

The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania.

Present the following plan for consideration to all 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, 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, hale, and sound of mind, irrespective of creed, or race, may become members. For further information, address L. W. GRAUMER, Sec'y U. B. Mutual Aid Society, LEBANON, PA.

Agents Wanted!

D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. Address 631 Sm pdj

\$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. GRIER, Sec'y of Penna Central Insurance Co. 4254

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 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, Batting, Wadding, Sewing, Wicks, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Fancy Baskets, Brooms, Baskets, Buckets, Brushes, Clothes Wringers, Wooden and Willow Ware.

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

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. 37 134

Perry County Bank!

Sponsor, 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 the business men, farmers and mechanics.

This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:

W. A. SPONSER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. J. J. JUNKIN, New Bloomfield, Pa. W. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSER, President. WILLIAM WILLES, Cashier.

New Bloomfield, 5 17

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

A NARROW ESCAPE,

OR A Night's Adventure.

"YOU must come to Woodbridge's supper," said O'Scardon, a six-foot Irishman in the Austrian service, and an old friend of mine—"you must come to Woodbridge's supper, for of all the devils you ever saw, he tops 'em all. We can't make out what he is. He's heaps of money, but no one knows how he gets it or who he is. He collects a wonderful lot of people round him, some of the fastest and most riotous of the students here, and he's always got a Polish count with him—a good-looking, impertinent scoundrel who is so dreadfully offensive that my longing to kick him is growing into a positive disease. Woodbridge, though he has only been domesticated her a few months, has already had several rows with the police and government; and as they say to-night's supper is to be the boldest thing he has yet attempted, I advise you by all means to come."

After having been talked to in this strain I need scarcely say that I looked forward to my supper at Woodbridge's with much curiosity. The remainder of the day was spent in lounging about and in a very noisy dinner with the students, and at about eight in the evening I found myself at Woodbridge's lodgings.

He occupied handsome apartments over the shop of the principal saddler of the town; and when I arrived, there were some ten or a dozen young men seated about, some of whom I knew. Scarcely, however, had my name been announced before a tall, elegant-looking man of about thirty years of age stepped forward, and addressing me, apologized for Woodbridge's temporary absence, introduced himself as Count Zintorski, and begged me to take a cigar and make myself at home. There was a frankness in the fellow's address which corresponded but badly with a look of subdued distrust and shiftness in his eyes, and I felt I could not reciprocate his apparent warmth. Our host soon after arrived, and the party being very shortly completed, we sat down to a game of vingt-et-un to pass the time until supper arrived. Now, hating cards with all my heart, and never playing except when politeness compels me, I happen always to enjoy wonderful luck; and accordingly, on this occasion, when I was dealing, I doubled the stakes at every hand, and won a considerable sum. My greatest opponent, and consequently the largest loser, was Count Zintorski; and though he tried every maneuver of which the game is susceptible, my luck still stood by me, and I rose from the table, having cleaned him out of his last Friedrich d'or. He was perfectly calm, congratulated me on my luck, and took the foot of the supper-table, opposite to Woodbridge, with the air of a man who felt himself thoroughly at home.

Reader, were you ever present at a German students' supper-party? If not, you have no idea of noise, of wild, mad fun, of practical jests pushed to their utmost extent. My experience in these scenes has not been small, but never was I present at such a scene of riot as was enacted at Woodbridge's that night. Englishmen and Germans tried to outdo each other in noise; song followed song; the health of each member of the party was drunk in rapid succession, and each member of the party was drunk himself. My ill-health prevented me from joining to much extent in the dissipation, and I sat looking on and wondering whether I had ever found real amusement in such a pandemonium. At last, while O'Scardon was telling a wonderful story of a run with the Ballybotherun hounds, half in English and half in German, the landlord entered the room and declared that if the noise was persisted in he should be compelled to call in the gens d'armes. This announcement was received with yells; he was told to fetch whom he liked. Woodbridge muttered some vague sentence about "Englishman's house's castle," and the landlord retired amidst a storm of groans. The uproar was renewed, but five minutes after, we heard the heavy tramp of the gens d'armes ascending the staircase, and all of us determined to resist the invasion by force. Some seized sticks, some laid hold of pieces of furniture to hurl at the intruders, and I grasped an empty champagne bottle by the neck and slipped it into my coat pocket keeping my hand upon it the while. The door was flung open and the chief of the police entered, leaving two of his men outside the door.

"Gentlemen," said he, in an authoritative voice, "in the name of his Majesty I command you to quit this house at once." A roar of derision was the reply. "Suppose we don't intend to go?" said a student with a red beard, tastefully decorated with scraps of salad, shreds of tobacco, etc.

"Then I shall proceed to execute my duties and turn you at once into the street." A second derisive roar much louder than the first. "By the holy Malone!" said O'Scardon, rising slowly before the astonished gens d'arme, and pulling himself up to his full height, "I've a mind to fling you out of this window. And I'll do it, too, before you can say 'knife.'" He made two steps forward and seemed about to execute his threat, when Zintorski interposed. "One minute," he said. "Gend'arme, where is your permit?" The gend'arme looked astonished, but did not reply. "Your permit?" repeated Zintorski. "You are aware that after midnight no gen d'arme can enter a private residence without a special permit from the burgo-master?" "Herr Graf," stammered the wretched functionary, edging toward the door, "I—I regret that—"

His courage failed him; he said no more, but rushed down the stairs, followed by his men, and in a minute we heard the door close behind them.

Immediately upon their departure fresh wine was brought in, and the orgies continued until about two o'clock, when the party broke up. I had secured a bed at a house where I had lodged in my student days, and it so happened that my way lay in a different direction from that of my companions; I therefore bade them good-night, and started off alone. It was a dull murky night, with a sharp sleet driving from the north; the only light shed upon the wretched streets was from the oil-lamps swung at intervals across the road. On I hastened, wrapping myself up in my large coat, and meeting no one. Not a sound did I hear until, just as I was reaching the street where my lodging was situated, which turned up out of one of the principal alleys of the town, I thought I distinguished the sound of advancing footsteps. I listened, and was convinced that my surmise was correct; but thinking nothing of it, I proceeded up the street. I had reached my door, and was endeavoring to turn the rusty piece of German mechanism supposed to be a key and mentally contrasting it with my own neat Chubb at home, when two men advanced toward me, followed at some distance by a third. This I could just distinguish by the light of a neighboring lamp. As the two men came up to me one of them said, "Good-night!" "Good-night!" I replied; "or rather Good-morning! for it must be almost that by this time." The words had scarcely escaped my lips when the foremost man hit me a tremendous blow between the eyes which lit up a thousand candles before me and knocked me violently backward. As my back dashed against the door I heard something crash. In a second I recollected myself; it was the champagne bottle I had placed in my pocket when the gens d'armes entered. In a second I grasped it by the neck, withdrew it from my pocket, and whirling it in the air, brought it down with my full force on the head of my assailant. He gave one groan and fell heavily to the ground, while the blood spouted from the wound like a fountain. His companion turned and fled, while the third man, who all this time had remained at a distance, also immediately made off. My state of horror can scarcely be imagined. I knelt down by the man's side, I bathed his head with water, which I was fortunate enough to procure; I strove to stanch the blood which was pouring from the wound. I spoke to him—I offered him all my money if he would only look up. I was in momentary dread of the arrival of the gens d'armes, and of being conveyed to prison as a murderer. For more than an hour did I remain in this fearful state. The man never opened his eyes, but lay apparently in a lethargic stupor. No one came near me, and my excitement was at its height, when by the dawning light I perceived a figure approaching. It neared me, and in it I thought I recognized the companion of the robber. Not a word was spoken, and with my assistance he raised his friend, twined his arms around him and half carried, half dragged him out of sight.

I need scarcely say that I did not go to bed that night. I went in, struck a light, collected the few things I had unpacked from my carpet bag, and, heedless of my friends and intended pleasure, hurried off by the first train and returned at once to England, so apprehensive was I of the consequences.

Two years passed, and I heard no more of my nocturnal adventure. I had letters from O'Scardon and from some German friends, full of wonder at my sudden departure, but giving no hint as to its cause, and the circumstance had almost faded from my recollection. Last autumn, however, I was again in Germany; and hearing that an old tutor of mine had become Protestant chaplain at the gael of Verdun—a place a few miles from Dusselberg—I went over to see him. He acted as my cicerone round the prison, and while going through one of the wards I caught sight of a face that turned me faint. This face belonged to a convict, a short, thick-set man, who was sitting apart from the rest. I recognized him in an instant as the man whom I had nearly murdered. I approached; he raised his head, started, and then grunted calmly.

"Do you know me?" I asked. "I do," he answered. "I only saw you once, as you came out of the saddler's door, but you saw me after that, and gave me this."

He raised his matted hair as he spoke, and showed me a red scar on his temple about three inches long. I shuddered at the recollection.

"And why did you attack me?"

"Why?" he replied; "because I was paid for it, as I had been for many more. That Polish count was my master and partner; we were one firm all that winter, and shared alike. He pointed you out to us, told us you had won immensely at cards, and had the money about you. He was close behind us at the time, and if it hadn't been for that infernal bottle—"

"What then?" "What, if you'd given much trouble, we should have pitched you into the canal!" And this was the explanation of my Christmas Night's Adventure.

Peculiarities of the Arabs.

No Arab is ever curious. Curiosity with all Eastern nations is considered unmanly. No Arab will stop in the street, or turn his head to listen to the talking of bystanders. No Arab will dance, play on an instrument, or indulge in cards or any game of chance, since games of chance are forbidden by the Koran. Never, moreover, invite an Arab to take a walk with you for pleasure.—Although the Arabs are on occasion good walkers, they have no notion of walking for amusement. They only walk as a matter of business. Their temperance, their constant out-door habits, render all out-door exercise for exercises sake unnecessary; they cannot, therefore, understand the pleasure of walking for walking's sake. What Arabs like best is to sit still, and when they see Europeans walking 'up and down in a public place in Algeria they say, "Look! look! the Christians are going mad!" The Arab does not even mount on horseback, except on a matter of business or for his public fetes and carousals. And when you do walk, you should not walk quickly, just as in speaking you should not talk fast or loud, for the Koran tells you, "Endeavor to moderate the step, and to speak in a low tone, for the most disagreeable of voices is the voice of the ass."

Indeed, it was observed by a famous Arab, "Countless are the vices of men, but one thing will redeem them all—propriety of speech." again; And "Of the word which was not spoken, I am the slave, but silence is of gold." is a motto of Arabic origin.

A silent, grave people are the Arabs, and a pale one; too very much given, nevertheless, to highway robbery on a large scale; but the Arabs tent is always open to you, and you can get any amount of camel's milk, or even roasted mutton, if he has it. You will be treated as a guest from God as long as you are under his roof, after which your happiness is in your own hands, which means that your host who had fed you in the evening may, at a decent distance from his tent, rifle your saddle-bag in the morning, and let the powder speak to you if you object; after which, Allah be merciful to you.

Playing Indian.

A New York man is very much annoyed because his two boys have read so many Indian stories that they have gone wild with anxiety to play Indian, to go out on the prairies hunting for the real noble red men. The man was taking a nap, after dinner in his easy chair, when he was wakened by an alarming noise and a strange sensation in his head. He jumped up suddenly and found that one of his boys, dressed in a red table-cloth, and with his nose decorated with blue paint, was trying to scalp his father with a carving knife, while the other boy, attired in a blanket shawl and a rooster feather, flourished a hatchet and emitted war whoops from behind a thicket composed of two chairs and a card table. The man decided to put a stop to this kind of thing.

So next day, while the boys were playing with bows and arrows in the garden, he dressed himself in Indian costume, and jumped over the fence with a wild, unearthly yell; for the purpose of frightening those children. The oldest boy, however, stood his ground, and drawing an arrow to the head, in which was inserted a tempenny nail, he buried it in the chieftain's leg before he took to flight. That night the father walked up stairs on a crutch and flogged the family all around before he sent them to bed. He is thinking now of some other way to effect a cure of the sanguinary disposition of his offspring.

The sharpest so far this month is the Troy girl, who makes her unsuspecting daddy the daily bearer of sweet missives to a clerk in his office, who has been forbidden to visit his employer's house. She pins the letter in the old man's cloak, and when he reaches the office and throws off the garments, the clerk gets it and responds by the same carrier.

"One good mother," said George Herbert, "is worth a hundred school masters. In the home she is 'loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.' Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to a globe of precept." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action.

It occurred to a Danbury school-teacher, while writing a composition last week, to make the remarkable statement that "an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster."

Danger! Danger!! Danger!!!

BY EDWARD ABBOTT.

Four young men of Yonkers went out into the field the other day, gunning. Presently they came to a board inclosure, on which was a sign with the above startling words upon it. In addition the sign gave notice that within the inclosure were several cans of nitro-glycerine, perhaps the most terribly destructive explosive agent now known. And the purpose of the whole was to turn people out of the way. See how the young men mind the warning. Two of them, more cautious than their companions, hid behind some trees at a little distance, to look on. The other two went near, and—will the reader believe it—threw a stone or two at the cans. The explosion which followed blew them to atoms, and badly, if not fatally hurt the others. And now they know how it is themselves.

This is a sort of thing young men are doing very often. They go into business, and come face to face with temptations to speculations, fraud. The signal is Danger! danger!! danger!!! But this only serves to whet their curiosity, and they try their hand with the same result that has overwhelmed so many others. They go into society. The wine-cup is handed them. Danger! Danger!! Danger!!! is written all over it. "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Nevertheless they think it won't hurt them, and take it, with the almost invariable result—ruin.

We are coming every day to the places where these morally destructive agents have been left in our way. We may wonder at the Providence which leaves them, but we cannot be blind to the warnings which accompany them. We meddle with them at our peril. When will young men and old learn wisdom, admit that caution is better than temerity, and be willing to be guided by the examples and experience which the past affords?

There are things more deadly than nitro-glycerine.

A Penitentiary Romance.

There is now in the State Penitentiary at Fort Madison an aged couple who are serving out a term for the crime of incest they being brother and sister. The story is this: At the age of twelve years, the male left his father's house to seek his fortune and no more return. He in time, went West, grew to manhood and married, raised a family of children, and finally his wife died. His sister grew to womanhood, was married, and with her husband went West, and to Iowa. Her husband died, and in time she received an offer of marriage from a man who was a widower. She accepted the offer and they were married. Her husband was wealthy, and after a time one of the sons wished to have the father give him some property; but the father refused to grant his demands. The son one day while looking over the family record of the stepmother, which had been laid aside and forgotten, discovered that there was kinship between the families, and a further investigation proved that his father and stepmother were own brother and sister. To avenge himself of his father's refusal to give him the bulk of his property, he brought suit against them both for incest. They were tried and convicted and sent to the penitentiary for one year. They are both over sixty years of age, and as innocent of intent to commit crime as the new-born babe.

If you should see a man digging a snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds on the rolling billow, you would say at once that he was beside himself; but in what respect does this man differ from you while you sow the seeds of dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles?

The Beauty of Virtue.

The following fine reflection is to be found in the life of Lord Herbert, of Cherboung: "Everybody loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarcely love one another." Upon the same subject an Arabian happily observed that he learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired him with a distaste of vice.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

There are in the German lunatic asylum forty-one persons who believe they are the Emperor William, and nearly twice as many who think they are Bismark.

Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure it means no more than what it says.

Do not go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers houses are built on fools' heads.

Don't believe the man who talks the most, for mewing cats are very seldom mousers.