

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. May 11th, 1879.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. 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 Reading, at 5.15, 8.10, 9.45 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 3.40 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m. The 5.15, 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 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, 7.25, 11.00 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 5.50, 9.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 3.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30, 5.40, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 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. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

Does not run on Mondays. Via Morris and Essex R. R.

NEWCOMER HOUSE, 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 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. H.

NATIONAL HOTEL, CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOEKISS & POND, Proprietors. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached, are unsurpassed for cheapness and excellence of service. Rooms 50 cents, 25 per day, \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 417

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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 all most GIVING THINGS AWAY. Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

VALENTINE BLANK, WEST MAIN STREET Nov. 19, '78.-H

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Courting Under Difficulties.

TWAS a beautiful day in July. The golden sun was shining brightly, and the little English sparrows hopped merrily from limb to limb, and tried their very best to tell the pedestrians how happy they were.

Among the many handsome ladies and gentlemen who were promenading one of Brooklyn's most fashionable streets on this fine summer day, was one gentleman who immediately attracted attention. He was a tall, handsome young man, attired in accordance with fashion's strict and capricious demand. This gentleman was Mr. George Sinclair, cashier of the bank.

He stopped, finally, before a large, handsome mansion on C— street, and rapidly ascending the marble steps. His summons was immediately answered by a gayly dressed colored servant, who conducted him to the parlor, and announced to the beautiful young lady sitting at the open window that Mr Sinclair had arrived.

Let us digress a moment, and describe the fresh and glowing beauty of Alice Sommerville, the only child of the rich banker, Ezra Sommerville. She was about twenty years of age, and possessed a superb figure. Her blooming face glowed with animation and health, and the blushing roses of her cheek formed a pleasing contrast to the lily whiteness of her neck and brow. Her great blue eyes shone with far more brightness than stars; her long, waving hair rippled far below the shapely waist, and shone like threads of purest gold; her white, even teeth and delicately chiseled lips outvied pearls and rubies. Fairer than the fairest her beautiful face out-rivalled the houri of the poet's dream.

George had been waiting on Alice for a long time, and rumor hinted that they were engaged; but, as usual, rumor was mistaken.

George loved Miss Sommerville with his whole heart, but, like many others, he found difficulty in saying so. On this beautiful summer afternoon he resolved to declare his love and know his fate. So, after a few common-place remarks, he took the lady's little hand in his own, and said,—

"Miss Sommerville— Alice — I love you! I have loved you since I first beheld your face. I have often desired to tell you so, but have been too diffident. Now hear my vow; I swear that I love you better than—"

"Oysters! oysters!" shouted a fish peddler, as he rattled by in his rickety vehicle.

George was very much put out by his sudden interruption, and Alice dropped her head upon his shoulder to conceal the smiles which rippled o'er her face and beamed from her laughing eyes. But our hero was determined, and continued,—

"I love you better than my very existence! You are the idol of my soul! When I look upon your pearly cheek I think of—"

"Soap fat! Soap fat!" roared a stout Irishman with an immense kettle on his head, as he ambled past the house.

George bit his lip, but bravely continued,—

"I think of the pure and glistening snow. Your dear voice never fails to touch a responsive chord in my heart, and when you are singing that beautiful ballad, commencing—"

"Umbrellas to mend? Wash tubs to mend?" inquired a lame man as he gazed up at the open window.

George ground his teeth together and resumed:

"When you are singing 'Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,' it seems as if an angel voice was whispering love into my soul. Oh, darling, say that my love is reciprocated! Your slightest wish shall be my law. I will dress you in—"

"Rags! rags!" insinuated a red-headed boy, as he pushed his wagon by the house.

This last interruption was too much for the gravity of the lady, and she laughed heartily. George wiped the moisture from his brow, and in an undertone invoked dire maledictions upon the head of the offended junkman. But he determined to have it over with all hazards, so he went on:

"I meant to say, dear Alice, before that infer—I beg your pardon, I mean that brawling rascal interrupted me, that I would dress you like a queen. Don't refuse me! Say that you will be my wife."

Alice, who really loved the handsome young man, looked into his eyes, and, as she smoothed his raven hair, said—

"George, if I were sure that you really meant what you have been telling me, I should be tempted to give my consent."

"Oh, Alice," cried the ardent wooer, in a reproachful tone, "can you doubt my love? I swear by—"

"Kindlin' wood! Kindlin' wood!" suggested a cross-eyed colored man in a

cream-colored coat, as he paused in front of the mansion.

"I swear by all my hopes that I have only spoken that which my heart and soul prompted me to. Do you believe me, Alice?"

"Yes, George," she murmured, "I believe you."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried the now delighted lover. "And now, darling, that you have consented, let us talk about the blissful future. I will buy a cottage, and you can have a little garden and spend your time cultivating deliciously perfumed—"

"Onions! onions!" hinted a thin female with an old shawl over her head, as she shuffled down the street.

"Oh, confound the peddlers!" pettishly exclaimed George. "It seems as if the entire fraternity had resolved to perambulate this street to-day. I meant to say that you could tend the flowers while I was absent. I have quite a sum of money, and intend going into business for myself. I think I shall try—"

"Matches and shoe laces!" suggested a small boy with a remarkably big voice.

This comical interruption was too much for human nature, and George arose and paced the floor excitedly, while Alice nearly strangled herself in attempting to suppress her emotion.

"Alice," said George, with a woe-begone expression, "for Heaven's sake take me out into the hall, in the kitchen, cellar—anywhere but this room! The peddlers will drive me mad if I remain here much longer."

Alice consented, and led the way to the back parlor. While they were going, George remarked,—

"I could not tell you half my plans in that room, Alice. My mind is confused, and my language seems to be all—"

"Soft soap! soft soap!" declared a shrill voice from without.

George struck his forehead savagely and said something, but fortunately the slamming of the door rendered it unintelligible to Alice.

Once removed from the cause of his trouble, George soon regained his good humor; and succeeded so well with his wooing, that, when, about two hours after, he took his departure, he did so as the prospective husband of the handsome heiress, Alice Somerville.

Not long after this, George and Alice were married. George's description of his love was not in the least overdrawn, as his only thought was to make the life of his young wife happy. Our hero's aversion to peddlers has never been removed, and he always regards them with an unsympathetic scowl. And now, when Alice wishes to tease him a little, she merely remarks something about "matches and shoe laces."

A Dutchman's Lesson.

ANY shentleman vot vill go round behind your face und talk in front of your pack about sometings, vas a shvinder. I heard dot Brown says veek pefore next apout me I vas a henschpeked huspant. Dot vas a lie! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings:

I am married twenty years already, und I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't vos onder some petty-goats goferments; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill insult mit his wife und got her advices apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans dot know sometings nefer about her huspant's peesness, und ven dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tiference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of that pull-back-in-de-front-hoop-skirt-petty-goats, mit efery kind trimmings. Pooty soon dat huspant gets pankrupted all to pieces. Dey send for de Doctor; und vhen de Doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas opliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first wife already, und possibly vone or two modders-by-law—vone second-handed und de oder a shtepmudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if Cherman's husbant go dead, don't make a pit of difference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maype herself. His wife goes on mit de peesness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans und Cherman vomans vas a different kind peobles. For instinet, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de putcher peesness togeder. He vas American man—so vas his wife. Vell, many time vhen efery peobles has got the panic pooty bad, dot vomin comes to her huspant und says she moost have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

Vonce on a time Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henschpeked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust because his wife tells him please don't do it. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not

dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my wife, ve had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vons! My wife she makes sauses, und vorks in dot shitore; also my taughter she vorks by the shitore und makes head-skeeses; und your wife vas going out riding all de times mit de horses car, und a patent tied-pack cardinal shtriped stockings. Now your wife moost go vork in de shitore und cut befshtenaks, und make saurekraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

"Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his wife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quiek mit Brown around, und we had a misunderstanding apout sometings, in vich eferybody took a part, including my little dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a polleemans und arrests us for breeches of promises to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown was broke up. I go apout my peesness. My wife she helps in de shitore. His wife goes riding mid the horses cars, und efery nights she vas by the theater.

Vot's de gonselquences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes 'round dot streets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his pack.

Old maids and Old Bachelors. OLD maids are usefule. They can cook, sew, take care of the children, nurse sick people, and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood. Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it. Old bachelors are ill-natured. They desire to be as disobliging as possible, snub children, despise babies, and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take good care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else. Old maids are nice-looking and very "young for their years."

Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in their knees, bald heads, and mouths that turn down at the corners. Old maids can make a home of one little room, and cook delicious meals for one over the gas jet in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobe.

Old bachelors need an army of tailors, writers, cooks, distant relatives, and hotel landlords, to keep them comfortable. When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs, take homoeopathic pellets out of the two bottles alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doctors; have a consultation; a mantlepiece full of black bottles, all the amiable married men who belong to the club to sit up with them at night, beside a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to impress the world with the idea that they are dying.

When an old maid leaves this sphere of action she straightway joins the white-robed host, but with a crusty old bachelor—it's a little mixed.—Ex.

"The old bach" in our office has no doubt but that an "old maid" wrote the above.

Proposed to his Grandmother.

COLONEL THORNTON, of the East India service, tells this romance of his youth:

"One clear starlight evening in June, Helen and I were walking on the terrace among flower-beds, that were cut in the soft green turf. Inspired by the stillness and odoriferous influence of the air, I told her my heart's secret, with all its hopes and fears.

"She looked at me wonderingly, and tears glistened in her beautiful eyes as she said:—"

"Ah, Captain Thornton, are you sure, do you—do you love me? It cannot be. No, never!"

"Why," I cried, impetuously pressing my suit with her, "you love another?"

"Sir," she said almost sharply, "do you know who I am?"

"The loveliest girl in England!"

"No, sir; I am not; Great heavens, Captain Thornton, I am your grandmother."

"My grandmother!" Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hand and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all," I gasped.

"And standing there, by the broad stone coping, she told me all. How her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian and my grandfather, had watched over her with jealous care always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home—a young lady.

"Then, while I was in India, the poor old man fell suddenly ill, and on his dying bed persuaded his young ward to marry him, just in order to share his vast estate, which she had refused to take as a legacy.

"And believe me," said Miss Helen, "I did it only to keep it for you, the rightful heir, whose wildness had temporarily provoked the old gentleman."

The Greatest of Trifles.

THE best fidelity to Christ is shown in a daily vigilant service to him in trifles, in efforts to honor him in a daily vigilant service to him in trifles, in efforts to honor him in humble, inconspicuous services, such as in good temper in the families, sympathy with man and beast, honesty in business, liberality to servants, fidelity to employers. These things make up the best discipleship. The same truth applies to many things. The best paintings are those where such details as the blades of grass, the leaves of the trees, the lines upon the water, and similar minute points, are most perfectly delineated.

Artistic excellency consists chiefly in the complete accuracy which the slothful or the ignorant worker cannot, or will not accomplish. The great Italian sculptor, Michael Angelo, was once visited by an acquaintance, who remarked, on entering his studio, "Why, you have done nothing to that figure since I was here last." "Yes," was the reply; "I have softened this expression, touched off that projection, and made other improvements." "Oh!" said the visitor, "those are mere trifles." "True," answered Michael Angelo, "but remember that trifles make perfection; and perfection is no trifle."

In like manner, the highest forms of devotion to Christ consist in fidelity to apparent trifles. For only heartfelt love and abiding recollectedness of Him, as an ever-beloved object, will enable his disciples to maintain throughout each day, in word and company, in busy occupation and before his enemies, the duty of honoring Him thus continuously and in the whole details of life.

How to Cure Stammering.

LUTE A. TAYLOR, editor of the La Crosse (Wis.) Leader who was born an inveterate stammerer, writes as follows about the way to cure the habit:

"No stammering person ever found any difficulty in singing. The reason of this is that by keeping time, the organs of speech are kept in such position that enunciation is easy. Apply the same rule to reading or speech, and the same result will follow.

Let the stammerer take a sentence, say this one, "Leander swam the Hellespont" and pronounce it by syllables, scan it, keeping time with his finger, if necessary, letting each syllable occupy the same time, thus, Le-an-der-swam-the-Hel-le-s-pont, and he will not stammer. Let him pronounce slowly first, then faster, but still keeping time with words instead of syllables, and he will be surprised to find that, by very little practice, he will read without stammering, and nearly as rapidly as persons ordinarily talk or read. Then practice this in reading and conversation until the habit is broken up. Perseverance and attention are all that is necessary to perfect a cure."

An Inextinguishable Fire.

Some fifty years ago, a gang of Belgian miners, angry with another set of underground workers, set a mass of coal on fire to smoke out their comrades. How well they succeeded, let the record of half a century tell. Years have passed away, a generation has faded, the angry passion of those who thus sought revenge has become a thing of the past; but the fire started in that mine long ago blazes on, and no earthly skill has yet found the way to extinguish it. Burning on, ever consuming, it is a fitting type of the unceasing power of sin and passion, of the never-ending fire which they kindle.

From the Huff.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses so much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—Boston Globe.