THE TIMES, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA., MAY 29, 1877.

RAILROADS.

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

May 21st., 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS: For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 and

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 3.57 and *7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m.2.00 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 Foltaville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 3.57 p. m. and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and *7.55 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 2.00 p. m. trains have through cars for Philadelphia. SUNDAYS :

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

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL-LOWS :

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and *7,45p. m. Aop. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m. 3.40, and

7.20 p. m. Leave iccading, at 4.40,7.40, 11.20 a. m. 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottaville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35

p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquebanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.

15 a.m. Leave A nhurn at 12 noon. Leave A nhurn at 12 noon. Leave A lientown, at 2.30, 5,50, 8.55 a.m., 12.15 .38 and 9.05 p.m. The 2.30 a.m. train from Allentown and the .40 a.m. train from Reading do not run on Mondays SUNDAYS 1

SUNDAYS : Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, 2.30 a. m. and 9.65 p. m. *Via Morris and Essex Rall Road. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

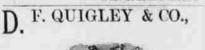
NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, May. 14th, 1877, Pas-senger trains will run as follows: EAST.

Atlantic Express, 9.54 p.M., flag,-daily. WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily exceptSunday. Midlintown Acc. 6.55 p. m. daily exceptSunday. Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 P. M., (Flag)-daily, ex-cept Sunday. Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., daily (flag) Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which is 13 minutes faster than Altoona time, and 4 min-utes slower than New York time. J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION. On and after Monday, May 14th, 1877, trains will leave Dunchanon, as follows: EAST WARD. Mimintown Acc. daily except Sunday at \$.12 A. M. Johnstown Express 12.538. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M.

Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)





Would respectfully inform the public that they have opened a new

Saddlery Shop

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

THE LOST RING.

"I WOULD LIKE TO GO," pretty

Daisy Cochran was saying, as her quick finger glided over the key board of her music teacher's plano. " I know John will be so disappointed if I do not, but I really and truly have nothing to wear."

"But John knows you are not rich." "Oh, yes; John would not care if I

went in a calico dress and gingham apron, but-but please don't think it is false pride, but all his family will be there, and you know they all look down upon me because mother has to keep boarders, and John is rich. I don't mean all, because his mother is very kind to me. But I would not like to shame John by being shabby, and I cannot ask mother for even the price of a tarletan, till she gets ahead a little."

" I see. But your pretty pink dress?" " Came to grief at my last party. One of the gentlemen upset ice cream all down one side, and dresses are so cut up now-a-days, you can't alter them one bit. Why, Miss Pattison, that very dress was one of mother's, and there were so many long, full widths in it, that we easily made dress and overskirt. with miles of ruffling, out of the skirt. To be sure, mother is very tall, and I small, but I am sure none of the dresses she wears now could be altered for me."

While Daisy was speaking, Miss Pattison, her music teacher, was looking at the pretty face, the soft blue eyes and flossy curls, and thinking.

"It is useless to me, and as she says, there is plenty of material for a modern dress in an old-fashioned skirt, I have kept it, to be sure, for many years, but after all-

And here she spoke, hesitatingly:

" Daisy, I have a dress I shall never wear again, that I should like to see you dressed in for Mrs. Ransom's party." " But-

"But," half sadly, half merrily, "you will not mind accepting it from such an

old friend as I am, or from one who loves you as dearly as I do. I will show it to you."

She arose as she spoke, and opening a closet in the room, took from a trunk there an opal silk. It was certainly old-fashioned, with a wide skirt, flounced to the waist, offering material for a modern costume of most elaborate style.

"Oh," little Daisy said, " it is lovely And the waist is plain, scarcely needs any alteration. Only, Miss Pattison, this is real lace in the deep bertha."

"Yes, dear. You can easily make a modern fichu of that."

"It is so kind to give it to me," said Daisy. "For I do want to go on Wednesday, more than I can tell you. And oh, Miss Pittison, we have a new boarder. He came this morning, and took the two second story front rooms, I did not hear his name, but he is an elderly man, with a face that is pleasant and yet very sad. A good face, but sorrowful! I know I shall like him."

"I am glad the rooms are taken."

"Yes, indeed, for they have been vacant nearly six months, and that is the reason mother is so straightened. But I hope now she will get along better. Oh, dear! I hate being poor! I would love John if he was a pauper, and marry him, but I am glad he is rich, too. He promised to be ever so good to mother, and he loves her as much as I love his mother. Only his other relatives think he is foolish to marry a poor girl. Miss Pattison," this hesitatingly. " Were you ever in-love ?"

brought me a choice basket of flowers, and had told me his love, asking me to be his wife. Upon my finger was his

betrothal ring, a large pearl encircled by diamonds. It was a triffe too large, but after Walter put it on with loving words I would not let him take it off, promising to buy a guard for it the next day.

"The evening was half over, when Clarence, who had been waltzing with me, drew me into a small room leading out of the crowded parlors, and to my unfeigned surprise told me he loved me.

"He had never before been in a position to marry, but on that day he had been offered a position in Cincinnati that would give him a liberal salary.

" I was shocked and bewildered when he asked me to be his wife; but, Daisy I had known him all my life, he was like a dear brother to me, and I could not dismiss him harshly. Even when my own sorrow came, I had no self-reproach because I tried to soften my refusal by words of sincere friendship and affection.

"I let him take my hand in his and press his lips upon my forehead in a forewell caress. But, as he did so, Walter, coming to seek me, saw him, and misinterpreted the action.

"He spoke harshly, and suddenly pointing to my finger, assused me of having given my betrothal ring to Clarence.

" Bewildered and half angry, I looked at my hand. The ring was gone! All my frantic search through the room was treated with quiet contempt, as a piece of acting."

" But did Clarence take the ring ?" asked Daisy, breathlessly.

"My dear, I do not know. We could not find it. Clarence died in Cincinnati. Walter left me in hot anger, and never returned. My life was soon a shadowed one ; I lost both parents, and am now, at thirty-eight, a little old maid music teacher, moderately contented, with an income sufficient for my wants, and-" here Miss Pattison smiled-" very fond of my young friend, Daisy."

Daisy's mother was quite as much pleased and excited as the little maiden herself when she saw the handsome gift from Miss Pattison, and an animated discussion, as to the best manner of altering the dress, resulted in a decision to rip it apart and remake it.

It did not trouble mother or daughter, that their new boarder was seated in the parlor when they brought their work to the table in the evening. He was quite at the other end of the room, reading a newspaper, while they carefully cut the stitches that held the pretty opal silk together.

They were, however, somewhat confused and surprised when he sauntered across the parlor, and took a seat near them, saying, sadly :

" Opal silk ! It is many years since I saw one to notice it. They say opals are unlucky. Your pretty silk may-bring you misfortune, Miss Daisy.'

Daisy blushed shyly, and yet the suggestion troubled her. The silk had been worn when Miss Pattison's love dream had so rude a waking ! Perhaps

And just here Daisy gave a little start and a cry, as the point of her scissors touched something hard, that rolled from them, down the folds of shining silk, and across the floor.

will you tell me what Ella, Miss Pattison told you, that you knew her lost-ring so quickly ?"

And littly Daisy, her heart fluttering over this strange romance of middle age, repeated the story she had heard. Mr. Martyn listened with his head resting upon his hand, shaded from the bright light. When the story was finished, he looked up.

"Thank you," he said, gently ; " will you give me Miss Pattison's addressand the ring ?"

Very promptly Daisy granted both requests, but smiled, and shook her head as he added :

"And don't wear opal silk."

"I am not so silly as that," she said, to Mrs. Cochran, when the new boarder left the room.

"I am not afraid John will quarrel with me because my dress is an opal silk."

She was still working busily upon the work of altering the dress, when the new boarder came in again, and put a parcel and tiny note before her wondering eyes. She looked into his face, wondering at the change there, the soft light in the sad eyes, the smile upon the grave lips.

"She has forgiven me, little Daisy," he said, very tenderly, and left her again.

" Open your note, dear," Mrs. Cochran said, and Daisy, obeying, read the lines written there by a hand trembling with happiness:

" DEAR-DEAR DAISY : You have sent me my life's You have sent me my file's happiness, and the opal silk has changed twenty years of pain to deepest joy. But Walter says you are not to wear it, and so we have chosen together the turquoise silk in the parcel, for blue brings hap-piness! You will accept the dress, dear, will you not, from your loving friends, WALTER AND ELLA?" WALTER AND ELLA ?"

"Oh, how lovely !" Daisy cried, shaking out the folds of the silk ; " is she not kind, mother ?"

And very lovely Daisy looked, when,

with a demure courtesy, she said to John: " Please admire my dress, sir, a present from our new boarder, Mrs. Martyn.' "H'm ! very fine. A new boarder, eh ?"

"Yes, but an old friend, who has mar-Miss Pattison."

" That little old maid ! Married !"

" Yes-

-" and then the old love story was told, with comments from theactors in the new love story, and never-never was the sage conclusion arrived at, would John and Daisy allow a cruel misunderstanding to separate them for twenty long years.

And, at last accounts, they never did.

A Widow's Windfall-News From the Dead.

About two years ago a man by the name of John Olenheimer, a German, was suddenly and mysteriously missing from Washington village, Jersey City.

He was known to have some money on his person when last seen, and as no tidings from him came, his friends, the police and the public generally settled down to the belief that he had been murdered.

He left a family, consisting of a wife and six children, the youngest child but a few weeks old and the oldest a girl scarcely 13 years. Tired of waiting they soon mourned for their protector as dead, and the mother set about the real problem of providing for the family. They had been left quite destitute. She parted with a portion of their household goods, took cheaper quarters, and up to within a week has kept the wolf from the door by taking in washing and sewing. " It has been a terrible struggle," said she to a Journal reporter yesterday,"but I have managed to keep my little ones from starving by my own labor until last week. I broke completely down; there was nothing for us to eat, and for the first time I called on the Poormaster for help."

front of the house, and with a powerful kick broke in the door. Then, darting up the stairs, he rushed into the room of the lady living there, and, taking a little child from his cradle, shouted to the terrified woman that the house was on fire and for her to save herself. She sprang from her bed, ran to a hiding place for her pocket book and started toward the door. The tramp took the money from her hand and ran quickly down stairs and out into the street. He had gone but a short distance when, seeing a group of women in front of a house, he approached them, and handing one of them the child, exclaimed : " Here, take it ; I saved the pretty little thing from the burning building." He then disappeared and has not been seen since.

3

The Devil Gets His Due.

On Sunday, the 15th ult., in the town of Maple Grove, in Manitowoc co., Wis., a singular and fatal occurrence took place. It being Sunday, the people of the neighborhood had generally gone to church, leaving, as is the custom only one or two of the family at home to guard the premises. At the house where it occurred, only a boy of about 12 years old was at home. A man went to the house completely enveloped in a beef hide, with horns, and tail complete, and so fitted that nothing else could be seen. It was known in the neighborhood that the occupants of this house had money, and there was at the time about \$200 on the premises. The man disguised in the hide told the boy that he was the devil, and that he had come after his money, and that the boy must give it him. The boy answered that he would not give the money. The devil then told the boy that he would kill him if he did not bring out the money. The boy then stepped into the house as if he was about to comply, but instead of bringing the money he brought the gun and shot the man dead. The boy then ran to the nearest neighbor, and finding only a woman there, told her that he had shot the devil. The woman went with the boy, and found that the devil whom the boy had shot was her husband.

Wanted to be Treated.

A San Francisco corn doctor was summoned by a man who lived four miles out of the city. Hastily gathering up his instruments, files and acids, he walked through the pouring rain to the address indicated, and was shown into the parlor. The physician sent up his card. and shortly after the door opened, and a florid man with unsteady legs, entered the apartment.

"How do, Doc ? Take a seat. Didn't think you'd come out in this rain, but you're a regular brick, and I knew it when I read your card. I wish you'd come and live out here. The whole neighborhood are a set of darned teetotalers."

The practitioner opened his case of in-

struments, and asked his patient to put

his foot on a chair. The man assented,

remarking that he never felt more com-

fortable in his life. He resented, how-

Saddles, Bridles, Collars,

and everything usually kept in a first-class es-tablishment. Give us a call before going elsewhere.

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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 up buying at the lowest cash prices. I fear no competition. Market prices paid in cash for Bark. Hides and skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a con-tinuance of the same. P. S.-Blaukets, Robes, and Shoe findings made a speciality.

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"Yes, dear. When I wore this dress, twenty years ago, I wore it to please eyes as loving and tender as John's will be for you ! Mother, I too had a mother then, Daisy, told me opal was an unlucky color, but the dress pleased me, and being a spoiled, wilful child, I bought it."

" But was it unlucky ?"

"Dear child, if I did not believe that to be all nonsense, I would never give that dress to you. But on the evening I wore that dress, the first cloud arose upon a life that had been all happiness before. We all have our troubles. Mine began then, in a separation from the only man I ever loved. I have kept that love in my heart all these years, Daisy, though I have never seen my lover, never heard from him."

"Please tell me all about it," pleaded Daisy.

"Shall I tell you, dear? It is long since I spoke of it. I was an only child, Daisy, and my father, although never a wealthy man, had a handsome salary. We were in a good social wircle, and I had all the gaiety and finery a young heart could desire; and I had suitors too, dear, in those days, but my whole love was given to one, Walter-well, never mind his other name. While I loved him only, I had other friends, and one Clarence Fisk, loved me, though I I never had suspected it until the evening when I wore the opal silk."

"It was my birthday, my eighteenth birthday, and I had a large party of my own young friends. I was intensely happy, Daisy.

"Only that morning Walter had

"What could it be?" Mrs. Cochran asked, looking up from her work. But Daisy, all excitement, had thrown aside the dress, and was stooping to pick up the glittering treasure her seissors had released from long imprisonment.

"Oh, mother !" she cried, quite forgetting the new boarder. "It is Miss Pattison's ring !"

"Whose ring ?"

Not her mother's voice asking this, but a man's voice, harsh and loud.

"Whose ring did you say ?" he repeated, as Daisy only looked surprised and did not answer.

"A friend's," Daisy answered, at last, "Miss Pattison ! You said Miss Pattison ! And you found it in the opal silk dress! Tell me, has the ring a large pearl in it, encircled by diamonds, and lettering inside- W. M. to E. P.?"

"Yes," Daisy said, wonderingly, after having examined the ring.

"Walter Martyn to Ella Pattison!" "Walter !" said Daisy-" yes, his name was Walter !"

"She told you something-your friend -Miss Pattison ! You wonder at me. Dear child," and the voice of the greyhaired man was low and tender, "I am Walter Martyn, and that ring was my betrothal ring, twenty years ago !"

It was strange to see him, the grave, elderly man, trembling and flushed, his hand resting on the opal silk, his eyes fixed on the ring.

"Twenty years ago!" he repeated, " I was married, was widowed, traveled abroad, went everywhere, and had my share of happiness and sorrow, made a fortune, and came home at last, only yesterday, to find-"' here he sighed heavily, " to find Ella, Miss Pattison still, and her ring lost in the folds of the opel silk she wore when I last saw her. Who will say it was not fatality that led me to this house, this room ?" Miss Daisy, discover the new flame, he ran to the

Yesterday morning as this little family were seated at their frugal breakfast of porridge, the postman left a letter addressed to the widow of John Olenheimer. It bore the stamp of the United States Treasurer and was sealed with wax. It contained official notice from the Treasury Department in Washington that a United States Consul in Australia had forwarded to the Department a trunk filled with the effects of her late husband, who had died in that country. Along with this property was also four thousand dollars in gold.

What a Tramp Did.

A remarkable incident occured at the fire which took place on Jersey City Heights last Saturday night. Some sparks from the burning building fell on the roof of another house not far distant, and the shingles were soon ablaze. There was not the slightest danger, however, for the firemen quickly discovered the flame, and a single stream of water extinguished it. But a tramp took advantage of the opportunity in the following manner: . The first to ever, all efforts of the doctor to pull off his socks, and threatened to shoot him for attempting to haul his boots off.

"How can I treat you unless I see your corns ?" cried the chiropodist.

"Corns be blowed !" answered the dweller in the suburbs. " I ain't got no corns! Don't your card say, 'Gentlemen treated at their own residences?' and I sent to you because I'm out of liquor, and want some brandy pretty quick."

There was a cry of anguish as the doctor took his largest file and rubbed all the skin off his patient's nose.

An Adroit Preacher.

A story is told of the preacher of a hospital Sunday sermon, in illustration of the wisdom of the serpent that is sometimes exhibited by divines. In a district inhabited by wealthy people, but mostly connected with trade, and in which "commercial credit" is everything, the clergyman in question prefaced his discourse with these words : " Before commencing my appeal to your purses, my friends, I will mention a case of conscience which has been put to me this morning by an esteemed member of this congregation. He is, he says, to all appearances a rich man, but in reality is on the verge of bankruptcy .-He would wish to put his £5 note into the collecting plate as usual ; but would it be honest, he asks, seeing that what money he has left is, in fact, his creditors' and not his own. I have advised him, dear friends, not to give; and if any of you are in similar unhappy plight, I also say, 'Be just before you are generous.' Those in good circumstances will, on the other hand, give according to their means." It is said that so many £5 notes were never seen in the collection plate before as on the occasion of that sagacious appeal.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished.