RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS.

May 11th, 1879.

CHAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS FRAINS LRAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
For New York, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m. 2.00p, m.
and *7.55 p.m.
For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.45 a.m.
2.00 and 4.00 p. m.
For Heading, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.46 a. m. and 2.00
4.00 and 7.55 p.m.
For Potsaville at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00
p. m., and via Schuyikill and Susquehanna
Branch at 2.40 p. m.
For Auburn via 8. 8. S. Br. at 5.30 a. m.
For Alburn via 8. 8. S. Br. at 5.30 a. m.
For Alburn via 8. 8. S. Br. at 5.50 a. m.
The 3.15, 8.10 a. m., and *7.55 p. m., trains
have through cars for New York.
The 5.15, a. m., trains have through cars for
Philadelphia.
SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.15 a.m.
For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.15 a.m.
For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOL Leave New York, at 8,45 a. m., 1,00, 5,80 and

Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m. 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at †4.40, 7.25, 11.50 a. m. 1.30, 5.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 5.50, 9.15 a.m. and 4.40

p. m. Andvia Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branchat 8.15 a. m. 5.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 11.50 a.m. Leave Allentown, at f2.30 5.40, 9.05 a. m. 12.10 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

.30 and 9.03 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, 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 accommodate guests, I ask a share of the public patronage. I assure my patrons that every exertion will be made to render them comfortable.

13. My stable is still in care of the celebrated

Jake. March 18, 1879.]

IJ. 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.

37 A careful hostler always in attendance.
April 9, 1878. tf

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STEET, (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. Rooms 50 cents, \$2 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads, NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 419

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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 almost GIVING THINGS AWAY.

Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK,

WEST MAIN STREET Nov. 19, '78.--tf

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THE CONCEALED TREASURE,

on, A Valuable Hat.

ONE tempest-tossed night, weatherbound at a small hotel on the stageroute from Santa Fe, we met a fellowtraveler in whom we became greatly interested.

Among others, my companion, a finely-built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which he sald, " made every hair stand on tip-

toe." "How ?" we asked. "You were in great peril y"

"One of those imminent risks that you meet at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fe, the last of June, I think. A young lady, governess in an officer's family, her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guarantee of honor inscribed on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquaintances; the other was the horse-shoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver.

"The lady-among the twenties - was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother was so interested and full of life, that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble.

"You would like a personal description?

"Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called red, but with a glint of gold in lines and dashes wherever the sunlight glanced across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair that was, too-but I have not come to that yet.

"I am sure you are aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. Marvelous tales are told of the robbers. I suspect the mountain-passes of the Apennines hold no more mystery of crimes than do the rocky passes of the new continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of stages has become so much of a fact that the express company will take no more risks, and specie and treasure have to be taken East by private parties.

" As a government expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fe .-They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time there was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom, improvised in my valise of gumming strong wrapping paper over the precious parcels and inner linings of the

"The day would have been intolerable but for the cool currents that swept down the declivities and through the mountain ravines.

"Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would get up and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shot against our sallies of wit and wisdom, nd turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential. and told us 'she expected to return a madame, with a military escort-if she returned at all. Her flance was a lieutenant stationed now in the Indian Territory; but when he received his furlough-well, very soon, perhaps - then we might expect to hear of wedding bells.'

"'I would like to be a little richer," she added, with a sigh; "but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be not in gold !"

" 'How much of a dot have you?" said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily.

"' Are you a bandit in disguise?" she then added, "the fruits of my industry amount to the heavy weight of one thousand in gold !'

"'You haven't it with you ?" he inquired, so quickly and carnestly that I was surprised.

"'Come, you are accounted shrewd, just try and find out! I will answerall relevant questioning.'

"He blushed and stammered an apology, and she sat for a moment on a rock that projected from the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes and behind rocks and was fastening them on her hat and mantle. A scarlet creeper ran around the base of the rock down the side of the mountain.

"' Oh, that suits me, I must go now,' she said, rising to her feet, and dropping hat and flowers in the excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of the fissure and whiled her hat and flowers round and round, lodging them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road.

"'How, now, what will you do?' I asked, half in sport at the possibility of

a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the 1mage of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks; even her lips were ashy and pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression, as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with its airy grace of blooms.

" Oh, my friends, can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I'll thank you to my dying day!'

"No mother, appealing for her lost child, could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of a hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life, The driver and horseshoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook on to the end of a coll of rope, saying :

" Don't fear, miss, nor look so anxious, we'll rig something and get yer

"The driver, stretched at full length, with his head and arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw the rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught in the rim, the bat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who, with exhilarating color and sparkling eyes, thanked the men most profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by jumping on the driver's box and telling us to pile in.

" Once inside, she said:

" As you are all my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining-quilted in-and no man, not even a highwayman, would ever suspect the treasure hidden in such a cell, now, would they?'

"We, of course, praised her ingenu-

" A good thousand, is it " said the merchant.

"" The very sum,' she replied.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the most formidable passes, driving briskly toward the Canadian fork. The full moon lightened our way, making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road.

"I had exchanged places with the horse-shoer. Inside they were dozing, but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the dreary hours by telling stories. Suddenly, I saw something moving in the shadow of the road on beyond

" What is that ?' I said.

"The driver looked, his eyes rounding like the moon.

" 'Nothing but a burro!' referring to the pack-mules that frequently strayed down the mountain side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road two men. They were hidden in huge slouched sombreros and army cloaks. The stoughtest caught the bridle of the leaders, the other, covering us with his rifle, shouted:

" Don't stir, or you are both dead men |

"Advancing closer, and keeping us within the range of his muzzle, he cried

" Pitch out the treasure box quick! We are in a hurry !'

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague stroke, but I hushed him with a whispered:

" Stop! stop! let me talk to these men! There is no treasure aboard tonight!' I said this coolly, at the same time, swaying my body to and fro, backward and forward, to get out of range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous as well as very near.

" As I intended he should, he took me for the express messenger, and, as neither driver nor messenger are supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested.

" ' None of your nonsense,' replied the bandit, 'hand out the treasure or you'll see trouble.'

" The man at the reins evidently enjoyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squeaked in a high falsetto

voice: " Do them bar'ls look blg?"

"'Yes,' I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners; 'yes, I can read all the advertisements on the wadding. " He chuckled a rough chuckle.

"'Come, come, heave out that specie-box,' shouted the man holding the

" I insisted there was none. " Here, look at the way-bill; if there's any such thing aboard it will be among the items,' and I made a

move to get down, holding It in my hand. "'Stay where you are, or I'll shoot

you on the spot.'

" I threw him the way bill. He dropped his rifle and and picked it up, perusing the items by moonlight. Profit-

ing by the action, I undertook to slip my port-monnale into my boot, and moved my hand around to get at my pocket. The driver, misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"'Have you got one?' The man at the reins noticed the conferring, and halloed at us. The other instantly raised

"None of that! Hands up!

" We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way-bill. I did manage, though, to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot.

" You see there's no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can get up on the box and look for yourself.

"He hesitated a moment and then jumped up and looked in the box. In doing so he kicked my valise.

"'Open this,' he said. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting him look inside. The wrappingpaper deceived him.

No,' he cried, ' there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we do not find it in the treasure-box we may find it in the baggage. Who's inside?"

"Two men and a lady; none of them rich. One is the horse-shoer, going to Denver to shoe the company horses.

" We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens, don't stir, on your peril. We may find the money on them or in the baggage.

"I felt terribly for the young girl .-The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body.

"It was evident they were sleeping .-The man rattled the door and roused them. Presenting his gun, he ordered them out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row. Hands up! he said. 'Now, for your pockets.' The horse-shoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portmonnaie showed but a five, and the young lady's nothing but her papers and a little change. The girl, I was

sure, looked as if she would swoon. " You were a mean crowd, to have so little with you,' said he, 'and I've a notion to send you to heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have, so we'll go for your baggage.'-This was uttered with infinite disgust.

"The merchant then spoke: 'You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you'll ask this young lady for her hat, and carefully rip out the lining, you will find something worth

your pains.' "The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes and uttered but one

word: " Traitor!

"There was no escape. The hat was secured, and after the lining was very carefully ripped out it was returned with thanks.

" 'In luck, in luck!' said the highwayman. "Jump in all. I'm sorry for your loss, miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We found no treasure, but this will do. Drive on.'

"'I want the way-bill,' I said, excitedly, for the scene we had just witnessed had increased my blood to a fever heat.

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horses' feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up, mounted the wheel and handed it to me. Then, touching his hat to the lady, said:

" But for this lining you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board! Come this way next time without it, and we'll finish your accounts. Drive on!

"We gladly followed this advice, but could not find language vigorous enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone perserved his cool equanimity

of temper. "Arriving at Denver, he begged very earnestly of the young lady, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments for explanation in a private parlor. He was so in earnest that the young girl yielded a reluctant consent.

"He closed the door and bolted it, which looked strange.

" 'Don't fear,' he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair he pulled off his boot, and from the toe pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Said

" A few days before leaving I was lucky to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child, let me make restitution .-Here are two thousand in bills for the one thousand secured by the robbers,' handing her that amount. 'Your lining was a Godsend to me; if they had searched me further they would have secured twenty instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamonds and precious stones, which, if they had secured, would have beggared me.' Taking a solitaire from his vest lining, he presented that also for her acceptance .-

I should have explained in the stage but ' walls have ears,' and why should I trust the others with my secrets?"

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of specie I, too, had assumed.

"I need not tell you that the lady's fears were transmuted into rare smiles, and she went to her home rejoiding."

Widows Marrying Tramps.

A Westfield, Mass., paper says:-Within a few months, and in a radius of nine miles from here, I can call to mind three or four windows, comfortably well off, who have married chaps that have come tramping along. A little while ago you noticed the case of a Southwick woman who was committed and whose husband is now in jail for abusing and threatening the life of his wife and mother-in-law. His favorite amusement was to place the" women folks" side by side, and, after poking a loaded gun into their faces, to fire it off at a target over their heads.

Five weeks ago a respectable and wellconnected woman in this town, whose husband died less than two years ago, leaving her a home and \$2,000 in cash, "got struck" with a young tramp who came to her door, and although twenty years his senior, she married him .-Since then her home has been a rendezvous for about all the tramps that come along, and apparently the good news is being widely spread among the fraternity. A few days ago the woman appeared with a badly bruised face and damaged eyes, and her friends had her tramp husband arrested for the assault.

The trial was a most ludicrous affair, for while the wife admitted that "Johnnie," not only was the cause of her present disfigurements, but had soundly thrashed her at least twice a week during their honeymoon, she declared she loved him dearly, and that he only whipped her when he was mad because she wouldn't at first asking give him money or buy him a horse and carriage. The man said that he didn't think that he had thrashed her more than once a week, and that he loved her dearly .-Upon this followed a very dramatic scene, the woman rushing into his arms and mingling her tears and kisses with his ditto, and both fairly fell on their knees before Judge Lewis to beg his mercy. Judge Lewis told them: "I want no such nonsense here," and fined the man \$5.85, which the woman paid, a few minutes later they were seen lovingly riding towards their peaceful home.

Irish Wit.

A country rector and his lady were one day riding in a gig in the town of Sligo, and on the by road observed a small, ragged boy tending a goat, which he held by a string.

ed the minister. "Patsy,yer honor," answered the wee fellow, with a bow.

"Say, boy, what's your name?" ask-

"Well, Patsy, can you tell me how many gods there are?" said the divine with a nudge to his wife.

"Don't know that sir," answered the boy making a second bow.

"There's but one God,my child," said the lady and the gig drove on. "How ignorant these poor Catholics are," remarked the minister. "Yes, God help them,' replied his

Three hours after as they were returning, the boy was in the same place.
"Please, were you in Sligo, sir?" in-

quired Patsy. "Yes, my little man," replied the rector, " why do you ask ?"

"I'd like to know from you, how many chimneys there are in Sligo?" "Chimneys, you little rogue, how do

I know, I never counted them." "Then, sir,if you can't tell how many chimneys there are in Sligo where you have been, how could I tell how many Gods there are in heaven, where I never

was ?" A Preacher Who Was a Painter.

Dr. Guthrie, while visiting an artist's studio, ventured to criticise an unfinished picture. The artist, with some warmth, remarked : "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are a preacher, not a painter." "I beg your pardon, my good friend," replied the clergyman; "I am a painter; only I paint in words, while you use brush and colors."

One, out of many occasions, will prove the correctness of the doctor's claim. In one of his sermons he described a shipwreck and the launching of the life-boat to save the crew. So vivid were the colors of the picture, that the appalling scene appeared actually to take place before the eyes of the audience. A young naval officer who was seated in a front seat in the gallery, sprang to his feet and began to take off his coat, when his mother pulled him down. He was so carried away by the scene, that he was ready to man the lifeboat, and it was some time before his mother could make him realize that he was