

RAILROADS.

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

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m., 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. 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 S. & N. 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.

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., 4.00, 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, 9.15 a. m. and 4.35 p. m.
Add via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 4.15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via S. & N. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.30, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:
Leave New York, at 3.30 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.
Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday.
Johnstown Ex. 12.22 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Atlantic Express, 9.51 P. M., Bag., daily.
WEST.
Way Pass, 9.08 A. M., daily.
Mail, 2.43 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown 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.

DUNCANNON STATION.

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

EASTWARD.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53 P. M., daily, except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., daily (flag).
Atlantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag).
WESTWARD.
Way Passenger, 8.38 A. M., daily.
Mail, 2.00 P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m.
Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m.
W. M. 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. 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.
H. L. HOCHENSCHILD.
March 19, 1878. tf

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GOOD LIVE BUSINESS MEN to sell the Excelsior Improved Letter Copying Book, No Press, Brush or water used, copies instantly. Agents outside \$2.50. Agents make from \$10 to \$25 per day. Address: Excelsior Manufacturing Co., 6 La Salle St. Chicago, Ill. Incorporated Feb. 14th 1877. Capital, \$100,000. Exclusive Territory given a 2541

A WIFE'S SECRET.

"DON'T talk about it any more, my dear; it can't be. You and Fred had best set to work to forget each other. God knows, I'm sorry for your disappointment, but, after all, it isn't to be wondered at that your uncle Elliot should have formed high views for his son and heir. Take my advice and never let him know that it is you whom Fred would have chosen; he is a hard, stern man, and it might make him your enemy. When I am gone you'll need friends, poor child! alone and almost penniless in the wide world."

The invalid gentleman put out a delicate hand and stroked the sunny hair of his pretty daughter, as she knelt beside him; a long and bitter sigh broke from his lips.

"As to your marrying without his consent, as Fred proposed the other day, that is quite out of the question. Fred is dependent upon his father, of course, and as when I die—it won't be long, Amy, I feel worse than ever to-day—when I die my annuity dies with me, there will be nothing for you. And Fred was never taught to do one thing that could support himself, much less a wife and family. No, no; if my brother-in-law had chosen I would have given you to your cousin gladly, though he is rather a wild fellow, I fear; but without his consent it would be madness—madness."

Mr. River sank back in his invalid's chair overcome by the exertion of so long a speech, and Amy, seeing his condition, forbore to urge him further; and indeed, as she shortly afterwards remarked to Fred, what was there to be gained by doing so?

"Poor papa can't help us. If he could he would, very gladly. It would please him that I should be your wife. But that's hopeless,"—weeping silently—"since uncle has set his heart upon another daughter-in-law. You didn't tell him it was I you loved, did you, Fred?"

"He didn't give me a chance. He is such an arbitrary fellow, is my father! The best fellow in the world, you know, at heart, but wants to have everything his own way. 'Don't talk to me of another woman, sir,' says he. 'You'll marry the girl I choose for you, or I'll cut you off with a shilling! Leave the room, and don't come into my presence again until you are prepared to obey me.' That was yesterday; and I haven't troubled him since."

"And what will you do now, Fred?"
"I'll tell you, my darling; I have a plan that will put an end to all our troubles and my father's opposition at the same time. I can't obey him, Amy; he has no right to embitter all my life, and yours, too, for the gratification of his own ambition. We have loved each other from our childhood; why didn't he foresee all this, and not throw us so much together, if nothing was to come of it? And he is fond of you too. I firmly believe that if we were once married, so that it couldn't be helped, he'd pardon us and make the best of it. I propose that we get married privately at once—yes, this very day."

Amy didn't answer a word. She looked at him with lovely, half-frightened eyes while he poured forth a perfectly bewildering torrent of reasons, arguments, persuasions, and entreaties.

"But my father?" she said, at last, when he gave her a chance to speak.
"He would never consent to such a thing."

"We won't ask him, darling; we won't tell a single soul. Why worry your sick father? We know he wished us to be man and wife. As to my father, he is a most philosophical individual, and will probably apply his favorite maxim to our case—'what can't be cured must be endured.' You cannot think it right that I should obey him by making that old maid, Miss Staines, my wife, while my whole heart is yours?"

She did not think so, nor was it in nature that she should, poor child.

"No, it can't be right for you to do that, Fred," she said, timidly.

"Of course not. My father is rich enough; why is he so avaricious! The course I have suggested will be best for us all—father included. You will marry me to-day, my darling, won't you?"

She loved him dearly. She had loved him all her life, and to think of him as the husband of another was more than she could bear. Her few faint objections were easily overruled, and as Fred had come prepared to have his own way, and had made all the necessary preparations, together they repaired to a quiet country, place close at hand, and there took the vows that bound them to each other "till death doth part."

It was evening when Amy reached her home, after an absence of about eight hours—a most unusual time for her to remain away from her sick father. Her anxieties were all for him now.

"How he will wonder what has detained me! I shall have to tell him all, Fred, if he questions me."

Fred was quite willing.

"Just as you think best," said he. "Only tell him to keep it secret; let me be the one to tell my father. Good night, precious little wife, since you won't let me come in with you."

"Oh, Miss Amy, is it you at last? Where have you been? We've been sending all over for you! Your poor father—"

The woman stopped and hesitated. Amy had entered and stood looking in her face, her own features blanched with sudden terror.

"Yes, yes—my father? What of him? Is he worse?"

"He is—dead, Miss."

With a scream of horror the poor girl fell fainting—wedded and orphaned almost in the self same hour.

He had died in his chair, almost without a struggle. An invalid this long, long time, she had been told that he might go suddenly; but she had never realized it in the least. And now, that the summons should come during her absence, that she should have no parting kiss, no farewell word of blessing—oh! it made that sad bereavement doubly hard to bear.

Her uncle Elliot was very, very kind. He attended in person to all the necessary arrangements, and when the funeral was over, took her to his own home.

"Fred's company will cheer you, and you shall be as a daughter to me, my dear," he said, as she sat in the carriage beside him. She laid her head upon his breast and wept—oh, how bitterly reflecting upon how she was his daughter indeed, and dared not tell him so.

The question of Fred's marriage with the heiress, Miss Staines, had been forgotten in the shock of Mr. River's sudden death. Mr. Elliot appeared to have restored his rebellious son to favor, and no more was said about the matter for several weeks.

Happy weeks were these to the secretly wedded lovers—happy to Amy even in spite of her grief. Fred was so ardent, so devoted, and she loved him so. No one interfered with, or took any particular notice of their proceedings—they were cousins, and had been life-long friends and playfellows; their mutual pleasure in each other's company was natural. No one saw anything strange in it in the least.

But this could not last. Very soon Mr. Elliot returned to the attack, demanding that his son should propose to Miss Staines immediately. Fred refused. They were alone, and angry words ran high between them.

"What you desire is impossible now," cried Fred—"impossible! The law allows a man but one wife at a time, and I have one already."

He arose as he spoke those decisive words, and looked his father resolutely in the face. Mr. Elliot rose too, pale with fury.

"Is this a jest?" he demanded hoarsely.

"No jest," answered Fred, respectfully, but firmly, although he trembled too. "I have been married now two months. My wife—I hope you will not feel so bitterly, father, when you learn that my wife is—"

"Silence!" His father's voice interrupting him, was so hoarse and strained, so changed with deep and violent emotion, that he started at the sound.

"I refuse to hear her name. I refuse to recognize her existence. Never shall her foot cross my threshold—never! I have no longer a son. Leave this house, sir! leave at once and forever!"

"Fred walked quietly to the door; reaching it he turned and addressed his father:

"Hear me but a few words, sir. You have refused to hear my wife's name; so be it. I see no reason to force the information upon you. Some day you may desire to learn it. I would have obeyed all your reasonable commands, as I have ever done, but this matter involved the happiness of two lives, and I have taken it into my own hands. I shall go forth into the world and earn my own bread, as a man should. I do not reproach you that you, having reared me in idleness and in the expectation of being your heir, have now turned me adrift upon the world; but some day perhaps your own conscience may do so. At such a time you may be glad to know that I have still a portion of my last quarters allowance left, amounting to a hundred dollars. It is not much to start in life with; but it shall do, please God. I tell you this in no spirit of defiance, but for your comfort hereafter. Farewell, sir. Take care of my cousin Amy, and—God bless you, sir."

And he was gone—gone to break the news to Amy, and to entreat her to keep their secret yet awhile.

"He has no suspicion, and I am sure that to discover now that you—you to whom he has been so kind—have also sinned against him, would make the blow still harder for him to bear. Remain with him, and comfort him, and gain a place in his heart; who knows but you may yet win him to forgive us. And let me know that my wife is safe and well provided for, while I am striving to make a home for her. The thought

that you might ever want would take the courage out of me. You promised me once to keep our secret until I gave you leave to speak. Give me that promise anew, Amy."

She did so—promising never to divulge the secret of their marriage until her husband gave her leave.

So Fred Elliot was banished from his father's house, because he had married a wife; and left that wife, all unknown and unsuspected, to change and soften his father's heart.

The first time she ventured to speak of Fred, her uncle silenced her most peremptorily.

"I forbid you to name him in my presence. Let that subject be avoided between us, once and for all. If you are dutiful you shall supply his place, as I will endeavor to fill your father's; but never speak that name."

She obeyed with a heavy heart; there was no choice for her but to obey, at present. Her uncle grew much attached to her. Secretly and silently he grieved sorely for his only son, and inwardly cursed the ambitious pride that had led to their estrangement, though outwardly he appeared hard and cold. His hair, that had been as black as jet, turned gray, and a worn and anxious look became habitual with him; to Amy he turned for comfort in his heart's hidden and unspoken desolation.

She was his sweet and patient companion always; reading, playing, singing to him—Fred's favorite airs and songs. It was the only way in which she dared plead for him to his father's heart. She took charge of his home comforts too, as they had not been cared for since his wife died long ago. Both uncle and niece shrank from society, but in the house, and in long, solitary walks and drives, they were almost inseparable.

One day he said to her:

"You are a daughter to me, indeed. I shall leave all my wealth to you."

She shrank away, and cried out at that—off her guard for a minute:

"Oh, no, no, no! I could not accept it. It is—it belongs to—another!" And then stood trembling, with her eyes cast down.

Mr. Elliot frowned heavily.

"It belongs to me, to do with as I will; and I choose to give it to you, not to one that has disgraced me."

She gathered courage. With crimson face and heaving bosom and tearful eyes, she cried:

"Oh, do not say so, uncle! Fred will never disgrace you; he is too good, too noble."

He interrupted her:

"Do you know what his goodness and nobleness has brought him to? I know he writes to you sometimes. He is—my son is—at work as bookkeeper in a factory in Connecticut, at a salary of twelve dollars per week. How long do you think it will be before he can support a wife on that?" Then pausing suddenly, as he marked her glowing cheeks and troubled, heaving breast a thought occurred to him. He uttered an exclamation of comprehension and regret, and putting his arm around her drew her towards him.

"Amy, my child, did you know that Fred was married?"

Her heart beat until it nearly stifled her. What question would come next?

"Yes, uncle," she faltered, with white trembling lips.

He noted her emotion and mistook its cause. Filled with a great regret and pity, he drew her to his breast, so that she hid her face against his shoulder.

"My child, my own, sweet girl, be candid with me; speak to me as you would to your own father. Did you love Fred with more than a cousin's love?"

The question was so unexpected, so altogether different from what she had dreaded, that it took her by surprise.—All her love for her young husband, all her grief for his long absence (he had been gone six months), the painful thought that she had driven him from his home—these, and another keen anxiety that gnawed her heart in silence, overcame her now, and found utterance in the cry that left her lips.

"I loved him better than my life—better than my life!" she cried, and fell weeping on her uncle's breast.

He caressed and soothed her.

"Alas!" he cried. "If he had only married you, how happy we might all have been!"

She raised her head—a look of delighted surprise upon her face.

"Would you have consented to that?" she cried.

"My child, can you doubt it?"

Her hand flew to her bosom; then she paused.

"No, no, I must not—my promise—my oath," she murmured, and raised her hand to her brow with a bewildered look; "and yet to be so near happiness—and not to seize upon it!" her voice died suddenly; the agitation had been too great—she lay senseless in Mr. Elliot's arms.

This did not much surprise him; she had been far from well of late, causing

him much anxiety. He laid her on a couch, and ringing a bell for help, proceeded to unfasten her dress at the neck to give her air. A paper fell from her bosom. He picked it up, opened it—a marriage certificate! Amy's secret was a secret no longer.

That afternoon a message flashed its way across the wires to a certain New England town:

"Come home. Your wife is far from well and wishes to see you immediately. So do I."

"Your father. JOHN ELLIOT."

One day later all sorrow was at an end, and they were happily reunited.

"As for money," said Elliot, patting his daughter-in-law's little white hand, "I shall give it to neither of you. The baby shall be my heir, when it arrives, and you shall be trustees and guardians."

He kept his word, establishing Fred, at his earnest wish, in business. They all live together, a truly happy and united family, and it would probably have been difficult for the old gentleman himself to have told which he loved the best—Fred, Fred's baby—which arrived in due time—or Fred's little, gentle wife.

A Curious Case.

Miss Mary J. Morris is a girl of eighteen, who lives with her parents at No. 220 Walnut street, Newark, and is the niece of Mr. Albert C. Westervelt, formerly president of the Newark council. Last week an application for divorce was filed at Trenton, the complainant being Miss Morris, and the story she recites and upon which she bases her action for divorce is a singular one. Miss Morris swears that in August last she was on a visit to some friends in Brooklyn, and on the 28th day of that month was in New York, making purchases. While she was looking into a window in the Bowery she was accosted by a prepossessing young man, whose name she subsequently ascertained is Charles J. Leeuw, and who lives in Second avenue, in New York city. He said that she reminded him very much of a friend of his in Newark. She made no reply, and moving away was followed by Leeuw, who continued to talk to her. She threatened to have him arrested. He continued in her company until she had crossed the ferry to Brooklyn, and left her when she was within half a block of her home. Early upon the same evening, while sitting on the piazza, she saw him approaching the house, and not desiring, as she says, that her friends should see him, went to meet him and besought him not to come to the house. This he agreed to, with the condition that she should take a walk with him. In his company she crossed the ferry to New York, and on the way Leeuw took possession of her night key, remarking that she might lose it. She says he took her to a hotel and threatened to kill her if she resisted him. She says she resisted as well as she could. Next day Leeuw assured her that he would deal kindly with her if she would consent to marry him, but told her he could have her arrested for stealing his money, and she would be put in the Tombs and die and her friends would know nothing about it. She accompanied him to a saloon in the Bowery, where they met a woman named Kitty Hound and a young man named Charles Miller. Here she was prevailed on to drink a liquid which she thought was sarsaparilla, but which she thinks was drugged. They went to the Five Points chapel, Leeuw on the way telling her that he would kill her if she did not say yes to the questions asked of her. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles Plumly, although Miss Morris claims to remember nothing of the circumstances of it, and has since ascertained the facts from the records. After leaving the chapel Leeuw and his two companions left her, and soon afterwards she found herself at the house of her friends in Brooklyn, where she sent for her family to take her home. Since the marriage Leeuw has visited Newark twice, but the girl refused to see him, and he has placed the case in the hands of Lawyer Price to bring suit for abduction against the girl's father and her uncle, Mr. Westervelt, or make an attempt to bring about a settlement.

When you hear a lot of women slandering another, you may be sure she has a better wardrobe than they, and that she is minding her own business.

"You Don't Know their Value."

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, who the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I am confident I should have lost both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they done them so much good I continued with them, and they are now well. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B., Rochester, N. Y.

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