The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania,

Present the following plan for consideration to uch 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-raits mortality assessment at the death of each member, which for the FIRST CLASS is as follows:

Age	Assess- ment	Age	Assess	Age	Assess- ment	Ape	Assess-	٩
15 16	60	28	78	41	92	54	1 70	Ŋ,
17	62	30	75	43	96	56	1 92	
18 19	63	31 32 33	77	44	1 60	58	2 04 5 16	П
20	65	33	81 .	46	1 06	59	2 28	a
21	66	34	83 85	48	1 18	61	2 45	1
93	68	36	86	49	1 24	62 63 64 65	2 50	и
25	70	38	88	51	1 40	64	2 60	
26	71	39	89	52	1 60	60	2 60	

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.

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 tree dollars annually during his lifetime, and the mortality assessments.

29. Male and Female from afteen to sixty-five years of age, of good moral habits, in good health, hale, and sound of mind, irrespective of creed, or race, may become members. For further infomation, address

(Sec'y U. B. Mutual Aid Society, A. LEBANON, PA.

Agents Wanted! Address

6 31 8m pd]

D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa.

\$4,000 TO BE CREDITED TO S4, OU MUTUAL POLICY HOLDERS.

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had but little loss during the past year, the annual assessment on Mutual Policy-holders will not exceed 60 per cent, on the usual one year cash rates, which would be equal to a dividend of 40 per cent, as calculated in Stock Companies, or a deduction of 2 per cent, on the notes below the usual assessment; and as the Company has over \$200,000 in premium notes, the whole amount credited to mutual policy-holders, over cash rates, will amount to \$4,000. Had the same policy-holders in sured 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 fall.—But they don't say how many stock companies are rafiling every year, or how many worthless stock companies are represented in Perry County to day. companies are represented as Mutual Company It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company annot break.

reak.

JAMES H. GRIER,

Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co.

REMOVAL:

Merchant Tailoring Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed his MERCHANT TAIL-ORING ESTABLISHMENT from "Little Store in the Corner," to room formerly occupied by J. G. Shatto, Dentist, where may be found at all times, a varied assortment of

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.

8. 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 PALL TRADE, the

PHILADELPHIA CARPETS

Table. Stair, and Floor Oil Cloths. Window Shades and Paper, Carpet Chain. Cotton, Yarn, Batting, Wadding, Twines. Wicks locks, Looking Glasses, Paper Backet, Business. locks, Looking Glasses, Fancy Baskets, Broom 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.

CAN WASHER in all parts of the State. 37 13t

Sponsler, Junkin & Co.

THE undersign id, having formed a Banking Association under the above name and style, are now ready to do a General Banking business at

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE. NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

their new Banking House, on Centre Square,

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

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 have determined to supply the want; and this being the first Bank ever established in Perry county, we tope 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. SPONSLEB, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. B. F. JUNKIN, WM. H. MILLEB, Carllele,

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSLER, President. WILLIAM WILLIS, Cushier, New Bloomfield, 3-5 ly

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

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

e accompanied by the correct answer.

I am composed of 24 letters : My 1, 20, 17, 4, and 5 is a boy's name. My 2, 3, 13, 21, 7, 17, and 8 is a country in Eu-

My 13, 4, 2, 17, 13, 9, and 3 is a city in New

My 18, 4, 2, 20, 22, 7, 17 and 8 is an island in the Atlantic Ocean. My 8, 2, 21, 7, 6, 7, 4 and 20 is one of the Mid-

My 11, 12, 18, 7, and 17 is a musical instru

My 10, 7, 21, 13, 2, and 4 is a boy's name. My 14, 7, and 13 is an article of dress.

My 13, 5, 15, 2, and 12 is the name of one of the Presidents.

My 19, 16, and 20 is an enemy. My 24, 23, 14, and 19 is a wild animal. My whole is one of the American Poets.

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma in last week's Times :- " Vote down the Whiskey."

The Brigadier and the Bull.

THERE was a Brigadier Ruggles, who

got made Brigadier in the French war, somehow. A sturdy old Tory he was, and went over to Novia Scotia after our war broke out. He wouldn't fight against the colonies, but King George and the old country bad the strongest pull on him, and he couldn't live squarely under a new flag. However, before '76, Brigadier Ruggles kept a good house in Berkshire, Massachusetts, furnished pretty well all through England. Half the chairs and tables had a history; but the piece he was proudest of was a tall old mirror, beveled at the edges of the glass, and set in a carved ebony frame, which some of his wife's folks -Madam Ruggles they called her-had sent over as a present from old Berkshire. Madam Ruggles' mirror was the finest thing inside any house in Massachusetts, and stood in the hall right opposite the front door, so that every one who came to the house might see it at once. And Brigadier Ruggles' English bull was a long way the first beast in New England, at least so the Brigadier said, and the up-country farmers used to come miles out of their way just to get a look at him. At last one of them, after he had seen the Brigadier's bull all around, guessed he knew a Vermonter who had got a home bred bull, alongside of which the Brigadier's bull was of no account. This made the Brigadier rile up; but as they could not settle it by talk, and the Vermonter was coming down to a fair at Boston in the fall, it was agreed he should bring his bull along, and stop a night with the Brigadier. Well, accordingly, Saturday night before the Boston fair, sure enough the Vermonter came along with his bull. It was too dark to judge much of the beasts that night, so the Vermonter's bull was put in the next pen to the Brigadier's bull, and they went in to supper. All night Brigadier Ruggles tossed about, thinking about the Vermonter's bull; and the next morning he was that bad with a fit of colic, that, though he was an elder, Madam Ruggles thought it best to let him stop away from meeting. Accordingly, she and the Vermonter went off left the Brigadier by the fire, with a book of Cotton Mather's sermons, and a chalk dr aught at his elbow. Somehow, they hadn't been gone more than a quarter of an hour, when the Brigadier began to feel better. After reading awhile, he seemed to think a little fresh air might set him right, so he gets on his thick boots, just to stroll out in the garden. Sure enough, the air was just what he wanted, and presently it came into his head just to drop over to the pens, and see if it was all right with the bulls. So he opened the garden-gate and stepped across, and looked eagerly into the pens. There was his bull, all in a Perry County Bank! lather, marching up and down on one side of the fence, and the Vermonter's bull on the other, both of them moaning to themselves in a low tone, as if they were swearing, and nothing but a gate on the latch to hinder them getting at one another. The Brigadier took up a prong, and leaned over, and tried to coax his bull, which was tame enough to come to him, and be scratched between the horns. But the bull took no notice, but kept marching up and down. So the Brigadier watched them both, and fell to comparing them and thinking-"Well, that Vermonter's bull ain't of any account, after all, alongside of my bullhe ain't so straight in the back, nor so square in the barrel, nor so thick in the neck-he don't weigh, now, not, I should

> say, within a hundred weight of my bull." Somehow, as he was going on thinking of the bulls, the Brigadier kept on tip-tapping at the hasp of the gate, and not minding what he was at with his prong, till all of a sudden be just gave a tip too much at the latch, and (the gate between the pens swung slowly open, just as the Vermonter's bull came opposite it. Next minute the bulls were together by the horns. The Brigadier hallooed right out, though it was Sabbath, but all the men were away at

Looking again, and there was the Vermonter's bull driving his bull back on his haunches. Brigadier Ruggles was a brave | deficiency of rags, not as in any way superman, so he throws open the gate he was seding that material.

leaning over, and lays on to the Vermonter's bull behind with the prong just as the brute drives down his own bull, and breaks his neck in the corner of the pen. Then the Vermouter's bull turns around on the Brigadier, and after one good look at him, puts down his head with a sort of low whistle, and scrapes with his fore hoof, meaning mischief. The Brigadier didn't wait, but made off for the house, slamming the pen gate and the garden gate behind him. But he hears two crashes, and then the whistle of the Vermonter's bull coming after him, as he reaches his open front door, and bolts through the hall to the kitchen, slamming the second door behind

"Perhaps the cuss won't come into the

house," thought the Brigadier, as he stood panting behind the kitchen door; but next moment he heard the Vermonter's bull stalk into the ball. Then silence for a minute, and then the whistle and scraping again. "What's he up to now?" thought the Brigadier, as he just peeped through a crack. There stood the bull, right opposite his own image in Madam Ruggles' mirror. A king's arm always hung on the hooks, over the kitchen fireplace, loaded with ball, and the Brigadier caught it down, and made two steps across the floor, and right out into the hall, just in time to see the Vermonter's bull down his head and go crash into the mirror. The shock seemed to stagger him, and before he could turn around, the Brigadier-that mad that he would have faced all the bulls of Bashan -steps up to his side, and lets drive just behind his shoulder. The Vermonter's bull goes over among the broken glass, the Brigadier stands over him, king's arm still smoking, when the wagon draws up, and Madam Ruggles and the Vermonter walked into the hall, fresh from meeting, with the doctor from Cambridge.

One too Many There.

Our friend Parker knows a certain little brother whom he would gladly waft at once over to the thither shore, if society had not such an absurd prejudice against premeditated murder. Young Parker loved Miss Clamm, the sister of the said babe, and a few evenings ago he called upon the lady for the purpose of proposing to her. They sat upon the sofa in the front parler, alone. As the evening wore on, Parker plucked up courage, nudged over to Miss Clamm's side of the sofa, and began some preliminary remarks about his "eternal happiness," his "heart's longing," his "soul's idol," his "love's young dream," etc., etc. Just as he had taken Miss Clamm's little hand in his, and was about to explain himself, a terrific sneeze was heard beneath the sofa. Parker and Clamm both sprang to their feet. Parker dragged the sofa away from the wall, and there lay young Clamm, snickering and chuckling as if he had rich things stored away in his memory. And when Miss Clamm flew at him and boxed his ears he remained silent; but escaping he ran to the door, and standing there with his hand on the knob, he observed; "Never you mind! I'm a-goin' right up stairs to tell ma that you and old Parker have bin a sittin' down yer kissin' each odder, and squeezin' each odder's hands and a-huggin' like mad; a-carryin' on scand'lus! I'm going to tell ma-certain. And in the wagon with the farm-servants, and | you jist wait till pap comes home, and if he don't boot that Parker outen the front door quicker'n lightnin', my name's not William Henry Clamm. Oh! he'll go for you, mister! He'll root around in here like a maniac when he knows you've bin kissin' sis! Never you mind!" And then W. H. Clamm faded into the entry,

Paper Making.

The principle of paper making has been the same from time immemorial, the only change being the material used and the machinery employed. The fibrous substance is cut and bruised in water until it becomes a fine, soft pulp. This is taken up in a thin even layer upon a frame of fine wire cloth that allows the moisture to pass through, when the pulp speedily coagulates into a sheet of paper. The sheets are first pressed between felt, which being removed, the paper is again subjected to a pressure, and dried. It is in this state bibulous, like blotting paper; but the sheets are now dipped in size, and again pressed and dried.

For printing paper, however, the size is added to the pulp in the engine. Some idea may be formed of the improvement effected by machinery in this manufacture when it is stated that whereas by the hand process the paper took more than three months to complete, the rags may now be put into the mill one day, and the paper be ready for delivery the next. Scarcely a fibrous vegetable substance exists that may not be turned to use in this manufacture. Jacob Christian Schaffer, of Ratisbon, 1765, wrote a work on experiments in making paper from other materials than rags, which is printed on sixty varieties of paper, made from as many different substances. And in 1786 de Vilette published in London a small book printed on paper made from marsh mallow; at the ends are leaves of paper manufactured at Bruges from twenty different plants, such as nettles, hops, reeds, etc. But these, as well as straw, can only be considered as substitutes to supply the

A Dutch Patient.

N a quiet morning in the latter part of On a quiet morning in my office preparing for an early drive. Suddenly a gentleman who was a stranger to me, stepped into the office, and without speaking sought a chair. At this apparently uncivil intrusion I did not feel surprised, since it is not unusual for persons, in this latitude especially, to act as though they regarded the "Doctor's office" as a kind of omnibus, the entrance of which requires no ceremony. Having finished my preparations, I turned to him, when the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, sir, how do you do?" "Oh, I feel purdy well, I sank you-I

don't feel zick." "How is your family, sir?"

"Oh, I dont know as any of dem is zick shust now-I ditend hear dem say any

Not knowing his place of residence and anxious now to gather, at least, some items by which I might guess at the object of his visit, I said to him :

"How is the health of your neighborhood ?"

"Oh, I tond know of any one bein' zick out dat vay shust new; I sink efery bodty is purdy vell."

Feeling myself "pretty well" cornered now, I said to him: "Well, sir, if I can do anything for you I shall be glad to do it-my horses are waiting and I must go to the country."

Hesitating a few moments, he slowly raised his arm, and showing his wrist covered with rash, said : "Vell, Toctor, vat you call dat?"

"You have the itch, sir; how did you come to get that ?" and now drawing a long and deep sigh-such an one as the purely innocent only can draw-he said:

"Now, Toctor, I shust dell you how dis vas."

"Dere is a man-he lifs up on de moundais-und I bin up dere more dimes, und I alvays sot dem vas nice beoples. Aboud doo veeks ago, Bill Shones, he cum dere, und he say, 'now, Shon, you bedter not go on de moundain or you gid someding.' Vell, I sot as Bill Shones vas shust goin' to vool me, und on Zaturday I vas bloughin' und I yust sot, now, Bill Shones, you not vool me in dat vay anyhow. Den I onhitched my orses, und vent home und vashed me all ofer, und tressed me, und den I vent up dare. Now, Toctor, I dell you shust how dis vas. Vell, I been up dare more dimes, and I alvays sot as dem beoples vas nice und glean, and did'nt nefer sot anyding else. De old man vas dare, und de old voman, und de gals; und den aftera vile dey fetch some abbles und pies, und ve vas eaden dere und den afder vile de old beobles vent to bet. Den one of dem gals, she did go to-bet do-now, Toctor, I shust dell you how dis vas-und dat oder vone und meve vas sidten dare, and I sot it vas gidten golt; so I dook my gheer und I vent up at de site of dat gal-now, Toctor, I shust dell you—und I pud my arm round her und zot dare a vile, und den-den I dit schquese her; und now, by tam, shust look vot I dit got."

Justice in California.

The first Alcalde, in 1851, in Yereka, California, was known as "Cut-eye Foster," but he left no docket, and soon ran away, and George C. Vail reigned in his stead. No law book was ever used in his court : he decided each case on its own merits, writing out the full history, and his docket is a curiosity. In one case brought before him, a boy had driven a team from Oregon, and worked all winter for a man, who declined to pay. He sold out in the spring and was leaving suddenly when, on complaint of the boy, Vail and two constables stopped him on the road. It was proved that he had received three thousand dollars on his sale, but he declared himself unable to pay, though not denying the boy's claim. Judge Vail decided in these words: "Constable, stand this man on his head, shake him well, and see if you can't hear something drop !" No sooner said than done. A vigorous shaking brought to light a wallet containing two thousand dollars in gold dust; the boy received his claim of three hundred dollars, the judge and constables took an ounce apiece for their trouble, and the defendent went his way a lighter man .-Justice like this was cheap at three ounces.

A Hint to Girls.

Standing in a group of gentlemen the other evening, when a young lady passed, one of the party remarked: "What a pity so fine a looking young lady should make herself so ridiculous by such an effected walk." Nature had made her upright and womanly in form, but in her zeal to emulate the Grecian bend or some other outlandish folly she had contracted the habit of walking as if she had a contortion of the spine, and the Chinese shoes on her feet. And she is a fair representative of her class. Not satisfied with themselves as God made them, they constantly trying to improve on nature, and invariably make a botch of the business. If these effected Misses only knew how much merriment they excite among those whose admiration they court, they would quickly "reform it altogether." When a sensible man wants a wife, be sure he will not select her from the artificial hunchbacks and pacing crystal toes of mock fashion.

A Powerful Argument.

A few days ago, a tall, rough-looking mountaineer entered the Union Railroad ticket office at Denver, and, through mistake purchased a ticket for New York via the Kansas Pacific line, when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover this fact until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it, the latter refused to do so.

"You wont change this ticket then, wont you?"

"No, sir," replied the agent, "you have your ticket and I have the money for it, and if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to pay for it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll; very screnely he drew from under his coat-tail a six-shooter about the dimensions of a mountain howitzer; coolly and deliberately he stuck the ticket into the muzzle of that six-shooter, and sticking the ugly looking thing through the little square window of the ticket office; and almost into the agent's face, and speaking in the tone that left no doubt of his determinatation, said :

"Stranger, that's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or I'll blow it clean

through you!"

The ticket was changed immediately, and without any more words from the agent; and the mountaineer walked away, saying, "I just thought I could induce him to change his mind a leetle."

An Affectionate Lion.

"The lion is strong and cruel, yet he will become attached to those who treat him kindly. One was brought from India, and on the passage grew very fond of a sailor who had charge of him. His name was Nero. On being shut up in a cage in London he grew sulky, and was very fierce when any one came near him.

"One day, a few weeks after Nero had been shut up in his new prison, a party of sailors visited the menagerie, and were warned by the keeper not to go too near the lion who every now and then growled savagely at those who were looking at him. All at once one of these sailors ran up to the cage and thrusting in his hand, cried out, 'What, old shipmate? don't you know me? What cheer, old Nero, my

"The lion instantly left off feeding and growling, sprang up on the bars of the cage and put out his nose between them .-Jack patted him on the head, and the lion rubbed his hand with his whiskers like a cat, showing evident signs of pleasure.

"'Ah ?' said Jack, turning to the keeper and spectators, who stood frightened and astonished, 'Nero and I were once shipmates and you see he isn't like some folks; he don't forget an old friend."

Anecdote of Greeley.

The following anecdote is related of Mr. Greeley, who is well known to have been throughout life a stanch advocate of temperance. Through all the campaign he sat at public dinners and suppers where wine and spirit flowed freely, but he never passed the bottle or touched the liquor himself. The waiters who knew his temperance principles were generally puzzled what to do when they came to the row of glasses fronting his place, as the fronted all others. Usually they were directed by a look or gesture of the master of ceremonies to pass him by in silence, but on one occasion an Irish waiter would not abide such an apparent breach of hospitality.

"Hadn't ye better take something, Sir, to get up an appetite, like, after your long ride, Sir ?" the hospitable Hibernian whispered to the startled sage. "A little brandy-and-water, now, would do ye good -it would, upon me soul, Sir."

The heartiness of the appeal touched the philosopher. He recognized the ring of true hospitality in its tones, and his heart relented at the idea of depressing such sterling virtue by a continued refusal.

"Brandy-and-water?" said he. "Well, Pat. I'll take half that to oblige you. Give me the water, and let some one else have the brandy."

Awkward Blunder of a New York Clergyman.

The almost criminal blunder of a New York clergyman brought a youthful pair into an embarrassing predicament, in Providence, R. I., a few days ago. He came there, and without consulting the law governing such solemn engagements, proceeded to perform the ceremony that purported to unite the man and woman in the bonds of matrimony. After the lapse of a little time the deluded couple awoke to the consciousness that they were not legally man and wife, the clergyman, who alone officiated, not being domiciled in that State, A visit to the clergyman in New York, and a repetition of the ceremony there relieved the dilemma; but suppose either party in the meantime had repented the choice, would not a serious responsibility be cast upon the negligent clergyman?

"Purse-proud individual. "Do you know sir that I am worth a hundred thousand dollars?" "Yes," was the reply, "I de, and I know that is all you are worth."

A certain country squire, conceiving that the word "clause" was in the plural number, would often talk of a "claw" in inan Act of Congress.