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Present the following plan for consideration to such persons who wish to become members:

Table with columns: Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment. Rows show age groups and corresponding assessment amounts.

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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.

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.

Male and Female from fifteen 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 Sec'y U. B. Mutual Aid Society, LEBANON, PA.

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\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS. The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had but little loss during the past year, the annual assessment on Mutual Policy holders will not exceed 50 per cent. on the usual one year cash rates, which would be equal to a dividend of 40 per cent., as calculated in Stock Companies, or a reduction of 2 per cent. on the notes below the usual assessment; and as the Company has over \$200,000 in premium notes, the whole amount credited to mutual policy holders, over cash rates, will amount to \$4,000. Had the same policy holders insured in a Stock Company, at the usual rate, they would have paid \$4,000 more than it has cost them in this Company. Yet some of our neighbor agents are running about crying "Fraud! Fraud!" and declare that a mutual company is a failure. But they don't say how many stock companies are failing every year, or how many worthless stock companies are represented in Perry County to-day. It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break. JAMES H. GRIER, Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

REMOVAL!

Merchant Tailoring Establishment. THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed his MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from "Little Store in the Corner," to room formerly occupied by J. G. Shatto, Dentist, where may be found at all times, a varied assortment of

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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Enigma No. 1.

My first is possessed of a magical charm, But so changeable in hue, so capricious in form, So strong and so feeble, so dull and so bright, 'Tis a difficult task to portray it aright. At times, to its cavernous depths it retires, Emitting its baleful, though luminous fires, Again—full, resplendent, and clear it is seen— Now, threatening and angry—then, clear and serene.

It sometimes is silent, impassive, and cold, Refusing the coveted tale to unfold; Then, again, it will go and perversely reveal The secrets which many would gladly conceal. My next is a means, placed in cruelty's hand, To relieve the poor and oppress'd of the land But from which, the benevolent "powers that be," Have rescued their brave, hardy sons of the sea.

My all, adds a modest and delicate grace, To an otherwise plain and expressionless face, And shading my first like a beautiful haze, Vells its joy and grief from unscrupulous gaze.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of nineteen letters: My 3, 7, 14 and 5 is the name of a Heathen Goddess. My 8, 17, 9, 10 and 4 is the name of a town in this State, having a Revolutionary history. My 3, 9 and 6 is the name of a river in Europe. My 13, 8, 7, 11 and 2 is the name of a country in Europe. My 8, 16 and 14 is of small value, yet of great use. My 13, 18, 15, 11, and 19 is the name of a country in Asia. My whole is the name of a city and the State in which it is located.

Uncle George's Courtship.

THE old man's story as told by himself is as follows:

"I was cap'n of the skuner Abbey Brown in them days, boys, and I was just a trifle proud of myself, for rayther few young men of twenty-three years old gets a chance to a vessel of their own at that time of their life. Besides bein' cap'n, I was a very good-lookin' young feller—what are you all grinnin' like so many sculpins about? D' you think 'cause a man gets gray and battered by fifty years' seafarin' that he mayn't not have been good lookin' in his younger days? Well, never mind, if no offence is ment none is took. I say I was good lookin' and I mean it, and what with that, and bein' cap'n of the Abbey Brown, and havin' besides some dollars stuck away in bank, I might a' had pretty much my choice of any girl atween Squam and Gloucester. But as is the way with most young fellers, I'd got one of my eyes gouged out with a particular she—Deacon Hadwin's daughter Mary, it was, and I jist thought all creation was tied around by her apron strings, and outside of 'em there wasn't a woman that was 'worth a spilled mack'rel. I seed a good deal of Mary, one way or another, for the Abbey Brown run out of Gloucester, where she was owned, and Deacon Hadwin he lived jist tother side the half-way cross roads atween Gloucester and Squam. So all the time I was into port there was seldom a day I didn't feel called on to come over home, here, to see my old people; at least, so I give out. But it wan't more'n two days in the seven I'd get beyond them taral crossroads. She was a mighty trim little craft, was Mary. Full in the bows, well-balanced aft, all her ribbons and sich hauled taut, and coiled a board neat and reg'lar; face always lookin' as if had jist had a fresh coat of red paint; eyes blue and sparklin'; teeth white, and generally showin' by reason of her smilin'—in short, boys, she was one of the kind that is only found one at a time; and, bein' of that sort, you may bet your best boots there was no end of fellers hankerin' round her, promiscuous-like, all the time. I wern't much afraid of any of the other chaps gettin' Mary, 'less it was Ahab Corbin. He was a likely-sort of young man, whose father had jist set him up in the ship-chandlerin' line at Gloucester; and them was the days when ship-chandlerin' paid, for ten vessels came into the port then for one that comes in now. Ahab had the weather-gauge on me in pint of height; but then I was stouter built than him, and had powerful long arms, so that if it ever kim to fight atween us I had calculated on bein' able to make him smell gravel. But it wan't writ in the books that that fight was ever to be.

There's no use givin' a long description of our courtin'. As I say, when ever I was in port I kep' runnin' down to Mary's crusin' ground pretty reg'larly, and all the time I was at sea I kep' wislin' I was ashore at the cross-roads. But somehow I couldn't never git my courage up to ask her, plump and plain, the question I wanted answered. Ahab, I see'd, was in pretty much the same kind of a fix, so I didn't worry gre'tly about it, known, as I did, that there wan't anybody else likely to take the wind out of my sails. Howsomever, this kind of thing couldn't be kep' up always, and one afternoon, after I'd seen things made snug aboard the skuner, which had just come up from Fernandiny, I got about a tumblerful of old Newburyport rum' and started for the Deacon's, my

mind made up to bring Mary to or blow her out of the water.

When I got down to the cross-roads, there was Mary, her chores all done up, a settin' on the Deacon's front steps, lookin' as pearl and chipper as a Portegee man-o'-war. She somehow seemed to be expectin' somebody, and when she caught sight of me comin' in the gate she give a little jump and sort of squealed like, so that my heart went bump agin the roof of my mouth, for I thought somebody'd told her that the Abbey Brown was hum, and that she had got herself up to meet me.

"Well, Mary," says I, kinder settin' down and snuglin' up to her, "I've got back."

"So I see," says she, mighty short like, and hitchin' herself off.

"Ain't you glad to see me, Mary?" says I, and I sort of looked at her out of one eye, tender and beseechin' like.

"I don't know, Mr. Davis," says she, "that it makes any partic'lar difference to me whether you're at home or at sea. Did you come down to see Sally Ann? 'Cause if you did she's gone home." Sally Ann was Mary's cousin' and who had about as much good looks as a clam, and the temper of a crab.

"No, Mary," says I, "I didn't come down to see Sally Ann, and that you know. I come down to see you, Mary, and Mary, you know Mary,—you know that for years and years!"

"What are you tryin' to git round tu?" says she, as short as pie-crust.

"Mary," says I, and I give a great gulp, like as if I was bringin' up my dinner, "Mary, will you be Mrs. Cap'n Davis?" Then, havin' got it out, I kinder kurlumfounded around and tried to get hold of one of her hands like. She riz up just if there'd been a pin where she was sittin', and gittin' as red as a biled lobster, she says: "You slab-sided booby! ain't you heard the news? I'm married!"

If Mary'd jumped as if a pin had gone in her, I went up like as if the pint of a marlin' spike had come up through the steps. "Married!" says I. "Married, Mary? Do you mean that you have ever been and gone and hitched yourself fast to that scupper-mouthed, bear-eyed, chuckle-headed owl of Ahab Corbin?"

She got pretty mad while I was bringin' out the compliments, but when I finished with Ahab's name she bust out laughin'. "Ahab Corbin!" says she, "why you don't think I'd ever a married him, do you? If it had been either of you two, George, that I'd be compelled to jine tu, it wouldn't have been Ahab, I can tell you. I'm married to Nehemiah Lane."

If ever I had the wind taken clean out of my sails, it was just at that particular time and place. Nehemiah Lane, I heard, just afore I started for Fernandiny, was expected home from a three years' whallin' cruise. But the thought of his steppin' into my boots so sudden as this had never crossed my mind. I blowed my nose a little, thinkin' the thing over, then I says: "If so be you two's made fast tu each other, it aint no good talkin' about it." "Not a bit," says Mary, interruptin', "the sooner you git the better, for I expect Nehemiah hum every minute."

"Good bye, Mary," says I, holdin' out my hand. "Good bye," says she, takin' it, "and next time you want a girl, George, don't fool around her like a sick clam; but jist tell her what you're after and have done with it." Then come away.

"It was an orful blow tu me," said Uncle George as he concolided and gazed sadly out to sea.

"And so you have remained true to her all these years, and never got married Uncle George?" "Well, no," replied the ancient mariner rather sheepishly, "I buried my third pardner last spring."

The Dream of a Railroad Engineer.

"Ed," is a brakeman employed on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad. He was married only a few weeks ago. His wife has been wearing a red flannel around her neck for the last ten days and complainin' of a wry neck. The St. Louis Democrat says that this is how it came to pass: "Ed," had just been doing extra duty, taking a sick friend's train in addition to his own, and so had not been in bed for forty-eight hours. As a matter of course he was nearly worn out, and as soon as his supper was eaten, he went to bed. He was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus and dreaming. Again his foot was on his native platform, and he heard the warning toot of the whistle for breaks. The shad-ow train bore him swiftly on; the telegraph posts flitted past quicker and quicker the whole country fled like a panorama mounted on sheet lightning rollers. In his dream he heard far off another roar, and swinging out by the railings he saw another train coming at lightning speed around the curve,—both trains were crowded with passengers; in another moment they would rush together, and from the piles of ruin a cry of agony would shiver to the stars from the lips of the maimed and dying. With the strength of desperation he gripped the brake and turned it down. There was a yell of pain, and "Ed," woke to find himself sitting up in bed and holding his wife by the ears having almost twisted off her head.

That's how "Ed's" wife came to wear a piece of red flannel around her throat and complain of a wry neck.

Old Adam's Mistakes.

Old Adam C—, a resident of Berks county, had a queer habit of making correct mistakes.

When about to sell rather an antiquated horse, he was interrogated as to the age of the beast.

"Vell," he replies, "I guess about nine ceer ten." In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud returned with the animal, and said—

"Mr. C—, what made you cheat me in selling me this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten? and here he is twenty."

"No, no, I sheats nobody. I say he is nine over ten, and he is all of dat."

At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull and good to drive. Old Adam says:

"I tells you, in the morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good; hitch him fore de wagon, good; take up de lines and vip, and tell him to go. I tell you he is right dair every time."

The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions, he found him "right dair every time," and not any amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer of course returns the horse; but old Adam "sheats nobody.—He told him shust as it was."

Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires— "Is it good wood? Will it split good?" "Splitt? Yaw! Like a candle."

Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time Old Adam came to town he was reproached with selling rotten wood; but Old Adam "sheats nobody; he tell him shust as it was." We fear there are several persons in this vicinity whose natures are made up largely of the same kind of material as that exhibited by "Old Adam."

A Bad Memory.

There was once a good old lady whose great age had affected her in little less than her memory. She had forgotten nearly all her past life and could not remember the names of her nearest relation. But she never forgot how liable she was to forget, and being very sensitive on the point, she endeavored in all sorts of crafty ways to conceal her weakness in this respect. One day an old friend called on her and in the course of conversation a Mr. Jacob Peters was mentioned. The old lady pricked up her ears and tried to look knowing. To save her life she could not remember who Mr. Peters was.

"Yes, yes," said she cunningly, Jacob Peters! Certainly, certainly, I remember him. But jist let's understand each other. People do make such mistakes, you know when they don't fix things all straight at first. Now tell me exactly which Jacob Peters you mean.

"Why don't you remember Jacob? cried the visitor." "Jacob Peters was your first husband."

The old lady mused. "Jacob Peters," said she. "Why, yes, I believe he was my husband, or something of that kind."

Tobacco and Swine.

A writer in Our Monthly for September tells a story of two well-known Southern clergymen, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for using the weed.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any other question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it sir!" the old gentleman energetically continued. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why sir, even a hog would not chew it!"

"Father C.," responded his amused listener, "do you chew tobacco?"

"I? No, sir!" he answered, gruffly with much indignation.

"Then pray, which is most like the hog, you or I?"

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter as he said, "Well, I have been caught this time."

As Deacon Adams, on an extremely cold morning in the olden times, was riding by the house of neighbor Potter, the latter was engaged in chopping wood.—The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor interrupted him with:

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon. Would you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning?"

"Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount, with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely inquired for information. We haven't a drop in the house." The deacon sighed, mounted his horse, and rode off.

It is calculated that there 10,000 women named "Marie" in Paris.

SUNDAY READING.

A New Light on Things.

"Halloo, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Say on," said Shag; "I am in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stackyard; and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn-end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Oh ho!" said Shag, "you fancy that farmyards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for farmyards. Get that into your head, and you wont meddle with arrangements which you can't understand and in which you have no concern."

My child, remember that God did not make the world for you; that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will be neither useful nor happy; and he will be very unlike Him who "pleased not himself."

The Earlier the Easier.

An old man one day took a child on his knee, and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to him and love him. The child knew that the old man himself was not a Christian, and felt surprised. Then he looked up into the old man's face, and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah! my reader believe him! "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow. And weeks, and months, and years hence, even could you be sure of them, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! "They that seek me early shall find me."

Deadening Influence of Fashion.

It is among the children of light enjoyment and unsettled life that we must look for stony-heartedness—not in the world of business; not among the poor, crushed to the earth by privations and suffering. That hardens the character, but often leaves the heart soft. If you wish to know what hollowness and heartlessness are, you must seek for them in the world of light elegant, superficial fashion, where frivolity has turned the heart into a rock-bed of selfishness. Say what man will of the heartlessness of trade, it is nothing compared with the heartlessness of fashion.—Say what they will of the atheism of science, it is nothing to the atheism of that round of pleasure in which the heart lives—dead, while it lives.—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way! How often do we try and persevere in trying to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just like children who plant blossoms without any roots in the ground to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it not by sowing the divine seed of a heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.—Temple.

We want religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when he tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant, amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit.

A Cheerful View of Things.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! How strange to look at it in that way!" said the other bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

Grace thrives by frequent meditation on portions of God's word: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly."