

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. Nov. 10th, 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 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m. For Pottsville at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 5.30 a. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 4.00 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. 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 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.40, 11.50 a. m., 1.50, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m., and 1.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & B. 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 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOITEN, 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. Milltown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 1.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily. WEST. Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 12.22 p. m., 2.43 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown 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.

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

EASTWARD. Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Jantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag). WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.55 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.00 p. m., daily except Sunday. Milltown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.10 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. WM. C. KING Agent.

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AN OLD LADY'S SERMON.

IN the winter of 1870 I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago, on the N. W. Railway. At Oshkosh we were joined by a delegation of lawyers, on their way to Madison, the capital, to attend the Legislature, then in session. They were ex judges of the Circuit Court, and one I had seen chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association. The party found seats near together, and after the salutations were over, and the news duly discussed, they began to look about for means to while away the time. After awhile some one proposed a game of cards. No sooner said than done. Two seats were turned apart so as to face each other, a cushion improvised for a table, and three of our lawyers, including the chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a Chicago runner, on good terms with them, were soon deep in the mysteries of a game of euchre.

To be sure, they played for stakes no higher than the cigars for the party. But it seems to me that, in the eyes of all discreet persons, this does not change the act nor lessen the danger of its example, but rather heightens it; as from the less to the greater is the invariable course of crime. But I did not intend to moralize on paper, but was about to say that while I was filled with such thoughts as these, one of the party grew tired of the game, and our remaining judge was invited to take his place. I saw the blood mount in an honest blush of disapproval, to his manly face, and he hesitated and drew back. But the game had become interesting, and his excited companions urged him. "Come judge, take a hand," they cried, "we can't go on without you." So the judge slowly rose from his seat, inwardly condemning the act, as I evidently saw, and stepping forward, took a seat among the players, and the game went on.

I noticed an old lady in a seat to the rear of the players, who had got on board at Menasha, I believe. Gray and bent with age, she had sat abashed, and, with eyes closed, seemed asleep most of the time, until the train, stopping at Oshkosh took on board the company of lawyers. She then underwent a change, and became greatly interested in the company, looking often from one to the other, as if she recognized them all, or was trying to recall their faces. When the game of cards was started she became very restless, would hitch uneasily about in her seat, take up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bite the threads. Once or twice I thought she wiped her eyes under her "Shaker bonnet," but could not tell. She acted so strange, that I became more interested in her than in the players, and watched her closely. She got up after a time and tottered forward, holding on to the seats as she passed. She brushed against Judge — in passing, but he had become interested in the game and did not notice her. Reaching the water tank at last, she drank a cup of water, and took a seat near the door, with her back to the players. But she did not long remain there; rising again with difficulty, she tottered back to her former seat, but reaching the players, she paused directly in front of them, and now, greatly excited threw back her bonnet from her face and looked around at the company. Her action at once arrested their attention, and pausing in their play, they all looked up inquiringly.

Gazing directly in the face of Judge —, she said, in a tremulous voice, "Do you know me, Judge —?"

"No, mother, I don't know you," said the Judge, pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court room in Oshkosh, when he was tried for—for—robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there last June."

All faces were now sober, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up, all over the car, to listen and see what was going on. She did not give the Judge time to answer her, but becoming more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when father was taken sick and died he done all the work, and he was getting along right smart, till he took to going to town and got to playing keards and drinking, and then, somehow he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out often till mornin', and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him when I knowed he'd been out so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and then we lost the team; one of them got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night. He stayed late, and I suppose they got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose, and run most home, but run agin the fence and a stake run into one of 'em, and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed. And so after awhile he

coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after awhile he couldn't get any work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good industrious boy agin, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and in the mornin' I found that he had taken what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off. After that I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years, but when he got arrested and was took up to Oshkosh for trial, he wrote to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself she went on.

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire a lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. —," pointing to lawyer — who had not taken part in play. "And this is the man, I am sure, who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. — the district attorney.— "Judge —, sent him to prison for ten years; s'pose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he did really rob the bank, but he must have been drunk, for they had all been playing keards most all night, and drinking. But, oh! dear, it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playing keards he might have been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he used to say, why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy, or cigars or something like that. And when we heard that the young folks played keards, down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that 'Squire Ring was going to have a billiard table for the young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothing at all with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way when I was young, but it jist seems to me as if everybody nowadays was going wrong into something or other. But may be it isn't right for me to talk to you Judge, in this way, but it jist seemed to me as if the very sight of them 'keards would kill me, Judge; I thought if you only knew how I felt, you would not play on so; and then to think, right here before all these young folks. Maybe, Judge, you don't know how young folks, especially boys, look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking that, maybe if them that ought to know better than to do so, and them as higher larn't, and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother; but now there ain't none of my family left but me and my poor little gran' chile, my dead darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinois."

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray withered old lady, trembling with old age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before those noble looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indescribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar, would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand and said, "don't cry gramma, don't cry, gramma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed the scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say, that when the passengers came to themselves they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

AT a shoe store in San Francisco, the parties concerned were the proprietor of the store, and a John Chinaman. Examining a pair of boots, the price of which was five dollars John inquired.

"How muchee you axee for bootee?" In a spirit of waggery, it is presumable, the owner replied, "Two dollar and a halfee, John. Very cheap bootee aintee?"

"Cheep bootee," said John, who thereupon examined a pair, and concluding to buy, offered a quarter of an eagle.

"But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only enough for one boot. They are two dollars and a half a piece; two boots cost five dollars."

John was somewhat astonished—said he would not buy and demanded the return of his money; but the dealer was inexorable. "No John," said the latter,

"you have got one boot and have paid for it. Now give me another piece like this, and take the other."

John saw the drift of the game, and was at once resolved. "Well," said he, "this bootee is mine, maybe? I pay for it?"

"Yes," said the dealer.

"And you no give me othe' bootee?" asked John.

"Not without the money," said the other.

"Well," said John, "I do with the bootee what I please—I cutee he up." And there upon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot to pieces, and threw it into the street exclaiming as he departed.

"That am my bootee; that other be your bootee you sell it to the next fool Chinaman what comes along."

At last account the boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save expense.

A SHORT HONEY MOON.

A Woman who Wanted a Divorce in Two Hours after Marriage.

A LETTER from Bridgeport, Ct., gives the history of a peculiar case in which the honey moon of a wedded couple was unusually short. The account says:

A man calling himself Soliden Jefferson, the "Mexican Doctor," but who is described in a legal process against him as Solomon Jefferson, opened an office in this city less than four weeks ago, and went to board at the house of Mrs. Sarah Troland. Since that time he has married his landlady's daughter, been sued by his bride for divorce, invoked the protection of the police to save him from being kidnapped by agents of the Mexican Government, and has left town. The doctor is slightly under middle age, and of about medium size, has a very swarthy complexion, long curling hair, and wears a coat profusely decorated with gold medals. He claims to hail from Mexico and to be a Spanish Mexican, but it is understood that his parents live in Vermont.

When he went to board with Mrs. Troland he exerted himself to the utmost to win the good graces of the lady members of the household. To Miss Sarah Troland, aged 20, the Doctor was particularly attentive. The young woman being confined to the bed with a fractured elbow, Solomon begged leave to attend her, claiming that he would cure her in short order. She did not improve under his treatment, but during the latter part of the time suffered from several convulsions and appeared to have become weakened both mentally and physically. Before he had known the girl three days he began making declarations of love and offer of marriage, and on the Saturday night of the second week he was at the house he obtained a marriage license and the services of a clergyman and the marriage followed.

The bride was so weak that she had to sit while the ceremony was performed. She had never received the Doctor's advances, but his constant importunities, backed by her mother's wishes, caused her to yield. An hour or two after the knot was tied she expressed a strong repugnance to her husband, and vowed that she would kill herself before she would consent to live with him. The mother took sides with the bride, and the Doctor soon afterward left the house. The next two days he came to the house to his meals, but his wife and her mother grew more hostile to him at each appearance, and finally commanded him to stay away altogether.

Then the wife engaged a lawyer and began a suit for a divorce. The petition alleges that during her week's acquaintance with the respondent she was confined to her bed with a broken arm, and suffered great pain and mental anguish; that the respondent then attended her in the capacity of a physician, and, taking advantage of his professional relation, administered to her camphor, morphine and other narcotic drugs, with the object of weakening her mind and making her pliable to his wishes; that while under the influence of those drugs, and with her reason impaired thereby and by her bodily ailments, so that she was not conscious of the full scope her words and acts, she yielded to the respondent's persistent importunities, and married him. The petition further alleges that the respondent brought to the house an ordinary marriage license, and falsely representing it to be a marriage certificate, claimed that, by virtue of this document, they are lawfully married, and he could claim her as his wife. The petitioner did not know the difference between a certificate and a license, and believing the respondent's fraudulent representations agreed that a clergyman be called and the ceremony performed. By reason of these false representations, and because the respondent unduly influenced the petitioner with drugs, and for the further reasons that the respondent has a previous wife liv-

ing and has committed adultery with divers unknown persons, the petitioner asks that she be granted a divorce and her maiden name.

This is the wife's side of the story. The Doctor, in contradiction, declares that he was inveigled into the marriage for his supposed wealth, and that after he had given his wife's mother \$4,000 to keep for him, she refused to give him back the money, and he received the cold shoulder from the whole family. He also denies the statement that they have not lived together as man and wife. He stated his intention of resisting the divorce suit, but, in view of the fact that he suddenly left town last night, this is not believed. Several crimes are alleged against him.

Soon after Solomon's arrival here he went to the Chief of Police and asked to be protected from the agents of the Mexican Government, who were trying to kidnap him to obtain a reward of \$50,000 promised for his delivery beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. He said that six months ago himself and a Mexican official, named Peleto, were appointed agents to visit New Orleans and negotiate a Government loan of \$1,025,000. The bonds, he added, were taken by the New Orleans banks at a discount of eight per cent., but Peleto got possession of all the money when it was paid over, and returned to Mexico with the story that the Doctor had stolen it. The Government thereupon offered a reward of \$50,000 for his capture, and to escape the agents on his track, he fled successively to the far West, to Canada, to Maine, and finally to Connecticut. He knew the Mexican agents were after him, and was in constant fear of being seized, put on board a vessel, and carried off to Mexico before the local authorities could interfere. The Chief of Police thought the story very improbable, and would have promptly dismissed it as pure fiction had he not a few days before received a letter, purporting to have been written by the Peleto spoken of by the Doctor, requesting information of the Doctor's whereabouts, and describing the defalcation and the reward, as the story was told by Solomon. The letter, however, may have been written by some one in collusion with Solomon. As to this, or as to the truth or falsity of the story in general, nothing has yet been positively ascertained.

Mercantile Maxims.

The way to get credit is to be punctual. The way to preserve it is not to use it too much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust to no man's appearance—it is deceptive—perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exterior. Rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned; make him pay quickly, if there be any virtue in the law. Be satisfied, before you give a credit, that those you give it to are safe men to be trusted. Sell your goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them, or those who you once deceive will beware of you the second time. Deal uprightly with all men, and they will repose confidence in you, and soon become your permanent customers. Beware of him who is an office seeker. Men do not usually want an office for support. Trust no stranger. Your goods are better than doubtful charges. What is character worth, if you make it cheap, crediting all alike? Agree beforehand with every man about to do a job, and if large, put it into writing. If any decline then, quit—or be cheated. Though you want a job ever so much, make all sure at the onset; and in all cases at all doubtful make sure of a guarantee. Be not afraid to ask it; it is the best of responsibility, for, if offence be taken, you have escaped a loss.

An Inconvenient Witness.

A lawyer sometimes picks up a witness that he is quite willing to drop as soon as possible, as witness the following:

A Mr. Lawrence was on the stand in Milwaukee during the trial of Russell Wheeler for murder, and said that he knew the prisoner well and knew him to be a peaceable, law-abiding citizen. When cross-examined by the district attorney, the following colloquy took place:

"You have testified, Mr. Lawrence, that you consider the defendant a law-abiding citizen."

"I have, and I do so consider him," replied Mr. L.

"You know he has been a gambler?" asked the attorney.

"I know he has."

"Do you consider it exactly proper to call a professional gambler a law-abiding citizen?"

"Oh yes," replied the witness, "so long as the district attorney allows gambling to be carried on in the city without restraint of, or punishment by law, I consider it perfectly proper to describe a professional gambler as a law-abiding citizen."

When the laugh had subsided the district attorney blushed "loudly" and said to the witness "that is all."