THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., MAY 8, 1877.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ABRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 28th, 1876.

TRAINS LEAVE BARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 5.16 a. m. 2.00 and 7.65 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. 2.10 and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. 2.00 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. For Potsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 3.40 p. m.

m. and via Sohuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p.m. For Allentown, at 5.26, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.67 and 7. 56p. m. The 5.20, 5.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and *7.55 p.m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20, 5.10 a. m. and 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

BUNDAYS : For New York, at 5.20 a.m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a.m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 1.45p. m.

1.45p. m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL-LOWS : Leave New York, at 5.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.16 a. m. 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Loave Heading, at 4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Loave Poitsville, at 6.15, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.

b. m. Aud via Schuylkill and Susquehauna Brauch at 5.05 a. m. Leave Alburn at 12 noon. Leave Alburn at 2.30, 5.50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15 4.89 and 9.00 p. m. The 2.30 a. m. train from Allentown and the 4.60 a. m. train from Reading do not run on Mon-days SUNDAYS :

days Europeric Sundays Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.96 p. m. Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.96 p. m. *Via Morris and Essex Rail Road. Substance Substanc

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, Pas-senger trains will run as follows:

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows: EAST WARD. Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 7.53 A. M. Johnstown Express 12 53F. M. daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 F. M. Atlantic Express 10.29 F. M. daily (flag)

Allabile Express 10.57, K., daily WEBTWARD. Way Passenger, S.BA. M., daily except Sunday Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. Fittsburg Ex. daily except Sunday (fing) 11.339, M WM, C. KING Agent.



Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

Saddlery Shop

in Bloomfield, on Carlisle Street, two doors North of the Foundry, where they will manufacture HARNESS OF ALL KINDS,

HE HOLDS THE FORT OF NEAVEN.

BT MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

Thro' clouds of storm and darkness, And the crash of fearful doom, When the shroud of finme enwrapt him For a chill and watery tomb, His soul above all auguish

Its song of triumph bore, And shining angels met him Beyond the shadowy shore.

CHORUS. Shining angels met him Beyond the shadowy shore, He " holds the fort of heaven"

A cong'ror evermore. Among the host of heaven

A glad new voice is known, And sadly from our sougs we miss

A dear familiar tone, We sing with trembling voices The songs we loved of yore, The voice that thrill'd us sweetly

Will sing to us no more. CHORUS.

Oh faith that thro' all trials

Can lift the soul on high, And light the martyr's path way

To realms beyond the sky, Beyond the flame and terror

Triumphant sounds the song,

He " holds the fort of heaven' And waits the coming throng.

CHORUS. The above beautiful song and chorus was written in tribute to the memory of P. P. Bliss, the Frangeliat, who was killed in the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O. It is a very fine, sa-cred subject to which the melody has been nicely adapted. No one playing on the Plano or Organ should be without a copy. No doubt in course of time Millions will sing it, as it bids fair to become one of the most popular songs published in America.

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THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

MARION HYDE was a cripple, but for all that she was beautiful. Her father was warden in the prison. Among the prisoners was one at the registering of whose name at his entrance Marion had been present, and something in his youthful though sullen face attracted her pitiful glance. He had stolen repeatedly from his benefactor, and finally had admitted into the house in the night time a gang of burglars who had secured considerable booty, and made off with it in safety, save one, after severely pounding the proprietor of the house. This one, who was not able to make his escape, betrayed the complicity of the young man in the affair, who was tried, convicted, and sentenced. There was no redeeming feature, apparently, to the story, but somehow, that face haunted the girl's gentle thoughts. Perhaps it was because she had a young brother who was a wild lad, wandering just now in disgrace, no one knew whither, and all the more tenderly loved by Marion, because of his sad ways. One day, as she leaned on the window-sill, looking with a wistful sadness into the yard at the prisoners, one of them looked, and changed as he was in every way, thin feature, she knew again the black, sullen eyes that yet were somehow like an angry, obstinate child's.

still. She knew that her heart was throbbing wildly, but she knew also that it was no phantom she looked upon. Dr. Putney had been right all the time, Amyer Preston was not dead, and thus he was making one wild effort for liberty. Marion Hyde stood and watched him. She could not have called out just then if he had been the most desperate and hardened criminal within those walls. Besides, the poor wretch was only mocking himself. He could not escape now unless by a miracle. She saw him stop presently beside a window, which opened into an upper hall, and after an effort raise it, and slowly draw himself through. Obeying an impulse which she could not at that moment control, Marion softly opened her door, and passed on without her crutch, for fear of the noise. She reached the hall just as this poor, wasted creature, after a brief rest, was urging his half paralyzed limbs to renewed effort. At the sight of her, he gasped and dropped in a swoon, and Marion hurried to his side. She dared not leave him, so she waited, rubbing his cold hands between her tender palms till at last he opened his eyes, and she made him comprehend that she wanted him to come with her.

" I won't go back to prison," he whispered between his set teeth.

"You need not," she said, simply,and led him to her own chamber.

There was positively no other place that was safe from the strict search that she knew would be instituted as soon as he was discovered to be missing. She procured him some garments which had belonged to her brother, and she got him some food that would be safe for him to cat after his long fast. He regarded her movements with the incredulous wonder of a child.

"What has been the matter with me ?" he asked after awhile. "I could not stir any more than though 1 was dead, but I knew all that was going on about me. Ugh ! it was frightful, waiting there in that dissecting room. I believe it was only the horror of it helping me to break the frightful spell."

"I suppose you were in a sort of a trance," Marion said, thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked again.

"I don't know, I am sure," she said, with a sigh. " But you are safe here till I think.'

"I don't expect you believe me, but I am as innocent of the crime for which I was brought here as you are."

"Guilty or innocent, I pity you-you are so young.'

Concealing him till the hue and cry were over, Marion smuggled him through the gates in a woman's dress and with a basket of soiled linen. And so the mystery of Amyer Preston's escape remained unsolved.

10.1111.00

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The years moved on. Marion was twenty-five. Her father was dead. Her idolized brother had perished in a brawl. She was alone in the world; an invalid, living on the merest pittance carned with her needle, but the same sweetfaced, sweet-voiced girl-that had won the hearts of the prisoners in the gloomy abode of which her father was warden. One day she was sent for, to see about some embroidery. She was received by a young lady, and something in the girl's bright face drew Marion's glance unconsciously. Where had she seen those eyes, so large and so intensely black ? "Why de you look at me so ?" asked the young girl, with naive eagerness.

ion's neck, and she was sobbing and kissing her alternately. "Robert always said he would never marry anybody but you, and you'll have him, won't you dear ""

" I have proved my innocence of that charge of robbing my guardian," said Robert gravely. " But it was long before I could do so. I followed up the man whose testimony convicted me till he lay dying, and he gave me a written confession of false witnesses. He wanted me out of the way. I will not be so abrupt as to ask you to marry me now, but as this rash sister of mine has said so much I can no less than testify to its truth. I have always loved your sweet, dear face, Marion. I shall never cease to wish it my wife's face till that wish is realized."

And then he left Marion to his sister's petting and soothing.

" This morning I was alone-not a friend in the wide world, and now-"

A burst of tears came to her relief. She is Robert Liesson's wife now, and ber beautiful eyes are as dove-like as ever with compassion for the unfortunate.

An Egyptian Romance.

TSMAIL PASHA, late the Egyptian Finance Minister, was a remarkable man. Originally one of the lowest grooms in the stables of the Khedive of Chosbra, his first step on the ladder of fortune was gained by marriage with a liberated slave from the harem, who speedily initiated him into the mysteries of that institution, and showed him how by artful use of harem influence a clever man might raise himself to any eminence in the State. Ismall profited by his wife's advice cultivated the barem through her, and found himself eventually the most powerful subject in the kingdom. He amassed an enormous fortune, and his expenditure was lavish even beyond Oriental magnificence. His harem was one of the largest and most celebrated in the East. It consisted of 300 women, all young and beautiful-for Ismail would have no women in his harem over the age of thirty-and two corps de ballet, one of French, the other of Hindoo girls. Every night he was conducted to his chamber by 20 young girls, clothed in fantastic and magnificent attire, blazing with gold and jewels each carrying in her hand a gilded taper stick, and each taper giving out a different colored light. Immediately after his death, his harem was bought up by rich beys and pachas, and fabulous prices were said to have been paid for some of the beauties. His jewels are computed to be worth \$3,250,000, and, as everything is forfeited to the Khedive, that astute ruler will make a good thing out of the death of his Finance Minister.

Sailors' Practical Joke.

PRACTICAL joke was played A nearly thirty years ago at a cocking main in Havanna, by some sailors belonging to an American man-of-war. The sailors had been betting and losing day after day, at the cock pit, which was the amusement that they most affected, until they were all left without a cent. In that plight the sailors were when the man-of-war was ordered off to San Francisco. A number of months afterward the vessel returned to Havanna and the Jack Tars had fully matured a scheme for vengeance. Drawing all their pay and borrowing all the money they could in addition, at the first shore-leave they started for the cock pit, carrying with them their gold and a bag of mystery. Some of the ship's officers surmising that something was in the wind, followed, but not even to them was the sallor's secret divulged. Scarcely had they reached the pit when an excited Spaniard sprang into the little arena, where a battle had just ended. Under his left arm he carried a magnificent game cock, in his right hand he flourished a bag of doubloons, and he yelled forth a challenge on behalf of his bird against anything that wore feathers. No other challenger could have been half so welcome to the sailors, for during their former unhappy experience he had been their bete noir, raking in their gold pieces almost as fast as they could bet them. His verbose and grandiloquent defiance was promptly accepted, the money was staked, and the Americans shook their champion out of the mysterious bag. A nondescript creature it was, with a great, solid body, roughly covered with chicken feathers and tar, its wings and tail clipped, its head broad and adorned with a keen curved beak, with long, sharp talons at the ends of its toes, instead of gaffs upon its legs. Despite its strange half-disguise the officers recognized it at once as an American eagle. But the Spaniards knew nothing about it, and the one who had made the match was furious, deeming himself insulted by the pitting of such a miserable looking creature against his splendid fowl. The aleade ordered, however, that the fight should take place, according to the terms of the challenge, and the Senor tossed his bird into the pit. It was ready to fight, of course, for a gamecock

of good blood would not hesitate to attack a bird as big as the fabled roc. Ho the first notice the "American game chicken," as the sailors had christened their bird, received of the presence of an enemy was a fierce attack. He calmly looked down upon the gamecock strutting threateningly before him. The sailors were not without anxiety lest the keen gaffs might settle their eagle before he got warmed up to his work, but fear was quickly dispelled. The gamecook dashed forward again. In less than a second the Spaniards witnessed an as-tounding sight. The "American chicken" placidly stretched out one great claw, seized his antagonist by the head, drew him up, and, applying the other claw to his body, tore his head off with a single pull. Then he proceeded to eat him. A storm of imprecations and shouts of astonishment rent the air, but the sailors were too well armed and too numerous for the Spanlards, and so they got their money and returned aboard ship, laden with more gold than they ever before had, and carrying their champion in triumph.

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Love and Revenge.

A black-eyed, fair-faced young person, dressed in gray plaid skirt, overskirt and panier, red plaid shawl, brown hat and blue veil, attracted the attention of Assemblyman John Dillmeier and a speen al officer, in Johnson avenue, Brooklyn, on Friday night, and when they approached they saw that a young manand not a woman was inside the clothes. In the Stagg street police station the youth described himself as Conrad Litzenberg, aged 10, a clerk of 123 Walton street. He said that he was engaged to a young lady, Miss Minnie R. Schurman, and that another man had been writing her insulting letters. He showed the Sergeant three letters filled with insulting expressions. In one he begged to see Miss Schurman in Johnson avenue. Litzenberg said that he went there with her, and chased him, but he escaped. He then concluded to dress inhis sweetheart's clothes, and try to catch him. "If I had caught him," he added with spirit, "he wouldn't have written her any more such letters." His sweetheart went to the police station with his attire, and received back her own dresses. She corroborated her lover's story. She intimated that her annoyer was a discarded suitor .- N. Y. Sun.

A Triangular Scrimmage.

The Newburyport Herald says a novel fight was witnessed in that city on Sunday, between a rat, hen and rooster. A hen scratching near a water cask, was suddenly interrupted by a huge rat, and neither would give way. Finally the hen made a pass with her beak, which the rat dodged, and then the rat made a spring for her neck, which was not a success. At this juncture a cluck from the hen brought up the rooster, who, like a gallant cock, came into the ring to take a hand himself. Then commenced a triangular scrimmage with teeth and beaks. The hen had lent him one right in the smeller, which seemed very much to anger the rat, who gathered for a spring on his antagonist, which was prevented by the cock lighting upon him and putting both spurs into his body, performing the solemn tragedy of harikari. Not satisfied with disembowelling their enemy, they picked out his eyes and left him.

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AP HIDES taken in exchange for work. D. F. QUIGLEY & CO. Bloomfield, January 9, 1877.

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REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Penn'a. Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

will sell at REDUCED PRICES, Leather and Harness of all Kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark. Hides and Skins. Thankful for past lavors, I solicit a con-tinuance of the same. P. 8.—Biankets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a speciality.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

autiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, containing an elegant colored Flower Flat the first number. Frice cally 25 cents for . The first No. for 1877 just insued in Ger-and Registed.

The first Mo. for the state of Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. T.

sighed softly, and went in to look at the prison record for the poor lad's name. It was Aymer Preston. The next she knew of him he was in the sick ward. For a few weeks she saw him there, but the gloomy eyes never softened, only gazed straight before them from their hollow sockets, or hid themselves obstinately behind their wasted lids. He never spoke, he scarcely ate, and the prison physician told Marion that he was dying from sheer inanition.

Her glance followed him as though fas-

cinated, and as he passed from sight she

" It's my opinion that he's trying to starve himself to death," he said.

Marion drew near the sick bed.

She bent over him and spoke with gentle firmness. But she might as well have talked to the blank wall, for all the sign he gave of having heard her. Marion left the ward with a shocked and anxious face.

" Let me know if there is any change, or anything that I can do," she then said to the doctor.

But at dusk the physician was called away by a serious illness in his own family, and near midnight the assistant, going his rounds, found Aymer Preston dead in his bed.

"It's either make-believe or heartbreak," Dr. Putney said, sharply, when word was brought him, and he ordered that Preston's body should be kept wrapped in blankets, and not removed till he saw it.

The order was obeyed, but when three days saw no change in the body; Dr. Putney having meantime examined it.it was removed to the dissecting room. Marion Hyde's window commanded a view of this mysterious and horror-inspiring apartment. As she stood at her window that night she thought with a vague thrill of pain of the one cold, still tenant of that terrible room. She was not a timid, superstitious creature, nor by any means given to nervousness; so when she saw the window of the dissecting room slowly lifted, and a gaunt, wild face appear at the opening, instead of screaming or running away, she stood

"You remind me of some one I have known," Marion answered simply.

" No one ever accused me of looking like any one but Robert before," laughed the girl.

"Ah, yes, you do. I see the resemblance now quite strong," and Marion's face flushed with emotion. "Perhaps you are related to him; his name was Amyer Preston."

"Oh !" cried the young girl, springing up, "and you are lame, and your name is Marion Hyde. Tell me, isn't it. I knew it. Oh, Robert, what will you say."

She vanished from Marion's astonished eyes, with the wordson her lips. She was back, however, in a trice, and with her came a tall, dark-haired, heavilybearded gentleman.

"Marion Hyde! Is it possible ?" he exclaimed, clasping both the little trembling hands, in his and putting them over and over again to his lips, which were quivering with emotion. "Surely you know me ?"

"You-you are Amyer Preston," stammered Marion.

" I was Amyer Preston ; I um Robert Liesson. A relative of my mother's left me his property on condition of my taking his name. I have searched for you vainly, Marion Hyde. My prosperity has been bitter to me till now I find you. Oh! you shall never touch a needle or work again,"

" No, indeed, that you shall not," chimed in she who had been the means of this happy recognition, and as she said it both her arms were around Mar-

A Schoolmarm who Objected to Being Courted.

An independent little Canadian schoolmarm snubbed one of her big sholars who tried to make love to her, and because he retaliated by disturbing the school she gave him a sound flogging .--His parents sued her and recovered \$3.50 damages. The next day the girl opened school by saying : "I have whipped a booby soundly, which pleasure cost only \$3.50. Now, if any others of my scholars are inclined to imitate him they will have the kindness to step forward, receive the money and the flogging, and then we will go on with our studies .--I am here to instruct you, not to be courted." She retains the school and is the most popular girl in town.

How Would This Suit You?

The Philadelphia North American says: An enormous aged African keeps a cellar lunch and lodging room on south Sixth street. He says he has not been out of it for sixteen years. He furnishes lunch to his customers from scraps gathered by begging around town. His price for lodging is ten cents a night, and then no one is permitted to lie down. He furnishes each chap with an empty nail keg upon which to sit during the night.

137 It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The aristocratic Spitz dog is now so cheap in New York, in consequence of the hydrophobia scarce, that families of ordinary means can afford to buy one or two and enjoy the risk of being bitten and dying of hydrophobia, just the same as the Fifth Avenoodles.