

Perry County Bank!

Sponsler, Junkin & Co.

THE undersigned, having formed a Banking Association under the above name and style, are now ready to do a General Banking business at their new Banking House, 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 New York.

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 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. R. F. JUNKIN, New Bloomfield, Pa. W. M. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLER, President. WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier.

New Bloomfield, 3 5 1y

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$6,059,201.85!

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-forfeiture.

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 fee charged.

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

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

No. 6 North Third Street. College Block, Harrisburg, Pa. 42911

LOOK OUT!

I would respectfully inform my friends that I intend calling upon them with a supply of goods of my

OWN MANUFACTURE.

Consisting of CASSIMERS, CASSINETS, FLANNELS, (Plain and bar'd) CARPETS, &c., to exchange for wool or sell for cash.

J. M. BIXLER, CENTRE WOOLEN FACTORY, 6, 17, 4m.

Bloomfield Academy!

Spring Session Begins Monday, April 7th, 1873.

THIS school is designed to be a classical and normal institute of the first grade. Students are prepared thoroughly for any college in the land. Those desiring to be teachers receive a thorough normal drill on all studies taught in the public schools. All others are carried forward in the higher academic studies and on completion of course receive certificate of graduation.

Excellent boarding is provided in the building of the institution and the school is pleasantly located.

The working force is as follows:

Rev. JOHN EDGAR, A. M., Principal, Teacher of Classics and Advanced Studies.

A. M. MARKEL, M. S., Teacher of English Studies.

Miss R. LIFE, Teacher of Music, Painting and Drawing.

Miss E. M. MORROW, Teacher of Preparatory Department.

Prof. J. R. FLECKINGER, Teacher of Penmanship.

For further information, address Principal, or else WM. GRIER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Perry co., Pa.

CLARK'S PURE PERSIAN Insect Powder,

For the destruction of all kinds of Insects, viz: ROACHES, RED BUGS, ANTS, FLEAS, MOTHS, &c., &c. Also, Insects on Animals, Fowls, Plants, &c.

ASK FOR IT

CLARK'S INSECT POWDER.

Warranted Pure.

Price 25 Cents per Bottle. For sale by F. Mortimer, New Bloomfield, Pa.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Scriptural Enigma.

My first is formed of letters three, Of gender feminine, Two-thirds of which you plainly see, Would make it masculine.

My next has letters four in all, But three of them will do To name an article much worn By men and women too.

My third contains, I freely say, Four letters lacking none, But take one-fourth of them away, It leaves you only one.

My fourth has letters number four— That cannot be assailed, But if beheaded it will be As number two curtailed.

My fifth is like my first in this, Though seeming very strange, By dropping one or taking all, The gender it will change.

My sixth, of five to be complete And perfect to behold, Can only be by leaving you Forever in the cold.

The answer to the above is a commendation of our Saviour's.

Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters:— My 2, 3, 4, and 1, is a fillet.

My 6, 8, 4 and 5, is what most men like to possess.

My 6, 8, 8, and 5, is indispensable in the kitchen.

My whole are the initials of a worthy enterprise.

How Smikes Stopped Chewing Tobacco.

SMIKES made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He had not used tobacco but a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there never had been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use he did not care to stop. He could break off at any minute, and it was great satisfaction to feel so. Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson for he had seen him try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So Monday morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added impetuously, what she had never said before, that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco box and was just about to take a chew, when he recollected himself and plunged out of the front door, forgetting his umbrella. About half way up to the office, he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over, Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over the little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover and smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing. He congratulated himself again and again that day that he did not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy vice, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening at the tea-table, till Samantha marvelled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had always heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her and kept telling her that it was "jus as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes, grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the nightmare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in the corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon his belly a monstrous quid of "fine cut," as large around as a cart wheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth. Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked what was the matter, his only reply was that "anybody could stop chewing if they made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told everybody who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much informed individual ventured the opinion that he

would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated:—"Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to do a thing that is the last of it." The fourth day Smikes heard that chamomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured a couple of ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out. He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his ink-stand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of this kind. The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have been transformed into a Modoc. His mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy looking old gentleman came into Smike's office that day. He was a great friend of Smike's and as he drew forth his silver tobacco box and daintily shook out a morsel of the pungent weed, Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco. Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and as he handed Smikes his box, remarked that he had chewed regular for thirty years, and didn't know as it had ever damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any time, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.

Owen the Tailor.

Not many months ago a gentleman by the name of Owen came to Pittsburg, and hung out his sign as a fashionable tailor—none of the common "cut and try" kind, but a professional costumer—and as a consequence every stylish young gent in the city must have a suit made by the new tailor. Among other customers was a fancy looking gent whose brightly polished boots, close fitting kids and nobby hat denoted a fashionable, if not an industrious, young man, and he, of course, must have a suit made by the fashionable tailor. The suit was made and accepted, but the young man asked as a particular favor that he would give him credit for a few days, as his remittances from the east were for some unaccountable reason delayed, and, as the next day was Sunday, and the tailor could hardly miss so good an opportunity to have his work publicly advertised, he graciously consented to break his rule of "no trust" for once, and the clothes were carried away in triumph by the stylish young man. Days came and went, and weeks, and still the remittance did not come, and at length the tailor made bold to call on his stylish customer at his hotel. He found him tipped back in his chair, puffing away at a fragrant Havana, and greeted him with a smile meant to be very cordial and insinuating, but to his surprise was greeted with a stare of astonishment. "Why, don't you know me; I am Owen the tailor." "Indeed, are you, old fellow," said his stylish customer, seizing his hand; "are you? Well, good for you! I glad to meet you! So am I—owe an old chap down here for these very rags I've got on." "Yes, and that's just what I mean. I am Owen, the fashionable tailor." "So you said. How did you manage, old chap? I just shoved my cheek on an old spoony who thinks he is sharp, but I laid him out, you bet!" "But, sir, don't you know me, I am Owen, the fashionable tailor, and you ought to know me." Of course; willing to "know" any man who can get ahead of a fashionable tailor; give us yer hand again, old fellow, give us yer hand."

Completely dumfounded by the cool impudence of his cheeky debtor, the tailor gave up the case as hopeless, accepted a proffered cigar from his cheeky creditor, and retired, and so there are two persons in town who claim to be "Owen, the tailor."

As a rash Sunday-school scholar we may have spoken disrespectfully of J. Iscariot. The experience of the last six months shows that Mr. Iscariot may have been a gentleman who was much misunderstood by the people of the period. Some Scribe probably placed the thirty pieces of silver where he thought they would do the most good, and when poor Judas found that he had bought into lawsuit (the Hon. P. Pilate, chief-justice), he went and hung himself. That was where he made a mistake. He ought to have sent the money down to the Capernaum Female Seminary, and then appealed to the generous confidence of a constituency, with whose feelings and interest every throbb of his heart beat in unison. The editor of the *Gauleen Telegram*, would have made a very nice thing of that, and the Hon. J. Iscariot would have been one of the most prominent candidates at the next election. *Columbus (O.) Journal*.

SUNDAY READING.

How the Popes are Elected.

THE illness of Pius IX., and his probably speedy death, have turned all eyes toward the Vatican; and perhaps a few words concerning the succession, especially as to the manner in which it is effected, may not be without interest. Let us imagine ourselves transported to Rome, and a part of the crowd which fills St. Peter's to overflowing.

The Pope has been dead ten days, and according to the provisions made at the Lyons Council in 1274, by Gregory X., whose election was delayed three years through various pretenses, this is the longest time allowed to elapse between the death of the Pope and the assembling of the Conclave to elect his successor.

The last solemn notes of the organ are dying away amid the lofty arches of St. Peter's, the Mass of the *Spirito Sancto* has been celebrated, and two by two the seventy cardinals, dressed in their scarlet robes, pass down the echoing aisles. Listen! Do you hear the loud strains of the *Veni Creator*? It is chanted by the vast concourse of priests and people as they escort the College of Cardinals to the Vatican.

Arriving there, the cardinals seek a room in the palace called the Conclave, built particularly for meetings of this kind, and in whose galleries are built as many cells as there are cardinals. Besides the regular members of the Conclave, each one of these has two conclavists or attendants, one a priest, the other a soldier. Their duties are to look after the personal wants of the cardinal to whom they are attached, and to act as his secretary. It is an office much sought after, and the conclavist to the cardinal who is elected Pope feels that the highway to fortune lies clear before him. They, of course, take the oath to keep secret the proceedings of the Conclave.

The first twenty-four hours of its session, ambassadors of princes, and those having any special interest in the election of the Pope, are allowed to remain; but at three o'clock in the morning of the succeeding day, a bell sounds, and all except the cardinals and their conclavists retire. The doors are now closed; all outlets are walled up, except one small window through which food is passed, and no communication whatever is allowed with the outer world.

If at the end of three days no Pope has been chosen, only two meals a day are allowed. If on the eighth no name has been announced, bread, water, and wine are all they will receive till an election is made.

Everything being in readiness, the election may now be proceeded with; and according to Innocent III., this may be done in four ways: by inspiration, by compromise, by scrutiny, and by access.

An election by inspiration is effected by several of the cardinals calling aloud, as by a sudden impulse, the name of the person whom they wish to raise to the pontifical throne. This method is not often resorted to, but if a powerful party can be raised it is sometimes successful.

The election by compromise is sometimes adopted, when the College, being unable to make a choice, agree to leave the naming of the future Pontiff to one or more of their own body nominated for that purpose. John XXII., after receiving the solemn promise of each cardinal to abide by his decision, declared himself Pontiff. Since that occurrence, this method has not been much practiced.

In choosing a Pope by Scrutiny, which is the most common way, the cardinals take from a golden basin a card, upon which each one writes his own name, and that of the person for whom he wishes to vote. These tickets are then, with many bows and genuflections, placed in a highly ornamented chalice, which stands upon the altar. When all have voted, these cards, with much form and ceremony, are taken from the chalice and counted by persons chosen for that purpose. If any cardinal is found to have the votes of two-thirds of the College, he is declared elected.

When, however, after several trials, this does not occur, a new plan is tried, which is called Election by Access. When this is adopted, any cardinal may accede to the vote of another, by the alteration of his ticket in the prescribed form. When a Pope is elected in this manner, the tickets are all carefully burned, to prevent all pretext for future inquiry.

The new Pope being now legally elected, he is asked what name he will assume in his new station. This alteration of name was first introduced by Sergius IV., who had been before called Os Porci. It was not surprising that he should wish to change so unspiritual a cognomen, and his example has been invariably followed by all his successors.

The new Pontiff is now presented with the seal of the Church, called the "Fisherman's Ring," and is robed in scarlet and white silk vestments. He is then carried to the altar, upon which he is placed, and the cardinals adore him upon their knees, kissing his feet. In the meantime the walls of the Conclave are broken down, and one of the cardinals calls to the crowd assembled below: "I announce to you great joy: We have a Pope: the most reverend Lord Cardinal—has been elected to be

Supreme Pontiff, and has chosen the name—"

One of the large culverins of St. Peter's is now discharged as a signal, and immediately all the artillery in the Castle of St. Angelo reverberates among the seven hills; all the bells of the city begin to ring, and amid the sounds of music and rejoicing, the new Pope is carried to St. Peter's. Here he is again adored by the cardinals, prelates, and nobility; a *Te Deum* is sung, and from the high steps of the altar he gives the apostolical blessing, and is then borne away to his own apartments upon the heads of twelve chairmen.

A Russian Bargain.

When two Russian merchants are about to conduct a purchase or a sale, they begin by swallowing half a dozen cups of tea, smoking a score or so of cigarettes, talking about the weather, the crops, their families, their neighbors, and in this way they edge up to the subject, which is uppermost in their minds. If you want to buy a dog, you must begin by pretending that you want to sell a cat with a litter of kittens; the other party does not want any feline property, nor does he know anybody who would accept it. At this stage of the conversation you may venture to hint your desires in the dog line, and after more tea, or something stronger, and more cigarettes, you can conclude the negotiations.

At Irkutsk I wanted to buy a sleigh for a journey westward, and hearing of a man who had one for sale, I went to see it. A Russian acquaintance went with me, and after an introduction to the merchant we sat down in his parlor to drink a glass of *naifka*, a sort of home made cordial analogous to currant wine, though somewhat stronger. We drank *naifka* at least half an hour before we touched on the topic of business, and it was introduced very gingerly by my companion, who ventured to remark the deep sorrow that had fallen upon him in consequence of my prospective departure from Irkutsk. Then we took another drink, and it was hinted that I could not leave without a vehicle of some sort. This axiomatic proposition required moistening like its predecessor, and so, step by step, we went on for a quarter of an hour, drinks alternating with hints, and hints with drinks, until we took another drink, and went into the yard to look at the sleigh. We had a fresh drink of *naifka* when we returned from the yard, and another and another as the talk went on, until by the time the business was ended, and I had paid over the money, my unaccustomed head was whirling like a rifle-ball, and I would have found it difficult to see any difference between a sleigh and a side-wheel steamboat. My companion assured me if we had gone at it in the blunt American way, we would have spoiled the whole affair, and I should have been compelled to look elsewhere for a vehicle.

The Betel-Nut.

There is a fascination in the betel-nut more extraordinary than in the tobacco passion. The consumption of the latter in chewing alone, in the United States, is a modern phenomenon. An inveterate chewer may have moral resolution enough to break off the habit, though it rarely happens that an effort is made to do so, as an apology is found for continuing a practice that is positively destroying the foundations of health. Once addicted to chewing tobacco, to abandon it is an achievement few have the happiness to perform, notwithstanding the melancholy mortality of men in the meridian of life who are constantly being destroyed by the subtle influence of that strange plant on the nervous system. Thus sudden palsy of the heart, palsy of a limb, palsy of one-half the tongue, and even instantaneous death, are traceable by physicians to excessive use of tobacco. But the vice of betel-nut chewing is still more remarkable. When this is established there seems no retreat. The victim wears out his teeth, gums, and digestion, and dies with an unsatisfied longing for another quid. Betel-nut trees thrive in most parts of tropical India, the Indian Archipelago and the Philippine Islands. They grow up gracefully about thirty feet, rarely more than eight inches in diameter. It is an areca catechu. Penang is the universal name of the nut in those places where it is produced; hence, Pulo Penang means a betel-nut island. At six years of age the tree commences bearing nuts of the size of a small pullet's egg, of a bright yellow color, inclosed in a husk similar to that of a cocoon-nut; within is a sperical nut, very much like a nutmeg.—Broken, a bit of it is wrapped up with a piece of unslacked lime in a peculiar leaf, the Siri betelpepper, extensively cultivated for that purpose. The gums and mucous membrane of the mouth are quickly stained a brick red; the teeth crumble to a level with the gums; and in that condition an inveterate betel-chewer is wretched without a supply. There are large plantations of betel-nut trees in Java to meet the demand for home consumption and in distant provinces. To augment the pleasure, those who can afford it add tobacco to the lime.

An exemplary lady who was about to send a somewhat faded black silk gown to the dyer's had her mind changed by happening to open her prayer-book at the hymn, "Sinner, turn, why will you die?" and she turned it accordingly.