

NEW YORK CONTINENTAL



Life Insurance Company, OF NEW YORK, STRICTLY MUTUAL!

Assets, \$5,362,814 20!

ISSUES all the new forms of Policies, and preferential favors 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.

The Pennsylvania Central Insurance Company, OF POTTSVILLE, PA.

Capital and Assets, \$156,000.
Premium Notes, \$100,000 00
Promissory Notes, 50,000 00
Cash premiums due or collected for the year 1871, \$2,028 00
Cash premiums due or collected for the first three months of 1872, 1,800 00
Cash from other sources, and agents, 1,200 00
Judgment Bonds in Company's office, 1,100 00
Total Cash, \$6,128 00
Total cash and note assets, April 1st, 1872, \$156,128 00

JAMES H. GRIER, JOHN D. HADESTY, Secretary, President.

AGENTS: H. H. Hill, Edward Fox, John A. Kable, Edward Wesley, Charles F. Deibert, Wm. R. Griffith, E. F. Jungkurt, General Agent.

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! Fraud!" 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 CABLES ST., New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

THE subscriber has built a large and commodious Shop on High St., East of Cable 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.

SUNDAY READING. Mysterious Ways.

A hank of blue yarn tumbled off the line, under which Deb ducked her head, to grope in a corner of a certain recess in the attic for bits for the ragman's bag, and fell directly into her great apron.
"Dumb things speak sometimes," muttered Deb. "Now I might ha' forgot how soon master's socks 'll be worn out only for that. I'll set up a pair to-morrow; no, after tea."
Then she pocketed the yarn, bundled up the rags and descended.
A woman and child sat in the kitchen, old Silas Dene's niece and her baby. A year or more had passed since news came to that woman of her husband's death; and the horror which had come with it was in her eyes now. No wonder, for in the depth of the red embers on which her eyes were fixed, she saw that awful picture of a man crossing the "dead line," and dropping across it at the flash of a sentinel's musket. A picture that haunted Miriam Eldredth sleeping or waking, night and day.
"The ways of Providence is strange," said Deb shaking her head, and poking the fire; and the woman turned with a start, thinking of the things that had been meted out to her in her very girlhood, for she was not yet twenty. "Awful strange," continued Deb. "It's so curious this yarn should pitch itself at me when I ought to have thought of using it up and didn't."

And a ghost of a smile crept over Miriam's face, and the smile set the baby crowing, and the baby's crowing awakened brighter smiles on the mother's face; and Deb seeing them playing together at last—"two babies, poor things," as she said to herself, laughing aloud in her glee, "Thank the Lord, she's got some life in her yet, when she's roused up," she said to herself, and set the table singing all the while; and then, her master not being at home yet, went out to hunt in his room for what she always called "scrabbled paper," to wind her ball of yarn upon. She found a piece which suited her at last, stiff, yellowish, and crackling, and lying in an otherwise empty desk-drawer, and took it back, crumpled into proper shape, and began to wind her worsted. She had wound ten yards or so, when a furious knocking at the door made her start and break it short off, and there was no more thought of the knitting that night, for at the door she found a group of men who bore a sort of litter among them, on which, crushed and maimed and dying, lay old Silas Dene.

A boiler in his factory had burst, and he, with a dozen poor workmen, had been hurried into eternity. He had but a few moments to live, but in them he called his niece Miriam to him.
"Don't cry, my child," he said, "I shall be better off than if I lived longer. Three-score and ten years are enough for man. The Bible says so. And you are safe. I knew I could not trust to John. You are comfortable. This house, and enough to keep you in it, is yours. Don't part with Deb; let her live and die here. You'll find the deed of gift—"

But there the old man's voice failed, and he said no more, and in an hour was dead. Miriam, now that her last friend was gone, could only weep and sit holding her babe upon her knee, and wishing that they lay together in the silent peace of death as the good old man, who had been so kind to her, lay. But Deb, half broken-hearted as she was, went about the house, putting it into that shadowed order in which the home death has visited must be found; and coming at last to the kitchen, where the untasted meal was spread, and on the hearth of which the fire had smouldered low, picked up her ball of worsted from the floor and sobbing, "T'wont knit master's socks now," finished winding it, for any disorder seemed to her an insult to the dead.
After that there came for both women only hushed watching beside the dead until the day of the funeral.
The day brought John Dene, a grim, hard-fisted, middle-aged man, who had not time to visit his father for fifteen years.

He behaved decorously enough, and was crisp and shiny in new mourning; but, as soon as decency permitted, he began to settle affairs with such gusto that it was evident that nothing else had been in his mind from the first.

"It appears that there is no will," said he, sitting with his elbows on the parlor table the day after the funeral, "so I have nothing to do but take possession. How soon 'll you be able to move, Cousin Miriam?"
Miriam looked at old Deb.
"I suppose I shall not move at all," she said. "Uncle Silas gave me this house, and enough, he said, to keep me in it."

John grunted.
"Oh, he did, eh?" he said. "Well, you'll let us look at the deed of gift, or whatever it is, wont you? I'm a business man, you know."
Miriam looked at Deb again.
"Deb heard him," she said. "He told me so on his death-bed, and—yes—he said something of a deed of gift. There must be one. But that can't make much difference, Cousin John. You will do what he wished, I know."

Cousin John stared at the speaker blandly.
"If there is anything to prove it, I'm sure I shall," he said. "But a statement from the party interested don't stand in law. Of course you know where he kept his papers."
And Miriam indicating the library, the man of business and the legal gentleman who had been summoned to the spot proceeded to make search, but found nothing. In fact, before long it seemed quite certain that old Silas Dene must have been wandering in his mind when he spoke of a deed of gift. At least his son John said so.

"So you see," said John to his poor cousin, "so you see, Cousin Miriam, we've done our best. There's no such document. You'll have to work for your livin' like other poor women, I suppose. And as you can't work here you'd better go to the city. I've got some rooms I can let you cheap in a tenement-house, and I'll recommend you to a tailor I know for slop-work. You'll get on very well. There's women working for him that make as much as twelve shillings a week, I'm told."

And in despair Miriam took her cousin's advice, and Deb went with her.
"At least you'd have a home, honey," she said. "He'd never turn you out of doors, mean critter as he is." But Miriam had no such faith in her cousin.
It was a hideous place enough—a rickety building with wooden stairs, and two families on a floor; and the back room at the top of the house, with the dark bedroom attached, the apartments destined for Miriam.

John had generously permitted her to bring with her a chair or two, a table bed and bedding, and her boy's cradle, and she furnished the desolate place with them, wondering, with her country ideas of houses, at the "large wardrobe," until Deb said: "Bless you, missis, you don't know the city. That's meant to sleep in. It'll do very well for me."
Deb did sleep in the dark closet, and the mistress with her babe, in the room outside, slept in spite of the noise beneath—the wake in one Irish domicile, the "party" in another; the explosion of a paraffin lamp in one room, and the wife-beating performance in another—slept because of their fatigue. But there came nights when there was no sleep for them for the noise and for wondering how they were to live. Miriam made her needle fly, and Deb knit stockings to sell, but the rent swallowed up most of the money, and food was very dear. Even the baby left off crowing and began to pine, and at last was taken ill; and then the mother could only sit and nurse it, while Deb worked for both. She was a marvellous knitter, and her great egg-shaped balls dwindled away under her needles at a rapid rate. But never quite to an end. Always upon the hard roll of yellow paper remained a ball about the size of a large egg.

"I wound that for master's stockings," she used to say. "Just there the yarn broke when they came knocking at the door carrying him home. I shan't never knit that off; jus leave it so to remember him by always."

And there was a sort of romance in the fancy, though old Deb did not know it. Knit, knit, knit all day and half the night, but after all there was nothing to spare after bread was bought.

Cousin John collected his rents himself, and called in vain for many a day. He was patient at first, thinking the baby must die soon. But it lived to wail and moan, and keep his money from its mother; and by-and-by John grew angry.

"Think what taxes I pay," he pleaded. "Now you're quite a prosperous woman, if you choose to be. There's Solomon 'll give you as many shirts as you can make at three-pence halfpenny a piece, if you'll take 'em."
You ought to pay such a low rent as this."
And he frowned on Miriam, who only looked down upon her poor baby and longed for the only home for which the poor are charged nothing—the quiet resting-place of the grave.

And matters grew worse and worse with her, so bad that there was no small fire upon the hearth and no leaf upon the table. Deb's last pair of stockings had produced money enough to buy the medicine the child needed and no more, and there was nothing left save a great hank of yarn, which, since an old gentleman had promised to buy the stockings, might save them from starvation.

In that hope the old woman had made ready to wind the ball again, when the short, sharp knock they knew so well started them both, and in walked John Dene, buttoned to the chin in his warm overcoat.
"Well," he said, "ready for me now?"
Miriam shook her head.
"Ready?" cried Deb; "why there's neither fire nor victuals here—and that poor child's worse than ever. Where to get a mouthful I don't know. If you were a man you would put your hand in your pocket and let us know."

"Don't beg from him?" cried Miriam, "I ain't begging," said Deb. "He's your cousin, and he's robbed you. He knows that the house is yours, and the ground and all. He knows you didn't tell a lie about what old master said. He cheats you because he doesn't know."
John blushed scarlet.
"I've given you house-rent free for two

months," he said, "and these are my thanks. See here now. I've a tenant for these rooms—and the sooner you're out the better."
"You mean to turn us out?" asked Deb.
"I mean to have rent for my rooms," said John, avoiding Miriam's eye as he spoke. "You see I'm not so rich as people think."
Deb arose and stood before him, flaunting her ball, with its protruding paper, in his face.
"You see that, Master John," she said; "that was wound to knit your poor pa's socks. I've kept it so ever since; just so much was wound when the worsted broke, and I ran to open the door. It seems to me as if he knowed I keep it so long o' my love for him. I wound it the very night your pa on his death-bed gave that house and ground, and enough to keep her and me and the child, to the mistress, Miss Miriam. I heard him say it; and I believe he can hear me tell you so at this moment. I'd scorn to say it, Master John, if it weren't every word true, and you know it."

"I don't know what you'd do, woman," cried John Dene. "What I require is evidence; give me that, and I ask no more. But you haven't got it; and what has all that rubbish about a ball of yarn to do with it? I know my father wore stockings—I don't care who knit 'em, or when. Don't flourish that in my face, you old fool!"
And so speaking he pushed the old woman—whose attitude was actually somewhat threatening—aside, and in doing so knocked the ball from her hand. She caught it but only held the worsted; and as it unwound in blue-gray coils, the foundation of its greatness fell unloosed at Miriam's feet, she stooped and picked it up. Something arrested her glance.
"This is parchment," she cried. "It is a document of some kind. Where did you get it, Deb?"
"Out of the master's room the night he died," said Deb solemnly.

And Miriam, holding it tight, cast her eyes over the lines written upon its surface and signed with her dead uncle's name.
"Deborah, it is the deed of gift," she cried.
And Miriam spoke the truth. The little document which so ordered things that she need want no longer, had been with them through all their tribulation and starvation, under Deb's ball of worsted!

"I've took care of it so long without known' of it," said Deb, "and I'll keep it safe now, and nobody don't get it from me."
And it may be doubtful whether Deb slept in her anxiety until the paper was in proper hands, and Miriam and her little one restored to their old home with ample provision for their comfort.

There they live now, and if you visit them old Deb will tell you the story, adding by way of climax, "The ways of Providence are mysterious. If that worsted had not tumbled into my lap I shouldn't have wound it; and if I hadn't wound it I shouldn't have got that deed of gift I thought was scrabbled paper; and if I hadn't kept it, where should we have been now? The dear Lord only knows."
And so Deb ascribes their salvation from starving to the ways of that mysterious Providence that is around and about us ever.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.
A SHORT, little, square-built, dark-skinned twinkled-eyed young fellow, was known the regiment over as "Little Potter." The name came from his trade before war times, and from the fact that he was always talking shop, and examining clays with all the enthusiasm of a geologist. He had the faculty of becoming interested in anything that any other man was doing. Standing near the picket fire, though uncomfortable, he could always suggest a way in which to make the coffee boil, and would gather up little splinters and pile under or about the little kettle with the keenest enjoyment, although the coffee belonged to the most taciturn man in the company. He showed this kindly interest in every man's affairs, and of course was universally liked.

At Shiloh, in the midst of the second day's battle, Little Potter left the company for the purpose of getting water for himself and several of his companions. A quick change of position, a new line of battle formation, after his departure, and Little Potter was seen no more for several days. After the rebels retreated, he was acting as nurse in the brigade hospital. He could not find the regiment on his return, but found the hospital, and the division surgeon ordered him on duty, and discovering his excellence as a nurse, would not let him return to the company.
There was a quarrel between the captain and surgeon, the former seeing Little Potter as a skulker, and the latter seeing him as a useful man who had made a mistake through no fault of his own. The captain reported Potter absent without leave, and he was court-martialed. The sentence was that he should forfeit six month's pay. The men of the company were very indignant, but Potter said nothing. The stoppage of six month's pay told sorely on him, but he weathered the storm, and came out as serene as though he had never been court-martialed.

Much clothing was lost at Shiloh, and a list was made out of clothing lost in the battle.
The sergeant would ask:
"Well Blame, what did you lose at Shiloh?"
Answer: "An overcoat and knapsack."
"What did you lose at Shiloh, Potter?"
With indescribable drollery, Potter said with a sort of lip that was characteristic: "I loht the twenty-eight dollarth!"
This was the only reference he made to the court-martial and the six month's pay until the morning of the terrible December 31, at Stone River. In the hurry of the company formation for battle, Little Potter was the first man in place, after the orderly, and though the shortest man in the company, he held his place there in face of the rule to the contrary. There was a sweeping charge. That company left their dead further to the front than any other regiment in action that day. They were cruelly crushed, relentlessly driven.

Little Potter was a giant in doing. He kept his place next to the orderly when the company was broken and scattered, with a precision that would under other circumstances have been droll, he formed on the orderly whenever a charge was made, and while it was every man for himself. As he was ramming home a load, a ball struck him in the fleshy part of the leg, cutting a great gash and tearing his clothes. He was advised to go to the rear. The reply was:
"I will show them who is a coward."
A shot struck him in the left shoulder, and he became deadly pale. Still with teeth and right hand he managed to load his gun and fire. Another shot struck him in the thigh, and he fell. He was dragged to a stump and placed so that the raking fire would not touch him. He deliberately crawled around and placed himself so as to face the rebels, and as the company gave back in one of those hand-to-hand fights, little Potter kissed his hand to the men nearest him and nestled down with a sigh of relief.

Days afterwards the sergeant found a pair of black eyes glistening from festoons of white sheets, in a hospital at Murfreesboro. They belonged to Little Potter, broken-legged, broken-armed and bandaged. He could not move and hardly speak. But as the tearful men bent over him, he lisped: "We waxth them, didn't we?"
The rebels found him braced against the stump punching at them with his gun held in one hand, as they ran by. He was taken to the hospital, and here, day after day, went his old comrades to see him. They did more; they wrote to General Rosecrans, telling the simple story. They carried the letter along the red tape line, from brigade quarters to division, from division to corps, from corps to army headquarters, and returned with an order from Rosecrans himself, directing that the six month's pay be returned to Little Potter, that all charges on record be erased, and that an order complimenting his gallantry be read on dress parade, and that a copy be sent to the man who behaved so nobly. The order was read on dress parade, and the document with all its array of endorsements and old Rosa's letter was carried to Little Potter, by men who could scarcely speak. He seemed like one transfigured, as one of his old-time friends read and re-read the order letter. He had it held down to his eyes so he could see the red lines and official signatures. Then came his first tears.

"Now, boys, I don't care to get well. It's all wiped out, ain't it? I was determined to get well to wipe it out, you know. But now torn up as I am, it is better to die."
And the next morning, with the order and old Rosa's letter on his breast, Little Potter died. And still we can hear the grizzly old surgeon's words, as he came to the cot: "Dead? Why—God bless the boy!"

Extreme Cold.
Dr. Kane, in one of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, records that "on the 5th of February, 1854, the alcoholic thermometers indicated the terrible temperature of seventy-five degrees below the freezing point of water. At such temperature choleric ether became solid and carefully prepared chloroform exhibited a granular pellicle on its surface. Spirit of naphtha froze at fifty-four degrees, and oil of saffras at forty-nine degrees below zero. The exhalations of insensible perspiration from the surface of the body invested the exposed or partially clad parts with a wreath of vapor. The air had a perceptible pungency upon inspiration and when breathed for any length of time it imparted a sensation of dryness to the air passages, inducing the men to breathe guardedly and with lips compressed.

A story is told of an editor who died, went to heaven, and was denied admittance, lest he should meet some delinquent subscriber, and bad feelings would be engendered in that peaceful clime. Having to go somewhere, the editor next appeared in regions of darkness, but was positively refused admittance, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily the editor turned back to the celestial city, and was met by the watchman of the portals with a smile, who said: "I was mistaken, you can enter; there is no delinquent subscriber in heaven."

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