

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. May 12th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 a. m. 2.09 p. m. and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.46 a. m. 2.00 and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00 3.57 and 7.55 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 Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m. and at 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.20, 8.10 a. 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: For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 9.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 9.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branches at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.50, 9.05 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 p. m., and 9.05 p. m. 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. Johnstown Ex. 12.23 P. M., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 P. M., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.54 P. M., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 A. M., daily. Mail, 2.45 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 Allentown 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. Johnstown Ex. 12.55 P. M., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 P. M., daily. 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. WM. C. KING Agent.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a., GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor. HAVING leased this property and furnished it in a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant. A careful hostler always in attendance. April 9, 1878. H. L. HOCHENSCHILDT.

THE EAGLE HOTEL,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a. HAVING purchased this property and refitted and refurbished it in a comfortable manner, I ask a share of the public patronage, and assure my friends who stop with me that every exertion will be made to render their stay pleasant. H. L. HOCHENSCHILDT. March 19, 1878. H.

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AN ODD COUPLE.

HOW very dark and stormy it was on that March evening. The doors and windows kept up a perpetual rattle; violent gusts of wind and dashes of rain now and then beat against the house, as if bound to seek shelter therein. Little Robby was sound asleep in his crib, and the minister and his wife were spending the evening together in the cozy sitting-room. The hour for retiring had come, and while Mr. Watson was making the fire safe for the night, and Mrs. W. was bustling about, picking up and adjusting the numberless concerns which nobody but a careful housewife can ever see or think of, there came a most violent ring of the bell. "Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Watson, "somebody must be dying or dead. What a dreadful night for you to go out in!" Mr. Watson opened the door and peered into the darkness. Not a human being could he see or hear. A few seconds passed when a loud, gruff voice was heard asking: "Can you splice us to-night?" For an instant the minister was confused, not being accustomed to the use of that nautical term in relation to the duties of his profession. A second thought, however, made clear to him the possibility that splicing might be within the limits of his particular province; and so, raising his voice above the storm, he replied: "If you mean to ask me, sir, to marry you, I shall be most happy to perform the ceremony. Is the lady with you?" "Ha! ha! that's a good one! Sary Ann you mean? Don't suppose I'd come to get the knot tied without her, do ye? No, sir; she's right here in the cart."

Mr. Watson need not have stepped back to inform his wife of the great event which was to take place, for she had heard all the conversation and was using her utmost endeavors to expel the laugh from her countenance before the happy pair appeared. It must be confessed that the sight of the couple was not conducive to gravity. They had passed, a good while beyond the bloom of youth, and had made no special efforts to conceal the fact. Both had evidently come directly from their work, which, indeed, the gentleman proceeded to intimate. "Fact is, parson, 'tis rather a bad night outside; and so I says to Sary, 'What's the use; let's not fix up a bit, but go just as we are. The knot'll hold jest as well as if we had on our best bib and tucker.' And beside, parson, we want to take the old folks by surprise, and they'd be sure to 'spect something if we'd gone to work and put on all the riggin'."

Mrs. Watson was glad for this little opportunity to smile, and promptly improved it. What would she not have given for the privilege of a good, hearty laugh. The brief ceremony concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Watson extended their congratulations. "Thar," broke in the newly-married man, "is the ticket; guess you'll find it O. K. Now, Sary, let's be goin'." Plaguey touch ride before us. Good-by, parson. Good-by, ma'am. Much obliged for the job. Hope to do as much for you, some time. "The 'cart' rattled away, and Mrs. Watson, into whose hands her husband had delivered the certificate, made haste to open it, thinking that, after all, it wasn't best to judge people by the outside, and that the strange man might have done something handsome by way of a fee. There it was! A bill! Yes, and upon it the magnificent figures of one dollar!

"Well, I declare," shouted Mrs. Watson, "'isn't this too mean for anything? Shame on that man; he don't deserve to be married." "Now, my dear," said the minister, "you should not be too hard, for I am sure you had at least a dollar's worth of enjoyment out of the occasion." "Yes, sir, and I noticed somebody else who seemed trying to keep from laughter." Next day little Robby's shoes were bought with the wedding fee, the ministers pants were brushed and cleaned for the hundredth time, and the good lady, by dint of extraordinary management, made the old dress answer an excellent purpose. The spring passed away, and the summer in all its beautiful bloom and abundant fruitfulness came on. The wedding on the stormy night had almost passed from the minds of the minister and his wife; albeit, now and then she would break out with a laugh, and ask her husband if he didn't think it was nearly time to splice another couple.

One day, as the happy little family were eating their dinner, and just as the parents were feeling uncommonly proud of some smart thing little Robby had said, there came just such another ringing of the bell as that heard on the stormy night. "Well, there," said Mrs. Watson, "one would think for all the world that that splice-man had come again. Before the minister could reach the door it was opened, and, astonishing to relate, there stood the identical hero of the wedding occasion. "Arternoon, parson, and ma'am, hain't forgot me, have ye? "Member that job you did for me last spring? Never did anything better in that line, bet your life. Didn't know then how 'twould turn out. Gettin' married is kinder risky, anyhow. But you won't find an appier pair this side o' Canaan, that's sure. And so I thought 'twas 'bout time I brought along the rest of the fee. Where'll you have these things, parson?"

The minister went to the door, and there was the 'cart' literally loaded with fruit and vegetables of every description. Such a store was never before brought into the house! "Oh, don't trouble yourself 'bout thanking for this," said the man. "Nothing but a fair trade, you know. But if you must thank somebody, thank Sary Ann. This garden sss is from her. She kinder thought 'twould relish this hot weather. Master hot and dry, pastor, this season. Been 'specting the crops wouldn't 'mount to nothin,' but they is gettin' on fast rate. The Lord generly brings things round 'bout right, I notice. Don't go much on the churches, and plaguery little on some of the members, but you don't catch me going back on the Lord. Was tellin' Sary only last week we must go over and hear you preach some pleasant Sunday. S'pose you give 'em the re'al Bible religion, don't ye? That's what all say they do, anyhow."

The minister and his wife had but little opportunity to utter a word, their friends was so talkative; but they would insist upon expressing their warmest thanks to him and "Sary Ann" for the truly generous donation. After the rich store had been deposited in the house, the man took the minister by the hand, and leaving in it a bill, he said: "That's my part of the fee; thank Sary Ann for the sss. And then jumping into his wagon and drove away. The minister unfolded the bill, and lo! its worth was twenty dollars! Mrs. Watson clapped her hands, and fairly shouted for joy. The needed dress and pants were bought, and to this day there is no story which the minister and his wife love so well to tell as that of the odd couple.

THE WOMAN RESURRECTIONIST.

THE strange case we last week gave an account of, as now being investigated at Bridgeport, continues to show new phases of the woman's depravity. A dispatch dated Bridgeport, October 12th, says: The indictments against Mrs. Alexander and Frank Bassett for the murder of Stuttering Jack will be presented to the Grand Jury on Wednesday next. It has been expected all along that the accused persons would at the same time be called upon to answer to other crimes equally heinous, but the missing persons who were regarded as possible victims have all turned up, with the exception of Dick Coves, a member of Howe's Band, who disappeared about the time of the Weinbecker murder, without any apparent reason, and has never been heard from. A few days before his disappearance he told an acquaintance that he was going to the old carriage factory, which was but a few doors from his boarding house, to see a woman. Whether he carried out that intention, and what came of the visit, are questions that perhaps Mrs. Alexander can answer. The police have ransacked the old factory thoroughly, and dug up the ground beneath the floor without finding much more than a mass of Mrs. Alexander's correspondence—fully 1,000 letters in all. The letters that have been examined show that Mrs. Alexander made at least one attempt at blackmail; that she tried to palm off Lizzie Cavanaugh's child on her fugitive husband as his and hers, and that she habitually made use of vile language. The finding of two old coffin plates among her trumpery startled the officers at first, as they thought they indicated the resurrection business, but the plates prove to have been taken from the coffins of some of Mrs. Alexander's relatives many years ago, according to an economical custom some time practiced in those days, and to have come into her possession in a perfectly legitimate way.

A few days ago Mrs. Alexander wrote to State Attorney Olmstead along letter, begging him to allow her to see Bassett, as she knew he could not look her in the face and say that she had any share in Weinbecker's murder. Mr. Olmstead decided to grant the interview, and it took place yesterday at the jail, Mrs. Alexander being led around from her own cell to the one occupied by Bassett. The meeting is described as having been highly dramatic. The woman went

down on her knees and piteously implored her partner in crime to declare her innocence. If they had been alone she might have persuaded him into doing as she wished—she appears to have him completely under her influence while they were living together—but Bassett only replied that he should say nothing at all until he was brought into court. Apparently much disheartened, and highly enraged as well, Mrs. Alexander went back to her cell. Although Bassett will not talk to his accomplice, he is willing to improve every opportunity to talk with every one else. He told the State's Attorney recently of an attempt made by Mrs. Alexander last July to poison Rosa McMahon, an aged woman who came to the house to wash. Mr. Olmstead saw the woman yesterday, and her statement, as far as it went, verified Bassett's. A few days after the Fourth of July, which would make it just previous to the date of Stuttering Jack's murder, Mrs. Alexander sent for Rosa to come and wash for her, Rosa did not go, because she did not know the way, but the next day Bassett went for her again and accompanied her to the house. Mrs. Alexander was very attentive to her, giving her tea, and treating her with special kindness. One of the cups of tea was so bitter that Rosa drank only a swallow. Bassett said Mrs. Alexander dosed this cup with laudanum, and when he asked her what she was doing, told him she wanted to put the woman to sleep. When Rosa was about starting for home, Mrs. Alexander pressed her to stay all night, and, failing to persuade her, engaged her to come the next day and do more washing. Being ill, Rosa did not go, and thereby probably saved her life. Like Stuttering Jack, the old woman had no relatives or friends, and if she had disappeared would hardly have been missed.

About two weeks before the Weinbecker murder came out, Mrs. Alexander made minute inquiries at one of the drug stores here about different preparations of arsenic, and the next day bought a quantity of the poison. What she did with it or wanted it for has not been disclosed. The police learn from her mother, who is a respectable widow living in East Haddam, that Mrs. Alexander is 45 years old, and was first married at 22, to George Phelps, in East Haddam. They went to New York and lived at 669 Water street, where two daughters were born to them. Phelps died, and his widow married an Englishman named William Clague, who went to the war and never came back. Then she married William H. Alexander, who deserted her to run away with another woman, three years ago, and is now in Chicago.

Coffee—How it is Raised. Coffee culture is very interesting, and the growing crop is very beautiful. The trees at maturity are from five to eight feet high. They are well shaped and bushy, with dark green foliage, and planted eight or nine feet apart. The flowers are in clusters at the roots of the leaves, and are small, but pure white and very fragrant. The fruit has a rich color, and resembles a small cherry or a large cranberry; it grows in clusters, close to the branches, and when it becomes a deep red, is ripe and ready to be gathered. The trees are raised from seed, and do not begin to yield until the third year. In Central America they bear well for twelve or fifteen years, although in exceptional cases, trees twenty years old will yield an abundance of fruit. The trees are particularly beautiful when in full bloom, or when laden with ripe fruit. The process for preparing coffee for market is as follows: The ripe berries when picked, are at first put through a machine called the "desplador," which removes the pulp; the coffee grains, of which there are two in each berry, are still covered with a sort of glutinous substance which adheres to the bean. They are now spread out on large "patios," made especially for the purpose, and left there, being occasionally tossed about and turned over with wooden shovels until they are perfectly dry. They are then gathered up and put into the "trilla"—a circular trough in which a heavy wooden wheel shod with steel, is made to revolve, so as to thoroughly break the husk without crushing the bean. The chaff is separated from the grain by means of a fanning mill, and the coffee is now thoroughly dry and clean. After this it is the custom of some planters to have it spread out on long tables and carefully picked over by the Indian woman and children, all the bad beans being picked out. It only remains to have them put in bags, weighed and marked, before it is ready for shipment to the port. On some of the larger plantations this process is greatly simplified with considerable saving of time and labor, by the use of improved machinery for drying and cleaning the coffee.

One Way to Get Married.

Judge Richardson doesn't pretend to be a parson and therefore isn't as well up in the marriage ceremony as the preachers are. The young couple stood up before him, the other evening, and the Judge inquired in a cross-questioning tone of the groom: "Are you a citizen of the United States?" "The groom took hold of the waist-band of his trousers and tugged, saying: "I voted for Tilden, Judge."

"Why, James!" faintly exclaimed the blushing creature by his side. "It's a fact, Emmer," protested James, rather indignantly, and glaring at the Judge. His Honor coughed and demanded severely: "Do you, sir, as a citizen of Nevada and a lawful voter of Reno, solemnly declare that you will forsake all other evils and cleave to this one?" "I've money to bet on it!" responded the groom, growing pale, but placing his arm around the waist of the skinking bride. "Then," cried the Judge, bringing his fist down on his desk, "God has joined you together and d—the man that puts you asunder. The fee is just what you like to give, young fellow."

It was pretty liberal and the Court set them up and kissed the new wife several times besides.—Reno Gazette.

A Curious Doctor.

A miracle-worker has risen in Spain to restore sight to the blind, to make the deaf hear, to give speech to the dumb, to call the dead to life and to cure vines that are attacked by the phylloxera. El Baldaet, of Alicante, receives patients and visitors twice a day in a large room, which will hold more than a hundred people, all of whom must be provided with cards of invitation. When the room is full, he takes his seat in the center, with the visitors grouped around him. After having made several invocations to the benignant spirits, he calls upon all the persons who are afflicted with any disease to come and consult him. Instead of writing a prescription, or advising them to try the waters of some foreign spa, his eyes begin to roll, his body is shaken by epileptic movements, and he lays his head upon the patient's hand and utters certain mysterious words. The patient is then supplied with several bottles of magnetized water, which he is advised to drink until he feels quite well.

Don't You Think So?

There is excellent good sense in the following paragraph: "The great end of education is not information, but personal vigor and character. What makes the practical man is not the well informed man, but the alert disciplined, self-commanded man. There have been highly trained and accomplished men in days when a knowledge of geography hardly went beyond the islands and mainland of the Levant. There were powerful English writers long before Lindley Murray wrote his Latanized English grammar. What should be understood thoroughly is that cramming is not education. It is a mistake to cover too much ground, and to seek to make youth conversant simply with the largest number of studies. Let the personal influence of the teacher be relied upon rather than books and elaborated methods."

A Curious Case.

Ten years ago there settled near El Paso, Woodford county, Ill., one P. C. Ransom, a man of wealth. His wife was a gentle lady. He had a dark, wild mannered boy, named Paul. Ransom prospered. Everybody liked him. He was elected mayor of El Paso, was re-elected and is mayor now. Last week a dark-faced woman, resembling Paul, appeared. She went from door to door in El Paso, declaring that Ransom was her husband, that he left her, taking \$30,000 twenty-five years ago, and that since then she had been hunting him the wide world over. Ransom denies all. The woman appeals to the law.

God's Pay-Day.

The following anecdote is commended to those who, "because sentence against an evil word is not executed speedily," persevere in wickedness: "Look at my grain," said a scoffing farmer to a clerical neighbor. "I ploughed on Sunday; I planted on Sunday; I harrowed on Sunday; I harvested on Sunday; and I never had a better crop. What do you say to that?" "I only say," said his companion, "that God doesn't settle all his accounts on the first day of October."

Keep your promise to the letter,

be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life.