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Age	Assess- ment	Age	ment.	Ape	Assess- ment	Age	Ment.	
15	60	28	73	41	92	54	1 70	4
17	62	30	75	45	96	56	1 92	
18	68	31	77	44	7 00	178	2 04	u
20	65	33	81	46	1 06	59	2 28	ñ
21	67	35	85	48	1 18	61	2 45	П
23	68	36	86	49	1 24	62	2 50	ı
25	70	38	88	51	1 40	64	2 60	ı
26 27	71	39 40	89	53	1 60	65	2 60	

may ocenr.

A member, or his heirs, may name a successor; but if notice of the death of a member to the Secretary is not accompanied with the name of a successor; then the Society will put in a successor and fill the vacancy, according to the Constitution of the Society.

all the vacancy, according to the Constitution of the Society.

Should the member die before his four payments of five dollars are made, the remaining unpaid part will be deducted from the one Thousand Dollars due his heirs; his successor will then pay only two dollars annually during his lifetime, and the mortality assessments.

*5. Male and Female from afteen to sixty-five years of age, of good moral habits, in good health, hale, and sound of mind, irrespective of creed, or race, may become members. For further information, address

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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Cross-Word Enigma.

My 1st is in print but not in type; My 2nd is in horn, but not in pipe ; My 3rd is in story, but not in tale; My 4th is in wind, but not in gale; My 5th is in snow, but not in rain; My 6th is in dye, but not in stain; My 7th is in get, but not in gain; My 8th is in string, but not in rope; My 9th is in desire, but not in hope; My 10th is in fire but not in heat; My 11th is in storm, but not in sleet; My 12th is in rinse, but not in scrub;

My whole is a flowering bulb.

MY FIRST WEDDING.

WAS pastor of the Baptist church in G., Iudiana. It was my first year in the ministry, and in mid winter a powerful revival was in progress among our peo-

I was preaching every night, and my

strength was being taxed to the uttermost to prepare a new sermon for each evening, besides attending to all other duties that were pressing upon me from every quarter. One morning, just as I had seated myself at my desk to think out a sermon for night, a young man called upon me in "behalf of a young friend," who was to be married that day to "the girl of his choice" and desired that I should officiate on the

happy occasion. As the place was eleven miles distant, the roads heavy with snow, and the hour 3 p. m., I did not see how I could well get back to preach that night.

I begged him to excuse me and find some other minister. But no, his friend and his intended had heard me preach once in their neighborhood, and both had long ago decided that no other minister should marry them.

This was far from unpleasant to my young and foolish ears, so I felt complimented, and was half inclined to go; besides, the vision of a "fee" rose before me, and I thought of an empty flour barrel at home, and how it would gladden my young wife to come home and place a five or ten dollar note in her hand-my first wedding fee-and so I decided to go.

I at once went to a stable and hired a horse and buggy-price for half a day, five dollars. I had not thought of this expense at first, and said to myself .-

"Well, the fee will be ten dollars, and that will leave five dollars for my wife."

After an early lunch I started, and three hours of hard driving through the heavy snow brought me to the house-an old fashioned, double log cabin, but quite large withal, having one room on one side of the open hall, and two small bed-rooms on the other side.

A crowd of young men were gathered about the house; a long line of horses and several wagons were ranged along the road fence some fifty feet from the door.

They seemed to recognize me as the parson," and fell into line and followed me into the hall-if so you might call the open passage which divided and yet made the two cabins one.

it was opened by a very wise-looking seriousness, to judge from her face and manner.

Upon opening the door she immediately retired, saying not a word.

I was standing in the open door, feeling very much embarrassed. I had never been but to one wedding before, and that was when my wife and I were leading lady and gentleman.

A huge log blazed on the fire-place opposite, and ranged around the walls of the room were some thirty or forty persons, mostly young women.

They sat as stiff and motionless as "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," except that all eyes were turned on me; they said never a word.

My embarrassment grew apace.

Finally I aroused myself, and tugging away at my gloves, trying them on my numbed fingers, said, in a careless and as much of a business way as possible,-"I am the minister and have come to

perform the marriage ceremony." Not one word was said, but they kept looking at each other and then at me.

The silence was very oppressive. "The hour for the ceremony to be per-

formed has arrived," I said, "and I must get back to preach by seven o'clock. I hope you will inform the parties that I am here awaiting."

No one seemed to know anything about it, and I elicited no reply.

All this time I was standing in the doorway, and I felt that I was getting quite red in the face.

I was confused at the silence, for it was unbroken still, except by a suppressed gig-gle from one of the maidens against the

"Perhaps," said I, making another effort, "the happy couple would like to see me before they make their appearance in this company."

This seemed to strike the old woman, who opened the door for me at once. She

at once arose, and beckoned me to follow, she said not a word, and led me neross the hall to one of the small chambers before mentioned, and opening the door, pointed me in with, "There they are," and shut me in.

And, sure enough, there sat John and Mary on the edge of the bed, dressed in their best bib and tucker, both looking as confused and silly as possible; but they said never a word, only turned a little red in the face as I looked at them, very much as though they felt ashamed of themselves.

"Well," said I, "it is time we were in the other room; and if you are ready we will go on at once, as I am in quite a hurry to get back to town."

But they answered never a word; only hung their heads a little lower, and looked a little more foolish.

What was to be done? Had I got into company of mutes? I tried once more. "Perhaps you have some choice as to the

ceremony ?" They did not seem to understand, for they both looked at me in amazement.

"I mean," I continued, "you have some choice as to the length of the ceremony? Some, I believe, like a long and some a short service."

At this John and Mary looked at each

Said Mary, "John, you say it." Said John, "No, say it yourself."

With this, John, in a very sheepish, cared way, stammered out,-

"W-e-l-l, p-a-r-s-o-n, I guess about a d-o-l-l-a-r-'s worth." I do not remember how we got into the

next room; but I was mad. I thought of my five dollar horse and

buggy, my cold ride out, my colder yet before me, and my disappointed wife, to whom I had promised the fee.

But, kind reader, I want to assure you that I gave them "about a dollar's worth." If ever a couple got the full value of

their money, they did; for if they were kept standing there one minute, they were kept there three quarters of an hour, and I was marrying them all the time.

I confess prayer was not offered, and I know it was wrong, but my determination was that John should have "a dollar's worth," and think by the way he stood, first on one foot and then on the other, he was satisfied with the cheapness and quantity of the ceremony.

Indeed, if John and Mary, or either of them, ever get married again, though nothing but death can cut the knot tied that day, not even the divorce law of their own beloved Indiana, I am satisfied that about ten cents' worth will do them the next time.

I reached home just in time to go into the pulpit, cold, tired, and hungry.

My feelings were not very pious that night or the next day, when four dollars had to be added to my fee out of my own purse to pay for the hire of my horse and buggy; since then I have gotten in a good humor about it, and am sure it has afforded me more than "a dollar's worth" of fun.

A Modern Mummy.

The Egyptian mummy, in the library of the Capitol at Nashville, furnished ma-I knocked at the door and in a moment terial for perpetrating a little joke a few days since. A great many visitors from man, who withal, seemed to think that the country were visiting the capitol, and the whole affair was one of the deepest the oft-recurring question was, "Where's the mummy?" Dr. Morrow, who enjoys a joke, had passed into the Comptroller's office, where he found Col. Pennebaker on a lounge taking a nap. Returning to his own office, he was met by a party consisting of several ladies, with the inquiry:

" Where's the mummy ?" "I will show you ladies," said the doctor, and taking the lead he conducted them to the door of the Comptroller's office. Pointing to the outstretched form of Pennebaker, lying still as death: "That, ladies," said he, "is the mummy; he is supposed to be 3,500 years old."

After a few timid glances at the mummy the party retired with exclamations of wonder that the art of preservation had ever arrived at such perfection.

A Glimpse of the Other World.

Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a Michigan farmer recently died under circumstances the most extraordinary. Two of her sisters were dead, one but lately, one a few weeks ago. The cause of Mrs. Gardiner's death was a congestive chill, and after she had been considered dead for six hours, and was being prepared for the grave, she returned to consciousness and talked freely with her attendants. She stated to those around her that she had been to the better land and had seen both of her departed sisters, with other friends; that it was a most beautiful land-beyond all description! She said that she had permission to return to tell living friends of what she had seen but that she was anxious to return again. She passed away soon after making her state ment, and seemed overflowing with joy and happiness. The Detroit Tribune says that there can be no question as to the circumstances above stated.

A Danbury lady thinks that men who chew to bacco ought to be muzzled when on the street.

Singular Adventure.

A Cincinnati paper says:-On Tuesday

evening about seven o'clock, seven or eight workmen entered the Sycamore street sewer, near Abigail street for the purpose of cleaning it jout. While they were there the sudden and violent storm came on which our city readers will remember. A torrent of water rushed into the sewer .-The men made a scramble to get out, and all of them succeeded in doing so but one, John Clark was swept from his feet, and found himself rushing down the sewer at a furious rate. The light disappeared as he receded from the entrance to the sewer. The air grew close and vapory. The water hissed and boiled around him, and bore him helplessly along. In vain he clutched at the smooth, hard brick walls of the sewer. Minutes seemed hours, and hours seemed to lengthen into days, and yet he rushed along the boiling tide, feet foremost, barely able to keep his head above water. Mr. Clark is not a religious man, but in his youth he received a little evangelical instruction, which did him good service now. He brought into regisition some old prayers that had been laid away in his memory so long he had almost forgotten them. In this hour of his peril he found himself face to face, as it were, with an accusing conscience. Until this moment it appeared to him that what he had been accustomed to regard as trifling derelictions, had been looked at all his life as from the reverse end of a telescope. Now they appeared in their true light, and were magnified to startling dimensions. On and on he floated in the seething flood, through the sinuous channel, which was so dark and turgid and winding that it seemed to him he was enveloped by the billows of the mighty river Styx which flows nine times around Hell. Despair seized him. Considerable damage also began to be done to his keel by attrition, owing to his peculiar style of navigation and the shallowness of the water. Mr. Clark says he never felt so discouraged and down-hearted in the whole course of his adventurous career, and he is now somewhat advanced in life. He began to take bilge water heavily, and to consider that this was indeed "the last of earth." About the time he had given up all hope of ever again seeing Mrs. Clark and the little Clarks, Mr. Clark suddenly shot out into the open air. Hope began to revive in him, and he concluded that, after all, he was not quite so bad a man as he had thought. He called aloud for succor. He crawled toward the bank, and was rescued from the water by Mr. Lewis who lives on a barge and keeps skiffs for hire on the Ohio River. Mr. Clark inquired where he was, and was informed that he was at the mouth of Deer Creek where the sewer empties into the Ohio River, and that, consequently he had made a voyage of more than a mile and a half in quicker time than he could have made it on a steam donkey. After refreshing himself by rest, and taking some nourishment. Mr. Clark started for home, where he arrived about midnight. Mr. Clark don't spend much of his time sitting down now, and he partakes of his altitudinous hash from Mrs. Clark's biggest pantry shelf.

The Earthquakes of History.

I is estimated by geologists that more

I than one-eighth of the entire surface of the earth has been subject to the disturbing influence of earthquake shocks. The most disastrous one of which there is any record was the third destruction of Antioch from this cause, in 526 A. D. According to the great historian, Gibbon, 250,000 persons perished at this time, as thousands of strangers increased the population of the city, belonging to the festival of the Ascension, which occurred at that time. The earthquakes and volcanic eruptions which buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum are too familiar to require allusion. Of the most disastrous of modern catastrophes of this sort have been those of Lisbon, in 1755, and of New Madrid, in Missouri, in 1811. The former commenced on November 1. A loud rumbling was followed almost immediately by a fearful shock which demolished the principal buildings of the city, and in the short space of six minutes it is estimated that 60,000 persons were killed. The tide on the sea coast ran out rapidly, leaving the bar perfectly dry, and as rapidly an enormous wave thirty feet in height rushed in again, sweeping everything before it. The mountains in the neighborhood were shaken violently, deep fissures rent in the valleys, crags toppled over, and rocks were hurled into the abysses, bearing everything before them. Thousands of people rushed for safety to the marble quarry whch had just been constructed at an enormous expense, when suddenly it sank, carrying its load with it, and over the spot the water stood 600 feet deep. All the shipping of the harbor was sunk instantly, and hardly a vestige of the life and prosperity of the famed capital remained. The most important of the earthquakes which have ever occured in this country, of which we have any record, was that of New Madrid, Mo. Over three hundred miles of country, from the mouth of the Ohio to that of the St. Francis, rose and sank in undulatious, lakes and fissures being alternately formed and filled up.

horizontal, the latter being by far the more disastrous in their effects. The loss of life and property was enormous. The city of Caracas, in Venezulea, was overwhelmed in 1812, and 12,000 citizens buried in its ruins. All the Central and South American volcanic regions have frequently been subjected to these shocks, and cities destroyed and thousands of lives lost. In the Carribbean Sea they are common occurrences, and their consequences often appalling.

SUNDAY READING.

Human Suffering.

TO fact in the phenomena of the world, death alone excepted, has made so deep an impression upon the minds of all classes of men in all ages as the various sufferings to which the human race is subjected. Everywhere the fact has stared men in the face, and pierced them to the heart. From the remotest period of fable and myth it has been alike the theme of the poet, the orator, and philosopher. It has inspired a gloomy, solemn literature, an elegy more drear than the howl of arctic winds, more touching than the moaning pines in the twilight breeze. It is the music of the hoary prophet. It trembles upon the heaven-touched lips of the Evangelist. It came in weird strains from the Man of Sorrows in the garden especially consecrated to the spirit of suffering. It has been for two thousand years the grandest song of the Christian Church; a song to whose touching melody all classes and grades of humanity have listened with tears, with unspeakable rapture, and with living aspiratious for the land of rest; and we have turned toward each other again with a feeling of brotherly regard, and mutual forgiveness of the errors of life. The song of suffering has been sung everywhere-in the field, in the workshop, in the counting-room, in the palace, in the cottage, and in the hovel; in health, in sickness, in day-time, in the night; in sad and sore bereavements, when the soul stands alone on earth, and feels the ground sinking beneath its feet; and upon the bed of death, when the light and eye perish together, and the darkness without any light, wraps us in unbroken silence. The little child, the young maiden rich in hopes never to be realized, the young man in his pride and ambition, middle life with its sober brow and home enjoyments, and withered age, alike sing the song of sorrow. Sooner or later every heart is attuned to the plaintive strain. No position, no honors, no gift of genius, however rare and brilliant, can purchase exemption from suffering, or bribe away the heartless spirit of anguish.

And is it not well? Suffering must have important purposes to fulfill in the development and perfection of humanity. A fact so universal, and which is coeval with man, cannot be regarded as an accident. Suffering is designed. It was intended, it was carefully provided for in the structure of both the soul and body, and in the living unchangeable relations of society. Physical pain has been the occasion of calling out the mind. It has developed the art of architecture, and the sciences of physiology, anatomy, therapeutics, and surgery. It has led to the invention of mechanics, and to the discoveries of steam and the electric telegraph, though its connection with those is remote. It has developed all that know edge by which we are able to take care of ourselves and others. But for physical pain the world would have remained children in mind.

It is, however, in a moral point of view that the good and beautiful effects of human suffering are best seen. It is the bond of the noble feeling of humanity. It underlies the Divine Spirit of Christian brotherhood, as it underlies the Christian institution itself, the central source of its power and efficacy, the sufferings and death of the Godman. It is pain and sorrow which have chastened into gentleness and beauty the family affections, and make them shine upon the world like gushes of golden sunlight upon the crystal waters .-It has planted in the shady suburbs of the great cities hospitals for the sick, the insane, the blind, the dumb, and the mutilated. From out the great abyss of human suffering-another sun, another sky, another world has risen-the world of Christian civilization, with its Divine forms of spiritual loveliness. Constant suffering and sorrow are teaching the greatest lessons of wisdom, purity, and love. Slowly they are evolving the spiritual that is in man and bringing heaven and earth closer together. Suffering has done, and is still doing a work for men that love in no other form could do. It is making man nobler than he was, and leading him on to his appointed rest.

In the very core of the heart, bound up with the inmost fibres-its most divine texture—is the looking for, and the eternal longing for rest. The whole creation groans in the pangs of birth. Through the rifted clouds we see fields of mellow light -a shoreless sea of untroubled glory, and some souls catch now and then spiritual perceptions of the final rest-a Divine realm of peace and reunion with the dead and the lost of earth, where there are no pain, sorrow, and tears. Is this a delusion? Is this hope vain? No, it cannot be. It is impossible, because native instincts are truthful prophets. There is a rest for a These shocks were both perpendicular and suffering world.