

Incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, in 1870; by the Legislature, in 1871.

**The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company, OF POTTSVILLE, PA.**

**Capital and Assets, \$156,000.**

|   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| Premium Notes   | \$100,000 00        |
| Promissory Notes  | 50,000 00           |
| Cash premiums due or collected for the year 1871                  | \$3,028 00          |
| Cash premiums due or collected for the first three months of 1872 | 1,800 00            |
| Cash from other sources and agents                                | 1,300 00            |
| Judgment Bonds in Company's office                                | 1,100 00            |
| <b>Total Cash</b>   | <b>\$6,128 00</b>   |
| <b>Total cash and note assets, April 1st, 1872</b>                | <b>\$156,128 00</b> |

**JAMES H. GRIER, | JOHN D. HADESTY, Secretary. President.**

**DIRECTORS:**  
John D. Hadesty, A. P. Helms, Benjamin Teter, A. Sutermeister, James H. Grier, E. F. Jungkurt, Elias Miller.

**AGENTS:**  
H. H. Hill, Edward Fox, John A. Kahle, Edward Wesley, Charles F. Delbert, Wm. R. Griffith, E. F. Jungkurt, General Agent.  
Arrangements have been made with other first-class companies to re-insure risks taken on the cash plan in such amounts as desired. Liberal commission allowed agents, and exclusive territory, if desired. This Company confines itself to fire insurance exclusively.

**OFFICE:**  
No. 191 CENTRE ST., POTTSVILLE, PA.

**NOTICE.**

The Home Reserve force of The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company of Pottsville, Pa., will be in Perry county in considerable force, and act as the Company's Agents until a full line of Local Agents can be appointed when the reserve force will be recalled.

**JAMES H. GRIER,**  
Sec'y of Pa. Central Ins. Co.

**Insurance Notice.**

On and after the tenth day of April, 1872, The Home Reserve force of Insurance Agents belonging to "The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company" will leave Pottsville in heavy force, and occupy ten different counties of the State, where they will continue to act as the Company's Agents until a full line of Local Agents can be appointed, when they will be recalled. As a body of men, I believe they are superior Insurance Agents, and most of them speak the English, French, Welsh and German Languages. The City Insurance Journals, with all their sneers at Mutual Companies, and continual cry of Fraud! Fraud!! &c., cannot muster any better Insurance material! Why don't the City Insurance papers tell the public that no Mutual Company broke or failed during the last ten years? Why don't they tell the public that more than half the Stock Companies started within the last ten years have? It is a well-known fact that Mutual Companies cannot fail.

**JAMES H. GRIER,**  
Secretary of Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company. 6 16

**NEW YORK CONTINENTAL**



**Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!**

**Assets, \$4,500,000!**

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and presents as favorable terms as any company in the United States. The Company will make temporary loans on its Policies.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the policy held good during that time. Policies issued by this Company are non-forfeiture. No extra charges are made for travelling permits. Policyholders share in the annual profits of the Company, and have a voice in the elections and management of the Company. No policy or medical fee charged.  
**JURUS LAWRENCE, Pres't.,**  
**M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't.,**  
**J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.**

**J. F. EATON,** General Agent,  
No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa. 4 29 71

**New Carriage Manufacturing,**

ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLELE ST.,  
**New Bloomfield, Penn'a.**

**Carriages**

Of every description, out of the best material.  
**Sleighs of every Style,**  
built to order, and finished in the most artistic and durable manner.

Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.  
REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.  
**SAMUEL SMITH.**

**MRS. GILES' INVESTMENT.**

A GOOD STORY FOR EVERY DAY LIFE.

MRS. GILES stood in the front yard, hanging up her Monday's washing—the last piece had found its place upon the line. "Done at last," said Mrs. Giles, speaking to herself, a habit which she frequently indulged. "Now, if dinner was out of the way, I might find time to finish Leonard's suit, this after noon; I've had it around so long. If I only had a sewing machine, how much I would accomplish," and picking up her basket, she went into the house. The prospect within was not very cheering; the wash tub to clear away, and dinner to place upon the table. Just as she had begun to lay the table, Mr. Giles appeared at the door, and said: "Put on an extra plate; that man will take dinner with us." Dinner was soon ready, and as soon dispatched, for ceremony was one of the unknown things of the Giles family. Mr. Giles and the stranger retired to the sitting room to discuss the merits of a new reaper and mower, while Mrs. Giles remained and cleared away the dinner table. When she finished and made herself ready for the afternoon, she went into the sitting room. The stranger was about taking his leave. Mr. Giles was saying to him:

"If you have any new thing, any thing better, anything that will make work easier, and do more of it, I am your man! I am in favor of all machinery that will make for man," emphasizing the word **MAN**. "Why, bless you, just look around my farm. It's run mostly by machinery." "Profitable? certainly," replied he to an interrogation from the stranger. "More than pays expenses. Money in the bank," he added, never omitting an occasion of mentioning a small deposit he had made in the city bank. The stranger was gone at last, and Mrs. Giles sat down with weary limbs and aching shoulders, to finish a suit of clothes for her oldest son, a lad of fifteen. Slowly and wearily the needle went in and out; stitch after stitch was taken, but to very little purpose; it did seem as if she would never come to the last. But, if stitches progressed slowly, her thoughts flew fast enough. The last words of her husband lingered in her mind, and again they recurred to her. "Yes," said she, at last, breaking forth into soliloquy, her usual habit when much disturbed in mind. "Yes, men can have their burdens lightened, but poor woman can drudge. Every year, Giles has added something new to his farm implements, when I have to plod along with hardly sufficient utensils to cook a decent dinner; an old stove, without a whole griddle, and cracked door. No wonder I cannot bake a loaf of bread decently." Then here I have to sit, and stitch for a week at this suit, when two hours on a machine would complete the whole."

It is needless to record all of Mrs. Giles' thoughts and words, as she sat stitching the hours away. A dim consciousness of wrongs and a faint determination to assert her rights, was entering her mind. She had so long given up her opinions, set aside her needs, and fostered the selfishness of her husband, that it was hard to break through the meshes of habit which his stern will had woven around her. The afternoon wore away, and Mrs. Giles laid aside the unfinished garment to prepare the evening meal. The next morning at breakfast, she remarked to her husband that an agent for a sewing machine had called the day previous, and wished her to try one of his machines. "I told him," she said, "he might leave one when he came next week." Mr. Giles laid down his knife and fork, and sat with utter amazement depicted on his countenance. "A sewing machine!" he gasped, when he had recovered himself. "He need not leave any of his new-fangled humbugs here, I've no use for them." "But I have," interrupted the wife. "You!" "I!" interrupted he, "I don't see what use you have for a machine. You could never learn to use it, or if you did what have you to sew? Only my clothes and the boys. Women, now-a-days are getting mighty independent, wanting machines to do their work; too lazy to do it themselves. Suppose they want time to gad about and gossip about their neighbors."

"Why, Philip—"

"Woman's work is nothing," continued Mr. Giles, not heeding the interruption. "My mother had not as many conveniences for doing her work as you have, yet she always had her meals regular, and that is more than I can say for you. No, I don't want any sewing machine about my house. God made as good a sewing machine as I want when he made woman." With this ultimatum he left the table, and taking his hat he mounted his horse to ride away to look at the new reaper he contemplated buying. One by one the members of the family finished their breakfast, and passed out leaving Mrs. Giles alone. She sat with her head resting upon her hand; her thoughts wandered back to the days when in the freshness of her youth, she gave her heart's deepest and best affections to Philip Giles. Blinded by her great love for him, she saw not the extreme selfishness and coarseness of his nature. She implicitly believed all his promises, and heeded not the

warning of her friends. It seemed a long time since then, so many shadows had darkened her pathway; darker yet seemed to grow life's rugged journey. She saw her six sons growing up around her, amidst rough and evil influences, without the ability wholly to counteract them. Mrs. Giles remained a long time bowed on that breakfast table, praying with a sense of helplessness and a feeling of need, such as she had never before experienced. A loud rap at the door startled her. On opening it she found Mr. Harris had called to pay off a note which had long been due; a note Mr. Giles had often declared he would not be able to collect. "The poor wretch," he insisted, "will never be able to save enough to pay his honest debts, while his wife spends all his earnings on such foolish things as patent washing machines."

Mrs. Giles informed Mr. Harris of her husband's absence, but said she would attend to the business. Well all was satisfactorily settled, and Mr. Harris had gone. Mrs. Giles sat for some time looking at the roll of money in her hand. At length a new thought came into her mind. Carefully placing the bills in her pocket, she went into the kitchen, and hurriedly finishing the morning's work, and then dressing herself she walked down to the railroad station, which was but a quarter of a mile distant. She was in time for the morning train for the city, some ten miles away. [It was nearly 4 o'clock in the afternoon when she returned home. Mr. Giles was still absent; Leonard, the eldest son, stood in the yard with the team. 'Heigho, mother,' said she, 'I was just going to look for you. I thought it was too bad for you always to walk.' 'Well, my son,' she replied, 'you would not have found me; I've been to the city.' 'The city! ge-whitaker,' and Leonard gave a prolonged whistle. 'Yes,' said Mrs. Giles getting into the wagon, 'and now I wish you to go to the station with me, and bring home my purchases.']

Leonard mounted beside her saying: "And so the old man did shell out for once in his life, and give you a little money did he?" Mrs. Giles reproved Leonard for speaking thus of his father, but he continued: "Well, I can't help it; I think it a mean shame; he never gives you a cent to spend, but sends you to the store at the station, with the same old order: 'Please let the bearer have what she needs.' I'd make it convenient to NEED a great many things, if I were you." It was late when Mr. Giles returned. He hastily dismounted and gave his horse to one of the boys. Entering the house, he called for his supper in no gentle tones. Fortunately supper was just ready. Having satisfied his ravenous appetite, he rose from the table saying. "Come, boys it's time you were in bed; I'll wait you up by daybreak in the morning," and setting the example, he went to bed and was soon asleep. About 11 o'clock Mrs. Giles having finished her work, and preparations for an early breakfast, retired to rest. Being very much fatigued by the day's excitement, she soon slept heavily.

After the first nap Mr. Giles was restless and uneasy; he tossed and turned from side to side, but no more sleep for him. He concluded to get up. Having dressed himself he took the candle and proceeded to the kitchen. The slender tallow dip threw a lurid light around the kitchen. There stood a new stove, with its black and polished face, smiling upon him, a row of bright and shining tinware was neatly arranged on the shelf behind it. Turning, his eyes fell upon a washing machine with a wringer attached; taking hold of the crank, and giving it a turn or two, he said: "A sewing machine, by thunder; but how in the name of common sense they sew on it is more than I can tell." Placing the candle on the table, he came in contact with a patent churn. "What, another blasted concern! Polly! Polly!" he exclaimed, seizing the candle and hurrying back into the sleeping room. In his haste, his foot caught on the frame work of the sewing machine, and he fell full length into the middle of the floor, while the candle found a resting place on the opposite side of the room.

Mrs. Giles suddenly roused from a sound sleep, started up in a bewildered manner, saying: "What is it, Philip? What's the matter?" "Matter enough," growled he, picking himself up and rescuing the candle from the close proximity to the bed-clothes—"Who has been filling up the house with all that trumpery, and who do you think is going to pay for it? If you think I am you are much mistaken." Mrs. Giles sprang from the bed and assumed an air of dignity. "Philip Giles," said she, "I have always faithfully endeavored to perform my part as a wife and mother. I have patiently borne my privations, think them necessary to husband's our mean, while you have used money without stint, to purchase machinery to lighten your work. Now I have resolved upon a change. What modern improvements there are to facilitate woman's work I intend to have. Nay, do not interrupt me," she continued as Mr. Giles made an attempt to speak. "Those things are paid for, with the money dear old grandfather left me in his will. You loaned it to Mr. Harris, doing me neither the honor nor the justice to have the notes drawn in my name. Yesterday he paid it, and I went to the city and made these purchases; they cost less than the mower you have just bought. The rest of the money was placed in the Savings Bank."

"In your name, I suppose?" said Mr. Giles. "Yes, in my name," continued Mrs. Giles, "that I might have the use of it when I wished. This farm was purchased with a part of that legacy, and hereafter I intend to see that my rights are respected, and my legal claims rightly adjusted." And she did.

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

Answers to Enigmas, &c., in last week's TIMES:  
Answer to Poetical Riddle—the letter "H."  
Answer to Geographical Enigma—"Williamsport."

**SCIENTIFIC READING.**

**The Poison Valley.**

THE traveler Loudon gives the following interesting account of the famous poisonous valley in the island of Java. "We took with us some dogs and fowls to try experiments in this poisonous hollow. \* \* \* When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseous smell, but in coming close to its edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference, oval, and the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet; the bottom quite flat; no vegetation; and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. \* \* \* We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, eighteen feet long, and sent him in—we had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back, did not move his limbs or look around, but continued to breathe ten minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose and walked into where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in ten minutes fell on his face and never afterward moved his limbs. He continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before reaching the ground. \* \* \* On the opposite side of the valley, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to the weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but any attempt to get it would have been madness."

The old legend in regard to this valley was that a poisonous tree grew here named the Upas, and if any one approached it, the result was sure death. Subsequent investigation, however, proved the incorrectness of the legend in regard to the tree, but not, as it seems, in regard to the deadliness of the place. Nor was this latter exaggerated; but its cause, examination proved to be merely the overloading of the air with carbonic acid gas. The origin of the gas has not been so clearly ascertained, but has been supposed to be from some vent in the earth supplying the gas faster than it can be dissipated in the air, though the traveler just quoted says, "we could not perceive any vapor, or any opening in the ground." Nevertheless this gas is known to be an abundant product of volcanic action, and from some such interior source it may be conveyed to this spot faster than it is conveyed away.

**TIN PLATE.**

The production of tin plate and of articles made from it is a very important department of hardware manufacture. It is divisible into two parts—the formation of the tin plate from iron and tin, and the working up of this material into vessels. The iron for this purpose is, after being puddled, passed through the rolling mills till it is compressed into a sheet of several feet in length. While still red hot, it is dexterously doubled or folded over, like a sheet of paper—again and passed into the furnace, and again under the roller—and so on, by successive repetitions of the process, until the original sheet has been eight times folded and rolled. It is then cut into squares or blocks by steam shears; and when sufficiently cooled, the blocks which are about a third of an inch in thickness, are bent at the corners, and then rapidly split or separated into the eight thinner sheets of which they are composed. The next operation is that of pickling the plates in vitriol diluted with hot water, to take the scale off and whiten them. But even after this has been done, the iron sheets are far from being ready to receive the thin coating of the more precious metal which gives them their name and usefulness. After being rubbed slightly with sand and then dipped in cold water to remove all traces of vitriol, the plates are placed in a furnace for eight or nine hours to be annealed; but as the annealing dulls the brightness which the vitriol gave them, they suffer the process of cold rolling, to give them, once more, the necessary polish. It is then softened by annealing, and the plate is ready to receive its coating of tin. It is first placed in what is called a pickle—a dilute solution of sulphuric acid—

and is afterward plunged into a solution of boiling oil, where it is allowed to remain for a quarter of an hour. Close by this cauldron is another, partly filled with melted tin, on the surface of which a layer of oil floats. The iron plate is dipped into the fluid metal, and left there for ten or twelve minutes, at the end of which time it adheres, and it is drawn out covered with a brilliant coating of the tin. The surface of the plate is then brushed, so as to remove the superfluous tin, then rubbed with bran, and polished with sheepskin with the wool on.

**THE WATCH.**

The watch was originally, we find, a comparatively huge and "bungling" thing, and was moved by weights—in short, it was only a "little clock," a "pocket edition" thereof, as it were. Its case was at first made of iron, and on account of the weights it had to be borne about in a suspended position, as by a cord about the neck, hanging down on the breast. It was only a little over three centuries ago, about the year 1555, that the spring was devised, doing away with weights, and rendering the instrument more readily and safely portable. These springs were then only straight pieces of steel, not coiled as now, and occupying more space. The watch of those days had but one index or hand, and required to be wound often, two or three times a day. The faces or dials were of metal, brass usually, and the cases were without crystals, but opened in front and at the back, not unlike the "hunting-watch" case of to-day. The case was from five to six inches in diameter—a fashion which modern indisposition to "bear about large weights" would hardly tolerate. As may be readily conjectured, the watch in those times was a very costly affair, worth more than many a New England farm now is, and requiring a long time in its construction. It is computed that the average value of the watches of those days was equivalent to fifteen hundred dollars of our currency.

**Who Soaped That Horn!**

THE story runs that when a certain rivalist celebrity took up the horn, to summon the worshippers to service after dinner one day, he blew a strong blast of soap all over the astonished brethren. It is also said by the chronicler of this "item," that he cried out aloud:

"Brethren, I have passed through many tribulations and trials, but nothing like this. I have served the ministry for thirty years, and in that time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be—if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn!"

Well this is a strong story; but we have from a reliable authority, something a little stronger in the sequel to the same incident. This is given as follows:

Some two days after the horn soaping a tall, swarthy, villianous-looking desperado strolled on the ground and leaned against a tree, listened to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and commenced groaning in the "very bitterness of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation he was too great a sinner he said. Oh, no—there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked—there was no hope for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher, "have you stolen?"

"Oh worse than that!"

"What I have you by violence robbed female innocence of its virtue?"

"Worse than that—oh, worse than that!"

"Murder is it? gasped the now horrified preacher.

"Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

Here, brother Cole!" he shouted, "hold my coat. I've found the fellow that soaped that horn."

An Irish counselor having lost his case, which had been tried by three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, though the other two were indifferent, some of the other barristers were merry on the occasions, "Well, now," said he, "who could help it, when there are a hundred Judges on the bench?" "A hundred?" said a bystander; "there were but three." "By St. Patrick!" replied he, "there were one and two ciphers."

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gladden the last of a long life; and form the brightest and most glorious spot on it.

Intoxicated rats are frequently seen in the vicinity of the breweries of Cleveland, and an effort is being made among the old settlers to organize a society to prevent the young rats from falling into dissolute habits that will ultimately bring them into a trap.