

Incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, in 1873; 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,.....	1,200 00
Judgment Bonds in Company's office,.....	1,100 00
Total Cash,.....	\$6,128 00
Total cash and note assets, April 1st, 1872,.....	\$156,128 00

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

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

**AGENTS:**  
H. H. Hill, Edward Fox, John A. Kable, 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

**PERRY COUNTY Real Estate, Insurance, AND CLAIM AGENCY.**

LEWIS POTTER & CO.,  
Real Estate Brokers, Insurance, & Claim Agent  
New Bloomfield, Pa.

WE INVITE the attention of buyers and sellers to the advantages we offer them in purchasing or disposing of real estate through our office.

We have a very large list of desirable property, consisting of farms, town property, mills, stores and tavern stands, and real estate of any description which we are prepared to offer at great bargains. We advertise our property very extensively, and use all our efforts, skill, and diligence to effect a sale. We make no charges unless the property is sold while registered with us. We also draw up deeds, bonds, mortgages, and all legal papers at moderate rates. Some of the best, cheapest, and most reliable fire, life, and cattle insurance companies in the United States are represented at this agency. Property insured either on the cash or mutual plan, and perpetually at \$4 and \$5 per thousand. Pensions, bounties, and all kinds of war claims collected. There are thousands of soldiers and heirs of soldiers who are entitled to pensions and bounty, who have never made application. Soldiers, if you were wounded, ruptured, or contracted a disease in the service from which you are disabled, you are entitled to a pension. When widows of soldiers die or marry, the minor children are entitled to the pension. Parties having any business to transact in our line, are respectfully invited to give us a call, as we are confident we can render satisfaction in any branch of our business.

No charge for information.  
429 1/2 LEWIS POTTER & CO.

**New Carriage Manufactory,**  
ON HIGH STREET, EAST OF CARLISLE ST.,  
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Carlisle Street, New Bloomfield, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture to order.

**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.

**To Shoemakers.**

THE subscribers keep constantly on hand, a FINE ASSORTMENT OF

FRENCH CALF SKINS,  
PINK LININGS,  
ROANS,

MOROCCOS,  
SHOE THREAD,

PEGS, AWLS,  
and a general assortment of articles used by Shoemakers.

F. MORTIMER.

**MADAME SCANDAL.**

A LONG time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple whose time had passed away since early youth in the every day round of farm life; and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling toward each other since the time when good old Parson Heriot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of far and near as the happiest pair in England. Now the devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called a "fuss in the family" between these old companions. But, much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being too late, or the old woman to give a single curt lecture.

After repeated efforts, the devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless have given the work up in despair. One day as he walked along in a very surly mood after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old lady a neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were particular friends, they must need stop on their way and chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said the hag, "and pray what on earth makes you look so bad this morning? Isn't the controversy between all the Churches doing service?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Every thing is going on well enough," replied the devil; "but old Blueford and his wife, are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example, and after trying four hours to induce them to do right, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The hag stood a few moments in deep thought.

"Are you sure you have tried in every way?"

"Every way I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to old Blueford's house, and found Mrs. Blueford busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B, you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five-and-twenty years, come November," replied Mrs. B.

"And all this time you have never had a quarrel."

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag. "I consider it my duty to warn you, though this is the case, you must not expect it always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Blueford.

"I knew it continued the hag, "and let me warn you to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did not think that she had better do so, and asked for advice as to how she should manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, that your husband has a bunch of long hair, growing under his chin, side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These are the cause of the trouble, and as long as they remain you had better look out. Now, as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you can get a chance, and thus end the trouble, and as long as they remain you had better look out."

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness passed between him and the old woman.

"But, friend Blueford," said she, "I think it my duty as a Christian to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself on a bed in perplexity, and feigning himself asleep, studied the matter over in his mind. His wife thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was much frightened at holding a razor so to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so between the two, she went to work very awkwardly and pulled the hairs, instead of cutting them off. Mr. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what he had been told, and seeing this, he could not doubt but that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So from that time there was jaw, jaw, quarreling and wrangling all the time.

With delight the devil heard of the success of the faithful emissary, and sent her word, if she would meet him at the end of the lane at a certain time he would pay her the shoes. At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the devil at the place. He put the shoes on a pole, and, standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was much pleased with them—they were exactly the article.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Devil, I would like to have explained, that is, why you handed them to me on a stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he. "Any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done don't get nearer than twenty feet of me." So saying he fled in terror.

After awhile the old woman died, and when she applied for admission to the lower regions the devil would not let her in for fear she might dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet condemned to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you know her name?

It is Madame Scandal. When she died the young Scandals were left orphans, but the devil, in consideration of the services done by the mother adopted them; and so you see he is father to the respectable class called scandal-mongers.

Reader, don't you know some of the family?

**Arab Courtesy.**

Politeness of Arabs is remarkable, even among the lowest. A person living in a low mud hut in a village will conduct himself with a grace of carriage and speech that is surprising. Class distinctions are observed by all. An extreme act of politeness for the humble to kiss the hand of his superior. The next in degree is reaching the hand to the ground, as much as to say that the jester places himself at the feet of the person addressed. Another is to put the hand on the top of the head, accompanied with a low bow, meaning that the posturer is ready to be walked over. These graceful manoeuvres—especially in ascending the social scale—are accompanied with high-flow compliments, in which each party endeavors to eclipse the other. Men do not enter upon business before exchanging a brace or two of these flattering speeches, with an inevitable reference to Allah and the Prophet. To neglect to do so would be ill-bred, and ungodly. Between equals there is kissing on the cheek. Expressions of superlative admiration are pronounced, and extraordinary professions of friendship are made at these interviews.

One of the politest of these Orientals was the sheik of the Mosque of Omar. He expressed the hope that my shadow, and shadow of all Americans, would never grow less, and that after death we would all inhabit paradise. I asked him how it was possible for us as Christians to have a place in that coveted realm. He was sure that the Prophet would make an exception in the case of such a sweet and lovely people as the American *innallah*. Naturally he made speeches to persons of other nationalities.

If in hiring a horse or camel the owner is asked the charge thereof, he generally puts his hand on his head and says that all his horses and camels are at the disposal of the asker, without price; the honor of serving such a gentleman is ample compensation for him. If the animal is taken with no more definite understanding than this, the hirer is made to pay an extraordinary charge. Those who understand Arab nature pin them down with written contracts and even then find difficulty in not being swindled. When offers or presents are made, they are not to be accepted. This is simply a form of politeness.

They are easily affected by show. If a consul walks the street unattended by dragoman or kanvass, his Arab friends make simply a polite salutation of the hand to the head; if he is preceded by a gorgeous kanvass thumping his mace over the stones, and followed by a dragoman, the same men salute with extravagant gesture and salam. A procession of the Pasha, with his fifty bashibazouks, plunges them into ecstasy.

**Queer Mistakes.**

There are in Dorchester, says a correspondent, twin brothers, whose resemblance to each other are so strong that strangers can hardly tell them apart. They keep a grocery and provision store and were one day bringing in bags of meal from a wagon, which was out of sight from inside the store. Nathan had his coat on, but Eli was in his shirt sleeves. A stranger in the shop watched them coming in and going out one after the other, but only one was visible at a time, and at last he exclaimed to Eli, "Well, you're the smartest man I ever saw, but why do you keep putting on and taking off your coat?" These brothers and several other men were in the habit of getting up very early and going to swim in the "reservoir pond," and once Eli going, as was his wont, to Nathan's house so call him, by tapping on the pane, saw his own face reflected from the glass, and taking it for his brother, he called out, "Come on; they're all waiting for you."

**SUNDAY READING.**

**The Two Forts.**

A worthy man of Paris town,  
Came to the bishop there;  
His face, o'erclouded with dismay,  
Betrayed a fixed despair.

"Father," said he, "a sinner vile  
Am I, against my will;  
Each hour I humbly pray for faith,  
But am a doubter still.

"Sure, were I not despoiled of God,  
He would not leave me so,  
To struggle thus, in constant strife,  
Against the deadly foe."

The bishop to his sorrowing son  
Thus spoke a kind relief;  
"The king of France has castles twain;  
To each he sends a chief.

"There's Montelher, far inland,  
That stands in place secure;  
While La Rochelle, upon the coast,  
Doth selges oft endure."

"Now, for these castles—both preserved—  
First in his prince's love  
Shall Montelher's chief be placed,  
Or La Rochelle's above?"

"Oh, doubtless sire," the sinner cried,  
That king will love the most  
The man whose task was hard, to keep  
His castle on the coast!"

"So," said the bishop, "thou art right:  
Apply this reasoning well;  
My heart is Montelher fort,  
And thine is La Rochelle."

**Sever Tempt a Man.**

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father, Gov. Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Connecticut, in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs of the chieftainship was an Indian named Zachary, who though a brave man and excellent hunter, was so drunken and worthless an Indian as could be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment the better genius of Zachary assumed sway, and he reflected seriously. "How can such a wretch as I am aspire to the chief of such a noble tribe? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas?—Aye—I WILL DRINK NO MORE!!" And he solemnly resolved that henceforth he would drink nothing stronger than water! and he kept his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the Governor to attend the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way was to stop and dine with the Governor. John, the Governor's son, was but a boy, and on one of these occasions, at the festive board occurred a scene which I will give in Trumbull's own words:

"One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family was seated at dinner, and there was excellent home brewed ale on the table. I thus addressed the old chief: "Zachary, this beer is very fine; will you not taste it?" The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me, "John," said he, you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian? If I should taste your beer, I should never stop until I got to rum, and I should become again the same drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been! John, never again while you live tempt a man to break a good resolution."

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftain with awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene and charged me never to forget it.

**An Effective Weapon.**

Mr. Lay, of the navy, invented a torpedo which is now before Congress, and for which he asks \$150,000, provided it does all he claims for it. He proposes to be able to send it out two miles at sea, keep it under perfect control from the shore by electricity, and direct it under a ship and blow it up, or to let it proceed one mile and cause it to return without exploding, showing the perfect control he has over the infernal machine. It is proposed that a board of naval officers shall examine it and certify that it has all the merits claimed. If what is said of the machine is true, it will create a complete revolution in naval warfare and provide another means of defence against a foreign invasion. As naval officers would have to use it in time of war, they oppose its adoption unless the most perfect tests are made by experienced officers.

A Mississippi editor boasts that his State has a Dolly Yarden Legislature—mixed, black, white and yellow.

**General Putnam.**

During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Amherst was marching across the country to Canada the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The General was in great distress, his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed.

While he was pondering on what should be done, General Putnam came to him, and said:

"General, that ship must be taken."

"Aye," says Amherst, "I would give the world if she was taken."

"I'll take her," says Putnam.

Amherst smiled and asked how.

"Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet, used for driving wedges), and a few men of my own choice."

Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and wedges.

However, he granted Putnam's request.

When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and, in an instant, drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and ship, and left her.

In the morning, the sails were seen fluttering about; she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, was easily taken.

**A Novel Announcement.**

In the village of North Bennington a few miles from Troy an old Universalist church is occupied jointly for service by the Methodist in the morning and the Universalist in the evening. The other day the Universalist preacher, Rev. Mr. Carson Parker, who was deposed a few months since from the ministry in the Methodist church, announced in the papers that on the following Sunday evening he would preach on the "Death of the Devil." As a matter of courtesy the Methodist clergyman, Rev. S. W. Clemens, officiating in the morning, announced the services for the evening, and did it in the following quaint and original way. Said he: "This evening, my friends there is to be a funeral in this house. One peculiarity about the service will be that the son preaches the father's funeral sermon. Mourners and relatives are invited to take the body pews." This was said in the gravest manner by the speaker, but it is needless to say that a quiet smile ran over the faces of the worshippers. Whether the body pews were occupied or not at the "funeral" deponent saith not.

**A Photographer's Revenge.**

Dr. H. Vogel, writing from Germany to the Philadelphia Photographer, relates a queer case. A photographer made pictures of two brothers, who refused to take or pay for them on the ground that they were not likenesses. The artist complained, but the judge was of the same opinion as the brothers, and decided that the pictures were not likenesses. Mr. Photographer then went home with his rejected pictures, and placed them in his show-window, with the label: "Murderers of Mrs. X." The brothers then waited on the artist, and alleged that it was a libel to expose their pictures with such a title, and, on his refusal to remove the placard, they entered suit. It remains to be seen how the judge will decide in this new phase of the affair.

**A Singular Suit.**

A divorce suit of most extraordinary character is now on trial in the Circuit Court of St. Louis. The plaintiff, Wm. Fowble, is a farm hand, residing some twelve or fifteen miles from the city. He alleges that early on the morning of April 8th, while comfortably snoozing in his bed, two men aroused him, and by threats of death compelled him to accompany them to the house of a neighbor half a mile distant, and on arriving there made him stand up and be married to a lady for whom he had no inclination. Notwithstanding his protestations and entreaties he says the ceremony was performed by a regular ordained preacher, and as soon as the dreadful affair was concluded, he fled from the house and from the blushing bride, and has not since seen her.

**A Widowers Caution.**

A woman, while being borne to the place of interment, was aroused to her consciousness by the jostling of her coffin against the wall of a house, as the bearers turned the corner. She was speedily released from her restraints and conveyed home, where she lived several years longer. She fell again into a decline and died, the funeral again took place, and the procession set out for the grave; as it drew near the house on the corner, the husband wiped his eyes hastily, and cried out to the bearers, "Be careful as you turn the corner."

In Pearl street, New York, there is a mill that makes from paper such articles as milk-pans, cups, bread-pans, wash-bowls, etc., which are said to be superior to wood or metal. The paper being pulped is dressed to shape, dried, enameled, and subjected to heat that would destroy some utensils of the kind. The material is light and easily handled, and does not rust, shrink, leak, or easily break.