

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. and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 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, 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.

JOHN'S BLUE DAY.

"THAT was a blue day," said old John Tolbert, with a glance around as much as to say: "If you want to hear more say so." "What was a blue day?" asked David Spang. Old John drew a match across the sole of his moccasin, lit his corn-cob chibouque, and, after a few preparatory whiffs, answered: "The day I got locked up in jail." There was a general murmur of surprise. Having given our astonishment time to work itself in John proceeded: "You see, I made up my mind to move farder West. So, after sellin' out what little I had, me and Polly and the baby pulled up stakes, and packin' up a few light articles in a two-hoss wagon, set up to travel. "Twas along about noon on the second day, when four men came gallopin' up, and filed off two on each side, at the same time pullin' out four pistols. "Halt!" says one. "Now, I'd as good a ride with me as ever drawn bread on buck or redskin, but I'd seen too many scrimmages not to know that four to one's desperate odds, 'specially when they've got the draw on you. So I jest asked them what they wanted. "You," says the one that spoke first. "What for?" said I. "You know where you stopped to bait your horses yesterday?" said he. "Yes," said I. "Well, the money you paid is counterfeit, and so's that you paid where you stopped last night?" "Now, I know you're only—jokin'," says I; 'for the money I paid at both places, I got from Mr. Skimpall, the storekeeper at our crossroads, a standin' candidate for the legislature, and the best judge o' money in the county. I got him to change me a fifty-dollar bill—about all the money I had, jest afore I started. Polly here knows it, for I told her so."

"As I drew near it, I seed a light streaming through the chinks. I slipped up and peeped in, and soon seed and heard enough to make me want to see and hear more. I didn't have to wait long before finding out enough to sarve my turn. "I sot out on another run, faster'n ever this time; but instead of runnin' to hide, I made for the nearest settlement, and got together a half dozen men and a constable. "Then we hurried to the shanty.—The light was still there. We crep up quietly and looked in and listened. There were three men inside, busy printin' off bank-notes with a little machine they had. Chief among 'em was the respectable Mr. Skimpall. They was jokin' and laughin' over the sharp trick he'd played me, when the constable walked up and knocked at the door. In an instant the light was put out and all was silent. But the door was soon battered down, and the counterfeiters and their tools captured. Mr. Skimpall was put in my place that night. He was forced to make good the money he swindled me out of, and instead o' goin' to the legislature that fall, as he had made up his mind to, he was sent to sarve the State in another and most likely better way."

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"Oh! of course," says t'other, and then they all laughed. "Then they made me git out and sarched me. They took away the rest of my money, and said it was all counterfeit—all cut from the same piece. "After taking possession of my gun, they let me git into the wagon, and with two of them ridin' on each side, like pallbearers at a fun'ral, we sot out for a neighborin' 'Squire's. "The 'Squire was an awful wise-lookin' chap. "Where did you git all this bogus stuff?" says he, when he had looked my money over. "It ain't bogus," says I. "The way he turned up his nose, spoke louder'n words. "I got it from Mr. Skimpall," says I, warmin' up, 'the leadin' est man in our parts, and a blamed sight better judge o' money than any one in this crowd!"

"Kin you prove where you got it?" says he. "I kin," says I. "How?" says he. "Well," says I, 'jest you send for Mr. Skimpall, and if he don't say he give me the money, and prove it's good, besides, I'll agree to go to State's prison for life. "So the 'Squire made out a suppeny for Mr. Skimpall; but, as it was too late to git him that day, they kep me and Polly and the baby under guard till morning. "Then they had me up again. Mr. Skimpall was there, but he treated me very distant; and when the 'Squire asked him to give his evidence, he not only denied point blank givin' me the money, but pronounced it bogus. "Mr. Skimpall," says I, startin' forrid and layin' my hand on his arm, 'for goodness' sake remember. I come into your store and got you to change me a fifty-dollar bill the day I left home. You can't surely have forgot it. "But he only turned his back on me and walked out. "The 'Squire said I must give a thousand dollars bail. "I had no bail to offer. All I could do was to let Polly take the hosses and drive back with the baby to a friend's home in the old neighborhood; and that night I was locked up in jail. "When the jailer come in with my supper, twirlin' the key on his finger, a thought struck me. "I'm an innocent man," says I to myself, without the means o' provin' it, and have a right to escape if I can, just as I used to from the injuns. "Snatchin' the key from the keeper's hand, I darted out past him and locked him in, and in a few minutes was out of all danger. "After a sharp run of some hours, I found myself in the heart of a thick forest. I'd been through it afore, and knowed where there was an old shanty some hunter had built, where I might get a few hours shelter and rest.

If all inventions were ascertained and carried out into practice with as much facility as in this case, no one would perhaps think of taking out a patent. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately; but I thought it was so small a matter, and it cost me so little labor that I did not think it proper to go and get a patent, otherwise I have no doubt it would have been very profitable."—London Society.

A Scotchman's Prayer.

WHAT do you think of this for a prayer at family worship? Adam Scott gives the following as a prayer once offered by a shepherd, and grandmother has herself heard prayers almost as plain, in their comments on the people around, from the lips of Scotch and Scotch Irish folk: "We particular thank Thee, for Thy great goodness to Meg; and that it ever come into thy head to take any thocht of sic a useless girl as her. For the sake thy sinfu' creetur's now addressin' Thee, in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake of malr than we daur weel name to Thee, hae mercy on our Rab. Ye ken, he's a wae, mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair of committing sin than a dog o' hiekin' a dish. But put Thy hook intil his nose, and Thy bridle intil his mouth, and gar him come back to Thee, wi' a jerk he no forget the longest day he has to live. Dinna forget puir Jamie, who's far away frae us in the night.—Keep thy arm o' power about him, and I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk to act for himself; for if ye dinna he'll be but a bauchle i' this world, and a bach sitter i' the next. Thou hast added yen to our family (one of his sons had just married against his approbation.) So has been thy will. It wad never have been mine. But, if it is o' Thee, do thou bless the connection. But, if the fule hath done it out o' carnal desire, against a' reason and credit, may the cold rain of adversity settle in his habitation. Amen.

What an Old Man Has Noticed.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched. I have noticed purses will hold pennies as well as pounds. I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad. I have noticed that whatever is, is right with few exceptions—the left eye and the leg, and the left side of a plum pudding. I have noticed that the prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay to the utmost farthing. I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender him to justice. I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition and the idol of them all.

A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief in Worcester county, Mass. He was once arraigned for horse stealing and was supposed to be connected with an extensive gang, which were laying contributions on all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained, that he should be discharged upon his revealing, under oath, all he knew of his accomplices. The jury was accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he, "understand then, the devil is the only accomplice I ever had; we have been a great while in partnership; you have acquitted me, and you may hang him—if you catch him!"

It Would be Queer if True.

At a wedding in South Carolina last month an incident occurred aptly illustrating social life in the United States.—The bridegroom, who belonged to the "first Southern family," took exception to the phraseology of the officiating clergyman and remarked: "You shouldn't say those uns whom Lord hath jined together, but them uns."

The preacher, who prided himself upon the "high-toned" quality of his language, quietly dropped his hand into the pocket of his surplice and interpolated: "You jist paddle yer own canoe, young feller, or your trouble'll begin soon enuff. I'm runnin' this tea party, I am—as I said afore, my beloved hearers—those uns as the Lord—"

Just then the bridegroom made a motion towards his hip, but before he could draw, the minister fired from his pocket and the young man fell dead at his feet. Instantly the whole church was filled with blazing pistols. In less than five seconds the only person left alive was the bride, who had ducked behind the pulpit early in the action. The half-married female gazed musingly around and remarked as she started for home: "These self-cookin' revolvers is playin' the mischief round here, and that's a fact."—Exchange.

How He Won His Drinks

He was a sad looking tramp, with a pained expression of face, that entered a Sutter street bar room the other day, holding in his hand a small, battered red canister: "Look at this," he said, sorrowfully. "I went into a gun-shop and begged for something to eat, and the mean man handed me this can of powder. He said I could go shooting—a starving man go shooting. "Just think of it!" "Well, mizzle!" retorted the bar-keeper, who had just set up four fancy drinks for a row of customers. "I pledge you my word," said the vagrant, holding the can within an inch of the open stove. "I'm so miserable, I've almost a mind to blow myself up." "Dare you to do it," said one of the by-standers, winking at the crowd. The wrecked party gave a sad, lingering look at the poured out liquor, as that might ne'er behold again, and tossed in the can. The yell that the whole crowd gave as they started for the other side of the street was heard on Telegraph Hill.—When they filed in about ten minutes after the empty can did not explode there were four empty glasses on the counter, the lunch table was an empty mockery and the till looked like a savings bank on the day after a really large deposit.

The Discovery of Matches.

THE story of this discovery has been told by Mr. Holden himself in the house of commons before a select committee appointed to inquire into the working of the patent laws. We cannot do better, therefore, than to give it in his own words: "I began as an inventor on a very small scale," said Mr. Holden, in the course of his evidence. "For what I know, I was the first inventor of lucifer matches; but it was the result of a happy thought. In the morning I used to get up at 4 o'clock in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time the flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. I gave lectures in chemistry at the time at a very large academy. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light; but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put under the explosive mixture sulphur. I did that, and published it in my next lecture, and showed it. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match, and it was one of those inventions that some people think ought not to be protected by a patent. I think that if all inventions were like that, or if we could distinguish one from the other the principle might hold good.

New Use for The Telephone.

The telephone has come into very general use in Chicago through the introduction of the district system. Dr.

E. M. Hale, of that city, told a Chicago Tribune reporter how he diagnosed a case where he was called (through the telephone of the District Telegraph Company) by a distant patient whose baby was ill—presumably with croup. He asked the temperature of its body, symptoms, breathing and cough, got them to hold the child near the instrument till he heard the cough and cry which indicated croup, prescribed the simple temporary remedies, had the telegraph office place him in communication with a druggist, who was instructed to prepare a prescription, and in a few minutes the druggist had called a messenger and sent him with the medicine, and the doctor and the druggist had returned to their beds.

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THE EAGLE HOTEL, CARLISLE ST., New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

J. A. NEWCOMER, Proprietor. HAVING removed from the American Hotel, Waterford, and having leased and refurbished the above hotel, putting it in good order to accommodate guests, I ask a share of the public patronage. I assure my patrons that every exertion will be made to render them comfortable. My stable is still in care of the celebrated Jake. March 18, 1879. J. A. NEWCOMER.

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. G. F. ENSMINGER.

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HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room, attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE, NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

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VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET, Nov. 19, 78.—H

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