

The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania.

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

Table with columns: Age, Assesment, Age, Assesment, Age, Assesment, Age, Assesment. Rows include ages from 15 to 27 with corresponding assessment amounts.

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.

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

The Great Cause OF HUMAN MISERY!

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price, 6c. A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, TREATMENT, AND RADICAL CURE OF ALL Diseases caused by excess, &c.

\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO CENTRAL MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS. The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had their best year last year...

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 they may be found at all times, a varied assortment of

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

A. H. FRANCISCUS & CO., No. 513 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. Have opened for the FALL TRADE the largest and best assorted Stock of PHILADELPHIA CARPETS.

Celebrated American Washer, Price \$5.50. THE MOST PERFECT AND SUCCESSFUL WASHER EVER MADE. AGENTS WANTED FOR THE AMERICAN WASHER in all parts of the State.

Presidential Campaign! Caps, Capes and Torches!

Send for Illustrated Circular and Price List. CUNNINGHAM & HILL, Manufacturers, No. 204 Church Street, PHILADELPHIA.

CIDER! I WILL give FIVE DOLLARS per barrel for Cider cured according to my patent improved process. Any person wishing to obtain a printed copy of this process can do so, by enclosing \$1.00 to the undersigned at MILLERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

The following are the answers to the Enigmas in last week's TIMES: Biblical Cross-word Enigma—"Praise ye the Lord." Enigma No. 2—"Great Salt Lake, Utah."

Jim Blaine's Wonderful Story.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE boys used to tell me I ought to get one Jim Blaine to tell me the stirring story of his grandfather's old ram; but they always added that I must not mention the matter unless Jim was drunk at the time—just comfortably and sociably drunk. They kept this up until my curiosity was on the rack to hear the story. I got to haunting Blaine; but it was no use. He was often moderately, but never satisfactorily drunk. I never watched a man's condition with such absorbing interest, such anxious solicitude; I never pined so to see a man uncomprehendingly drunk before. At last one evening I hurried to his cabin, for I learned that this time his situation was such that even the most fastidious could find no fault with it. He was tranquilly, serenely, symmetrically drunk—not a hiccup to mar his voice, not a cloud upon his brain thick enough to obscure his memory. As I entered, he was sitting upon an empty powder keg, with a clay pipe in one hand and the other raised to command silence. His face was round, red, and very serious; his throat was bare and his hair tumbled; in general appearance and costume, he was a stalwart miner of the period. On the pine table stood a candle, and its dim light revealed "the boys" sitting here and there on bunks, candle-boxes, powder-kegs, etc. They said: "Sh! Don't speak; he's going to commence!" I found a seat at once, and Jim began: "I don't reckon them times will ever come again. There never was a more bullier old ram than what he was. Grandfather fetched him from Illinois, got him of a man named Yates—Bill Yates—may be you might have heard of him; his father was a deacon—Baptist—and he was a rustler, too; a man had to get up ruther early to get the start of old Thankful Yates; it was him that put the Greens up to jining teams with my grandfather when he moved West. Seth Green was probably the pick of the flock. He married a Wilkerson—Sarah Wilkerson—good cretur she was—one of the likeliest heifers that ever was raised in old Stoddard, everybody said that knewed her. She could left a bar'l of flour as easy as I can flirt a flapjack.—And spin? Don't mention it! Independent? Humph! When Sile Hawkins came a browsing round her, she let him know that for all his tin he couldn't trot in harness alongside of her. You see, Sile Hawkins—no, it warn't Sile Hawkins, after all; it was a galoot by the name of Filkins—I disremember his first name—but he was a trump—come into pra'r meeting drunk one night, hooraying for Nixon becus he thought it was a primary; and old Deacon Ferguson up and scooted him through the window, and he lit on old Miss Jefferson's head—poor old filly. She was a good soul—had a glass eye, and used to lend it to Miss Wagner, that hadn't any, to receive company in. It warn't big enough, and when Miss Wagner warn't noticing, it would get twisted around in the socket, and look up, maybe, or out to one side and every which way, while t'other was looking as straight ahead as a spy-glass. Grown people didn't mind it, but it most always made the children cry, it was so sort of scary. She tried packing it in raw cotton, but it wouldn't work, somehow; the cotton would get loose and stick out, and look so kind of awful that the children couldn't stand it no way. She was always dropping it out, and turning up her old-dead-light on the company empty, and making them uncomfortable, becus she never could tell when it popped out, being blind on that side, you see. So, somebody would have to hunch her, and say, 'Your game eye hez fetched loose, Miss Wagner, dear,' and then all them would have to sit and wait till she jammed it in again—wrong side before as a general thing and green as a bird's egg, being a bashful cretur and easy set back before company. But being the wrong side before warn't much difference any way, becus her own eye was sky blue, and the glass one was yellor on the front side, so whichever way she turned it, it didn't match nohow. Old Miss Wagner was considerable on the borrow, she was. When she had a quilling or a Dorcas' siset at her house, she gen'ally borrowed Miss Higgin's wooden leg to stump around on; it was considerably shorter than her other pin, but much abe minded that. She said she couldn't abide crutches when she had company, becus they were so slow. When she had company, and things had to be done, she wanted to get up and hump herself. She was as bald as a judge, and so she had to borrow Miss Jacob's wig—Miss Jacobs was the coffin peddler's wife—a ratty old buzzard he was, that used to go roosting around where people was sick, waiting for them; and there that old rip would sit all day in the shade, on a coffin

that he judged would fit the candidate; and if it was a slow customer and kind of uncertain, he'd fetch his rations and a blanket, and sleep in the coffin at nights.

"He was anchored out that way in frosty weather for about three weeks once, before old Robbins' place, waiting for him; and after that, foras much as two years, Jacobs was not on speaking terms with the old man, on account of his disappointing him. He got one of his feet froze, and lost money too, becus old Robbins took a favorable turn and got well. The next time Robbins got sick Jacobs tried to make up with him, and varnished up the same old coffin and fetched it along with him; but old Robbins was too many for him; he had him in, and 'peared to be powerful weak; he bought the coffin for ten dollars, and Jacobs was to pay it back and twenty-five more besides; Robbins didn't like the coffin after he'd tried it. And then Robbins died, and at the funeral he bursted off the lid and riz up in his shroud and told the parson to let up on the performances, becus he could not stand such a coffin as that. You see he had been in a trance once before, when he was young, and he took the chances on another, calculating that if he made the trip it was money in his pocket, and if he missed fire he couldn't lose a cent. And by George, he sued Jacobs for the Rhino, and got judgment, and he set up the coffin in his back parlor and said he 'lowed to take his time now. It was always an aggravation to Jacobs, the way that miserable old thing acted.

"He moved back to Indiana pretty soon—went to Wellesville—Wellesville was the place the Hogadons was from. Mighty fine family. Old Maryland stock. Old Squire Hogadom could carry around more mixed lickor, and cuss better than most any man I ever see. His second wife was Widder Billings—she that was Becky Martin; her dam was Deacon Dunlap's first wife. Her oldest child, Maria, married a missionary and died in grace—et up by savages. They et him too, poor fellow—biled him. It wasn't their custom, so they say, but they explained to friends of his'n that went down there to bring away his things, that they'd tried missionaries every other way and never could get any good out of 'em—and so it annoyed all his relations to find that man's life was fooled away just out of a derned experiment, so to speak.—But mind you, there ain't anything ever really lost; everything that people can't understand and don't see the reason of does good, if you only hold on and give it a fair shake; Providence don't fire no blank ca'tridges boys. That there missionary's substance, boys, unbeknowns to himself, actu'ly converted every last one of them heathens that took a chance at the barbecue. Nothing ever fetched them but that. Don't tell me it was an accident that he was biled. There ain't no such thing as an accident.

"When my Uncle Lem was leaning up agin a scaffold once, sick or drunk, or suthin', an Irishman with a hod full of bricks fell on him out of the third story and broke the old man's back in two places. People say it was an accident. Much accident there was about that. He didn't know what he was there for, but he was there for a good object. If he hadn't been there the Irishman would have been killed. Nobody can ever make me believe anything different from that. Uncle Lem's dog was there. Why didn't the Irishman fall on the dog? Becus the dog would a seen him a coming and stood from under. That's the reason the dog weren't appinted. A dog can't be depended on to carry out a special providence. Mark my words, it was a put-up thing. Accidents don't happen, boys, Uncle Lem's dog—I wish you could have seen that dog. He was a regular shepherd—or ruther he was part bull and part shepherd—splendid animal, belonged to Parson Hagar before Uncle Lem got him.

Parson Hagar belonged to the Western Reserve Hagars—prime family; his mother was a Weston; one of his sisters married a Wheeler; they settled in Morgan county, and he got nipped by the machinery of a carpet factory and went through in less than a quarter of a minute. His widder bought the piece of carpet that he had his remains wove in, and people came a hundred miles to 'tend his funeral, and they had to let one end of the coffin stick out of the window.

Jim Blaine had been growing gradually drowny and drowzier—his head nodded once, twice, three times; then dropped peacefully upon his breast, and he fell tranquilly asleep. The tears were running down the boy's cheeks—they were suffocating with suppressed laughter—and had been from the start, though I had never noticed it. I perceived that I was "sold." I learned then that Jim Blaine's peculiarity was, that whenever he reached a certain state of intoxication, no human power could keep him from setting out with impressive unction; to tell about a wonderful adventure he had once had with his grandfather's ram—and the mention of the ram in the first sentence was as far as any man had ever heard him get concerning it. He always wandered off interminably from one thing to another, till his whisky got the better of him, and he fell asleep. What the thing was that happened to him and his grandfather's old ram is a dark mystery to this day, for nobody ever has ever yet found out.

Rather Cooling.

Young Blifkins, son of old Blifkins the banker—he of the Dolly Varden pants and and vest—was recently caught in a shower, and took refuge under the portico of a dwelling on Beacon street. A very attractive young lady—a pretty maiden—who sat by the open window, seeing his situation, sent out a servant to him with an umbrella. Blifkins went away in ecstasy; and on the following day, having attired himself in most elaborate and stunning array of starch and jewels, he took the umbrella, which was an old one, and laid it away with his treasures of conquest as a souvenir; and then he went forth and purchased an affair to replace it of the most beautiful and costly kind. Thus equipped he called upon the lady to return her flattering loan. She admitted him to her presence, and received the umbrella without apparently noticing the exchange; and it was not 'till she had listened with becoming gravity to his highly dramatic acknowledgments that the truth beamed upon her. She saw that he labored under the enchanting impression that she had been smitten by his appearance.

"Weally," said Blifkins, in sweet, poetic mood, "youah tendah act touched me. Am—it touched me deeply,—it did, 'pon bonaw."  
"Indeed, sir," replied the maiden, with charming naivette, "there was no need of this gratitude on your part. As you stood beneath our portico you obstructed my view of a gentleman at an opposite window who was observing me, and I sent the umbrella as the readiest means to get rid of your unweelcome presence."  
Blifkins went home and broke up the old umbrella, and consigned its hated fragments to the ash barrel.

A Singular Case of Detection.

The lawyer's monologue in the play of "Lady Aldley's Secret," which vividly describes the gradual closing-in of a web of circumstantial evidence, is recalled by the curious story of the detection of the murderer of Professor Panorma in Brooklyn.—A patched tape-line was the clue—nothing more. A "sneak-thief," in whose pocket the tape was found, questioned by a shrewd police officer, reveals his connection with a New York gang of silver-thieves; stolen property is recovered; men are arrested on the charge of stealing it; one of the thieves is described as the murderer of Panorma; the truth comes out, little by little; and the scoundrel who dealt the fatal blow, arrested in a receiver's house for robbery, is held to answer the charge of murder. Great credit is due to Captain Farry and his men, whose ingenious disguises and untiring patience during a search which lasted for weeks have brought the perpetrator of an infamous deed to the bar of justice. If the man O'Brien be convicted and executed—and the case seems perfectly clear—the Panorma murder will take its place among the records of celebrated crimes.

A Fable.

A deer once saw himself pictured in a clear brook.  
"Truly said he, 'I surpass all animals in gracefulness and majesty! How lordly do my horns tower up! But my feet how long and ugly!'  
Hardly had he uttered these words when he saw a lion springing towards him. With the greatest haste his despised feet carried him to the next forest; but suddenly his broad antlers were caught in the overhanging thicket, and he could not tear himself away.  
The lion overtook him and devoured him. Learn from this not to value things from their outward appearance, but for their inner worth; otherwise you will often have to repent bitterly your unjust judgment.

A gentleman who was in the habit of interlarding his discourse with the expression, "I say," having been informed by a friend that a certain individual had made some ill-natured remarks upon this peculiarity, took the opportunity of addressing him in the following amusing style of rebuke:  
"I say, sir, I hear you say I say, 'I say' at every word I say. Now, sir, although I know I say 'I say' at every word I say, still I say, sir, it is not for you to say I say 'I say' at every word I say."

At Valley Stream, Long Island, a man fell between two trains of cars, in attempting to jump from one to the other. With the exception of a slight contusion he was unharmed. When some of the railroad employes stopped to pick him up he waved them off, saying: "I can pick up my own corpse."

A railway watchman caught napping at his post, and convicted of willful negligence, said to the jailor, who was about to lock him up: "I always supposed that the safety of a railroad depended on the soundness of the sleepers." "So it does," retorted the jailor; "but such sleepers are never safe unless they are bolted in."

To interest, without exciting—to instruct, without offending—to please, without flatterring—to be cheerful, yet grave—and humorous, without descending into buffoonery—are the prime requisites of a public instructor.

SUNDAY READING.

Only a Grain of Sand.

A man who had for years carried an old and cherished watch about him, one day called on its maker, and told him it was no longer useful, for it would not keep time correctly.

"Let me examine it," said the maker; and taking a powerful glass, he looked carefully and steadily into the works, till he spied just one little grain of sand.

"I have it," he said. "I can get over your difficulty."

About this moment, by some powerful but unseen power, the little grain suspecting what was coming, cried out, "Let me alone! I am but a small thing, and take up so little room. I cannot possibly injure the watch. Twenty or thirty of us might do harm, but I cannot, so let me alone."

The watchmaker replied, "You must come out, for you spoil my work, and all the more so, that you are so small, and but a few people can see you."

Thus it is with us, whether children or elders—one lie, one feeling of pride, vanity, or disobedience, may be such a little one that none but ourselves know of it; yet God who sees all things, knows it, and that one sin, however little it may appear, will spoil our best efforts in his service.

One Worm did It.

One day I was walking with some friends through Sudbrook Park, in Surrey, when Dr. Ellis drew our attention to a large sycamore tree, decayed to the core.

"That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

In answer to our inquiries, we found that about two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a wood-worm, about three inches long, was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It then caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying here, and he remarked, "Let the worm alone and it will kill the tree." This seemed improbable; but it was agreed that the black-headed worm should not be disturbed.

After a time it was discovered that the worm had tunnelled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk.

"Ah!" said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that single tree. How many who once promised fair to usefulness in the world and the Church, have been ruined by a single sin!"

The Death of a Dishonest Man.

It is over. He was buried to-day. He did not live to be old, and yet his life was not a short one. He did a great deal of business and was widely known. The flags hung at half-mast, for his name had been a good deal before the public.

Yet nobody respected him. He was not honest; and that was the fatal drawback which always kept him under. He was shrewd enough, and smart enough, but yet he never had any solid, substantial prosperity; and the sole reason was because he had no inborn abiding integrity.

Providence so ordered things that dishonesty thwarts the most cunningly devised schemes for making money. Were it not so, thieves would become rich, in the true sense of the word. Their gains are uncertain, and their lives are thriftless as well as unhappy.

Apart from all reference to a future state of existence, there is no better platform for this world, no better basis to do business upon, than that of the ten commandments.

Suppose we saw an army sitting down before a granite fort, and they told us that they intended to batter it down, we might ask them "How?" They point to a cannon-ball. Well, but there is no power in that; it is heavy, but not more than half a hundred or, perhaps, a hundred-weight; if all the men in the army hurried it against the fort, they would make no impression. They say "No, but look at the cannon." Well, but there is no power in that; a child may ride upon it, and a bird may perch in its mouth. It is a machine, and nothing more. "But, look at the powder." Well, there is no power in that; a child may spill it, a sparrow may pick it. Yet this powerless powder and powerless ball are put in the powerless cannon; one spark of fire enters it, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, the powder is a flash of lightning, and that cannon-ball is a thunderbolt, which smites as if it had been sent from heaven. So it is with our Christian machinery of this day; we have the instruments necessary for pulling down strongholds, and oh, for the baptism of fire!—Arthur.

In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. She saved neither her life nor her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven, they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other.