

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 Trust Class is as follows:

Table with columns: Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment, Age, Assessment. Rows show age groups from 15 to 26 and corresponding assessment amounts.

Will entitle a member to a certificate of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, to be paid at his death to his legal heirs or assigns, whenever such death may occur.

A member, or his heirs, may name a successor; but if notice of the death of a member to the Secretary is not accompanied with the name of a successor, then the Society will put in a successor and fill the vacancy, according to the Constitution of the Society.

Should the member die before his four payments of five dollars are made, the remaining unpaid part will be deducted from the one thousand dollars due his heirs; his successor will then pay only two dollars annually during his lifetime, and the mortality assessments.

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

Agents Wanted! Address D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. # 31 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 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 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!

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break. JAMES H. GRIER, Sec'y of Penn'a Central Insurance Co. # 251f

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, Bating, 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. # 13f

Perry County Bank! Sponser, 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, New Bloomfield, Pa. WM. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLER, President. WILLIAM WILKER, Cashier. New Bloomfield, 3 5 1y

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING Neatly executed at the Bloomfield Times Steam Job Office.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Answer to Enigma in last week's Times: "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

DUTCH LIFE AND CUSTOMS.

ZELL'S MAGAZINE for February opens with an entertaining sketch of "Dutch Life and Manners" (Illustrated), from which we make the following selection.

"The tyranny of social custom is the basis, as it is the bane, of Dutch life. Every one submits to it, and in his turn exercises it; the rich man in his own manner, the poor one in his. We remember a very characteristic case in point. Custom does not permit riding on horseback in the streets of Amsterdam—a prohibition which doubtless sprung into existence from the ancient cleanliness of the towns, and which has always remained a tacit assumption if not a recognized fact. A young progressive philosopher endeavored in our presence to disregard this prohibition. A saddle horse was brought, and he mounted it at the door of his father's house. Hooting and hisses followed him to the very outside of the city, and the children threw stones and sticks at the legs of the animal he bestrode. On the next and following days he renewed his attempt with the Dutch phlegm, when the people again opposed him with the same perseverance. Crackers were exploded so often under the horse's feet that the life of the rider was endangered, and no one, neither the police nor public opinion, dared to intervene in his behalf. His own father himself, quite indifferent to the want of success attending his son's rashness, said as much to the effect that the Dutch people had only exercised their right in resisting innovation.

A married son or daughter never dines with the family without an express invitation. The same sort of formality is also established between brother and sister, for they only visit each other on the footing of guests.

We were one day praising to a Dutch lady the conservatory of a brother of hers who lived in the same city. "I have never seen it," she said, "as I only call upon him in the evenings." As a rule, never do married children live under the same roof with their parents. Therefore some difficulty arises for them in the contraction of marriage, since they must first of all secure a home, and that is not always an easy matter in many of those semi-aquatic towns, more particularly in Amsterdam. A family must therefore emigrate or die out before another can take its place, and hence it is that fathers of families look out for a vacancy before marrying their children. In the meantime the betrothal takes place, under the double guarantee of honor and of Dutch sang froid, forms a sufficient bond of security even though years may elapse before the marriage is celebrated. Until then the young people enjoy a freedom of social intercourse which suffices to make the time pass pleasantly enough. They go outdoors and walk alone together, like Charlotte by the side of Werter. Among the higher classes such liberty as this does not produce any evil consequences; with the lower, those which occasionally do result are tolerated and condoned by public opinion. "What can induce John," said a miller to us, to think of being married before next year? I had promised him to give up my mill to him then. In the mean time my daughter goes to his house every Saturday, and they could live like husband and wife until Sunday." The rights of betrothal are not always understood in so free a manner as by the miller, but many good and honest tradesmen share the same dwelling with young women without exciting any rebroation. In this the result of indifference as to what is denominated manners? or is it native and constitutional impetability? We dare not attempt to decide so delicate and mysterious a question. At all events, however, one may read every day in the newspapers advertisements like this: "Such a one, doing a prosperous business, desires a girl or young widow to look after the shop and his household. If matters should go on well, marriage will follow."

We were one day at a tradesman's shop, and said to the fair and buxom girl behind the counter: "Your husband, madam, undertook to do so and so." "He is not my husband, sir." "Well, your brother, miss." "Nor is he my brother, sir." "Well, what is he then, my child?" She fixed her large candid blue eyes upon us and said: "He is my betrothed, sir." We knew later, that in that circumscribed dwelling of the small shop-keeper type, those two young people shared the same chamber, divided by a slight screen only.

Those daughters of the North are charming to see when they come into the towns on the arms of their lovers and escorted by their relations, to purchase a dress and household finery for the approaching wedding. What candor in those eyes, blue as the heaven, and calm in that look, serene as that of a heifer! What simplicity in their freedom! At every instant happy couples may be seen to stop in the street to exchange kisses. In the evenings, should the theatre be open, the country

visitors hire a box, for on these occasions they do not spare their money. But, when they have thrown a careless look around the house and on the stage, they settle themselves as if they were at home, take notice neither of the audience nor of the piece, and the osculatory process recommences. The girls sit on the young men's knees without any one being in the least scandalized. The party drink up their beer and away they go arm in arm, kissing and hugging each other still.

The young women are also attractive to behold when the Zuyderzee is nothing but a vast sheet of ice, and serves as a means of pedestrian communication between Amsterdam and the Northeastern provinces. They arrive in companies like a flight of birds, mounted on light skates and laying only on a small stick which their companion carries under his arm. A regular zig-zag, formed of long and bold strokes, makes their dresses undulate like the flapping of a sea-gull's wings; their large eyes, and cheeks reddened both by the cold and pleasure, are the emblems of triumphant life in the midst of Nature's apparent death. In less than an hour they will cross the arm of the sea called Y, gliding, or rather flying, like the phantoms of the Ossianic solitudes. When they arrive at the end of their journey one sees that these fairy-like beings are milk-girls.—Across their shoulders they carry a long pole, from either end of which hang two copper vessels glittering in the wintery sun.

To speak truly, it must be stated that the candor of soul and simplicity of manner apparent in the dutch women of the lower orders cause some little illusion as to the purity of their minds. Such is the case throughout the whole Germanic region. Is it that "the law makes the sin," as St. Paul says?

A Revolutionary Reminiscence.

Just after the war broke out, the steward of the Manor of Livingston had been gained over to the royal cause, and had carried most of the tenants in that direction. They had secretly taken the oath of allegiance to King George, and had engaged to join the British standard in arms as soon as a royal force should appear to protect them. As a reward, they were promised the fee-simple of their lands. Information of this intrigue and treachery was given to the board of war, of which Mr. Morris was a member. The steward was apprehended, his crime proved, and he was condemned to death. Upon the question of his execution, it was proposed that it should immediately take place to prevent escape or rescue. Mr. Morris dissuaded this course.—"Fit out a sloop here at Albany," he recommended, "take the man down in it to the Manor of Livingston, call out the tenants, and hang him in their presence." This was done. The next week a draft from the militia was ordered throughout by the board of war, and the Manor of Livingston was the only place in it that turned out, at a moment's warning, every man that was required.—"Old and New."

Pretty Poll.

Mr. Butler, a gentleman much given to prayer-meetings, owns a parrot, a very noisy one, by the way, and one which in swearing we devoutly believe would stand a fair chance in a competition with the "Army in Flanders." We don't like to say anything ugly about that parrot, but we trust and believe that it would be a blessing to the neighborhood if—if it would hang itself. Here is an instance of its rascality:

On the occasion of one of Mr. Butler's tri-weekly prayer-meetings, a large congregation assembled, and the parrot was present. During an unusually lengthy prayer which was uttered by a pious individual, who seemed to be praying by the furlong, the head of the house became drowsy and resigned himself to the rosy god of slumber.

Immediately there proceeded from the nasal organ snores which were loud, and very interesting. The parrot eyed him awhile in silence and then complacently observed: "May I be d—if old Butler ain't asleep!"

A Singular Plant.

A singular vegetable phenomenon was discovered during recent explorations in Arabia. It is called the laughing plant, from the effect produced by the seeds.—When they are pulverized and eaten in small quantities, the person eating them will soon begin to laugh loudly, then to sing, dance, and do all manner of absurd things. This lasts for an hour, after which he goes to sleep, and having slept another hour, wakes up totally unconscious of what has occurred. It has been suggested that this plant might be made a substitute for alcohol, and that it would have the advantage of being cheaper, until the Government should see through the trick and commence to tax it. But it is scarcely probable that the Arabian plant could in fact be made popular in that capacity, for it does not appear that it inspires the person who partakes of it with a desire to whip his wife, murder his mother, or indulge in any of the little pleasantries that the alcohol of the period moves on to perpetrate.

A Clergyman Horsewhips His Bride.

About fifteen months ago, the Rev. J. Rehsteiner, a native of Switzerland, came to Richmond, Indiana, and took charge of the Lutheran church in that city as pastor. He met Miss Mary Bier, with whom he seemed to fall violently in love at first sight. He began a vigorous courtship, which terminated in their marriage on the 29th of August last.

All accounts agree that Mary made him a gentle and loving wife, and they were apparently contented and happy. Soon after their marriage they made a short wedding tour to St. Louis, and just here began the trouble which led to the most disgraceful conduct on his part, and to a final and very natural separation on hers. While in St. Louis, Rehsteiner met a former fiancée, and not having heeded the adage, "Be sure you are off with the old love before you are on with the new," the old attachment returned, and he began to manifest a coldness and indifference towards his bride, and seemed determined to get rid of her at any cost.

Shortly after Christmas, however, she revealed the fact to two of her lady intimates that on the night of the 27th of December he had whipped her most unmercifully with a leather whip on her nude body. She exhibited to them the cuts and bruises on her person. The rumors finally reached the ears of her father, in Greenville, Ohio, and he started at once to Richmond to institute an inquiry, and if his suspicions of ill-treatment on the part of Rehsteiner were confirmed, to procure a separation and the return of his daughter to the paternal roof.

On Sunday he went to the house and asked Rehsteiner whether he would allow him to ask his reasons for the way in which he had conducted himself toward his wife. Rehsteiner literally howled, and ordered him to leave the house. Mr. Bier obeyed, and returned no more; but he went to the mayor on Monday morning and filed a complaint against Rehsteiner for assaulting his daughter, and had him promptly brought into the mayor's court for trial.

Mrs. Rehsteiner was placed on the witness stand, and testified to the whipping as above mentioned, and showed some of the marks yet remaining on her person. She also stated that on last Saturday night he again attempted to whip her, and even had the impudence to try to compel her to go and get the whip for that purpose. Failing in this, however, he went and got the whip himself and gave her several blows.

Rehsteiner pleaded "not guilty," but the evidence of his guilt was so palpable that the mayor, without hesitation, fined him to the full extent of the law, the fine, including costs, amounting to \$120.40. The depravity of this man was only equalled by his brazen effrontery in appearing before his congregation, last Sunday morning, and preaching his "farewell sermon."

A Little Stretched.

The following is only a little exaggerated above what any enthusiastic Californian will say, and swear at you if you do not believe it:

Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy? It ain't anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that too, without travelin' more than fifteen minutes. Jest think o' that the next cold morning when you get out o' bed. There is a mountain there—the Sara Nevada they call it—with a valley on each side of it, one hot one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double barreled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, just as you wish." "What have you ever tried it?" "Tried it? Open, and should have done very well but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog froze his tail off while p'intin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see; true as you live." Marble sloped.

Dean Ramsey tells the following ludicrous story of an extempore prayer: A Highland minister, having been requested by his flock to pray for better weather, and being at the same time warned to be cautious in presenting his petition, because the last time he had prayed for better weather it became worse, thus expressed himself: "An' noo, Lord, I have a petition to present, but I maun be unco wary o' the wordin' o't. Ye ken, Lord, the kittle state the crops are in. Just send us a saughan', dreicin' breeze as'll save the strae, an' winna harm the heed; for if ye send a tearin', reevin', thunderin' storm, as ye did the last time I prayed for guide weather, ye'll play the very mischief wi' the aits, and fairly spoil a'."

The Rector and the Poor Boy.

An indigent boy applied for alms at the house of an avaricious rector, and received a dry mouldy crust. The rector inquired of the boy if he could say the Lord's Prayer, and was answered in the negative. "Then," said the rector, "I will teach you that. 'Our Father!' 'Our Father!'" said the boy; "is he my Father as well as yours?" "Yes, certainly." "Then," replied the boy, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy crust of bread?"

A Talk with the Boys.

The subject of providing an adequate number of good mechanics for the want of the public, is becoming a matter of serious consideration. Judging from the course our boys are pursuing at the present time, our prospects for good workmen are anything but favorable, and I am pleased that this question is beginning to be agitated.

Lately I chanced to see an article in one of the many papers that find their way into reading-rooms, which I will use as a text for a short talk with the boys:

"There is nothing more fully assured than this—that unless something is done in behalf of the rising generation of boys, in regard to facilities for learning trades, ten years hence, such a thing as a skillful American workman will be a curiosity for Barnum to secure at any cost."

Now boys let us consider why it is, that we must apprehend danger of American mechanics becoming scarce. Is it because there are no boys to learn trades, or are they not needed as apprentices, or is it because that good and faithful boys are no more to be found? Look around you, and behold what a multitude of mechanics are required to carry on the many branches of industry, and soon all these will step aside to make room for you, and it is evident from a view of the course boys of to-day are taking, that their places will not be well filled, and why? Simply because boys do not learn trades thoroughly. How few there are that serve out their time as apprentices. Do they not generally quit their masters at the end of one or two years, with the intention to get wages, and steal the balance of their trade? This is the reason why boys find it so difficult to get a situation to learn a trade. Master mechanics knowing that there is so little dependence to be placed in boys, are loth to receive an apprentice, because it does not pay to keep a boy that will not serve out his time. Better hire a good workman, than to waste time with an unfaithful apprentice. Ask if you please, any, or all those skillful mechanics how they obtained such knowledge and skill. Their answer will be, "I served an apprenticeship faithfully under a skilled master." Now it is true that unless something is done, there will be no skillful American workmen in ten years hence. You boys, alone can remedy the evil. You who intend to learn a trade, stand up to the work like men.—When you make a contract with a mechanic for a certain time, to serve as apprentice, don't leave until the last moment of your time arrives, and then you will learn something. Let me tell you that it is not an easy matter to steal a trade, as some think of doing. The time you waste in trying to do so, far exceeds what it would take under the instructions of a good master workman. If, after working a short time with a good master, you should offer yourself as a full hand, you will be expected to understand your trade, and if you fail to give satisfaction, you will either be put to the roughest part of the work, or perhaps disgracefully discharged.

In conclusion, let me urge you to serve a full and faithful apprenticeship to a good trade, and we shall have as good workmen in the future as we have now.

How to be Nobody.

It is easy to be nobody, as we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time.

You need not drink much now! just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, chequers, or something else, to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read useful books.

If you read, let it be dime novels of the day. Thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless, (as it is quite likely,) you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about country taverns, just ready to be nobodies.

The general servant of a Parisian gentleman entered, "like Niobe, all tears, his wife's chamber sobbing: "Oh, madam! Oh, madam!" "What is the matter, Françoise?" "Madam, I have stuck a fork into my finger."

"Oh, that's nothing, Françoise; you will not feel it to-morrow."

"I should not be afraid, madam, if I was sure the fork was silver."

"You may, then be perfectly easy; the fork is; all our forks are silver."

"Oh, then I don't feel alarmed; but I was dreadfully frightened, for I thought the fork was plated."

The next day Françoise disappeared, taking all the forks with her.

Mathematical Toast.

The following toast, it is said, was drunk at an association of School Masters. The sentiments which are embodied in it, are well worthy the attentive consideration of every American lady: The fair daughters of Columbia: May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments, by sweetness of temper divide time by sociality and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination by a modest christian deportment.