

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
 For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m., and 7.45 p. m.
 For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 3.57 p. m.
 For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 3.57 and 7.45 p. m.
 For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and 3.57 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.
 For Ansburn via S. & S. R. at 5.10 a. m.
 For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.45 p. m.
 The 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.57 and 7.45 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:
 Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 3.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.
 J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 2.40, and 7.20 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.13 a. m., and 4.35 p. m.
 And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.
 Leave Ansburn via S. & S. R., at 12 noon.
 Leave Allentown, at 1.30, 5.50, 9.15 a. m., 12.15 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
 Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 3.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.
 J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.
 †Does not run on Mondays.
 *Via Morris and Essex R. R.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.
 Millintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
 Johnston Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Mail, 1.20 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express, 5.42 P. M., flag—daily.
WEST.
 Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily.
 Mail, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Millintown Acc. 6.55 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Pittsburgh Express, 11.57 P. M., (flag)—daily, except 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 minutes slower than New York time.
 J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANSON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncanson, as follows:

EASTWARD.
 Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 A. M.
 Johnston Ex. 12.52 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Mail 1.20 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)
WESTWARD.
 Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.
 Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday.
 Millintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 P. M.
 Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.32 P. M.
 W. M. C. KING Agent.

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—AND—

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OLD TIMES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

malls and travel. Feller's from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and the Ohio river, at Pittsburgh and Wheeling, were carried by stage lines largely owned and managed by James Reeside, "the Land Admiral."

In 1813 he began to run a line of stages from Hagerstown, Md., to McConnells-town, Pa., and a few years afterward he became one of the largest mail contractors in the United States.

He possessed a grand physique, being six feet four and a half inches high, and, without any superfluous flesh, measured fifty-three inches about the chest, and weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds. His hair and whiskers were sandy red, and his complexion florid.—Great enterprise, remarkable executive ability, strict integrity, frankness of speech and open-handed generosity were his marked characteristics. He was the intimate friend of General Jackson, the associate of Clay, Crittenden, Benton, McLean and other distinguished men of that period.

Shortly after the war of 1812 James Reeside was concerned in establishing a daily line of stages across the Allegheny mountains. At that time there was a turnpike from Baltimore to Frederick and Hagerstown, and that portion between Boonsboro' and Hagerstown was the first piece of macadamized road in the United States. From Hagerstown, West, to Wheeling there were no turnpikes. The charter had been just obtained, and they were about to begin work. The first through stage line between Baltimore and the Ohio river was organized in relays. These relays were to lodge the first night at Hagerstown, the second at Cumberland, the third at Uniontown, and the fourth at Wheeling.

The stages were of the old-fashioned kind, somewhat similar to the modern ambulance, open in front, with a mere rack behind to hold one or two trunks. Persons rarely traveled in those days with a trunk. The passengers all faced the team, on a level with the driver.—Saddlebags, then the usual baggage of travelers, were slung around the standards which supported the roof. It was the custom at night when they reached the lodging place to give their saddlebags into the custody of the landlord, whose wife put them under her bed and delivered them to the travelers in the morning. Travelers often carried large sums in this way.

Shortly afterward the construction of the turnpike between Hagerstown and Cumberland was begun. The bill authorizing the national road passed Congress in 1802, but the construction of it was not begun until 1815. At that time there was no coaches running across the Allegheny mountains day or night and that was the condition of affairs until about 1827.

Mr. Reeside having given the Post Office Department great satisfaction in the South, Judge McLean urged him to take the contract for carrying the mails between Philadelphia and New York.—This was in the latter part of 1826. Mr. Reeside had not the capital to stock the line and the money was advanced to him by John Slatterthwaite, of Lebanon, Ohio.

Reeside put on his line, and between 1827 and 1834 reduced the time from 27 to 12 hours to the trip.

In the meantime he became the contractor for the mails between Baltimore and Wheeling, via Hagerstown and the National road, and from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Chambersburg and Bedford to Pittsburgh, upon which routes, prior to his taking hold of the lines, no mail had been carried at night. He introduced the system of running day and night between Philadelphia and Baltimore and the West, reducing the time from four days to fifty-two hours, and thereby earned the soubriquet of "Land Admiral," bestowed upon him by Joseph R. Chandler, of the "United States Gazette," who, in giving him that title, said that he could leave Philadelphia with a hot Johnnie-cake in his pocket and reach Pittsburgh before it would grow cold.

The carrying capacity of mail coaches between Philadelphia and New York was at first limited to six passengers, leaving Philadelphia at 2:30 P. M., and reaching New York the following morning at 5 o'clock. This time was subsequently reduced to twelve hours, the mail leaving at 5 P. M., and arriving at 5 A. M.

This service was performed by land the year round. The day service, at that time, between Philadelphia and New York, was performed by the steamboat Philadelphia, Captain Abijah Jenkins, leaving the foot of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at 6 A. M., running to Trenton. Across the Peninsula from Trenton to New Brunswick, mails and passengers were carried by coaches. It rarely required more than four

coaches, carrying nine passengers each. These coaches connected at Long Dock, one mile below New Brunswick, with the steamboat for New York, of which Cornelius Vanderbilt was Captain.

During the winter season, when navigation was suspended, the travel required only a daily line of two coaches, carrying nine passengers each, between Philadelphia and New York. These coaches were, in the beginning, of the egg-shaped, or round top model, without any railing or capacity on top, and with but a very slight boot behind for baggage. The mail was carried in the front boot.

While Mr. Reeside was carrying the mail between New York and Philadelphia, the celebrated controversy over carrying the mails on Sunday through Pennsylvania and New Jersey began.—Violent opposition was made by religious denominations, and frequently attempts were made to stone the coaches carrying the mails. Chains were placed across the streets in Philadelphia, which compelled the coaches to stop until the guard removed the obstruction. These occurrences excited high feeling, and the subject of carrying the mails on Sunday was discussed in the celebrated Sunday mail report made to Congress by Richard M. Johnson, giving him the reputation which had much to do with his election as Vice President of the United States.

Col. Dave Crockett was another intimate friend of Col. Reeside, and frequently spent days at his house in Philadelphia. Speaking of Crockett, John E. Reeside says:

"I was a young stripling then, and it was my duty to drive Colonel Crockett about the city and out in the country on business and pleasure. I was with him when he visited Derringer's shop, then on Fourth street in Philadelphia. Derringer was the maker of the rifle and pistol. I used to drive Crockett out across the Wire Bridge, over the Schuylkill, where the bridge to Fairmount Park, above the Fairmount Water Works now stands, to Harding's tavern, then a great place of resort, where he would try the guns and pistols. The rifle and pistols, which Crockett had with him at Alamo, were purchased of Derringer, and tried, during one of our visits to Harding's tavern. Crockett was a famous shot, and I have frequently seen him shoot at a silver dollar at a hundred yards and hit every time. He was fond of talking with the country people, and sometimes got up shooting matches, at which he got very full.

For the purpose of showing how rapidly the mails could be transported between Philadelphia and New York, Col. Reeside at one time ordered his men to make a trial-trip, and the mail was carried from Jersey City, on this occasion, to the Philadelphia Post Office, by land, in eight hours and forty minutes.

When Reeside was carrying the mail between Philadelphia and New York, on its arrival at Jersey City it was taken across the North river in an ordinary yawl.

Col. Joseph Dodd, recently deceased, who was for many years connected with the New York Post Office, received it at Jersey City, and on landing on the New York side carried it up in a wheelbarrow to the post office.

Samuel L. Gouverneur was then postmaster, and Barnabas Bates, afterward the great advocate of cheap postage, was the assistant. Sometimes Col. Dodd had a colored man named Harry Rodgers to assist him in rowing the yawl across the river. Rodgers on one of the trips stole a letter containing a hundred dollar note, and was detected in offering it in payment for a drink. This theft led to the enactment of a law by Congress, that no colored person shall be employed in the post office. This law remained on the statute books until a few years ago, when Senator Sumner had it repealed.

Charles Forrester, now superintendent of the newspaper department in the New York Post Office, was one of Col. Dodd's old associates. He tells a story illustrating the abuse of the franking privilege in those days, about Colonel Reeside bringing a horse all the way from Washington to New York, tied behind the stage coach, the horse having been franked through by a member of Congress.

The office of the Reeside Mail Coach Line in New York was at 1 Cortlandt Street, advertised by Thomas Whitfield, the agent, as being "opposite a pump of good water." In Philadelphia it was at 28 South Third street—"The Red Office" opposite Congress Hall, where a hundred people often congregated to see a mail coach start for New York, with the driver and guard clad in red uniform.

When Reeside was contractor for the mails going out of Philadelphia for Baltimore, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Reading, Pottsville and New York, a robbery of the mails was committed, which was the sensation of the time. The mail for Kimberion, a short line running out of Philadelphia, was robbed. A few days subsequent the important mail for Read-

ing and Pottsville was robbed at the junction of Turner's lane and the Ridge road, near which point Girard College now stands. The driver of the coach was Charles Wilhower. The coach contained nine passengers. It was stopped at the mouth of Turner's lane by three men—Porter, Poteet and Wilson—at about 2 o'clock in the morning. They forced the passengers to get out and stand in line. Wilson and Poteet watched the team and driver while Porter robbed the passengers. After rifling the mail they allowed the coach to go on. Porter and Wilson were arrested by Reeside; Poteet by a man named Andy McLain, then a policeman in Philadelphia. Poteet was remanded to the Maryland penitentiary, from which he had escaped, to serve out the remainder of a sentence of eleven years. He died before the expiration of his sentence. Wilson turned State's evidence, and Porter was hanged on Cherry Hill in Philadelphia. It is said that General Jackson was influenced to commute the sentence of Wilson to a few years imprisonment because of a service rendered to him many years previous on a race course in Tennessee. Gen. Jackson liked horse racing, and on this occasion he was backing, spiritedly, the favorite. Wilson, who had never seen him before, but had a great admiration for him, watched his opportunity, and when unobserved told Old Hickory that he had better withdraw his bets, or hedge, because that race was fixed, and the favorite was to be beat.

Jackson was a little incredulous, but Wilson assured him that he knew all about it, because he was in the job.—Jackson withdrew his bets, and went away in great disgust, but, before going, he told Wilson that if he could ever render him a service, to let him know.

Wilson, when arrested for the mail robbery at Turner's lane, turned State's evidence, and Porter and himself were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, the former on April 30th, 1830, and Wilson May 8th of the same year. In consideration of the evidence given by Wilson, Mr. Reeside interesting himself to obtain a commutation of the sentence.—leaving for Washington, Wilson informed Reeside of the circumstances on the Tennessee race course, which was told to Gen. Jackson, who did commute the sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary at Cherry Hill for a term of years.

During the time of the excitement about nullification in South Carolina, General Jackson's proclamation was expressed through to New York. Mr. John E. Reeside relates the following incident concerning it:

"On its arrival at Philadelphia, owing to the injuries sustained by the express rider regularly employed, I, on my way home from school, was substituted to carry it on to New York. I left Philadelphia at 5 o'clock in the evening, and reached Jersey City at 9:20 P. M.—four hours and twenty-six minutes. I was taken across the river in the yawl by Mr. Dodd, and delivered the proclamation to Gov. Gouverneur at the post office. The relays of horses used by me in making the run were from three to five miles apart. It was a very dark night. Several of the bridges over which I had to pass had draws. But there was no time to stop to think whether they were opened or closed. I had to take my chances of jumping them if they happened to be opened. Fortunately, however, they were all closed."

A Merchant Who Feels for the Tramps.

"WELL," said Albert Gall, the Indianapolis carpet man, to a "News" reporter, lighting a fresh cigar. "I can't help having some sympathy for that institution of modern civilization known as the tramp. I'll tell you how the foundation on which this feeling is based was made. I went to California in 1860. I was a mere boy then, 17 or 18 years old. When I arrived at San Francisco I had over \$400—an amount of money that should have lasted me 8 or 9 months, but with boyish inexperience, disappeared in less than half that time. My trunk and watch went to a pawnbroker, the proceeds, small enough, furnished means for but a few days longer living.

Then I began in earnest to look for work. I went from door to door along all the main streets of San Francisco, but could find no employment. At last I struck a small job, putting up nail holes on a frame house ready for the painters. I worked all one morning on the hot side of the house, the sun pouring down upon me at a broiling temperature. At noon I began to felicitate myself that the afternoon's work would be in the shade, but the boss drove me around to the sunny side and I fried during the long hours of the afternoon. My next job was setting fence posts. It didn't last long, and after a short season of cellar digging, I was again without work. I began to think I'd starve to death. You have no idea, unless you've

tried it as I did, how little a man can eat when he has no victuals.

I began a tour of the stores again, searching for employment. One day, while looking into a shop window, I overheard two gentlemen standing in the door of the establishment in conversation. One of them was asking the other if he knew where a good boy could be found. I said to myself, "Albert here's your chance!" and my heart thumped until I thought it would break out a section of my ribs. I stepped up to the gentlerman and managed to tell him that I wanted the place, salary no object, only work and something to eat. He took me into the store and introduced me to the proprietor. That personage was seated on the counter, his legs folded under him. In answer to my request he asked me if I knew the business.

It was a large cloth importing establishment, one of the largest in the city. I told him I did not, but I could learn.—When he told me to call again the first of the month I bubbled over. I said I wanted work then. The old gentleman then questioned me; wanted to know if I could speak German. I gave him a sample. Then I gave him some French. Being but recently from Belgium, my French was good. The old fellow was delighted, and I was engaged at a salary of \$35 a month. A Chinaman in the establishment got \$60. Next morning I opened the store, swept out, and began thinking about breakfast, when a pair of shoes, the proprietor's gaiters, were handed to me to black. You never blacked shoes, did you? Well, I never had before, and I felt rather queer. A large amount of very red blood came into my face. I fairly boiled as the Chinaman stood by and grinned at the proud Caucasian manipulating the shoe brush.

But I blacked them. Then I was allowed to go to breakfast at the house of the proprietor. Everybody had eaten but me. I got a cup of coffee and piece of brown bread. Not a sumptuous repast. Dinner was no better nor was supper. But I had at the last meal an understanding with the cook, an honest Irish girl, who gushed over with sympathy and declared that I should have a better breakfast, and I did. After that everything was smooth sailing. My wages were raised time and time again without any asking, until I became a favored salesman in the house, at a monthly salary of \$125.

The old man was a good one, and improved on acquaintance. I was with him nearly four years, but got homesick and came back in 1864.

Why do I have sympathy with the tramp? Did you ever notice those boilers lying in front of Sinker & Davis' foundry? Well, for three weeks in San Francisco I slept in one of those cylinders. I could crawl in after dark and put a piece of board at the end to keep out the wind. It wasn't by any means a quiet sleeping place. Drunken sailors and belated roughs would saunter past my dormitory, and nearly every passer-by would strike or kick it. The reverberations are not pleasant, but one may accustom himself to them. Now and then these prowlers would seat themselves on my boiler and talk for two or three hours, punctuating their remarks with their heels.

The confounded watchman of the place, too, always struck upon the boiler at hour intervals. It was so resonant, you know, that the assurance he was awake and on duty was much stronger than if he had tapped on any other material. He caught me crawling into my dormitory a few nights before I gave it up, but I made such a full explanation that he allowed me to continue the occupancy unmolested. He even ceased sounding the hours with his club. Now you know how I come to have some sympathy for the homeless wanderers called tramps.

A Grateful Boy.

Two of the ragged street children that Miss Rye brought over to Canada from England in 1876 have, by the death of a distant and previously unknown relative, fallen heirs to \$125,000. The younger, Samuel Gill, a newsboy on the Great Western railroad, has gone home to England, but his elder brother, John, has remained over to help the farmer who gave him a home to finish his spring work.

On last Friday morning, Mrs. Samuel Schaub, near Dalton, Stokes county, N. C., was feeding a sow and young pigs, when the sow attacked her and threw her down, and as it attempted to gather her by the throat, she thrust her arm into its mouth, which was badly bitten before assistance could reach her. The sow seemed perfectly furious, and attacked a young lady who came to Mrs. Schaub's assistance, and then attacked and knocked Mrs. S. to the ground a second time. She has been confined to her bed, seriously, and her friends fear fatally injured.