The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania,

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

The payment of SIX DOLLARS or 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:

Ape	Assess- ment	Age	Assess	Age	Assess- ment	Age	Assess- ment
15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 27	60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 67 70 71	28 20 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40	78 74 77 77 79 81 88 86 86 87 88 88 89	41 42 43 44 45 46 47 49 50 51 52 53	92 94 96 98 1 00 1 10 1 12 1 18 1 24 1 30 1 50 1 60	54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65	1 70 1 80 1 82 2 04 2 16 2 28 2 40 2 45 2 50 2 60 2 65

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

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 Sectetary 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 fire 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.

58. Male and Fennie 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. Mulial Ald Society.)

LEBANON, PA.

Agents Wanted!

Address D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. 6 31 8m pd]

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN



OF 1872. GRANT & WILSON, GREELEY & BROWN, Campaign Caps, CAPES AND TORCHES, Transparencies and Banners,

With Portraits or any device for all parties. Slik, Bunting and Muslin Flags of all sizes on hand or made to order. Chinese Lanterns of all sizes and Styles: Paper Balloons, Fire Works, &c., &c. Campaign Clubs fitted out at the Lowest Rates at

WM. F. SCHEIBLE'S CAMPAIGN DEPOT,

49 South Third Street, Philadelphia. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. 6 27 13t

\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO \$4,000 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 in sured 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 fall.—But they don't say how many stock companies are falling every year, or how many worthless stock companies are represented in Perry County to-day. It is a well-known fact that a Mulual Company

Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

REMOVAL!

Merchant Tailoring Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed his MERCHANT TAIL.

OHING 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

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.

Also, a good assortment of SHIRTS, SUSPENDERS, COLLARS, NECK-TIES, HOSIERY, &c., &c., On hand at low prices.

A. H. FRANCISCUS & CO., No. 513 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA,

Have opened for the FALL TRADE, the largest and best asserted Stock of

PHILADELPHIA CARPETS.

Table, Stair, and Floor Oil Cloths,
Window Shades and Paper, Carpet Chain,
Cotton, Yara, Batting, Wadding, Twines, Wicks
Clocks, Looking Giasses, Fancy Baskets, Brooms,
Baskets, Buckets, Brushes, Clothes Wringers,
Wipoden and Willow Ware, IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our large increase in business enables us to sell at low prices, and furnish the best quality of Goods

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Celebrated American Washer, Price 85.50.

THE MOST PERFECT AND SUCCESSFUL WASHER EVER MADE

** AGENTS WANTED FOR THE AMERI-CAN WASHER in all parts of the State. 37 131

Presidential Campaign!

Caps. Capes and Torches!

Send for Illustrated Circular and Price List. CUNNINGHAM & HILL, Manufacturers, July 16, 1872—8½m] No. 204 CHURCH STREET. IPHILADELPHIA.

Town Lot for Sale. L the Reformed church. The improvements

A LARGE DOUBLE FRAME HOUSE AND FRAME STABLE. For particulars call or address.

J. W. BICE, Ickesburg Perry Co., Pa.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

* All contributions to this department muse accompanied by the correct answer.

A Problem.

A. B & C agree to enter into a joint speculation requiring \$600 capital. Of this sum A agrees to furnish \$300; B \$300 and C \$100 .-The latter however, finds he can only raise \$50, and borrows the other \$50 of A, who instead of interest on the loan agrees to take one-third of of C's share in the result of the speculation. It results badly, ending in a net loss of \$150 .-What is the loss to each?

HOW I FOUND MY WIFE.

FOR a while after the close of the war, my office was just opposite Capt. 's, and it was with great pleasure that I used to go over to the captain's, after business hours, and listen to his "war yarns," as he called them. He seldom spoke of himself, but the following he told me of his own personal experience, which I give in his own words:

During the war I did considerable duty as a spy, and on one occasion I came near losing my life.

Just after one of our fierce battles, particular information was needed concerning the condition of the rebel troops quartered in our section. I was fully aware of the risk I incurred, nor was I ignorant of the fate awaiting me if I was suspected and taken. I had reconnoitered pretty thoroughly, gained about all the information necessary, and was beginning to think of returning, when the following incident decided me.

While walking along, musing upon the exciting events which were then transpiring, I was met by a rebel private.

"Helloo, old boy! you're going the wrong way," cried the fellow in an animated tone of voice.

"I guess not," I replied carelessly.

"Well, I 'spose you know best, but you'd better go back with me to the camp. I'm going to get a description of the chap that's been playing the spy," added the fellow, familiarly.

"What about him? It's all news to me," I replied with as little outward appearance of concern as possible, though my pulse beat a little quicker than usual at the man's words.

"You must be deaf, then, for everybody is talking about him to-day," he continued.

"His name is Tom Jones and he's been skulking around here, listening to what the officers say, pumping the men and trying to find out what the next move is to be. But they're on his track. There's bounty on his head, and he's as good as a dead man."

"Good enough for him !" I exclaimed, maintaining the same indifferent demeanor. "His life isn't worth much, that's a fact. But I say comrade," I said slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, "Isn't hanging a little too good for the rascal?"

The man replied with a coarse laugh and an oath, and then passed his way, leaving me in no enviable state of mind. Had the fellow been acquainted with my description detection would have been certain. When I left the rebel baracks in the morning, I noticed nothing unusual; but my absence, added to other circumstances, awakened suspicion. Not a moment was to be lost; my life depended upon instant con as flight at that hour (it being four in the afternoon) would be attended by extreme danger.

Without further delay I entered . thick growth of trees near by and looked about for some place of concealment. I could discover nothing but a large brush heap, but as no better place could be found, I concealed myself beneath it as well as possible.

I was none too soon, for in a short time I heard the tramp of horses feet and the voices of men. Without halting they passed the spot where I lay. I breathed more freely when their shouts were lost in the distance. In my hiding-place time dragged slowly. The ground was very cold and damp from the effects of a recent rain, which did not add much to the pleasantness of my situation. I dared not stir for fear of attracting the attention of some person who might be lurking in the vicinity.

For several days I had not felt well, owing to the effects of the long march I had endured before undertaking this business, and I felt that I was rapidly becoming worse. Cold chills ran over me, my head was hot and ached badly, and a general languor pervaded my whole system.

It was now evening, the moon shone brightly. What should I do? I feared being seen if I attempted to leave my covert. But if it was dangerous to go it was equally so to remain. For three hours had I laid there benumbed with cold and growing more feeble every moment.

At this juncture I remembered having seen a small cabin at a short distance. I determined to seek it, throw myself upon the mercy of the inmates and ask assistance and protection.

Pushing aside the brush cautiously and glancing from side to side, I crept hurriedly a little ways upon my hands and kases, and then gradually raised myself to an up-right position. This was not accomplished without severe effort; my limbs were weak which food had been placed and very de-and cramped, and I could hardly walk for liberately commenced eating. She had

and dizzy that it was some minutes before | companion entered the cabin, both looking I could recollect in what direction the cabin was. But at length my senses returned and I moved slowly forward. I discovered the light which shone from the window, I approached the cabin, but paused at hearing the sound of voices. Taking a few more noiseless steps I was enabled to glance through the rude window. Two men and two women were within.

I could hear their voices plainly from where I stood, and I listened to see if I could not gain some clue to the character of

"I am quite confident that we shall succeed," said one.

"The reward is worth trying for, anyway," returned the other.

"What will be done with him if he should be caught?" asked the younger of the two females.

" No matter ! they won't be likely to let him go again," said the elder man, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"He'll be treated as spies usually are, probably," remarked the middle-aged woman who had not before spoken.

The younger shuddered and looked thoughtful. "I wish there was no such thing as war; it so brutalizes human nature," she said earnestly, after a pause.

"The sooper the Yanks is conquered the the quicker it will be ended," said the youngest man. " So you see it's our duty to catch this fellow who is said to be very cunning and useful in his way. He can't be a great ways off and the sooner we get started after him, the sooner we shall hunt him down."

The other gave his hearty assent to this proposal, and after talking over their plans together, both men left the cabin and pased so near to where I stood, that by raising my hand I could have touched them. But fortune favored me, and the darkness which succeeded the moon's departure, hid me from their sight.

Waiting until they were out of hearing, I stepped to the cabin door and tapped. The latch was raised, and a voice de-

manded, "Who's there?" "A friend; one, at least, who has not the power to harm you," I replied.

The door opened wider, and the woman scrutinized me closely.

"I am sick, hungry and sorely pressed by my enemies; I am the spy for whom the reward is offered. I am in distress. You can save me or deliver me into the hands of your husband, or those who have gone in pursuit of me."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances but neither spoke, and I anxiously waited the decision.

The woman who opened the door, motioned me to enter. I did so, and a seat was placed for me by the daughter, whose sympathies were obviously enlisted.

"We can give you food, but our protection will avail but little after my husband's return," said the woman.

"Can you not conceal me?" I asked earnestly. "Heaven will surely reward you."

The mother looked at her daughter and

they conversed together in a low tone. We will do what we can," said the former, briefly, as she placed food and drink before me and signed me to eat.

"Do not talk," she added quickly, as I endeavored to express my gratitude. -"There is no time to lose, and food will do you more good than anything else."

I did not wait for a second bidding, and the nutritious beverage soon had the effect to renew my strength and inspire fresh courage. My head felt less giddy, the cheerful fire warmed my stiffened limbs, and I would certainly have fallen asleep in my chair had not a feeling of dread lest the men should suddenly return, caused me to look often anxiously toward the window.

"They will be gone two hours," said the youngest, as if to reassure me on that

I signified my thanks and looked at the fair speaker so attentively that a crimson glow stole over her countenace, making her look still more interesting. I forgot for the moment my Illness, the danger I had incurred, the risk I now rap, everything in contemplating her symmetrical figure, regularity of features, and the benevolent kindness that beamed from her eloquent eyes. My rapture was of short duration, the barking of a dog, and the exclamation of my deliverer, " You are lost," brought me to my senses.

"Father must be near, for that is his dog." I started to my feet and looked hurriedly about for some means of escape besides the door which I entered.

The girl shook her head, and the color fled from her cheeks by reason of her terror. I remained where I was, knowing that the result would be equally fatal if I ventured to leave the cabin.

The voice of the men came nearer and nearer. The young girl stood spell-bound for an instant, then sprang towards a door which opened into a closet.

"Go in, quick," she whispered, "and hide yourself behind the clothes.'

I obeyed, and the door was quickly closed and fastened upon me, while my deliverer, with uncommon self-possession (as I after-ward learned,) placed herself in the chair I had just vacated, drew up to the table on the pain it gave me. My head was so light hardly done so when her father and his about \$7,500,000 on that of 1870."

somewhat ill-humored and disappointed.

"What are you up and eating for, at this hour, Nellie?" asked the former, regarding the young lady with a look of astonishment and displeasure.

"Waiting for you so long made me hungry," was the unbesitating reply.

"Well, and so are we hungry, girl; so get us something quick, for we've got to ride a dozen miles yet; that is, if the fellow don't disappoint us again. Confound him ! we might have been on the right track by this time if the horses had been round in time," be muttered, as Nellie busied herself in placing food before them,

In the meantime, the mother, who left the cabin before the men returned, had entered an out-building, and was preparing a comfortable place in which I could conceal myself before her husband's return.

Before the men finished eating, she returned, but started back in alarm at perceiving what a change in affairs the last twenty minutes had wrought. Nellie caught her eye and a warning glance recalled her usual presence of mind.

"Well?" she said, interrogatively approaching the table.

"We've had to wait for horses, and the rascal will give us the slip if we don't make better time," returned her husband mood-

"I say, Dan," he added, with an impatient gesture, "haven't you most done

"Shouldn't wonder," replied Dan, pushing back his chair and buttoning his coat. 'I'm ready."

"We'll go, then, as soon as I get my other hat from my closet." And approaching my place of concealment, the speaker stepped in and commenced searching for his hat. I crouched behind a pile of bedding, trembling lest a sudden movement of the man should expose my person, I was certain that my heart beat loud enough to be heard, and when I felt the clothes move before me I gave up all for lost.

The girl's emotions were none the less intense. Her face became pale, her feet seemed bound to the floor, and her heart almost stopped beating as her eye marked each motion of her father. As he approached the corner where she knew I was, she placed her hands over her eyes and sank into a chair.

But he did not discover me. The hat was found at length, and Nellie raised her eyes. Her father stood without the closet while his companion was assuring him that if he did not hurry all would be lost. "Where is he?" inquired the woman

when they were gone. "In there," replied the daughter, point-

ing toward the closet. "It is Providential, indeed!" was the exclamation of the mother, as she compre-

hended the narrow escape. I lost no time in getting to the outbuilding mentioned. It was an old affair and used but seldom, and being so near the Confederate camp, would not be likely to be subjected to a very thorough search by my pursuers, who believed me to be much

farther off. In this place I remained several days receiving the best of care from both mother and daughter, who visited me as often as they could without attracting observation.

When my strength returned, and I was able to travel, my generous protectors furnished me with disguises, and during the husband's absence, were enabled to assist me considerable on my perilous journey.

I encountered but few difficulties, however, and passed the Confederate lines in

"By the way," said the Captain, looking at his watch, "you must take tea with me this evening. No excuses," he continued, as he saw me about to speak. "I want to introduce you to the heroins of my story; she is my wife now."

A Peoria Sheep Story.

There is a covered bridge at Peoria two hundred feet above high-water mark. A drover recently attempted to drive a thousand sheep across it. When about halfway over the bell-weather noticed an open window, and recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once apprehended his critical situation, and with a leg stretched toward each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive "Ma-a."

The next sheep and the next followed, imitating the gesture and the remark of the leader, For hours it rained sheep .--The erewhile placid stream was carmine with the life blood of moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep as it disappeared through the window waved adjeu to this wicked world, did this movement coase.

Property Valuation in Chicago.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The common council on Monday night approved the assessment of city taxes for 1872. The total valuation therein shown in \$283-473,820. This is probably about seventy per cent, of the real value of the various kinds of property included in the assess ment. There was no valution in 1871. The valuation this year is an increase of

SUNDAY READING.

Ever so Light a Blow.

Just before leaving for my home I was standing at a window watching the play of Edith and a large dog; I thought I had never seen a child so beautiful. Her motions had about them a nameless grace that charmed one. Sad that parental hands should crush the brightness of that young

Fifteen years had wheeled their swift circle since we three met before, and now how changed! Lines of grief are deeply graven on the mother's face, and the pitcous love looking from her eyes drew tears to my own, whenever any one, forgetting her misfortune, addressed her child,-the Edith, whose fair childhood had been more than realized in the beautiful girl, who never more would hear the sound of a human voice.

They had been to see a celebrated physician who gave them no hope, saying, "The hearing was entirely gone, caused by a blow or continued blows upon the head." "And when he asked me," said the mother, "if during childhood, she had not her ears boxed often, and that it was the cause of her deafness, reason trembled, and I could but cry, "my punishment is greater than I can bear."

"You who love your children know how much I have suffered when the knowledge of this calamity befel my beautiful child. But, oh, Mary ! may God pity you if you ever feel the agony of learning that it was placed there by your own hands? Why were they not paralyzed or withered in the grave, and this dreadful thing not have been."

But I must shut my eyes upon this painful picture. Were my poor pen capable of showing the agony of the stricken mother, never more would the mothers who read these lines strikes the tender head of the little child ever so slight a blow.

Praying to the Point. A certain lawyer, who, whilom, dwelt in one of the New England towns noted for its over-reachings and short comings during a revival, came under conviction. His appeals was responded to by one of the saints an eccentric but very pious old man, honest, plain, blunt, square toed, and flat footed who thus went at it:

"We do most earnestly entreat thee, O Lord, to sanctify our penitent brother here, fill his heart with goodness and grace, so that he shall bereafter forsake bis evil ways, and follow in the right path. We do not know, however, that it is required of him who has appropriated worldly goods to himself unlawfully and dishonestly that he shall make restitution fourfold, but we do beseech thee to have mercy on this our erring brother, as it would be impossible for him to do this, and let him off for the best he can do without beggaring himself entirely, by paying twenty five cents on the dollar.

The next applicant at the same meeting, was an elderly maiden who got her living by going into different families, and spinning for them. She, also, had been famous for her short comings-never giving full account on her yarn; and forty threads to a knot, was a point to which she very seldom reached. The blunt old man briefly disposed of her case:

"Reform, O Lord, the heart of thy handmaid here before thee we beseech thee : and wilt thou enable her to count forty !"

Suspended Thought.

Rev. Mr. Hendrix, when visiting the patients in a Canadian hospial, a number of years since, discovered therein a man who appeared to be perfectly demented, but otherwise in good health. Inquiring into the cause of his malady, he was informed that it was occasioned by a depression of the skull upon the brain, by a blow from the falling limb of a tree. Procuring surgical aid, Mr. Hendrix caused the depressed skull to be raised to its natural position, when the patient uttered the conconcluding word of a sentence that he had begun to address to his son, with whom, fourteen years before, he was splitting rails under the tree where he received the injury that deprived him of his senses:-"Put in -wedge."

This I think is a remarkable example of suspended thought. For fourteen years he had lived perfectly unconscious of the loss of a moment of time. But he ate, drank, slept, awoke and moved about; but how? Simply as a machine. Like the clock, the human mechanism has been wound up, or set in motion, and must run its allotted time, though a part of its complicated machinery, unessential to its longevity, should cease to move. The hunger, and the act of supplying its demands, were but a part of the natural movement of the intricate machine.

Drunkenness. An exchange gives the following as a perfect cure for drunkenness:

"Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 drachms, spirits of nutmeg. 1 drachm; twice a day." If taken regularly, a complete cure is effected in a few months, the patient losing all appetite for intoxicating drinks.

What in life is more beautiful than happy humane faces?