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 DULLARS on application, FIVE DULLARS annually for FUER YEARS, and thereafter TWO DULLARS annually during life, with pro-rats mortality assessment at the death of each member, which for the First Class is at Calcium.

Age	Assess- ment	100	Assess-	Apo	Assess	Ape	Assess
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to his legal heirs or assigns, whenever such descensor; any occur, or his heirs, may name a successor; but if motice 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 free dollars are made, the remaining unnid part will be deducted from the one Thousand Dollars due his heirs; his successor will then payonly two dollars annually during his lifetime, and the mortality assessments.

*25. Male and Fennale 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 infomation, address

(Sec'y U. B. Mutual Aid Society.)

LEBANON, PA.

**Agents Wanted!

Agents Wanted!

D. S. EABLY, Harrisburg, Pa.

\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS. \$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 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 represented in Ferry County to-day. companies are represented in Ferry to-day. It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company

JAMES H. GRIER, 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. 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

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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. Also, a good assortment of

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NOTICE TO TRESSPASSERS.—The undersigned residents of Penn townships forbid
all persons from coming on to their premises for
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Oct. 15, 1872—61* 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 fishing.

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

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

J. W. BICE. Ickesburg Perry Co., Pa. August 6, 1572

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must

Answer to Enigma is last week's Times Chambers' Encyclopaedia."

The Wonderful Portrait!

Sook ?

IT was a beautiful evening in the month of July. Not a cloud was in the sky. In fact, the sky was jammed so full of stars that there wasn't any room for clouds. O yes, it was a glorious night, and everybody in Fadagaz said so. To be sure it was rather warm, but one forgot all about that in listening to the joyous humming of the light-hearted little mosquitoes. Dear little darlings! How foud they are of us, and how cruelly we repay them for all their

Yes, it was a beautiful evening, and Miss Delia Magog was enjoying it, as she sat in the parlor of her father's house, which, I may as well inform the reader, is situated on Congress Avenue, in the town abovementioned. It is a brick house, quite handsome, and fitted up with all the modern improvements; and the owner of it, as you would naturally suppose, is very wealthy, and his name is Jefferson Magog. He is the father of Miss Delia Magog, and he is a widower, and still he is not happy.

Delia Magog was more than ordinarily lovely, but still she wasn't really handsome. You see, she dressed elegantly, and the old adage is that "fine feathers make fine birds;" but as my wife has often said, when speaking of Delia, "Take her fine clothes off, and she won't look any better than any other woman ;" and I dare say she wouldn't. Most people do look different with their clothes on.

But Delia was rather pretty, I think .-She was neither a blonde nor a brunette.-Her hair, I believe was a Bismark brown, and hereyes-well, she had handsome eyes, but I don't think I ever noticed what color they were; and I have seen several stars that were brighter. Her nose, I am sorry to say, curled naturally, so you see she didn't have to do it up in papers over night. But her form was perfect, and everybody said so. Even Hugh McGonagle admitted that.

By the way, speaking of Hugh McGonagle, reminds me of the story that I was going to write about him, and-well, I guess I'll write it now.

To begin, this Hugh Mc Gonagle was the son of old McGonagle, who, you may remember, kept the McGonagle House in Fadagaz some fifteen years ago. He was a very fine man, but he couldn't heep a hotel, or at least in a way to make it profitable. Consequently, when he died, his son Hugh was left to the tender mercies of the cold world.

Hugh was only ten years of age at the time, but he knew he should get over that, if he only waited ; but while he was waiting, he ran off and went to sea as a cabin boy; and it didn't take but a short time for him to see all he wanted to of that kind of life, he left the ship at Liverpool, without stopping to kiss the captain, or even bid him good by.

Then he fell in with a travelling conjurer, a certain Signor de Moyadas, whose father's name was Smith, and the conjurer took a fancy to Hugh, and Hugh took fancy to the conjurer, they resolved to travel together. Hugh was to have his board and clothes, and the conjurer was to learn him his art.

How long these two worthies travelled together I have no means of knowing; but I do know that at the age of seventeen our hero was once more alone, and he was travelling through the United States, giving entertainments every evening, under the name of his old master, Siguor de Moyadas ; and he was so successful pecuniarily, that when at last he appeared again in Fadagaz (having thrown off his conjurer's robes) as Hugh McGonagle he had several thousand dollars in his pockets, and consequently was very well received by his father's old friends.

About the first thing Mr. McGonagle did after returning to his native town, was to fall desperately in love with Miss Delia Magog; and as he was a dashing young gentleman of twenty-five, very handsome, very agreeoble, and very well dressed, why, what could she do but fall in love with him?

It was at the last ball given by the Fadagaz Guards where Mr. McGonagle first met Delia. He saw her and loved her. Captain Bobbin introduced him to her, and for the remainder of the evening he scarcely left her side.

The next day Hugh called upon her, and she appeared so pleased to see him that he called again; and as she still seemed pleased, he continued to call, until the good people of Fadagaz began to make remarks, and, one, more officious than the rest, asked Mr. Jefferson Magog if he was aware of Mr. McGonagle's attentions to his daugh-

"Mr. McGonagle! Who the deuce McGonagle?" inquired Mr. Magog. "Then don't you know about it?" re-

turned John Loveland. "About what?"

"Why, about Hugh McGonagle."

"And who is Hugh McGonagle?" at the portrait, those "Why, don't you remember the old gen-were fixed upon you.

tleman who used to keep the hotel? It's his son."

"But he ran away." "Yes, and he's returned, and, if I mistake not, is making love to your daughter;

and, if I remember, Mr. Magog, you promised her to me."

"Ha! making love to my daughter? Is he rich ?"

John Loveland laughed.

"Rich! Why, he brought home a few thousand dollars, which he is spending as fast as he can."

"Of course he is. What could you expect of a McGonagle? And he's making love to my daughter? Strange I haven't seen him; but then, I'm not at home a great deal, and I suppose he steps in when I step out. However, I'll look after him now, and, John, you shall have my daugh-

"But she's refused me." "What the dev-refused you !" exclaim-

ed Mr. Magog.

"Yes, she says I'm too old."

"Well, egad ! you are rather old-a year or two my senior, I think; but what of Didn't you tell her that it was my wish ?"

"Yes." "And that had no effect ?"

" None,"

"Then, by George! I'll tell her myself." And without another word, Mr. Magog turned on his heel and started for home.

Now the above conversation took place on that beautiful evening in the month of July, which I undertook to describe at the opening of of my story. And you remember we left Miss Magog sitting in the drawing-room of the handsome brick mansion on Congress Avenue, enjoying the beautiful evening aforesaid. Yes, she was enjoying it, but not alone. Hugh McGonagle sat beside her, and he was enjoying the evening.

"Delia, do you know what I'm thinking of?" Hugh asked, placing his arm on the back of his chair, and beginning to play with the trio of curls that dangled from the back of her chignon.

"Why, Hugh, what a question! How should I? I cannot read your thoughts." "O no, of course not. Well, I was wondering to myself how you would like to be called Mrs. McGonagle."

"Well, Hugh !" And it is my duty, as a faithful historian, to inform the reader that the dear girl blushed and looked down, and-edged a little nearer to her lover; and as he edged a little nearer, too, why, there wasn't much room left for a fellow to crowd in between them.

"Well, Delia, do you think you love me well enough to become my wife?"

"O Hugh! how can you ask? You know I do love you."

And then two pairs of lips puckered, and something smacked, and continued to smack for nearly five minutes; and Delia had her head pillowed on Hugh's shoulder all the time.

"I suppose," began Hugh, after they had become more resigned to their fate, "I suppose your father, will have no serious objections, my dear?"

"My father? Great heavens! I had forgotten him," cried Delia.

"And I had forgotten mine, too," said

"Yes, my father will object. He has already chosen a husband for me, a friend of is, and an old bachelor; but he is very wealthy, and father has determined that I shall marry him."

"And his name is John Loveland," said Hugh. "I've heard of him. A dry old chip with no more heart than a saw-horse. But he's rich, and I am poor."

"O Hugh, what shall we do?" sobbed

"That's just what I should like to know!" yelled Mr. Magog, bursting into the room and confronting his daughter, whom he had the satisfaction to find sitting on Hugh McGonagle's knee, with her beautiful arms wound around his neck.

"O! O! O!" screamed Miss Magog, throwing herself into an armchair, and covering her face with her hands.

Mr. Magog glared at Mr. McGonagle, and the latter gentleman glared at the former gentleman, and the former gentleman was very red in the face, while the latter was uncommonly pale; but he was as cool as if he had been "iced."

"Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?" cried Mr. Magog, quoting Shakspeare without knowing it.

Mr. McGonagle arose, walked to the window, and looking up at the stars, said he didn't think he would.

"No, Mr. Magog, I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you." And then, after a pause, "I presume I am addressing Mr. Magog ?"

"Yes, sir," "Ab, I thought I couldn't be mistaken," said Hugh, smiling blandly, "although I believe I never had the pleasure of meeting you before. I recognized you in a moment from the strong resemblance you bear to your father, whose portrait adores the wall." And our hero waved his hand at the very life-l'ke representation "in oil," of the departed Obadiah Magog, who was scowling flercely at everybody in the room, for no matter from what point you looked at the portrait, those flerce-looking eyes

"O, you did recognize me? And you are quite right in supposing that we never met before, sir," growled Mr. Magog ; "and if you know what is best for yourself, we shall never meet again."

"On the contrary, my dear sir, I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you quite often in the future. The truth is, Mr. Magog, I am very much in love with your daughter, and I am happy to inform you that she reciprocates my love."

"Ten thousand-"

"Hold, Mr. Magog! Don't excite yourself, I beg. Hear me out, and then, if you desire it, I will retire, for this evening, at least."

Mr. Magog flung himself into a chair, quite overcome with rage, for our hero was so exceedingly cool that he didn't know what to do or say; and he had found that he couldn't frighten him.

"Go on, young man. Say what you've got to say, and then leave the house." "Thank you. Believe me, I shall remem-

ber this kindness, and repay it when I have the right, as your son-in-law." Mr. Magog glared, but said nothing. "Look at me, sir. In form and feature am certainly not very objectionable. As

for my family, whatever they were, I am the only representative of the family left." "That's lucky,"sneered Mr. Magog. "Perhaps so," continued Hugh. have nothing to say about that."

"Go on" "Well, sir, I have not so much wealth as you, but what I have I made myself."

"And you're spending it yourself," growled Magog. "Now, see here, young man, what are you driving at? What do want?"

"I want your daughter," answered Mc-Gonagle.

"And you can't have her."

"And your daughter wants me." "But she can't have you."

"Jefferson !"

Mr. Magog sprang half way across the room. "What the deuce was that? Who spoke ?" he asked; but no one answered.

Delia was staring at her grandfather's portrait and trembling, while McGonagle was staring at the same portrait and shiv-

"Who spoke?" stammered Magog, looking wildly around him.

" I moke?"

"Twas the portrait!" gasped Delia, throwing he rself into her lover's arms for protection.

"Ha! what?-the portrait?-my father?" And Mr. Magog trembled till his teeth fairly chattered.

"Yes, it is your father, Jefferson Magog," said the portrait; and its terrible eyes seemed to gleam flercer than ever. "Wha-what do you want of me?"

asked Mr. Magog in a hoarse whisper, staring fixedly at the portrait; and then suddenly gaining courage, "Pshaw! what a fool-

"Who do you call a fool?" demanded the portrait, in a terrible voice.

"By heaven! I'll know the meaning of this," cried Mr. Magog, springing forward and dashing his right foot into the middle of the canvas. Then he staggered back. "There isn't any one hid behind there."

The portrait laughed, "Ha, ha, ba!" but it didn't smile. No, it looked just as fierce as ever, and that terrible laugh made Mr. Magog's blood curdle in his veins. The color left his cheek, great beads of perspiration broke out upon his face; he staggered back and fell into a seat. "This is no mortal business," he groan-

"Jefferson," said the portrait, assuming an injured tone, "aren't you ashamed to strike your poor old father ?"

"Great heavens ! cried Mr. Magog, in agony, "if you are my father, tell me what you want of me."

"List, O list, unhappy man," began the portrait. "Have you not already caused misery enough in the world? and do you wish to add to your manifold sins and wickednesses by dividing two loving hearts?"

"What !" cried Mr. Magog, springing to his feet, while his eyes rolled from the por-

trait to the lovers. "Hold ! not a word, Jefferson," said the portrait, in a voice that struck terror to his heart. "If thou didst ever thy dear father

love_" "Shakspeare," muttered Magog. "The old man always was fond of Hamlet."

"Then step not between this young man and this fair maiden," continued the portrait. "They belong to each other. Give thy consent to their union."

"Never!" yelled Magog, writhing in agony upon his chair.

"You must!" said the portrait, once more in the terrible voice. "If you do not I'll appear to you!"

"Good heavens !" gasped Magog, springing out of his chair, turning his back to the portrait, and covering his face with his hands. "Don't ! don't ! don't !" And then glancing over his shoulder at the lovers, 'Take her, McGonagle, take her, she's yours-I consent. Marry her when you will "

far-off voice; but Mr. Magog answered not. He cast one despairing glance around and left the room. The moment that gentleman retired, our hero stooped down and kissed Miss Magog's

"Are you frightened, dear?" he asked ; for she still trembled.

"O Hugh, wasn't it terrible?" "Not very, my love. Perhaps you didn't know that I am a ventriloquist."

"A centriloquist, Hugh ?" "Yes, love."

"Yes, my dear."

"And did you make the portrait speak?"

"O what a splendid joke upon father !" she exclaimed, laughing for very joy.
"Yes, it will be splendid, indeed, if he

does not change his mind before we are married."

But that he didn't change his mind we have every reason to believe, from the fact that there was a wedding at Mr. Magog's house about a month afterwards, and Hugh McGonagle and Delia Magog were made one flesh. But what is much more singular, Mr. Magog never found out the secret of the speaking portrait; and to this day he believes that it was "no mortal business," and as Hugh makes an excellent husband, and a dutiful son-in-law, he is quite satisfied with everything as it is.

How Shot are Made.

The usual method of shot-making has some semblance to the process by which rain is transformed into hail. The liquid lead is made to fall from a high elevation; in passing through the air this leaden rain becomes cool, and hardens into leaden hail or shot. The common method of shotmaking is said to have originated with a plumber of Bristol, named Watts. About the year 1782, he dreamed that he was exposed to a shower of rain, that the clands rained lead instead of water, and that the drops of lead were perfectly round. Inspired by this dream, he determined to try the experiment. He accordingly ascended the tower of a church, and poured some melted lead into some water below; the plan was successful, and he sold his invention for a large sum of money.

In carrying out the idea suggested by this dream, if such was its real origin, shottowers have been constructed, varying in height from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet, according to the size of the shot to be made, the larger size requiring the greater height. The lead is melted at the top of the tower, and poured into a colander, and the drops are received in a vessel of water at the bottom. The surface of the lead, when melted, is covered with a spongy crust of oxide, called cream, which is used to coat over the bottom of the colander, in order to prevent the lead from passing too rapidly through the holes. and to perfect the roundness of the shot .-The colanders are made of sheet iron, the holes differing according to the size of the shot, though the shot are always larger than the holes through which the melted lead passes. The lead passes through the colander in fine threads, which collect in globules of the size of the shot on the under surface of the colander. In falling to the bottom of the tower, the entire surface of the shot is equally acted on by a current of air. By this means they take their proper form, and are sufficiently cooled, through still soft, to bear the shock of falling into water, without changing their shape. The holes in the colander for shot, known as No. 0, are one fiftieth of an inch in diameter; for No. 1 the holes are one fifty-eighth of an inch; and from No. 5 to No. 9 the diameter decreases by regular gradations, the latter being only one three hundred and sixtieth of an inch. When the shot are removed from the water, which is sometimes done by an endless chain of boxes, they are thoroughly dried by steam er iron plates, or in iron boxes. The imperfect shot are then separated from those which are well formed by causing them to pass over a number of inclined planes, arranged one above another. The perfect shot proceed rapidly in a straight line, and fall into boxes placed to receive them a few inches from the edge of the inclined plane. The ill-shapen pieces-oblong, or partly round-move in zigzag, and more slowly, and fall into boxes placed immediately at the edge of the plane. If the first boxes do not receive all the imperfect pieces, they are likely to disappear in the boxes below the second incline plane; so that at the bettom of the slope only the perfect ones fall into the trough placed to receive them. The good shot thus separated from the bad are of a dead, silvery-white color .-They are then placed in the polishing barrel, containing a small quantity of pulverized plumbago, where, after many revolutions, they receive their superficial finish .-They are then assorted according to their sizes by sifting them from boxes, the bottoms of which have holes corresponding to the different sizes of shot, or by sifting them through a revolving copper cylinder placed on an incline, having holes which increase in size towards the lower end. Thus the smaller drop through the first, and the larger lower down, each size being received in its own box. Being thus assorted, they fall into boxes, each of which has a tube and a faucet, so arranged that the bag placed over the mouth of the opened tube receives precisely twenty-five pounds of "Farewell," said the portrait, in a faint shot, when it instantly closes, obviating in this way the necessity of weighing each hag of shot. A St. Louis man advertises for "girls

to work in hair." If married women will uit he can be supplied.