

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 4.05 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. & 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, 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, 3.30 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, 11.00 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 Auburn via S. & S. 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 12.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. G. H. 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. Middletown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express, 9.51 p. m., flag, daily.

WEST. Way Pass. 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 3.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown 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. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 5.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.55 p. m., daily except Sunday. Mail 7.30 p. m., daily except Sunday. Atlantic Express 10.20 p. m., daily (flag).

WESTWARD. Way Passenger, 8.35 a. m., daily. Mail, 3.09 p. m., daily except Sunday. Middletown Acc. daily except Sunday at 6.16 p. m. Pittsburgh Ex. daily except Sunday (flag) 11.33 p. m. W. M. 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, QUEENWARE, GLASSWARE, TINWARE, A FULL VARIETY OF NOTIONS, etc., etc., etc. All of which are selling at astonishingly LOW PRICES.

Give us a call and SAVE MONEY, as we are all most GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET, Nov. 13, '78.—1f

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.

REJECTED by the Patent Office. See 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 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 our 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 FOREST OIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges (25c). If refused by Adams or Union P. Co.'s, Address, F. L. BOWEN & CO., Gen. Agts., 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 hostier always in attendance. April 9, 1878. If

The Best Thing a Boy can Have.

"THERE, mother! I've worked the last day I'm going to work for Belnap! He's the crossiest, hatefulest man that ever lived! Just because—

Mrs. Barry lifted her eyes from the cap that was lying at her feet to the flushed and heated face of the speaker.

"That will do, my son. If you have concluded not to work any more for Mr. Belnap pick up your cap and put it where it belongs."

That low, even tone and quiet manner had a visible effect upon Arthur. Picking up his cap, he hung it upon its nail, back of the door.

Full of his imaginary wrongs, he commenced again, though in a more subdued tone and manner.

"You see, mother—"

"Before you say anything further, get me a pitcher of cool water; and while you are at the pump, dash some of it over your face, head and neck. You don't know how much better it will make you feel."

Mrs. Barry had trained her children to prompt and unquestioning obedience, thereby saving herself and them a great deal of trouble; and without a thought of doing otherwise, Arthur took the pitcher and went to the pump, out of which, in spite of his plug, sparkling water dripped all the day long.

Holding his head under the cool, refreshing stream for some minutes he gave the brown curls a shake that sent the drops flying in every direction. Then filling the pitcher he went in.

It was a maxin of Mrs. Barry's that if she wanted her children to be gentle and polite she must be gentle and polite with them; so she took the glass of water from Arthur's hand with just as pleasant thank you as if he had been some other woman's boy.

Then she drew forward a chair, which mute invitation Arthur accepted.

"Now I want to tell you about it mother, and I'm sure you won't blame me at all. I was a little late this morning, and old Belnap—"

"Who?"

"That's what the boys call him, mother."

I'm very sorry. I hope my son, who have been better taught, will set them a better example. I suppose they don't speak of him in that way when he is where he can hear them?"

"Oh! no; they wouldn't dare to!"

"And yet they are so mean and cowardly as to call him so behind his back!"

Now Arthur had thought this wonderfully smart in Will Guernsey and John Dill, who were in the habit of speaking of their employer, among themselves, as "Old Belnap," or "the old man;" but he was a manly little fellow, despising anything mean or cowardly, and his mother's words gave quite another complexion to it.

"Well, Mr. Belnap, then. He was as cross as a bear, just because I was a little bit late. Said that boys who wanted to work for him must be punctual. And then when a case of goods came, and he couldn't find the hammer, he charged me with mislaying it. And when I said I had not touched it, he knew better, and there it was, all the time, right under the desk, where he had put it himself."

"It is a great misfortune to be so forgetful."

"But he needn't have been so cross about it."

"It is a greater misfortune to have a hasty temper. Perhaps he was never taught to control it when a boy."

"I don't care! I think it's real mean for Belnap to treat me so! Don't you, mother?"

"I think you have not told things exactly as they were."

"Why, mother?"

"Not intentionally, my son; I should be very sorry to believe such a thing of you as that. But there are various ways by which people form the habit of speaking untruthfully, and one of these is by exaggerating. Don't you remember my showing you an instrument, looking through one end of which made everything seem twice as large, and through the other they looked so small that you could scarcely see them at all? Now, we have just such an instrument in our minds. We look through the large end at the faults of other people, making them seem twice as large as they are, and through the small end at our own, making them look so small that very often we cannot see them at all. Now, I'm afraid that this is the way you have been doing by Mr. Belnap."

"I'm almost sure, mother, that I haven't said the least bit of anything that is not true about him!"

"Let us see. In the first place you said 'that he was the crossiest and hatefulest man that ever lived.' Now, even could you have known all the cross, disagreeable people that ever existed, is that true?"

Arthur made no reply, and Mrs. Barry continued:

"Don't you remember how kind he was to the Widow Connor? How

he let Joe's wages go on last winter, when he was sick, besides sending his own doctor to attend him? And when little Mary died, who sent us the flowers that made her look so sweet in her coffin, and spoke such comforting words to us?"

Arthur had been tenderly attached to his baby-sister, and his face looked sober as he said:

"I don't think I meant exactly what I said about his being so cross. But all this rest was true."

"Let us see again. You were a little late. Now, when you went to work for Mr. Belnap, you agreed to be at the store at eight o'clock every morning. It was twenty minutes past eight when you left here. It would not take less than ten minutes to reach the store; so you must have been half an hour late."

"Half an hour isn't a great while mother."

"But supposing all the people in Mr. Belnap's employ were half an hour late? It would amount to all of a day, if not more. And then this half hour was not yours; it belonged to your employer. He paid you for it; and it was his. If you had risen when I had called you, you would have got there in time, and Mr. Belnap would have no occasion to feel so much out of patience with you."

There was a pause of some moments, which was broken by Arthur.

"Have I got to go back there again mother?"

"Not unless you choose. You are now old enough to reason, and, in some respects, to decide for yourself. But if you don't go to school, you will have to work for some one, and I don't believe that you will find anybody to do better by you than Mr. Belnap."

"I hate to; I told Will Guernsey and John Dill that I wasn't going back there any more."

"If you think that was a wise thing for you to say, of course you won't go back there any more. But if you think it a hasty and foolish speech, it will make you more careful what you say another time."

"Don't you care, mother?"

"I care to have my boy do what is right. I care more for that than anything in the wide world; but I don't like to compel him, now that he is old enough to compel himself."

As well as Arthur liked his own way, he did not care to assume the responsibility that went with it.

"But I wish you would tell me what I'm to do?"

"I will tell you what I would do, if I were in your place. I would go to the store to-morrow at half-past seven. When Mr. Belnap comes in I would say: 'Mr. Belnap, I came half an hour earlier this morning to make up for being so late yesterday, and I mean to be more punctual in the future.' This is the course I would like to have you take my son; and I don't believe you will be sorry for it, either. But you must do it freely, and of your own accord."

Here the mother and son were interrupted.

The next noon Arthur came home quite as excited as he was the day before, but with a very different look upon his face.

"Oh! mother, I did as you advised me, and what do you think Mr. Belnap said? He said that I was a good honest boy, and that he would raise my pay, next month, a dollar a week. I was ashamed enough, and told him that it wasn't my idea at all; it was yours. Then he said, 'a good, amiable mother, like yours, is the very best thing a boy can have.' And oh! I do think that I've got just the best and dearest mother in the world."

A Plucky Woman.

MRS. ISADORE MIDDLETON, a very beautiful woman, and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex.

One evening she was in her boudoir putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed the peculiar position of a library lamp that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room had thrown upon the floor, almost directly at her feet, the shadow of a man who was crouching under the broad-topped ornamental table in the centre of the room. She also remarked that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers, and remembered that several desperate burglaries had recently been committed in the neighborhood, suppositiously by a negro desperate, who was notorious as having lost two fingers on his right hand.

"Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and, besides herself in the house, there was but a single maid servant. Instead of fainting with fear or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miscreant was concealed, and rang for the servant.

"Hand me writing materials, Bridg-

et," said she, with perfect calmness. "I want you to take a note this instant to Mr. Forfair, the jeweler, and have him send you back with my diamond necklace and ear-drops which I left there for repairs several days ago. Bring them with you, no matter if fully repaired or not. They are by twenty-fold the most valuable articles of jewelry that I possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer."

The note was at once written and dispatched, but instead of being in the tenor that she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no jewelry on repair), it was a hasty note to the jeweler, an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position, and urged him to hasten to her relief, with a requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the missive.

"The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with the consciousness of the presence of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouched under the very table, upon where she leaned, and perhaps touched by her skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination; but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal. She yawned, hummed an operatic air, turning over the leaves of a novel, and in other ways lulled the lurker into the sense of perfect security and expectancy, and waited, waited with a wildly beating heart, and her eyes fastened upon the hand of the little ormolu clock with a greedy, feverish gaze.

"At last however, came the prayed for relief. There was a ring at the door bell, and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success. She not only admitted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfair and three stalwart policemen. The latter passed stealthily up stairs in the boudoir, where they suddenly pounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him with hardly a struggle.

"The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal named Clapman, but mostly known as 'Two-fingered Jeff,' who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison."

Notes on the Chinese Character.

A LADY writing to the Boston Transcript concerning the Chinese says: What the personal, private habits of the Chinaman may have been I cannot say, but so far as one could judge by outside appearances and conduct they were an example of good to us all. They were temperate, frugal, thrifty, peaceable, trustworthy as house servants and out-of-doors laborers, they kept their word faithfully and showed gratitude to those who treated them kindly.

Storekeepers, who would not trust a white man for a dollar, would give a Chinaman credit for twenty, knowing that he never repudiated his debt, and would live on the proverbial "handful of rice" for weeks, handing over each night his days' earnings until he had paid up all.

The only thing I ever knew a Chinaman to steal were pigs and chickens. These two temptations were almost irresistible; yet, if you trusted them, they would refrain from appropriating these covered treasures.

Soon after I went to the mountains I said to my washerman, "The boys tell me you Chinamen will steal all my chickens, but I don't believe it; I shall trust you, and let them roost on the bushes."

His black eyes twinkled as he said, "Me tell Chinaman little wifey say so; Chinaman no steal little wifey schicken."

I never lost one, but often had them given to me with the words, "Little wifey tink Chinaman like Mellician man; Chinaman remember."

One day a good-looking Chinaman came with a bag of gold and an interpreter, and offered to buy me. He was willing to pay \$3,500, a river claim, with water-wheel and other needful machinery for working it, for a good American wife, and looked very much disappointed when he found I was not for sale. I dare say the hoping-to-be-emancipated women will exclaim at my total depravity when I tell you I felt complimented.

It is not every woman who has seen her weight in gold offered for her, not to mention the other "fixins," and as one of the reasons given for his wish to own me was highly creditable—that "I stayed at home and kept the house clean, and made very good bread."

Skating to Church in Norway.

"You will see a strange sight, I think; to-day," said my host, as we were preparing to set out to church, which was close by. And, indeed it was a strange sight.

Far off in the distance I could discern a number of objects moving swiftly down a mountain slope—there were

about thirty or forty, so far as I could make out, in all. What they were I could not at first conceive; but presently they again came into view, and I could see that they were men, women and children, of all ages and sizes, skating.

It was "christening Sunday," and several of the women were carrying their infants in an ingeniously contrived basket, without apparently suffering any inconvenience.

In the far north, indeed, my host informed me, the Laps, who are very skillful skaters, and punctilious in the discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church while they (the parents) attend the service. Do not start, reader! The reason is that their cries might disturb the congregation; and it is far warmer for them underneath the snow, wrapped up in a "pelt," or skin, than the church. A trusty dog is stationed near them to keep off the wolves, should they be prowling about in the neighborhood.

Useless Advice to Young Men.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But oh! what a heart she has when you find her! so large and pure and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She will entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She will make you love home (if you don't you are a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

An Elegant Home Saved from Tobacco Smoke.

If a person who is given to any habit of dissipation could have calculated beforehand all its cost, from the time that it was begun he would, doubtless never have suffered himself to become its servant. Many a man by merely laying up what a vice costs him in money would find it a better investment than a life insurance. An exchange mentions the successful result of an experiment in this line by a Mr. Hubbard, of Connecticut. He was about eighteen years old when he determined to lay aside day by day, the money he would have spent for cigars had he been a smoker. At the end of each month he deposited the sum thus accumulated in the savings bank. As the price of good cigars advanced, he correspondingly increased the money laid by each day. At times when his savings in the bank had reached a few hundred dollars he drew them out to make a more profitable investment. By careful management the fund at length amounted to over of eighteen thousand dollars. A few years since, Mr. Hubbard took this money and with it purchased a charming site on Greenwich Hill, and built a comfortable and commodious house for himself and his family. The place overlooks Long Island Sound and commands one of the finest and wildest views that can be found on the Connecticut coast.

Anecdote of Lincoln.

During the rebellion, an Australian count applied to President Lincoln for a position in the army. Being introduced by the American minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a count that his family were ancient and highly respectable; when Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapping the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder, in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed some wrong, interrupted in a soothing tone, "Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that?"

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the disease arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column. 12