

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,362,814 26!

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 traveling permits.

Policy-holders 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.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE, Pres't.
M. B. WYCKOFF, Vice Pres't.

J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent,
No. 6 North Third Street,
College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.
(429 y)

Incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, in 1867; 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, 1,200 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. Sutermeister, James H. Grier, E. F. Jungkurt, Elias Miller.

AGENTS:
H. H. Hill, Edward Fox, John A. Kable, Edward Wesley, Charles F. Deibert, 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 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.

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THE TWO MR. BROWN'S.

I AM MR. BROWN, but I am sorry to say there is another Mr. Brown. It is on account of the existence of this other Mr. Brown, that I have lately had so much trouble.

I am employed by one of our large Philadelphia commercial houses as a traveling salesman, and frequently make business visits to the principal cities of our own and adjoining States. Last summer, while on a visit to a neighboring city, and stopping at a cosy hotel there, the following ludicrous incident occurred:

On my arrival I registered my name on the visitors' book as Mr. Brown. The landlord's consequential manner immediately altered to one of deference on reading the name, and I was unexpectedly assigned one of the best rooms in the house, and was still more surprised at mine host going to my chamber with me, and personally superintending the making of the room tidy and comfortable. I was not accustomed to having so much attention paid to me by strangers, and could only attribute it to my good looks and gentlemanly deportment.

After the landlord had retired, I seated myself at the table, and began a letter to my friends at home. I had written but a few lines, when I was annoyed by a strange buzzing of voices, which seemed to come from the keyhole of the door.

"Is it possible," I said to myself, "that the residents of this house can take such an interest in my affairs, to go eavesdropping after me?"

I walked noiselessly to the door, and suddenly opening it, I surprised no less than a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who were taking covert glances at me by turns, through the narrow orifice intended for the key. On my unexpected appearance at the door, all beat a hasty retreat into their respective bed chambers, and the flying spectacles of disappearing skirts and coat-tails, was a scene I shall long remember.

I could not imagine what it could all mean. Why should the landlord be so attentive to a stranger, and why should the ladies and gentlemen of the house take such an extraordinary interest in me? But other wonders were to come. I had scarcely proceeded with my letter before I was again interrupted by a knocking at the door. I answered the summons, when to my intense astonishment, a beautiful young lady sprang into my arms, calling me "papa, dear papa!"

"There must be some mistake, my dear," I said, "I am not your nor anybody else's papa."

The young lady was not dismayed by this declaration, however, but continued to embrace me and claimed me as her paternal relative.

What was my surprise, when I again disavowed any knowledge of her, to be assured that she had expected I would disown her, but attributed it to the wild freaks to which I was subject.

"What wild freaks, my dear miss?" I asked.

"Oh, we have heard of them all," she replied; "Aunt Laura has well described your character and peculiarities in her letters. But how is mamma?"

"My good girl, do you wish to drive me mad? First you call me papa, and now you ask me about mamma. Who in the deuce is your mamma?"

"Who is she? Why, your second wife, of course, and my step-mother, whom I have never seen; but I am dying to get a look at her."

I was about making an angry answer, and declaring my claims as a bachelor, when there came trooping into the room half a dozen little children, who immediately seized upon the tails of my coat, and the legs of my pants, almost throwing me off my feet.

"Who are these?" I cried, in distraction; "are these youngsters more of my offspring?"

"Oh, no, papa," answered the young lady; "these are Carrie's, your oldest daughter's children. They are your grandchildren."

"For heaven's sake, stop there," I shouted; "you have made me a grandfather, but be good enough not to go any farther with my descendants."

"The truth must be told," said the young lady with a rosy smile; "you know your oldest son is named John?"

"Well, since you say so, we will call him John."

"John has a married daughter, who has lately had—"

(I knew what was coming, so I jumped up and seized my hat while she concluded.)

"A bouncing little boy—so you are a great grandfather," continued the young lady.

Like Macbeth, I would "hear no more," but rushed from the room as if Satan and all hisimps were at my heels. As I passed out at the street door, like a young hurricane, I noticed that an elegant carriage had stopped in the front of the hotel, and a lady was getting out of it, but I was in too great a hurry to pay much attention to her.

I was so much annoyed with the unaccountable conduct of the people at the hotel, that I did not return until late in the evening, preferring to purchase my supper at a restaurant. When I did return, the

landlord again welcomed me, and assured me that my bed was all ready, and every thing was "all right." He said "all right" with such an insinuating, deferential smile that I could not comprehend what the fellow meant.

When I reached my bed room, in pushing the door to I accidentally blew out the light, and found myself in the dark—so intensely dark that I could not see a step before me. However, I concluded to undress in the dark, so I sat down upon the bed, and began to divest myself of my clothing.

In moving my hand carelessly over the bed it suddenly came in contact with a solid body, which felt most singularly like a human being. In the next moment my hand was grasped by two smooth, soft hands, and then I felt the tips of my fingers pressed the delicate, rapturous lips.

What did it all mean? Could it be a ghost in my bed or a burglar? Or was it a young lady? When I thought of the latter possibility, my limbs trembled in terror and I was about to light the lamp again. Before I could do so, however, a sweet voice spoke to me.

"Brown," said the voice, "why don't you come to bed? Here I have been waiting for you for the last half hour."

I understood what was the matter now, and I determined to have some fun.

"Go to sleep my dear, and don't bother me," said I; "I will come to bed when I am ready."

In a moment there came a piercing scream from the bed, loud enough to have raised the shingles from the roof. It had the effect of bringing the landlord into my room with all his boarders trooping at his heels.

What was my dismay, when a light was brought, to discover a beautiful lady sitting bolt upright in bed, and attired in a snowy white garment.

"What do you mean sir by entering my bed chamber?" asked the lady in a severe tone of voice.

"Yes, and I would like to know what you mean, sir?" said a stout gentleman of my own age, who came tearing into the room at that moment, like a wild hyena, flourishing a thick cane in one hand, while in the other he carried a carpet bag. "Who the devil are you, sir?" asked this gentleman, stalking up to me, and staring me in the face.

"I am Mr. Brown, sir," said I assuming a most dignified expression of countenance.

"And I am Mr. Brown," said the other, scowling at me fearfully.

"That's a coincidence," said I.

"What were you doing in my wife's room?" asked the man. "That's another coincidence, hey?"

"You are mistaken, sir," said I. "Your wife got into my room. I engaged this room early in the afternoon, as I can prove by the landlord."

At this moment the young lady who had claimed me as her father in the afternoon, approached the lady in the bed, and inquired:

"Tell me mamma, which of these gentlemen is my papa?"

"Why, the good-looking one of course," said the lady, "the gentleman with the side whiskers."

She meant the other fellow.

"Oh, how I have been deceived!" cried the young lady, her face suffused with blushes.

"Yes, and I have been deceived," said the landlord, "for I took this Mr. Brown to be the other Mr. Brown, and I let him have the best room, which I intended for the wealthy Mr. Brown and his wife."

The horizon began to clear a little, and I saw the light. But I determined to get to the bottom of this mystery, so I buttonholed the landlord, and drew him into a corner, where I put "a few leading questions, as the lawyers say."

I learned that the other Mr. Brown was a wealthy individual, who had been traveling in Europe for several years, and had not seen his family for a long time. During his absence his wife died, and he took another partner to his bosom, and wrote home to his family that he would return immediately, and bring his bride with him.

His arrival was anxiously looked for, and his children residing at the hotel where I was putting up, that establishment was in arms for the event.

Brown had left his children when they were so small that they could not remember him, and what was more strange, he never sent them a picture of himself—so the only way they could identify him was by his name. What more natural than for them to suppose me their father, on my registering my name? When I looked into the matter, I could even forgive the landlord for his blunder.

On the mistake being explained to the other Mr. Brown, he acknowledged I was not to blame, and volunteered to stand treat to champagne and oysters. I respectfully declined, and departed for another hotel, where I was the only Mr. Brown.

Bob—"Jim, do men don't make such fools of themselves about woman as de moon dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed last thing at night to find a man. Why I nubber looks under my bed to find a woman does you?"

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Cross-Word Enigma.
My first is in wash but not in scour.
My second is in mine but not in yours.
My third is in long but not in short.
My fourth is in play but not in sport.
My fifth is in ice but not in cold.
My sixth is in dare but not in bold.
My seventh is in May but not in June.
My eighth is in fiddle but not in tune.
My ninth is in rod but not in whip.
My tenth is in yawl but not in ship.
My whole is the name of a subscriber.

A Riddle.
It is formed like the Globe, and placed in its centre.
It commands every tongue, every mouth it will enter.

It is always in fashion, the first to be odd,
It departs not from home, yet it wanders abroad,
It presides on the ocean, likewise upon shore.
It leads every object, enriches our store.
It enters every body, directs every omen,
Turns one into ten, hates men and loves woman,
It is seen in the morning, gets brighter at noon,
It is hid in the sun, though it shines in the moon.

It shines in the rain-bow, likewise in the snow,
It follows our footsteps wherever we go.

Answer to Square Word Puzzle in last week's TIMES:

S A I L
A L O E
I O W A
L E A F

Dangers of Serenading.

A young Romeo residing upon Garden street, Cleveland, whose voice has just commenced to change, and sings anywhere along the scale from falsetto to the home bass, purchased a forty dollar guitar a few weeks since, and last week thought he would serenade his Juliette, who lives on the same street. Hastily chewing a few bronchial troches to clear his pipes, he crept within the shade of a bay window and nervously began clawing the instrumental chords, while he softly tipped a ballad to his charmer inside. He had just sung—

"There's music in the midnight air."

when he became convinced that there was sole leather soaring about through the atmosphere also, and before he could strike the chorus he found the stuffing kicked out of his guitar and himself in the road using his nose as a shovel-plow. The girl's father had returned from down town at an unusually late hour—hence the result. The warbler is now practicing on the concertina, and getting his pants half-soled with sheet iron. He says he will yet make the old man sick if the bellows don't go back on him.

Come Down, Father.

Some one has paraphrased the song, "Dear Father, Come Home," as follows: Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps, my dressmaker's bill is unpaid—she said she would send it right home from the shop, as soon as the flounces were made. My new dress from—is down in the hall, the boy will not leave without pay—I've nothing to sport with—can't go to the ball, so please send the shop-boy away! Come down! come down! Please, father, dear father, come down! Oh, hear the sweet voice of thy child, who cries in her room alone; oh, who could resist her most pitiful tears? So, father, with stamps you'll come down. Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps, my curls are not fit to be seen—the hair dresser said he would not do them up unless I could pay fifteen—he only asked twenty to give a new set, and take the old hair in exchange—besides pa, my waterfall's awful rough, and so my back hair will look strange. Come down! come down! come down! Please! father, for Britain come down!

An Indian, after hearing a missionary preach on the text, "Make vows to heaven and keep them," went up to the minister after the sermon and said, "I have made a vow to go to your house." A little surprised the minister answered; "Well, keep your vows." On arriving at the house, the Indian said, "I have made a vow to sup with you." This was also granted, but directly after supper the Indian added, "I have made a vow to sleep in your house." Fearing there would be no end to the vows of the attentive auditor the missionary replied, "It is easy to do so, but I have made a vow that you shall leave to-morrow morning." To which the Indian readily consented without hesitation.

At Dubuque, Iowa, recently, a man in a state of intoxication was seen trying to lead a horse. The animal watched his master closely, and when he staggered almost to falling would catch him by the coat collar and hold him up. Once or twice the man fell and was helped up by the superior being. By extreme care and watchfulness the horse succeeded in getting his master home safely. The incident painfully recalls Dean Swift's description of the Yahoos, in the travels of Gulliver.

Olive Logan commenced one of her lectures at Newark, recently, with the remark: "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

A STRANGE CONVERSATION.

WHILE sitting in the office of the National Temperance Publication House the other afternoon, waiting for a friend who was purchasing books in the store, I was greatly astonished by the following conversation between the agent and his assistant. The former had a large pile of letters, just received from all parts of the country, and the lady was assorting tracts.

Agent. Did you send the Rev. T. Jones "Our National Curse?"

Assistant: he writes that it is not sufficiently strong. He wishes a thousand "Cholera Conductors" to distribute among his congregation. He also wants "Gin Toddy" for his Sabbath school, and says he does not think much of "Temperance in Sunday Schools" but likes "Drunkenness and Christian Love" better.

Agent. Well, let him have what he wants, but send a "Word in Season" at the same time.

Assist. I find we are out of "Sympathy for the Drunkard," and have more "Little Sins" than we ought to have.

Agent. Yes, and we must get rid of them as soon as possible, and also the "Effects of Alcohol upon the Human System." Here is a letter from Mrs. Smith in which she complains that you have sent her the "Deacon and his Dog" instead of "Our Young Minister," and says also that she does not like "Our Stumbling Brother."

Assist. She is certainly very particular: she wrote for "Somebody's Son," and I must have been careless in sending.

Agent. The Rev. Mr. Thompson writes, "I have read the "Wife's Secret," and, in consequence have given one of my Deacons the "Fatal Draught," and I wish I had fifty more "Ready to Perish." He also states that "His Personal Honor" was damaged in transit, and asks for more.

Assist. Well, we have none to spare in the office; I think the "Philosophy of Drinking" would suit him better.

Agent. Dr. Lurewell says that he believes the "Wine Cup and the Gallows" will convert more sinners in a month than he can with a year's preaching; and as each of his congregation has "Natural and Reserved Rights," he hopes they will each get "Gled's Grip," which he thinks would do them good.

Assist. I think if he would recommend "Temperance and the Bible" to his church it would be in a better state.

Agent. I have written him and recommended a "Rum Fiend" for each pew, they would just suit his congregation.

Assist. Miss Sweet says she wants the "Best Fellow in the World," and she will let her sister have the "Temperance Doctor." I wrote her she should have more "Self-Denial;" but she likes "Liberty and Love" better, and will take "Nobody's Advice."

Agent. The Hon. R. Harris says that an "Honest Doctor" has never been seen in that part of the country, and does not know anything about "Who killed the man." He also states that the expressman lost "Little Lizzie" on the road and wants "William and Mary" instead.

Assist. The Rev. P. Jenkins says he found a "Mocking Genius" in his pulpit and a "Blasted Tree" in each pew, and that his people like them better than the "Ox Sermons" which he gave them the Sunday before.

Agent. The Rev. Fiddle, D. D., sends for 1,000 "Freemen or Slaves" to put one in each cell in their Penitentiary; he says, further, "I have a few 'Rescued Brands,' which I intend hanging up in the horse-cars to let the people know that my church is not quite asleep."

Assist. Did you send "Timothy a Tee-totaller" to the poor house?

Agent. Yes; and now we will send a "Shot at the Decanter" and close for the day.

Now, I knew my friend the Agent to be one of the best temperance men in the world, and also one of the most energetic Sunday School workers. I also knew the thorough-going Christian and true temperance girl, so you may imagine my relief when I found that they had not gone raving mad, but were simply filling orders for tracts, and that the quoted words were the names of those ordered, and that instead of wishing and sending all sorts of evil, they were helping to spread light and knowledge on the great question of Temperance.

—Phrenological Journal.

An officer who was more distinguished for gallantry in the field than for the care he lavished upon his person, complaining, on a certain occasion, to an Irish judge of the sufferings he endured from rheumatism, the judge undertook to prescribe a remedy. "You must desire your servant," he said, to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh brush." "Why," said the officer, after reflecting for a minute or two, "this seems to be neither more nor less than washing one's self." "Well, I must confess," rejoined the judge, "it is open to that objection."