

**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. WYNSKOP, Vice Pres't. J. P. ROGERS, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent, 4-29 y1) No. 6 North Third Street, 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, \$2,928 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>\$156,128 00</b>

**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. Delbert, Wm. R. Griffith, E. F. Jungkurt, General Agents. Arrangements have been made with other first-class companies to reduce 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 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 18

**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.**

**Taming a Ruffian.**

An Editor's Experience.

THE scene was in Sacramento street, in front of a well-known hotel. It was twenty-two years ago, and San Francisco was in her infancy.

Quite a crowd had gathered on the street, and the centre of attraction was a big fellow, who stood with a newspaper in his hand, raving and cursing.

"What's the matter, Wolf?" asked a new-comer, who was evidently familiar with the irate man.

"Matter?" returned Wolf, for that was his name, "matter enough, an' rough enough it'll be for some folks. Them young whoops that prints this paper has gone and published something about me. O, I'll fix 'em! They'd better never ha' been born! They'd better go and kill themselves after ten minutes; it'll be an easier death fur 'em."

Wolf was a noted desperado, who, it was said, had killed more than twenty men, and but few knew him who did not fear him. He was at that time chief of a gang of loafers and gamblers that were nearly always to be found lounging in the vicinity alluded to, and disturbing the peace of the whole neighborhood daily with riotous conduct. If there was any law in those days it was seldom executed against such characters, and in the full consciousness that they were feared they did pretty much as they pleased.

The newspaper which had given deadly offense to Wolf was a little weekly journal and its office was in the second story of a building on the same street with the hotel I have mentioned, and only a few rods distant. It was published by two young men—or, I might say, boys, for they were only eighteen and twenty years old, respectively—named Darrell and Kaynes. The paper and its youthful proprietors were already well known in the city of San Francisco.

The article which had excited the wrath of the ruffian Wolf was a bold denunciation of himself and his crowd for their lawless conduct, and it particularly mentioned him by name, characterizing him as a "blustering bully." It was the work of young Darrell, a fearless boy hailing from Ohio. Before leaving his home he had acquired a fair education, so that he could at least edit a newspaper in those early days; and he possessed, besides, that courage and daring which may be natural in the first place, and which are more thoroughly developed by exposure to dangers and hardships. Young Kaynes was quite a different kind of person in point of courage, being of an unusually timorous nature.

To return to the scene on Sacramento street. Working himself up into his very worst mood—and his best was bad enough, heaven knows—Wolf tore the papers to atoms and started for the publication office. He was followed by a curious rabble, most of whom were elated with the prospect of a murder, though there were some present who would have remonstrated with the evil-hearted man, had they dared.

"Jest you watch," said Wolf, as he reached the door, "if ye want to see their bloody carcasses tumble out of the window! It won't be long. I don't spend much time on sich fellers." It was the intention of the cruel-hearted man actually to cut the throats of the two boyish journalists and throw their bodies out at the window, for the gratification of the crowd and the further exaltation of his already fearful name. So, the mob on the street awaited the issue with feverish expectation, as Wolf, flourishing his knife and revolver, entered the rude frame building and rushed up stairs.

All unconscious of their danger, the two young editors were busily pursuing their usual work in their primitive office. If they had heard the noise without, they had paid no attention to it, supposing it was merely a street row such as they were accustomed to hearing every day. Darrell was sitting at a rude table writing, and Kaynes was at the counter arranging some papers for the mail.

They heard the clatter of heavy boots on the stairs, but supposed it was some rough miner coming up to subscribe for the paper, or, perhaps, to see a lawyer who occupied a couple of rooms on the same floor; for the building was only two-story one, and the second floor was occupied exclusively by them and an attorney—their rooms being separated from his by a narrow hall-way that was reached by the flight of stairs alluded to.

"Ah-ha! I've got ye, my young imps!" exclaimed the desperado, bursting in.

Kaynes recognized him and turned pale. Being at the counter, which faced the door and extended across the room, he was naturally the first mark for Wolf's vengeance.

"Ye young devils!" he hissed, scowling like a madman, "Ye'll never write nor print nothing more about me!" Here he flourished his knife and revolver about his head. "I've got a sure thing on both of ye!" Saying this he looked about him, with a careful scrutiny, to see that there was no means of escape for the quiet youth at the table, who, of course, would not dare to jump over the counter and try to pass him, but would cower down in a corner and take his turn at being killed; then he

reached across the counter and seized Kaynes by the hair, which was unfortunately very long.

Colling the terrified young man's locks around the great coarse fingers of the left hand, Wolf laid his revolver upon the counter without the slightest apprehension that his youthful adversary would snatch it up and use it on him, as he might have done had he possessed the nerve; then flourished his big gleaming knife, deliberately, with pure devilishness prolonging Kaynes's terror and pain.

"Now say yer prayers, d—n yer," he hissed, "you've got a couple of seconds or so left—just while I'm clippin' yer ears off. I'll take 'em first, clean and smooth; then I'll cut yer throat an' throw yer out of the window. D'ye hear that?"

Such was Wolf's reliance upon the terror his name everywhere inspired that he never dreamed of resistance. He simply intended to butcher the two young men, and such a thing as an obstacle to his will was not to be thought of. Had Darrell possessed no more nerve than Kaynes there can be no doubt they would both have been murdered then and there, in exact accordance with Wolf's programme.

"Time!" he said, grinding his teeth in an ecstasy of rage, and drawing Kaynes's white face closer to his own repulsive countenance. "They're waitin' to see your carcass drop down into the street." Here he flourished his knife and selected his mark. "The right ear first. Watch how clean and smooth I'll take it off. I won't even touch a hair."

Kaynes bawled for mercy. "O—O don't!" the poor fellow shrieked, trembling with terror. "Oh don't, Mr. Wolf. I didn't write that, upon my soul!" and he whined like a school boy.

"None of yer lyn!" said Wolf, ferociously. "Ye both wrote it d—n ye; and ye'll both pay for it." Here he executed decided circles with his flashing knife, having apparently prolonged the torture as much as he desired. "Here goes; look out when I count three!" The knife was ready to descend. "One—two—"

He stopped and stared. He had not observed the movements of Darrell during the last few seconds, and just as he was upon the point of clipping off Kaynes's ear in the polished manner he had descanted upon, he found the muzzle of a rifle thrust almost into his face.

It was a loaded rifle which, luckily, a friend of Darrell's had left in his keeping that very morning, while he went out to make some purchases. It had stood in a corner of the room near his table, and Darrell had seized it, cocked it and leveled it with such dexterity that he had Wolf covered before he had observed his movements; and he stood motionless as a statue—his cool eyes glancing over the sights, and a steady finger on the trigger.

"You great bully," he said, "drop that knife instantly. Mind, I come from a country where they shoot squirrels only through the eye. I can hit any hair of your big head that you will mention, at a hundred yards. Drop that knife!"

The ruffian was fairly paralyzed. He released his grip on Poor Kaynes, who sank fainting upon the floor, and his murderous knife fell on the counter. So unexpected was the bold attitude of Darrell that Wolf was more startled than he would have been if a dozen of the roughest men in California had assailed him.

There stood the boyish editor, motionless as the wall, and the muzzle of the rifle did not move the breadth of a hair. Darrell held the desperado's life in his hands.

"You cowardly bully!" he repeated contemptuously. "Don't you dare to move; I can send a bullet through your eye-ball without touching the white. Don't move an eighth of an inch or I'll do it, and throw your filthy carcass out of the window."

Wolf glanced at his revolver, lying upon the counter within two feet of his eyes, but he did not venture to reach for it.

"Dare to touch that revolver, or so much as look at it again," said Darrell, "and I'll make a red picture upon the wall there behind you. You came up here to murder two boys, because you thought it an easy task, and now you are pale and trembling with fear. I would kill you in your tracks, but that I don't want your dirty blood on my hands. Go now. Turn instantly. Leave your knife and revolver where they are. I'll keep them. Go down to your friends on the street and tell them that a boy whipped you—disarmed you, and then kicked you down stairs." Do as I tell you. If you hesitate you will never see the set."

Wolf, trembling from head to foot, glanced once more at his revolver, but did not dare raise his hand. His face was pale and his lips were dry.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Darrell, sternly.

"Yes, yes, don't shoot," said Wolf, turning about, as commanded. He was thoroughly cowed.

"Do not turn your ugly face this way again," said Darrell, "or you will pay for it with your life. Move!"

Tamer than a whipped cur, the ruffian walked toward the door, and Darrell, springing over the counter, was at his heels in an instant.

"Don't look back, or I'll kill you."

Meekly obeying the imperative orders of the youth, Wolf moved slowly out of the room into the corridor.

"Be careful; don't—don't let that gun go off," Wolf stammered, as he reached the head of the stairs.

At this moment the clamors of the impatient crowd below arose with terrible distinctness, and one shrill voice was heard to say,

"Hurry up, Wolf, why don't you throw them fellers out?"

Exasperated beyond measure, he was on the point of turning back, at the risk of his life; for after all his braggadocio how could he face those below, disarmed and chased out of the building by one of the party boys he had intended so terribly to chastise? But Darrell was after him, and with one vigorous kick sent him bounding down the wooden stairs, with a thundering clatter, and rolling over the doorsill, the defeated bully actually tumbled out upon the street before he could recover his equilibrium.

"Hello! how's this? What's up?" asked a dozen voices at once, as the dreaded man re-appeared in this indignified shape, without having sent any corpses down from the window.

"Why, I simply kicked him down stairs—that's what's the matter," responded the boyish voice of Darrell at the top; "and if he comes up here again I won't let him off so easy. Do not be afraid of him; I took all his weapons from him."

Wolf struggled to his feet, and presented such a ludicrous appearance that he was greeted with loud jeers and bursts of laughter. So completely had he tumbled from his lofty eminence in the eyes of those who either admired or feared a bold murderer, that they who an hour ago would have dreaded to offend him by word or look, now regarded him only with contempt—laughed at and derided him.

Never before had the rough crowd seen a man with an established reputation like Mr. Wolf thus suddenly fall to such a depth of degradation. All his name, fame and prestige, melted away like a mist, and he was no longer feared—no longer respected by the low thieves and cut-throats around him—only despised. Yes, despised by the meanest of creatures, whom he had oftentimes bullied as though they had been hounds.

The dread which had surrounded his name seemed to vanish like a mist. "Licked by a boy!" "Kicked down stairs!" "Got his barkers took from him!" were the murmurs of the crowd. At length a voice boldly taunted him with "Where's your knife?" and another proposed "Three cheers for the boy that licked him."

Looking very little and pusillanimous, he slunk away toward Montgomery Street.

Such was Wolf's mortification, when he came fully to realize what a pitiable figure he had cut, that he left San Francisco and was seen in her streets no more. The fatality which had apparently thus far shielded and assisted him in his murderous deeds suddenly deserted him.

He was destined never to commit another murder, but was himself shot dead in Sacramento within but three weeks after the events narrated.

I do not know what became of Kaynes, or whether he is still alive; but I know that Darrell, the brave boy whose coolness and courage saved them both, is to-day a gentleman of position, residing in a flourishing city of Nevada.

**Origin of Foolscap Paper.**

The term foolscap, to designate a certain kind of paper, no doubt has puzzled many an inquirer. The origin is not only amusing, but historical. Charles I. of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I. to the scaffold; and, by way of showing contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool, with his cap and bells, to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's cap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals, bears the name of the water-mark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

There is a lady residing in Saucon, a mile below South Bethlehem, Northampton county, whose husband (now dead) wound and presented her with a ball of white stocking yarn fourteen years ago, telling her to lay it away and see how long she could keep it. The other day one of her now grown-up daughters happened to come across the yarn, unwound it, and, to her great astonishment, found it to be a miniature bank, for it contained fifty dollars in gold—two twenty dollar and two five-dollar gold pieces. As the widow is in affluent circumstances, it has been laid aside as a memento of the kindness and love of the departed consort.

It was a brilliant Fond du Lac boy who seeing a dog with a muzzle on for the first time, exclaimed: "Mamma, mamma, I bet five cents the dogs are going to wear hoop-skirts; there goes a dog with one on his nose, now."

**SUNDAY READING.**

**Appearance of Christ.**

At Washington, a short time since Rev. Doctor Newman delivered a discourse upon the humanity of Jesus Christ, in which he stated that nothing had been handed down to us in regard to His personal appearance, many different views being entertained on that subject. But we find a letter written by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, and sent by him to the Senate of Rome, when the fame of Jesus began to be spread abroad in the world. These are his words:

"There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem a prophet, but His own followers adore Him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or touch. He is tall and well shaped; of an amicable, reverend aspect. His hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls below His ears, and very agreeably touching on His shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, like the Nazarene. His forehead is smooth and large; His cheeks without other spot, save that of a lovely red; His nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; His beard thick, and of a color suitable to the hair of His head, reaching an inch below His chin and parting in the middle like a fork; His eyes bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant and grave. No man has seen Him laugh, but He has wept frequently. He is very temperate, modest and wise; a man, for His excellent beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men."

**Useless Treasure.**

A Rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from almost every country, which had been gathered by their possessor with the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him about ten florins each, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins a year.

In much surprise the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones, when the man led him to his mill and pointed to the two toiling gray millstones. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour for the use of hundreds who depend on this work for their daily bread. Those two dull homely stones did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than the nobleman's jewels.

So it is with idle treasure everywhere. It is doing nobody any good. It is right to be prudent and saving of our money when it is for a good fixed purpose, but to hoard it up for its own sake is more than a folly—it is sin; and even when we save for a good purpose, it is all the Lord's. It is not ours we cannot spend all upon ourselves and yet have God's favor, without which we are poor indeed.

**Be Not Weary in Well-Doing.**

An old story contains a lesson which many married couples have not yet learned. When Jonathan Trumble was Governor of Connecticut a gentleman called at his house one day requesting a private interview. He said: "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?"

The Governor sat a few moments in thought; then turning to his visitor said, "How did you treat Mrs. L—when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire L—replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God, for one year, and then tell me the result."

When a year passed away Squire L—called again to see the Governor, and said, "I have called again to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as when first married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. L—," said the Governor, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

**So Was Jesus Poor.**

Very humble and quiet and poor was my life, but so was his, the carpenter's son. If the Bible did not tell us Jesus was poor, I should have known it from his own words. Who would have talked about putting new pieces upon old garments, or about sweeping the house diligently, if he had not seen his mother doing so? So while I was busy over these things and a hundred household works like them, I knew that He knew exactly all about them and that made them sweet to me.—Bede's Charity.