

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 4.30 p. m.
For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 4.30 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 8.20, 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. & S. Br. at 12 noon.
Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 3.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 3.30 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 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. WOODEN, 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 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 J. A. Newcomer.
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. H

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CORTLANDT STREET,
(Near Broadway,)
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QUENSWARE, 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.-H

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A NEW USE FOR WIDOWS.

THE Rev. Dr. Dillaway was the rector of a large and flourishing church in one of the smaller cities of New York.

He was the possessor of a handsome fortune, and he received a large salary from his parish. He was a remarkably handsome man, of very agreeable manners. He was a widower. Which three facts combined made him very interesting to the unmarried ladies of his congregation.

But he had now been a widower for ten years, and his three daughters had grown to be young ladies, and were said to be pattern housekeepers, and to be perfectly devoted to their father; so grim despair was gradually settling down upon many a spinster's heart, as she saw how well satisfied with his condition the rich and handsome minister seemed to be, and the avalanche of slippers and dressing gowns and embroidered dressing cases which poured in upon him, was growing lighter year by year, and the demands among the unmarried ladies for interviews, for the purpose of spiritual consolation were growing fewer and fewer.

As to his daughters they had almost forgotten that the fear of a step-mother had ever darkened their young lives. It was only when they went to see Aunt Leighton that their serenity was disturbed. Aunt Kizzy was a very old lady, their father's aunt, and she was, as Dolly Dillaway said, an "inveterate croaker." She seemed to consider that her great age gave her "the spirit of prophecy," and she was always foretelling, with great solemnity, events that were about to happen.

Over and over again they heard, "sooner or later, Harrison Dillaway is sure to marry again, I feel it in my bones!" Moreover she didn't need the spirit of prophecy to tell her that he wasn't the man to hold his own against a designing woman; he always thought women were angels, and a smart one could make him think the moon was made of green cheese! Smart as he was about some things, boy and man, Harrison was easily taken in!

That afternoon Dr. Dillaway announced to his daughters that he proposed to take a vacation. This was something altogether new. Dr. Dillaway's church was never closed, and the summer months, when most of his parishioners were absent, he usually devoted to ministering to the poor. Expecting to attend conventions, or for business affairs, his daughters had never known him to leave home.

"But it is almost October now, papa, and everybody has come home!" remonstrated his daughters. "You ought to have gone with us in the summer."

"I didn't feel the need of vacation then, and I do now," said the Rev. Dr. "I shall be absent a month, and Dr. Johnson will supply my pulpit. I shall go west—possibly to Lake Superior. And as to the rest of his plans the Doctor was rather reticent.

His daughters packed his wardrobe with careful hands, and gazed sorrowfully after the train that bore him from them.

"If I believed in presentiments I should certainly think something was going to happen to papa. I feel something in my bones!" said Dolly.

"You had better go and talk it over with Aunt Kizzy!" said Jo, scornfully. And Dolly said no more about her "presentiment." She even forgot it herself, before she went to bed that night; but perhaps Mr. Frank Rhodes' coming had something to do with that. He did not come very often of late, since Dolly had coolly informed him that though she was foolish enough to like him a little, she never meant to make such a sacrifice of herself as to marry him; love didn't last, but the things that gratified one's pride did. "For my part," said this abominable Dolly, "I mean to have

"A house to bide in,
A coach for to ride in,
And funkeys to tend me,
Wherever I go."

And naturally, the young man's pride took fire at this, and he sternly resolved to think no more of such a heartless, mercenary girl as Dolly. He also sternly resolved not to go to see her again, but, in spite of all his resolutions, Dolly's pretty face was a magnet that drew him with irresistible force, and once in every month he might be seen ringing the door-bell at Dr. Dillaway's house. The poor fellow loved her with all his honest, manly heart, and was foolish enough to build all his air-castles on the hope of getting rich, and so winning her. But he always went away from her presence more miserable than he came, for Dolly was a born coquette, understood perfectly her power over him, and liked to torment him as a cat does a mouse.

On this evening she was particularly bewitching, and particularly provoking, and poor Frank went away in a state bordering on distraction, resolving more

firmly than ever never to go near her again.

The Rev. Dr. Dillaway had been absent but a week, when a letter from him fell like a bombshell into the midst of his peaceful family circle.

"I have married a widow with six children, you will be somewhat surprised to hear; a lady whom I long ago learned to esteem as the wife of my old classmate, Mr. L." Thus wrote Dr. Dillaway.

The letter fell from Laura's trembling hands. They each picked it up and read it, to be sure that Laura had not taken leave of her senses. Dolly was the first to break the stony silence:

"Oh, it is too dreadful to be true! It is a nightmare! Pinch me, somebody, and make me wake up!"

"A widow with six—now we should have thought a widow, all by herself, was bad enough," said Josephine, meditatively; "but piling on the agony in this way, does seem too much! Some of them must be grown up, and girls, perhaps! I'll never stay here after they come! And I am better off than either of you, because I am young enough to go to school. I'll go to Vassar College now. It will be better, a thousand times, than staying here with a widow and six children!"

"She won't be a widow, she'll be papa's wife, that is the worst of it!" said Dolly, dolefully, "and she'll expect us to call her mother. O, what an awfully wicked thing for a minister to do!"

"I don't think you ought to talk quite like that," said Laura. "Papa wouldn't do anything wicked. I don't think he realized at all how we would feel about it. And, perhaps, we haven't done quite as much for him as we ought. But I'll have carpets put down before they get here. She shan't have the satisfaction of doing it, and acting as if she had been abused. I'll go down to Seymour's and order them this very day!"

"There is no hurry! they won't be at home for three weeks. On their wedding tour now! How perfectly ridiculous! Two old things like that!" said Josephine, disrespectfully.

"Laura, shall you stay here—go on living here, I mean, after she comes?" asked Dolly, from the depths of a brown study.

"It looks very much as if 'fickle fate' had prisoned me here. I have nowhere to go. Besides I don't mean to leave poor papa to his fate until I find out what it is likely to be! She may prove a virago, and make his life wretched!"

"I hope she will. I hope she's a Feejee Islander, with six little cannibals!" said Josephine, who was always very fierce while her anger lasted, and then very penitent.

"Well, I shan't stay here to be lectured and dictated to by a step mother!" cried Dolly, hotly.

"I don't know where you can go," said Laura.

"I know!" cried Dolly, triumphantly, though with a blush, "I'll marry Frank!—He'll be glad to get me at any time. And I am going to ask him right straight off."

"Dolly Dillaway, are you crazy?" said Laura, severely. "Ask a man to marry you! and for the sake of a home!"

"As if he hadn't asked me times enough!"

"But he may have changed his mind."

"He's changed since last night, then."

"Dolly, don't marry a man that you don't love, for the sake of getting away from home. Better go away and earn your own living; better endure the worst step-mother that ever lived."

"I'm not going to marry a man that I don't love. There, you made me confess to what I didn't mean to. Who wants to own up to being spooney? I'm going to write a note to Frank, and ask him to come here to-night, and then I'll tell him all about it, and if you think it's more proper, Laura, I'll make him ask me again."

"I was just thinking that I couldn't bear to tell anybody of it," said Laura, "and that we had better let papa surprise his parishioners, as he has us."

"I won't tell anybody but Frank. Let papa enjoy his lovely surprise. If there could be a grain of satisfaction in it, it would be in seeing how some widows will look. (These were ladies who were thought by his daughters to have smiled too sweetly upon the hardsome minister.)

Dolly dispatched a note to Frank Rhodes at once, asking him to call that evening, and as early as propriety would allow, that young man appeared with a countenance upon which amazement and delight were mingled. What Dolly wanted of him was a mystery, but it was delightful that she wanted him at all. Dolly had donned a black dress, and wore not a particle of color anywhere, a rare thing for her, and her face was very doleful. She did not smile as she entered the room.

"Dolly, what is the matter? Not your father—he isn't ill?"

"Worse than that!" said Dolly, solemnly.

"Not dead? O, Dolly, not dead!"

"Worse than that—Oh, no, I don't mean that; but worse for him, I think. He has married a widow, with six children!"

"Wh-e-w!" whistled Frank.

"Is that all the sympathy you have, sir?"

"Why, if I should see him, Dolly, I'd try to express my sympathy as feelingly as the circumstances would allow; but—"

"Sympathy for us, of course, I mean," said Dolly, sternly.

"Well, it is rather rough upon you, Dolly, that's a fact! But maybe you'll like her—them I mean."

"Like her! I won't stay in the house a day after she comes! And I wanted to ask you—where do you think I had better go? I thought perhaps—you might—know—of a situation!"

All this was rather falteringly said, and Frank looked bewildered.

"A situation? What in the world can you do?"

That made Dolly very indignant.

"There are a great many things that I can do," she answered stoutly. For one thing I am an elegant housekeeper—ask Laura!"

"But what a position for you! And, besides, who would have you for a housekeeper, a girl not twenty yet!"

"He is too obtuse for anything! I shall have to be 'the woman who dared,' though it's unspeakably worse than I thought. I hope the Woman's Rights people will never move to have things this way!" thought Dolly.

"If nobody would have me for a housekeeper, it is just possible that some man would take pity on me and marry me," said Dolly, red to the roots of her hair.

Frank's brow darkened.

"And you want me to suggest one who can give you, as you say,

"A house for to bide in,
A coach for to ride in,
And funkeys to tend you
Wherever you go?"

"I only want one who can protect me from a step-mother!" said Dolly, and dropped her eyes completely out of sight. Something in her manner seemed suddenly to strike Frank. A light leaped into his eyes.

"Dolly, a six-footer, like me, could do that, even if he was poor, I would undertake the whole seven, if you would have me!"

No answer.

"Dolly, are you in earnest? I can't bear jesting." And the big, strong fellow actually trembled as he stood over her.

"Of course I am in earnest; but I never thought you would be mean enough to make me propose to you!" said Dolly, and actually set out to be heedily soothed by Frank's tender raptures. And Frank did have sense enough to ask her to name an early day, without being 'hinted at;' and these two graceless young people resolved to be married on the day before the Rev. Dr. Dillaway's return.

They carried out their intentions, moreover, being married very privately. And before that day Josephine had made all her arrangements to enter Vassar College on the next day, and Laura had the house carpeted throughout, excepting the halls and dining-room, to whose uncovered, hard wood floors her father had never objected.

And now they were all gathered in the drawing room, awaiting the arrivals. They had not been able to discover whether the bride's whole family were to accompany her or not, but, resolved not to be found wanting, they had prepared a dinner that might have served for a score, and every bed-chamber in the house was prepared for the guests. But the girls wore very sombre dresses, and very long faces.

"I can't call her mother! I won't call her mother!" declared Josephine, for the tenth time, just as a sharp peal of the bell rang through the house. If it had been their father alone, the girls would not have allowed him to ring, they would have been at the door to meet him; now they only arose and stood near the drawing-room door, in rather dignified attitudes, Dolly leaning rather defiantly upon her husband's arm.

The Rev. Doctor entered, brisk, beaming—and alone. "Why, I couldn't think where you all were! Couldn't one of my little girls come to meet me?" he asked.

"Papa, where is she?" burst forth Josephine.

"She?" repeated the Doctor, in a bewildered tone, though with a twinkle in his eye.

"Your wife—our mother?" said Laura, courageously.

"In heaven, my dear," said the Doctor, tenderly.

"But—the new one! You wrote us that you had married a widow with six children—your old friend's widow!" cried the three, in chorus.

"Why, yes, yes, my dears. So I did!" said the Doctor, seating himself calmly, and spreading out his hands before the genial fire in the grate. "But I married her to another man!"

Whether to laugh for joy or cry for shame the girls did not know.

"How delightful it is to be at home again," said Dr. Dillaway, turning the subject as easily as if he were not secretly exulting over the success of his "little joke." "And how cheerful and comfortable this beautiful carpet makes the room. My dears, it touches me very much that you should have remembered my wishes, when I was away, and sacrificed your own tastes."

"It wasn't that, papa," said Laura, with a lump in her throat. "It was because I was determined your new wife shouldn't do it! I wouldn't have anybody think that she cared more for your comfort than we did!"

"Papa, I'm going to Vassar, to-morrow," said Josephine, dolefully.

"Another one of my little girls sacrificing her own wishes to mine. I can't tell you how delighted I am."

"It wasn't that," owned Jo. "It was because I wouldn't live with a step-mother."

"Easy enough for them, but O, poor me!" Dolly had been thinking all the time. She had kept very much in the background, but now she rushed up to her father with desperate courage, and cried:

"Oh, papa, we have done such a dreadful thing—Frank and I! We have got married!"

"Well, I did think, when Frank wrote me about it, that you might wait until I got home—your poor old father would have liked the privilege of marrying you! But since it was all to gratify my wishes, I could not withhold my consent."

"When Frank wrote? Oh, you perfidious monster!"—turning upon Frank. "I believe this was all a plot!"

"Not a bit of it Dolly," said Frank.

"I thought he was married as much as you did, but I didn't think it was quite the thing to marry you out of hand, without letting him know; though I am afraid that if I hadn't felt sure of his consent I mightn't have done it!"

"Dolly turned her back upon Frank for fully five minutes.

"My children," said the minister, rubbing his hands slowly together and allowing his black eyes to twinkle. "I have come to the conclusion that vacations are a means of grace! I have neglected them too much. Hereafter I shall take one every year!"

"But, papa, don't go where there are widows, will you?" cried Jo, anxiously.

But the minister was too wise to promise.

"I am glad I am married," said Dolly, aside. "There'll be no security here, if papa has taken to vacations. He'll discover, before long, that widows, as well as vacations, may be a means of grace," which is certainly a "new use" for widows.

Lovers' Troubles.

Two young men went into the woods near Aurora, Ill., to play a game of cards. As they were rival lovers, and had not previously spoken to each other for months, it is conjectured that the girl in dispute was the stake they played for. The winner, however, was not permitted to gain the prize, for his opponent instantly shot him through the heart. An effort made to settle rivalry by chance had a not less sad result in Texas. The two suitors were convinced that the young woman would accept either of them if the other would let her alone, and they agreed to throw dice to decide which should give her up. The loser honestly endeavored to keep the compact, but the woman refused to be disposed of in that way, and wrote to him that she would marry nobody else, and would not even see the winner. The latter would not believe that his competitor had tried to retire from the contest, and so murdered him.

A Singular Fact.

One of the best investments ever made by a large sign-painting firm in this city, many years ago, was to pay a man in Jersey City \$600 for his secret preparation, by which he applied gold leaf in some kind of gliding. The man received the \$600, took up a piece of glass, licked it with his tongue, and the gold-leaf adhered beautifully. This was his secret, and it proved worth the sum to the others to know it.—New York Observer.

"I Don't Want That Stuff."

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.