

**NEW YORK CONTINENTAL**



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,362,814.26!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and pro- sends 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. WYKHOOP, Vice Pres't. J. P. ROEBB, Sec'y. J. F. EATON, General Agent. No. 6 North Third Street, College Block, Harrisburg, Pa. 429 yll

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, \$3,028 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, \$156,128 00  
April 1st, 1872, JAMES H. GRIER, JOHN D. HADESTY, Secretaries, 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 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 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.**

**ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.**

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

**Enigma No. 1.**

I am composed of seventeen letters: My 4, 15 and 3 is a specified quantity. My 7, 8, 14 and 13 is a tropical fruit. My 1, 8, 16 and 6 is a source of wealth. My 9, 13, 8 and 12 is a town in this State. My 5, 13, and 3 has a powerful influence. My 17, 10, 8 and 5 is used as nautical term. My 11, 2, 14, 6 and 13 is the name of a peculiar shaped bone. My whole is the name of a town and the State in which it is situated.

**Cross-Word Enigma No. 2.**

My first is in black but not in gray. My second is in loller but not in stay. My third is in good but not in bad. My fourth is in sorrow but not in sad. My fifth is in man but not in boy. My sixth is in grief but not in joy. My seventh is in girl but not in beau. My eighth is in hem but not in sew. My ninth is in oil but not in fat. My tenth is in bird but not in cat. My whole is the name of a town in this State.

Answer to Enigmas in last week's Times:

Enigma No. 1—DELAWARE. Enigma No. 2—ST. PETERSBURG. Enigma No. 3—WASHINGTON.

**ARTESIAN WELLS.**

ARTESIAN wells take their name from a province anciently called Artesium, more recently Artois, in the Northern part of France, where they have been long used. But those deep borings were by no means first introduced there. They were long before made in Italy, and there is at least probable evidence that many centuries earlier still they were in use in Egypt. Yet earlier, there is hardly a doubt, they were known in China, where, to this day, they are more numerous and deeper than anywhere else in the world. A missionary speaks of one small province where "they may be counted by the tens of thousands, many of them sunk in remote ages."

The principle depended on for their success is simple. Probably two-thirds of the earth rests on "stratified rocks," which are every where arranged in the same order. The convulsions of other ages have, in certain places, lifted these up, and broken through them in the mountain ranges; as if pressure from beneath should break through several sheets of paper, and leave the folds tilted up at various inclinations. Some of these strata are nearly impervious to water, while others allow it to pass quite freely through them. The consequence is, that much of the rain which falls upon the hills and mountains instead of running off in the surface streams, passes between these different strata, and follows them down into the distant valleys. Often it will thus happen that some of these subterranean streams, when at the lower points of the far off basin, are several thousand feet below the surface, while others, which had run between different strata on the mountains, are found at a less depth below the surface when arrived in the valley. A little reflection upon the upheaval of the mountains will show how those strata found out-cropping near its top should be lowest beneath the surface at the bottom; consequently the water confined by them would have the greatest pressure, and arise highest if the stream were tapped. On this account it is that in boring artesian wells, if the first water found does not rise to the top of the well, the boring is continued; and often it has to be carried down past several streams or subterranean lakes, until one is found upon which there is sufficient pressure to bring the water to the surface. A good illustration of this diffusion of water between the different layers of rock was found in one locality in the North of France, where in digging in search of coal, seven distinct sheets of water were passed; the first at seventy-six feet below the surface, the second at three hundred and seven; the third at five hundred and thirty-seven; the fourth at six hundred and forty-five; the fifth at seven hundred and sixty-eight; the sixth at eight hundred and eighty; and the seventh at one thousand and thirty.

In boring artesian wells, it is necessary to keep out water from reservoirs, which, for any reason, are not satisfactory. This is done by driving down a tube, as the boring proceeds, that fits tightly into the perforation. If the well were twelve inches in diameter, for example, as far as the first water, which would rise to the top, (but which, from inadequate supply, or any other cause, was not satisfactory), and then were reduced to nine inches from thence to the second supply reached, it is easy to see that tubes might be arranged, one within the other, which would bring up the product of the two reservoirs separately. A further reduction of the bore might carry the well down to a third reservoir; and another to a fourth, and so on. Then by fitting tubes from each to the top, we might have several distinct streams pouring out of the same well, the central one being under the greatest pressure, and the water rising higher than the others. This is in fact done, the water from the different spots differing sometimes not a little in

character. One point of difference is always expected. The deeper we descend the warmer the water becomes, though the rate of increase in temperature varies in different places.

Water from the famous well at Grenelle, near Paris, is the uniform temperature of 83 degrees, while the mean temperature of the place is but 51 degrees. One use to which the water is put, is warming the hospitals located there. In Wurtemberg large manufactories are warmed in a similar way, the water being carried through the building in metallic pipes. A constant temperature of 47 degrees is said to be thus maintained while the temperature without is at zero. Another incidental use of water from the artesian wells is as a motor, the water often coming out with a force sufficient to drive engines of many horse power.

In regard to the comparative depth to which these wells are carried, it is conceded the Chinese take the palm. Some of their wells are said to be three thousand feet deep. The deepest in Europe a few years ago (and we believe still), was one in Silesia, 2,300 feet. One in Columbus, Ohio, is 2,500 feet. A well, which has become somewhat famous, dug in St. Louis by a private firm to supply a sugar refinery, is two thousand one hundred and ninety-nine feet deep. The famous one in Grenelle is one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, and was about eight years in digging. The discouragements here were so great that it would have been abandoned after it had reached fifteen hundred feet, had it not been for the earnest appeals of Arago. Fifteen hundred feet was about the depth to which scientific men had predicted it must go.

One most important use of artesian wells is for purposes of irrigation in desert regions. The French Government have bored a large number of them in Algiers within a few years, and the native Sheiks, though at first very skeptical, have more recently been following its example. The work is not difficult there, supplies of water being found at a small depth as one to two hundred feet. Though not altogether palatable it answers well for irrigation and is not unwholesome. A traveler in the region says "every well becomes the nucleus of a settlement proportionate to the supply of water, and several nomadic tribes have abandoned their wandering life, established themselves around the wells, and planted many thousands of palm trees, besides other perennial vegetables. \* \* \* If the supply of water shall prove adequate for the indefinite extension of the system, it is probably destined to produce a greater geographical transformation than has ever been effected by any scheme of human improvement."—N. Y. Mercantile Journal.

**Curing a Thief.**

Would you like to know how your grandfather cured a fellow of stealing? Well I'll tell you. Poor Eli, your grandfather's hostler, was a natural-born thief. He prized no things so well as those he had stolen. Even loaf-sugar, though I would give him a lump as big as his fist, was not half so sweet as the ounce or two which he would be half a day trying to abstract from the pantry. Your grandfather, like all "old time" doctors, kept a small drug store in his office. A part of Eli's duty was to dust the bottles and shelves.

"What dese white pipe-stems doin' in this watah, Massa Jim?" he asked one day of a young office student, when brushing off a bottle containing sticks of phosphate of lime.

That's pepper candy. Don't touch it, Eli, for it burns like the tooth-ache," said Mr. Jim.

"I ain't 'fraid no tooth-ache," said Eli to himself, as he decided to have a stick of that peppered candy before night. His favorite dress-coat was an old cloth one, with narrow swallow tails that touched his heels when he walked. Supper over, and the horses stabled for the night, Eli asked leave to go to a neighbor's corn-husking for an hour or so. The coat was put on, his woolly hair unplaited, and true to his intention, a piece of the phosphorous slyly slipped from the jar and lodged in the end of his coat-tail, pocket before he left the house. He started off on a run, but it was not many minutes before he smelt smoke, nor many more ere he came running into the house with those cherished coat-tails ablaze to the waist, his shins badly scorched, and his big eyes rolling with terror and pain.

Weeks afterwards when slowly getting well of his burns; he said to me so humbly: "Deed, Mistis, I've done stealin' now, for ebber and ebber, amen. De debbil hisself was in dat pepper candy, for I smelt fire and brimstone and matches 'fore I seed the flames; but when dey bust out of my coat-tails, den I know for sartin it was monst'wong to be a thief—now I'es don'."

A drunken lawyer going to church one sabbath, was observed by the minister, who addressed him thus: "I will bear witness against the, thou great sinner, in the day of judgement." The lawyer shaking his head, replied with gravity: "Just so, I have practiced twenty years at the Bar, and have always found that the greatest rascal is the first to turn State's evidence."

**Street Conversations in Scraps.**

One day as I passed out of church I walked very leisurely, and as the crowd hurried by me, I caught the following scraps of conversation:

"It is most too hot to come to church—I hate long sermons"—"Her trail was too long and not a pretty shape"—"And what fine eyes he has, but I do believe that moustache is dyed, for it—" "Don't you think she is pretty? Well, just middling, perhaps—" "If he did not drink he would be one of our finest—" "Did you notice her new bustle? Wasn't it splendid. Yes, but—" "Oh, fiddle! I would not speak to her, she is so stuck up and—" "Yes she will do more work than any animal I ever had, besides she eats so little—" "She looks as though she'd blow away, I wonder she don't pad—" "But then you can't get that breed of pups very often, there was only three in the—" "A very pretty family, but I don't see how they can afford to dress them in—" "That fly-net ought to have a better head-piece—" "Did you say she had worn it two years and had it made over twice and—" "I'll bet he has corns, for he walks as though his boots were two sizes—" "And they say she paints and powders, and I guess that—" "Oh yes, we start next week. Papa has bought me three trunks for—" "Thirty dollars for that pipe, why the boy's a fool to—" "Do you think so? I know it, for I helped measure the—" "Well, they say it is a fact, and I have noticed they don't dress as well as—" "Four dollars a yard, why I bought as good as that for—" "Two drinks before breakfast! I never would have thought he would come to—" "Oh yes! I will be there in time. Good-by old fellow—" Just then I turned into a bye-street, wondering what good had been done by the sermon.

**Number of Nails to the Pound.**

The following list will be found very handy for reference, giving as it does, the length and number to the pound of each, size of nails in general use. Different works somewhat vary the thickness of their nails but this calculation is made from the Duncannon make of nails, which are about an average weight:

3 Penny—1 1/2 inches long—416 nails to the pound.			
4d	1 1/4	do	300 do do
5d	1 1/8	do	216 do do
6d	2	do	188 do do
7d	2 1/4	do	113 do do
8d	2 1/2	do	100 do do
9d	2 3/4	do	74 do do
10d	3	do	62 do do
12d	3 1/2	do	45 do do
20d	4	do	28 do do
40d	4 1/2	do	17 do do
60d	6	do	9 1/2 do do
6d finish	2	do	212 do do
8d do	2 1/2	do	116 do do
6d fence	2	do	85 do do
8d do	2 1/2	do	45 do do

The manner in which nails received their peculiar designation is supposed to be from the old English method of selling nails at so much per hundred, the size now called 10d being sold for 10 pence per hundred—8d for 8 pence per hundred, and so on.

**A Font of Type.**

It may be interesting to some of our readers to know how the letters in use in an ordinary font of type vary in number. To a font containing 1500 of the letter e, there will be t, 900; a, 850; n, o, s, i, 800; h, 640; r, 630; d, 440; l, 400; u, 340; c, m, 300; f, 250; w, y, 200; g, p, 170; b, 160; v, 120; k, 80; q, 53; j, x, 40; z, 20. Besides, there are the combined letters, fi, 50; ff, 40; ll, 20; fl, 15; fl, 10; ee, 10; o, 5.

The proportion of capitals vary, I coming first, then E, then A, then T, then S, and many of the remainder being about equal in number.

On the Little Miami railroad is a station called Morrow. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired:

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who had an idea the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand," persisted the stranger, "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow then, and not be bothering to-day. You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station alluded to, gave him the desired information.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side.

"Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop.

"O no; I meant the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

Placard for a smoking-car—"If passengers expect to-rate as gentlemen, they must not expectorate upon the floor."

**A Good Smuggling Story.**

A Paris correspondent of the London Times gives the following: On the Belgian frontier the French smugglers are doing a prosperous business. A few days ago information was given to the Custom House authorities that at a certain hour a wagon-load of straw would pass in a certain direction, amongst which a quantity of tobacco would be concealed. The wagon arrived at the time and place indicated and was stopped by the Custom House officers. In reply to their questions, the wagoner answered in an unsatisfactory manner, which created suspicion, and a strict examination was commenced. It was ascertained that the wood was solid, and that there was no double bottom to the wagon, and therefore the tobacco must be in the bundles of straw, which the officers commenced probing with their long skewers without coming in contact with anything which felt like a bale of tobacco; they therefore decided upon unloading the wagon and examining the straw bundle by bundle. When they were in the midst of the operation a funeral came up, preceded by little boys carrying incense and tapers, the cross, and the priest, chanting psalms, accompanied by the sound of the serpent. The employees hastened to make room for the funeral to pass, and remained uncovered until it did so, when they set to work again, undoing the bundles of straw, and examining them one by one.

While this was going on the hearse and funeral cortege was continuing its route, and had been long out of sight before the wagon had been thoroughly searched and the bundles of straw tied up and reloaded, and to the disappointment of the Custom House officers not an ounce of tobacco found. The wagon was allowed to continue its route, but was followed at a distance, in order to discover the secret which appeared to be concealed from them. But there being nothing to conceal, they discovered nothing until the following day, when all the tobacco had safely been disposed of, and the smugglers were out of reach. The funeral cortege was composed entirely of smugglers—the priest, the player on the serpent, the incense boys, and all the cortege was a band of smugglers, and were laden with tobacco, as well as hearse and coffin. The value of the tobacco thus entered is stated at £8,000, but this is probably greatly exaggerated.

**A Dog Story.**

A ranchman in Colorado has a sagacious dog which the owner firmly believes can count. He has seven yoke, or fourteen working oxen, and when not in use these are turned loose with a large herd of cattle. Whenever they are required, he speaks to his dog the same as he would to a boy, and tells him to go and drive in his oxen. The dog immediately starts off and does the job as well as anybody. On one occasion during the last season when the dog had the cattle nearly in, he was noticed to suddenly leave them and run back to the herd as fast as he could go, which was three-quarters of a mile away. This excited some surprise, but it was soon discovered he had driven in but thirteen, and had gone back to correct his carelessness by bringing in the fourteen.

An instance of rare honesty, and showing how a dog may desire to pay his board bill, recently occurred in Fitchburg, Mass. A lady saw a dog frequently about her house picking up odd bits which had been thrown out and one day she called him in and fed him. The next day he came back, and as she opened the door he walked in and laid an egg on the floor, when he was again fed. The following day he brought his egg to pay for his dinner, and on the fourth day, he brought the old hen herself, who it seems had failed to furnish the required egg!

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman in search of a divine knocked at the doctor's door.

The following dialogue ensued:

"Does Mr. Channing live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see him?"

"I am he."

"Who? You?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach."

"Heard me preach?"

"Certainly. You are the Doctor Channing that preaches sin't you?"

"Oh, I see your mistake now. It is my brother who preaches. I am the Doctor who practices."

Since 1824 several Americans have patented machines for making pins, but the most successful invention was the work of Mr. Fowler. But the entire process is a mystery to the uninitiated, and the secret is carefully kept hidden from curious eyes. Most of the best American pins are made in Connecticut, after Fowler's process. In one establishment are eighty-five machines, which consume annually many tons of brass or iron wire, and turn out millions of pins. Brass pins are whitened by long boiling in copper vessels containing block tin. The process of making white iron pins is still a secret. There are eight pin factories in the United States, with an annual production of about 7,000,000,000 pins.