

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 11th, 1879.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 6.15, 8.10 a. m. 2.00 p. m. and 7.55 p. m.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.15 a. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m.

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 accommodate guests, I ask a share of the public patronage.

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.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service.

SURPRISING!

JUST OPENED

A VARIETY STORE,

UP TOWN!

We invite the Citizens of BLOOMFIELD and vicinity, to call and examine our Stock of GROCERIES, 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.

VALENTINE BLANK,

WEST MAIN STREET

Nov. 19, '78.—1f

American and Foreign Patents.

GILMORE & CO., Successors to CHIPMAN GOSMER & CO., Solicitors, Patents procured in all countries. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted.

ALL OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS, wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, or whose names are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge.

What Two Women Saw.

WE WERE alone in the house—Maude Chaplain and I—and did not altogether like the position in which we were placed.

While daylight lasted, and there seemed so much life about the farm, it seemed very pleasant to have the house to ourselves, to be able to wander together through the quaint old rooms and to talk on the subjects very dear to both of us, without the dread of being overshadowed by the London female cousins and the roistering youths who had come to spend a month of the shooting beneath our roof.

For a time we revelled in our comparative solitude, and pitied the female cousins, the eager sportsmen, poor papa, and the rest of the household, who had been beguiled into accepting an invitation to Mrs. Rattletrap's picnic at the Scrubs, a piece of moorland some eight miles distant from our house.

We had met but seldom since we had left the prim school at Taunton; and although Maude had already been with us a week, what with the noisy clatter of our friends, the croquet tourneys, the lawn dances, and the other pleasant ways in which our evenings were spent, we had hitherto had no opportunity of indulging in those mutual confidences so dear to women who are in the blissful state known as "engaged."

But the gentleman said little; in my opinion their hearts would have been gladdened had all the party abstained from attending the picnic, their inclinations tending toward the wheat stubble in "five acre field" and the adjacent turnip patch, where a fine covey had sought shelter the night before.

So engrossing was the subject of our conversation that we were surprised when the housemaid brought in the tea, and dropping a courtesy, asked if Sarah, the cook, might go down with her to the village, until ten o'clock, to join in the festivities with which Farmer Ashcombe was celebrating his harvest home.

"Where is Ben?" I inquired, referring to one of the carters who inhabited a snug little cottage on the farm, and was consequently required to place himself at our service when we so desired.

"And the boy Smith?" "Please, 'm, master told him he might go when he'd fed the poultry and was fastened 'm up for the night, and he's been gone this quarter of an hour."

"Oh, yes, 'm, he is a careful lad is Smith, and he's got 'em all right 'enow, I'll be bound," responded the maid.

"I hesitated a moment as to whether it was altogether safe to be thus left; but as I had given a half promise to the girls, and I knew it would be a sad disappointment to them not to go, I dismissed my apprehensions, and told them they might leave the tea thing and be off at once."

"You are not afraid, are you, dear?" "I shall be only confessing the truth when I tell you that I was very sorry to hear you give your consent to the servants leaving us. Suppose any person has been watching the house, and was to seize the opportunity of committing a robbery?"

"My dear Maude," I responded, "nothing of the kind ever happened in these parts. Living, as we do, some distance from any town, we know all

the persons resident within a radius of, say, four miles."

"But how about tramps? Are they not dreadful people, sis?" "Perhaps, Maude, even they are more sinned against than sinning. At all events, tramps seldom, if ever, come near us. You see we lie off the main road. The lane leads to the farm, and nowhere else."

"But," pursued Maude, "that fact would be all the worse for us if a tramp should come here."

"Really," I replied, "I shall get quite angry with you if you pursue the subject further. To put an end, however, to all your fears you shall come with me, and we will bolt the outer doors."

The alacrity with which Maude rose from her chair was a good proof that the proposed measure was of a welcome nature, so, proceeding from the drawing-room, we walked to the lawn, and, fastening the gate which opened on the lane, we re-entered the house. We then locked, bolted and barred the back premises, saw that all the windows were fastened, and then came back to the drawing-room.

I must confess that when we had secured all the approaches to our citadel, I was myself a good deal more at ease than I had been previously.

Slowly the autumn sun sank beneath the range of hills fronting our dwelling, tinging the sky with radiant hues that varied momentarily.

I could have sat for hours watching the numerous hues that swept across the heavens but with the uprising moon and gathering twilight I clearly saw that Maude was once more getting nervous.

"Won't you close the shutters?" inquired Maude.

"Not unless you particularly desire it dear," I replied.

"But I do," she answered. "I was about to shut out the moonlight view, and make a desperate effort to change the conversation, when Maude, who had her eyes fixed on the lawn, suddenly clutched my arm, and involuntarily retreated a step. "Sis," she said, "what is that moving in the laurels?"

I looked and in a moment observed emerging from the shelter of the laurels, but still remaining beneath the dense shadows of the overhanging tree, what seemed to be the figure of a man. He looked in height very short, almost dwarf-like, but was stout of frame, and appeared dressed in white, or without a coat; and seemed to be in his shirt sleeves; being alone seen as he raised his arms in freeing himself from the bushes.

"Oh, Sis," exclaimed Maude, "it is a man. Let us give him all our jewelry, or mayhap we may be murdered ere any of our people may come back."

"Maude," I cried "for heaven's sake endeavor to retain your senses. You yesterday remarked that the double-barreled gun hangs over the mantelpiece in the kitchen, and asked me if it were loaded! Do you think that you could fetch it to me while I keep watch here?"

She nodded; I knew her freight prevented her speaking. Clapping her hands tightly within my own, and then released it, I said:

"Bring it to me, then; the gun is perfectly safe so long as you do not touch the trigger."

While Maude was gone it seemed to me as though the figure drew closer; it was careful to remain within the shadow of the tree, but it struck me as exceedingly strange that, although the white sleeved arms seemed continually raised, as though their owner had just aroused from a sound sleep, I could not see the creature's head.

In a very short time I heard Maude's approaching footsteps. As she placed the gun in my hand I felt that her fingers were cold and trembling.

At that moment the mysterious being came a few paces nearer, and seemed to have a limping gait, whether from natural infirmity or drunkenness I could not tell.

Throwing open the window, and raising the gun, I cried at the top of my voice, "who's there? Answer or I'll fire."

A few seconds elapsed, but no response came to my inquiry.

"Who are you?" I again shouted. My fingers closed upon the trigger, then came a flash of light and a loud report—the intruder upon the lawn staggered and fell.

Simultaneously poor Maude sank fainting on the carpet.

Not daring to move from the room, I rested the gun against the table, and raising Maude's head in my hands endeavored to restore her to consciousness. What seemed to me hours, but it could not have been more than twenty minutes, and then came the sound of vehicles driven rapidly up the lane. I heard my father clamoring for admittance, and hurrying to the door fell almost swooning into his arms.

As coherently as I could I told him

of our adventure, and that the body of a man lay beneath the laurel bushes; so resigning me to the care of one of the gentlemen, he hurried to the spot indicated. In a moment after his cheery voice sounded through the still night air "I've got him; but he is more frightened than hurt. Why girls its a representative of yourself! It's nothing but a goose."

And so it was. That boy Smith, who was so much to be depended on, had for once proved himself unworthy of his trust, and this poor bird, in its futile endeavors to seek its companions, had in our nervous fancy, become magnified to the proportions of a house-breaking desperado; its out-stretched wings in the shadow, to which it so persistently kept, helping to carry out the delusion we entertained. Of course we were pretty considerably rallied about the matter, but we never thereafter volunteered to remain in the house alone.

A Virginian Tobacco Mart.

THE James River winds in erratic mood through Midland Virginia, and upon its banks, one hundred twenty miles above tide-water, which reaches Richmond, is located Lynchburg. Here is the heart of Tobaccodom. The visitor to this picturesque city will find much that is provincial and quaint along the streets and about the "breaks." Hobbling old negroes—veritable prototypes of "Uncle Tom"—whose possession of freedom has not eradicated their obsequious servility; swarthy, well-built young Virginians mounted upon handsome horses; lank, loose-jointed "poor whites," whose chief ambition in life is to get into town for a day; groups of athletic negroes waiting, with good-humored indifference, for a job. Every day an apparition appears upon a street corner—an ebony Gabriel armed with a tin horn longer by half than himself. He executes a fanfare which for unmitigated discordance is without a parallel in the history of acoustics. It is the signal for the breaks.

The breaks, by-the-way, is the auction, the name originating in the practice of breaking open and exposing the contents of the bales and hogheads previous to the sale.

The breaks take place in a shed of wide proportions, beneath which the tobacco wagons have been waiting, many of them all night, their occupants cooking their frugal breakfasts at small fires built near the vehicle, drawing their supplies from the tail boxes with which each is equipped.

By nine o'clock the street in front of the shed is alive with teams, the drivers impatient to unload. Each lot, as it is removed to the building, is weighed and given a separate space upon the floor, being ticketed with its weight and owner's name.

Soon buyers begin to come in, sampling here and there with practiced eye and scent. After these comes the auctioneer—a business-like-looking man, whose manner indicates that he has no time to waste; and lastly, after him comes the clerk, with portable desk and book of sales. Then it is that Gabriel, clothed with brief authority, reads the morning air with the notes of his terrible horn.

Rapidly the auctioneer proceeds to "knock down" the invoices of weed. When all are sold, the farmers get their cash, and go their way, let us hope, rejoicing.

Plug and smoking tobaccos are made at different factories. The former requires considerable manipulation. The green leaf is strewn upon a floor and sprinkled with a sirup of enriching ingredients, compounded to suit the fancy of the manufacturer. Then it goes, for a time, into a room where the temperature is 130°.

Long tables are occupied by negro workers of both sexes, who twist the leaf into braids with skillful hands, singing almost constantly some refrain in a cadence sweetly melancholy. They are encouraged to sing by employers, as it has been observed that under the inspiration of their own music they work better, and are apparently more contented, than when silent.

The braids are placed in iron cells, and pressed into compact cubes, bearing a polish worthy of mahogany. They are then packed into cases by hydraulic pressure, and the finishing touch given by adding a showy label.

How She Described It.

He was a bald-headed bachelor, whose heart for the first time had been moved by the tender passion.

"Then you confess," he said, in a trembling voice, to the object of his regards, "that you like me a little—that you admire certain qualities of my head?"

"Yes," shyly responded the young lady.

"And may I ask," he continued, in a voice of my emotion, "what those qualities are?"

"I can hardly explain," said the

young lady, bashfully; "but I think it is because your head is so mellifluous—I can't express it more clearly."

"And you can never know how I appreciate your high opinion," exclaimed the happy bachelor, as he pressed her hand.

He didn't know just what "mellifluous" meant, but he was sure it was the synonym for something grand and ennobling, and when he bade her good night, he rushed eagerly home, excitedly took down the dictionary, and feverishly turned to the endeared word. His blood changed to ice as he read:

"Smooth, soft, mellow."

A Wealthy Beggar.

A PROFESSIONAL beggar has recently died in Berlin, leaving a fortune of more than a million and a half of marks to his heirs. He had many children and grandchildren, and lived in splendid style, giving sumptuous entertainments, at which the champagne is said to run in streams. The soires were only attended by middle-class society, and were held only during the winter. In summer the jovial old gentleman invariably left his house for four or five months.

It is now known that he has regularly frequented, at least until a few years ago, the principal bathing places of Germany, and that he gathered his immense plunder by begging. In wretched dress, with an invalid's cap, blue spectacles, long snow white hair, and apparently palsied limbs, he used to shamble slowly along the promenades. He never directly asked for anything, but used to receive voluntary offerings from the visitors and these amounted to a large sum, which was regularly dispatched to Berlin every week. His biggest harvests were collected in the gambling towns, when those places were in full bloom of their prosperity. It was supposed that he had formerly been very rich, but had lost everything at the gambling table.

He would pace to and fro in and around the great building at Baden Baden, and more than once during the day some player who made a lucky stroke of business would sympathetically press a piece of gold upon the old man's acceptance. He is said to have driven this profitable trade for thirty seasons.

The Parker-Smith Marriage.

THE fame of the Smith sisters has extended almost throughout the "wide world." Ably died last year, and since that sad event Julia E. has been lonely, and on Wednesday was married by the Rev. W. W. Seudder to Mr. Amos G. Parker, of New Hampshire.

The parties were drawn together by their literary affinities, and this has culminated in one of the happiest unions known to those who in old age became one, and walked during the rest the pilgrimage in the affections of true love and sympathy.

It is difficult, however, to see how one who has lived for eighty-six years as Miss Julia Smith, and whose fame and renown are so well established, can dissolve her identity into that of Mrs. Julia E. Parker. Mr. Parker is a man of fine and personal appearance, and though advanced to the ripe age of his wife, still he looks as if he might live to enjoy many years to come.

The laws establishing the relations property-wise between man and wife in this State have for some years been undergoing successive changes. The present status is certainly the opportunity for Miss Smith, who, as it happens, not only secures a husband, but at last fulfills in peace the ambition that has so often sacrificed her Alderneys in the past.

As we understand the last change in the married woman law the wife owns her own property absolutely, has the use and control of it, and cannot transfer its management directly to her husband even if she wished, but still, by virtue of his being her husband, he is required to pay taxes on it as if it were his. Assuming that this is correct, the lady is now removed from the burden of tax-paying, but remains as ever mistress of the cows and farm—Hartford Paper.

"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. 20.

I know not any crime so great that a man could continue to commit as poisoning the sources of the eternal truth.