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Table with 5 columns: Age, Amount, Age, Amount, Age, Amount. Lists ages from 15 to 27 and corresponding 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...

Should the member die before his four payments of five dollars are made, the remaining amount paid part will be deducted from the one thousand dollars due his heirs...

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ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of twenty-four letters— My 19, 23, 31, 3 and 21 is the name of a prominent bible character.

My 21, 5, 8, 17, 19, 15 and 16 is the name of an ancient King.

My 4, 9, 11, 13, 2, 9, 10 and 3 was rival of the City of Rome in her most powerful days.

My 23, 13, 1, 20, 19 and 16 is the name of an Emperor established in 1393.

My 21, 9, 11, 12, 4, 3, and 6 was once a powerful nation.

My 22, 2, 9, 11, 8, 3, 19, 12, 10, 16 and 3 is a great General who died in 514.

My 7, 12, 8, 4, 23 and 6 is the name of a bird, also of a town in Arkansas.

My 4, 2, 11, 14, 21 and 13 is the name of a person born in the reign of Emperor Augustus.

My 24, 9, 1, 3, 11, 8, 5 and 15 was where a celebrated battle was fought.

My 18, 14, 7 and 3 is the name of a Musical instrument.

The whole is an event which occurred in the year 1814.

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma in last week's Trix—"Eye-lash."

Answer to Geographical Enigma No. 2—Indianapolis, Indiana.

Street Etiquette in Europe.

A LETTER from Paris gives an account of street etiquette, by which it will be seen that ladies do not receive the same freedom there as here:

"American ladies visiting Paris are apt to be much annoyed until they learn the etiquette of the streets. They are liable to compromise themselves if they appear alone upon the thoroughfares without the observance of certain rules which time has rendered fixed and immutable. In the first place, a respectable young lady in Paris never appears on the streets in anything but a black dress, unless when with a male escort or an aged duenna. If in a light or white dress her character is liable to be mistaken, especially if she should be young or interesting. Then if she is without escort she must, to maintain her character, push straight forward, without looking to the right or left. If she should stop to look in at the fine displays in the store windows for which Paris is so famous, she must not be surprised if some of the young men who lounge around the cafes walk up to her, nudge her elbow, and enter into a conversation. It is the practice of the demi monde to thus stop when a gentleman is approaching whose attention they desire to attract, and the masculines of loose morals choose to regard any one who may stop to look at the gorgeous array of diamonds in a window as having invited their attention.

So also in riding. A lady seated alone in a carriage, either in the street or in the Bois de Boulogne, is regarded as reserving the seat beside her for any chance gentleman whom she may attract. Thus ladies who have no male escort either take servants with them when they ride or borrow a neighbor's child, if they have none of their own. To ride alone would be to invite insult or offensive attention.

The same is the rule in London, and almost throughout Europe. The fact is that the more respectable class seldom walk the streets. In London you never see what we would call at home a well dressed lady. Those who seem and undoubtedly are reputable, are arrayed in plain suits of black, evidently intending and desiring to shun rather than court observation. A finely dressed female in London is invariably regarded as a woman of loose character if she have no escort with her, and even then she must carry a very demure face and her escort must not put on any foppish airs if he does not desire to compromise the character of his companion. But a black dress and a fast walk, as if in a great hurry, is the only thing that will insure for a lady, alone in the street, entire freedom from improper attention or insult. The only finely dressed females on the street anywhere in Europe are those of bad character."

There is an old fellow in New Hampshire who, whatever his condition, never loses the sense of his dignity. One warm summer's day he was seated on top of a coach which was slowly wending its way over the sandy roads above Concord. Frequent application to his pocket flask had rendered his position somewhat unsteady, and at last a sudden jolt tumbled him off into the sand by the roadside. The driver stopped, and with aid from the passengers, he was at last set up again in the coach, between two other men who were to guard against a recurrence of such an accident.

Our hero looked very solemn for a mile or two, without any remark, and then spoke: "I shay, driver, we had a pretty bad upshot." "Upset! We haven't upset," replied the driver, a little hurt at the suggestion. "Yes, we did upset! I shay we did upset! I'll leave it to this gentleman if we didn't upset."

The umpire decided at once against him. The solemn look came back to his face. He meditated some minutes, and then gravely responded: "I shay, driver, if I had known we didn't upset I wouldn't 'ar got off."

A Year Without a Summer.

ALMOST everybody has heard tell about the terrible dark year in the early part of the present century, which old New England farmers still refer to as "Eighteen hundred and starved to death."

While every one is speaking of the present season as being remarkable in its characteristics, I have gathered for your readers some reliable facts of the year 1816, known as "the year without a summer."

January was mild; so much so as to render fires almost, needless in parlors. December previous was very cold.

February was not very cold; with the exception of a few days it was mild, like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous during the first part of it; the remainder was mild. A great freshet on the Ohio and Kentucky rivers caused great loss of property.

April began warm, but grew colder as the month advanced, and ended with snow and ice and temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more remarkable for frowns than smiles. Buds and fruits were frozen; ice formed $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch thick; corn was killed and the fields again replanted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost, ice, and snow were common. Almost every green thing was killed. Fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, several in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed.—Ice was formed half an inch thick. Indian corn was so frozen that the great part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed, both in this country and in Europe. Papers received from England state, "that it would be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer." Very little corn ripened in the New England and Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for the seed of the spring of 1817. It sold at from four to five dollars per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty; ice formed a quarter of an inch thick.

October produced more than its share of cold weather; frost and ice were very common.

November was cold and blustering.—Snow fell so as to make good sleighing. December was mild and comfortable.

The above is a brief summary of "the cold summer of 1816," as it was called, in order to distinguish it from the cold season. The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year.—Very little vegetation matured in the Eastern or Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat throughout the summer; all nature was clad in a sable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of this life.

The average wholesale price of flour during that year, in the Philadelphia market, was thirteen dollars per barrel. The average price of wheat, in England, was ninety-seven shillings per quarter.

An Optical Delusion.

Many optical toys have been made which depend upon this law of vision. The thaumatropes is one of the simplest of them. Two pictures are put on the opposite sides of a circular piece of card, which is twirled rapidly by means of strings fastened to opposite points of its edge. The two images combine in the eye, and we see one picture made up of the two. A bird may be put on one side of the card, and a cage on the other, and we see the bird in the cage when the card is twirled. So a man on one side and a horse on the other may unite to form an equestrian group. You can get an idea of an effect by making a distinct horizontal line with ink on one side of a card, and an upright line on the other, which will form a cross if you twirl the card.

The First Easily Guessed.

A lady of whom ill-natured things have been said, but who gives pleasant little parties, to which gentlemen are always glad to go, invited her doctor the other evening. The doctor is married, and naturally went alone. "Why did your wife not come with you, doctor?" asked the lady. "For two reasons, madam," replied the doctor; "the second is she has a bad cold."

Too Clean.

Did you ever see a woman who was possessed by the house-cleaning fiend?—not periodically, but at all times?—who would go about drawing her finger over every lounge, and table, and chair, peering into cracks and crannies for crooked pins and lint, holding tumbler up to the light for finger marks; in short so utterly absorbed in the pursuit of dirt, that every other pursuit was nothing in comparison?

Now, being New England born, I know what neatness is, and value it as only a New Englander can; but when it takes such shape as this, and robs life of all its charms I turn my backs upon it with righteous disgust. Who thanks these jealous juries for their self-imposed labors? Certainly not their husbands, who flee into corners from dust-pans and dust-brushes, and weary of the recital of their prowess day by day. Certainly not their children, who have no place to stow away their little sacred property in the shape of bright bits of silk paper, or broken cups, which are dear and precious to them, and should always be held in respect within proper innocent limits.

Oh, ye careful and troubled Marthas of the household, stop and take breath. Place a flower on the mantle that you and your household may, perhaps, have some in your lives. While you stop to rest, read. So shall the cobwebs be brushed from your neglected brain, and you shall learn that something else besides cleanliness is necessary to make home really home for those dependent on your care.

Throw your broom out of doors; take your children by the hand, and let the fresh wind touch your wrinkled forehead. If your house is wound up to such an immaculate pitch of cleanliness, it can run on a few hours without your care. Laugh and talk with them, or, better still, listen to their foolish-wise talk. Bring home a bit of ginger-bread for each of them, and play some simple game with them. Put on the fresh dress you have, and ask your husband, when he comes in, if he recognizes his wife.

"I wish my mother looked as pretty as you," said a little girl once to her neighbor.

"But your mamma is much prettier than I," replied the neighbor. The truth was that the child's mother was always in a wrapper unless company was expected. The rest of the time she was under the dominion of the house-cleaning fiend, and the children fled from such a joyless, utilitarian home, where no flower of beauty could ever get time to take root and blossom. There is little need to misinterpret my meaning. Many a ruined life has come of a joyless home. Your children take to the sunlight as naturally as do the flowers. Shut it out of your houses, and they will go abroad in search of it; you may be sure of that. Isn't this worth thinking about, oh ye mothers? Careful and troubled about other things, and yet so blind to your first and greatest duty!

One Too Many.

At a watering place a few weeks since, one of the boarders, a young lawyer who had a room on the lower floor opening on to the porch, was treated to a conversation usually intended for the ears of only one. Soon after he had retired for the night, chairs were moved on the porch outside his window, and directly he heard voices—low, but earnest voices—principally a man's voice, and as he warmed to his subject it grew so loud that our friend was not only kept awake but could not avoid hearing what was said.

The young man was pouring forth the tale of his admiration—his ardent love, as steadfast as the polar star, as fixed as adamant. She seemed to like it very well, but didn't say yea or nay. So the adorer went on in the same strain—he happy that she would listen, she happy that he would speak. This continued from twelve till two in the wee hours, when the fair one made a move. The wretched spon beggled that she would tell him his fate then and there, but she would not. At last she said "I will tell you in the morning."

Imagine their horror and surprise as a wild cry came from the sleepless lawyer's room: "For God's sake don't come back before ten, and I will be here to hear the rest."

Jones and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day.

"What do you think of him?" asked Brown.

"I think," said Jones, "he did much better two years ago."

"Why, he didn't preach then," said Brown.

"True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

A preacher one slippery, frosty morning, going home with one of his elderly members, the old gentleman slipped and fell. When the minister saw that he was not hurt, he said, "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places." "Yes," replied the old man, looking at the preacher, "I see they do, but I can't."

A very good way to muzzle a dog is to place the muzzle behind the ear and pull the trigger.

The Dutchman's Troubles.

An up town Teuton has his good nature imposed upon "thusly," as the Baron von Deiderische would remark:

"I pese glad to shee you, like ash never was, Mister Cris; when did Zinzinnati goome way from you?"

Such was the warm salutation of a Teutonic friend whom we met the other day. The reader might not guess in a long time what business our friend was engaged in, so we will tell you; he kept a lager beer saloon.

"How do you like your new location?" we inquired after his raptures had somewhat abated.

"Nice poys in this town; nice poys. The first night vot I opens my saloon they goomes in and galls for lager beer, doo, eight, seex, half a dozen of 'em unt van I says, 'Who makes pays for dis too zoon already?' by tam dey says, 'put it on de schlate.'" I told tem I don't geep no schlate. Den dey say, 'you better send out and puy a schlate.'" Vell, I wants to aggomodate—there's no principal in dose things—so I pought a schlate. The peer got calling for more poys, unt I get putting the schlate unto dem. Pooty quek already I dels dem to schlate it pese full on both sides, unt den dey tells me if de schlate pese full I petr ash fill my tam Tuch head mit 'm! Vel, dat ish all right—there is no principal in dose things—they are nice poys."

Pooty bime by after leedle, they makes a smash mit mine par, preaks mine pootles, unt knocks hail tamnation out of mine lookingglass mit mine head. Mine Cott! I vash mad. I radder you kive me ten dollars so much as I vash mad. But dat pese all right—there's no principal in dose things—that makes nix tifference. Nice poys!

"They knocks the staircase town mine frow, and throws the window out of the papy. That's all right—makes notting tifference—there's no principal in that—nice poys—but (growing very much excited and emphasizing each word on the bar with his fist), they puts water in mine class of peer—unt Cott in himmel, that ish not right—there's some principal in dose things—that makes somethings tiffereent?"

A City of Women.

Mrs. Leonowens, in her lecture on Siam, tells the following: "The central part of the capital city of Bangkok, in Siam, is devoted exclusively to the residence of some nine thousand women among whom no man but the King may enter. The inhabitants of this inner city are the thousand women of the royal harem, and some eight thousand more, who are soldiers, artificers and slaves. This little world is ruled by women as magistrates, who administer the laws of the kingdom. There is no appeal from their decisions. Prisoners are arrested by sheriffs of their own sex. If it is necessary to chain them, it is done by blacksmiths of their own sex. If a disturbance arises, it is suppressed by a force of five hundred Amazons, trained from infancy to the use of sword and spear. Meanwhile the slave women carry on a variety of manufactures. The women of higher birth are 'sealed' to the King; the slave women may marry, but their husbands dwell outside the walls. The children, if boys, are banished from the city of women at six years old; only the girls remain. All the Oriental distinctions of rank are scrupulously observed within this strange realm, except that the magistrates are chosen for personal character and wisdom. Leonowens speaks with great reverence of the woman who was Chief Justice when she lived in Bangkok, and tells some remarkable anecdotes of the courage with which she enforced justice against offenders far superior to herself in rank."

At about twenty miles from Berlin is situated the village of Spenenberg, noted for the deepest well that has ever been sunk. Owing to the presence of gypsum in the locality, which is at a moderate distance from the capital, it occurred to the Government authorities in charge of the mines to obtain a supply of rock salt. With this end in view, the sinking of a shaft or well 10 feet in diameter was commenced some five years ago, and at a depth of 280 feet the salt was reached. The boring was continued to a further depth of 900 feet, the diameter of this bore being reduced to about 12 inches. The operations were subsequently prosecuted by the aid of steam until a depth of 4,194 feet was attained. At this point the boring was discontinued, the borer or bit being still in the salt deposit, which thus exhibits the enormous thickness of 3,977 feet. The boring would have been continued in order to discover what description of deposit lay below the salt, but for the mechanical difficulties connected with the further prosecution of the operations.

A wife who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch biocuppod, "Tal—taint no use, old woman, to bore for water here!"

Wisdom is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms from the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.