A good story, and all the better in being true, is told of one of our citizens, who let a piece of ground to a man on shares. The man would hire the lot, but the owner, doubtful of getting any money from the tenant, proposed to let it upon the promise of receiving half the products. Occasionally during the summer he passed the spot, and was pleased with the cultivation it was receiving, and with its goodly show of vegetables. Harvest time came and passed, and he heard nothing of his tenant, till, in response to a hint, the latter sent to him one water melon and three shriveled cucumbers. Indignant at this shabby treatment, he called upon the man, and asked him what it meant. "Why, you see, 'squire," replied the tenant, "the pesky boys stole all your half, but the melon and cucumbers."

The other day an aged couple drove into Indiana City just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes distended, as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned to his awe-stricken wife and gasped: "Sary, by golly it's the cholera! Let's git!"

A treasure trove was discovered in a singular manner at old Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, a short time since. A boy found a gold dollar on an ant hill in the old commissary building. The following day three dollars were found in the same place. They had evidently been brought up by the ants. Search was made, and a small wooden box, badly decayed, containing 180 gold dollars, was found about a foot below the surface.

"I say, Sambo," said one Virginia darkey to another, "can you answer this conunderfram; s'posin I geb you a bottle of whiskey corked shut with a cork, how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push de cork in."

There is one town in Connecticut that is not afraid of the measles. It's Haddam.

The Dry One.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain: On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as one being entirely new, and one you never met with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being a man of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, "Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you." The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Fear of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, "What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "Take the dry one!" And the young lady did, and she married him.

Teaching Little Girls to Sew.

Elinor Brooks says: There is no better way for children to learn to sew than for them to practice on dolls' clothes. When given free range in that line, the variety of dresses and other garments that one little girl will invent and manufacture is really astonishing, and the enjoyment she finds in her work is not among the least of the benefits she receives. Continuity, ideality, constructiveness, imitation, form, color, philoprogenitiveness, and what other organs would not a phrenologist find developing in a small head at work over a doll.

Many a mother of the present day owes her deftness in cutting and fitting garments to the apprenticeship she served among her rag babies. Most of their daughters, having had no such practice will, as later years with their cares and duties come to them, sadly miss the experience they would have gained in the same manner.

A Melancholy Statement.

Taking this text the London Spectator, in a recent and very suggestive article, shows that the wages of generally educated men who have not added to their general education any special education—men, in short, who know how to do what colleges teach them to do and nothing more—are less than the average of handicraftsmen, and are rapidly becoming less than the wages of hodcarriers, whose work requires no training at all but only brute strength and endurance. In this country, from the more general diffusion of education, the case is even stronger, and tends to become stronger with every fresh accession of raw recruits to the industrial army which each commencement brings. This is not a very cheering reflection for the commencement season, but it seems to us a very needful one and one particularly worth pondering by the instructors of youth.

Bob Toombs' friendly call on the President a few weeks ago, is thus explained: Toombs at first said he wouldn't call on Grant at all, as he wasn't a citizen of this country, for Bob is the only known remaining citizen of the southern confederacy besides Jeff Davis. Afterward, however, he remarked to his friend, as they were driving around Washington: "Perry, if I were to go to a foreign country I'd surely, if practicable, pay my respects to the potentate of that country." "Why not, then go to see your President?" They went in at a particularly busy time, but Grant said he'd see such a visitor at once. When they entered, Toombs frankly "allowed:" "I am not a citizen of this country, General Grant, but being in town I have called to pay my respects to you as the ruler of this nation." "Oh never mind about that, General Toombs," answered Grant, "sit down. I am glad to see you at last, for I hunted very unsuccessfully after you during the war." The interview lasted nearly two hours, and was characterized by the greatest jollity imaginable.

The school in Brooklyn that lately presented its pastor on his birthday with a beautiful basket of flowers, and included among them that rare specimen known as a hundred dollar check, was doubtless as happy in giving it as he was surprised to receive it. Could this home-like little ceremony have taken place unless the school felt at home with its pastor? It is not the gift, but the feeling that did or ought to have prompted it, that happens to men much here, and the incident is referred to as showing what a power a cheerful, active minister can become among the children if he takes their interests to heart, and goes into the Sunday-school with them. It is not absolutely necessary for scholars to express their affection for their pastor with valuable flowers, but perhaps it is necessary for the pastor to make himself worthy of that affection.