

Incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, in 1869; 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, \$2,028 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>\$156,138 00</b>

**JAMES H. GRIER, JOHN D. HADESTY,**  
Secretaries, President.

**DIRECTORS:**  
John D. Hadesly, A. P. Helms, Benjamin Teter, A. Sutermeister, 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, store 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 well 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.  
420 ly  
**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.  
311F  
**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 shoe makers.  
**F. MORTIMER.**

**A PLEASANT SURPRISE!**

"IT'S no joking matter, Mr. Allaire," said Miss Jemima Pendexter.  
"Of course it isn't, Jemima," said Mr. Allaire, rather more soberly than he had spoken before. "But if you come to that, isn't it a deal jollier, and just as cheap, to laugh as to cry?"

Miss Jemima Pendexter was a tall, blooming brunette, with dark brown eyes, hair satin black, and a good healthy bloom on either cheek, and her green gingham dress fitted her as perfectly as if a Broadway modiste had cut and made it. Ferdinand Allaire was a handsome young fellow of some five or six and twenty, whose dark sparkling eyes sent out roguish gleams from beneath a pair of arched brows, and whose teeth were as white as a fresh cut slice of cocoa-nut.

"But mother wants the money," persisted Miss Pendexter.

"Not half so badly as I do, Jemima."

"It's too bad," pouted Jemima.  
"So it is. But really Jemima, don't you suppose I would pay her in a minute, if I had the money. If, for I'm not a magician whose word can turn a basket of scrap paper to bank note, or make coined gold out of the cinders under the grate."

"That's nonsense!" said Miss Pendexter.

"Of course it is. Sense is at a discount just at present. Look at the pile of manuscript, if you don't believe me, that no editor will buy; see those elegant oil paintings that De Beaudin declines respectfully to hang up for sale! What's a fellow to do?"

"At least," said Jemima, tossing her pretty head, "you ought to pay your honest debt!"

"I know that, my dear," said Mr. Allaire, gravely. "And I've written at least seven earnestly entreating letters to my hard hearted old uncle, and of the seven answers that ought to have come back, the first one hasn't made it's appearance. Jemima I've an idea."

"Pshaw!" said Miss Pendexter, trying in vain to maintain the severe gravity of aspect that was rapidly thawing beneath the merry sparkle of the sloop-black eyes.

"But I have really. Suppose you take me in part payment of my bill to Mrs. Pendexter. I believe I have the elements of a first-rate husband about me."

Miss Jemima turned resolutely away.

"Mr. Allaire, I believe you'd joke if you were upon your dying bed!"

And she went down stairs.

"A man might do worse than marry Jemima Pendexter," said Mr. Allaire, meditatively. "She's pretty, and she's spirited; and as for her mother keeping a boarding house, that's no particular objection in my eyes. Halloo! what's that commotion outside?"

He threw up the window-sash and stretched himself half-way out. Mrs. Pendexter, a stout, thrifty matron, in frilled cap and lilac ribbons, was bargaining with a ragged itinerant of the gipsy order to have a load of wood which had just been deposited at her door, sawed and split and stowed into the cellar.

"Couldn't do it for less than four dollars, mem," said the Bohemian of the streets.

"It isn't worth three!" cried Mrs. Pendexter.

"Worst kind of knotty wood, mem."

"I won't give a cent more than three," persisted Mrs. Pendexter.

"Very well, it'll be somebody besides me," said the man, shouldering his axe and passing indifferently on.

He supposed that Mrs. Pendexter would call him back and accede to his terms, but he was mistaken in the buxom widow's mental calibre. She was turning in-doors again, when, to her surprise, she found herself confronting Mr. Ferdinand Allaire, in his shirt sleeves.

"I'm your man, ma'am said he rubbing his white palms briskly together.

"My good Gracious!" ejaculated the widow, "what do you mean, Mrs. Allaire?"

"I mean that little job of wood sawing," said our hero. "Being on your axe and saw. I'll do it for three dollars, and turn it in toward our small account. Now, then, ma'am wide awake if you please!"

"But—I beg your pardon, Mr. Allaire, if you please—you're a gentleman!"

"Very well, what of that? Is there anything to prevent a gentleman splitting up a cord of wood? A great deal more strengthening to the muscles of the arm than dumb-bells and Indian clubs, I am sure."

"Are you really in earnest?"

"Yes, I am."

And then Mrs. Pendexter, seeing no reason why she should not realize a portion at least of the back board for the third-story hall bed-room in this practical manner, sent Jack the errand boy down after the axe and saw, and Ferdinand Allaire set briskly to work, whistling "Banks and Braes" most energetically as he toiled.

Miss Jemima came and looked out of the window, her eyes shining merry encouragement, and her mischievous mouth framing itself in dimples. Miss Lavina Jones, the elderly maiden lady who occupied the back parlor, pursed up her lips, and wondered "what ridiculous freak that madcap of a Mr. Allaire would be up to next?" Young Jessamy of the occidental Club nearly got run over, starting back in amazement at seeing Ferdinand at work; and Miss Adele Maurice, with whom he had led the Ger-

man, three nights before—for our hero was what is called a "society young man"—stared with all her eyes, and like the priest and Levite in the parable, passed by on the other side.

"Let her go," said Mr. Allaire to himself; "What do I care?"

But an open Barouche rolled by, and a stick of viciously minded wood spun from the rending stroke of the axe directly into the velvet-cushioned seat, opposite a tall, white-haired old man, who sat there in dignified state, our hero looked up apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, sir—I didn't mean—" he began politely.

And then he stopped, in amazement. It was Mr. Laurence Allaire, the very grim old uncle who had refused to countenance the unreasonable nephew who presumed to prefer literature and the belles-lettres to a seat in the banking-house of Allaire & Algrove.

"Now, I'm done for, past all redemption," groaned Mr. Ferdinand, to himself.

"Uncle Laurence was quite angry enough with me before, but now he'll have a text to preach a sermon that will last him the rest of his life. The prodigal eating husks—the Israelites making bricks in a land of captivity.—"I told you so, and serves the young scape-grace right." Now what evil genius sent my Uncle Laurence down this street just now, of all times in the world? He cut me out of his will three months ago; now he will add a special clause of obloquy and disgrace. Well, I can't help it."

Old Mr. Allaire had opened his keen blue eyes very wide at the unwonted sight of his aristocratic nephew splitting wood but it had not produced exactly the effect upon him which Ferdinand so darkly prophesied. He sat up as straight as ever in his carriage, gravely meditating.

"Stokes!" said he to the coachman.

"Sir?" said Stokes.

"Drive to Mr. Pennawinks."

"Yes, sir," said Stokes.

"Didn't know the boy had so much pluck in him," said Mr. Laurence Allaire to himself, stroking his frost white moustache.

"The only relative I've got in the world, after all; no use in making an obstinate old stage uncle of myself. Pennawinks!"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, from his leather-covered chair as Mr. Allaire walked into a stuffy little office smelling of law books and stale cigar smoke.

"I want my will restored to its original form, Pennawink."

Mr. Pennawinks elevated his shaggy gray brows, but made no other sign of amazement. *Nile admirari* was his motto in legal matters.

"Very well, sir. I'll bring it around tomorrow," he answered.

"No, you'll not. You'll do it now, while I am waiting. Now is the accepted time, for old men like you and me, Pennawinks."

"Exactly so," said Mr. Pennawinks.—"So Mr. Ferdinand has reformed?"

"Well, no, I can't say that exactly," said the old banker stiffly. "But there's more genuine stuff in the lad than I had any idea of. I shall invite him to dinner this afternoon."

But Mr. Allaire had issued his last dinner invitation.

"Apoplexy," said one doctor.

"Heart disease," said a second.

"Paralysis—clearly paralysis—asserted a third."

Such were some of the comments when a few hours later, Mr. Allaire was found dead in his chair.

His funeral was well attended, and among the mourners was Ferdinand, who said, "I will pay this respect to the memory of my uncle, although he has disinherited me."

When the funeral was over and the will was read, probably none were more astonished at the contents than was the nephew, who expected nothing; for a codicil added only a few hours before death had called the old man away, read as follows:

"The clause in this Will which revokes a legacy of \$90,000 to my nephew Ferdinand Allaire, is hereby declared void, and it is my wish that he not only have the amount mentioned above, but I also bequeath to him in addition, the real estate now occupied by me as a residence. I make this change because I saw that he had the spirit to help himself, by manual labor."

Ferdinand returned to his boarding house that evening with a consciousness of soon being able to pay Mrs. Pendexter her honest debt, and also feeling that it was just possible that having offered to give himself in pay to Miss Jemima when he was worth nothing, that he ought to renew the offer, now the circumstances were changed.

I do not know whether this was what influenced him or not, but it is a fact that he did renew the offer, and Miss Jemima this time thought best to accept it, much to the disgust of Miss Adele Maurice, who would have been glad to have presided over the house once occupied by the rich old banker.

A person having been mentioned who had been notoriously unfortunate in his first marriage relation, and yet had soon married again, was asked if it was not rash to embark anew in an adventure which he had already found to be so disastrous.

"No," said the philosopher, elevating his hand, and his countenance glowing with enthusiasm. "It was the triumph of hope over experience."

**SCIENTIFIC READING.**

**How Gunpowder is Made.**

**H**OW do you think you would like to live fearing every moment to be blown up, not daring to speak loud, to jar anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant. Well, it isn't, yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive pay and live year after year in the very sight of death, as it were; so that the world may have gunpowder.

You can easily guess that those men go about quietly, and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making. A powder-mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. The houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But, in spite of care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder-mills will go off almost in an instant, and every vestige of the toil of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpetre and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself, but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started and every man leaves the place. The door is shut and the machinery left to do its own terrible work alone. When it has run long enough the mill is stopped and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and of course is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of the dangerous powder crushed by the boot would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted; and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent as in the other house. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The stoving-house is the next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing house, and it is put up in barrels, kegs and canisters.

Safely through all these houses, it goes at last to the store-house. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away out of the hand of men in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder-house, but you don't think this house very dry. It is almost embedded in water. The roof is one big tank, kept full of water. Did you ever hear of water roof before? Instead of steps to go in there are shallow tanks of water, through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of those powder-houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look that makes one think every moment of the danger and glad to get away.

Though curiosity may take a man once to visit a powder-mill, he has no desire to go the second time, and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.—*American Sportsman.*

A pretty, bright little juvenile friend some five years old, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visited the family. He finally wound up by saying:

"Rosa, I don't love you."

"But you've got to love me," said the child.

"How so?" asked the tormenter.

"Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says that you must love those that hate you, and I am sure that I hate you."

**The New York Herald.**

**S**OME of our readers may be interested in a correct statement of the cost of publishing and labor required to conduct the New York Herald, the oldest of the quarto dailies in that city. The editorial staff consists of one chief, one managing, one financial, one city editor and eight editorial writers. The ship news, foreign news, domestic news, statistical matters and transaction departments each has a chief, with such assistants as may be required while the city department is presided over by a chief, who must have gone through all the gradations of the reporting department. This force consists of twenty-seven reporters, who cover all the news points in New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn and contiguous places of easy access to New York. The salary of the managing editor is \$3,000 per annum; the financial editor, \$5,000 per annum, and the writers, or sub-editors, \$40 to \$60 per week; reporters \$25 to \$35 per week. In the composing room seventy-five men are employed, whose pay depends upon the skill and steadiness of their labor, some making as high as \$44 dollars per week. The clerical force of the paper numbers about twenty, divided into relays for day and night work.

The editorial force meet daily in the "council room" of the establishment. The meeting is presided over by Bennett, father or son, as the case may be, or in the absence of both these gentlemen then by the senior writer, Dr. George B. Wallis. At this council all the current questions of the day are discussed, all formality in speaking on topics is avoided, and it partakes more of a family gathering. Mr. Bennett, after carefully looking over his memorandum of "points," breaks silence, and the conversation takes a cheerful turn, and continues for upward of two hours. In the interim each editor is assigned to write a certain article. Mr. Bennett, senior, has not written an article for the Herald for upwards of thirty years, yet he identifies himself with the editorial columns by requiring the editors to keep the tone and style of their articles within certain cardinal points.

Mr. Bennett has a telegraph wire (nine miles) connecting the Herald office with his residence at Fort Washington; also a shorter line (three miles) to his house on Fifth Avenue. By this means he is in constant communication with the office. Important news from Europe, and indeed from any part of the world, is announced to him, and he frequently sends the points for a leader over the wires, the telegraph keys being manipulated by the gentle hand of his daughter, Jeanette. The foreign correspondence of the Herald is now in charge of a gentleman residing in London, who receives a salary of \$5,000 a year in gold. He moves and inculcates the correspondents at the various European capitals. The receipts from advertising range from \$2,500 to \$5,000 per day.—*Printing Gazette.*

**An Apt Quotation.**  
A lady writing to her father, described the loss of a favorite cow as follows:

"Yesterday poor dolly strayed from the pasture, and unfortunately selecting the railroad track for her luckless liberty, was caught by the late afternoon train from the north, and left in nearly equal portions on either side of the track."

To which the father promptly and succinctly replied.

"Apropos of your cow, see Genesis, xv, 17."

Consulting Genesis according to his directions, she read: "And it came to pass that, when the sun went down, it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and burning lamp passed between those pieces."

Piggy got into a large yard where he did not belong, and trying to get out again he stuck fast under a high board fence and there began to kick and squeal in the good old way. His owner, a big, fat, Irishman, hearing the hubbub, ran out of the house near by, and caught his pig by the ears, endeavored to pull him through the hole before the trespass was detected. But this treatment had no effect but to make the pig yell the more. An old ram in the yard hearing the noise, and seeing piggy's hind-legs and tail flourishing away in a menacing manner, accepted what he thought was a challenge, and lowering his head charged with all his might. He struck his mark squarely and fairly, and the pig shot through the hole like a pork cannon-ball, and striking his master full in the breast knocked him flat on his back. The only person who witnessed this closing scene was just entering the yard, and not being aware how many actors were engaged in it, was very much surprised to hear what he supposed to be the pig, swearing in Irish on the other side of the fence.

Children will ask queer questions, even in Sunday school. A teacher says:

I have a class in Sabbath school. One of the children, a bright little girl about six years of age, I noticed one day looking very intently at another of the teachers, a gentleman with a heavy moustache. After a long and earnest look, she turned to me with:

"Teacher! teacher! has that man got a hair up?"