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**B. T. BABBITT,**

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Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Spangler, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Spangler & B. F. Junkin, and from this date April 29th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Spangler & B. F. Junkin, Banking as Spangler, Junkin & Co., who will continue to do business in the same mode and manner as has been done hitherto, with the full assurance that our course has met the approbation and thus gained the confidence of the people.

W. A. SPANGLER,  
B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

For the Bloomfield Times.  
An account of the Centenary Sermon, Delivered on Tuesday, at Shermansdale Camp-Meeting.

Mr. Editor: It might be interesting to some of your subscribers to read a review of the "Centenary Sermon," preached by W. B. Raber, at the Shermansdale Camp, on Tuesday, Aug. 18th, 1874, as it was wonderful, not because of any phenomena connected with it, but on account of the extraordinary claims to eminence and superiority, set forth by the speaker in behalf of the U. B. in C. Church. It was announced after the forenoon service that a "Centenary Sermon," would be delivered in the afternoon. After the people had partaken of the good things prepared by the kind hearts and willing hands of the gentler sex, W. B. Raber, at 2 1/2 P. M. came out on the "stand," and commenced the most remarkable fulsome laudation of William Otterbein in particular and United Brethrenism in general I had ever heard.

The introductory part consisted of an account of the sects found in the Jewish Church before and at the time of our Saviour's birth, and deriving therefrom an argument in favor of the sects found in the Christian Church at the present day. He did not directly say that, but it was the only conclusion I could arrive at; for immediately after he said, "Are sects wrong?" he answered by saying that he would neither say that they were, nor were not; thus showing wonderful conservatism, which would no doubt give him a commanding position as a politician, should he turn his attention in that direction!

Christ in his last prayer says, "That they (the Church) may be one as we are one;" and the apostle writes, "I hear that there are divisions among you, one is for Paul, one for Apollas, one for Cephas, another for Christ; are ye not carnal?" Paul called them carnal because of their divisions, but W. B. Raber in the year of grace, 1874, finds himself too delicate to speak against the lamentable divisions of the present day. If we should all see eye to eye, by taking God's word alone as a rule of faith and practice, then would the Church "come forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." But, said the speaker, "Divisions tend to keep the Church pure—they watch each other." Then did Jesus Christ pray the Father to send a spirit unto the Church, which if embraced would endanger its purity. And notwithstanding he spake as never man spake; according to the philosophical view of W. B. Raber, his prayer for the unity of the Church is erroneous and tending to corrupt the same!

After thus introducing his discourse, he proceeded to discuss it in the following way:

1st. The rise of United Brethrenism.

2nd. Wherein the U. B. Church differs from other Churches.

3rd. Wherein it agrees with other Churches.

4th. I shall denominate Glorings.

Under the 1st division he startled his audience by saying, that had it not been for that branch of the Church, known as the U. B. in C., we would all be heathen! Now as I never read in the Bible of a branch or branches of the Church, I simply called it a misnomer, and passed on.—But as to U. B. in C., preventing us from becoming heathen, I would say as W. B. Raber said, with regard to individuals, who trumpeted themselves as reformers, "They are not the men," so with regard to the Church, which would publish its own aims, deeds, etc. It is not the church.

But I must pass over much that was said on the 1st proposition, which should have remained unsaid, also the 2nd and 3rd for want of space, and pass on to the 4th, namely, "Glorings." Under this head the speaker said that the Church nursed Methodism, saved the life of Bishop Ashbury, kept us all from becoming heathen, (think of it!) produced ministers who could to-day get from \$1000 to \$2000 a year in other Churches, and I might add, stopped the mouths of lions, waxed valiant in fight, (blow!) put to flight the armies of the aliens, and if U. B. in C. didn't do all these things, it could not help it. It had ambition enough to do these things—and more!

Said the speaker, "You say that we pick up anything and make preachers out of it," not so said he, "our preachers are men of brain. Yes, there are preachers here to-day, who were offered from one to two thousand dollars a year to preach for other churches." I confess I did not see cranial development sufficient to claim so great a salary, although the Revs. looked very complacent about the brain remark. The speaker said the U. B. in C. Church is not the insignificant Church you suppose—it counts 140,000 in its membership. I do not know whether the speaker thought that its numerical strength, should entitle it to consideration or not. However, he did not say whether this estimate included probationary members or not. If it did, then the society consists of 140,000 both in and out of Christ, but if this estimate is actually real, and not nominal, what is its worth? Is numerical strength a mark or indication of superior holiness? Then does Heathenism claim our special regard. Catholicism must be the "ism," and we all should claim membership in the "first-of-all-and-only-true-church-on-earth!"

Satan, according to this view of the case, should have an especial claim to our consideration, for having a Church with the largest membership, for "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which claim admission by certificate and otherwise!"

As an excuse for all these fulsome glorings, the speaker said, "A man ought to be allowed to brag once in a hundred years." I recollected that the Apostle once said, I am become a fool in glorying and gave advice to others from his experience, that if they should feel like glorying, they should glory in the Lord.

Near the close of his talk, oration, or what you choose to call it, he told us, in classical language, that if we should dispute any of his points, we ought to be "licked."

Mr. Editor, it was the most remarkable sermon (if such it can be called) that I ever heard. I think that it will do for Two Hundred Years. Yours Truly,

ONE WHO HEARD IT.

A Lesson Worth Reading.

RECENTLY a gentleman of Boston entered the baggage car of an outward train, and desiring to read some manuscript, he chose this car because it was airy and retired. A youngster about 15 years of age was occupying, with great abandon, a chair. The gentleman, wishing to sit near the open door of the car, to obtain both light and air, thus accosted the youngster:

"Bub, will you exchange that chair for my seat a few minutes?"

"No, sir! this chair is engaged." The gentleman was very polite, as he recognized the young man's right to the chair by actual possession. It appears that he was temporarily in charge of some express matter, his father being the expressman on the route, but the moral of the incident we shall give in relating another incident, which occurred very many years ago.

There was a very plainly dressed elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name.—All the clerks but one avoided her and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was this young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited upon her with as much attention as though she had been a princess. This continued for a year or so until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—"Young man, do you not wish to go into business for yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am," he responded; "but I have neither money, credit, nor friends, nor will any one trust me."

"Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request he forthwith went to her and reported his doings.

"Well, you go and tell Mr. — that I will be responsible," she replied.

He went, and the landlord or agent was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me."

"You may go and see Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, and tell them to call on me."

He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. There are many in the city who remember the circumstance and the man. He died many years since and left a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. So much for politeness, so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age in whatever garb they are clothed. Now this gentleman in the baggage car might have been a director of the road or a very influential man otherwise, and as he is a very observing man and a good judge of character, a different answer from the youngster might have interested him in his behalf and lead to some future advantage.

A Big Mistake.

RECENTLY an old gentleman from Washington county came to Baltimore for the purpose of collecting the interest on two bonds of the Washington Branch Railroad. He went to the chief clerk at Camden station, and the clerk filled up a check for six dollars, the amount of interest due on the bonds for six months. The check was given to the gentleman from Washington county, who carried it to the treasurer of the company for the purpose of having it signed. It happened that when the check was presented for signature the treasurer was busily engaged in signing a number of others. He took the six dollar check and laid it upon his desk, but before signing it, he crossed the room to get a drink of water. He then returned to his desk, and signing a check, handed it to the old gentleman, who took the check without examining it and went down stairs, where he handed it to Mr. Cornell, the ticket agent, asking him to cash it. Mr. Cornell took the check, examined it, and smilingly asked the old gentleman when he supposed there would be enough money in the office to cash a check like that. The old gentleman, supposing from Mr. Cornell's remark he was making sport of him, snatched up the check in a rage and left the depot. An hour or so later several clerks, might have been seen flying around, hunting an old man from Washington county, who had received a check signed in the railroad office. The old gentleman, however, was not found until the other morning, when he visited Camden station for the purpose of going home. As he was going through the depot he was stopped by an excited railroad official, who inquired if he had a check on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The old gentleman said he had, and on opening his pocket book he was astonished to find that

the check that he supposed was for \$6 was really one for \$50,000. Explanations followed, and it appears that the treasurer had signed and given him the wrong check. The old gentleman then visited Mr. Cornell and apologized for his rudeness on the previous day.

Courtesy Compensated.

A YOUNG editor of a theatrical journal called lately on an actress living on a third story in the Rue Richelieu. Leaving her rooms he descended the stairway. At the first floor landing a door suddenly opened, and a black-coated gentleman stepping suddenly out, ran against the young man; begging pardon, he abruptly asked, "Monsieur, have you half an hour to lose?"

"For what, sir?"

"To render me a service which will bring you in a trifle of say one hundred francs."

"Do you call that losing half an hour? What is it you wish?"

"To serve as a witness to a will. One witness has failed to come; the sick man is dying. Will you serve?"

The journalist consented, and following the notary, found himself in a sumptuous chamber near the bed of the moribund, and seated himself with the other witnesses. The old man had no relative, and made short work with his will. It was ready for him to sign.

They opened the curtains to give him light. A ray fell across the journalist's face. The sick man saw him, and motioned him to approach.

"Sir," he said, in a feeble voice, "do you know me?"

"I have not that honor, sir."

"Do you not recall seeing me at the Theater Francaise?"

"No, sir."

"I can refresh your memory. Did you not attend the first representation of 'Fire in a Convent?'"

"I was there, certainly."

"And I, too. You had a good orchestra stall; I a miserable stool, right in the doorway. The draft made me ill. You gave me your comfortable seat and took my poor one."

"I did but my duty, sir, toward an old man and an invalid."

"Ah! They are rare—those people who do their duty. Allow me to give an evidence of my acknowledgement."

And turning toward the ear of the notary, the old man added a codicil to his will. The witness signed, the notary countersigned, and the former, each noted for a hundred francs of legacy, retired. The next day the journalist revisited the actress.

Coming away, he rang at the old man's door, and asked after him. He had died during the night. In due time the young man attended his funeral. After it the notary said to him: "To-morrow we open the will. Be there. You are interested."

Our editor did not neglect the invitation. He attended the reading of the will.

The old man had bequeathed him a hundred thousand francs.

An orchestra seat well paid for.

A Romantic Story.

EXCELLENT material for a sensation story is furnished by the following well-established facts: Victorine Lafourcade, young, beautiful, and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Among them was a journalist named Jules Bossouet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly Victorine, contrary to all expectation, accepted the hand of a rich banker named Renelle. Bossouet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his lady-love was unhappy. Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her.

This state of things lasted two years, when Victorine died—at least so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossouet assisted at the cemetery. Still true to his love, and well nigh beside himself with grief, he conceived the romantic idea of breaking open the vault and securing a lock of the deceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. When he had broken open the door and entered the vault he lighted a candle, and proceeded to open the coffin. At the moment when he bent over the supposed corpse, scissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; but, immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lip's with kisses, lifted her out and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in the full possession of all her faculties. When Victorine was sufficiently recovered they left the church-yard and went to Bossouet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to affect the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossouet's love naturally made a deep impression on Victorine. She repented her past fickleness, and resolved to fly with the romantic Jules to America.

There they lived happily together, with-

out, however, ever being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land. Finally, their desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the danger attendant on a return, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1870. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine at the first glance. This strange drama ended with a suit brought by the banker for the recovery of his wife, which was decided against him on the ground that his claim was outlawed.

A Naked Bride.

At the centennial celebration at New France, Vt., the address was delivered by Judge C. K. Field, and among the stories told by him is the following, as given in the Memphis Argus:

By a strange perversion of legal principles it was supposed by our ancestors that whoever married a widow who was administratrix upon the estate of her deceased husband, represented insolvent and should thereby possess himself of any property or thing purchased by the deceased husband, would thereby become an executor *de son tort*, and would thereby make himself liable to answer for the goods of his predecessor. Major Moses Joy became enamored of Mrs. Hannah Ward, widow of William Ward, who died 1788, leaving an insolvent estate, of which Mrs. Ward was administratrix. To avoid the unpleasant penalties of the law, on the morning of her marriage with Major Joy, Mrs. Ward placed herself in a closet with a tire woman who stripped her of all her clothing and when in a perfectly nude state she thrust her fair, round arm through a diamond hole in the door of her closet, and the gallant major grasped the hand of the buxom widow and was married in due form by the jolliest parson in Vermont. After the ceremony the tire-woman dressed the bride in a complete wardrobe which the major had provided and caused it to be deposited in the closet at the commencement of the ceremony. She came out elegantly dressed in silk, satin and lace, and there was kissing all around.

Anecdote of a Cardinal.

To relate an anecdote without being able to give the name of the subject of it—more especially when that name is to be found among the most illustrious on record—seems to savor of absurdity in no ordinary degree. The personage, however, to whom we refer, was a French Cardinal, and one, we believe, equally revered both as a good man and a priest. On a certain occasion (it was during a spell of uncommonly warm weather), "His Eminence," quite early in the morning, and in the lightest costume imaginable, sought a room adjacent to his bed-room, from the open window of which he fondly imagined he could entice the breeze. For such purpose he was leaning out of the window, in a position the most comfortable and easy, when a male domestic of the establishment chanced to enter the apartment, and, mistaking the Cardinal for a fellow-servant, gleefully wet both his hands, and, stealthily approaching "His Eminence," gave the latter so tremendous a slap, on a part that shall be nameless, that this illustrious and most amiable son of the Church at once jumped to his feet, assiduously rubbing the part, when he encountered before him, on his knees, the domestic aforesaid, tremblingly exclaiming, "Please, your Eminence, I thought it was George." The Cardinal, still engaged in the soothing operation, remarked, "Well, if it had been George, you need not have struck so hard."

Pat in The Stocks.

In past times (and not very long past) when the "stocks," as a mode of punishment, was wont to be administered in "Merry England"—a punishment, by the way, the ignominy of which was in a great measure nullified by its ludicrous character—a breach of the Sabbath, during the hours of divine service, was deemed cause, and cause sufficient, for the summary infliction of said punishment. An Irishman, one fine Sunday forenoon, while sauntering among the green fields and babbling brooks in the vicinity of a country church, was seized upon by the "lookouts" before he was aware, and instantly hauled to the instrument of correction, which stood by the road-side, not far distant. His nether limbs were accommodated to the machine, and he was, like Sir John Moore, "left alone in his glory." It so happened that a friend and countryman of poor Pat soon "came that way," and attempted, like the good Samaritan of old, to administer comfort and consolation. He inquired what it was that Pat had been doing to get himself into such a scrape. The latter instantly replied, "An', by the powers I've done nothing at all at all, and they built my legs into this wooden wall." "But they cannot put you in for doing nothing at all," indignantly replied his friend. "Be the powers but I AM IN," rejoined poor Pat, leaving a *faux conviction* upon the mind of his sympathizer and countryman that Pat was correct in his conclusion.