

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 FIFTH YEAR, 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 | Assess- ment | Age | Assess- ment | Age | Assess- ment | Age | Assess- ment |
|-----|-----------------|-----|-----------------|-----|-----------------|-----|-----------------|
| 15 | 60 | 28 | 73 | 41 | 92 | 54 | 170 |
| 16 | 61 | 29 | 74 | 42 | 93 | 55 | 180 |
| 17 | 62 | 30 | 75 | 43 | 94 | 56 | 192 |
| 18 | 63 | 31 | 76 | 44 | 95 | 57 | 204 |
| 19 | 64 | 32 | 77 | 45 | 96 | 58 | 216 |
| 20 | 65 | 33 | 78 | 46 | 97 | 59 | 228 |
| 21 | 66 | 34 | 79 | 47 | 98 | 60 | 240 |
| 22 | 67 | 35 | 80 | 48 | 99 | 61 | 245 |
| 23 | 68 | 36 | 81 | 49 | 100 | 62 | 250 |
| 24 | 69 | 37 | 82 | 50 | 101 | 63 | 255 |
| 25 | 70 | 38 | 83 | 51 | 102 | 64 | 260 |
| 26 | 71 | 39 | 84 | 52 | 103 | 65 | 265 |
| 27 | 72 | 40 | 85 | 53 | 104 | 66 | 265 |

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, 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.

••• Marks. Four marks from fifteen to sixty-five years of age, good moral habits, in good health, have 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.

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

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company having had but little loss during the past year, the amount of 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. in 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 Stock Companies at the same rate, they would have paid \$4,000 more than it cost them in the 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. GRIEVE,
Sec'y of Penn's 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 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, 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.

3713

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, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:

W. A. SPONSLER, President.

New Bloomfield, 251

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters:

My 7, 6, 8, 9, 2 and 11 is a spirituous draught. My 3, 4, 1 and 5 is a lady's injunction to a passing gent. My 4, 8, 8, 9, 2 and 11 is required insure success. My 5, 4, 4 and 11 is a horde of people. My 10, 7, 8, 9, 2 and 11 is the right to choose for yourself. My 3, 4, 1, 9, 3 and 6 is Dolly Varden dry goods. My 3, 4, 7, 9, 8, 4 and 1 is the House of national legislation. My 1, 9, 2 and 11 is the emblem of the English Government. My whole is a topic for speculation.

WIDOW BROWN.

HE'S the very man—of course he is! How stupid I was, not to think of him before!

Such was the exclamation of Harry Minus, a young gentleman of "refined tastes, expensive habits, and elegant ideas," as he sat, with his feet on the fender, in his little bachelor apartment—a four pair back in a pleasant and salubrious quarter of the west end of Boston. He had just thrown an unfinished inch of Havana into the smouldering embers, and wisdom came with the last whiff. Harry was regarded as a handsome young man, though he was slightly used up by the pace he had gone for the last few years. Still he was in tolerable preservation, and was well made up by one of those benevolent Schneiders, who "exult to trust and blush to be paid." But he was now in rather an unenviable position.

"Cards had tricked him, and ill fortune clogged the dice." His landlady, who "was a poor lone woman," was frequently introducing the subject of "her little bill," which was fast swelling to the proportions of a "big bill," that threatened to knock the non-paying lodger in the head.

But there was a ray of hope; another widow—middle-aged, it was true, but O, adorable in the respectability of bank stock, dear in the amenities of real estate—Harry had made her acquaintance, and some progress in her good graces. She liked military men; and Harry had served with distinction in the militia. He sometimes went to military balls, in a swallow-tailed blue coat, turned up with buff. But then the widow was fond of poetry, and Harry could not write a line.

The exultant exclamation, recorded by Capt. Minus in the commencement of this paper, was prompted by his remembering that he had a friend in the literary way who could aid him in a laudable scheme of passing as a poet with the widow Brown—"done brown, she will be, if the plan succeeds," thought the very moral young man.

A call on Philetus Crowquill was immediately made. Philetus inhabited very doubtful lodgings in the neighborhood of Causeway Street, a classic attic, without the consolations of Beranger's sky-parlor. Philetus had commenced life with the settled purpose of making himself the Font-blanc of Boston; he now subsisted on writing puffs for quack nostrums, and leading articles for the "very young ladies' magazine." All the traditional shabbiness of literature was exemplified in his surroundings."

He received Capt. Minus, with "distinguished consideration," and very readily agreed, for a small consideration, to open the attack on the widow with three or four sounding stanzas. Plunging his pen into the inkstand, he drove it over a sheet of paper at a 2.40 rate, and soon finished the verses. They were pronounced excellent.

"They are rather good, I think," said Crowquill, modestly. "Do you think they'll fetch the widow?"

"I'm sure of it," said Minus, emphatically.

"All right, my boy," answered Crowquill. "Now just draw your chair to the table, and while I step out and get a bite—I haven't eaten a morsel to day,—you can copy my poem."

"Good!" answered Minus, and he bent to the task.

The literary gentleman had not been gone more than five minutes, before a round red face was cautiously protruded through the door, and two gray eyes, belonging to the face, took a keen survey of the busy occupant of the room. After the face, there appeared, successively, a red bandanna handkerchief, a stout drab coat, a thick stick, and a pair of legs and feet encased in corduroy and cow-hide boots, constituting an animal of the genus homo, who stealthily approached the table, and tapping Capt. Minus on the shoulder, smiled affectionately and familiarly upon him, as he turned round with a dramatic start and beheld the "unbidden guest."

"You're wanted down there!" said the proprietor of the thick stick, as he jerked his thumb in the direction of Leverett Street jail.

Minus knew that there was more than one writ suspended over his head; it was the cause of his anxiety to possess the widow; and he recognized, without difficulty, a sheriff's officer. To gain a little time was all he desired, and it occurred to

him to borrow, for a brief space, the name of his literary friend.

"You've made a mistake this time, my good fellow," he said, haughtily; "my name's Crowquill."

"The very man I'm after—videlicet—to wit," said the myrmidon, displaying the writ.

"I mean," said Minus, suddenly correcting himself, "that my name's Minus."

"Gammon!" said the officer.

It was useless to resist. Minus was taken to the lock-up, vowed vengeance. On the way, he encountered a friend, who volunteered his testimony as to Minus's identity. But alas! no sooner was he released than another officer, the very facsimile of No. 1, served another writing upon the wretched young man, and as it was too late to procure bail, he passed the night in durance vile.

The next day he despatched a note to Crowquill, to arrange about procuring bail.

It was answered by the appearance of the literary gentleman in person, but so changed that his friend recognized him with difficulty. He was clad in a new suit of black, and looked as radiant as Apollo himself.

"Have you got bail?" asked Minus.

"I've done better—I've paid the debt," replied Crowquill.

"My dear boy! where did you get the means? You've got no money."

"My wife has!"

"What! are you married?"

"Last night, my boy!"

"To whom?"

"The widow Brown! Lord bless you! I've been courting her for six months. She liked soldiers, but preferred poets. She said you were well enough, but that I was the *very man*. Don't be downcast. There's other widows to be had for asking. Come and dine with me, for this afternoon we start upon our bridal tour."

Some Bad Spells.

Among samples of bad spelling furnished by a correspondent are the following:

Occasionally cases of bad spelling, crop out among the professions, and some lamentable instances of weakness in this respect come to light among the "humanitarians." For instance, a young lawyer in an interior city early one morning locked his office door and left upon it this mysterious legend: "Gone to brexfus."

In a small New England town a druggist was surprised and disturbed to receive, at the hands of a dirty-looking customer, the following prescription: "Please give the bare sumphin to fizick him 15 cts worth."

The proprietor of a country store once worked himself nearly into a brain fever endeavoring to make intelligible the following note, handed to him by a small boy the son of one of his customers:

"mister Grean,

"Wunt you let my boay hev a pare of Esy toad shuz?"

However, he was probably no more horrified than the schoolmaster who received a letter from the man who wrote:

"I have decided to inter my boy in your scull."

The letter which some person wrote to an editor, when discontinuing his paper, contains internal evidence of the truth of its assertions:

"I think folks oftent to spend their munny for payper. my dad diddnt and evry body sed he was the intelligentest man in the country and has the smartest family of boize that ever dugged taters."

"This house for sail," was the announcement a traveler saw nailed over the door of an humble dwelling in New Hampshire. He called the proprietor to the door and gravely inquired, "When is your house going to sail?" "When some fellow comes along who can raise the wind," responded the man, with a sly twinkle in his eye, and the traveler moved mournfully on.