RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. RRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS.

Nov. 10th, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS rhains leave harrisburg as follows for New York, at 5.20, 8.16 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 4.00 and 7.55.

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 Albartown, 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 Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 8.20 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 FOL

Lows:
Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.80 and
*7.45 p. m.
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,
8.15 and 10, 35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville, at 6.10, 9.15 a.m. and 4.40 p. m.

Loave Pottsville, at 0.30,
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branchat
8.15 a. m.
Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at \$2.30 5.50, 9.05 s. 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.
Loave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

p. m. Leave Allentown, at2 30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

†Does not run on Mondays. *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, putting it in good order to acommodate 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, 1879.1 [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. tf

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STEET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & POND.

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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UP TOWN!

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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 al-lost GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET

Nov. 19, '78.-tf

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DOLLY'S JOKE.

WHITE and glistening like a mammoth bridal veil, the December sun lay over all the New Hampshire hills ; dark and delicate, like the tracery of lacework, the leafless woods held their boughs against the dazzling winter sky and the Reverend Peter Palmleaf studying over an embryo sermon in his own especial sanctum, glanced up where a blackbird was wbistling in the casement, and thought to himself what a lovely world the Lord had made.

When, all of a sudden, a shrill voice called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready." "What horse ?" asked the Rev. Mr.

Palmleaf. "Our horse, to be sure!" said Miss

Paulina, his sister. "What for ?" demanded the parson, staring through his near-sighted spec-

tacles at the door. " To take you to Mr. Darrow's." "Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?" further questioned the man of theol-

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina, bouncing into the study, with a yellow pocket handkerchief tied around her head and her sleeves rolled in a businesslike fashion up to her elbows. "Peter, you grow more moony and absentminded every day of your life! Have you forgotten our discussion at the breakfast table? Why, you are going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to be sure!"

" A-girl!" repeated the young minister, dreamily, rubbing his forehead .-"Oh, I do recall something of the conversation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady briskly. "She is going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning, because the family is so large and work so heavy. She can't find that fault with our establishment, I guess .-Ask her how much wages she wants, and how old she is, and ask her whether she has any followers-a follower is the one I can't tolerate, tell her-and be sure you bring her back with her bundles; as I must have her or some one else to help me before cousin Philinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come!" said the young minister, dubiously, fitting on the fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating, to look after a certain kettle, which was noisly boiling over, at the back of the house.

And thus, charged with his mission, the Reverend Peter Palmieaf got into the one-horse cutter and jingled merrily away.

Mr. Darrow's farm-house nestled under a hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster of evergreens, with a green fence in front of it, a red barn at the rear, and a colony of dove-houses at the sunny southern angle; and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced, elderly man with a fringe of white whiskers around his chin, was shoveling away the pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow leaning on the handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up in front of his gate, and then stopped. "How? Why, it's the minister! Good morning, Mr. Palmleaf good morning! That there Sunday sermon o' yours was a masterpiece. Me and 'Squire Sennex-"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely alighting and tying the horse to the post. "But I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically a man of one idea, for the time being, the " hired girl" had chased all theology out

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, "business?" "I've come after a young woman," said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped the spade in the middle of a snow-drift.

"Do you mean Dolly ?" he said. "If that's her name - yes," asserted

the minister, solemnly. "You don't mean that-it is to be an

engagement ?" cried Darrow. "Well, yes-that is, if we suit each

other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly. " Jerusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who had always heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most men of business, was an "eccentric," but had never realized it be-

fore. "Have you spoken to her?" "Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palmleaf. "Of course I shouldn't think of such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure," said the farmer. " But, of course, I can have no objection, if Dolly herself is suited. Though," and he smote one red mittened hand upon his knee, "now I come to think of it, you've never seen Dolly."

"No!" said the minister serenely .-" But that need make no difference."

" Jerusalem!" again uttered the farmer, "It wasn't the way I used to look at things, when I was a young man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf, a little impatient at this lengthened dis-

cussion. "Of course you can see her," said

Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skimming milk. Dolly! Doll!" raising his voice to a wild bellow. "Here's the Reverend Mr. Palmleaf wants to see you! There's the door, just to the left,

And, in his near-sighted way, the minister stumbled into Famer Darrow's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet-black hair, brushed away from a low, olive-dark brow, and eyes like pools of sherry wine, was skimming the cream from multitudinous milkpans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning his spectacles upon her amazed face, " do you want to engage your-

"Sir ?" said Dolly, her spoon coming to an abrupt standstill amid the wrinkly and leather-like folds of the cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palmleaf, "do you want a good home ?"

" Indeed, sir, I have never thought of such a thing!" said Dolly, all in a

"How old are you?" questioned Mr. Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some confusion.

"Have you any followers?" asked the minister. "Sir ?" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately explained the clergyman.

"Of course I haven't," said Dolly, half inclined to laugh, half to be an-"Then I think you'll suit me," said

Mr. Palmleaf; "or, rather, my sister. Our family is not large; the work is light, and Paulina is a most considerate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My-what!" said Dolly in bewilderment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you back with me immediately," said the minister. "Paulina expects company. It is essential that we obtain help at

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks crimson like any rose, eyes full of deep brown sparkles, and lips around which danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

"Wait a minute, please," said she. "Certainly," said the young clergyman.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the corner and fell to meditating on the "thirdly" of his unfinished sermon, while Dolly sped up stairs three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the presence of her parents, " the minister has mistaken me for Bridget!"

"Eh ?" said Mr. Darrow. "You don't tell me!" said Mrs. Dar-

"And he wants to hire me," said Dolly, her eyes gleaming with fun .-"And I'm going. Quick-where's my hat and shawl and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in the majesty of her black silk gown and gold watch-

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, " you are never going to hire as a servant?"

"Yes, I am," said Dolly. "It is better than private theatricals. He's so nice and absent-minded, and Paulina is a jewel! Oh do make haste or he will be tired of waiting!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her point. Fifteen minutes later she had got into the cutter, with a parcel, which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly away under the seat, and the minister drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen frying sausages for dinner, when Dorothy Darrow walked in, with cheeks like carnations, hair blown all over her face, and

the bundle under her arm. " Here I am, Miss Paulina," said she.

"The hired help, at your service." Miss Paulina stared.

"Well, it's Dorothy," said she. " And I sent Peter after-"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly brightly. "But Bridget was gone, and he mistook me for her, and he has engaged me to work here. And, oh, Miss Palmleaf, please don't undeceive him. Because I am a smart little housekeeper, and can help you just as much as an Irish girl could. Just give me a trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation of a joke; her hard features relaxed with a smile, as she stood looking down at the radiant little brunette. "Well," said she, "I don't mind if I

For one month Dorothy Darrow officiated at the parsonage as hired girl .-Then she came to the clergyman one

" Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I'm going to leave the place."

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amazement and dismay. "I hope, Dolly," said be, "that neither my sister nor I have unwittingly

offended you ?" " No," said Dolly, patting her foot on the staring green leaves in the study carpet, "but, oh, Mr. Palmleaf, I have

done wrong, and I earnestly beg your pardon !"

"Dolly !" cried the Rev. Peter, in

mild surprise. "Because you are so good and true," said she, "and I am not a hired girl, and I only came here for a Joke, and I can't bear to think I'm de-de-deceiving you !"

And Dolly began to cry piteously, behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke?" said the minister. "Ye-yes," confessed Dolly, behind

her apron.

"Well, then," said the minister, gently drawing her toward him, "suppose you stay in earnest ?" " Sir ?" faltered Dolly.

"My dear," sald Mr. Palmleaf, "I've got used to you around the house. I should miss you terribly if you should leave us. Do you think I am too old to think of a blooming young wife like you ?"?

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly indignantly.

Old-you!" "Do you like me a little bit?"

" A great deal," said Dolly, laughing and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me-al-

Dolly promised that she would. Everybody wondered how so bashful a man as the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf ever mustered up courage for a proposal : but nobody knew that the engagement began for a joke turned out in sober earn-

ENTERTAINING A DUTCHMAN.

HE LOOKED carefully at the sign "Fritz Pretzelstein's Bakery," shifted his brown paper parcel to the other hand, and entered with a confident and friendly air. He was a tall, solemnlooking man, and his expressive mein convinced the baker he was about to order a supply of cookeries and other nourishing but expensive edibles for a clerical convention or Sunday-school plenie.

"Is this Mr. Pretzelstein?" he blandly inquired.

"Yah, dot ish me," said the ruondfaced Dutchman, dusting off his elbows and glancing a little uneasily at a lot of overdone ginger snaps, which he felt hardly did him justice, but hoping that a highly decorated cake, just finished for a neighbor's wedding feast, would redeem his reputation, as he felt sure that the combination of dove and hearts, and divers colored sugar, was a rare artistic triumph.

"Mr. Pretzelstein," said the stranger, affectionately fondling the parcel, but not unrolling it," I have a work here which I feel sure you would like to possess."

Fritz's rotund countenance perceptibly lengthened as the vision of an anticpated order faded away, and he answer-

ed with a slight asperity of manner. "Vell, I ish got blendy vork mit mine business, und I don't vant some

"It is," continued the stranger, unabashed, " a volume on which has been lavished the treasures of some of the richest minds of our day. There is-"

" Vot kind mines is dot, mine friend? Ish it von of dem gerosene oil silfer mines dot schwindles der poor people's ofter he shall some money put by der stock? I vosh bought some of dem mineselt more as den year agone, by dem Vall Street Broker, and dey vas nicht goot. Can you sold dot pabers von me? Katrina bring dot leedle pox

by me riche avay oud of der gubboard." " No, sir, the flickering light which the incendiary throws upon the darkness of night is nothing compared to the rays which shine from this great

work into the perceptive intellect." "Katrina, you needn't bring der pox," said the puzzled Dutchman.

"In the first chapter you strike-" "Nein, mine friend, I strike nicht!" exclaimed Fritz, with emphasis. "I like not der strike poody veil. Id vosh besser as der workermans he shall dook der schall vages den he shall haf no monish und no kin pay der paker und

der putcher. 11 "You strike, as I was about to say," was the the calm reply, "upon one of the greatest enigmas of the day. An enigma which-"

"Who strike dot nigger?" said Fritz, with interest. "Vot voolishness he done dot he ish got strike ? Eh?"

"Sir," said the stranger, impressively, "are you interested in the relations which you, as a hard-handed son of toil, bear to the bloated aristocrat on Fifth avenue?"

Fritz looked a little puzzled, but his face brightened in a moment, as he thought it over, and he said-after he had sold a stick of candy to a couple of ragged little girls, who had just decided "they'd ruther have the red kind on the shelf."

"Nein, I don't got some relations by der Fifth afenue mineself. Der most pard of dem is by Esseck street oud."

"But, sir, I refer to the political

questions growing out of theee rela-

"Yab, I ish a Republican, und so vos mostly mine relations."

"No, no, it is not a question of parties. We must sink party lines and rise to a broader plaine."

"O, dot ish vot you vant. Vell, mine broder he ish a carpenter, und he has blanes and gimlets und saws, und of dem tools. Ofer you like I shall enl? him, right away."

"No, not that, I am calling on the workingmen, in order to instill a spirit of thought into them by means of

this volume." "I dink id vos besser der vorkermans he vill not dook dem instilled spirits you spoke about. By'm by he gits trunk und den der boleeceman dooks

him up." "I deal not with material spirits, Mr. Pretzelstein," said the agent, unrolling his book. "I am canvassing for the Impending Squabble; or, the Son of Toll, Shall He Bite the Dust?' by Prof. B. Jabbers O'Flaherty. Price \$2.25 in this extra binding, or \$1.75 substantially bound in cloth, with marbled edges. No such profound treatise has yet appeared. and no one can fail to profit by. In it are discussed the causes of the late misunderstanding at Pittsburg and elsewhere, and the real-"

"Dot is blendy words by dot book, mine friend. Vot for you gome in mineplace und dalk somedings about dens. mines and relations, und blanes, und instilled spirits, und all dem kind of dings, und all der dime you will sold me a book? Eh? how ish dot? Ofer you shall dole me how dot vas before, I shall dole you so quick as eferydinks I not kin der English languidge read, dough I speaks him pooty goot, und it makes nodlings by me dot I shall pay you ein, zwel dollar von dot book. Gfer you shall tole me dot right avay, 2 shall safegoot deal times. May be you don't hear a vord is plenty by der vise mans all der same as a good deal talk? Goot day, mine friend, und ofer I was never seen you before I feel so happy like a clam

And the agent passed sadly out muttering to himself, "Thankless task this, trying to educate the masses."

A Bath in the Dead Sea.

CORRESPONDENT of the Wash-A ington "Star," who has had a bath in the Dead Sea, describes his experience as follows: "The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to be a little more bitter and salt than that of Salt Lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when seen close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt Lake, as the body floated more easily and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called, I believe, a 'ropy' appearance, much like that of a plate of well-made tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposite of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt Lake, and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly, as I expected, was rather oily and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the best article of brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. I was told that two quarts of the water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water,I may add what many of my readers may already know-that there is no living thing of any kind in it; that even the driftwood brought down by the floods in the Jordan is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is over 1300 feet deep at the deepest place, and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must prelude the idea of a subterranean outlet."

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and call attention to the merits of Hop-Bitters in as plain bonest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else. 18

The inhabitants of Madagascar are dying to get hold of an American ship captain who has sold them ten thousand quart cans of tomatoes as a new kind of gun-powder. Their old blunderbusses wouldn't go off.