RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

Nov. 10th, 1878.

For New York, at 5,20, 8,10 a. m. 2,00p.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 and 7,55.
For Potterius at 5,20, 8,10, 9,45 a.m. and 2,00 kg. TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

4.00 and 7.05.
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 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, 8.10 a. m., and *7.56 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.
The 5.20, a. m., trains have through carsfor Philadelphia.
SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a.m.
For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a.m.
For Beading, Philadelphia and Way Stationsat, 45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and *7.45 p. ni. 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, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a.m. and 4.40

Leave Potsville, at 6.19,

Andvia Schuyikili and Susquehanna Branchat

8.15 a. m.
Leave Anburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Alentown, at #2.30 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.

p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2 30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

*Via Morris and Essex R. R.

THE EAGLE HOTEL,

CARLISLE ST., New Bloomfield, Penn'a.

J. A. NEWCOMER, - . . Proprietor.

HAVING removed from the American Hotel, Waterford, and having leased and refurnished the above hotel, putking 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.

22. My stable is still in care of the celebrated Jake. Jake. March 18, 1879.]

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. tf

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STEET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & POND.

IJ. A. NEWCOMER.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached are unauroassed 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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JUST OPENED A VARIETY STORE,

UP TOWN!

We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of GROUGHIFS,
QUEENSWARE,
GLASSWARE,
TIN WARE,
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 almost GIVING THINGS AWAY.

Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET

Nov. 19, '78.-tf

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OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Euclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

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All OFFICERS. SOLDIERS, and SAILORS, wounded ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slight, can obtain a penson by addressing GILMORE & CO., before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims and the Southern Claims Commission.

Each department of our business is conducted an asoparate bureau, under charge of the same experienced parties, embloyed by the old firm.—Promot attention to all business entrusted to GILMORE & CO., is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it.

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WHO KILLED THE JUDGE?

ONE raw morning in March the jani-tor of the court house of Bentered the Judge's private room for the purpose of making a fire, and was frightened almost out of his wits at finding the honorable dignitary lying motionless on the floor.

The janitor was about to retreat and raise the alarm by ringing the court house bell, when he bethought himself that the judge might have but a fit and that he could render the needed assistance.

Therefore he hastened forward and tried to lift the prostrate man, who lay on the floor with one hand partially hid in his bosom, while the other, lying near his head, held his penholder, the gold pen of which had its nib broken. But as the judge was a large man, given over, to some extent to obesity, and the janitor a cadaverous fellow, who had been denominated 'Bones' by the attaches of the court house, he found his attempts useless and soon gave it up as futile.

At that time an unusually interesting court was in session at Bover by Judge Blackely. A large number of criminal cases had been disposed of, and but few remained which were of more than passing importance.

The session just drawing to a close had attracted many people from the rural districts, and the several hotels were nightly taxed to their utmost capacity. Attorneys from a distance were in attendance, and many friends of the prisoners still remained in town.

Therefore the wild ringing of the court house bell, fully three hours before the opening of the court, startled everybody who heard it. There was catastrophe in its unwonted tones, and while Jabez Throck, the janitor, still held the rope he heard the patter of a multitude of feet on the stone corridor below. Releasing the rope, he planted himself at the top of the stairs and forbade the crowd surging up, saying that the judge was dead, and that the coroner

The report of the judge's death spread like wildfire, and the court was soon surrounded by the most excited crowd ever seen in B-

After some delay, caused in a great measure by the extraordinary excitement, the coroner, a slow but precise man, announced himself ready for business, and, accompanied by the sheriff, several surgeons, and the janitor, proceeded to the judge's room, the door of which was locked hehind them, in order to keep intermeddlers out.

Judge Blakely was found in the manner in which the janitor had left him, and the examination was begun.

The surgeons, who had come beforehand to the conclusion that apoplexy had taken the judge off, were forced to abandon such ideas, for a brief examination told them that an assassin had been there. The crushed skull over the left ear and four dagger stabs in the region of the heart were the proofs of the murder. Lying in its accustomed place by the coal stove was seen one of the instruments of death-a short iron poker, to which adheared both hair and blood. But the dagger was missing.

The assassin, whoever it was, had first struck the judge from behind with the poker, while he sat in his great arm chair at his desk, as the position of the chair and body indicated, and then dealt the blows with the dagger.

In bearing off the sharp instrument of death, it was at first believed that the murderer had left no clew behind, but after the surgical examination a discovery was made that startled every one present.

Lying upon the desk, and almost entirely concealed beneath a mass of legal documents, was apiece of legal cap, upon which was traced, in a spasmodic hand, these words :

"Jason Bowers did this!"

Below this brief but startling sentence which seemed at once to fix the identity of the assassin, was what appeared to be an attempt of the writer to affix the signature, but after a 'J' the pen made a long mark, which the beholder could follow across the desk to the very walnut edging.

It seemed that death had suddenly stricken the writer in the act of signing his name, and the broken pen in the judge's lifeless hand pointed almost positively to the writer.

There was such a man as Jason Bowers. He was not a resident of Bfor some time past he had been an inmate of the county jail-held there on a charge of forgery. On the day prior to the judge's murder this man Bowers had been acquitted by the jury selected to try him, and at the moment of the crime he was a free man. He had never been heard to say aught against the judge, more than to remark that he thought that in the charge to the jury he (the judge) had favored conviction. At home the young man had not borne an irreproachable character, having been engaged in affairs of questionable

honor; but the trial for forgery was his first appearance before the criminal

Upon the evidence of the writing on the paper, which was pronounced by all to be in the late judge's chirography, and beyond doubt the last work of his life, the sheriff resolved to take Jason Bowers into custody if he was still in

The young man was not difficult to find, as he was in the crowd below, and on the charge of malicious murder he was forthwith arrested and lodged in

Jail. We now come to the most mysterious part of our parrative.

At the coroner's inquest but little light was thrown upon the crime.

Jabez Throck, the janitor said that he found the outer doors of the court house locked from the inside; and that he had been obliged to enter through the coal cellar, of which he alone carried the key. It was not an uncommon thing for the deceased to remain in his room till twelve o'clock at night, during a session of court, and that, upon such occasion, he locked the court house when he left for home.

Upon the janitor's testimony, the theory that the murderer had been concealed in the building, was started, but this was injured by the various county officers, who swore that they had locked the iron doors leading into their offices immediately after the court adjourned, which gave the murderer no place for concealment but the stone corridors.

The court house was on the second street running parallel with the river, and one of the town sewers connected it with the stream. There was a bare possibility that a small man might have obtained ingress to the building by the sewer, but an examination of its mouth dissipated this theory.

The court room was situated on the floor. The murderer, to reach the fudge's apartment, was compelled to cross the court room, which, when wrapped in darkness, as it was when the murder was committed, was no easy task for one unacquainted with the arrangement of the furniture, etc. If the assassin had traversed the room just described, he had failed to displace a single chair, several having been placed in the aisle, as the sheriff testified; and the mode and manner of his exit were also left in the dark.

There was nothing to point to the evil doer save the piece of paper already twice mentioned, and by the major part of B---'s inhabitants it was regarded as conclusive.

Jason Bowers was abjured to confess, but to the surprise of all he protested his innocence, and declared that at the proper time be would prove an alibi.

A new judge took Blakely's place, and the session was resumed. A new grand jury was summoned, which indicted Jason Bowers for wilful murder, and after the disposal of several grand lareenies, the young man was put upon trial for his life.

The district attorney, a man who had won many eulogiums for his rigorous prosecution of criminal cases, was summoned to B--- to look after the interest of the State. After an investigation of the case, he declared that the ry would deliver a verdict of without leaving the box, and the trial was commenced.

It is called to-day "the great trial" at B-, though sixteen years have passed away, and the old court house has given place to a new one.

Jason Bowers exhibited no signs of guilt when placed on the prisoner's stand and confronted by the crowd in which his friends might have been numbered by pairs. It was known that he hoped to prove an alibi, though few believed in his ability to do so.

" If, gentlemen," said the district attorney, to the jury, in opening the case, we shall show that, immediately after his acquittal of the charge of forgery, the prisoner made threats against the deceased; that he was seen in the vestibule of the court house at the hour of ten or thereabouts on the night of the murder; if, at the time aforesaid, standing on the steps, he addressed one of the witnesses for the State, in his own undisguised voice; so that the witness will swear positively concerning his identity, we shall present a case that will demand conviction.

" But, if he shall further show, gentlemen, that the prisoner carried to his washerwoman, at daylight, on the morning after the committal of the crime, a shirt, the right cuff and bosom of which contained blood stains; if, proceeding further, we shall show that when the prisoner was arrested there was found upon his person a dagger, whose blade fitted the several wounds in the deceased's breast; and if we shall make known the fact that the prisoner, after his acquittal, declared that he could easily traverse the court room with ease after dark; and, then, if we offer in evidence the last words (written) of the deceased-words which he must have written after he had been left for dead by his murderer, we shall confidently expect conviction, though we

would wish to see the prisoner, if innocent, prove a satisfactory alibi."

The attorney's opening address created a profound impression; it seemed to seal the prisoner's doom. If the prosecution could prove what they said they could, from whence would the

alibi come?
The defense relied mainly upon proving an alibi, as the prisoner's chief counsel stated in his response to the district attorney. They stated that the blood stains on the shirt as well as the dagger on the prisoner's person would be accounted for. His supposed presence in the outer vestibule on the night of the crime would be swept away by the oath of the most reputable citizens of

We will now enter upon the details of the trial. The prosecution introdued proof bearing upon the several heads of the district attorney's address. The man who had swore to the prisoner's presence on the court house steps was a person of undoubted veracity and well respected in B-

He had known Jason Bowers previously to his arraignment for forgery, and could not have been mistaken in the voice that addressed him on that night. The figure on the steps corresponded with the prisoner's; but the face was concealed, as if purposely, by the slouching of the hat. This witness swore positively.

The prisoner's shirt, accompanied by his washerwoman's testimony, was exbibited in court. It produced a profound impression, for unobliterated stains of a dark color were visible on the cuff and bosom.

The prosecution, ably and almost vindictively conducted, seemed to give the prisoner no chance for escape, and the defense was regarded frivolous before its turn came.

The fact that the doors leading into the court house were found to be locked, on the inside by Jabez Throck, the janitor, on the memorable morning, was commented upon with proof by the defense. It was furthermore proved that every window was found fastened, likewise on the inside, after the discovery of the judge's dead body.

The defense admitted the prisoner's remark concerning his ability to traverse the court room with ease after dark; but said that he meant by it that his protracted trial had familiarized him with the room. The blood stains on the shirt were accounted for by saying that the prisoner had cut his wrist, on the night of the crime, and, in fact, when he was arrested his wrist was found to be bandaged by bloody linen.

The alibi which the defense had proposed to prove did startle every one.

One of the most respectable grocery men in B —— testified that Jason Bowers had been continually in his store from nine till half-past ten, inclusive, on the night of the murder, and several creditable witnesses deposed to having accompanied him from the grocery to the hotel, which was reached at a quarter past eleven. This damaged the testimony of the witness who had sworn to having encountered Jason Bowers on the court house steps at ten o'clock or thereabouts.

On a cross-examination several of the prisoner's withe manner was excited and strange; but the clerk of the hotel said that shortly after the prisoner's arrival he went up to his room. Did not see the bandage on his wrist then; had loaned the pristhe dagger shown in court; the prisoner had returned it just before retiring, but had got it again before breakfast on the following morning.

The washerwoman on cross-examination, said that the prisoner told her that he wished his shirt by noon, as he wanted to leave town at that hour; noticed bandage on his wrist.

The defense also brought forward witnesses to prove that the prisoner had expressed to several his intention of leaving B-at the hour mentioned, but that he was prevented by his arrest

for murder.
As the defense progressed the spectators looked perplexed. It was evident that a loop-hole for the prisoner's escape would be offered. The prosecution looked dumfounded.

The judge's charge was elaborate in its details; his honor leaned to a belief in the prisoner's guilt, and the jury re-

After an absence of four hours, during which time they sent for elucidation on several points to the court, the twelve returned with a verdict of-not

No demonstration of delight followed the announcement of the verdict. The accused bowed to the jury and was dis-

That day he lett B-, and died ten years later without unveiling, if he could, the secret of the judge's death.

Years afterward, when the old court house was demolished, a rusty dagger was found in the belfry, and the slats of the blind windows showed evidences of removal, as if to admit and let out a

The discovery renewed speculation on

-'s great murder; that was all.

A First-Class Miser.

A remarkable old miser has just died in Dublin, and curiosity is rife regarding his property, which is said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars. The old man, whose name is Law, was a jeweler for many years, but for the last fifteen or twenty years has lived an absolutely solitary life in a large house in Lower Dominick street.

Since his death a large number of persons have come forward as relatives, and nodoubt there are many in America who are related to this remarkable man, and might like to send their claims at

His house when searched was found to contain some some old and curious books, a few jars of whiskey, many wine bottles, some empty; a great quantity of tea leaves, which he appears to have carefully preserved in basins after he had extracted all the essence from them.

In the room where he slept, and where he probably contracted the bronchitis that caused his death, it was wonderful how a human being could exist. What served for a bed stood in one corner, and with the exception of a very narrow passage round about it, the floor was covered with a mass of indescribable ruboish which in some places reached a height of three or four feet.

A Candid Opinion,

A Detroit lawyer, famous for his wise and candid opinion, was the other day visited by a young attorney, who exclaimed:

" I was admitted to the bar two years ago, and I think I know something about law, yet the minute I arise to address a jury I forgot all my points and can say nothing. Now, I want to ask you this doesn't show lack of confidenc in myself, and how can I overcome

The wise attorney shut his eyes and studied the case a moment before answering.

"My young friend, if it is lack of confidence in yourself it will some day vanish, but it if is lack of brains you had better sell out your office effects and buy a pick-ax and a long-handed shovel,"

"But how am I to determine?" anxiously asked the young man.

"I'd buy the pick-ax anyhow and run my chances!" whispered the aged adviser, as he moved over to the peg for his overcoat.

The Original "Brother Jonathan."

Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, was the original "Brother Jonathan," he was always so addressed by General Washington, and finally the whole Yankee nation, and especially New England, become soubriquetted, characterized and identified in the person of "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, a plain unassuming, honest, common sense man, who resided in Lebanon. When in full dress, "Brother Jonathan" Trumbell looked very much as he is now represented in what is generally supposed to be caricature. He was of tall, gaunt form and wore a swallow-tail homespun coat, manufactured in his family, out of wool raised on his own farm and colored with maple bark proeured from his own woodpile, the dye being set with iron filings obtained from the blacksmith shop in the neighborhood. His genteel tight-fitting trousers, reaching six inches short of his ankles were made of striped linsey woolsey, prepared and spun in his own family.

The Way to Get It.

There was quite a crowd congregated in Snyder's saloon the other day, telling stories, smoking strong pipes, and keeping as close to the stove as possible.

Presently a stranger walked in and ate a sandwich, after which he addressed the men as follows:

"You men are all out of work, eh?" "Yes," they replied unanimously.

"Got big families ?" They responded together in the affir-

"Would you work faithfully if you got a chance ?"

" Of course, we would." "Then you all want work, work, and nothing but work ?"

" We do." "Well, there's only one way to get " it."

" How's that?" "Why, go out and look for it."

Then be skipped out, amid groans of chagrin and disappointment.

The Great Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See another column.