

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 16 to 57 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, Secretary, U. B. Mutual Aid Society, LEBANON, PA.

Agents Wanted!

Address D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. 631 8m 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 \$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 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. GIBER, Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co. 625tt

REMOVAL!

Merchant Tailoring Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed his MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT from 'Little Store in the Corner' to rooms formerly occupied by G. Siatto, 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, Batting, Wadding, Twines, Wicks, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Fancy Baskets, Brooms, Baskets, Buckets, Brushes, 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 Goods.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE 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. 37 114

Perry County Bank!

Sponsler, Junkin & Co.

THE undersigned, having formed a Banking Association under the above name and style, are now ready to do a General Banking business at their new Banking House, on Centre Square, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

We receive money on deposit and pay back on demand. We discount notes for a period of not over 60 days, and sell Drafts on Philadelphia and New York.

On time Deposits, five per cent. for any time over four months; and for four months four per cent.

We are well provided with all and every facility for doing a Banking Business; and knowing, and for some years, feeling the great inconvenience under which the people of this County labored for the want of a Bank of Discount and Deposit, we have determined to supply the want; and this being the first Bank ever established in Perry County, we hope we will be sustained in our efforts, by all th business men, farmers and mechanics.

This Banking Association is composed of the following named parties:

- W. A. SPONSLER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. B. F. JUNKIN, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLER, President. WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier. New Bloomfield, 3 5 ly

Sack Flannels.—A lot of new and pretty styles of Sack Flannels, have just been received by F. MORTIMER. There are cheap too.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A Supposed Murdered Man Re-appears.

NEVER has anything occurred in Onondago Co., N. Y., to attract such general attention in the vicinity as the return to his home in the town of De Witt, near the village of Collamer, of an old farmer named Blodgett, who, it was supposed on strong circumstantial evidence, had been brutally murdered by unknown assassins one night about five years ago.

The circumstances attending this case are extraordinary, and seem more like a fictitious tale than ungarished truth.

Blodgett, who has suddenly appeared among his old neighbors, for many years owned and lived on a fine farm of about one hundred and fifty acres a mile or so from Collamer. He was generally considered wealthy, and had the entire confidence of the whole community, having held offices of trust in the town, being Assessor at the time of his disappearance.

Five years ago he left home one Friday evening to go to Collamer, where he was to get a considerable sum of money to pay a number of workmen the next night who were constructing a building for him. He did not return that night nor the next day, and his family became alarmed; a messenger was sent to Collamer to ascertain if possible his whereabouts. The messenger went to the place where Mr. Blodgett was to get his money, and was informed that the old farmer had drawn the money and departed, apparently for home. This news was carried to the family of the missing man, and it was at once suspected that he had been murdered. The supposition that he was murdered became almost a certainty by the story of Mrs. Joseph Breed, living near the village of Collamer, on the road to Blodgett's, and at a lonely point. Mrs. Breed, when she heard a day or so afterwards of the disappearance of Mr. Blodgett, stated to the family that somewhere about ten or eleven o'clock on Friday night, about the time the old man would naturally be passing her house on his way home, he having left Collamer at a late hour, she was awakened by a noise in the road directly in front of her house.—Listening, she became convinced that it was caused by a party of men struggling in the road. She heard a voice which she did not recognize say, "Knock him in the head; quick!" She then heard a shrill, loud cry of "Murder!" ending in a sort of gurgle, as if some one was being strangled. Shortly afterwards the footsteps of two or three men as if running in the direction of Collamer, were heard, and then all was silent. Mrs. Breed was too much frightened to make any attempt to see what was being done in the road, but after the men had gone she looked out of the window, but it was too dark for her to see anything. She was afraid to go out to the scene of the struggle at the time, but went out in the morning and discovered evidence of a severe contest. There was no blood on the ground nor anything to lead to a knowledge of who the contestants were. She was confident, however, that a murder had been committed, and when she heard of the sudden disappearance of Mr. Blodgett, there was no doubt in her mind that he was the victim. Diligent search was made for the body of the murdered man, and traces of the murderers were sought on every hand, but all to no purpose.

One of the men who was suspected as being a leader in the supposed murder of Mr. Blodgett was a bad character named Carey. Some time after the disappearance of Mr. Blodgett, Carey was arrested on suspicion of being the murderer of one Johnson, in Collamer. He was convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary at Auburn. This strengthened the belief that he was the murderer of the old farmer.

A year or two after the supposed murder the skull and other parts of a human skeleton were found on the shore of Oneida Lake, on the upper boundary of the county. This was believed to be a part of the remains of Mr. Blodgett, it being thought that he had been thrown into that body of water, or a stream emptying into it, in order that his murderers might baffle detection. If there remained the shadow of a doubt that Blodgett was dead this dispelled it, and the heirs of the old farmer petitioned the courts for the appointment of administrators of his estate. They were appointed, and the property remaining after the settlement of the old man's affairs was divided among the children.

The astonishment of the Blodgett family may be imagined when they received a letter some two weeks ago from a man in the oil regions purporting to be the supposed murdered man, detailing the circumstances of his disappearance, and requesting a sum of money to be sent him in order that he might return home, as he was penniless and did not wish to die away from home. One of the sons was sent to Pennsylvania to make a personal investigation, and after considerable search found the writer, and he turned out to be Mr. Blodgett. Although he was greatly changed the son found no difficulty in recognizing him, and he last week returned with the old man to the farm. Blodgett says that no attempt was ever made on his life,

but gives no reason for his unceremonious going away, or no account of his life during the five years he was absent. The affairs of the family are somewhat mixed up by the appearance of the old farmer. His property has been divided among the heirs, and they were in possession of their respective shares. An amicable adjustment will probably be made, as the Blodgetts are all warmly attached to each other and overjoyed at the return of their father.

For Grammarians.

The Hudson Register deals humorously with a question of grammar, as follows:

"A searcher after truth writes to us, which is grammatically correct, to say 'the house is building,' or 'the house is being built;' or 'the street is paving,' or 'the street is being paved?' There is a wide diversity of opinion upon this subject, but we incline to favor, 'is being built,' for the following reasons: Suppose you wish to express another kind of an idea, would you say, for instance, 'Johnny is spanking or Johnny is being spanked?' The difference to you may seem immaterial, but it is a matter of considerable importance to Johnny; and it is probable that, if any choice were given him, he would suddenly select the former alternate. You say again that the 'missionary is eating.' Certainly this expresses a very different and much pleasanter idea than the form: 'The missionary is being eaten,' and the sensation is very different with the missionary, too. We have consulted several missionaries about it and they all seem to think that the two things are somehow not the same, no matter what the grammarians say.

"But it is to be confessed that there are occasions when the difference in the form is not so marked. You assert, we say, that 'Hannah is hugging'—which by the way would be a very improper thing for Hannah to do; it would be positively scandalous indeed. Precisely a similar idea is conveyed if you say 'Hannah is being hugged,' because it is a peculiarity of the act that it is hardly ever one-sided; there is no selfishness about it. And it is the same with kissing. 'Jane is kissing'—and her mother ought to know about it if she is—is just exactly as if we say 'Jane is being kissed,' and the sensation is the same, although none of the grammars, by a singular inadvertence, mention the fact. It will not be necessary, however, for our correspondent to attempt to prove these last mentioned facts by practice.

Recovered Treasures.

It will be remembered that the large steamship America, plying between Panama and San Francisco, was burned a few years ago, on the Pacific coast. Since that time various efforts have been made to recover the treasure which was on board.—According to the San Francisco Bulletin, some of these recent efforts have been attended with success, and the precious metal has been delivered at the assay office in that city.

Twenty-three boxes of metal coin, weighing from 200 to 400 pounds each, were scattered about the floor of the room, and besides there were piles of bars and irregular masses of valuable metal lying around loose. Two pieces of the melted mass, with a length each of about three feet, and a width of eighteen inches, weighing about one hundred pounds, looked like a section of frozen clay bristling with oysters.—These oysters were twenty-dollar pieces, Mexican dollars and half dollars of American coinage, with dimes and half-dimes for little oysters, and iron spikes, bits of brass and steel to represent the shell fish that are wont to burrow in the bed of the ocean, the whole forming a valuable specimen of crustacea. In some instances the coins are only welded together in rolls, and at other times they form one lava-like gob. The melted matter and the coins are of a deep green color.

The large bars of bullion were less affected by the fire than the coin, and do not appear to have lost much in weight. The metal is to be recoined. Two twenty-dollar pieces in the lot were kindly donated to the representatives of the press, who were among the reliable persons present, and had not the coins been welded to the bar, they would have been taken away. Three hundred thousand dollars' worth of treasure, half melted, colored by fire and the action of the water, is a curiosity that few people have ever had an opportunity to see.

An absurd mistake led on one occasion to the temporary confinement of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland in a mad-house. His lordship had received an unfavorable report of this particular asylum and being anxious to judge for himself, he drove up to the establishment in a close car, without having sent any intimation of his coming. When the porter refused him admission, he said at last, "I am the Lord Chancellor."

"Oh, Lord Chancellor, ah?" said the porter, with a grin, as he opened the gate. "Step in; it's all right. We have seven of you here already. One got loose last week with the Emperor of China, but I thought both of you were back."

By this time his lordship was within the gate, and a batch of wardens summoned by the porter, took him in charge. It was not until he had sent for his secretary, that he obtained his release.

Hints on Shopping.

IT is poor economy—or, rather no economy at all—to purchase inferior fabrics because they are cheap. Persons in limited circumstances often commit this error. If a calico at ten cents a yard looks about as well as one at twelve or fifteen cents, the prudent purchaser will often think it economy to choose the low-priced goods. As it is low priced, she may indulge in a yard or two more for ruffles or bias fields, flattering herself that cheap ornamentation is an equivalent for fine quality. This mistake may be seen permeating the entire wardrobe of many sensible people. The result is simply this:—they never have anything of really good quality, are always shabby, and always buying. None but rich people can afford to buy poor goods. This rule applies to all sorts of goods—muslins, cloths, carpets, and table linen. We grudge the time we see women spend in making up muslins of low grade for underclothing. There are so many stitches in a shirt! And when it lasts one year instead of two, as it should, there is just twice as much work done as need to be. Better make three shirts of a finer quality of muslin than six of a lower grade of muslin. Just so in flannels. A fifty-cent all wool Shaker flannel will wear two or three times as long as your flimsy cotton and wool stuff a few pennies cheaper. Especially in a family of children, fabrics should be chosen for service that when made up they may descend from one child to another, thus saving the mother time to stitch into her brain a little embroidery of thought and culture. A few rules with regard to shopping itself may be in place. First:—Have a list of articles to be purchased made out in black and white. By this means you will be saved from sudden temptation to buy what is not really necessary, and forget nothing that you require. Second:—Deal only with merchants in whose business integrity you can confide. Third:—In the long run one always does better to buy at one and the same place than to run about for the purpose of hunting up bargains. A regular customer can often get favors denied to an occasional purchaser. Fourth:—Never buy what you don't want, simply because it is cheap.

The Captain's Experiment.

CAPT. ANSYL NYE, one of the Long-Wharf merchants of Boston, was a character in his way. It is said that when young, Capt. Ansyl was a tough case. However that may have been, he had, at the time we speak, settled down into as steady a business man as Boston turned out. Liquor he did not touch, saying he had punished his share of the infernal stuff and would have nothing more to do with it.

It was with no little sorrow that Capt. Ansyl discovered that his son John, whom he was training up to succeed him in business, was sadly addicted to strong drink and too frequently went on a spree. Capt. Ansyl pleaded, urged, entreated and thundered, but of no use. John, while not backward in promising to reform and was no doubt putting forth efforts to do so, failed in his object, and Capt. Ansyl found that the young man was becoming more and more dissipated every day. The old sea dog set his wits to work; "I see it," he finally settled in his own mind, "the rascally dog is a Nye all through. There is no driving him. It is in the blood and must come out in the regular way. It is a sad job but the boy must be saved."

People who knew Capt. Ansyl and who had sighed often over John's misfortunes, were astonished to see that all of a sudden the father joined in the dissipations of the boy and did all he could to encourage him in the downward path. It was true, as it may seem. It may be said that Capt. Ansyl kept the cup to John's lips all the time, and in the debaucheries joined heartily with the boy. Both seemed never to draw a sober breath, but as for poor John there was scarcely a moment that a stream of liquor of some kind was not coursing down his throat of course he could not stand this a great while. After several warnings the crisis came at length and John, with all the diseases that liquor could bring on, went under the care of the physicians. He had a touch of the "horror," he had congestion of the brain and the bowels and the system generally, and the physicians decided that to save him would be next to a miracle.

Capt. Ansyl, as soon as John took to his bed, stopped drinking and bestowed all his old care upon John. For weeks and weeks the boy lay on the very verge of the grave. Thanks to a good constitution, and excellent care, John finally took a start for the better and began to improve rapidly. His father who had watched the case anxiously, was delighted, and when John was declared all right again and went to his business, letting liquor alone, the old man was happy. This happiness was of short duration, however, for one day the Capt. coming home found John much the worse for liquor. He looked at the boy, smelt of his breath, turned him around several times and satisfying himself what was the matter, broke forth in language such as only an old whaler can use.

"You ungrateful dog," he said, "after all you have gone through, after all I have done for you, after the experience you have had, you won't let liquor alone. Haven't you any sense? I thought you

was a Nye but I find you don't belong to my family at all—you're an interloper—an infernal land lubber that has crawled through a lubber-hole and is trying to pass himself off as an able seaman. If you were a Nye I'd know what to do with you, as you are not a Nye, I must experiment, so here goes."

Poor John, who had never seen his father quite so indignant before, began to work into a corner, but it was of no earthly use. The old man followed him up and with his heavy cane commenced his work. The rod doubled up over John's head and his shoulders and his arms generally. It is a wonder that his limbs were not broken for the old man piled his blows without fear or mercy. John roared and begged and prayed. It was no use. Not till he was completely exhausted did the old man give in and John was so badly bruised that a physician was again necessary. As soon as John began to recover, Capt. Ansyl told him that the lesson was only a foretaste of what he might expect if he kept on. "I've tried everything that is usual," he said, "but your case is one that needs more than ordinary medicine. Now hark'ee boy, if I find that you have been drinking again, if it is in the store, the street, the house or in church, I'll thrash the liquor out of you or your life. Take your choice."

No more was said. John returned to business and we are glad to say that day forward never a drop of liquor passed his lips. Capt. Ansyl has passed to that bourne where sailors, no more of earth, become guardians of their brother shipmates and John is now a leading Boston merchant, and a prominent official of the city of Notions, as well as a leading spirit in all good measures of public interest and particularly in the case of temperance. He often tells the story of his experience with liquor and often blesses the memory of his father, and that he resorted to measures so stringent in his case, as it was quite evident that nothing short of this would have answered in his case.

An Ingenious Rogue.

A gentleman in London advertised for a servant lately and received a reply. It appeared satisfactory, but being very particular he required a personal interview with the man's last employer. He was requested to call on a given day at a large fashionable hotel at the West End. Here he was received by an eminently respectable gentleman who gave the candidate a capital character. Thereupon he took him and found the man an admirable servant. After some time the man ushered in one morning a person who said he wished to see Mr.— on business. The visitor, waiting till after the door was carefully closed, then said in a low tone, "I am a detective, sir, and I have called to give what is, I fear, an unpleasant bit of information. That servant who showed me in here is a ticket-of-leave man." "Oh!" replied Mr.—, "there must be some mistake; I know all about the man." The visitor smiled incredulously. Mr.— summoned his servant and said, "John, this is a policeman, who says you're a convict. I tell him it can't be, for I heard your history from your last place." The man held down his head. "It's too true, sir." Mr.— was astonished. "But how was it, that the gentleman I saw at the hotel should have accounted for your life from his own personal knowledge?" I will explain, sir," he said, as he looked significantly at the officer, whom Mr.— then thanked and dismissed. "The truth is," he continued, "I was the person you saw at the hotel." "You?" "Yes sir. I was utterly desperate. I knew that unless I should get a place I should have to go to stealing, and resolved to make a last effort. I disguised myself with false hair, and took the rooms for a couple of nights where you saw me.

Of course it was very wrong to deceive you, and the circumstances I was in, are the only excuse I can plead. I say only this in extenuation, that I have served you honestly and faithfully." Mr.—, a kind-hearted man, feeling heartily sorry for the man, mentioned the case to a friend who was equally sympathetic, and in the end he was successfully established, by their aid, in a small business, and he has since been doing remarkably well.

A Strange Story.

The Sacramento, Cal., Union, contains a letter signed by A. Lohry, of Uniontown, El Dorado county, followed by a long affidavit made by his daughter Miss Anna Lohry, an accomplished young lady, in which she gives a detailed account of a murder she witnessed in the vicinity of what is known as Corliss ranch, on the 19th of February, 1869.

A man murders his brother. The trouble is about some money. These two men struggle, and the larger one strikes and mortally wounds the smaller, who dies without speaking, while Miss Lohry is holding his head on her lap. The murderer places a pistol to the girl's head and compels her to take an oath which he dictates, that she will not reveal the murder for four years. She kept her promise, but refused to take money from him. Since then he has visited her several times; the meeting always taking place in the Uniontown graveyard.

On the 19th inst., they met for the last time, and he released her from the oath taken at the time of the murder, and now she tells the story and swears to it. The memory of the terrible scene she had witnessed, her oath, and the visits to the murderer, so worked on her mind that she acted strangely, and for some time past she has been constantly watched by some member of her family, all of whom regarded her as demented. The girl's family is highly respectable, and the father gives responsible references.