

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,302,814 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. WYNKOOP, Vice Pres't.
J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y.
J. F. EATON, General Agent,
No. 6 North Third Street,
College Block, Harrisburg, Pa.
Incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, in 1809; by the Legislature, in 1871.

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company, OF POTTSVILLE, PA.

Capital and Assets, \$156,000.

Premium Notes,.....	\$100,000 00
Fromissory 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
Total Cash,.....	\$4,188 00
Total cash and note assets, April 1st, 1872,.....	\$156,128 00
JAMES H. GRIER, JOHN D. HADESTY, Secretaries.	

DIRECTORS: John D. Hadesty, A. P. Helms, Benjamin Teter, A. Sutermeister, James H. Grier, E. F. Jungkurt, Elias Miller.
AGENTS: H. H. Hill, Edward Fog, 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

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.

Hunted Down.

A Tale of the West.

THE time—a beautiful summer's night in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty. The scene—the social saloon of the beautiful steamer Mercurry, as she steamed swiftly down the Missouri river.

"I'll play poker with any chap present, for five, ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars ante," said a rough looking customer, walking to a table and throwing a pack of cards upon it, "who'll play?"

"How much ante did you say, stranger?" asked a green specimen of humanity, on the long, lank, and bony order, from his seat in the corner. His clothing was of rough material and fitted him poorly; his hat was a beaver that looked as though it had seen much rough usage and many storms; his forehead was high and well formed, his nose prominent, and his eyes dark and small. The remainder of his face was covered with thick, coarse hair.

"Five, ten, fifteen, or twenty, is what I said," the rough looking customer replied, seating himself at the table and running the cards through his finger, "you know how to play, I suppose?"

"Wal, I reckon Jim Brown knows something 'bout keards whom his dad drew his last breath a playin' all-fours! The last words he sed were 'right 'em up and shuffle them out, pardner; high, low, Jack an' the game for us, or a busted biler! Yes, stranger," the green customer concluded, "I'll play you poker for ten dollars ante. I can't begin any higher than that, 'cause I'm rather scarce of tin."

"A green one," whispered the gambler to a friend, as Jim Brown seated himself on the opposite side of the table "and if I don't clean him out of every cent he's got, in less than two hours, my name ain't Joe Sparks, that's all."

The cards were now shuffled, cut and dealt, the ante posted in the middle of the table, and the game commenced. Brown was allowed to win until he had pulled about fifty dollars to his side of the table, and then the luck suddenly turned and his opponent began to win it rapidly back.

"Jingo!" he exclaimed, "I never had such luck in my life. Can't git nothin' but ducies and queens, and queens is the durndest on luckiest keards in the whole pack. If my father was alive and here now, he'd say to me, Jim Brown of Arkansas, I can't own a son of mine when he holds such hands as them—jingo! I've lost agin!"

"Let us raise the ante to twenty dollars," said Sparks, pulling the money from the centre of the table.

"Jingo! its too much! You'll bust me!" exclaimed Brown, half jumping from his chair, "but I'll try it; maybe a raise in the ante will change the luck. Shuffle them up."

Sparks dealt the cards out, one at a time until each had five, and then placed a twenty dollar bill in the centre of the table.

"Jingo!" exclaimed Brown, looking at his cards, "I'll bet twenty-five on her, if I do lose."

"See your twenty-five, and go one hundred better," said Joe Sparks with a smile.

"See your hundred, and put five hundred on top of it; there's no use of betting without you bet, as dad used to say;" Brown ejaculated, taking a roll of bill from an inside pocket, and laying the amount he had bet on the table; and then turning suddenly round, he said to a man who had been sitting behind him from the time the game commenced:

"Look a here, stranger, I've seed you looking into my hand twice, and then wink at this chap I am playing with, and if I see you do it again I'll smash you in the face, that's all!"

"I'll see your five hundred, and go one thousand better," said Sparks putting up the money.

"Jingo! you mean betting," exclaimed Jim Brown of Arkansas, "wall I'm still in I guess; I'll go ye five thousand better!"

"I call you," said his opponent, laying down the required amount of money in large bills.

"What have you got?" asked the green one, with a smile.

"What you can't beat," returned the other laying down four aces on the table, "pretty hand, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is; and, jingo!" I've got just the same hand exactly," said Brown, showing four aces also.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Sparks "what does this mean, eight aces in one pack of cards—who ever heard tell of the like!"

"I'll tell you what means," said Brown, coolly; "it means that you got your aces out of your pocket. I saw you when you got 'em!"

"What do you say?" asked Sparks. "I say that you got them four aces out of your pocket," returned the other taking the money from the table and putting it in his pockets.

"And I say that you are a liar!" exclaimed the gambler, drawing a knife, "and if you don't hand that money over in five seconds, I'll try this Arkansas' tooth-pick on you."

"Joe Sparks" returned the other, his

small black eyes flashing, as he drew his knife, "that's a game that two can play at, but hold awhile. I have a few words to say to you. Yes, I have a short story to tell you, and I want your attention."

"Ten years ago," Brown continued, keeping his eyes fixed upon the face of Sparks, "there lived about thirty miles west of St. Louis, one David Stanley, a farmer, who had a daughter as good and as beautiful as an angel—you know how beautiful she was, sir—but of her beauty I will not further speak. Well, this young girl had suitors by the score. All the young men for miles around dreamed, thought, and talked of her, and as she was not a flirt she was more annoyed than otherwise by the attention of so many. But it is only with two of these young men with whom we have to deal and I'll speak of them at once."

While Brown was speaking, his late opponent stood motionless, his knife grasped tightly in his right hand, and his gaze fixed on the face of the supposed green one.

"One of her suitors," the narrator continued, was Charles Elton, the son of a neighboring farmer, and she loved him and him alone, as only such true and noble women can love, and when he asked her to become his wife, she laid her head on his breast and told him she would.

"The other young man alluded to was Henry Bardwell, of St. Louis. He had persecuted this young girl with his attentions for many months, notwithstanding she had rejected his offer of marriage, and told him that she could never care for him more than a friend. Well, when he heard that she was to be married to young Elton, he grew madly jealous, and swore that she could never be the wife of any other than himself."

"What have I got to do with all this?" asked Sparks, growing pale, as Brown made a short pause.

"I will tell you in a moment; you must hear me through," was the reply, "the story will soon be ended. The night on which Charles Elton was to make Lizzie Stanley his wife arrived, and with a light and happy heart he mounted his horse and rode to her father's house, to find his intended wife a corpse! Yes, she had been murdered by the hand of Henry Bradwell while going to a spring not fifty yards from the house. Her father saw the deed done from the window of his room where he was confined by sickness."

"The murderer fled soon as the bloody work was accomplished, and since that hour I have never ceased to hunt for him. You start when you hear me use the pronoun I, and well you may, for I am Charles Elton, and not green Jim Brown of Arkansas, as you supposed me to be, and you—he bent his head forward and hissed the words through his teeth—"you are Henry Bardwell the murderer of Lizzie Stanley!"

His late opponent remained motionless speechless, and Elton, as he will be called hereafter, continued.

"Perhaps you doubt my word, but I will soon dispel your doubts. Look at me now and see if you don't know me?" As he said this he pulled the false whiskers from his face, and disclosed a handsome countenance.

At this Bardwell stepped back, but instantly recovering himself, he clutched his knife tighter in his hand, and said:

"Well, suppose this is all true, suppose you're Charles Elton, and suppose I'm Henry Bardwell—what of it?"

"Why," hissed the other, "both of us will never leave this boat alive, that's all. I haven't tracked you through a dozen States, and followed you near ten years to let you slip through my fingers. No, Henry Bardwell you know me too well to think that; but I will give you fair play. You have a knife and so have I. They are as near alike as it is possible to get knives, so come up on the hurricane deck, and we'll settle the affair at once."

The two men ascended to the upper deck of the steamer, followed by a number of passengers, and stopped, facing each other just aft of the smoke stack. The captain appeared, and tried to dissuade the men from their purpose, but his words had no effect whatever.

"Now murderer," hissed Elton as he raised his knife, "defend yourself. The thirst for revenge is consuming me!"

Their knives were raised above their heads, and then they descended, flashing brightly in the moonlight, and then clashed together with a sharp sound. Both the men were skilled in the use of the Bowie, and it was evident to the spectators that the contest, as far as strength and skill was concerned, was equal.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the fight; the knives flashed up and down, and clashed loudly together. Each man kept his eyes fixed on the face of his antagonist, and neither moved from the position he had first taken.

At length, Elton, by a fierce downward cut, knocked the knife from Bardwell's hand, but the same blow broke his own. They clutched each other instantly, their eyes glowing with passion, and their respiration hard and quick.

Back and forth they struggled with each other over the steamer's deck, neither getting the better of the other. At last, holding each other by the throat with a vice-like

grip they struggled to the railing that ran around the edge of the deck. They struggled with each other more fiercely; and their eyes started from their very sockets. They threw themselves against the railing, as they struggled to throw each other to the deck, and the frail barrier with a sudden crash gave way, and the combatants still holding each other tightly, went overboard.

There was a quick cry, a sudden splash, and Charles Elton and Henry Bardwell disappeared forever beneath the bosom of the Missouri.

The Mercury was stopped and backed, and a fruitless search made for the two men. When it was over, she steamed rapidly away from the scene of that dark double tragedy, and arrived at St. Louis at sunrise.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THIS remarkable Methodist preacher died recently at his home in Illinois, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. Had he been blessed with a classical education, he could have shone in literature as brilliantly as he had in the field where his wonderful talent and energies placed him. The venerable Cartwright "died with the harness on," after having worked for Christianity nearly sixty years as a Methodist preacher. He believed in fighting the devil with fire and his powerful physical organization nearly always gave him the victory in his battles against satan's captains. A number of rowdies attended a camp meeting once, and whilst old Peter was preaching, got up a disturbance. The officers of the law, from fear refused to make any arrests, or do anything to sustain order. The divine warrior at once volunteered his services and in a trice he had badly whipped and secured two of the scoundrels, put to flight the rest and placed "hors de combat," a Justice of the Peace who interfered in the behalf of the disturbers of the meeting. On another occasion, as he was going to an "appointment," Cartwright was met in the road by a pugilistic black-smith as large as Peter, who took hold of the reins of the horse and commanded the preacher to dismount. Cartwright asked him what was wanted, whereupon the smith gave the pleasant information that he intended to whip him; in fact he had made it a rule to whip all the Methodist preachers that passed his shop. Peter had heard of this man's doings before, and after vain expostulation, with an air of resignation, asked permission to take off his new coat, as he didn't want it soiled, before active operations began. The black-smith generously consented to the arrangement, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing his intended victim standing face to face with him, ready. The smith pitched in and so did Peter, and after a few passes they closed and in a moment the sooty fighter found himself flat on his back with a preacher astride of him. Old Peter's sledge-hammer fists were now rapidly pounding on the anvil face of the under dog, making sparks fly at every stroke. Soon the black-smith cried for quarter. The divine then dictated his own terms. The black-smith was to ask pardon for his cowardly assault, to hear his conqueror preach, and earnestly seek the salvation for his soul. These conditions were contemptuously spurned, whereupon Peter declared he would convert him if he had to pound his head off, and at once renewed the pounding. The black-smith soon yielded, and was let up. In a short time he became truly converted, and was over after a respectable, well-behaved man, and a warm supporter of the Methodist church and a defender of its preachers. In class-meetings he always thanked God for having met Peter Cartwright.

Strange Incident.

More than twenty years ago there lived at Harding a man named Mahar, with his wife and two children, both boys. Mahar left his family about the time we allude to without informing them of his intentions and went to Virginia. His wife waited for his return until such a time had elapsed as led her to suspect that something unusual had happened to him. Inquiries were made about the missing husband, but no information could be elicited. Time passed on and the wife came to regard herself as deserted or her husband dead. Years rolled away and her boys had grown to manhood. Their mother had never married, nor ever heard any tidings from their father, until one evening, not long since, she saw a way-farer passing the house, when calling to one of her sons, she told him the man who was passing along the road was his father. The young man was incredulous; but the mother calmly insisted that she was right. The next evening the man came to the house, having made inquiries as to who lived there, and stopping at the gate asked for a drink of water, when he asked her if she knew him, to which she answered in the negative; but after a repetition of the question, she admitted she knew him. He asked if he could go in, and received an affirmative answer. Both went into the house; and, after an explanation, man and wife again joined together, a separation of twenty years having added their weight of care to each of this strangely re-united couple.

It is not what is, but what may be, that oftenest blanches the cheek and paralyzes the limbs.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma of last week—"Washington."

Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of nine letters:
My 1, 5 and 4 is used by mechanics and horse-men.
My 8, 9, 2 and 3 is a Spanish coin.
My 3, 2, 6 and 1 is an animal.
My 7, 6, 8 and 7 is a town in Wisconsin.
My whole is a city in the United States.

Cross-Word Enigma No. 2.

My first is in walk, but not in ran.
My second is moon but not in sun.
My third is in pistol, but not in gun.
My fourth is in apple, but not in plum.
My fifth is in none, but not in some.
My sixth is finger, but not in thumb.
My seventh is in weight, but not in ton.
My eighth is in lose, but not in won.
My ninth is in real, but not in fan.
My tenth is in priest, but not in nun.
My whole is the name of a town in the State of California.

Contributors to this department must always send answers with their enigmas or puzzles.

A Good Hitching Post.

The following anecdote, which first appeared in the newspapers many years ago, is said to have been founded on an actual occurrence. Although it may not illustrate the democratic simplicity of the people of Vermont to-day, it is nevertheless a good story, and good also for many years' longer life in the newspapers:

"Hallo, you man with a pail and frock, can you inform me whether His Honor the Governor of Vermont resides here?" said a British officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's dwelling.

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to a pig-sty.

"Is His Honor at home?" continued the man of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied frock.

"Take my horse by the bit, then," said the officer. "I have business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way to the door, and gave the panel several hearty raps with the butt of his whip—for he it known that in those days of republican simplicity knockers and bells, like servants, were in but little use. The good dame answered the summons in person; and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching-post of her husband, she immediately returned, and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not very well wait upon him and his horse at the same time! The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

Curiosities of our Banking System.

One of the most singular features of our banking system is the fact that bills on broken National banks are worth more than notes of banks in good standing. At present the premium on such notes is four per cent, and may before long be higher.

The explanation is easily found. The Government guarantees the circulation of all the National banks. That keeps the notes of the poorest of them, and even those which have failed, up to par. In any case they cannot get below that. Now the total circulation of the National banks of the United States is limited to a fixed amount. In round numbers that amount is \$350,000,000. The banks cannot issue in the aggregate more than that, and it is not the policy of the government to have any less issued.

But when a National bank breaks if another bank can buy up its notes, and offer the same guarantees, it is allowed to succeed to its privileges and franchises. Or if a bank corporation buys up sufficient notes of various broken national banks, to establish a new bank, the Government allows it to do this too; so that the maximum of circulation allowed by law, \$350,000,000, is not transgressed, the Government cares not how many new banks may be established on the ruins of old ones.

Last Sunday a week, as Henry Ward Beecher was giving out the last hymn in the morning service at the Plymouth Church, a woman about forty years of age began haranguing the immense gathering. "Oh, you old free lovers," said she, "here you are in your fine silks and satins. You came here to worship the god of free love and you care nothing for the Savior of mankind. That will do do, Mr. Beecher. (The great pastor had resumed his seat.) You can't fool me—you're a free lover and so am I. Free love is the—" After further ejaculation she was removed by one of the ushers.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Rev. Charles G. Finney, now President of Oberlin College, was carrying on a series of revival meetings in some eastern city, Boston, we think. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered his ring. "Is your father in?" asked the stranger. "No," replied the demure maiden. "But walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."