

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,362,814 20!

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. 5 North Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa. 429yl College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.

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,.....	1,200 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. 101 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 Manufacturing, 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.

An Incident in the Mines. A Comical Interview.

THERE was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, it is true, but in defence of a stranger beset by numbers. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formalities of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a Warwick in politics. When he died there was a great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck; and after due deliberation the jury said and true, with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without injuries?

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, and all the saloons were draped in black. Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees were appointed; among others, a committee of one was appointed to call on a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an Eastern theological seminary; and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committee man, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel mill next door?"

"I am the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand?"

With another sigh and a half sob Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought may be you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it and you are the clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?" asked Scotty.

The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises," replied the parson.

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment and then said:

"You rather hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well you've rather got the bulge on me. Or may be we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm on now is to rout out somebody to jerk out a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but now I grope. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of facts unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause, and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of yours is too many for me—that's the idea, I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

"Return? Well, I reckon not. Why, pard, he's dead."

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought may be you was getting tangled once more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

Again! Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet, he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't know no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back; and when I knowed a man like him I freeze to him—you hear me. Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of hard world, after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to see him got started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever drewed breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand?—He didn't give a continental—for any-body. Beg your pardon friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't no getting around that, I don't reckon. Now, if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies you mean?"

"Obsequies is good. Yes, that's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box with a billed shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? and we'll take care of you pard. We'll fix you up all right. There will be a kerriage for you, and whatever you want just scape out and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang for you to stand up in behind No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that knowed him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that ever was in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any other man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he warrn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warrn't a catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it come down to what a man's right was—and so when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started to stake it out into town lots, he went for 'em, too! I was there, and seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're a most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I huntgrass every time. Every time you draw you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody ever got a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would have peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to the town. It would please the boys if you

could chip in something that would do him justice.

Here once, like when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-School windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon and took a couple of sixshooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he "No Irish need apply!" And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why should he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty-so-so."

"In my opinion, a man that would offer personal violence to his mother ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was drivin' at was that he never throwed off his mother—don't you see? No, indeed. He gave her a house to live in, and two lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm d—d if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself. Beg your pardon for sayin' it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentionally. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last years corpse! Put in there! [Another fraternal handshake and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such a marvel of funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass-bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half mast, the long plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions, and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalk, roofs and windows; for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display in Virginia was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

A Popular Superstition.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post writes as follows:—"It is queer how much superstition still lingers in the best and of course most cultivated society. That as to having thirteen at table is probably the most wide-spread and generally received. Not long since at a fashionable dinner-party here, a gentleman appearing without his wife who had been expected until the last moment, made the thirteenth guest, and so was politely but decidedly invited by the hostess to return home and come back after dinner. This he did most amiably. In another case a guest failing to appear at a dinner, leaving the ominous number to be seated at table, the hostess brought in one of her children rather than have thirteen. A singular verification of the fears the superstition provokes, was that of the death of William S. Huntington, cashier of the first National Bank of this city, which occurred a fortnight since. At his funeral, which was largely attended by prominent citizens, one gentleman said to another, 'I'm surprised to see you here, I thought you had been in Washington so short a time that you didn't know Huntington.' 'Oh, yes,' returned the other; 'don't you remember I met him at a dinner party at George Alfred Townsend's? It was rather a memorable dinner, for you recollect there were sixteen invited and only thirteen at table. While we were dining, it was remarked that the fatal number was present, and we discussed which of us would probably die before the year was out. I remember I thought I was the most likely subject, and I am so much obliged to Huntington for taking my place, that I came to his funeral.' Mr. Huntington was probably the youngest man present at that dinner, yet he was the first to die."

Not long since a sleepy member of the lower branch of the Legislature requested a fellow member to wake him when a certain bill that involved the interest of the lumbermen, came up. This agreed upon the sleepy member was soon in the happy land of dreams. It so happened that a certain bill upon theft and perjury came up that day. So when the latter bill was fairly under way, the sleepy member was aroused. He rubbing eyes, arose and addressed his Speaker; "Mr. Speaker, I wish to say a few words upon this bill, for the fact is the most people up our way make their living by this trade." It is needless to add that his remarks were appreciated and highly applauded.

At a spirit meeting the other night, a gentleman requested the medium to say what amusements were popular in the spirit world? The reply was, "Reading our obituary notices."

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT. A Curious Puzzle.

Two Arabs sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying, that as he could not buy provisions in that country, if they would permit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay for the whole. The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying:—

"My friends, there is what I promised you. Divide it between you according to your just rights."

A dispute arose, of course, respecting a division of the money, but reference being made to the Cadi, he adjudged seven pieces of money to the owner of the five loaves, and only one to him who had the three loaves. And yet the Cadi decided justly.

What was his decision?

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma of last week—William Fry.

Answer to Riddle—The letter O. We have received several correct answers to the riddle, but the first received was from Ada Stewart of Duncannon.

Sallie's Proposal

ELI PERKINS has undergone matrimonial proposals at the hands of one of his lady friends and he has this to say about it:

First I called on my liquid eye brunette friend Miss Sallie Morris of Madison avenue. Now I've spent a good deal of money on Miss Sallie for operas, bouquets, Delmonico lunches, etc., I've been trying for two years to win her affections.

Last night, full of love and hope I rang old Morri's door bell. In a moment Miss Sallie was by myself on the retired sofa. After speaking to her of the coming opera I felt her velvet hand touch mine.

"Do you know, Mr. Perkins, she said looking me straight in the face, "that today is our proposing day?"

"Well; I suppose so," I remarked, looking modestly down on her mosaic bracelet.

"Well, you know, Eli, my dear Eli that I have been out with you a good deal."

"Yes," I replied beginning to feel embarrassed.

"You know my dear, she said, taking both of my hands, "that it is costing me a good deal for dresses and gloves, and—"

"And costing me a good deal for carriages, bouquets and Delmonico lunches," I interrupted with increased embarrassment.

"And while I have enjoyed myself all winter going with you, Eli,"—

"In expensive carriages to the Academy and Delmonico's," I suggested.

"Yes, while I have been happy to go there with you—I feel—I feel—Oh, my dear Eli, I don't know how to say what I want to!" and then the beautiful child hid her face in my bosom.

"Do not fear for my answer, beautiful one," I said soothingly. "What is it that weighs upon your sorrowful heart?"

"Oh? Eli, it is love," she said, sobbing wildly and twisting her jeweled fingers in my auburn hair.

"Heaven be praised," I sighed, as I felt the beating of her heart against my vest.

"For whom is this love, darling?" I asked; "for you know I am deeply interested in you."

"You will not be mad with me Eli?"

"No, sweet one. I shall only be too happy," I said wiping the tears from my eyes.

"Well, my dear—my long cherished friend, I love!"

"Who dear Sallie, who do you love?"

"Well, Eli, I love Charley Brown, to whom I am engaged;" and then the scalding tears fell thick and fast on my shirt bosom.

"Well Sallie, what have you to say to me?" I asked, hesitating, as I loosened her hands from my neck.

"Why my dear Eli, Charley and father thought that I had better see you and propose!"

"Oh darling one, I am thine!" I said, with great emotion; "take me as I am: take!"

But Eli, let me explain. They wanted me to see you and thank you for your manly kindness, and propose that you don't come any more!"

Not long since a sleepy member of the lower branch of the Legislature requested a fellow member to wake him when a certain bill that involved the interest of the lumbermen, came up. This agreed upon the sleepy member was soon in the happy land of dreams. It so happened that a certain bill upon theft and perjury came up that day. So when the latter bill was fairly under way, the sleepy member was aroused. He rubbing eyes, arose and addressed his Speaker; "Mr. Speaker, I wish to say a few words upon this bill, for the fact is the most people up our way make their living by this trade." It is needless to add that his remarks were appreciated and highly applauded.

At a spirit meeting the other night, a gentleman requested the medium to say what amusements were popular in the spirit world? The reply was, "Reading our obituary notices."