the scenic splendors of a panaroma,

while to the anxious hearts of wife and

husband, every moment seemed an age.

The house was dark when they reached

it. Mr. Myers flung the reins over the

" Dora! Dora Klein!" he called, but

And when the lamp was lighted, it

shone on a scene of dismay and con-

fusion; but the first corner at which the

farmer glanced revealed to him that the

loose boards beneath his south window

had been torn away, and the treasure

nook which had held the silver spoons

and the stocking full of bank notes-

"So much for your girl and her friend,

Jane!" said Mrs. Myers, in the bitter-

ness of his first anger; and Mrs. Myers

burst into tears, not so much, after all,

at the loss of the money, although that

was a serious enough matter, as to think

that little Dora Klein, of whom she had

unconsciously grown so fond, was un-

That was one side of the little, every

day life story at the cottage; and now

let us take a peep at the other. Her

master and mistress had been gone an

hour, and Dora was chopping away at

the meat, singing some roundelay as

she worked, when there was a cracking

on the floor, and turning her head, she

started to behold two very tall, and gruff

"Who are you?" demanded Dora,

"Don't worry yourself, my lass,"

said the the taller of the twain, gruffly,

'and don't make any noise, if you

don't want your neck twisted roundlike

While the other, busying himself in

reconnoltering the cupboards and the

shelves, turned suddenly round with a

"Nothing but tin and pewter, he

"We have no silver," said Dora, fal-

"The money, then? I know there is

money, for I saw him come out of the

bank yesterday with a wallet full. Quick,

"It's-it's up stairs, sewed in the

bottom of the feather bed, in the spare

room," hesitated Dora-" but you won't

"What should we hurt you for?"

scornfully demanded the ruffian. "Go

up stairs, Jack, and see, while I stay

here to keep this girl from raising the

" I shall not scream," said Dora, ele-

vating her head a little contemptuously.

"Who is there to hear me, if I did?

"That's true enough," said the man

called Jack. "Give us your knife,

Casey, and we'll stir up the live goose

feathers to some purpose. The gal won't

But the heavy footsteps of the men

had hardly sounded at the head of the

of indifference vanished. Like a winged

spirit she flew across the room, and

noiselessly prying up the loose boards

with a knife, she caught up the japaned

box and the stocking, and hiding them

in her apron, jumped from the low win-

dow to avoid the noise of the rusty door

hinge, and struck into the woods at the

No hare ever darted more swiftly

through the tangled forest than did Dora

Klein, until at last safe in the deepest

recesses, where no one who was not

nimble as a deer and slender as herself,

could follow. And then, crouching

down among the undergrowth, she

watched and waited. As night approach-

ed, and a friendly dusk crept over hill

and dale, she ventured by degrees to

approach the side of the woods, where

the north star beamed overhead, reas-

suring her of her whereabouts. And

when at last the hoarse voices of the

two men, hurrying down a secluded by

road struck momentary terror to her

heart, the afterthought followed with

blessed relief-the certainty that they

Mr. Myers and Jane were seated by

the fire that they had just rekindled,

neither of them with any heart to set

about the preparation of the frugal even-

ing meal, when the door creaked on its

its hinges, and something glided in pale

The next moment the japaned box

and stocking lay in Mrs. Myers' lap,

and Dora Klein was sobbing on her

"Why, Dora," exclaimed the farmer,

And Dora told her story incoherently

and full of sobbing pauses, and when it

was concluded Mrs. Myers threw her

arms around the girl's neck and kissed

"James, James," she cried almost

were gone and she was safe.

what does this mean ?"

her again and again.

and silent.

We are far from any house,"

teringly. "What should poor people

sparied. "Tell us, where is the silver,

with feigned valor, "and what do you

there was no answer save the faint echo

dashboard and sprang out.

their little all-was empty.

worthy of a tender thought.

looking men in the room.

want ?"

a chicken's.'

volley of oaths.

hurt me?"

neighborhood."

trouble us."

back of the house.

like us do with silver ?"

we haven't any time to lose."

of his own voice.

#### RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

Nov. 10th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.20, 8.16 a. m. 2.00p. m., and \*7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.16, 9.45 a.m. 2.00 and 4.00 p. m. For itealing, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a.m. and 2.00 4.00 and 7.55.

4.00 and 7.55.

For Pottsville at 5.20, 5.10 a. m., and 4.00 p. m., and via schuyikill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.

For Anburn via S. & S. 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, 3. 10 a. m., and \*7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.

The 5.20, 3. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

Por New York, at 5.20 a.m.
For Atlentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a.m.
For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m. TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and Leave New York, at 9.45 a, m. 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Philadelphia. at 9.45 a, m. 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at †4.40, 7.40, 11.50 a. m. 1.30, 4.15 and 19.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a.m. and 4.40

Leave Pottsville, at 6.16, v.16 a.m. Branchat
5.15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via 8. & 8. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Autonown, at †2.30 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15
4.30 and 9.03 p. m.
SUNDAY8:
Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelpan, at 7.20 p. m.
Leave Philadelpan, 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, 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, Pas-enger trains will run as follows:

WEST.
Way Pass. 9.03 A. M., daily,
Mail. . . . 2.43 P. M. daily exceptSunday.
Minintown Acc. 6.50 P. M. daily except Sunday.
Pittsburgh Express, 11.57P. M., (Flag)—daily.ex-

Pittsburgh Express, 5.17 a. m., dally (flag)
Pacific Express, 5.17 a. m., dally (flag)
Trains are now run by Philadelphia time, which
is 13 minutes faster than Altoonatime, and 4 minstesslower than New York time.

J. J. BARCLAY, Agent.

DUNCANNON STATION. Ou and after Monday, June 20th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:
EASTWARD.
Mimintown Acc daily except Sunday at 8.124. M.
Johnstown Ex. 12.53P. M., daily except Sunday.
Mail 7.30 P. M., Output A.D.
flantic Express 10.20 P. M., daily (flag)

fantic Express 10, 20 P. M., daily
WESTWARD.
Way Passenger. S.38 a. M., daily
Mail, 2.09 P. M., daily except Sunday at 6.16 P.M.
Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 P. M.
WM. C. KING Agent.

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#### A FAITHFUL MAID.

THE blood red ribbons of the storm I threatening sunset were fluttering in the west; the huge oak trees and pines of the forest were murmuring ominously, and the one chimney of the small farmhouse on the edge of the woods sent up its blue column of smoke, like cheery a hand beckoning to the wayworn traveller over the hill. And how bright and cozy the interior of the kitchen looked, as Dora Klein stood on the threshold, cold, hungry and inexpressibly weary. A little girl, blue eyed and blonde haired, scarcely yet sixteen, with shy aspect and a shrinking mien; she had walked all the way from the city, seeking vainly for work at the various places she had passed, and now at nightfall she was nearly discouraged.

" A girl?" said Mrs. Myers, dubiously, as Dora Klein proffered her meek request. "I did talk about hiring a girl, but I don't know anything about you.'

"Please try me," faltered Dora. "I am so tired, and I know no one in all this country, and, indeed, I will do my best to serve you."

Mr. Myers turned to her husband, who sat by the fire, trotting a two-year old on his foot, "What shall I do, James ?"

"She's a total stranger," said Mr. Myers.

"But she looks so weary and worn out," said the wife. "Well, let her come in and stay all

night; a bowl of bread and milk and one night's lodging won't break us."

So Dora Klein was admitted into the farmer's small family, and so neat and handy was she about the place, so light and agile in her movements, so quick to learn and steadfast to remember, that good natured little Mrs. Myers had engaged her before she had been in the house a week.

"You women are so impulsive," said the honest farmer, shaking his head. "Suppose she should turn out bad ?"

"How can she, James?" said Mrs. Myers, indignantly. "She has a face as innocent as baby's."

"My dear, I don't believe in physiogonomy."

"Nor I, altogether, but I do believe in Dora Klein." And as the days and weeks went by,

Mr. Myers was obliged to confess to himself that so far, at least, his wife's judgement, or instinct, had been correet. The last November leaves were flut-

tering down one clear, cold afternoon, when Mrs. Myers stood at the door, ready to join her husband and baby in the wagon, to attend a merry making at the nearest village, some miles beyond, while Dora Klein was to remain at home to " keep house."

"Mind you feed the chickens at five o'clock, Dora, and don't forget the little calf in the pen; and if you have any extra time, you can just chop the meat and the apples for the Saturday mince, pies, and-"

"Come wife, come!" called out her husband, from the wagon.

" And if the house should catch fire or anything' ' added this prudent little edition of Martha, troubled with many cares, " remember, that the money is in an old stocking under the old board by the south window, and the silver in a japaned box near it."

'Yes, m'm," said Dora, kissing her hand to the laughing baby, "I'll remember."

"Some people would say, my dear, that that wasn't a very sharp proceeding of yours," said Mr. Myers, as they drove away.

"What do you mean?" asked his

"To tell that girl just where our valuables are kept." "James! What an idea! Why, I

can trust Dora just as implicity as I would trust myself."

Mr. Myers whistled and drove on, and his wife was vexed with him for even thinking such a doubt of Dora Kein.

But as they were jogging slowly homeward in the November starlight, a neighbor hailed them, joyously, from the top of a load of barrels.

"I say, it's time you were home," said Nehemiah Hardbroke; "your gal's got company."

"What do you mean?" demanded Myers.

Why, the doors and windows were all open as I came by the crossroads, jest where ye can see cross the medder to your back door, and there was two or three men in the kitchen. I thought it was some of your folks, till I see your wagon just now."

James Myers looked at his wife. Mrs. Myers' white anxious face re-

turned the gaze.

"Dora is there," gasped the wife; "she would see that-that nothing happened.n

"Dora is there," assented Mr. Myers; "that's the very reason I'm worried. Hold the baby firm, and I'll see what speed is left in old Dobbin." How they rattled over the frosty road,

Dobbin galloping as if trying the turf,

Dora Klein again." And James Myers, wiping a stray

hysterically, "you will never mistrust

and the old wood rushing past them like dew drop or so from his eyes, confessed that little Dora Klein had been as true a heroine as Joan of Arc herself.

#### An Unpleasant Bedfellow.

TACK FEATHERLEY lived in a log U cabin at the base of one of the mountain ranges of the Adirondacks. He had been brought up in the woods from infancy, and the rocks, trees and flowing water were his lesson books, for in that desolate region schools were out of the question. He was the son of a guide who conducted hunters and pleasure parties over the lake and through the woods of the Shattagee region, and by the time he was seventeen years of age the boy was able to act as a guide himself. His eyes were so keen that he could tell at a glance, by the traces upon the dry leaves. whether a bear, deer or panther had passed by.

The forest was his home, and he could lie down miles from home and sleep as sweetly upon his couch of moss or leaves as the best housed youngster on his more civilized bed. In the summer of 1873, he guided a party a distance of forty miles to the first of the chain of mountain lakes, where his father waited for them with canoes. From that point they had no further need of him, and the same afternoon he started on his return home. He had passed over ten miles of the way when night came on, and taking his hatchet from his belt he quickly put up a " lean-to."

It did not take Jack long to build his shelter, and when it was completed he sat down under it, and ate some cold meat and corn bread, which he had in his haversack. When he had finished his supper he pulled a quantity of moss for a bed, spread it upon the floor of his rude tent, wrapped his blanket around him and lay down. The croaking of the frogs, the lay of the whippoorwill, and the lapping of the river close at hand were familiar sounds and quickly lulled him to sleep. His rifle, loaded and ready for use, was at his side, and his knife in his sheath hung upon a short, broken limb above his head. Though he was but 17 years old, Jack Featherly was as strong as most men, and quite able to take care of himself; for his courage was certainly equal to his strength. He slept for hours. The night grew chilly, and it was well he had wrapped his blanket around him to keep out the damp air. It might have been 3 o'clock in the morning, just before the light came, when he was awakened by a strange feeling of uneasiness, and gradually became aware of the presence of of some large, soft body lying close to his own. He could hear the heavy respirations of an animal's breath, and even felt them on his neck. Whether the creature was ferocious or otherwise he could not tell, but certainly some wild visitor was lying close to him and enjoying the friendly warmth of his body.

Was Jack frightened? Put yourself in his position and tell me what you think about it.

My opinion is, that as brave as he was, he would have been better pleased stairs when Dora's languid assumption with a different bedfellow. Not that Jack knew there was anything to fear from this strange neighbor, but the suspense was something even more uncomfortable than fear.

Painfully still he lay, without moving hand or foot, for he could not tell what deadly assault the slightest alarm might provoke. But this inaction became too horrible. Human nerves could not bear

Cautiously he reached out for his rifle; his fingers closed upon it, inch by inch he dragged it toward him till the barrel lay across his breast and he could touch the lock. His thumb passed the hammer, but even now he dared not cock it, for the click might startle his bedfellow and force a battle before he was prepar-

Sooner or later, however, it must come, and necessity compelled him to venture. Stiffening his muscles, and drawing in his breath, he thrust back the hammer of the lock, and the sharp click, click, sounded fearfully distinct in the dead silence. The wild animal made a quick movement, but Jack lay like a stone, and in a moment his unknown enemy seemed asleep again.

Would the morning nevercome! Jack dared not fire in the darkness, for if he missed his aim, and the creature proved indeed a beast of prey, there was no chance for him. With his finger upon the trigger and his hand upon the lock, he waited in aching anxiety for the first light to show him the outlines of his dreaded companion.

Minutes seemed like hours. Never before in his life had the boy passed such an hour.

His mind terribly active, with vivid memories of all that he had ever done, and regrets for every misdemeanor, with wild thoughts of what the end of this adventure might be, peopled his vigil of danger till it became a night-

Slowly, very slowly, the darkness broke away, and Jack, sickened with his long suspenses, cautiously turned

There, close to him, stretched out inan attitude of repose, lay a full grown panther! Carefully and silently the boy drew his rifle forward a little more. What if the cap should not explode? What if the rifle was not properly loaded? He raised right arm gradually until the muzzle was within an inch of the panther's ear. He pressed the trigger, and at the instant of discharge he was on his feet with his hunting knife in his hand ready to fight for his life. But there was no need of the knife now.

The bullet had crashed through the brain of the prostrate beast, killing him on the spot. Jack's danger was over: but even now, whenever he tells the story, he says he can feel the cold sweet gather on his flesh as it did that terrible morning in the Adirondack woods. when he lay in bed with the panther.

## A Hog Story.

O'NE of the dealers in pork of our city, is the butt of the joke of the senson.

The other day he visited his hog lot, on the other side of Timber Creek, and found that his " porkers" had made as trail across the ice and were calling on their neighbors (J. B. Lynn's hogs), on this side of the creek. M. W. drove his property back across the ice, and as he drove he pondered; and a brilliant idea crept into his ingenious head. He'd stop that nonsense, he would! Prosuring an ax he cut a hole some six or eight feet square right in the trail and then retired to see what Mr. Hog would do when he reached the supposed barrier. A large fat " squealer," one of his best, took the lead. The dealer smiled blandly until he saw the unsuspecting hogdisappear " a la mode" Baptist, through the hole. The smile suddenly changed to a look of despair, and, snatching his hat from his head, rushed down the bank and across the ice shouting " Hold on there! Hold on, you d-d fools! hold on! To cap the climax, he was afraid to leave, fearing that the entire stock would go down, and felt that it was his christian duty to stand there and wait until the hole should freeze over; all of which he nobly did, and now he says "a hog ain't got no sense anyhow."- Winfield Telegram.

er One of the most cowardly acts a man can do is to commit suicide. In about two-thirds of the cases loss of money or employment, or unrequited affection, suggest, the rash act. Forthwith the poor deluded victim proceeds to fill himself with whiskey to give him nerve, and makes the fatal leap into eternity. If men who are to-day laboring under discouragement for losseshave seen the hard earnings of years swept away-will interview any twenty of their prosperous neighbors, they will find that such has been the history of men through all the generations. The darkest days will brighten, the heaviest gloom will be lifted from the most depressed soul if like a man he will make the contest.

Nay, even more; often the trials and disappointments of life, so grievous to bear at that time, are the best perfecters of character, and do more to develop the true man that any amount of prosperity. It is pitiful that, in a land of plenty, there should be found so many who are unwilling to live their allotted days, and pay the debt as best they can.

## Pointed Remarks by a Colored Brudder.

"Breddern, my 'sperience is dat it ain't de perfession of 'ligion, but de casional practice of it dat makes a manceptable up yonder. When yer gits tode golden gate an' Peter looks yer right in de eye and yer shows him yer long creed an' says, pompus like, dat yer 'longed ter de big 'Piscopalian ehurch, de 'Postle 'll shake his hand an' say, Dat ain't nuff ter get yer through. But if yer takes all yer bills under yer arm, yer grocer bills, an' yer printers bills. an' he looks 'em over an' finds 'em alls receipted, h'll say 'Yer title's clear,' an' unlock the gate an' let yer pitch yer But voice for de angels' song. 'tain't no use ter trabble along dat narrer path 'less yer can kerry, folded up in yer creed, a good rec'mendation from yer creditors. Hebben ain't no place fur a man who has to dodge roun' a corner fur fear ob meetin' some one wh'll ask fur dat little bill dat nebber: was paid."

## Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for dectoring. which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use. and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost-I know it.

A WORKINGMAN." 6 21