

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

THE "SINGER" SEWING MACHINE.



THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE is so well known that it is not necessary to mention...

ITS MANY GOOD QUALITIES: Every one who has any knowledge of Sewing Machines knows that it will do EVERY KIND OF WORK In a Superior Manner.

The Machine is easily kept in order; easily operated, and is acknowledged by all, to be the

The Best Machine in the World!

Persons wanting a Sewing Machine should examine the Singer, before purchasing. They can be bought on the

Most Liberal Terms

F. MORTIMER, General Agent for Perry Co., NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

Or of the following Local Agents on the same terms:

- A. F. KEIM, Newport, Pa. JAS. P. LONG, Duncannon, Pa.

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,539,325.62!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents 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-forfeited.

No extra charges are made for traveling permits. Policyholders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company.

No policy or medical fee charged.

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

J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent.

No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

THOS. H. MILLIGAN, Special Agent for Newport.

B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Concentrated Potash, OR LYE, Of double the strength of any other sponifying substance.

I have recently perfected a new method of packing my Potash, or Lye, and am now packing it only in Balls, the coating of which will sponify, and does not injure the soap.

B. T. BABBITT, 15 6th St. 64 to 24 WASHINGTON ST., N. Y.

Notice. The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of sponsor, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Spangler & E. F. Junkin, and from this date April 20th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consist of W. A. Spangler & E. F. Junkin.

W. A. SPANGLER, N. F. JUNKIN. April 20, 1874.

Professional Cards.

J. K. JUNKIN, Attorney-at-Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. M. MARKEL, Attorney-at-Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. LEWIS POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. JAMES H. FERGUSON, Attorney-at-Law, NEWPORT, PA. CHARLES H. SMILEY, Attorney at Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. W. A. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. CHAS. A. BARNETT, Attorney-at-Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. J. BAILY, Attorney at Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. JOHN G. SHATTO, Surgeon Dentist, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. W. M. SUTCH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. CHAS. J. T. MCINTIRE, Attorney-at-Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. W. M. N. SEIBERT, Attorney-at-Law, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. LEWIS POTTER, Notary Public, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY CO., PA. W. M. A. MORRISON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE and GENERAL COLLECTOR, NEW GERMANTOWN, PERRY CO., PA. WILLIAM M. SUTCH, Justice of the Peace, AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PERRY COUNTY, PENN'a.

REAL ESTATE At Private Sale.

The undersigned will sell at private sale his valuable farm situated in Juniata township, Perry Co., Pa., adjoining lands of George Tizell, George Ickes and others, containing 91 ACRES, of Red Slate land, about 75 Acres are cleared, and in a high state of cultivation. The balance is well set with timber. The improvements are a good two story Log and Weatherboarded DWELLING HOUSE, LARGE BANK BARN, TENANT HOUSE, CARRIAGE HOUSE, NEW HOG PEN and WOOD HOUSE.

LEBANON Mutual Fire Insurance Company, OF Jonestown, Penn'a.

POICIES 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.

LOOK OUT! I would respectfully inform my friends that I intend calling upon them with a supply of good of my OWN MANUFACTURE. Consisting of CASSIMERS, CASSINETTS, FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c., to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. GIRVIN & SON, Commission Merchants. No. 5 SPEAR'S WHARF, Baltimore, Md.

Auctioneer. The undersigned gives notice that he will crysies at any point in Perry or Daupin counties. Orders are solicited and prompt attention will be given.

PRINTING ALL KINDS OF Printing neatly executed at the "BLOOMFIELD TIMES" STEAM JOB OFFICE.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"We ought to tell her," said Mrs. Martin. "It's our bounden duty," said Mrs. Glenn. "Oh dear," said Mrs. Bright. "I can't see why we should bother ourselves.— People never get any thanks for interfering between man and wife." "I don't want thanks, said Mrs. Glenn; "I think of myself. If Mr. Glenn should conduct himself so while I was away I should think any one my very best friend who let me know about it. To have a creature like that stealing one's husband's affections and other women keeping their mouths shut, why it's awful—perfectly awful." "It would be winking at sin," said Mrs. Martin. "Assuredly," said Mrs. Glenn. "I've often thought all that show of affection didn't amount to anything," said Mrs. Martin. "Mr. Martin never kisses me when he comes home to tea. I've seen Mrs. Willis do it right on the front doorstep, and then call her dear so often. All hypocrisy. And to see her set up by it.— And my dear husband thinks this, and my dear husband likes me to wear pink, and all that was made much of in the world.— Nonsense." "And I've often said to myself there'll be a waking up for you, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn. "And now you see it has come."

"Thank you for coming to see me so soon," she said. "It does seem as though I'd been away from home a whole year— Mr. Willis says it seems five to him—and yet I've been enjoying myself ever so much." "I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Martin. "Your happiness is fleeting," said Mrs. Glenn. They spoke so solemnly that Mrs. Willis thought that something unpleasant must have happened to one of them. "Every one well, I hope?" she said more gravely. "Quite," said Mrs. Martin, with a sigh. "Anything new?" said Mrs. Willis. "No," said Mrs. Glenn. "People are as wicked as ever, and that is as old as Satan." "Mrs. Black has been overcharging her for extras, or the chambermaid has let the milkman kiss her," thought Mrs. Willis. "And what fine weather we are having," she added aloud. "Yes," said Mrs. Martin, with a little groan. "I often think of those lines in the hymn: Where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile." "How vile man is sometimes," said Mrs. Glenn. "Ah," said Mrs. Martin. "I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Glenn had been flirting with some one," thought Mrs. Willis. "I have the photographs of all sister Sarah's children," said Mrs. Willis. "I'll show them to you if you like." "Thank you, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn; "but our hearts are full of serious thoughts just now. We are thinking too much of evil hearts to look at innocent children's faces. We have come to tell you something, Mrs. Willis." "I knew something was on your mind," said the unsuspecting woman to herself; but she merely gave a little bow and looked with attention. "You are young, Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Martin. "Comparatively young," added Mrs. Glenn. "And you don't know yet how very wicked this world is," said Mrs. Martin. "Ah, no," said Mrs. Glenn. "Nor what men are," said Mrs. Martin. "You don't often faint, do you?" asked Mrs. Glenn. "I—never," said Mrs. Willis. "That is well," said Mrs. Martin, "I fear we will agitate you very much." Mrs. Willis began to look grave. "No accident has happened," she faltered. "Mr. Willis—I saw him leave the house ten minutes ago—nothing has—?" "As far as we know, Mr. Willis is perfectly safe and well," said Mrs. Glenn, severely. "Mrs. Willis, I feel it my duty as a friend, to warn you that you should not have earthly idols. Your one thought appears to be your husband. There are other people to whom terrible things could happen." "And idols of clay may easily be shattered," said Mrs. Martin. "One naturally thinks of one's own first," said Mrs. Willis. "I am sure I shall be distressed to hear that anyone has met with a misfortune," Mrs. Willis also added. "We all meet with misfortunes sooner or later," said Mrs. Glenn; "and again I say you think too much of one sinful man." "I am not aware that I requested advice on the subject," said Mrs. Willis "and I scarcely think a woman could love so good a husband too well, or honor him too much." "Good!" cried Mrs. Martin. "Mrs. Willis," said Mrs. Glenn, "how do you know he is better than any other man—that he is not even untrue to you?" Mrs. Willis started to her feet in indignation. "How dare you—" she began. "Stop," said Mrs. Glenn. "We have come to speak, and will speak. It is our duty to unmask a hypocrite." "Mrs. Willis, scarlet with anger, remained standing." Mrs. Martin began to look happy. Mrs. Glenn even smiled. "My dear friend," she said, "we believe that you ought to know that you are dreadfully deceived. While you have been absent your husband has devoted himself to another lady—a beautiful girl—who arrived immediately after your departure.— We have seen him kiss and embrace her— have we not, Mrs. Martin?" "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Martin. "She is perhaps, sixteen years old—a dark beauty. It is quite absurd to think dark men admire light ladies most. She is as dark as he is, and very beautiful." "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Glenn. "Lovely outwardly. I think she must be French.— It is quite terrible. We feel it to be so; but we found it necessary to do our duty and inform you at once." "Thank you," said Mrs. Willis in a choked voice, as she covered her face with her handkerchief. "I hope," she said, after a moment's silence, "that you will not refuse to repeat this in presence of Mr. Willis. Of course you are not afraid to speak the truth before any one. If you

will wait I will send for him, I will not be long. She still kept her face hidden, but her agitation was evidently great. "I must insist upon your presence," she said in faltering accents; "and if I separate from Mr. Willis I shall need you for witnesses. Wait a moment. I will send for him. This was more than the ladies had bargained for, but retreat was impossible.— Mrs. Willis left the room, and returned with her face hidden in her handkerchief. There was some silence in the room, and as the time passed on, Mrs. Martin began to wish herself safely at home, but Mrs. Glenn was of firmer stuff and braved the matter out better. Half an hour passed; then a latch-key was heard in the hall door. It opened.— Mrs. Willis still concealed her face. A step—may the steps of two persons crossed the hall. The parlor door opened, and Mr. Willis strode in, followed by a young lady—the very young lady who had been the subject of their communication—a pretty girl, and very like Mr. Willis himself. And now Mrs. Willis arose with a face as bright as it had ever been in all their remembrance of its brightness, and turned toward them. "Ladies," said she, "allow me to introduce my step-daughter, Adele Willis.— She has been with grandmother in France until lately. You know, or do not know, that Mr. Willis' first wife was a French lady, and she has just come to us. As I was absent, the hotel was pleasanter to her than the empty house, and so she has stayed there until to-day. She is just fourteen. The ladies thought you quite sixteen, you are so tall, Adele; and I am very glad to have her with me." Mrs. Glenn arose; and so did Mrs. Martin. "Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Martin; "delightful of course," and hurried out of the room. "A good motive should atone for a mistake," said the brave Mrs. Glenn. "I hope you will bear no enmity." "None at all," said Mrs. Willis. "I have been very much amused." But Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Martin were not amused, I fear; and that very night they quarreled so violently about the matter, each blaming the other as instigator, that neither ever spoke to the other again.

Only Half Price. Everybody remembers McDonald Clark, who was well known in New York, a few years since, as the "Mad Poet." During the last years of his life Clarke was made free of the Astor House table, and oftentimes this errand man of genius could be seen accepting its hospitalities when other doors were closed on his fallen fortunes.— Everybody knew Clarke by sight; and one day, while quietly taking his dinner, two travellers, seating themselves opposite, commenced a conversation intended for the ears of Clarke. One said: "Well, I have now been in New York two months, and seen all I wish with one exception." "Ah?" said the other, "what is that?" "McDonald Clarke, the great poet," responded No. 1, with a strong emphasis. Clarke raised his eyes slowly from his plate, and seeing the attention of the table was on him, stood up, placing his hand over his heart, and bow with gravity to the strangers, said: "I am McDonald Clarke, the great poet." The traveller started in mock surprise, gazed at him in silence for a few moments, then amidst an audible titter of the company drew out a quarter dollar and laying it before Clarke still looked at him without a smile. Clarke raised the quarter in silence and with dignity, bestowed it in his pocket, drew thence a shilling, which he deposited before the traveller with these words: "Children and fools half price." The titter changed to a roar, and the travellers were missing instantly. Are You Honest? I don't mean by this question, to ask you if you steal money or other well recognized property. There are other ways of being dishonest. If you sell a man six bushels of grain, and give him only five, taking pay for the whole six, you know you are no better than a thief. If you hire a man for a stipulated sum to work for you for a week or a year, and he gives you only a portion of his working time, does he not defraud you of what is of the same value, as the money you pay for that time. Many a young man who would scorn to be thought a thief, is thoughtlessly stealing what belongs to his employer. He is taking time for his own use which he has sold to another, and is therefore no longer his own. So, before answering the above question, if an employee, ask yourself if you do not sometimes use time that belongs to your employer, and resolve in future, that you will not take his time for your individual use, any more freely than you would his money. When you act on this principle, you can answer the above question in the affirmative, and not till then can you claim to be truly honest.