

The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania.

Present the following plan for consideration to such persons who wish to become members: The payment of SIX DOLLARS...

Table with columns: Age, Assessment, Amount, etc. for various age groups.

Will entitle a member to a certificate of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS...

Should the member die before his four payments of five dollars are made...

Male and Female from fifteen to sixty-five years of age...

Agents Wanted! D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Great Cause OF HUMAN MISERY!

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price, 6cts. A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, TREATMENT, AND RADICAL CURE OF ALL Diseases...

\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS. The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company...

REMOVAL! JAMES H. GRUEL, See'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

Merchant Tailoring Establishment. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed...

Cloths, Cassimers and Vestings, With a complete line of Tailors' Trimmings.

BANKING HOUSE -OF-

Harrison Grambo, No. 530 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

The Business of this House is in all respects the same as that of an Incorporated Bank...

Interest at 4 per Ct. per Annum ALLOWED ON DAILY BALANCES OF

Currency or Gold! Drafts Collected

FOR PUBLISHERS AND OTHERS, AND Remittances made on day of PAYMENT!

METAL LINED cucumber wood pumps and also the celebrated Blatchley pumps...

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 FIRST WEDDING.

I WAS pastor of the Baptist church in L.G., Indiana. It was my first year in the ministry, and in mid winter a powerful revival was in progress among our people.

I was preaching every night, and my strength was being taxed to the uttermost to prepare a new sermon for each evening...

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...

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...

I at once went to a stable and hired a horse and buggy—price for half a day, five dollars.

"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...

A crowd of young men were gathered about the house; a long line of horses and several wagons were ranged along the road...

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.

I knocked at the door and in a moment it was opened by a very wise-looking woman, who withal, seemed to think that the whole affair was one of the deepest seriousness...

Upon opening the door she immediately retired, saying not a word. I was standing in the open door, feeling very much embarrassed.

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 performed has arrived," I said, "and I must get back to preach by seven o'clock."

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 giggle from one of the maidens against the wall.

"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 across the hall to one of the small chambers before mentioned...

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...

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

With this, John, in a very sheepish, scared way, stammered out—"W-e-l-l, p-a-r-a-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...

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 material for perpetrating a little joke a few days since. A great many visitors from the country were visiting the capitol, and the oft-recurring question was, "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...

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.

"A Danbury lady thinks that men who chew tobacco 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 out.

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.

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.

The Earthquakes of History.

It is estimated by geologists that more than one-eighth of the entire surface of the earth has been subject to the disturbing influence of earthquake shocks.

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.

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 Venezuela, was overwhelmed in 1812, and 12,000 citizens buried in its ruins.

SUNDAY READING.

Human Suffering.

NO 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...

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.

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.

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.