

The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania.

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

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

Table with columns: Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment. Rows show age groups from 15 to 27 and 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.

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.

Male and Female from fifteen to sixty-five years of age, of good moral habits, in good health, and sound of mind, irrespective of creed, or race, may become members. For further information, address L. W. CRAUMER, (Sec'y U. B. Mutual Aid Society), LEBANON, PA.

Agents Wanted!

Address D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. 431 Sm pd]

\$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 50 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 \$25,000 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 they have paid in this Company. Yes, some of our neighbor agents are running about crying 'Fraud! Fraud!' and declare that a mutual company must fail. But they don't say how many stock companies are failing every year, or how many worthless stock companies are represented in Perry County to-day.

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break. JAMES H. GIEER, Sec'y of Penn's Central Insurance Co. 623st

REMOVAL!

Merchant Tailoring Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed his MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT to the 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, Cotton, Yarn, Baiting, Wadding, Twines, Wicks, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Fancy Baskets, Brooms, Baskets, Buckets, Brushes, Cloths, 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 Goods.

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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.

THE "Silver Tongue" ORGANS,

Manufactured by

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ESTABLISHED IN 1846.

Responsible parties applying for agencies in sections still unsupplied will receive prompt attention and liberal inducements. Parties residing at a distance from our authorized agents may order from our factory. Send for illustrated price list.

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

Joseph Miller, Henry Ayle, Frank Robm, Jacob Seiler.

Town Lot for Sale.

LOCATED in Ecksturg, on West St. opposite the Reformed church. The improvements are

A LARGE DOUBLE FRAME HOUSE AND FRAME STABLE.

For particulars call or address, J. W. RICE, Ecksturg, Pa.

August 6, 1892.

A CHAPTER ON PARROTS!

THEY tell a good story in Newgate st., London, of a parrot—or of two parrots, rather—a gray and a green one, belonging to Morley, a tradesman in the Old Bailey, just opposite the prison, which is vouched for as true in the strictest sense.

The man had a wonderful 'bird sense,' and his power of training birds became famous throughout the metropolis. He had taught his green parrot to speak whenever a knock was heard at his street-door; but, when the bell of the same door was rung, he had taught the gray parrot to answer. The house, still standing, has one of those projecting porches that prevent the second story from being seen from the pavement.

One day a person knocked. "Who's there?" asked the green parrot.

"The man with the leather," was the reply.

"All right!" and then became silent.

After waiting some time, and not finding the door opened, the man knocked again.

"Who's there?" again asked the parrot.

"Who's there?" cried the porter outside. "It's I, the man with the leather; why don't you open the door?"

"All right!" repeated the parrot, which so enraged the man that he rung the bell.

"Go to the gate!" shouted a new voice which proceeded from the gray parrot.

"To the gate," repeated the man, seeing no gate; "what gate?"

"Newgate! Newgate!" responded the gray parrot.

The porter was enraged, but stepping across the street, the better to answer what he supposed to be the insolence of the house maids, he saw that he had been outwitted and teased by a couple of parrots.

This same Morley had been employed by a gentleman, who had heard of his knowledge of birds, to purchase for him a white cockatoo. The price was of less importance than the health, disposition and breeding of the bird. She was to use no bad language, be subject to no fits of passion, have been trained to be handled by women and children, and be cleanly in her habits. Morley took great pains to please his employer, and at last sent him home perhaps the most perfect specimen of the breed ever seen in London. As I saw the bird ten years ago, nothing in the way of ornithological beauty could surpass it. Of pure, snowy white from tip of crown to tip of tail—without a speck of lead, gray or crimson on a single feather; free from all sign of cross with parrot or macaw; and in shape, attitude, bearing and action as distinguishable as a blooded horse. 'Beauty,' as she was called, stood unrivaled. When she was sent home, there was perfect satisfaction; the employer was pleased, as well he might be—the family of daughters in ecstasies of admiration, and Morley richly remunerated for his trouble. But the bird would not talk. This was attributed at first to fear, then to change of diet, and at last to absolute inability. Of course, there was great disappointment. 'Beauty's' cage hung at the dining-room window. Every visitor was pleased with her spotless plumage and faultless shape; and, of course, everybody sympathized in the disappointment at her irremediable defect.

"What a pity it is she does not talk!" remarked a person one day at dinner.—"She would be worth her weight in gold."

"She almost cost it as it is," said paterfamilias. "The creature is a cheat. Fine feathers don't make fine birds, certainly not fine parrots. I paid 10 guineas for her, and she cannot say one word."

"Ah, but I think the more! What's the use of talking if you have nothing to say," came in clear articulate sounds from the cage, to the amazement of the family and guests. That settled forever 'Beauty's' supremacy.

Happy at this rejoinder was, it by no means gives a full idea of the intelligence of the bird. She would not learn what you tried to teach her, and she would learn what she ought not. Her owner, Dr. Hall, one day peremptorily discharged a servant. After shutting the door of the study, the latter exclaimed in anger, "D—n him! Dr. Hall is a great rascal!"

The bird heard and caught the words and could never be made to unlearn them. Dr. Hamilton Roe, waiting one morning in Dr. Hall's ante-room, observed, 'Beauty,' and jocularly said: "Who are you?"

"Beauty's Dr. Hall's trumpeter; ro-to-to-to!" replied the bird. But immediately becoming grave, and edging confidentially toward the side of the cage, she added, in a lower voice: "D—n him! Dr. Hall's a great rascal!"

Whether it is possible to entirely eradicate bad habits in parrots is doubtful.—Captain Simpson, well known by trans-Atlantic passengers, used to duck his parrot in the sea every time it swore an oath. This seemed to cure him of using profane language. The creature rapidly connected an oath with a dowse in the water, and gave up swearing. One day, in a furious storm, a man was washed overboard, and with great difficulty was recovered. As soon as he was drawn on deck and efforts were being made to resuscitate him, 'Polly' kept hopping around the circle, shaking her head from side to side, saying, gravely, "You've been swearing—you've been swearing!"

This reminds me of what occurred in a clergyman's family in Exeter, England.

The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation and was lunching at the rectory with several of his clergy. In the midst of the repast one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most-horrible-swearer poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests. Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, which for a moment or two continued uninterrupted. The hostess, however, hastily rising from the table, drew aside a muslin curtain and discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, purchased that morning from a traveling bird dealer.

This habit of using profane and filthy language is generally caught by parrots on their sea voyages from the sailors. When good Queen Charlotte visited Admiral Hawke's flag ship to congratulate him on his great victory, she was attracted by a gray parrot which hung in the fore-castle. The bird was singing 'God save the King.' Every note and word was given with such perfect accuracy that her majesty, surprised and delighted, requested a closer interview, and during lunch the parrot was consequently swung in her cage on the quarter deck. No sooner had she reached her place of honor, however, than she forgot all her good manners. A torrent of immodesty, unfit for royal, or even plebeian ears, was poured forth, and the creature, unconscious of indecorum, was hurried back to the sailors' quarters.

As a rule, parrots do not learn to speak by rote. A phrase repeated a hundred times will often never be learned, whereas a sharp word, an angry expression or a quick retort, is caught instantly.

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. In sweetness, though not in compass of musical notes, they are, however, excelled by the grass or green parakeet. While the cockatoo is the hardiest of the parrot tribe, and the most easily tamed, it is, at the same time, the most difficult to teach to talk at all well. Its disposition is more gentle, however, and its obedience more implicit, than any of the other species. The gray African parrot, from its docility and aptitude ranks everywhere first as a favorite, though of late years the common green Amazon, from the little attention it requires and its quick sagacity, is sharing the general favor.

A gentleman residing in Wilmington, Delaware, owns one of these Amazon parrots. It possesses a fluency and variety of language rarely ever equaled by African gray. As soon as his master returns from the office for dinner, Polly begins to salute him in fondest expressions: "Papa dear, come and kiss your pretty green beauty! Come in, Papa, come in, and give us a kiss and a thousand more!"

When the footman enters the room she says to him, but never to any one else—"Fetch my dinner, James, I'm hungry. Stupid fellow! I can't eat my head off!"

To a bachelor friend, who frequently spends several weeks in the house, Polly has but one question, never put to anyone else—"Oh, you gay deceiver, why did you promise to marry me and didn't?"

To a gentleman, a near neighbor, whom she had once overheard saying, at the after-dinner table—"The bird's invaluable; five hundred dollars would not buy her if I owned her, would it Polly?"—she always addresses him the moment he appears: "Five hundred dollars would not buy Polly if you owned her! Five hundred dollars! Five hundred dollars! Why, the bird's invaluable!"

This Wilmington parrot certainly discriminates between the sexes and between conditions in life. To a well-dressed young gentleman the remark is, "What a get up! What a swell you are!"

To a young lady, on the contrary, fondling and caressing, she says with deference "Is she not nice?—so nice!"

Whereas, to a clergyman, who is detected by his dress, she is exceedingly offensive, perpetually calling out—"Let us pray," "Glory be to God," "Amen."

She was once lost, stayed out over night and grief and searches ruled the desolate household. At day-break, however, a workman, going to his job, was hailed by Polly, from a pile of bricks with the call, "Take me home! Take me home!"—Whether the night chilled bird did or did not attach meaning to the words, it is certain that the workman did, and that he made a good thing of bringing her home!

But singing is below speaking as an accomplishment in birds. There is hardly a songster of the wood that cannot be taught music, and the canary will give a delectable above the reach of any parrot. But it is only the raven, jackdaw and magpie that possess the power of speech, even in a low degree.

As a friend the parrot ranks low. Other animals—many certainly, if not all—will stand by a friend in danger—the parrot never. It is, besides, a bird of bad temper, irascible, revengeful, capricious; admired for eccentricities, but seldom winning love. The sharp beak and jealous eyes are always on guard.

Anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall.

The following anecdote of Chief Justice Marshall, illustrating his simple-mindedness and easy good-nature, has never before been in print. It is this: When Judge Marshall lived in Richmond, his opposite neighbor was Colonel Pickett, father of the Confederate General George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame. Colonel Pickett was a man of wealth, lived well, and was not content unless everything about his household bore the marks of good living. His horses were his pride, and were conspicuous everywhere for their splendid appearance, being as sleek, fat, and high-spirited as abundant food and excellent grooming could make them. Judge Marshall's horses, on the other hand, were notoriously lean and unkempt. Everybody but the Judge had remarked this. At last it was brought to his notice, with the suggestion that his carriage driver neglected the horses, sold much of their food, and appropriated the money to his own use, a good deal of it going, no doubt, for liquor.

The Judge called him up without delay: "Dick, what is the reason Colonel Pickett's horses are in such splendid condition, while mine are almost skeletons? I am afraid you neglect them, don't half carry them, and don't half feed them."

Dick, not expecting the attack, was fairly posed. He hemmed and hawed awhile till he could gather his negro wits about him, and then said:

"Mars John, look at you—is you fat?"

"No," said the Judge—"decidedly not."

"Well, look at old miss," (Mrs. Marshall)—"is she fat?" "No."

"Den look at me—is I fat?" "No."

"Den look at yo' hosses—is dey fat?" "No."

"Now den, you jes' look at Kumble Pickett. He is fat, his ca'didge-driver is fat, his hosses fat, his dogs fat—all fat. De troof is, Mars John, fat run in de Pickett family, and it don't run in our'n. Dat's all."

"Well," said the Judge, after a little reflection, "there is a good deal in that. It never occurred to me before." He turned back into his study, and Dick was never troubled any more.

What is Catgut?

Some inquiring mind has started the question, "What is Catgut? The Shoe and Leather Reporter thus answers:—"For many years the only article used under this name consisted of the intestines of sheep, cut and twisted. As the Italian sheep are the leanest of those accessible to market, and as the membranes of lean animals are known to be tougher than those of animals in high condition, the best catgut has come from Naples and that vicinity.

There is no historical record concerning the use of the intestines of cats for strings of this sort, but from the fact that the name from earliest time has uniformly been applied to this article, it would appear altogether probable that the strings did first come or were supposed to come from that source. The chief use of catgut for many years was for the strings of harps and guitars; it was manufactured from the viscera of sheep. The membranes of smaller animals are sometimes used for the covering of whips and such purposes, but sheep still furnish the strings for musical instruments. The process of preparing is quite curious. The membranes are ordinarily exposed to the power of burning sulphur, and then slit and twisted into cords of different sizes as wanted. Musical strings, whip cords, hatters' cords, strings of clocks, etc., are the chief uses on the list. They are then dyed, stretched on frames, and dried in a very high temperature."

The Anatomy of Insects.

"Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of divine skill, yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast of 270 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his life in watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes, and certain butterflies 25,000. M. Touchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants, that they can converse by means of their antennae. Consequently the strength of the activity of insects far surpasses ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science, there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can flap its wings in a second; it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in rapid flights we are required to believe that three thousand six hundred is a moderate estimate."

The John O'Groat Journal says:—A clergyman resident in this county, while on his pastoral rounds a few days ago, met a tinker lad playing on the bag-pipes. He listened with attention to the various airs played, and expressed his admiration of the excellent manner in which the music had been performed, but being apprehensive that the performer's musical talent had been cultivated at the expense of knowledge of a more momentous character, he asked him if he knew "What is man's chief end?" The musician, after a pause, replied, "I dinna ken, I'm sure; but if ye'll whistle't, I'll play't!"

SUNDAY READING.

A Singular Story.

A singular story is told in a Sheffield paper of a burglary committed two or three years ago at an old-fashioned house in a southern county. The lady who occupied the house retired to her room shortly before midnight, and found a man under her bed. She feared to go to the door and unlock it, lest the burglar should suspect that she was about to summon help, and should intercept her. To gain time she sat down and took her bible from her dressing-table. Opening the sacred book at random, it so happened that the chapter lighted on was that containing the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Kneeling down when the chapter was ended, she prayed aloud—prayed earnestly and fervently—she besought safety for herself during the perils of the night, and cast herself in supreme confidence on the Divine protector. Then she prayed for others who might have been tempted into ill-doing—that they might be led from evil, and brought into the fold of Christ; that to such might be vouchsafed the tender mercy and kindness promised to all who truly repent of their sins. Lastly, she prayed that, if He willed it, even to-night, some such sinner might be saved from the wrath to come; might, like the Prodigal, be made to see that he had sinned, and might so be welcomed back with the joy that awaits even one penitent. The lady arose from her knees and went to bed. The man got up as noiselessly as he could, and said: "I mean you no harm madame; I am going to leave the house, and thank you for your prayers." With difficulty he opened the bedroom door, and presently she heard him open a window in another part of the house, and drop down into the garden. The lady was recently visiting at a friend's house in the north of England, and while there was asked to go to hear, in a Dissenting place of worship, a minister who was "a reformed character." In the course of the sermon the preacher told all the incidents of this terrible night exactly as they occurred. After the sermon she went into the vestry, and asked him who had told him this story. After some hesitation he said that he was the burglar, but her earnest supplication and intercession sank deep into his heart, and as he listened he there and then resolved not only to give up his guilty design, but to live a reformed life altogether. To that resolution he had adhered, and to her was owing whatever good he had since been able to do as a minister of the Gospel.

Answers Expected.

When we write a letter to a friend, we expect an answer. We wait for it. We are disappointed if it does not come.

When we ask a favor from an intimate friend, we expect to receive it. If we are hungry, and go to the house of a friend and ask for food, we wait with the expectation of seeing it set before us. We do not ask for it, and then leave the house with the air of one who expected no favorable reply to his request.

How is it with respect to our prayers? Do we expect answers to them? Are we disappointed when they do not come? Or do we go to the throne of grace and make our request, and then go away with the air of one who has no expectation of receiving that which he asked for?

How far are our prayers mere forms? How far are they insulting to God? for what is it to ask Him for that which we do not expect Him to bestow?"

True prayer is a very serious matter. It should not be offered without forethought and preparation. We should not be content to utter a series of continuous petitions. That may be making a prayer, but it is not praying.

In order that we may offer true prayer, we must have a definite object before our mind, and must earnestly desire it, and must be satisfied that it is in accordance with the will of God. We may then ask for it, and if we ask aright, we shall expect an answer. Those who do not expect and wait for answers to their prayers, can not be said to pray aright.

And when the answer is received, never fail to give thanks. An old Christian said, "When you get anything from God, never fail to write a receipt for it."

"How long does it take to be converted?" said a young man to his father.

"How long," asked his father "does it take the Judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have brought him in not guilty?"

"Only a minute."

"When a sinner is convinced that he is a sinner, and is sorry for it; when he desires forgiveness and deliverance from sin, and believes that Christ is able and willing to save him—he can be converted as speedily as the prisoner can be discharged by the Judge. It does not take God a long time to discharge a penitent soul from the condemnation and power of sin."

It was my custom in my youth (says a celebrated Persian writer) to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night when I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it were better for thee to be engaged in irreligious sleep, than to awake to find fault with thy brethren.'