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 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:

Ape	Assess-	Age	Assess-	Age	THUMS-	Age	ment
15	60	28	73	41	92	84	1 70
16	61	29	74	42	94	565	3 20
17	62 63 64	30	75	415	94 96 98	57	2 04
18	63	31	110	44	375		0.10
19	64	174	938	40	7 100	50	0 99
39	60	33	91	42	1 10	60	2.40
90	60	100	91	48	1.18	61	2 45
90	69	200	90	40	1 24	58 59 60 61 63 64 65	2 16 2 28 2 40 2 45 2 55 2 65
94	69	317	87	50	1 30	63	2.55
35.	70	. 38	88	51	1.40	.64	2 00
22 24 25 26 27	71	39	89	52	1.50	65	2 65
27	72	40	90	53	1 60		F 100 1

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

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.

15. 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, FA.

Agents Wanted! Address

D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa.

\$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 60 per cent, on the usual one year eash rates, which would be equal to a divident 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 \$1,000. 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 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 Mulual Company

See'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

REMOVAL!

Merchant Tailoring Establishment

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

S. H. BECK.

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 assorted Stock of

PHILADELPHIA CARPETS.

Table, Stair, and Floor Oil Cloths, Window Shades and Paper, Carpet Chain, otton, Yarn, Batting, Wadding, Twines, W Cotton, Yarn, Batting, Wadding, Twines, Wel Clocks, Looking Glasses, Fancy Baskets, Broom Baskets, Buckets, Brusiles, Clothes Wringers, Wooden 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

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Celebrated American Washer. Price 85.50.

THE MOST PERFECT AND SUCCESSFUL WASHER EVER MADE.

OAN WASHER in all parts of the State. IT lit

"Silver Tongue"

ORGANS. Manufactured by

E. P. NEEDHAM & SON, 143, 145 & 147 East 23rd St., New York.

ESTABLISHED IN 1846.

Responsible parties applying for agencies in sections still unsupplied will receive prompt atten-tion and ilberal inducements. Parties residing at a distance from our authorized agents may order from our factory. See Send for illustrated price 39 124

NOTICE TO TRESSPASSERS.—The undersigned residents of Penn townships forbid
all persons from coming on to their premises for
the purpose of hunding or Rahing.

Jacob Wegver.

Headerson Harris, C. Harris,
Sourates Green, David Carns,
J. Matzabaugh, G. Bothweil,
J. H. Miller, Fred Feninger,
Oct. 15, 1872—64* Jonathan Michner.

NOTICE TO TRESSPASSERS.—The undersigned residents of Centre township, forbids all persons from coming on to their premises for the purpose of hunting or flahing.

Joseph Miller, Henry Ayle,
Frank Rehm. Jacob Sellor. October 15 dt.

Town Lot for Sale.

I OCATED in Ickesburg, on West St. opposite

A LARGE DOUBLE FRAME HOUSE For particulars call or address. J. W. RICE.

Ickesburg Perry Co., Pa. August 6, 1872.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

be accompanied by the correct answer.

Answer to problem in last week's TIMES :-A would lose \$75 on his \$300 investment, and \$8.33% on the loan to C. So that the loss to each would be as follows :- A's loss \$83.23 1/3, B's loss \$50 and C's loss \$16.66 2-3.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters, my whole being a valuable literary work.

My 4, 17, 7 and 8 is the name of a planet. My 16, 20, 18, 7, 1 and 9 is the name of a county in Georgia.

My 11, 14, 12, 19 and 6 is the name of a town In New York.

My 3, 2, 21 and 5 is the name of a person mentioned in the old testament. My 13, 15, 7, 10, 18 and 21 designates a part

SUNDAY READING.

The Singing Cobbler of Hamburg.

ONE fine summer's evening, while crowds of artisans passed through the streets of Hamburg on their way to hear the music in Altoona, an old shoemaker, sitting under a shade before his door, was busily engaged with a shoe. He rested from his work, singing one of the most beautiful psalms in old German, scarcely lifting his eyes from the sole, which occupied his whole attention, and quite indifferent to the crowd that passed before him; when a young man stopped suddenly, and addressed him: "Well, my friend, you seem quite happy and contented ?" The speaker had the dress and appearance of a student. His marked features, his black eyes, his high nose, and his dark complexion, showed that he belonged to the race of Abraham. The cobbler lifted his eyes, and answered cheerfully.

"Happy and contented I am, in truth, sir; and why should I not be so?"

"I don't know, but all are not as you. Your poverty might distress you. 1 suppose you have only to provide for yourself?"

"You are mistaken there, sir," he auswered. "I have to feed a wife and seven children with the work of these hands. I am a poor man, it is true, but with all that, you see I can sing and do my work."

"I must confess," said the young man, "that I am very much surprised to see a poor workman like you so contented with

"Stranger," said the cobbler, putting down his work, and taking hold of his arm with a solemn look, and a grave and serious expression, "stranger, I am not so poor as you think. You must know I am a son of the king."

The student turned his head, and went away, saying to himself, "The poor man is evidently mad! It is his madness that makes him so happy. Reality is but a dream to him, and the dream is reality. I thought I should hear from him the secret of his happiness, but I have lost my time."

A week passed by and the young student having again occasion to pass the same street, found the cobbler sitting on the same place, still occupied with his soles, and singing as cheerfully as before. The young man in passing, lifted his cap with a sneering salutation, exclaiming, "Good morning, Mr. Prince."

"Stop, my friend," said the cobbler, putting down his work; "a word of explanation, if you please. You only left me so suddenly the other evening, because you thought I was mad."

"I must say I believed it," answered the

other. "Well, my friend, I am not mad. What I have said, I have said in earnest. I am a son of the king. Would you like to hear a song on my royalty? I will just sing one."

The young man did not doubt that to accept the offer would afford him some amusement, and great satisfaction to the poor man, and he therefore asked him to sing. The cobbler began to sing a hymn on this verse: "Thy kingdom come." When he finished, he asked the young man if he had understood it; but he seemed still to be under his old impression.

"I must then," said the old cobbler, "explain to you in detail concerning the kingdom of Christ, and the glory of the king.

He began, then with the Divine promise made in the beginning, at the banishment from Paradise, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. He showed him this promise, increasing in light from age to age throughout the prophecies, revealing always with clearer evidence the Redcemer's kingdom. He showed him how all things which are written in the law of Moses, in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, about Jesus Christ, have been fulfilled. And, with eyes glistening with hope and love, he showed the young man in language which the depth of his seelings made eloquent, how the subject of this glorious kingdom is a child of God, an heir, a joint-heir with Christ the king; and how he shall reign with him for ever and for ever.

"Now," said the cobbler, taking the hand of the young Jewish student, who sat beside him, and whose whole mind was filled with things he heard for the first time in his life, about the old promises made to his forefathers; "Now, young man, don't you see, how I could say, 'I am

a son of the king,' and why I am happy and contented? It is because I know Jesus. I believe in him, and I love him. And it is the Word that tells me that 'All things are mine, whether life or death, or things present or things to come;' all are mine, because I am Christ's."

Then, looking the young Israelite in the face, the old Christian said:

"Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou dost; because I see by thy features that thou decendest from those who believed in the prophets. Then, my son, if you believe in the prophets, you must believe in him about whom the prophets have spoken."

The young man listened in silence .-Strange thoughts crossed his mind. At length he timidly asked this question:

"Where may I learn more of these things, because I see that you believe, and that you have peace? Oh that I might have it also; for as yet I do not possess it."

"Here," said the old man, handing him a volume of the Holy Scriptures, "in this book you must read attentively at home; and while you battle with the enemies of your soul, I shall, as Moses on the mount, pray for you without ceasing, and shall also ask somebody, to intercede for you, somebody whom you don't know yet, but who knows you, and who is greater than Moses, who is above all."

The young Jew took the book, and pressing with gratitude the old man's hand, took off his cap and saluted him with re-

"Oh that the Lord Jesus," said the old man, lifting his eyes toward heaven, and taking to his work again, "may also graft this one in his own olive-tree.'

The story does not end here, and it is not a fiction. The old shoemaker's prayer was heard. The young Jew was converted to Christianity, and has since distinguished himself by bis zeal and success as a missionary among his own people.

There are many lessons in this story, and here is one addressed to every reader. The cobbler's joy is one everybody must find for himself. It is the sweetest thing there is under the sun, to partake in God's work in the salvation of souls, and to enter into the joy of the Lord. A king cannot command this joy and a beggar may find it .-Riches cannot purchase it. This joy will follow us to heaven, and will be increased there by those whom we have been the means of leading to bliss.

A Pious Arkansian.

A pious gentleman in Arkansas, who writes to a friend for some good books for his Sunday School, takes occasion in the same letter to expatiate upon the beauties of a double-barrel pistol;

Dover, Oct. 3, 1872. My DEAR Boy: The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while carrying it home. Bill Silvers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house. But I had loaded the two-shooters as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once.

I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long range practice. The other I can load with buckshot and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and pap laid for him and killed him .-Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we call himthe black-faced one-he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked up a fuss with Tom, and cut him into giblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him.

If you want to see fun, come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig-pen is one of the best hiding places I know of, and it is so handy. A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday school books with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will take a big lot of books. I am the Superintendent of the Sunday school now, and I am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears that he will chaw me up; but he will chaw lead if he don't keep clear of me. .

My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without getting measured for them. Her \$25 set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth, but it didn't but her tongue. Write soon to

Your friend and pard, John Case. P. S .- That sneaking, ornery cuss, Sam Jett, erep up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't bappen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, to-day, and will be glad of the chance to try the double

Taking It Coolly.

The story of Harrison Otis and the tiding-man is thus related:

Otis was traveling in the State of Connecticut. It was before railroad-cars, had begun to break men's bones on Sundays. He had an important cause to argue in Boston on Monday, and having been detained in New York until Saturday, he left that city in his gig, rode on till late Saturday night, when he put up at a New-England village inn, and resumed his journey Sunday morning. He had rode but a few steps from the tavern before a grave personage, known as a "tiding-man," stepped up, took his horse by the head, and coolly informed Mr. Otis that he was arrested for traveling on the Sabbath, and must proceed with him to the jail, Mr. Otis replied:

"Sir, I respect the day and the law; but I shall be obliged to break your head as well as the Sabbath, if you do not let me quietly go on my way."

But the officer was not to be bluffed off in this manner. He said he knew his duty and should do it. Mr. Otis then drew out from his portmanteau a volume which the official recognized as the the statutes of the State, and remarked very blandly.

"Well, my friend, it won't do any hort to look at the law a little."

"Oh no," said the tiding-man "you will find it all there."

Mr. Otis read aloud, "if any person shall be guilty of Sabbath-breaking as aforesaid, it shall be lawful for the tiding-man to arrest and stop him," and then he added, the law is against me, I must submit."

"Well, then," rejoined the tiding-man "you must make up your mind to quarter in the lock-up till to-morrow; so if you please, we will ride back together."

"Oh no?" retorted Otis, "that will nev er do. I don't intend that you shall ride back, or anywhere else with me, to-day. The Statue reads, mind you, that you shall arrest and stop; that's all. You can stop me as long as you please; but that is the extent of your power. The law says nothiug at all about you carrying me off to the lock-up, nor of you riding in my gig on the Sabbath either."

It was a very stormy day. The poor tiding-man was already completely drenched; and the prospect of standing by the gig all day and night in a muddy road was by no means either pleasant or compatable with the dignity of his office.

Mr. Otis again repeated with entire composure, "I still wish you to consider, sir, that I am your prisoner-for so reads the law: nothing more. You can go back if you please, but I intend to stop where I am.

So saying, the old lawyer drew his cloak around him, and made preparations for a quiet snooze till Monday morning, if the tiding-man maintained his watch until that far-distant day. The poor fellow looked as blue as indigo, and really felt quite as uncomfortable as a young gosling in a shower. He gazed a moment or two on the composed expression of the sheltered and complacent lawyer, and without saying a word-for his feeiings were too big for utterance-he relinquished his prey, and went home to meditate on the mysteries of the plainer precepts of the gospel.

Mr. Otis lingered just long enough to permit the officer to get fairly around the corner, and then proceeded on his journey.

The Old South Church.

One of the prominent structures in the burned district that escaped destruction in the recent fire at Boston is the Old South Church, which is thus described:

Apart from the homes of its worshipers

and surrounded by massive blocks devoted to trade and manufacture still stands one of the quaintest meeting-houses in America, the 'Old South Church. The Old South Society was the third Congregational Society in Boston, and was organized in 1669, in consequence of a curious theological quarrel in the First Church. The first Church building of this society, erected in 1669, stood for sixty years. It was of cedar and it had a steeple and galleries, with the pulpit on the north side. It was taken down in 1739, when the present building was erected on the same spot, and religious services were held in it for the first time on the 26th of April, 1730 (O. S.). This meeting-house is, perhaps, the most noted church edifice in the United States. It is internally very quaint and interesting .-Its sounding board over the pulpit, high, square box-pews, its double tier of galleries, in fact its whole appearance attract the visitor's attention, and lead him to inquire into its history if he does not already know it. But a tablet high above the entrance on the Washington street, side of the tower gives concisely the main facts. The Old South Church is frequently mentioned on the pages devoted to the history of Boston before and during the Revolution. When the meetings of citizens became too large to be accommodated in Fancuil Hall then much smaller than now, they adjourned to this church. Here Joseph Warren stood and delivered bis fearless oration on the anniversary of the massacre of March 5, 1770, in deflance of the threats of those in authority, and in the presence of soldiery. chewing of tobacco or abstaining from the Here were held the series of meetings that excessive jaw exercise, peculiar to politi-culmi nated in the destruction of the de-

tested tea. In 1775 the British soldiers, eager to insult those by whom they were so cordially hated, but whom they held so completely in their power, occupied this meeting house as a riding school and place for cavalry drill. They established a grogshop in the lower gallery, which they partially preserved for spectators of their sport. The rest of the galleries were torn down, and the whole interior was stripped of its wood work. The floor they covered with about two feet of dirt. At this time the church was without a pastor, and no new pastor was ordained until 1779.

In 1782 the building was thoroughly repaired and put in very much its present condition. The first election sermon was delivered in the Old South Church in 1712, and the ancient custom is still observed. As soon as the two branches of the Legislature have met and organized, the Governor was informed that the General Court "was ready to attend divine service," the procession was formed, and the State Government marched to this historic building to hear a sermon by a preacher designated by the proceeding Legislature. The memories of two centuries consecrated this place of worship, and it is not strange that it remained so long a barrier to the march of business, although its worshipers bave crept farther away, year by year, and found homes at a distance from its time honored walls. Although encompassed with flames it has strangely escaped the recent conflagration.

How Trees are Killed by Lightning.

All who have examined a tree which has been struck by a "thunderbolt" will have noticed not only how the layers of wood have been shattered and separated into strips, as if full of wind shakes, but also the dryness, hardness, and brittlness of the wood, as though it had been through the process of curing in a kiln. This is attributed to the instantaneous reduction of the sap-moisture within the wood-into steam When this moisture is abundant, as in May or early June, the amount and force of the steam not only bursts and separates the layers and fibres, but rends the trunk in pieces or throws off a portion of it, down a line of greatest power, or least resistance. And when the amount of steam thus suddenly generated is less, owing to the dryer condition of the stem from continual evaporation and leaf exhalation, there may be no external trace of the lightning stroke; yet the leaves will wither in a few days, showing that the stem has been rendered incapable of rendering supplies, and the tree will either partially or entirely die. Still lighter discharges may be conducted down the moist stem, without any lesion or hurt .- Building News.

Anecdote of Lorenzo Dow.

"Lorenzo had a keen eye for the humorous, and his satire was of the most biting character. It was Dow who so discomfited a brother itinerant who had remonstrated with him for his eccentricity, both in his matter and his manner:

"'I think,' said he, "you had better study your Bible a little more; you don't always get the right meaning. I think you was mistaken, for instance, when you told your hearers, the other day, that under the old Jewish dispensation that all small crimes were punished with cropping off an ear; that it was a rare thing to find a large assembly together, in our Saviour's time, without finding half of them with their ears off, and that this was what Christ meant by saying so often, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear !"'

"'I never said so !' indignantly responded the itinerant.

"Well, never mind,' said Lorenzo; never mind now; it has all gone by; but a whole congregation is seldom mistaken!"

An Unexpected Ride.

A day or two since, while the train on the Louisville and Nashville Road, was running at its usual rate of speed, a few miles north of Rich Pond, a negro girl attempted to cross the track, and was caught upon the cow-catcher. The velocity of the engine was so great that, instead of being thrown from the track, she was thrown back against the pilot, where she found a lodgment until some of the hands about the train, seeing the accident, ran forward to the engine, and walked out upon the railing to her relief, expecting to find her at least very badly hurt. Their surprise was great, on reaching the pilot, to find the girl lying quietly and enti-ely uninjured upon the pilot, and apparently enjoying the ride. The engine sped on, and she was carried thus to the next station, a distance of four miles, and on arriving there she jumped from her riding-place and exclaimed: *** Dis is just de place I wanted to come to," and went on her way rejoicing.

There is a man iu Cecilla who has been an "excessive tobacco chewer for fifty-eight years," and yet every tooth in his headand he has the usual allowance- is as sound and solid as new, It is also mentioned that he "never held a political office," and now we are in doubt as to whether he has preserved his teeth by excessive