

**The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania,**  
Present the following plan for consideration to each person 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:

Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment
17	60	28	73	41	92	54	1 70
18	61	29	74	42	94	55	1 80
19	62	30	75	43	96	56	1 92
20	63	31	76	44	98	57	2 04
21	64	32	77	45	1 00	58	2 16
22	65	33	78	46	1 02	59	2 28
23	66	34	79	47	1 12	60	2 40
24	67	35	80	48	1 18	61	2 52
25	68	36	81	49	1 24	62	3 04
26	69	37	82	50	1 30	63	3 16
27	70	38	83	51	1 40	64	3 28
28	71	39	84	52	1 50	65	3 40
29	72	40	85	53	1 60	66	3 52

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 six 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, race, may become members. For further information, address  
L. W. CHAUMER,  
Sec'y of 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 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 today.

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break.  
JAMES H. GRIER,  
624 1/2 Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

**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, Battling, Wadding, Twines, Wicks  
Cloths, 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. 57 1/2

**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 the business men, farmers and mechanics.

This Banking Association is composed of the following named partners:  
W. A. SPONSLER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa.  
B. F. JUNKIN,  
Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.  
OFFICERS:  
W. A. SPONSLER, President.  
WILLIAM WILLIS, Cashier.  
New Bloomfield, 3 5 ly

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

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

**Cross-Word Enigma.**

My first is in vine, though not in wine;  
My second is in one, though not in fan;  
My third is in turn, though not in earn;  
My fourth is in eight, though not in gain;  
My fifth is in drive, though not in thrive;  
My sixth is north, though not in birth;  
My seventh is in ways, though not in rays;  
My eighth is in name, though not in game;  
My ninth is in stroke, though not in smoke  
My tenth is in that, though not in mat;  
My eleventh is in power, though not in hour;  
My twelfth is in wrong, though not in song;  
My thirteenth is in house, though not in mouse;  
My fourteenth is in sire, though not in tyre;  
My fifteenth is in Sana, though not in Lana;  
My sixteenth is in kite, though not in height;  
My seventeenth is in eye, though not in try;  
My eighteenth is in rhyme, though not in time.  
[J. P. S.]

Answer next week.

**CHARLIE'S WEDDING TRIP.**

"FOR heaven's sake, Susy, do be serious, if you can, for five minutes. Pray, pray, cease this trifling, which is but cruel playing with my feelings, and let us treat this subject as it deserves, soberly and seriously."

"Well, there, then!" cried the laughing, black-eyed girl to whom Charles Westery spoke. "There, then, is that grave enough? See, the corners of my mouth are duly turned down, and my eyes rolled up, and I am as sober as a patient who has caught sight of the dentist's instruments. Do I suit you, so?"

"You suit me anyhow, and you know it well, you witch!" cried Charles, gazing with a smile at the pretty face puckered up in its affectation of demureness. But he was not to be driven from his point, as he resumed gravely, after a pause—"The time has come, Susy, when I feel I have a right to demand an explicit answer to my suit. You have trifled with my earnest feelings long enough. I have grown restless under my fetters."

"Shake them off, then, Charley!" interrupted the saucy girl, with a defiant toss of her head, which plainly said, "I defy you to do it."

"I cannot, Susy, and you know it," replied the hapless lover, impatiently.

"That being the case," said Susy, "take my advice—wear them gracefully, and don't pull and jerk so; it only makes them hurt you."

The young man turned away, and walked silently up and down the room, evidently fretting and fuming internally.—Susy, meantime, looked out of the window and yawned. Charles continued his moody walk.

"Oh! what a beautiful bird is on the lilac-tree!" cried Susy, suddenly. "Do come and see it."

Charles mechanically approached the window and looked out.

"Don't you think, Charley," said Susy, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up eagerly in his face; don't you think you could manage to—"

"What, Susy?" asked Charles, all his tenderness awakened by her manner.—

"What?"

"Drop a pinch of salt on his back?" returned the provoking girl, with an affectation of simplicity; "for then, you know, you could easily catch it?"

His answer was to turn angrily away.

His walk this time was longer than before, and his cogitations were more earnest; for he did not heed any of Susy's artfully artless devices to allure his notice. At last he stopped abruptly before her and said: "Susy, for three long years I have been your suitor, without either confession of love or promise of marriage on your part. Often as I have demanded to know your sentiments towards me, you have always coquetishly refused me an answer. This state of things must cease. I love you better than my life; but I would no longer be your plaything. To-morrow you are going away, to be absent for months, and if you cannot this very day, throw aside your coquetry, and give me an honest 'yes' for an answer, I shall consider that I have received a 'no,' and act accordingly."

"And how would that be? What would you do?" asked Miss Susy, curiously.

"Begin by tearing your false and worthless image from my heart!" cried Charles, furiously.

"It would be a curious piece of business, Charley; and you would not succeed, either," said Susy.

"I should and would succeed," said Charles, "as you shall see, if you wish, cruel, heartless girl!"

"But I don't wish, Charley, dear—I love dearly to have you love me," said Susy.

"Why, then," cried the foolish youth, quite won over again, "why, then, dearest Susy, will you not consent?"

"Remember, I said I liked to be loved," replied Susy. "I did not say anything about loving. But, pray, how long did you say you had been courting me, in that pretty little speech of yours?"

"Three long years," replied Charles.

"Neatly and accurately quoted, Charley. But you know my cousin Rachel was only won after five years courtship. You don't suppose I am going to rate myself any cheaper than she did, do you? Suppose we drop this tiresome subject for two years; perhaps by that time I may be able to work myself up to the falling-in-love point—there is no knowing what wonders time may effect."

"If you are not in love now, you never will be," returned Charles, sturdily; "and I will have my answer now or never."

"Never, then," laughed Susy. But she had gone a step too far. Her often severely tried lover was now too much in earnest to bear her trifling any longer.

"Never be it, then!" he cried, and seizing his hat he strode from the room.

Susy listened to his receding footsteps with dismay. Had she, indeed, by her incorrigible love of coquetry, lost him? It smote her to the soul to think so.—As she heard him open the front door, impelled by a feeling of despair, she raised the window sash, and, leaning forward, whispered:

"Charley, Charley! you will be at the boat to-morrow to bid me good-bye, won't you? Surely we are still friends?"

As she spoke she tore a rose from her bosom and threw it to him. It lodged on his arm, but he brushed it away as though it had been poison, and passed on without looking up.

Susy spent the remainder of the day in tears. Early the next day the bustle of departure began. Susy was going to accompany her widowed and invalid mother on a trip for her health. As they reached the wharf and descending from the carriage, Susy's eyes made themselves busy searching for a wished-for face; but it was nowhere to be seen.

The steamboat lay panting and puffing, seemingly impatient to be let loose.—Susy's mother, aided by the servant man who accompanied them, had already crossed the gangway which lay between the wharf and the boat, and Susy was reluctantly following, when the sound of a voice behind her—the very voice she had longed to hear—startled her. She turned to look round, and missing her footing, fell into the water.

Another instant, and Charles had thrown off his coat, and calling out loudly, "Tell the captain not to allow the wheel to stir, and to lower me a rope!" he sprang into the water. But of her whom he was risking his life to save, he was unable to perceive any trace.

Judging that the current of the river might have carried her a little forward, he swam around the wheel, but still he saw not, and despair seized his heart as he conjectured that she might be under the boat. He strained his eyes to see through the water, and at length discerned far below the surface what seemed the end of a floating garment lodged between the wheel and the rounded bottom of the boat.

If this were indeed the unfortunate girl, the least movement of the wheel must inevitably crush her, and Charles, in his terror, fancied it was already beginning to turn. He dived and clutched at the garment, but missed it. He rose panting and almost exhausted; but scarcely waiting to get breath, he again plunged below. This time his efforts were rewarded with success, at least so far that he was able to bring Susy's form to the surface of the water; but she seemed totally lifeless.—Charles was now so nearly exhausted that he had only sufficient presence of mind left to clasp Susy convulsively to him while he kept himself afloat by holding on to the wheel.

But this, his last hope of support, seemed also to fail him soon, as he perceived that it was now really beginning to turn slowly round. By a desperate effort he struck his foot against one of the paddles so as to push himself as far from the danger as possible. As he did so something touched his head, and his hand grasped a rope. New life seemed now infused into him. He gathered all his energies and fastened the rope round Susy's waist—consciousness then entirely forsook him. In the meantime the witnesses of the scene, after giving Charles' instructions to the captain, had watched his struggles and exertions with breathless interest. The friendly rope had been flung to him again and again, but in the excitement of his feelings, and his semi-sensibility, he had been incapable of availing himself of the proffered aid.

At last, perceiving that he was quite exhausted, and must inevitably soon let go his hold on the wheel, and then probably sink to rise no more, the captain judged it best to run the risk of moving off, so that a small boat could be sent to the rescue. The result of this hazardous experiment was successful. Susy was raised by means of the rope, and a rope reached Charles in time to save him also.

Both sufferers were taken on board the steamboat, which now moved off to make up for lost time.

contentment by falling into a deep, quiet sleep.

About sunset a message came to him that Miss B——desired to see him. He found her lying on a sofa in the captain's state-ronn, which had been given up to her. Her mother was sitting beside her. She looked very pale, and somewhat suffering, but she held out her hand to him very gratefully, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Charles," said she, without offering a word of thanks, "I want to see a clergyman. Is there one on board?"

"I will go and see," said Charles moving to the door; but a dreadful thought striking him, he turned, exclaiming, "Susy, you do not think that—"

"That I am going to die?" said she, anticipating him. "No, Charles; but I want to see a clergyman."

Charles went, and soon returned, accompanied by a minister.

"I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said she to the latter as he entered. "I have a strange request to make of you. Would you object, sir, in the presence, and with the consent of my mother, to unite me to that gentleman?"

If the minister was astonished at this request, Charles was infinitely more so.

"What did you say, Susy?" said he. "Did I hear aright?"

"I believe so, said Susy, smiling at his eager amazement. "Does the scheme meet your approval?"

"It was heaven-inspired," cried the poor fellow, frantic with joy—but a shade coming over his radiant face, he added, gravely, "But, Susy, have you considered? Remember, I want your love, not your gratitude. I will be satisfied with nothing less."

"Do not be concerned about that, dear Charley," replied Susy, gazing at him very tenderly through her tears; "be assured you have them both, and had the first, long, long before you had the last."

"But, Susy, you said only yesterday—"

"Never mind what I said yesterday," interrupted Susy, with some of her old spirit breaking out. "Just mind what I say to-day. If I was a fool once, is that any reason I must be one always? But, indeed, Charles," she added more softly, "I have always meant to be your wife—the only scruple is that I am not half good enough for you."

It is needless to say how the discussion ended. The reader has already divined that Charles continued his journey; and thus in the course of one eventful day he risked a life, saved a life, made an impromptu marriage, and set out on a most unexpected wedding trip.

**Malleable Glass.—Lost Links in the Chain of Early Inventions.—A New Discovery.**

One of the lost arts, which skill and science have for hundreds of years been making efforts to rediscover, is the production of malleable glass. It was mentioned by many ancient writers, especially by Pliny, who speaks of its being indented when thrown on a hard substance, and then hammered into shape again like brass. The world uses a vastly greater amount of glass now than during the early ages, but has never been able to overcome its brittleness. That accomplished, and it would enter into uses not even suspected now, and probably dispute with iron itself for supremacy as an agent of civilization. A glass spinner in Vienna has recently made a discovery that may lead to the recovery of the lost link in the chain of early invention. He is manufacturing a thread of this material finer than the fibre of the silkworm, which is entering largely into the manufacture of a variety of new fabrics, such as cushions, carpets, table cloths, shawls, neckties, figures in broadened velvet and silk, embroidery, tapestry, laces, and a multitude of other things. It is as soft as the finest wool, stronger than silk thread; and is not changed by heat, light, moisture or acids, nor liable to fade. So important is the matter deemed, that while the process is kept a profound secret, the Austrian Minister of Commerce has already organized schools for glass spinning in various places in Bohemia, and a variety of manufactured articles are now for sale and will no doubt soon reach America. If it shall end in the final re-discovery of malleable glass, so that it can be wrought or rolled into sheets, it will revolutionize much of the world's industry. Indeed, no one could safely predict to what use it might be applied, as the material is plentiful in all lands. Mankind have long waited for it. Let us hope the time is near when so great a boon will be vouchsafed to them.—London Times.

The Place Herald says: "Not over fifty miles east of Auburn, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, there lives a man whose sense of hearing is not very acute, as will appear from the following: The individual under consideration was hunting for game about a mile distant from his residence, when a grouse flew up and lit on a tree on the hillside; at the same moment a traveler approached and inquired the distance to the next station? Deaf man (pointing)—He flew right up there. Traveler—How far is it to the net station? Deaf man—He lit right up there. Traveler—You must be a d——d fool! Deaf man—Yes, there are a great many around here this time of year."

**SUNDAY READING.**

**Thoughts for Parents.**

"Let us ascertain by a few questions exactly how we regard our children. Do we think God has lent us for a few years an immortal soul to train for Him, and has informed us that a strict account will be required of so great a trust? Or, do we not, even before we actually have the treasure, think entirely of its little body, and prepare for our maternity a superabundance of fine clothes, with many useless stitches only for ornament? How is it when the little one is one year old? Has the mother ever, in all that long year, asked of God additional grace, that she might remember her trust and succeed in bringing up her charge aright? Let us look at the picture when the child is four years old. There can be no doubt that he now understands everything that is said to him, and speaks fluently in response. The mother's heart is proud of his beauty, his smartness, and his aptitude for imitating all around him; she keeps him dressed in the best of clothes, and in his hearing she entertains her visitors with tales of his exploits; and his various acts of independence and disobedience, and impudent speeches are spoken of as redounding praise to the boy's manliness, and perhaps a laugh ends an exclamation that if he goes on in this way she is sure she doesn't know what to do with him. Is the influence of such conversation on his infant mind a good one? Is it not calculated to inflate his pride, and increase his insubordination? Yet this is the earliest influence he feels. What wonder if the passions it fosters grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength?"

**Thistle and Ropewalk.**

"Such a mite as I can do no good," is the general impression of our boys and girls, when they are urged to do what they can for the good work. But smaller, humbler instruments than you God has made use of to do great work in this world. A great army, many years ago, invaded Scotland. They crept on stealthily over the border, and prepared to make a night attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp all silently sleeping in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance noiseless, came forward barefooted. But as they neared the sleeping Scots, one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain was the consequence, which rang like a trumpet blast through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon, and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem of Scotland.

By the harbor of New London there was once a long, old ropewalk, with a row of square window-holes fronting the water. In the time of the war a British admiral was cruising off that coast and had a very good chance to enter and destroy the town. He replied that he should have done it, "if it hadn't been for that formidable long fort, whose guns entirely commanded the harbor." He had been scared off by the old ropewalk!

God has his uses for even the simplest and humblest of us. Our great business should be to find out what the Lord would have us to do, and then do it with all our might, and mind, and strength.

**Be Brief.**

Long speeches, long letters, long communications, are out of place in these stirring times. We have a whole world's news to look after, and put in order for our many readers. Remember that, kind correspondents and contributors. Avoid parenthesis. Drop the semi-colons altogether. Make the spaces between the periods as brief as possible. Shake out the adjectives without reserve. Sacrifice the pet metaphors. Be not led away by the love of antithesis, or alliteration. Be clear, and crisp, and pertinent, alike in your invectives, eulogies, and recommendations. Think of the Lord's Prayer, and then of the awful substitute served up by sensation mongers in too many pulpits. What flights of tawdry rhetoric, and volleys of expletives; what endless repetitions of tedious details, weary and disgust the hearer. It is frightful to think of the time wasted by these self-parading petitioners and long-winded inditers of many-headed sermons. Life is too short, too full of cares and duties, to be thrown away thus. The best advice, the brightest wit, the deepest wisdom, come ever in small packages.

**Standing in the Market.**

This old Eastern habit remains much the same as in Bible time. A European traveler, in narrating a visit to the market, says: "Here we observed every morning, before the sun rose, that a numerous band of peasants was collected, with spades in their hands, waiting to be hired by the day, to work in the surrounding field.—This custom struck me as a most happy illustration of our Saviour's parable, particularly when passing by the same place late in the day, we found others standing idle and remembered His words, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' as most applicable to their situation, for on putting the very same question to them, they answered us: 'Because no man hath hired us.'"