

The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania.

Present the following plan for consideration to each person 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:

Table with columns: Age, Assessment, and Amount. Rows show data for ages 15 to 27.

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, Secretary, U. B. Mutual Aid Society, Lebanon, Pa.

Agents Wanted!

Address D. S. EARLY, Harrisburg, Pa. 631 Sm 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. GREER, 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, where he 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, Battling, 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. 37 138

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. MOLLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS: W. A. SPONSLER, President.

WILLIAM WILSON, Cashier New Bloomfield, 3 1/2 ly

LOCAL OPTION.

Some of the Results of Intemperance.

RESULTS OF NO LICENSE.

1. In Potter County, a county in which no liquor has been sold for many years, we have the following good results: An empty jail; no poor-houses in the county; only eight persons receiving support, and these supported by the different townships; good hotels and no increase in the charges. Not a single interest has suffered on account of no license. Peace and prosperity reigns in Potter County.

2. Spring township, Crawford County.—During twelve years of no license in this township, with a population of three thousand inhabitants, not a single criminal case has been brought to the court of Crawford County.

3. Vineland—No liquor sold in this town, with a population of ten thousand inhabitants. The Overseer of the Poor reports that "for six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has required relief at my hands." During the year there was but one indictment before court.

4. Maine—In the large district of the State of Maine, the liquor traffic is nearly, if not entirely unknown. In many of the country places, not only the sale, but the use of liquor has entirely ceased. Grogshops are put in the same category with gambling houses and brothels, and are prohibited because they are at war with the interests of the State and people.

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF NO LICENSE IN PERRY COUNTY.

1. Perry County receives seven hundred and eighty dollars revenue from license, and pays for convicts at the Eastern Penitentiary, three hundred and fifty-six dollars and forty-six cents, and for the support of paupers, four thousand dollars. Two-thirds of these expenses are due to the liquor traffic. We ask, then, does it pay to continue it?

2. In Spring township, Crawford County, and in Potter County, Pa., where no liquor has been sold for many years, the hotel accommodations are improved, and there has been no increase in their charges. The success of temperance hotels in many other towns, proves that they can be conducted on the temperance principle without any increase of charges to their guests.

3. The moral tone of the society of Perry county will be greatly improved; our children protected from the evils which the liquor traffic engenders; our homes happier; our churches more prosperous, and the taxes of our county and State materially lessened. Are not these considerations sufficient to induce every thinking man to vote against the liquor traffic?

4. Cumberland county will join hands with Perry county, in the abolition of the liquor traffic.

5. An empty jail, and an almost empty poor house, and but few indictments before our courts will be some of the results of the abolition of the liquor traffic.

6. It is folly to advance the argument that it will take trade to adjoining counties which have licensed houses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Show us one good, honest farmer who would travel twenty miles further to market for the sake of a drink of whiskey, and we will show you one hundred that will not.

7. It is Local Option now, but after awhile it will be State Option. Let us carry the county now in favor of Local Option, and in three years the State.

8. Ten counties have already voted to abolish the liquor traffic. Let Perry fall into line on the third Friday of March.

9. Do not forget that the election will be held on the third Friday of March.

What will You Take!

How often this question is asked by men accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks. Suppose we put the question in a practical way? Will you take ten cents worth of poison? Will you take a pain in the head? Will you take a rush of blood to the heart? Will you take a stab at the lungs? Will you take a blister on the mucous membrane? Will you take nauseating sickness of the stomach? Will you take redness of eyes or black eyes? Will you take a tint of red for your nose? Will you take a rum bud for your face? Will you take an offensive breath? Will you take a touch of delirium tremens? Suppose we change the question a little.

Will you take something to drink when you are not dry? Will you take something to drink which will not quench thirst when you are dry? Will you take something to drink which will make you more thirsty than you were before you drank it? There would be some sense in asking a man out at the elbows to take a coat, or in asking a bearheaded man to take a hat, or in asking a shoeless man to take a pair of boots, or in asking a hungry man to take something to eat; but it is a place of insane absurdity to ask a man to take something to drink—that which will not quench thirst. Why should he take something? Will it make him stronger, wiser, better? No; a thousand times no! It will make him weaker; it will make him idiotic and base. What does he take if he accepts the invitation? He takes the enemy into his mouth which steals away his brains. He takes a poison into his stomach which dis-

turbs digestion. Could he make a telescope of the glass which he puts to his mouth and look into the future, what could he see? He would see in the distance not far off, a man clothed in rags and covered with the blotches of drunkenness. He would see a man deserted by his friends, and distrusted by all his kindred. He would see a wife with a sad face and a broken heart, and children growing up in ignorance and vice. He would see the poor house, the penitentiary, the gallows, and the graveyard within easy approach. Take the pledge and keep it.

POST-OFFICE RULES.

BY A POSTMASTER.

1st. All who live in sight of a Post-Office should not bring their letters to the office until the mail train arrives, for if you do take them to the office before, the Post-Master may lay them to one side and forget to mail them. It is very important to observe this rule, and if you have a letter to be Registered, the mail coach can wait.

2nd. Although the law and regulations heretofore published do not require any post-master to mail any letter brought to his office unless brought a half-hour before the time to make up the mail, which law and instructions are not repealed, yet they need not be regarded. But if the mail is put up and locked and been unlocked three or four times, and the post-master declines opening the bag for the fifth time, or the train does not wait, get mad and blow one or both of them up, giving them to understand that they should serve you personally, instead of the Government and public generally.

3rd. Never buy any postage stamps until you take your letter to the office, then hand the post-master a V or an X, and when he gives you the change and stamps, leave the stamps lying loose on the letters, and go off especially if the post-master is very busy.

4th. When convenient, bring your letters to the post-master to direct and insist on his doing it before he marks any more letters or does any other business, as this is a great source of profit and pleasure, as well as a part of his official business.

5th. If there are two or three post-offices in the town where you wish your letter to go, be particular to put them all on, so that it may reach the right one, and then if you get the county wrong and omit the State, they will be sure to go to the Dead Letter Office.

6th. If you put on the name of the county and State, you may omit the name of the post-office, as it is supposed the post-master knows everybody, or ought to know who lives in the county, especially at the distributing office of each route.

7th. If by mistake, you get to the office before the mail arrives, never hand your letters in until it does arrive, mail assorted, and the post-master is about to lock the bag.

GETTING YOUR MAIL.

Article 1st. As in mailing letters keep watch for the mail train to arrive, then rush in and before the bags are emptied, commence to inquire if there is anything for you, and keep asking, so the post-master's mind may not be on other business.

Art. 2nd. Never close the doors until you have inquired for your mail, and the post-master has had time to examine. N. B., this rule need not be observed in mild or warm weather but only in very cold weather.

Art. 3d. If the office is kept in a store and the postmaster is in the office go and stand in the farthest corner of the store, till he comes to you, then ask him if there are any letters for you.

Art. 4th. If none for you, call again, or send other members of the family to inquire and when you receive any never forget and ask is that all.

Art. 5th. Again, if no mail for you, ask the postmaster what is the reason, and when he supposed there will be any.

Art. 6th. Drive up in front of post office, and if the postmaster is very busy and don't seem to notice you, strike your whip on the office window, till he comes to the door. This rule may be applied when calling for your mail and when mailing letters especially if you have no stamp on it, and wish the postmaster to change a ten Dollar bill for you.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; the luxurious home may be exchanged for a single, lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet, the poor viand for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the un pitying pass you with scarcely a look, or word of compassion. Yet be honest and virtuous under all these, and you still will be happy.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful.

Beauty is God's handwriting, a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair sky, every fair face, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simple and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

The new census of France shows the population to be 36,102,921, decrease of 269,925 since 1865.

OBED AS A SCHOOL DIRECTOR.

TALLERS told Sally Ann I never seed I what they wanted to appoint me, Obediah Smith school director for. What did I know about education, generally? To be sure I'd been to school in Batesville, every winter since I was ten years old, and cut up as many shins, and tuk as many floggings, and got as much learning as the other boys, except Lawyer Morton and 'Squire Bliss—never had so much figure head as them fellers. As for the grammar, I never did think it any great go, and as I told Sally Ann, what possessed the fools to elect me school director, I couldn't see. Well, Sally Ann, says she: "Now, Obed Smith, don't make a pesky fool of yourself; I reckon you kin jest meet with the rest and hold up your head as big as any of 'em, and if you ain't as good a scholar as Tim Bates and Joel Barker it's a tarnation, that's all."

Now, I always hev done jest as Sally Ann said ever since we were married.—Amazin' smart woman, Sally Ann is. If it hadn't been for her, I don't know as I'd hev got married to this blessed day. You see, she kept kinder hintin' and hintin', telling what a long distance 'twas 'tween the two farms, and what amazing sight of horse flesh might be saved, and how them lazy farm servants was wastin' my substance in riotous livin', till I jest got riled up and asked her if she'd hev me. "Sartin," says she, as cool as a cucumber, "and much obliged inter the bargain." Well, as I was sayin' seein' how I was in for it, and was legally appointed one of the school directors, I concluded as to how I'd hev to sarve. Things went purty smooth at first. The last teacher had been gone some time, and the school house sht up, and I'd jest begun for to think 'twas no great shakes to be school director, after all—when up walks Tim Bates one day and says he: "We calkerate it's about time to open the school house agin; the directors are goin' to meet at four o'clock this afternoon to elect a teacher; now, be up to time, Obed," says he. I was tuck all aback, you'd better believe. My hair literally stood on end. "Now, Tim, you're joking," says I. "Honor bright," says he. "But look here, Tim," says I, "there's plenty of you without me. I don't keer a darn who you get for the pesky school, so jest go ahead without me." "No, sir'ee," says he; "every director has got to be there, and Obed Smith among the rest," and off he started whistling Yankee Doodle so loud that you never did see. I jest unhitched the hosses and started for hum. "Sally Ann," says I, "it's come—the day of judgment's come," and then I jest bust out a laughin'. "You're a fool," says she. "You're another," says I, and I was jest ready for an all-fired row, when she said as sweet as honey: "Now, Obed, jist finish up the chores and come in to dinner, and don't go to gettin' all tuckered out afore you go. For my part, I wonder what gal's applied. I don't know none 'bout it's Sal Bates and Lib Wilkins, and I reckon I know as much as them critters," says she. "It seems to me Belle Winthrop was sayin' some lady from the city wanted it—but law-a-massa, what she'd want to come from Bosting clean out to Batesville for, is more'n I ken tell. To be sure, eighteen dollars a month is good pay—more'n we've ever given afore or will agin, I reckon," and then she fell to thinking, and I went a tearing out of the house in a way that was a caution. Well, jest about four o'clock, I started for that old brick school house. Sally Ann, she'd been up in the garret and brought down all the old books she could lay hold on, and on top of all was Webster's great thumping dictionary. There she'd been from eleven o'clock till four hunting out questions for me to ax the school marm. "No need of folks thinking you're a fool if you are," says she, kinder snappish. "Now, jest ask her to spell phthisic—that used to be the hardest word when I went to school, but I've been a looking for something harder and I've got it to. Here 'tis, metempsychosis," says she, "that's a poser,"—and then I pronounced and pronounced it till I was in a perfect sweat. "Now, I've written all the questions and answers down, so you'll know if she answers right or wrong," says she, "here's one of 'em. How high is the tower of Pisa?" and then she gave me the paper. Well, as I was sayin', at four o'clock I started. The clock was too fast, or I walked fast, or somethin' for when I got there, there want a living thing in sight, except a little rosy cheeked girl sitting on one of the benches as demure as could be. She kinder bowed as she seed me, and says I, "Little girl, did you want anything particular? We're a going to have a school meeting here this afternoon, and I reckon we wouldn't like any extra visitors." She blushed up red, and says she, with a little saucy twinkle in her eyes: "I understood there was to be an examination of teachers of the Batesville school. I am one of the applicants, Miss Lester from Boston. Have I been misinformed?" I blurted out an apology, and was gettin' more frustrated than ever, when she jest said as perlitte as possible that 'twant no matter of consequence, and began talking so pretty about the school; and the village, that it quite put me to ease and I didn't much care if the directors didn't come at all, provided Sally Ann did not know that I was having such a nice

time a listenin'—when in come the whole posse, and she stopped off at once and never said another word.

'Squire Bliss and Lawyer Morton conducted the examination. Sal Bates and Lib Wilkins were there, but the little Bosting lady took the shine off 'em. She was a pretty little thing with just the sweetest little bonnet and cloak that I ever did see. She desired the school, she said, because she liked the country, and it was on a line of railroad. Then we axed her all manner of questions, and she answered as prompt and perlitte as could be. Tim Bates got up quite grand, and says he, "Could you tell me how old Methuselah was, Miss?" She stared at him kinder curious like, and says she, "Nine hundred and sixty-nine, I believe sir." Then came my turn. My stars if I was'at frustrated you'd better believe. "Ca-ca-can you spell phthisic?" says I, and she spelt it off beautifully. Now for Sally Ann's word. I puzzled over it. I couldn't stand there like a fool all day, so I just blurted out, "Can you spell string o' posies?" She just colored a little, and said she didn't quite understand. Lawyer Morton, he just matched the paper out of my hands as mad like, and says he, "Metempsychosis, dear." "How high is the tower of pison?" says I. She bit her lip and put her handkerchief to her face, and then says she, "I'm afraid I don't quite comprehend." "The tower of Pisa, dear," said Lawyer Morton, giggling so he could hardly speak, and I just sat down and wiped off the perspiration. Then they asked how old she might be. "About twenty," says she; and Tim Bates chuts out, "I'm afraid you're too young Miss. We've got a pesky lot of obstoperous boys here." She was fond of boys, she said, smiling, and as she ruled by love, she did not apprehend trouble. "Yes, but if you fall in love," says Tim, "we'll lose our teacher, and that won't suit us nohow." She colored up, and says she, turning to 'Squire Bliss, "Explain to him, sir, if you please." Well, then we put it to vote. "All in favor of Lucy Lester as teacher for Batesville say aye,—and we all said "aye," except Tim, who looked as mad as a hornet's nest, 'cause he wanted his cousin Sal Bates to get it.

"You have done very finely, dear," says Lawyer Morton as sweet as could be. Very much of a gentleman, Lawyer Morton is, though folks do say he's mighty fond of the girls. Then she came up to me and says she, as purty as your please. "When does my engagement with you commence?" "Good Heavens!" said I, "I'm married, or else I'd like it fust rate. I—never said nothin' 'bout no engagement." Would you believe it? she jest sank down in a cheer and laughed as if she'd kill herself—and 'Squire Bliss and Lawyer Morton followed suit. "You darned old fool," says Tim, "she means her engagement to teach school," and then we all roared together. Well, that is my fust attempt at lecting a school marm. We've got her, and she's a purty little thing—too purty for Batesville, Sally Ann says. I was in hopes Sally Ann wouldn't hear of all the blunders I made up at the school house; but somehow or 'nuther everything leaks out in Batesville, and she's a terrible lector, Sally Ann is—about my engagement with the school marm.

Spontaneous Combustion.

The first case of alleged spontaneous combustion which attracted general notice happened in 1725, and was put on record by the celebrated Le Cat. Le Cat, happening to be at Reims in the above mentioned year, lodged in the house of a man named Millet. One morning in February, the body of Madame Millet, a woman well along in years and addicted to drink, was found almost entirely consumed upon the kitchen floor, near the hearth. Only the head, part of the legs, and a few of the vertebrae, had escaped combustion. The floor beneath the body was also slightly burnt. Millet himself was at once arrested on charge of murder, and supposed intrigue with a servant woman furnishing the motive for the crime. In defence, he stated that he and his wife had retired as usual, when she, being unable to sleep, went out to the kitchen, as he thought, to warm herself. He was subsequently awakened by a smell of burning, and going to investigate, found the body of his wife lying in the manner described. In spite of this story, Millet was convicted of murder; but appealing to a higher court, was saved by the plea of spontaneous combustion. And, certainly, whatever may have caused the death of the deceased, there was no evidence of crime or the part of the husband.

The case of Grace Pitt, in England, in 1774, was in some respects, like that of Madame Millet, except that there was no suspicion of murder. Three separate accounts of this case nearly coincide. The victim was about sixty years of age; and, it is said, had recently drank large quantities of spirit. It was her custom to descend every night, half-dressed, to the kitchen, to smoke her pipe before the kitchen-fire. The night of her death she arose as usual, and was missed by her daughter in the morning. The latter, going in search of her mother, found her stretched out upon the right side, the head near the grate, the body extended on the hearth, and the legs on the floor, resembling a log of wood consumed without flame. The fire being quenched by pouring on water, the remains were found to resemble a heap of coals covered with white ashes. And, near the body, were found a child's clothes and a paper screen, both quite uninjured, showing that the combustion could not have been particularly violent.