

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. 2.30 and 4.30 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 11.40 p. m. For Auburn via S. & B. 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, 5.30 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, 11.50 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 Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 12 noon. Leave Allentown, at 11.30, 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 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

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, and 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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A STORY FOR BOYS.

"WELL, now, who do you regard as the gentleman par excellence of the party?" asked our Cousin Bob, the morning after his sister's grand wedding. "Oh, your friend, the Professor!" "The Professor, by all odds!" cried several voices. Then the boys decanted on the Professor's broad shoulders, his fine bearing and his deep voice, and the girls cried; "Oh, what lovely light hair!" "Oh, what blue eyes!" "Such courteous manners!" "He must be an exiled count or a—" "Draw your chairs around me, and I will tell you his story," said Bob, who had been through college, and had spent two years abroad in study, and of course was now Sir Oracle to a widespread family of cousins. "But can you believe his story, Bob? There are so many bogus counts abroad, and papa has such a terror of fortune-hunters!" cried handsome Cousin Blanche. "Papa's quite safe in this case, for the Professor has a lovely wife, and a little boy who talks as fast as any of you." "Oh—h, phoo!" cried Blanche, with an air of disappointment. Her sister's dearest school-friend, May Curtis, had been abroad, and married a man whose only claims to consideration were immense whiskers and a title. Her father had to support them both; but May had a coronet on her card; and perhaps that atoned for all the rest. "Our pretty cousin wanted a coronet on her card, and had set her eye on the Professor the night before. She saw a coronet in his physique and manners.—But she was only seventeen then, and not as wise as she became afterward." "Come, come! the story, Bob," shouted one of the boys. "Well, the Professor is one of those rare, grand fellows who never boast of ancestry. The meanest scamps I know are boasters of that kind—making capital of the greatness or meanness of their ancestors. If our fathers were good and noble, the honor was their own; if low, and mean and ignorant, we should keep still, and shield their memory from contempt, and not try to show how high we have risen against all the obstacles of birth and education." "Come, Rob, you are preaching a sermon instead of telling a story," cried one of the boys. "Well, when I entered college, I was a real 'mother's boy,' and the world seemed so big that I felt lost in it. I confess I was homesick. This elegant man read my secret at a glance, and hid it and sheltered it in his great big heart. "I felt then as you did last night—as if I had caught 'a live nobleman,' and I was a safe and happy fellow ever after that. Such was my admiration of him that I did not see how plainly he dressed, but tried to imitate him in every way. I parted my hair like his—do you see? I used my knife and fork as he did; and I am happy to say I kept my room neat and my boots well blacked because he did," said Rob. "He was a religious man and a gentleman. Religion always improves a man's manners. Even old Somers, careless and rough as he is now, was ten times so before he—" "Preaching again, Rob!" shouted Cousin Joe. Then we all laughed, and one rogue cried, "Stick to your text, brother!" "You're right!" laughed Rob. "I'll try not to get off my subject again.—" "The professor was, as he tells me, the son of a small farmer, near the banks of the Rhine. The family was large, and great economy were required to keep up a respectable appearance. They might eat black bread and barley, wear wooden-soled shoes and homespun garments, if necessary, but they must have education. "The mother and elder sisters knit, every spare moment, and the count, as Blanche calls him, would skate to town in winter, and walk in summer, to sell their work. "The money he brought home was all put into an iron box, with a pad-lock, the key of which always slumbered in the vest pocket of good 'Fader Gaultze,' and was called by him 'schulo gelt'—school money. "My friend went at length to the university in Göttingen. The knitting and the selling still went on, and he had the proceeds—about one-fifth of what a college boy would regard here to keep up even decent style. "He had both smoked and drank lager beer at home, as was the common custom there; but now that he was earning nothing, and spending what he regarded as a great deal of money, he woke up to the meanness of puffing and drinking any of the money for which his mother and sisters were working many a weary hour. "When he got through the university, he cast his eyes this way, sure he

could make a living and a name in America, and so will. "But Rome wasn't built in a day, and neither is any man's fortune.—Hans Christian Gaultze landed at Castle Garden, New York, with good stout shoes, a heavy suit of clothes, a great canvass bag, and a staff to hang it on. "He followed his fellow-passengers to the 'Deutschen Haus' near by, and after a good night's rest and hearty breakfast, he sought out a German clergyman, told him his story, and that he wanted a position as a teacher. "The good man's sensible advice was, 'Push off into the country, and take the very first work you can get, till you can do better.' "He took the advice, and soon found shelter, and plenty of hard work without wages, with an old farmer, seven miles from our college—a man who could always make work for those who would do it without pay. "My friend's work was picking huckleberries—don't look as if you wanted to correct me, and say, 'whortleberries.' Joe. One is as proper as the other. "Poor Hans bent his great back over the low bushes hour after hour, till it was ready to break; and yet, at sundown, the smart little Yankee urchins beside him had twice as many berries to carry home as he. "After two or three days' efforts, the small berries constantly slipping through his great fingers, he said to the farmer, in the poor English he had picked up at home and on the sea—" "You gives me hard work, I works hard; but berry is too leetle and runs 'way from me!" "Oh, never mind that; you'll soon learn to hold 'em," replied Farmer Duff. "Small berries make big dollars, Hans." "The farmer soon learned that his new hand would never make a skillful berry-picker; so he sent him out with two bucketsful of the fruit to the large town seven miles off, to peddle them out. "Before this time, Hans had found that his Hebrew Bible and lexicon, his Greek Testament, and the few other books he owned, had been stolen from his canvass bag in the New York boarding-house; and he felt as if his only friends and companions were gone from him forever. "The farmer's wife pitied him, and said: "Never mind. When you go peddling your berries, you can call at Prof. Barclay's and borrow some books.—They read all their books in Greek and Hebrew, and they're real good and kind." "Hans understand enough of this to make him happy. So, after selling nearly all his load on the way, he brought up, red and hot, at the back door of Prof. Barclay's house about noon. "There stood a pretty, delicate lady over the hot stove, with a baby in her arms, and a little fellow pulling at her skirts and fretting for his dinner. "You wants some hoggelberries?" asked he, with a beaming face. "Indeed I do!" cried the lady. "My kitchen-girl left me suddenly, because the nurse was sick up-stairs. I have two gentlemen coming to dinner, and have no dessert." "When Hans had measured out the last of the berries, he said: "You gets de dinner, and I takes the babies for see flowers and birds, in my big arms. I lives mit Mr. Duff. She say you let me read Hebrew, Greek and other books, and lend me." "The lady looked at him in amazement, and then addressed him in German, to his great delight, although her German may not have been much better than his English. "When he held out his arms, both children went to him. He took them out, and after a long walk, came back with both of them asleep, and one on each shoulder. "This gave the lady time to serve her guests in peace. "With the family were at dinner, Hans was left in the kitchen to wait for the Professor and the promised books. "What was Mrs. Barclay's amazement, on her return, to find this great, elegant creature, with a servant's apron on, down on his knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor! Not that it didn't need it, but because voluntary labor is so rare anywhere, and from this fine fellow was so unlooked for. "At first, Professor Barclay, hadn't a doubt but Hans was an adventurer, or a humbug of some sort. "But after he had talked with him he changed his mind, and was charmed with his manners, his modesty and his scholarship. "Are you to remain with Mr. Duff?" he asked. "Only while I gets no t'ings better as pick berry. He has all men's for big man's works, and I but does baby's work. Mine back is so high, and mine fingers so big, I not made for pick small

berry. Mine back pains much, and de berry fall through mine fingers to de grass, and be lost, and it is long times to find him. I will come here and wash floor and dish, and sweep and pump, and other hard ones, while lady sit down and rest and hold baby. When hard work done, I will take two babies for walk, and do all thing for you, and when all done, will read and study your books." "The Professor drove over to Farmer Duff's to inquire about Hans, next day. "La," cried good Mrs. Duff, 'he ain't no more sarvis pickin' than our old tabby would be; but we won't see him starve till he gets a place, he is so handsome!' "When Hans got into the Professor's chaise, with his canvass bag, he felt that he was en route for paradise. "Mrs. Barclay was charmed by the way he did everything he attempted, and at the close of the week she offered him a nice gray suit which a very large brother had given her for some needy person. "The blood mounted to his very hair. "No, no, madam!" he cried. "I am none sick, none fool! Mine coat none hole, mine clothes all strong.—When I works for money, I will buy, but give you to sick man, or man not proud, not myself! No!" "Well, he helped Mrs. Barclay till she got a cook, and till the child's maid recovered. "Then the Professor, charmed with his knowledge of Greek and Latin, asked to have him appointed as a helper in his own work, which was then very arduous. "In two months he was appointed his assistant, and has kept the place several years. Last winter Prof. Barclay went to Florida for a throat trouble, and Gaultze filled his place to the satisfaction of the faculty. Four years ago he married Mary, as sweet a woman as ever lived—the Professor's sister. "Did she know he once scrubbed the floor?" asked Blanche, opening wide her fine eyes. "She knew that he refused to wear cast-off garments, and to eat the bread of charity, and is proud of him, and has helped him to economize till he made good the school-money in the box at home. "Here is an example for those of you, boys, who are looking forward to college life. If you parents can put you through easily, sweep the halls, ring the bell, correct proof for printers—anything but sit down and let sewing-societies or private charity feed and clothe you like overgrown babies! "The noblest fellow in my class did all this, and the meanest one dressed like a tailor's fashion-plate, filled the halls with perfume when he entered, took young ladies to concerts, and gave them bouquets, from the funds of two toiling sisters and a charitable society. "A student too feeble to work outside of study hours may accept aid, and be 'a man for a' that,' but a great, hearty, mean-spirited fellow will never be a man; and"— "Here, preaching again, Bob!" cried Joe, and the boys all ran off for a game of ball on the lawn. Didn't Soze Worth a Cent. THE old man Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk after a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent. The chap is struck this time, however, and cards are out for the wedding. After the lucky young man had been sparking Mary for six months, the old gentleman walked in as usual, requested a private confab, and led off with: "You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?" "Yes, sir, I am," was the honest reply. "Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?" "Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affections." "Does, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Well, let me tell you something.—Her mother died a lunatic, and there's no doubt that Mary has inherited her insanity." "I am willing to take the chances," replied the lover. "Yes, but you see, Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder." "I'm used to that—got a sister just like her," was the answer. "And you know that I have sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a cent of my property," continued the old gentleman. "Well, I'd rather start in poor and build up. There is more romance in it." The old man had one more shot in his carbine, and he said: "Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's mother ran away from home

with a butcher, and that all her relations died in the poor house. These things might be thrown up in after years, and now I warn you." "Mr. Bendigo," replied the lover, "I have heard of all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to jump Chicago for bigamy, and served a year in the state prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give you a decent reputation.—There—no thanks—good-bye." Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man, with his mouth wide open, and when he could get his jaws together he said: "Some hyena has gone and given me away on my dodge, and the young chap don't scare worth a cent!" He Was Planting Red Pepper. The Noah's Ark Baptist Church (colored) of Louisville, tried one of its members for profanity the other day. Next to the pastor, he was the most prominent man in the church. One brother testified that, as he was gwine to his work Monday mornin' he heard a mouty racket, he did, down towards Brudder Jimson's. "And I says says I, fo' God, what's dat? Is de communers riz up and broke loose? And I crep long side de fence, I did, and kinder peeked over, an' bress de Lawd ef I didn't see Brudder Jimson out dar in the garden by hisself a-swearing an perfene it in, and a rippin' out oaths as ef ole pandyonium had a halt of him." Other witnesses gave in similar testimony. Brother Jimson rose and calmly said: "I would like to ask of the Lawd did not make red pepper?" The pastor replied that he did. "I would like to ask of he didn't make it so as it will not come up ef de pusson who plants it ain't a cussin' like blazes when he puts it in de ground, sah?" A sigh of relief fluttered up from the congregation. The pastor scratched his head, eyed his big toe, and then inquired: "An' was you a plantin' of pepper, Brudder Jones?" "I was." "Well, then I renounces you not guilty." A Disgusted Thief. A gentleman is stopped on the street at midnight by a thief. Drawing a pistol from his pocket he compels the man to walk quietly before him to the station. Arriving there he tells the chief what has occurred. "Very well," replies the officer, "but have you permission to carry arms?" "No, sir." "In that case I must put you under arrest." "But without the arm which I happened to have I would probably have been assassinated." "That is possible; but the police ordinance still exists and it is necessary that it be obeyed." "Is it allowable to carry arms which are not deadly?" "Certainly." "Then look at my pistol. It has no hammer. To oblige a friend I was going to take it to a gun-shop to have it repaired." "Oh, if I had only known," cried the thief. The Difference Between Can and Will. This is the way in which a Louisville girl disposes of a young man, according to the "Courier-Journal": "You have asked me pointedly if I can marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be join in gauntlet in front of churches and theatres and comment audibly on the people who are compelled to pass through it. I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father. I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue. I can marry such a man, but I w-o-n-t."