

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, and corresponding values for different age groups.

Will entitle a member to a certificate of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, to be paid at his death...

A member, or his heirs, may name a successor; but if notice of the death of a member to the Secretary...

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...

Male and Female from fifteen to sixty-five years of age, of good moral habits, in good health, and sound of mind...

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 60 per cent. on the usual one year cash rates...

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break.

JAMES H. GIER, 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...

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.

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, Baiting, 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.

Perry County Bank!

Sponster, 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. SPONSTER, Bloomfield, Perry county, Pa. R. F. JUNKIN, Wm. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSTER, President. WILLIAM WILDER, Cashier. New Bloomfield, 251y

Uncle Joe's Story.

"THIS was how it was," began Uncle Joe clearing his vocal hatchway by rolling an immense quid into one cheek. "When I'd made up my mind to come out here an' buy Mother, as I call my wife, she made me a belt to kerry my money in. Them was the days afore greenbacks, an' bank-notes was no great shakes of they got too far from home. So land buyers mostly kerrid what they hed in speechy, which they commonly did in belts buckled round their bodies—a dodge the robbers soon got up to, an' the fust thing they did when they got holt of a chap, was to look for his money belt.

"Well, I kissed Mother, an' bid her good-bye one mornin', an' sot out to hunt a new home for us, kerryin, the price of it with me in hard cash.

"Nothin' wuth mentionin' happened till one night I stopped at a cabin, an' axt for lodgin'.

"You can hev 'em," was the answer—"that is, providin' you don't object to sleepin' double, for another stranger's here afore you."

"I didn't esgawly like the idee; but houses were scarce in them parts, an' not carin' to resk goin' furdur an' farin' wuss, I lit, an' takin' my saddle-bags on my arm led my critter round to the stable, the proprior showin' the way, an' when Ole Roan'd ben looked arter, we went into the house.

"T'other stranger was settin' by the fire an' give me a sharp look as I come for'ard.

"Good-evenin'," sez I, an' he sez so too.

"Neither of us sed much more till arter supper, which the settler's wife brung in soon. The cookin' wa'n't ekal to Mother's, but hunger, you know's, good sass for enny cook'ry.

"T'other stranger, I noticed, kep' watchin' me sharp. I didn't fancy his looks much; but arter a spell he made up to me quite friendly an' sociable like, an' it was always my way to meet that sort o' thing half-way.

"He, too, was on the look-out to buy an' we compared notes on the subjec' till bed-time. Our host was one o' them sort o' chaps that listens a good deal without sayin' much, an' his wife looked as ef she durstn't say much ef she would.

"We paid our bills afore goin' to bed T'other traveler sed he was goin' to start afore day; but as our roads lay but a little ways together, I concluded I wouldn't rise so soon for the sake of only that much company. Sun up was early enough for me.

"Our sleepin' room was one eend o' the cabin petitioned off by itself.

"It's a long time sence you an' me sleep' together," sez the stranger, when we was both ready to lay down.

"So 'tis," sez I; "which side do you take?"

"Front," sez he, 'ef it's all the same to you."

"All the same," sez I, jumpin' in.

"The stranger follered, an' I don't know what he done, but I soon fell asleep.

"I don't know how late or early it was when I woke up, feelin' chilly like. The moon was shinin' bright through the window. The cloths was turned over from the front side o' the bed, and there stood my bed-feller, leanin' over me with a stoo knife in one hand, a fumblin' at the buckle o' my money belt with t'other.

"Of course you grasped the arm that yielded the knife with one of your hands, and the villain's throat with the other!"

"Well, no, I didn't."

"You cried out, then."

"Not that either."

"Well," continued Uncle Joe, "I lay as still as a mouse till that peaky critter ondome my belt, and slipped it from onder me, which he did so gently that I bar'ly felt it, wide awake as I was. Then he pulled the cover over me, an' tuckin' it in as careful as mother could a done, he buckled my belt around him, finished dressin' and slipped out."

"And you lay there and let yourself be robbed without uttering a word?"

"I didn't see no good in speakin'," said Uncle Joe. "I knowed he'd sock his knife inter me ef I so much as cheap'd, an' take the chance o' cuttin' his way through the landlord arterward, ef so be he woke up. No—I didn't say a word, but just turned over an' took another nap, an' in good time got up, an' mounted Ole Roan an' rid off, jest as ef nothin' happened. I got to my journey's end that day, an' bought my land the next."

"But your money?"

"Oh! that was all right," said Uncle Joe.

"Why, didn't the robber get it?"

"He got the belt," Uncle Joe answered. "You see, Mother an' me we knowed that money belts had got to be so much the fashion, that they was the first thing ev'ry robber went for, an' once they got a man's belt, they'd go off contented. So, what does Mother an' me do but fill my belt with peeter buttons, an' Mother she sewed the double eagles inter the linin' o' coonskin jacket, which the fur on the outside kep' 'em from showin', an' there I kerryed 'em safe enough."

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

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

Answer to the Enigma in last week's Times—"Philadelphia and Reading Railroad."

The Bandit of the Apennines.

BY S. B. T.

HAVE you ever been at the foot of the Apennines and viewed their lofty summits?

To those who have beheld them as I have, it is a grand sight, as their romantic appearance surpasses all description. One of my most singular adventures transpired while crossing one of the passes that leads over these mountains. This pass is frequently traveled by tourists during the summer and fall months, and it is also infested by banditti.

I had been traveling in France, Spain and Italy, during the summer and autumn of 1860. It was in the month of October that I determined to cross from the western to the eastern side of the Apennines. It was night when I reached a little hostelry called the "Mountain Inn," about one-fourth way up the pass on the western side of the mountains. Here I stopped to take refreshments before proceeding any farther.

The inn-keeper was a very polite, friendly man. He was quite free in conversing with me, accompanying each little speech with a respectful bow. At last, having finished my meal, I prepared to resume my journey.

The moon was struggling through great banks of clouds with which the sky was overcast. I was traveling in a large, comfortable carriage, and was on the point of taking a nap, when I was aroused from my lethargy by hearing voices outside. Suddenly the carriage was stopped by a man, ferociously masked, who, seizing the reins of one of the horses, demanded my money, at the same time, presenting a pistol to my head. I felt for my revolver, but it was not at its accustomed place! It must have been removed by the postillion. The thought instantly flashed through my mind that this fellow was in league with the banditti.

I saw no alternative but to give up my money and jewels.

Among these was a ring presented to me by my mother, and which I prized very highly, on account of the donor, who had departed this life about two years before. I asked the leader to let me retain it, telling him why it was of value to me. He handed it to me, with a polite bow, so much like the courteous salutation of the inn-keeper of the "Mountain Inn," that I could not help fancying that they were one and the same.

After stripping me of all they could get, they tied me to a tree, and went off, the postillion going with them. After they had gone, I shouted for help, but all in vain.

At dawn, while I was waiting in suspense, (for I was too hoarse to shout any more,) a Count, with a large retinue of servants, passing by, released me, and then I continued on my journey on foot.

Six months after this, having business to attend to in Florence, I proceeded thither. On the day of my arrival at that place, there was to be a public execution. Happening to be out on the streets, I met the procession conducting the criminal to the gallows.

"Who is the man whom they are going to hang?" I asked of a by-stander.

"That," said he, "is one of the most daring bandits of the Apennines. He is the leader of a certain band of out-laws that infest the pass that crosses the mountains. They plunder, and, sometimes, even kill travelers who may be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands."

Happening to catch a glimpse of his face, our eyes met; with imperturbable politeness, he rose in the car, all unalarmed as he was, and made me the same bow to which I could have sworn among a thousand. It was no other than my host of the "Mountain Inn," and my polite friend of the mountain pass. It was his last bow, as in less than an hour his body was dangling from the gallows.

Singular Adventure of a Man, a Mule and a Bear.

LAST Saturday a gentleman living near Madison Station, on the Memphis and Little Rock road, left home to go to the village. He had not gone more than 200 hundred yards, mounted on a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass, when he encountered a great, greasy black bear. The bear was astonished, and without taking time to think, hurried up a scaly bark hickory and seated himself very comfortably on a limb, thirty or forty feet from the ground. The farmer was completely puzzled. If he rode back to his house to get his gun the bear would surely escape. He therefore tied the mule, a long-eared, melancholy mule, forty or fifty years of age, to the body of the tree. The mule was bridle-wise, but as no bridle would hold him, a strong leather cable was coiled about his neck. With this he was fastened to the tree. The farmer started to the house, and Bruin, divining his plans, deemed it proper to get away. He doubtless suspected that a gun was coming. He

came slowly down tearing the bark from the body of the tree. It rattled about the sleepy mule's head, who had not yet seen the bear, and dreamed not of the proximity of the ugly beast. The bear descended slowly till he was within five feet of the mule's great ugly head. Then it was that the stupid, innocent unsuspecting mule looked up. He had never seen a bear before. His knees smote one another. He grew pale in the face. His eyes were projected from his head—the farmer said half a foot. His tail slowly lifted, the hairs all turned awry, till it stood at an angle of forty five degrees above his spinal column, and then it was that the mule "hoved a sigh and smoled a smile." It was an unearthly sound; the farmer fifty yards away, says it shook the ground where he stood watching the progress of events. The bear suddenly twisted itself about and reascended to its perch. The mule swooningly fell at the base of the tree. He lay still and apparently lifeless for a time, when Bruin again attempted the descent; but the terrified mule howled and roared even more terrible and pitiously when the bark began to fall, and he dashed and danced about the tree so frantically that Bruin hesitated, and finally, in stupefied amazement, sat upon the limb upon which he first rested. The farmer came with his rifle, and a bullet soon stopped the pulsebeats of the bear. If fell heavily beside the mule, and strange to tell, as told to us, the mule and bear died side by side; the one, of a mortal wound; the other, of mortal terror. The bear was still black as Erebus; the mule's face was already white with an indescribable agony or mortal fear.

The Greatest Criminal Trial on Record.

IN the whole history of criminal jurisprudence there has never, probably, been anything equal to the gigantic trial which was concluded at Moscow, in Russia, on the 21st of November, and in which were arraigned five hundred prisoners, upward of two hundred of whom were convicted and sentenced to severe penalties. Among the accused were persons of every station in life—gray-haired men and youth, men and women; among the latter some highly accomplished and prepossessing in appearance. All the prisoners were charged with one of the gravest offences in the criminal code of Russia—that of counterfeiting. The code says: "The person that counterfeits the coin or currency of the Imperial Government shall suffer death." Notwithstanding this rigorous provision, Russia has been flooded for many years past with well executed counterfeits of the Government treasury notes. The prompt execution of several who were caught in passing the spurious currency did not materially check the evil. Offers of the largest rewards did not lead to the detection of the guilty parties.

At length, in July last, a curious accident gave the Government the long-looked-for clue, which led to the discovery of an association of criminals of both sexes, banded together for the purpose of circulating the spurious currency, and which extended from the bleak and frozen shores of the White Sea to the Volga and the Black Sea. In the course of the two following months three thousand men and women were arraigned, but after a preliminary examination twenty-five hundred of them were discharged, and about five hundred were held for trial. Among the latter were six Frenchmen, of St. Petersburg, who had been caught printing the counterfeit notes, and a comparatively large number of women. The prisoners were all conveyed to Moscow, where they were confined in the vast vaults underneath the Kremlin Palace. Criminal law in Russia is barbarous at the best, and the male prisoners were herded together like so many hogs. They received the coarsest fare, and straw was their only couch. The women were treated but little better.

On the 20th of October the trial was opened in the large hall of the Kremlin, which holds nearly five thousand persons. The proceedings were protracted for a month, and the prosecution succeeded in establishing the guilt of over one-third of the accused. Two hundred and three of them were found guilty; among them about fifty women. Sentence of death was passed upon the six French printers, and the other convicted parties were condemned to hard labor in the gold mines of the Ural Mountains for life, or for ten years. The doomed men and women burst into piercing shrieks and howls, and well they might; for in the case of the former, the sentence included barbarous flogging and branding on the forehead with red-hot irons; while the women, some of whom were of fine descent, shuddered at the idea of having to do the most menial work for life or ten years at the station-houses, where the keepers of the male prisoners reside. In their despair some of the unfortunates threw themselves on the ground, and their piercing cries, mingled with the clanking of their chains, produced a truly horrible effect. The excitement and frenzy of the condemned grew from minute to minute more intense, and the Judges, in order to restore quietude, had to call in the soldiers, who, with their kantschubs, beat the prisoners right and left, and then dragged them back to the vaults of the Kremlin.

When the rain falls, does it ever rise again? Yes, in due time.

SUNDAY READING.

Is Temperate Drinking Safe?

AT a certain town meeting, in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may appear, all favored it. Only one man spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once, there arose from the corner of the room, a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best,—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all, every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe, the excess alone ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, (pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor) as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and could not escape; and, one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home,—your poor house,—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon, to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tail form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon, and physician, hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any license be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was, "No!"

Home Influence.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in one of his articles, talks in this wise of family topics:

"If the father usually talks of 'money, money,' at home, he generally rears a family in worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks of horses, games, and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then then the children are offered up as victims upon the altar. If a man makes his own fire-side attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbor Q makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But, if the father hears the clock strike eleven, in his club-house or in the playhouse, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming-room or the drinking-saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if his son staggers in by and by at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have, becomes their foe, the home becomes the 'starting point' for moral ruin."

There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

Keep your heart's window always open toward heaven. Let the blessed light of the Savior's countenance shine in. It will turn tears into rainbows.