

**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. WYNGOOD, Vice Pres't.  
J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.

**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, Secretaries.

**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. 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. 201 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.

**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.

**The Banker's Choice.**

A STORY FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

"REALLY, KATE, you have succeeded very well. Where my daughters are so truly accomplished I dare not draw a comparison; but I say to you that I consider your education 'perfect.' And thus speaking, Mrs. Lanark, a woman of five and forty, and the mother of three grown up daughters, lay back in her easy chair, and gently waved her fan.

Kate, the youngest of the three daughters, had just arisen from the pianoforte, where she had improved upon her last course. She was nineteen years of age, her form was of the pure female type—not robust, nor yet fairy-like, but after the fashion of those models which the old Greeks used to adopt when they wished to sculpture an Ariadne or a Euphrosyne. Touching her face—it was certainly a good-looking face. To call such a face pretty would sound tame and flat. Mrs. Lanark thought Isabel and Bertha both prettier than Kate, while Mr. Lanark was of a different opinion. However, upon one point there was no dispute. The judge would often say—"Well, my little Kate looks very good, anyhow." And nobody had ever disputed him.

Isabel and Bertha were the other two, both older than Kate, being aged respectively twenty-one and twenty-three. They had graduated at a very fashionable school, and were deemed very highly accomplished; and moreover, they were called beautiful.

Judge Lanark was the father of these girls. He was a man of means, though not of large wealth. He had been a successful lawyer, and was now on the bench, and his social position was of the very highest. Governors had been among his clients, and Senators looked to him for counsel and assistance. The Judge had reared two sons and sent them forth into active and useful life, but his daughters he had left to his wife.

"Of course," Mrs. Lanark continued, after she had taken her seat near to her father, "you do not play as well as your sister, but it will come to you by practice. I think I may safely say that your list of necessary accomplishments is full."

"Not quite," said Kate, with a nod and a smile. "There is one more accomplishment to add to my list. I longed for it many a time when I was at school and I am led to long for it at many places I am forced to visit. I must learn to cook."

"To what?" cried Mrs. Lanark.

"To cook?" queried Isabel and Bertha in concert.

"Aye," added Kate, "I will not consider my woman's accomplishments complete, until I can, with my own hands, make a loaf of wheaten bread fit to set before my father."

The Judge caught his Kate by the hand and cried:

"Good, good for Kate!"

Isabel and Bertha smiled derisively. Their looks plainly showed that they considered the thing ridiculous.

Mrs. Lanark looked up in surprise and deprecation. It seemed a reflection upon her educational care of her daughters. Kate saw the look, and she answered:

"I don't mean a loaf of such soggy stuff as some of our friends make with cream of tartar and saleratus, nor yet a loaf of the puffy stuff that comes to us from the bakers, but I mean a loaf of such bread as my own mother used to bake when I was a wee child."

Mrs. Lanark was mollified, but not converted.

Ah, Kate, times have changed since I was young."

"For the worse!" muttered the Judge. But his wife did not notice him. She went on:

"You had better leave the making of bread to the help in the kitchen. If ever you have a home of your own I trust you will have enough else to occupy your time without doing the work of your servants."

If ever I have a home of my own," said Kate with mild decision, "I am determined that I shall be able to superintend every part of it. My servants shall not be my mistresses. No servants employed in my household shall be able to look down upon me. I will not be the slave nor the victim of my cook."

"Good," again cried the Judge. "Go it, Kate, and I will furnish the material. Waste a dozen barrels of flour, if necessary—only bring me a grand good loaf of bread of your own making and baking in the end!"

Mrs. Lanark thought it foolish, and Isabel and Bertha characterized it as very childish and whimsical. They fancied that it smacked of the nursery and play-room.

But Kate was in earnest; and as her father backed her up, she carried the day, and gained the freedom of the kitchen, where the servants soon came to love her.

The following winter Isabel and Bertha spent in the city. Kate remained at home, because her mother could not spare them all. During their visit to the metropolis, the elder sisters made their friends and formed a few pleasant associations. Among others, they met with Roland Archworth, a young banker, who had been Judge

Lanark's class-mate and chum at college. In their letters home they had informed their father of this fact, and the Judge, remembering the elder Archworth with treasured love and esteem, and knowing the son to be the occupant of an exalted position in society invited the young man to visit him at his country house.

And thus it happened that when summer came Roland Archworth came up to Lanark's pleasant home. He was a young man of five and twenty years, and to use the expression of one who knew him well, "every inch a man."

He had inherited a fortune from his father, and was now a partner in the house which his father had founded. There was no speculation in the business which he followed. With a banking capital fully equal to the greatest possible emergency, the house pursued a legitimate course and its wealth was constantly and surely increasing.

Is it a wonder that Mrs. Lanark's heart fluttered when the prospect dawned upon her that the young banker might possibly seek one of her daughters for a wife? She cared not whether he choose Isabel or Bertha. They were both accomplished, and either would make a worthy mate for him.

And we do not do the Judge injustice when we say that even he allowed himself to hope that the son of his classmate might find it in his heart to love one of the girls. He had studied the young man's character well, and he believed it to be one of the purest and best.

And Isabel and Bertha. Of course there was rivalry between them, but they agreed they would abide the issue. If Isabel were selected to preside over the home of the millionaire, Bertha would not complain, and should Bertha prove the fortunate one, Isabel was prepared to yield.

One thing happened very unfortunately. On the very day of Archworth's arrival, the cook had been taken sick. What was to be done?

"Never mind," said Kate with a smile, "I will take the reins until the cook gets well."

"But for mercy's sake," implored Isabel, "don't let Mr. Archworth know it. He belongs to a sphere which would be shocked by such a gross impropriety. He would look upon us as belonging to the *canaille*."

But there was no present help for it, and Kate went into the kitchen and took command of the forces in that quarter.

"Will you have some of the cake, Mr. Archworth," asked Mrs. Lanark, lifting the silver basket of frosted niceties.

"No," replied the visitor with a smile, if you will let me exercise my own whim you will please me. This plain bread is a luxury which I do not often meet. It takes me back to my boyhood's days. I have not eaten such since I eat the bread my own mother made. If ever I keep house for myself I think I shall ask you to send me your cook."

For the life of them they could not help the betrayal of emotion. Poor Kate who sat exactly opposite the speaker, blushed until it seemed as though all the blood in her body was running into her face, while Isabel and Bertha trembled as they would tremble had they found themselves unexpectedly upon the verge of a frightful precipice. The Judge laughed outright.

"You get our cook into your house and you'd find you'd caught a tartar, my boy," said the Judge. And then to change the subject he added quickly:

"I remember your mother very well, Roland, and I have eaten her bread."

And thus the conversation softened down to the memory of other days.

Touching Roland's association with Lanark's daughters, he seemed to enjoy the society of them all. If he seemed more eager to talk with one than the other, it was with Kate—not, perhaps, because he had found her more attractive, but because she kept herself hidden away from him so much. During the brief interviews which had been permitted him, he had found her not only accomplished, but he thought he had detected an under-current of plain, common sense which had not appeared in the others. And, again, when he had been speaking of his mother, he had seen Kate's eyes grow moist with sympathetic light, while her sisters had only smiled in their sweet pleasant way. He fancied that through the gathering moisture of those deep blue eyes he had looked down into a warm and tender heart—a heart that was true and reliable.

One bright morning Roland Archworth rose with the sun and walked out into the garden.

By and by he came around by the porch, and entered the kitchen to ask for a drink of milk—for he had just seen the gardener bringing in a brimming pail from the stable.

He went in, and saw Kate Lanark at the moulding board, her white arms bare to shoulders, kneading a snowy pile of dough. She did not see him at first and he had a moment for thought—and in that moment the truth flashed upon him. Here was the cook whom he had praised—the cook whom he declared he would have in his own house if he could get her! And he could now understand the blushing of the maiden and the laughing rejoinder of the Judge. And he remembered now of hav-

ing overheard Mrs. Lanark speaking to a member of the family of the sickness of the cook, and how unfortunate and so on. With a clear and quick comprehension, aided by keen powers of analysis and reason, Roland read the whole story. He had gone too far to retreat, and so he pushed boldly into the kitchen.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Lanark. Pardon my intrusion, but I saw the milk pail come in, and I could not resist the temptation. O! the old, old days! I shall never forget them, and trust I may never outlive them. It was my boyhood's delight to take from my mother's hand the cup warm from the milking. This is the first opportunity that has presented itself for many long years, and I could not resist the temptation. You will pardon me, I know."

At first she had been startled terribly; but she met the suppliant's warm and radiant look, and the music of the old home love fell upon her ear, and when she saw, as by instinct, that the whole scene was pleasant to him, she felt her heart bound with gleeful assurance; brushing the flakes of dough from her arms, she went and filled a bowl with the new milk and brought it to him.

"I trust she said, with a beaming smile, 'that the dust of toil upon my hands will not render the offering less acceptable.'"

No matter what Roland said, he said something, and then drank the milk. He evidently longed to linger in the kitchen, but propriety forbade, and, with more of his real feeling in his looks than in his speech, he retired.

A few days thereafter the young banker sought the Judge in his study, and said as he took a seat, that he had something important to say.

"I come," he said, "to ask of you that I may seek the hand of your daughter."

The Judge was agreeably surprised. He had fancied that of late the youth had been growing cold toward his daughters.

"My dear boy," said he, "between you and me there need be no beating around the bush. I should be both proud and happy to welcome you as my son. Which of the two is it?"

"Of the two?" repeated Roland.

"Ah; is it Isabel or Bertha?"

"Neither, sir, it is Kate I want."

"Kate!" cried the old man in blank astonishment. But quickly a glad light danced before his eyes.

"Yes, Judge, your Kate is the woman I want if I can win her."

"But my dear boy, how in the world did you manage to find my pearl, my ruby, among the household jewels? Where and when have you discovered the priceless worth of that sweet child?"

"I discovered it first in the kitchen, Judge; I first fell irrevocably and truly in love with her when I found her with her white arms bare, making bread. I have known her better since. It is your Kate I want."

"God bless you my boy. Go and win her if you can. And be sure you gain a treasure."

Roland went away, and half an hour afterward, the supernal light that danced in his eyes told his story of success.

And Kate, when closely questioned, confessed that the first flame of real love which burned in her bosom for Roland Archworth, was kindled by the deep and true element of manhood which he had displayed on that early morning in the kitchen.

Of course Mrs. Lanark was willing, though she was surprised at the young man's choice.

Isabel and Bertha were disappointed; but since at best, only one of them could have won the prize, they concluded on the whole, that it was well as it was. They loved their sister, and were really glad that they were thus enabled to claim the wealthy banker for a brother-in-law.

As for Roland and Kate, their happiness was complete. Of all the accomplishments which his wife possesses, the husband is chiefly proud of that which enables her to be indeed, as well as in name, "the mistress of her home."

A handsman once said to a sailor, "Where did your father die?" The sailor replied, "On the sea?" "Where did your grandfather die?" "On the sea." "Well are you not afraid to follow the sea as a business, seeing that it has proved so fatal to your ancestors?" "Well," said the sailor, "and where did your father die?" "In his bed." "And where did your grandfather die?" "In his bed." "Astounding! and are you not afraid to go to bed, seeing it has proved so fatal to your fathers?"

The wisdom of this world may see force in these questions.

Mr. S. N. Pike, some time ago, sold an amphibious Jersey building lot to a Dutchman. The Dutchman, in turn sold it to a brother flat speculating Dutchman as "nice arable land." Dutchman No. 2 went to look at it, and found it covered with salt water, eels and leaping frogs. He came back in a great fury, and sued Dutchman No. 1 for swindling him. "Did you sell this land for dry land?" asked the Judge of the sharp Dutchman. "Yah! it wasch goot land," replied the Dutchman.

"But was it dry land, sir?" "Yah—yah! It wasch goot try land. Ven I sold it to mine friend it wasch low tide!"

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

**Cross-Word Enigma.**  
My first is in whistle but not in sing.  
My second is in rattle but not in ring.  
My third is in son but not in daughter.  
My fourth is in whisky but not in water.  
My fifth is in time but not in clock.  
My sixth is in stone but not in rock.  
My seventh is in young but not in old.  
My eighth is in gilt but not in gold.  
My ninth is in cold but not in heat.  
My tenth is in corn but not in wheat.  
My whole is a town in the United States.

Answer to "Curious Puzzle" in last week's TIMES:

A has 5 loaves; B has 3 loaves. The stranger eats  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the 8 loaves, which equals  $2\frac{2}{3}$  loaves. There would now remain  $5\frac{1}{3}$  loaves. The Cadl supposed, most reasonably, that A and B would share alike in eating the remaining  $5\frac{1}{3}$  which would give an amount of exactly  $2\frac{2}{3}$  loaves to each person. But B only had 3 loaves of his own, hence the stranger could only consume  $\frac{1}{2}$  loaf belonging to B. The remainder of the stranger's portion ( $2\frac{2}{3}$ ) must have been part of A's loaves. Now  $2\frac{2}{3}$  or  $7\frac{2}{3}$  was supplied by A, and only  $1\frac{1}{3}$  was supplied by B. But  $7\frac{2}{3}$  is seven times as great as  $1\frac{1}{3}$ ; that is, the portion belonging to A which the stranger ate was seven times as great as that portion belonging to B consumed by the stranger.—Wherefore the Cadl's decision was just, viz:—7 pieces of silver to A and 1 to B.

**Novel Scene In A Court-Room.**

The Providence Journal says: An unusual scene took place during the trial of the case of Burges vs. Anderson. The case is brought to recover moneys won at various times from the plaintiff at faro by fraudulent practices. The plaintiff used, as an illustration of the technicalities of the game, a complete faro table, with its marking apparatus and silver cue-keeper's box. An expert, Mr. Daniel H. Helme, took his seat at the table and played the game, the counsel and other spectators won their bets, although luck was largely in favor of the bank. He then took a set of "strippers," that is, a pack in which certain of the cards were trimmed at the sides to an edge, unobservable to the eye but easily perceived by the touch of the dealer. By this device the dealer knew the position of any card, and by dealing two at a time when necessary, was able to make the opposite players lose at will. This false deck of cards being inserted into the box, the spectators, betting at choice against the bank, found that the dealer distributed the favors of fortune all to himself, and were at once convinced how immoral a thing gambling is. The expert testified that he had been in the service of the defendant and had used the "strippers" to defraud the innocent customers. The defendant denies the use of the "skin game" at his place, and says the story of the expert is a fabrication resulting from a personal enmity. However that may be, that such a sinful game is possible seemed to be pretty clearly demonstrated in open court.

**Shopping In Japan.**

In blandness of manner, the Japanese merchant cannot be surpassed. Seated on a neat mat-covered floor, elevated say two feet above the level of the street, his heels for a chair, and attired in a calico gown with flowing sleeves, he salutes his customers with a persuasive voice, "O-ai-a!" which might be considered synonymous with, "How are you?" To learn the price of an article, you say, "I ko-ra!"—"how much?" Invariably an exorbitant figure is named, which, if you have been initiated by a friend, will be replied to with well-feigned astonishment. The merchant at once responds: "How much will you give?" One half the price asked will be a reasonable offer, by way of compromise. A profound consultation then takes place among the traders interested, all of whom, by this time, will have emptied their pipes and risen, some of their number meanwhile, shuffling the little balls of a calculating machine. If your offer is accepted, several nods of the head and a simultaneous clapping of hands signify consent. If rejected make no more than a trifling concession, for if by any chance you are permitted to leave the store without a bargain, a messenger will probably be despatched in hot pursuit, saying, "Can do!" A porter is at once instructed to deliver the goods.

**Fixing Up.**

If young gentlemen who fancy their lady loves so many angels because they see them look so charming in the evening under paint powder and rogue *ad libitum*, with false hair, false busts and huge complications of silk, could see them in the morning at the breakfast table before they have 'fixed up' it is probable a material change would come over their minds and they would not be so eager to jump into the matrimonial noose with them. A few days ago one of these young gentlemen in Cincinnati 'happened' in about the breakfast hour. Meeting his lady-love in the hall, divested of her artificial charms, and taking her for a servant he passed her by without recognition. When informed by the irate maiden that she was not the servant the young man suddenly concluded she should not be his wife, inasmuch as he did not believe her half so charming as her 'fixins' were.