

The U. B. Mutual Aid Society of Pennsylvania,

Present the following plan for consideration to all 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
16	60	28	73	41	92	54	1.70
17	61	29	74	42	94	55	1.80
18	62	30	75	43	96	56	1.92
19	63	31	77	44	98	57	2.04
20	64	32	79	45	1.00	58	2.16
21	65	33	81	46	1.06	59	2.28
22	66	34	83	47	1.12	60	2.40
23	67	35	85	48	1.18	61	2.45
24	68	36	86	49	1.24	62	2.50
25	69	37	87	50	1.30	63	2.55
26	70	38	88	51	1.40	64	2.60
27	71	39	89	52	1.50	65	2.65
28	72	40	90	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 put in a successor and fill the vacancy, according to the Constitution of the Society.

Should the member die before his four payments of \$5 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 (Secretary U. B. Mutual Aid Society,) LEBANON, PA.

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, 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. If 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 today.

It is a well-known fact that a Mutual Company cannot break. **JAMES H. GRIER,** Sec'y of Penna. 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 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, Battling, Wadding, Twines, Wicks, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Fancy Brushes, Brooms, Baskets, Buckets, Bins, 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 WASHING MACHINE EVER MADE.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE AMERICAN WASHER in all parts of the State. 47 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, Carlisle,
W. H. MILLER, Carlisle.

OFFICERS:
W. A. SPONSLER, President.

WILLIAM WELLS, Cashier
New Bloomfield, 2 & 3

SUNDAY READING.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, tongs and anvils ringing,
Waking echoes all day long.
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty labor's iron song.
From a thousand fly-wheels bounding.
From a thousand humming looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty factory rooms.
Litsen! workmen, to their play—
There's advice in every clink;
Still they're singing—still they're saying—
"Whist! you labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If, in aid of bone and sinew,
Hearts by emulation warmed,
Mighty though ye woo and cherish;
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hopes perish?
Why shall ye mind Fortune's frowns?
Do you wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Learning's fount for drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germs have—work and think.

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse, from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving,
Health for self, or soul for pay!
Think! Oh, be machines no longer—
Think! 'twill make you fresher, stronger;
Link you to the great and good!
Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self-respect and love for neighbor,
Mark the men who work—and think!

Think! and let the thought new nerve you—
Think of men who've gone before:
Leaving 'lustrous names to serve you;
Yours the path they've platted o'er!
Freedom fights and wins the charter
With the sword of thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quarter
In the ranks of thinking men.

Think! for thought's a wand of power—
Power to make oppression shrink;
Grasp ye, then, the precious dower:
Poise it—wield it—work and think!
Hold your hands up, toiling brothers;
'Monst us to be it ne'er forgot.
Labor for ourselves and others,
Is for man a noble lot;
Nobler far, and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury can claim,
If but zeal and worth inspire,
And true greatness be our aim.
Power to compass this is given—
Power that forms the strongest link
'Twixt an upright man and Heaven,
His noblest power—the power to think!

A Boy at the Palace Gate.

A little boy in England wished very much to see the queen; so he determined to go at once to her palace, and ask to see her. But the sentinel on guard at the gate only laughed at the boy, and pushed him aside with his musket. Still the lad could not give up his purpose, now he had come so far. Not till the soldier threatened to shoot him did he turn and run away. One of the young princes saw him crying, and, on learning the cause said, with a smile, "I'll take you to the queen;" and past the guards he walked, into the very presence of his royal mother. With surprise, she asked her son about the lad; and when she heard his story, she laughed, as any kind-hearted mother would, with some kindly words, sent the delighted boy away with a bright piece of money in his hand. It is a hard matter for the poor to gain admittance into the presence of an earthly sovereign. But the way into the presence of the great King is always open, and even the beggar in his rags is welcome. Just as this prince brought the child who longed to see her into his mother's presence, so Christ takes us by the hand and leads us into the presence of His Heavenly Father. For the dear sows sake we are made welcome. Without Him we can never be admitted. Never forget, when you pray to God, to ask all blessings for the sake of Jesus, for in no other way will prayer ever be heard and answered. No one who longs to see the King in His beauty but will find the Prince of life ever ready to lead him up to His very throne.

Home the Centre of the World.

We all agree that home is the centre of the world. We all say fine things about the hearth-stone and the altar-fires and the household graces, and most of us dearly love to go a visiting, because we find home a little duller than any other place. Yet marriage is not more sacred, birth is not more joyous, death is not more serene than the place they sanctify. From home go out the forces of the world. Through home they exist. When a man has established a dwelling-place, he has attained a new dignity. But it is the woman who makes the home. She is not more the mother of the race than the keeper of its highest trusts. If the home be tedious, the soul of it has missed its best aim.

While the education and the home-life of girls continues the fimsy and aimless thing that it is to-day, two things are certain.—First, that they cannot become wise wives and mothers, and while the majority of them will not find it out, a majority of the minority, tormented by an ignorant longing for something other and, to them, better, will do much to bring the noble cause of womanly advancement into disrepute. Second, that it is men, the governing class, who insist on a higher standard and a nobler life for woman. For, until they do, the tyranny of the cook and of the dress-maker will continue, and on many a New Year's day to come, sober men will have to beseech careless women not to put dire temptation in their way, nor to insult them with the supposition that permission to guzzle costly liquor and to gorge costly viands, is the hospitality they enjoy and prefer.

The Story of a Lost Will.

Two or three months ago J. Rowell, the furniture dealer on Michigan avenue, set about overhauling a desk filled with old papers—papers which had been accumulating on his hands for several years, until he could scarcely say where or how he got the most of them. After throwing away a bushel or more of the documents, he came upon a paper sealed and tied with red tape. He could not remember having seen it before, and was amazed when he broke the seal and read, "Last will and testament of Israel Whitworth." Getting further down, he found that the paper was nine years old, and that the will gave to "Margaret Davis, my sister, or her children, the Garden farm, situated two and one-half miles from St. Joseph, Mo., together with all live stock and farming utensils; further, the sum of \$5,000 in bank in St. Joseph (unless I shall have withdrawn it), my gold watch, my household furniture, and the one-half of what my house at St. Joseph may bring at private sale."

So read the will as far as the sister and her kin were concerned, and then Whitworth made bequests to several other relatives. The will was dated "Detroit, August 10, 1863." It occurred to Mr. Rowell that the will might be of some account to some one, and he wrote to Mrs. Davis, directing the latter to St. Joseph, Mo. In about two weeks he received a reply from her, dated at Weston, same State, his letter having been forwarded to that point. She stated that her brother had been dead nearly eight years, and that she had never known of a will. The property had never been divided among four near relatives of the deceased, or should have been but three of them had cheated her out of most of what fell to her in dividing up. She further stated that her brother had a cousin in Detroit years ago, and that he was in this city on a visit about the date of the will. The cousin's name was signed as one of the witnesses, and a Mr. Johnson, now in Cincinnati was the other witness.

Rowell sent on the will, and Friday last he received a grateful letter from the woman, who said that the will had been admitted to probate there, the witnesses called on, and that she had been put in possession of nearly \$20,000 through his finding the will. She cautioned him to look out for an express package, and will probably send something handsome. The puzzling thing or the whole is that Rowell can't tell where or when he got the will, nor imagine how the deceased came to leave it where it would fall into the hands of a stranger.—*Detroit Paper.*

Abrupt Proposals.

SPEAKING of abrupt proposals of marriage, we will cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said, jokingly: "You have everything here that earth can desire but a wife." "That's true. I'll think of it;" and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room.

He seized his hat and went to a neighbor's, and was shown to the parlor, with the information that neither master nor mistress were at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the house-keeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman thus addressed her: "Sarah, I have known you for many years, and I have just been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know, that I would be willing to trust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?" Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious, and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit:

"I agree."
"Will you be ready in an hour?"
"I will."
"I shall return for you at that time."
Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then, and neither party has seen any cause to regret the abrupt proposal.

Here is another case, which will bear relating. A merchant who, one day dining at a friend's house, sat next a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very great degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate—which he endeavored to show by the following mode of action:

"Do you like toast, Miss B—?"
"Yes," responded the lady, slightly surprised at the question.
"Buttered toast?"
"Yes."
"That is strange; so do I. Let us get married."
"There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taking slightly aback—a fact that did not prevent the marriage coming off in a month afterwards, and the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

Lost Occupations.

Half a century ago bellows-making was a thriving trade. Every house had its pair of bellows, and in every well-furnished mansion there was a pair hung by the side of every fire-place. Ipswich, in Massachusetts, acquired quite a notoriety all over New England for the elegant and substantial articles of the kind it produced. But as stoves and grates took the place of open fire-places, and as coal was substituted for wood, the demand for bellows diminished, until the business as a separate trade died out.

The same is true in flint-cutting. Flints were once necessary, not only for fire-arms but tinder-boxes, and a tinder-box was as necessary for every house as a grid-iron or a skillet. Every one who looks back to childhood of forty odd years ago must remember cold winter mornings when the persistent crack, crack of the flint against the steel sent up from the kitchen an odor of igniting tinder and sulphur which pervaded the house. I have no more idea what became of the flint-producers than the man of sorrowful memories who, three or four times a week, called at our door with brimstone matches for sale at a cent the half-dozen bunches. Both have completely vanished from England and New England as have the red Indians and the Druids.

Then, again, are gone the pin-makers, who, though they have been in their graves this quarter of a century, still figure in lectures and essays to illustrate the advantages of division of labor. In stead of a pin taking a dozen men or more to cut, grind, point, heat, polish, and what not, as it used to do, pins are now made by neat little machines at the rate of three hundred a minute, of which machines a single child attends to half a dozen.

Nail making at the forge is another lost industry. Time was, and that in this nineteenth century, when every nail was made on the anvil. Now, from one hundred to one thousand nails per minute are made by machines. The nailer who works at the forge has but a bad chance in competing with antagonists; and he would have no chance at all were it not that his nails are ten-fold tougher than the former. As it is, the poor men follow an all but hopeless vocation, and are condemned to live in continual hand grips with poverty.

In the days of President Madison and Monroe, and even later, straw-bonnet making was practiced in every middle-class house where there were grown families, and straw plaiting formed the staple of domestic leisure work. At my grand-father's, around the huge kitchen fire-place, Casar, born a slave, who sat on an oak bench directly under the gaping chimney, and we boys, who crowded upon the settle, used to pass Winters' evenings splitting straws, while the lassies were plaiting them. Then, bonnets were bonnets, covering the head with a margin of a foot or two to spare, and presenting a sort of conical, shell-shaped recess, in which dimpling smiles and witching curls nestled in comfort. The work has banished, and will never reappear, unless the whirligig of fashion should glide again into the forsaken track.

A certain doctor, who sometimes drank a good deal at dinner, was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered, "Drunk by Jove!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstances, he was greatly vexed, and, just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter was put in his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he had visited her;" and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the enclosed—a hundred dollar bill.

Joke in Earnest.

A Scotchman was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day this individual was followed to his retirement by some evil-disposed persons, who, secreting themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jack commenced his devotion, and, among other things, expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that were the turf-dyke to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this, than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke upon him. Scrambling out, he exclaimed, "Heeb, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

"What are you digging there for?" said an idling fellow to a sturdy laborer who was at work on a piece of waste land. "I am digging for money." The news flew—the idlers collected. "We are told you are digging for money?" "Well, I ain't digging for any thing else." "Have you had any luck?" "First rate luck—pays well, you had better take hold." All doffed their coats and laid on most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cartloads the question arose: "When did you get any money last?" Saturday night. "Why, how much did you get?" "Eighteen shillings." "Why that's rather small." "It's pretty well; three shillings a-day is the regular price for digging all over this 'ere district."

On Fire For a Century.

AT Parkgate, near Sheffield, a most extraordinary phenomenon can be seen by all interested in colliery wonders. About one hundred years ago, several Parkgate gentlemen sank a shaft known as the Old Basset Pit. They at once found a rich seam of coal—the Barnsley bed, nine feet in thickness. This coal was worked in a very careful fashion for several years—great blocks and pillars of coal, containing many tons, being left to support the roof in place of the modern wooden props. For several seasons everything proceeded smoothly; but one day the pit caught fire. Nobody can tell how it was ignited; and the ancient miners appeared to have been utterly dismayed by the unexpected disaster, as they left the pit to burn at will, instead of closing up the shaft and commencing anew, as they might have done. Many years afterwards "the burning pit" was again approached by the lord of manor, Earl Fitzwilliam, who began to work out coal in the locality. A shaft was sunk at some distance from the Old Basset Pit, and the coal in the direction of Rawmarsh was got at—the new workings being kept at what was considered a safe distance from the fiery pit. Everything proceeded satisfactorily till 1868, when a miner named Parkin descended the Bank Pit shaft—the name by which the new shaft was known—and was greatly alarmed to find fire only ten feet from the pit bottom. He at once gave the alarm—the principal officials were upon the spot, and efforts were made to extinguish the fire. "Parkin's flames" were soon put out; but it was found that the whole pit was on fire, and as the Earl's collieries extend for miles, it was feared that the fire would spread over the entire workings. The Old Basset shaft was at once filled up; the Old Bank shaft was also closed; and a third shaft, Top Stubbin Pit, was also filled up. A long and thick wall was built to separate the Old Basset workings from the newly opened portion of the pit. Explorations had to be conducted by crawling on hands and knees in the midst of suffocating smoke; but the wall was at length completed at tremendous expense and great labor—it being 1,000 yards in length, and from one foot to five feet thick. Cross walls were also built to cut off air-ways, and so help in choking the fire. Thick iron pipes, with iron plugs, were inserted in the wall at intervals of fifty yards, so that views could be obtained of the Old Basset workings looking through these pipes. The great wall occupied the time of a large body of workmen for a whole year. A new "futtrell"—the entrance of a coal mine—had to be constructed. It had to be brick-arched above and below with strong brick walls. Entering by this place, the wall is inspected daily, to get information if the old fire has reached it in any way. The last fire was seen in 1872, and on being examined lately, nothing but "black damp" came through the orifices; but the most dangerous place—where the workmen labored at the great wall at the peril of their lives—is believed to be the fiery stronghold. Here the flames are still believed to be raging, although securely imprisoned by the underground heroes who built its prison walls. Until a year or two ago, the farmers found that their crops over this pit were materially accelerated in growth by the heat; and the fact that the acceleration is not so apparent now is the strongest proof to professional minds that the burning pit has about spent its strength after a "long fire" of one hundred years.—*English Paper.*

A School Incident.

If any one ever wanted to laugh when it would have been the height of impropriety to even have smiled, they may be reminded of their feelings on such occasions by the following good story: In an Episcopal boarding-school, a few years since, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over, and all were resuming their seats, when one of the young ladies, of a very short and thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a thud on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance, when the rector rose and commenced reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin; the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.

The "San Francisco Chronicle" says: "A young man entered a restaurant last night, being attracted by the sign, 'Fresh boiled crabs, fifteen cents.' He sat down, had a crab dished up, ate it and threw down fifteen cents on the counter. The keeper demanded a quarter. 'I thought that sign read fifteen cents,' suggested the young man. 'So it does. It's twenty-five cents when you take 'em here and fifteen cents when you take 'em home.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'I am taking this home,' and he coolly walked out.