

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 4.40 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 Allentown via S. & R. R. 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 leave through cars for New York. The 5.20, 8.10 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, 5.20 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., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown via S. & R. R. 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 10.55 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOLLEN, 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. 12.23 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., daily.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.47 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. Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.38 a. m., daily except Sunday. Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. WM. C. KING, Agent.

SURPRISING! JUST OPENED A VARIETY STORE, UP TOWN!

We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, TINWARE, A FULL VARIETY OF NOTIONS, etc., etc. All of which are selling at astonishingly LOW PRICES. Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we are almost GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK,

Nov. 13, '78—11

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the PATENT LAWS, promptly attended to.

INVENTIONS THAT HAVE BEEN REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations free of charge, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

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. Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington.

Wanted to Cure one Case of CATARRH. In each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK PUMPER OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges (25c. If returned by Adams or Union Ex. Co's). Address, F. H. SOWER & CO. 525. 4th St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of George Shearer, late of Carroll township, Perry Co., Pa., dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in Carroll township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to JNO. G. SHEARER, Administrator. CHAS. H. SMILEY, Attorney. December 24, 1878.

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

THREE ADVENTURES.

NEVER did a boy have a more lonely ride. It was the year after our family moved up from Newburyport into Penobscot county, Maine, to begin life anew on a backwoods farm. My father had taken the contract to carry the mail from L——, the town next below us, up to D——, eleven miles above. Between these two points the mail was carried twice a week. The sum received for the service was only \$110.

The distance was upward of fifteen miles, and 104 round trips of over thirty miles each were made during the year. But my father had counted on my doing the carrying part on horseback. I was then in my fourteenth year.

Every Tuesday and Saturday morning I had to set off for L—— at six o'clock with the mail bag, and ride over the county road to D——.

This road ran through a forest, and had not been long built. There were but three clearings and two watering troughs in the whole distance. Woods, woods, woods bordered the road on both sides. Often I did not meet a single team or person from the time I was fairly out of L—— till I reached D——. I sometimes saw the tracks of bears in the road, and sometimes my horse would stop and snort, as the scent of some wild animal was borne to him. Several times that season I caught glimpses of bears crossing the road some distance in advance of me. I commonly arrived at D—— by eleven o'clock, but I had to wait there till half-past two for the down mail, so that when autumn came I was always late home.

The adventure of which I am going to speak happened to me that summer. Above D——, in the woods on the river, a lumbering firm had for the two years previous been getting out spruce and pine. They employed a large number of men both summer and winter, and did an extensive business. Their mail came to D——, and doubtless checks and drafts for large sums were often sent to them in letters and were placed in my mail bag.

One afternoon, as I was going to L——, and had left the town of D—— four or five miles behind me, I overtook a woman dressed in a soiled calico gown, with an old dirty white "cloud" on her head. She limped painfully, and had quite a large bundle tied up in a calico apron.

I knew she was a Province woman. As I came up to pass her, she cast a most pitiful look into my face. She looked young, not more than eighteen or twenty years of age.

"O my good boy," says she, "can't yer give me a lift on ther horse?" "How far are you going?" I asked. "Doon ter L——," and from ther on to Bargour (Bangor) into sarvice."

"Do you expect to walk all the way?" "O, yeus! but I wouldn't mind that at all, ef I hadn't a trod on that stoop up here. Me shoem are thin-soled, an' it stook right inter the hollow of me foot, an' I think as it's in ther now, for it hurts me that much I can hardly bear a pound on it. Oh, this is a hard wureld!" and concluded with a heart-moving sigh.

My sympathies were stirred, and I felt that I ought to let her ride, for she looked very tired, and had a wonderfully pleading pair of dull black eyes. I had no thought, however, of riding double with her. So I got off at the turn, and leading my horse to a stump beside the road, let her get on his back with her bundle. Then unbuckling the rein to make a halter of it, I threw the mail-bag over my shoulder and walked along, leading the horse. My passenger was quite talkative and very thankful. She told about the trials and hardships of a servant-girl's life with a fluency of expression that gave me little opportunity to speak. Every few minutes she would say that I had better put the "barg on the hoorse" and not carry it myself.

No, I told her, I would carry it; she had her bundle to take care of. As she talked and held her bundle, my attention was drawn to the thumb of her left hand. Its nail was gone. It had apparently been jammed off, leaving a peculiarly fresh pink-red scar. In fact, the entire end of the thumb above the joint was red, and looked disfigured and peculiar.

Meanwhile she talked on, and among other things told me her name was Betsey Ellen McNally, and that she was from Woodstock. When she had ridden a mile or two, my new acquaintance began to complain that the saddle was "harred to sit." Couldn't I strap the "barg" on the saddle, and let her throw her old shawl over it? and so, as she said, "kill two burreds with one stone,"—she would have the "easy sate," and the "hoorse" would carry the "barg."

Till that moment I had not had a suspicion that Betsey Ellen was not what she seemed to be; but the thought that something was wrong, caused by

the tone of her voice, came suddenly into my mind. In a moment I felt conscious of danger and of my responsibility, and that she sooner I could get rid of my new acquaintance the better.

"All right," said I. "I'll fix it." We had just come in sight of one of the watering troughs. I led the horse up to it, and told Betsey Ellen to slide off and sit down on the end of the trough while I did as she suggested. Placing the bag on the saddle, I first took the extra strap and made it fast, then spread her old shawl on top of it.

"There's a gay seat," said I stepping upon the side of the trough to pat it down; and before the woman could be aware of what I intended, I had jumped on the horse and given him a blow which caused him to bound into the middle of the road.

"Oh, plaze stop, an' fer the love of mercy don't be roonin' away from me!" pleaded the girl, starting up and dropping her bundle.

I glanced back, but gave my horse another blow, and seeing I was really off, my persuasive friend suddenly changed her conduct. Quick as a flash out came a pistol, and whizz went a ball from it within two inches of my ear. But old Jed was already on the gallop. We went round a bend in the leafy road, and that was the last I saw of the "Province girl" that day. Officers were sent after the would-be-robber, but they didn't catch him.

The second winter after this my father put a stage (a large double sleigh), drawn by a span of horses, on the mail route. In place of riding old Jed, I now drove the stage and carried the mail also. I had plenty of light freight and express matter, and was often "full" of passengers.

My route had been lengthened, and extended beyond D—— to a new place, which was called the "supply depot." One day in February I had three passengers, two "choppers" going up to work, and a well-dressed young man, who sat well muffled up, for it was a pretty cold day. I stopped at D—— for the passengers to warm themselves and to have dinner, and this young man was so long eating his that I had to go into the dining-room to hurry him. He sat at the table with his back to me eating as I went in, and I saw his thumb as he held his fork. The nail was gone and the scar was of a dull red color. I knew that thumb in an instant, and was sure that this was "Betsey Ellen." It made me nervous, but I said, bravely, "All aboard!" and walked out.

I didn't know what to do. "Betsey Ellen" was the only passenger from D—— up to the lumber yard, too. He had considerable to say. He probably knew me well enough, that is, he knew I was the boy he had fooled and tried to rob of the mail-bag. His name, he told me (this time), was Gleason. He was a professional "scaler," on his way up to scale or survey the winter's "cut" of lumber at the "landings" on the river. He had his "callipers" and other instruments with him.

I felt uncomfortable enough, but kept quiet. I am sure I never suffered so much from fear in my life as I did in going up from D—— that afternoon. The whole of the way I had to sit with my back to "Betsey Ellen," and of course I expected every moment he would give me a blow on the head and rob the stage. He did not, however, but instead he was a very quiet passenger. That night at the "depot," I found out that his name was actually Gleason, and that he was really their regular lumber scaler, and was hired as such. But I knew it was "Betsey Ellen" all the same; his voice and the peculiar glance of his dull dark eyes were only too well fixed in my memory ever to be forgotten.

Next day at L—— I first told the postmaster there, and we then got out a warrant for the arrest of Gleason. The sheriff went up on the stage with me. Gleason was scaling two miles above the depot, at one of the lumber-camps. The sheriff took two men and went up to the camp that evening. I went with him to point him out. Gleason was smoking his cigar by the camp-stove when we went in.

"Well, 'Betsey Ellen,'" said I, "you rather played it on me two years ago, but now it's my turn;" and the sheriff collared him. But he took it very coolly. He sat quite still for a moment; then he began to laugh, and laughed so violently that it seemed he would never stop.

The sheriff took him down to D—— that night, and the next morning he had his examination. To my surprise, he laughingly admitted the whole charge against him. With apparent frankness he explained the reason of his being disguised as a girl that day. He had been stopping up at C——, a town ten miles beyond D——, and was owing bills there. Being out of money, he had disguised himself and run away. He sent for two witnesses, and proved what he said about his indebtedness. His talking and riding with me that day was done purely for

sport, he said, and when I ran away from him, he fired off the pistol just to frighten me a little more. The rascal told all this in such a humorous way that it caused a good deal of laughter. The lumbermen were all his friends. The case was dismissed and Gleason actually discharged,—after I had fairly caught him! He even had the impudence to come and chat familiarly with me, and tell me he was sorry he had scared me! In fact, his version of the circumstance made me out anything but a hero, and I was heartily laughed at by the loafers and men I met. I couldn't stir for a month without hearing something about "Betsey Ellen."

They sang a different tune, however, about the 25th of March. The lumber firm who were doing business at the "depot" and in that region were to pay off their "choppers" on the 25th, and money had been sent them for that purpose. It was in a chest in the large back-room of the depot, where Briggs, their foreman, always slept. During the night of the 24th, the chest was robbed of every dollar it contained, and the foreman murdered. The foreman was found next morning dead from blows upon his head. Gleason had been there the night before but was now missing.

The amount stolen was between six and seven thousand dollars. In the light of this tragedy the people began to think that my "Betsey Ellen" was no chicken after all. Then commenced the hue and cry after the murderer; but they did not catch him, nor could they so much as get a trace of him. He had made good his escape.

Time passed on. I drove the stage for three years longer; then, at the age of twenty-one, I went on to the new railroad,—the N. A. & E. line,—where in time I became a conductor. Going from St. John to Bangor, my train passed the station called Mattawamkeag at about 4 o'clock A. M. Running down from Kingman, I took up tickets for Mattawamkeag. The passengers were often asleep. One morning I had to waken a man who was curled upon two seats sleeping soundly.

"Tickets! tickets!" I called to him. He roused up, swore a little and began to fumble in his pockets. At least he found his ticket, and held it up to me between his thumb and finger. I had the lantern turned full upon it, and there, held against the ticket, was the never-to-be-forgotten red thumb with no nail upon it.

"One moment," said I, and held the lantern to his face. It was Gleason.

"O ho!" I exclaimed, "Betsey Ellen, we meet again!" He jumped up with an oath. But I was no longer a boy. Determined that "Betsey" should not escape me again, I seized him by the collar, thrust him down into the seat and called in two brakemen.

Three hours later we gave him into custody at Bangor. He was tried for the murder of Foreman Briggs and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was commuted, however, to imprisonment for life, and I have since heard that he died in prison.

A Story from Real Life.

Some thirty years ago the New York and New Haven railroad had just begun running on a single track. One afternoon a country boy about 15 years of age was standing near the track at a cross-road half-way between Stamford and Darien. He heard a train coming from the latter station just as a New York train came in sight from the opposite direction. He ran to the track, and, waving his hat, caught the attention of the engineer, and by his earnest manner and his pointing in the opposite direction convinced him that a train was coming round the bend. He instantly applied the brakes and stopped the train just in time to escape a disastrous collision. The railroad company expressed its gratitude at the time by the present of a valuable silver cup and a life pass over the road. A year or two later the boy was taken into the employ of the company and instructed in mechanical engineering, for which he exhibited marked ability. He was an industrious worker, honest, intelligent, and ambitious, and rose to a responsible and lucrative position with the company. He settled in New Haven, where his worth was recognized, and he was chosen to a number of honorable offices, all of which he filled with marked ability. To-day he is a Director and General Superintendent of a manufacturing establishment; is a Director of the Yale National Bank of New Haven, is interested in half a dozen more profitable manufactories, and is one of the most prominent and respected, as he is one of the best citizens of the Elm City and of the State. He represents the city at present in the General Assembly, his name being John Harris Leeds, and his native modesty will probably cause him to object to this brief sketch, which is written because the lesson, it teaches us is a valuable one.

Greenland Courtship.

WHEN the Danish missionaries had secured the confidence of the Greenlanders, marriage was made a religious ceremony. Formerly the man married the woman as the Romans did the Sabine women, by force. One of the missionaries, writing in his journal, describes the present style of courtship as follows:

The suitor coming to the missionary, said, "I should like to have a wife."

"Whom?" asks the missionary. The man names the woman.

"Hast thou spoken to her?"

Sometimes the man will answer, "Yes, she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind."

More frequently the answer is "No."

"Why not?"

"It is difficult; girls are prudish. Thou must speak to her."

The missionary summons the girl and, after a little conversation, says:

"I think it time to have thee married."

"I won't marry."

"What a pity! I had a suitor for thee."

"Whom?"

The missionary names the man who has sought his aid.

"He is good for nothing. I won't have him."

"But," replies a missionary, "he is a good provider; he throws his harpoon with skill and he loves thee."

Though listening to his praise with evident pleasure, the girl answers, "I won't have him."

"Well, I won't force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The missionary remains silent, as if he understood her "no" to have ended the matter.

At last, with a sigh, she whispers: "Just as thou wilt have it, missionary."

"No," replies the missionary. As thou wilt. I'll not persuade thee."

Then, with a deep groan, comes "yes," and the matter is settled.

The Reformed Gambler.

LITTLE JOHNNY, the youthful contributor of the Oahkosh "Advocate" records this moral tale:

A preacher wick had been a wicked gambler afore he was a preacher, and he sed, the preacher did:

"He jest play cards with this pore mizable sinner, and win of his munny, and wen he is busted maybe he will listen to the divine trooth and be saved."

So they played and the preacher he wined of the feller's munny every cent, and then he sed:

"Now see how wicked you hev been to loos yure munny, and your wife and babys haven't got bread to eat."

And the gambler he sed:

"That's so," and he burst out a cryin'.

Then the preacher he sed:

"Pore sinner, if you promisce me unto yure honor not to play cards agin He give it of back, cos I me a preacher."

So the gambler he was astonished, and he sed:

"I never see slich a good man. I promisce, yes indeed, and hevving bless you!" And he busted out cryin' agin the gambler did.

Then the preacher he giv him back of his money, and the feller he put it in his pocket, and whiped out his eyes, and blue his nose gratefully, and then he thought a wife, and purty soon he coffed, and he sed to the preacher:

"I feel mitey mean takin' back this hundred dollars from a man wick has rescued me from card playin'; tell you wot He do; you tuss up a other hundred agin it and weel tot up for the pile, beds or talles, best two out of three."

How to Get Married Cheap.

Recently, while a Detroit Justice of the Peace sat warming his feet at the stove, and his nose by a cigar, a stranger entered and presently inquired:

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" replied his Honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the Justice: "I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said:

"Begin at the pencil-mark there, and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his work. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of the bride and groom as they went out.