

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 FIRST CLASS is as follows:

Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment	Age	Assessment
15	60	28	73	41	92	54	1 70
16	61	29	74	42	94	55	1 80
17	62	30	75	43	96	56	1 92
18	63	31	76	44	98	57	2 04
19	64	32	77	45	1 00	58	2 16
20	65	33	78	46	1 02	59	2 28
21	66	34	79	47	1 10	60	2 40
22	67	35	80	48	1 15	61	2 45
23	68	36	81	49	1 20	62	2 50
24	69	37	82	50	1 30	63	2 55
25	70	38	83	51	1 40	64	2 60
26	71	39	84	52	1 50	65	2 65
27	72	40	85	53	1 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 name 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 W. CRAIGER, Sec'y of U. B. Mutual Aid Society, LEBANON, PA.

Agents Wanted!

Address D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. 6 31 5m 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! 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 Penn'a Central Insurance Co. 4 25t

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 Chains, Cotton, Yarn, Sewing, 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. 37 13t

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 WELLS, Cashier. New Bloomfield, 5 6 15

The Peddler's Story.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, when I was younger than I am now, and had seen less of the world, I was traveling through a portion of the west which was then considered quite remote, but is now almost the heart of the country. I had then some hopes of preparing myself for a life of usefulness, though I may not have realized so much as I then anticipated.

I had some money, but that my rather extended travels might not cost me too much, I took a small trunk of jewelry, for which I found tolerable demand, the profits of my sales fully paying my expenses.

The section of country through which I was passing was very sparsely settled. Indeed, it would seem at times as though I had passed the limits of civilization, and might be tending towards the abode of "Lo: the poor Indian!"

But a few miles travel would bring me to the cabin of some lone settler, or, perchance, in the midst of the wilderness, a prosperous village would be found growing up.

Upon the day of which I am about to speak I was passing through such a reach of the wilderness. I had made five miles at least since leaving the last habitation, and was beginning to wonder what I should emerge upon next, if ever I came out at all, when my speculations were cut short by a rough looking person, who emerged from the forest and joined me, proceeding along the trail by my side.

He looked me over, eyed my trunk attentively, and then began a random conversation. He informed me that I had about two miles to walk before reaching any settlement; and as he seemed a very agreeable person, I rather congratulated myself upon having fallen in with him.

Perhaps you may imagine the change in my feelings when he suddenly stopped in front of me, and held a pistol to my face.

"I'll thank ye for that little chest of jewelry and sich money as ye may have about ye," he said, in tones which admitted of no misinterpretation.

I knew not what to do. I felt certain of being immensely the superior of my antagonist in strength and skill, having seldom met my match physically. I had two trusty pistols in my possession, but before I could produce one of them, it would be too late to use it. In this dilemma I undertook to parley a few moments with the desperado, hoping to throw him off his guard.

"You would not take my all, and allow me no means of paying my way or returning to my friends?" I said, feigning more alarm than I really felt, and not quite at ease in my mind regarding the matter.

"Jest fork over," was the emphatic response, "or I'll put a streak of cold lead through yer face."

"Are you in earnest?" I asked, keeping myself calm with some effort.

"See here," and villainous earnestness marked every syllable, "if you ask another question before you fork over, I'll blow yer brains out! Now, hand along yer duds."

I drew from my vest pocket a quantity of loose change which I carried there, and handed it to him. This was readily stowed away, the pistol being presented all the while.

"Now, the chest."

As I handed this toward him he made the very move I had been so anxiously waiting for. His attention was distracted from the pistol and his aim momentarily lost. Before he could recover it I gave his arm a furious kick, which sent the weapon whirling some twenty feet through the air. The fellow was surprised, but not defeated.

With an agility and power for which I had not given him credit, the ruffian sprang upon me, and I received a blow in the forehead which sent me reeling two or three paces from the spot where I stood. Next instant he was upon me again with a furious kick, which I avoided and grasp his foot. After a short struggle I succeeded in getting him upon his back, where I was able to hold him with comparative ease.

"This done, I lost no time in getting out one of my pistols, which I pointed at the desperado's head, remarking in tones which I suspect were rather forcible.

"Now, sir, I'll trouble you for those loose pieces of silver."

He produced them with a sullen scowl, and when they were safe within my possession, I asked him if he would peaceably leave the place, and never molest me again, if I would spare his life. He seemed quite willing to make these terms, and when I allowed him to rise, made way at once into the forest, not even stopping to pick up his pistol, which was useless at the time, having exploded on striking the ground.

I replaced my weapon, took my trunk, and hurried along, as it was almost sunset, and I wished to stop before dark, not putting much faith in the promises of my companion.

After traveling something like a mile, I came in sight of a humble log cabin, situated in a clearing of a few acres. I had learned to read the character of the settlers from the appearance of their dwellings, and I was rather favorably impressed by this. At any rate I saw that the propri-

ety was a go-ahead, workman, whatever his character might be otherwise.

As I approached the place I encountered a middle aged man with a trifle of recklessness in his manner, but who rather impressed me favorably.

"Well, 'squire, this is a fine evening," he remarked, as I came up.

"Is it?" was my response. "Are you the owner of this place?"

"Just about that," was the reply.

"Can you give me a supper and a place to sleep to-night?" I asked.

"Jest like a book, provided ye kin put up with our kind of fair," was the ready response.

I followed him into the house, where I found the evening meal, which was very nicely prepared, smoking upon the table. After doing it ample justice, we gathered about the door, and conversed for some time upon topics of general interest.

The family consisted of the man, his wife and two children. Three years previous they had moved to their present home, locating upon a tract of land embracing a hundred acres, which they had succeeded in paying for, and were now getting it under a tolerable cultivation.

They expressed a great deal of satisfaction in case their children should in any manner become orphans they would not be homeless. I congratulated them upon their success, and felt at times tempted to relate my adventure in the forest. But I never possessed a disposition to gossip much of myself, and soon after twilight faded away, asked that I might be shown to my sleeping apartment.

As they were unused to entertaining visitors, I was shown to the children's bed, upon which fresh sheets had been placed, presenting a very inviting appearance to my weary limbs. I asked that the children be allowed to occupy their own beds, while I extemporized one upon the floor, but to this mine host would not listen. Placing the candle upon a stand of his own manufacture, he retired leaving me to the meditations of slumber I might receive.

The apartment was a snug one, and opening from the principal room of the cabin. I was speedily in bed, and in a few minutes had quite forgotten myself.

How long I had slept I don't know, but I was awakened by the opening of the outer door. Exclamations of surprise escaped the husband and wife, who had retired, and after the exchange of a few words, I heard the striking of a light, and a moment later its rays penetrated the crevices of the partition.

Naturally enough, I looked to see the cause of the commotion, which I could easily do through the aforementioned cracks. Imagine my surprise when I recognized in the newcomer the person whom I had encountered in the forest, and heard him addressed as brother by mine host!

I realized at once that I was in the utmost peril, not only during the night, but when I should attempt to leave the place, be it soon or later. I considered the matter for a few minutes, and decided in my own mind that I should be in the greatest danger if I went forth into the darkness in a region where I was totally unacquainted, so I resolved to remain quiet in my room, and wait the progress of events. There were no means of fastening the door of my room, so I could only make my pistols ready and dispense with sleep till such time as I should reach more promising quarters.

The two brothers sat and conversed some time in low tones, and as I could not avoid hearing some of their remarks, learned that they had not met for two years previous to the present time. They had some things to say in regard to the past life of each, but it was only for a short time, and then the ruffian made an inquiry which I was assured related to myself.

I became very attentive now, and was soon convinced that the newcomer was urging his brother to join him in my murder and robbery, or allow him to do it alone. At first he seemed to refuse, most decidedly, but after a time his objections seemed to give way, his brother continuing to plead his cause most vehemently, though in words so carefully spoken that they did not reach my ears, even though I listened pretty anxiously.

Finally mine host seemed to consent, and then followed a very quiet preparation. The elder brother took a candle, while the younger brother, took a pistol from his pocket and flourished it by the muzzle, as though weighing the breach in his hand.

Up to the moment when they began moving toward my door, I had not determined on any mode of action. Seeing that the crisis had arrived, I backed into one corner of the little apartment, and held both of my pistols in readiness for action. At the door they stopped for a time, and I fancied the sounds of whispered consultation came to my ears.

Soon the latch was carefully raised, and the door pushed a little.

It creaked, and as they seemed to fear its noise might arouse me too soon, it was thrown open, and the two assassins rushed to the side of my bed, with the clubbed pistol ready for immediate use. Of course they were surprised to find the bed empty.

Just as they discovered my whereabouts I exclaimed:

"Back! back! or I will shoot you." The master villain did not move a hair,

but raised his weapon, which had been shifted in his hand, and fired at me.

I was not behind; though the reports of our pistols were almost simultaneous. His bullet grazed my cheek, making its course felt for a couple of inches, and lodging in the wall. My own aim had been more deliberate, and the ruffian sank to the floor with a groan.

"Mercy, sir, mercy" gasped the host, as I advanced with the other pistol presented, "I would not have harmed you sir—"

"Then why were you here?" I asked, "If you did not mean to do me harm, you assisted one who did!"

"But I was urged to do it, and I was fool enough to consent. I knew better—oh, spare me!"

He grovelled upon his knees, and displayed signs of the most abject fear and abasement, so that despite the fearful association of human bloodshed, the first which I ever spilt, it was most ludicrous to see the effect upon him of a pistol muzzle.

I had intended to spare him unless he too had shown fight, so I put up my pistol and bade him assist in placing the wounded man upon the couch.

We endeavored to raise him, but the effort seemed to give him great pain, and we desisted. The bullet had found a vital spot, and he died before many minutes had passed.

The horrified family made no effort to detain me, the husband assuring them that all the blame was attached to the fallen man and I left them, taking my way back to the settlement from which I came in the afternoon.

Here I aroused a magistrate, made a deposition of the facts, and was allowed to go my way upon my recognizance to appear on trial if summoned. Never having received any summons, I long since ceased to expect it, and likewise closed my life of wandering.

A Funny Jury.

There dwelt some years ago in Bourbon county, Kentucky, a drunken, worthless one-eyed fellow named C—, whose chief occupations were getting tipsy and fighting. There had just been elected a new prosecuting attorney, who was entitled to a part of the fines which might be imposed on the malefactors of Bourbon, and he determined to squelch old C—. He did not wait long for an opportunity to have him arrested. B—, the constable, said it was an important case, wanted about three days to get an appropriate jury to try it. On the third day the new attorney was informed that things were ready at the court house. There was the judge, and behind him the constable. On one side sat one-eyed C—, on the other the twelve jurymen, "jess like him" on benches forming a triangle, each with a plug of tobacco and a jack-knife, the gift of the constable, whittling away, and according to order, spitting to the centre. The astonished prosecutor looked at the jury and exclaimed:

"Where did the constable get this jury?"

The constable quietly replied, "I thought the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers, and I've been out three days hunting 'em, I've got twelve here, but if you don't like 'em, I've got twelve more outside waiting."

The prosecutor looked out and saw seated on the fence twelve more ditto, similarly equipped and employed. He turned to the court in undisguised wrath and said:

"I'll dismiss the case!"

The constable wrote his return on the warrant thus: "Dismissed by the county attorney on sight of the jury," and so it stands recorded to this day. The prisoner was discharged, and left the court house, rejoicing at having been deprived of his constitutional right of being tried by the previously mentioned citizens.

A Ludicrous Exception.

Farmer Brown was not well educated; indeed, he was guiltless of a knowledge of reading and writing and his system of etiquette belonged to the barbaric ages. His daughter, Jane, was quite the reverse of her father in all these respects, and at the time we write of was entertaining at dinner a large party of neighboring farmers and their wives, at her father's house, on the occasion of her return from boarding school. It may be inferred that her father's intelligence and behavior was a source of perpetual solicitude to Jane, and previous to the party she had instructed her father that when speaking of anything he should add for fear of offending any one "the present company excepted."

He was half an hour late for dinner and, tired of waiting, Jane invited the guests to begin operations. They had not long begun ere Brown rushed abruptly into the room in a stream of perspiration.

"Why, dear papa," said Jane, "what kept you so late?"

"The fact is, Jane," replied he, "I've been visitin' neebor Smith's pigs, and they're the finest lot of hogs I ever seed, the present company alus excepted."

Josh Billings says, "that the best time to repent of a blunder is just before the blunder is made."

SUNDAY READING.

A Speech by Mr. Spurgeon.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has been delivering another characteristic speech in Surry at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new chapel. He said no money was to be placed in the cavity in the stone, only some of the denomination papers and a history of the Church. He thought it quite as well that this should be the case, for he could not see the use of burying money, and he had no doubt they had none to spare for that purpose. He added, amid much laughter that he had known memorial stones to suddenly move during the night when money had been placed in them. He assured the people that if they hoped to prosper they must cultivate generosity. He had sometimes been told that if he touched upon the subject the less he said the better. He once heard a man say, "If you want to touch my purse you must touch my heart" to which he (Mr. Spurgeon) replied, "I believe you, because there is where you keep your heart."

Another man once said to him, "I thought you preached for souls, and not for money;" and he replied, "So we do, but we can't live upon souls, and if we could, it would take a large number such as yours to make a single breakfast." The fact was that such people had no religion at all. When the chapel was built it would become a question how was it to be filled? He had in his time sent a good many ministers out, and some time ago he was applied to for one that would "fill a chapel," to which he replied that he had not one of that size on hand, and then the applicants told him that was not what they meant, but a minister who could draw a congregation together. But he begged to remind them that it was not for the minister to fill a chapel; it must be done by the congregation; they must get the people to come and hear the minister, and there are many ways of doing this. There were some churches in which there had been no conversions for months, and even years, and yet if the people were spoken to on the subject they would say they were very comfortable.—That was the worst of it. Imagine a large fire breaking out, and the engines being sent for, and on arriving somewhere near the fire the men stopped, taking seats on the engines and lighting up their pipes, and on being asked how they were getting on with the fire they should reply, "O, we are not doing any thing toward putting the fire out, but we are uncommonly comfortable!" All he could say was that if a church-member could be comfortable when good was not being done he was no use to any church, and the sooner he was packed off to some other than the Lord's business the better. Mr. Spurgeon closed his speech by handing to the pastor of the village chapel a check for \$500.

Evil Speaking.

Speaking evil of others is one of the most unamiable habits that can be acquired, and one that leads to infinite mischief; it is not always easy to avoid it, for there are a great many persons in the world who are not what they ought to be, and who do many things they ought not to do. It is hard for a blunt, generous mind to refrain from expressing itself about mean people and mean acts; there is something in meanness and dishonesty that rouses the indignation of such a mind, and it likes the luxury of denouncing them in bold, unmeasured terms. But the practice, as a practice, is a troublesome and dangerous one.

There are occasions when it is our duty to speak out in exposure of wrong; but in general, it is best to abstain from evil speaking, even of evil persons. We are not made judges of others' actions; no one has the right to assume the character of arbiter and censor. Even the best of us have our faults, and if every one should presume to denounce the vices and misconduct of others, the world would be given up to defamation.

We may see and hear much that we do not admire and cannot like; we may become cognizant of many evil deeds done by evil persons; but it is the part of wisdom and discretion to pass them by without notice, except when to speak of them cautiously may be necessary as a warning to a friend.

We all have enough enemies in this world, without provoking others by ill-tempered comments. The enmity of evil men is a thing to be avoided, for while it can do us no good, it may do us much harm. Besides we may make mistakes in the haste of honest indignation, and speak evil of good men for acts we do not understand. Such a mistake is worse than the other; for while it is imprudent to promiscuously denounce evil men, it is cruel wrong to defame a good one.

"A thread can hide a star, a sixpence can hide the view of everything around us; and a man with but little of this fleeting world may blind his mind, harden his heart, and he may lose himself, and be cast away at last."

Men in former ages, though simple and plain, were great in themselves, and independent of a thousand things which have since been invented, to supply perhaps the true greatness which is now extinct.