#### RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

#### May 12th, 1878.

FRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS FRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.25, 8.16 a. m. 2.00p, m.,
and \$7.55 p. m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m.
2.00 and \$5.7 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.29, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00
3.57 and 7.55.
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 Auburn via 8. 8. Br. at 5.30 a. 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, 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. 4

For Reading, Palladetphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m. § TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL-LOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and \*7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at †4.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 5.15 and †9.75 p. m.

15 and 10, 25 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 0.15 s.m. and 4.25 . m. And via Schuylkiil and Susquehanna Branch s t . 15 a. m.

8, 15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Ailentown, at †2.39 5,50, 9.00 a. m. 12.15
4.30 and 9.0 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 5.30 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, at2 30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Genr. 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, Pasenger trains will run as follows: EAST.

DUNCANNON STATION. 

# 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.

Ar A careful hostler always in attendance.
April 9, 1878. tf

## THE EAGLE HOTEL,

New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

HAVING purchased this property and refitted and refurnished 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.

March 19, 1878. tf

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OVAL TRON.

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We refer to officials in the Patent Office, to our clients in every State of the Union, and to your Senator and Representative in Congress. Special references given when desired. C. A. SNOW & CO...

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GOOD LIVE BUSINESS MEN to sell the Excel-lor Improved Letter Copying Book. No Press, rush or water used, copies instantly. Agents utult \$2.50. Agents make from \$10 to \$15 per day. ddress Excelsior Manufacturing Co., 47 La Salle t. Chicago. Ill. Incorporated Feb. 18th 1877, apital. \$100,000. Exclusive Territory given. 264t

## THAT TERRIBLE JUVENILE.

COLONEL GRAHAMME was seated In the parlor awaiting the appearance of Miss Grey. He was a noblelooking man, scarcely past life's meridian, though an empty coat-sleeve told of an arm lost in the defense of his country. His thoughts were evidently not rose-colored to-day, for his fine face was clouded with melancholy. His revery was interupted by the entrance of the household pet, Lulu, who had been crying, as he her tear-stained face bore evidence. The Colonel took her upon hig knee.

"What's this? my little friend in tenrs!"

" I'se dot to have a tooth out," she said, pointing to a loose pearl which was being displaced by a new-comer. "What a misfortune! let me see."

The child parted her rose-bud lips, and Colonel Grahamme touched it gently

but firmly, and lo! out it fell. "It wasn't so bad after all, was it Miss Lulu ?"

Luiu looked at him ruefully.

"Do you think another'll tome?" then her face brightened suddenly as a cheering thought struck her, and she whispered: "If I'd taken laughing das I'd have a lovely tooth."

Colonel Grahamme looked somewhat bewildered.

"Taken gas! pray tell me, Lulu, what difference that would make?"

He bent his head to receive the lowspoken confidence.

"Tause Aunt Mamie took it, and she's got the prettiest set you ever saw-so white and straight. Her teeth were awful crooked before!"

Just then Aunt Mamie came in. Her cheeks took a rosier hue when she saw who was entertaining Lulu. She gave him her hand with a welcoming smile. It was easy to see he was a favorite with her, as well as with her little niece.

Several times through the evening she noticed him studying her face in an abstracted way, and at last she rallied him about it. He answered playfully, and with an effort threw off the impression the child's prattle had made upon his mind, and resumed his usual courteous, entertaining manner.

He had long loved Mamie Grey, though he had been careful to conceal it from her. He was very sensitive about his crippled condition, and could not bring himself to believe that it would not be a barrier to winning the beautiful girl's affection.

Lulu's speech, however, set him to thinking. Was he doing a foolish thing in standing aloof, and not trying his chances? Perhaps her own trial-for smile, if you will, he looked at it in that serious light-might make her think more lightly of his.

Ah! had he been better versed in the caprice of a maiden's heart, he need not have hesitated. That empty coal-sleeve was his surest passport to Miss Mamie's favor, though in his utter-freedom from self-conceit he had nearly misinterpreted her shy evidence of pleasure at his frequent calls. But he suddenly turned over a new leaf. Invitations to concerts, to rides behind his fleet-footed bays, exquisite bouquets came pouring in upon her, and she soon learned to associate him with all things enjoyable and beautiful.

One morning he called and invited her out for a drive. After a time they drew up before a handsome residence with a conservatory at its side, whose flowers of every kind and hue attracted the gaze of passers-by.

"Miss Mamie, I would like to have you see a rare flower which spends its whole life-time in preparing one blos-

som, then fades and dies." "Rather an exacting blossom I think, to require its parent's life! still I should

like to look at it, all the same." A colored servant answered the colonel's ring.

"Pomp, I wish to show this lady the conservatory. Tell the gardener to bring the keys. Where's your masters?" "Sah?" answered Pomp in confu-

"He's out, isn't he?" This time the tone was peremptory.

"O, yes, sah! out to be sure"-" on

the steps, 12 he added in an undertone. " Well, it's all right," said the colonel, passing on. Pomp in great perplexity hastened off for the gardener mutter-

"De ways of de quality pass my 'standing."

Mamie uttered a cry of delight as she entered the bower of bloom and fragrance, and they spent a pleasant hour in searching out and admiring the rare blossoms, of which the colonel knew the name and peculiarities of every one, and described them in a way which made Mamie think him a miracle of

entertaining erudition. After a time silence fell upon them. Mamie felt that the eyes which dwelt so persistently upon her face were brilliant with an expression new to her, and unwonted to them; and her heart fluttered like a frightened bird when he took her hand, and in low, deep tones told

her of his love, and that life would be a desert without her sweet companion-

As she listened, the knowledge came to her that her heart was in his keeping: but maidenly shyness kept her silent until he spoke of the loss of his arm as a drawback. She interrupted him impulsively.

"That was your greatest attraction to me. I would not love you half so well" -she stopped and blushed painfully, but her lover drew her to him and hid her crimson cheeks upon his breast.

"So you do love me? Bless you for the precious confession. My life will be all too short to fill yours with happiness. Do you know," said he suddenly, " your tiny niece has had a share in bringing this to pass? Had it not been for her guileless child's revelation, I should never have thought of offering you this battered hulk."

Mamie looked up in surprise: visions of she knew not what floated through her mind. She well knew of Lulu's powers of observation and fondness of telling her discoveries. What could she have said? Her cheeks burned hotly. She feared that some of her incautious praises of the Colonel had been remembered and poured into his ear. She said energetically:

"What has Lulu been saving ?" The Colonel reddened; but she insisted on having the speech which had had such an important bearing on their relations, and at last he told her, saving she might think it more serious than it really was. For a moment she looked indignant. Then the amusing side struck her, and peal on peal of silvery ringing

It was some time before she could command her voice. Then she made a deep courtesy.

laughter greeted her astonished lover's

So you thought Lulu meant me! I thank you kindly for investing me with such unexpected attributes to beauty, but shall have to occasion a woeful disappointment. Lulu has another aunt Mamie-her papa's sister. I assure you, Colonel, that every individual tooth in my mouth is my own natural property. I've never even had one filled." Colonel looked embarrassed, but he said: "I still insist that Lulu deserves a large share of gratitude. It was a happy mistake, and she shall have the largest doll 1 can find, with a regular Flora McFlimsery wardrobe. Now, jesting aside-how would you like to be mistress of this conservatory ?"

"Why? Do you think of buying

"It's mine already; and house and servants are waiting for a mistress," "Yours!" Mamie's blue eyes opened

wide with surprise. "I thought officers always lived on their pay, and were poor." "Not always. A rich man can be

patriotic as well as a poor one; and though I can not work for my bride, I can take good care of her. Still, it is very pleasant to know that you thought in choosing a crippled lover you were fond of him to be willing to enter upon a life of self-denial."

It occasioned a great commotion in Mamie's home when the Colonel asked permission to address her. Lulu adopted her at once as her uncle, and puzzled her brain considerably at the quizzical way in which the Colonel dwelt on the title of "Aunt Mamie," and at her young auntie's smiles and blushes at what she, Lulu, considered the most natural title in the world.

## A GHOST STORY.

MANY years ago, when the city of Providence was quite a village, an old house stood in a lonely place a couple of miles from town. It was in the centre of a large tract of land that had once been laid out in walks, and garden spots, and miniature lakes, for the occupants of the house had cultivated tastes, and the money with which to gratify them, so you may be sure it was a very beautiful place.

But one dreadful night a murder was committed there, and then the house was vacant for years, for the people, more superstitious in those days than they are now, believed that ghosts inhabited it, and no one could be found who would live in it. There it stood year after year, uninhabited and alone, the lovely flowers choked with weeds, the once well-kept walks overgrown with clover and grass, the fruit ripening and falling ungathered to the ground, for no school-boy, however daring, ventured to enter those walks.

At the time my story opens, a party of young men, my grandfather among the number, had planned a moonlight excursion, on horseback, to a neighboring town, and after some debate as to the place of meeting, they decided on the front yard of this old house, as they did not believe in ghosts, and the selection of the place exactly suited them.

My grandfather arrived first at the place of meeting, and, tying his horse, he sat down on the door-stone to await the coming of his companions. It was

very still. No sound was to be heard save the occasional note of the whippoorwill, or the chirping of some in-

He had sat upon the step some minutes, and had become quite lost in meditation, when he was startled by three loud raps, breaking the stillness of the evening air, followed by a deep, sepulchral voice, saying: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" My grandfather jumped to his feet and looked around, but could see nothing. He pinched himself to make sure he was not dreaming, and peered around the corners, and into the windows of the house; and finally concluded it was his imagination playing him a trick, be seated himself again on the door-stone. He had not sat long, however, when the three loud raps rang out again sharply, and the same deep voice said after them, in measured accents, the words uttered before.

This time my grandfather was convinced that he was not dreaming. Great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. He arose and looked all around him as before, but could discover nothing. He then walked to the gate to look for his companions, but none of them were in sight.

"I should not care to tell them, if they were here," he muttered to himself as he returned to the house, and commenced to pace back and forth, for he could not again sit down.

"What could it have been ?" he suddenly exclaimed, in a resolute tone, as he stopped in his walk. "If it is a ghost, it cannot harm me, and come what will, I am determined to solve this mystery." So saying he opened the door and went into the hall, but there was nothing to be seen save seven bats flapping their wings in the damp air. The paper hung from the wall in long shreds and was covered with mould and the accumulated dust of years. The noise had seemed to come from above, so he began to ascend the stairs, which were old and rickety, and threatened to give way at every step. As he got near the top the moon shone out from behind a cloud with a strange brilliancy that gave a wierd, ghostly look to everything around. My grandfather stopped, uncertain whether to proceed or to go back before it was to late. His heart beat so loudly he could hear it, and his knees knocked together so he could hardly stand. Just here the three loud knocks began again, and decided him. He bounded forward, and just as his head appeared above the landing, he saw, sitting on the floor by a window in the hall, a poor old man, with long, white hair streaming over his shoulders, and a cane in his hand, with which he gave the three raps.

My grandfather recognized him as an old man who had wandered about Providence and vicinity for years, sometimes begging his bread, sometimes living upon the fruits and nuts he gathered in the woods.

He was slightly deranged, but as he had no friends and was perfectly harmless, the city authorities had allowed him to go on his way unmolested. This poor old man had taken up his abode in the uninhabited house, and in his crazy fancy, believing himself the judge of the dead, he had given the raps and spoken the words, which had always been attributed to ghosts.

Of course this discovery exploded the ghost story, and my grandfather was quite a hero for some time among the young people of Providence, and what was better still, the poor, half crazy old man was taken care of by the citizens ever afterwards.

## Circumstantial Evidence.

The Charlotte, N. C. "Observer" says: The unreliability of circumstantial evidence has been strikingly exemplified within the last few days, in the case of the homicide which occurred here on Thursday morning. Shortly after the then mysterious shooting a letter was picked up on the floor of the house where the tragedy occurred. It was addressed to a gentleman of this city, was from a gentleman of a neighboring State, and was introducing a young man who had but lately come here.

Suspicion, of course, pointed to the young man whom the letter introduced, since it could point to no one else, the person to whom it was addressed being absent from the city, and having been absent several days. The young man would have undoubtedly have been arrested, but the timely confession of the principal witnesses of the shooting saved him this.

It was afterwards learned that the young man who had done the shooting had borrowed a coat of the lately-arrived young man and had it on at the time, with the letter and other property of its owner in the pockets. Suppose the slayer had fled, and his comrades had not confessed? Men have been hung on much slighter evidence than this letter furnishes against the innocent boy to whom it pointed at first as the slayer of the negro.

#### Not His Trunk.

A stranger sat in a corner of the car hence to New York, in easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor going his rounds at the first station, politely informed the stranger that the trunk must be put in the baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the third station the vexed conductor more imperatively told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car or it would be put off the train.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the fourth station the Irate conductor had the trunk put off and left.

To which the stranger said nothing. At the fifth station, the mollified conductor addressing the stranger, begged him to remember that he had done what his duty required, and that he had done it only after repeated warnings, and that it was solely the stranger's fault. To which the stranger laconically replied: "Don't care; 'taint my trunk,'

The inmate of a certain cell in the Sacramento prison complained that it was haunted by ghosts. He said that he would certainly go crazy if kept there any longer, and was removed to another room. He now confesses that he lied, his object being to get more comfortable quarters; but his story was the cause of much suffering by several prisoners who successively occupied the cell in question. They thought that they heard unearthly noises and saw unearthly sights. Each had about the same experiences, being awakened every night by a strange, jarring sound, and then lights would flit through the cell, reveallights would flit through the cell, revealing processions of ghostly visitants.—
An investigation proved that the noise was made by a passing railroad train, the lights from which shone into the cell between the bars of a door, making grotesquely moving shadows. The prisoner, already influenced by the ghost story, and scarcely awake, could readily story, and scarcely awake, could readily invest what he heard and saw with supernaturalism.

#### A Wicked Little Boy.

PART 1 .- A wicked little boy of the Chrystie Street Public School yesterday sharpened his slate pencil and fixed it firmly to the seat of Frankle Frost's chair. Then he calmly awaited the arrival of Frankie.

PART 2 .- Frankie sits down; but only for a moment.

PART 3.-In the scene that ensued the teacher took a hand and the wicked little boy played an important but secondary part.

An hour later a surgeon of the Chambers Street Hospital extracted a pointed slate pencil from the fleshy part of a schoolboy's leg.-N. Y. Herald.

## A Scared Undertaker.

An undertaker in New Jersey was recently called to prepare the body of a woman for burial. From some cause the lower limbs had been seized with cramps just before death and were drawn up out of shape. In the attempt to straighten them he was pressing them into the proper position in the coffin when something struck him from behind, and turning his head to see what it was he was confronted with the face of the corpse close to his own pressure upon the legs had tilted the body upright, but the poor undertaker not understanding the cause ran from the house in mortal teror.

Capt. Charles R. Porter sailed away from Boston twenty-five years ago, leaving his sweetheart, Amelia Hollis, behind him. While voyaging on the other side of the world he received the news that she had married another. He was crushed by the disappointment, and never returned to Boston until last year. Then he received a note from Amelia requesting him to call on her. He went, and was told by her that she was a widow, that she had plenty of money, and that she had never ceased to love him. Of course a marriage ensued. Up to this point the story is a pleasant one, but there is a disagreeable sequel. Porter had become a drunkard. He and his wife quarreled, parted, became reconciled, and parted again; and now Porter has committed snielde in an insane asylum.

A deep excavation is being made in Indianapolis for the foundation for a State house. A layer of sand three feet in depth has been removed, in which appear the trunks of trees accurately moulded in the harder soil. The explanation is that long ago trees were growing on a much lower surface; that the river changed its course and flowed over the spot, depositing the sand; that the river subsequently altered its course again, leaving the place dry; that the trees rotted away, and their places in the sand were filled by the accumulation of soil.

13 A Nevada, Ia. baker the other day, after having been away from his dough a short time, noticed a white substance upon it which did not apparently belong there. Suspicion was aroused and the substance analyzed and found to be sulphuric acid, a deadly poison. A rival baker, who had been in the shop during the absence of the proprietor, has been arrested as the result.