

**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 on application, FIVE DOLLARS annually for FOUR YEARS, and thereafter TWO DOLLARS annually during life, with pro-rata mortality assessment at the death of each member, which for the FIRST CLASS is as follows:

Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment
15	60	28	73	41	92	54	1.70
16	61	29	74	42	94	55	1.80
17	62	30	75	43	96	56	1.92
18	63	31	77	44	98	57	2.04
19	64	32	79	45	1.00	58	2.16
20	65	33	81	46	1.06	59	2.28
21	66	34	83	47	1.12	60	2.40
22	67	35	85	48	1.18	61	2.52
23	68	36	87	49	1.24	62	2.64
24	69	37	89	50	1.30	63	2.76
25	70	38	91	51	1.36	64	2.88
26	71	39	93	52	1.42	65	3.00
27	72	40	95	53	1.48		

Will entitle a member to a certificate of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, to be paid at his death to his legal heirs or assigns, whenever such death may occur.

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.

Males and Females 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

L. W. CRAUMER,
Secretary U. B. Mutual Aid Society,
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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 60 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 deduction 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 must fail—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,
635t 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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Of the best quality. Those desiring to purchase GOOD GOODS, at Reasonable prices, and have them made in the LATEST STYLE, will please give us a call. S. H. BECK.

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A Woman's Devotion.

THE Governor of Missouri has recently pardoned an inmate of the Penitentiary under circumstances which furnish a remarkable and touching instance of what a devoted, trusting, and energetic wife can do for an unfortunate husband. The latter used to live in Toledo, Ohio, and the facts of his case are vouched for by respectable journals of that place. Some time ago he removed to Missouri, with his wife, and early in 1870 the events fell out that proved so disastrous to him. It appears that he was not very prosperous, and had occasion to sell—as nearly the last of his possessions—a pair of fine horses. For these he received \$500 in clean, new national currency. The stock-dealer who bought the horses afterward disappeared. On the next day after the sale the vendor paid out two bills of \$10 each. It was discovered that they were counterfeit, and the utterer was promptly arrested and lodged in prison. He, of course, directly protested his innocence, and told how he got the money, and the remaining \$480 was found on his person. The horse-dealer was traced and brought forward, when, to the horror and amazement of the accused man, he stoutly denied all knowledge of the bad bills, and swore the money he had paid for the horses was in bills on an Illinois bank. No confirmatory evidence of the prisoner's tale could be got, and as such counterfeit money had lately been circulated in that region, public feeling ran strongly against him. He was tried, and despite his earnest protestations, and his wife's determined struggles in his behalf, he was found guilty and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

But the wife never for a moment believed him guilty; and, with astonishing resolution and pertinacity she now bent herself to the task of proving his innocence and effecting his release. To the latter end she first sought and obtained interviews with the Governor of Missouri. To him she stated her case as she saw and believed it. But the Governor, although kind was firm. The prisoner was shown to be guilty. Counterfeiting was greatly on the increase. It was necessary to make examples, and there was every just reason why her husband should be one of them. He could hold out no hope, save in the condemned's restoration to his family after five years. The wife went home, converted all she had into cash, and thenceforward devoted her whole time and brain to following the horse-dealer who had given her husband the spurious notes, with the hope of convicting the really guilty person of that offence. Pursuing him like a shadow, but keeping out of his sight she soon found that when he went to a place counterfeit money was said to be in circulation soon after. This happened at Freeport, Ill., and afterward at Fort Wayne, Ind. At the latter place she caused his arrest. But nothing could be proved against him, and he was set free. She then dogged him to Canton, Ohio, to Pittsburg, Altoona, Lancaster, Chambersburg, Philadelphia, Goshen, Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, and other towns in New York, sometimes staying two or three months in each place. The man was, however, so guarded and ingenious as always to manage to cover his tracks—in fact, he never passed false "paper" himself at all—and his implacable pursuer was unable to bring him to an account. At last, however, he fell ill at Newton, Sussex Co., N. J., and she believed and proved that her golden opportunity was at last at hand.

When the horse-dealer fell ill, the wife of his victim was at the same hotel. She found out the physician attending him and frankly told her whole story. She described how she had tracked the cause of her husband's misfortunes, and begged the doctor for the sake of right and justice to help her. The physician was moved by her tale and agreed to do what she asked, which was to give his patient some depressing, but safe medicine, and adroitly to lead him to think that he was in a very critical condition. This was accordingly done, and worked to a charm. The patient begged at once for a clergyman, who, arriving, pointed out the necessity of full repentance and at this juncture the wife entered the room, and implored the supposed dying man to repair the great wrong he had done her husband. The result was that the sufferer made a deposition before a Magistrate, confessing the five hundred dollars as described, and furthermore that he was a member of an extensive gang of counterfeiters, his special business being, not to utter bad money, but to spread it among confederates in different parts of the country. He also said that on the occasion of making the trade in question he happened to have no other money, and greatly wanted the horses. Armed with this document the now happy woman hastened back to Missouri, laid her evidence before the Governor, and had the satisfaction of carrying a full pardon to her husband almost immediately after. The two are now living joyfully together on a farm in Southern Illinois, and their case is naturally attracting abundant comment and congratulation.

A boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

A Pneumatic Tube.

After repeated experiments, Mr. Albert Brisbane, some months ago, claimed that he could transmit packages through a tube of any length by a hollow sphere travelling in the tube, simply by exhausting one six-hundredth part of the atmosphere in the tubes, thus creating a vacuum which would cause the atmospheric pressure at the other end to drive the hollow sphere through the tube with a lightning rapidity.

Upon an exhibition of his calculations and experiments to the House Committee on Appropriations, Congress, at its last session, appropriated \$15,000 to construct a pneumatic tube of Mr. B.'s invention from the Capitol to the Government printing office, the work to be done under the supervision of Mr. Edward Clark, architect of the Capitol. In accordance therewith Mr. Clark has entered into contract with Mr. Brisbane for the construction of the tube between the buildings above named, by way of North Capitol street, Brisbane to furnish all machinery, materials and labor necessary for its construction, and the proper working of it. The tube is to be at least two feet in diameter (inner measurement), to be laid under ground, and constructed of planks treated in boiling coal tar, or some equivalent method, to insure durability, and hooped with iron and screw-clamps.

Mr. Brisbane is to place in a proper condition the streets through which the tube is to pass, and to supply all necessary machinery.

The tube, as above described, will have a hollow sphere of two feet diameter fitted therein, the inventor claiming that by using a sphere instead of a railway carriage he avoids the loss by friction and increases the power. He then puts an exhausting fan in the Capitol and another in the printing office, and packages to be conveyed are placed in the hollow sphere; the air is then exhausted by the fan at the other end of the tube, and he claims, as above stated that as soon as one six-hundredth of it is out the atmospheric pressure at the other end will drive the ball and contents through the tube.

Mr. Brisbane is now in New York, to prepare the tube and machinery, and when it is once here but a short time will be required to put it in position.—Washington Republican.

A Perilous Position.

A Liverpool, England, paper describes the following curious accident which recently befel one of the roads in that city. It appears that the inexplicable flooding of a cellar led to an examination by the borough engineer, who, in the course of his investigation, made the startling discovery that the main road was gradually disappearing, it having already sunk to the depth of three inches. The street cars were nevertheless running in their customary comfortable manner, and the traffic generally was proceeding as if the road still stood where it did. Notice was given to cease working the street cars, and men were promptly sent to open the street, when it was found that in taking up the sets the pick went through the shell of the street into a hollow from which vapor of water puffed. A large hole was then broken in, and a cavity was found about twenty-five feet long, eighteen feet wide, and twelve feet deep, full of water. The thickness immediately under the street which covered the opening, and which must have supported the roadway and car track for considerable time, was about twelve inches at the thinnest part. It consisted of the pitching of the street, which was fortunately in remarkable good order, and had a compactness and rigidity almost equal to concrete. It must be admitted, however, that there is a degree of excitement to be found in traveling in a car over a hole twenty-five feet long, eighteen feet wide, twelve feet deep, and full of water, with nothing but a shell of earth a foot in thickness between the car and the water.

A Puzzled Turnkey.

A somewhat breezy individual, named James Kelly, was recently arrested and locked up in a Baltimore station-house by himself; but soon the turnkey was startled by a combination of voices, as if the cell was filled with variegated humanity. The voice which first attracted his attention was that of a female, who, rich in Irish brogue, said, or rather screamed, "Oh, ye baste! I would ye be after hugging me, a lone widow, with no one here to protect her?" This was followed by a sound resembling that of a person being slapped in the face, and then with an apology: "Miss, I meant no offence, indeed, I beg your pardon." The turnkey hastened to the cell from which the conversation proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find Kelly seated in the corner of the room apparently asleep. Puzzled at what he had heard, the turnkey slowly walked away from the cell, and in five minutes afterwards he heard a German and negro in an altercation, each man taking turns in beating the other. After this had been kept up well through the night, the turnkey stole upon Kelly unawares and found him indulging in most extraordinary ventriloquistic performances, having evidently enjoyed his confinement far better than his captors did.

Laughter Better than Physic.

"Laugh and grow fat," is considered wholesome advice to the lean, and that it is conducive to the increase of adipose matter in the human species is generally admitted. But the latest form of putting the aphorism to "Laugh and Live;" in other words the Laughter Cure, "come this way." Invalids are admonished to "throw physic to the dogs," and take liberal doses of laughter instead. One of our exchanges give a case in point in which the efficacy of the new treatment is strikingly illustrated, and in this wise:

Once on a time, a priest, while passing along a road, was accosted by a woman, who said her cow was choking to death, and that the priest must save her. The priest, unwilling to shatter her faith walked slowly round the suffering bovine three times, repeating: "If she lives she lives, and if she dies she dies. Faith triumphed; the cow recovered, living for years as a milk dispenser. Not long after the priest fell ill, his disease a sort of membranous croup, and the priest was in great danger. The grateful woman rushed to his bedside, shouting that she could cure him. As the physician could do nothing further, she was allowed to proceed. Ordering the bed to be placed in the middle of the room, she seized the clergyman's cane, and flourishing it frantically, walked around the bed, shrieking: "If he lives he lives, and if he dies he dies." Three times she circled the choking priest, when suddenly an explosion of laughter broke the forming membrane, and the treatment of the cow was too much. Faith again triumphed; the laughter cure proved as good for the clergy as it had for the cow.

It is suggested that a new college be established, provided with clowns to please, straws to tickle, jokers to tell laughable yarns, &c.—Laughing is a good thing; it's healthy. Who will open the campaign? Who will write "What I Know About Laughter?"

A Ventriloquist's Joke.

We recently took a walk on to the wharf with a friend who is a good ventriloquist. The hands on one of our steamers were engaged in rolling off a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy; these plaguery nails hurt. I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanding to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed:

"That beats the dickens!"

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within the cask the voice came forth:

"You're nobody; let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me," said the voice; "I want to get out; I won't stand this any longer."

"Up end the cask," said the mate.

"Oh, don't! You'll kill me," said the voice.

"Oh, how these nails prick! Look out—don't!" again said the cased-up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper," said the mate, "head that cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth:

"Be easy now; is there any one about? I don't want to be caught."

Quite a crowd had now gathered around the scene of action, when a loud guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was filled with bacon.

"What does it mean," says one.

"It beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow" as we walked off arm in arm with the ventriloquist and magician.

A Novel Pension.

Among the peculiar institutions at West Point are two maiden ladies named Thompson, who enjoy certain privileges not possessed by any other ladies in the land—namely, the right to board twelve students of the senior class of cadets. Their father Col. Thompson, performed some special service during the Revolutionary War, for which a novel pension was settled on his widow—viz. the use of a house at West Point during her life at an annual rent of six cents, to which was added the above boarding privilege. On the death of the widow the pension was continued to her three daughters, and for sixty years the family have held the privilege, and maintained themselves handsomely from it.—One of the daughters is dead, and the remaining two are very aged, one seventy-two the other eighty. They are very aristocratic and dignified, and if the cadets carry on" too much, they find a polite note under their plates intimating that they can depart. They have their pick of cadets, and it is considered a great favor to get there.

A thing not generally known—that people who get to high words often use low language.

SUNDAY READING.

Putting Pitch in their Boots.

I have heard of a company of hunters who caught a number of monkeys in the forests of Brazil in the following amusing way:

They had a lot of little boots made just large enough to be drawn easily over a monkey's foot, and filled the bottom with pitch. With these they set out for the woods, and soon found themselves under the trees, where the lively little fellows were leaping about among the branches, hanging by their tails, swinging themselves easily from one tree to another, and chattering noisily together, as if making observations upon the strange visitors that had come into their quarters. The hunters were too wise to attempt to catch them by climbing the trees; they might as well have expected to snatch a flying bird as to lay hands upon one of these nimble little fellows. They had an easier way than this, and one much more effectual. They simply sat down under the trees, while the little chatterboxes were rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. Then they placed the little boots where they could be seen, and commenced taking off their own boots. Having done this, they let them stand a while near the little boots. All this the monkeys very carefully noticed. The hunters, now taking up their own boots, having carefully looked over them drew them slowly, one after the other, upon their feet. Not a motion escaped the observation of the monkeys. Having replaced their boots they hurried away to the thicket of undergrowth not far off, where they were hidden from the sight of the monkeys, but where they could see everything that happened under the trees. They left the small boots all standing in a row.

They were no sooner out of sight than down from the branches dropped the monkeys. They looked at the boots, took them up, smelt them, and finally seating themselves as the hunters had done, drew them on over their feet.

As soon as they were fairly in the boots, out sprang the hunters from their hiding-place, and rushed among them. The monkeys, affrighted, at once started for the trees, but only to find that they destroyed their power of climbing by putting on the boots. So they fell an easy prey to their cunning enemies. This is the way the monkeys were caught. And how many young persons are caught in the same way! In their desire to do what they see other persons doing, they fall into serious trouble and often bring upon themselves ruinous habits that follow them to the grave.—Zion's Herald.

Sunday a Day of Gladness.

God does not mean us always to be somber, least of all upon Sunday, the glad feast of the resurrection, a day whose atmosphere throughout should be one of quiet, unworldly joy. Let not boisterous merriment disturb the calm; let hearty worship, and kindly intercourse, and refreshing rest—rest of tired mind from its dragging brood of week-day anxieties, rest of tired body from the round of week-day toil—let this be the employment, this the tone of the hallowed day. Religion, not in every word, act, look, obtruded with painful effort, but present in the heart, should prelude the day, its rest, its reading, its conversation. O! never represent Sunday—at any rate to the young—as a dull and gloomy day; nor dream that a heart devoted to the kind God, need abjure all that is genial and joyous, or that a subdued, spirit-broken step is necessary to the child who has chosen to walk beside that tender Father, holding by his hand.

Two Pictures.

Pictures themselves have sometimes a curious history. The story of the two pictures at Florence is old, but not worn out. An artist at Rome saw often, playing in the street near his window, a child of exquisite beauty, with golden hair, and cherub face. Struck with the loveliness of the boy, he painted a picture of him and hung it up in the studio. In the saddest hours that sweet, gentle face looked down upon him like an angel of light. Its appearance filled the soul with gladness and longings for heaven, which its purity symbolized. "If ever I find," said he, "a perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint that also, and hang it on the opposite wall, and the one I will call heaven and the other hell."

Years passed. At length, in another part of Italy, in a prison he visited, looking in through the grated door of a cell, he saw the most hideous object that ever met his sight—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks deeply marked with the lines of lust and crime. The artist remembered the promise he had made himself, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome culprit, to hang over against the portrait of the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect; the two poles of the moral universe was before him. Then the mystery of the human soul gained another illustration. He had two pictures, but they were likenesses of one and the same person. To his great surprise, on inquiring into the history of this horrid wretch, he learned that he was no other than the sweet child with golden ringlets whom he once knew so well and saw so often playing in the streets of Rome.