

**RAILROADS.**

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

**TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS**  
For New York, at 6.15, 8.19 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 2.40 p. m.  
For Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.30 a. 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, 11.50 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 9.15 a. m.  
Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 11.50 a. m.  
Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.40, 9.05 a. m., 12.10 4.30 and 9.05 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, 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.  
HOCHRISS & FOND, 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. 41y

**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.  
Butter and Eggs taken in trade.

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

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**The Sentinel's Stratagem.**

THE Island of Rugen, in the Baltic, opposite Stralsund, is a strong natural position strongly fortified. During the campaign of 1807 Davoust had occupied it with a regiment of infantry and some companies of sappers and pioneers and one of the infantrymen was Firmin Bonard, a young soldier posted one night as sentry on a little eminence near the harbor.

It was midnight when the corporal of the guard left him and he expected to be relieved at 2 o'clock, which would leave him three hours' sleep before morning. The minutes slowly wore away, and the two hours, according to sentry's calculation, had about expired, when suddenly he heard a sound as of footsteps approaching.

"Good! Here comes the relief!" said Firmin Bonard to himself, then cried aloud, "Who goes there?"  
There was no reply. "And yet I heard something," muttered the soldier, "and I can take my oath my two hours are up."

Almost immediately thereafter there was another rustle in the bushes, then a bark, and the poodle Capucin, the dog of the regiment, and a warm personal friend of the young sentry, bounded up to him.

On hearing the dog bark the sentinel at first fancied that something was wrong, and cocking his musket, he cast a searching glance into the obscurity, holding his breath to listen. But there was neither sound nor sight of foe, and Capucin, clambering up the rocks, came bounding to Bonard's feet.

"Oh, that is you, old fellow, is it?" said the soldier. "You found it dull, did you? Well, Capucin, it is not particularly lively here. It is a pity you did not think to invite the corporal to accompany you, for the night is decidedly cool and I have a disposition to sleep come upon me. The corporal's watch is always slow, and will be till he takes it to the blacksmith for repairs."

In response to these words, to which he had patiently listened, Capucin began to bark and gambol furiously around his friend.

"Oh, you think that if I am chilled and sleepy I had better warm my blood and wake myself up with a dance, eh? But, Capucin, you have no musket to carry, or you wouldn't frisk so."

Still Capucin continued to bark and to run, now to the right, now to the left, as if possessed, until finally losing all patience he came up to the soldier, seized him by the overcoat and tugged so heartily at it that he tore away a fragment of the cloth.

Bonard was not in the best humor originally; now his anger was increased and transferred from the absent corporal to the present Capucin, and he saluted the animal with a lusty kick.

The dog was visibly grieved to be so maltreated and misunderstood, and retired to some little distance, then slowly returned, looked reproachfully at the soldier and licked his hands.

"Go! Be off with you!" said Bonard, steeling his heart and threatening him with the butt end of his piece.  
Capucin seeing that he could not prevail with him at last retired, often looking back and barking invitingly.

But the sentry stood resolutely at his post and Capucin just reached the beach in time to embark with the corporal in the last boat, for Napoleon had formed a new strategic combination and was retiring inland, and had sent Davoust orders to join him instantly, evacuating Rugen on an hour's notice. In the bustle the corporal—every one but Capucin—had forgotten about Bonard.

Firmin Bonard, pacing his beat with his musket under his arm, heard three o'clock strike in the distant belfry of the old church of Rugen, then four o'clock, then five. The sun swallows began to twitter and the sun came up.

Losing all patience, and in desperate defiance of all military law, which enjoined him to remain on post until he was duly relieved, he descended from the heights and sought the guard house, "If anybody is going to be shot," he growled, "it ought to be the corporal, for the idea of leaving a man on guard for six hours is absurd."

So saying he entered the guard house and found it deserted.  
"The devil!" he exclaimed, and was sorely puzzled, but after a few moments' reflection came to the conclusion that the regiment had moved during the night to some other part of the island.—Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he set off across the island and presently came to a peasant who was ploughing in a field.

"My good man," said the soldier, "can you tell me which way the French troops have gone?"  
"By water," answered the peasant, surprised at seeing the solitary soldier, "I don't know where they have gone, but at 2 o'clock this morning they sailed with the greatest haste and in the completest silence."  
"Gone!" said the sentry, "and they have abandoned me! I shall be set down

as a deserter. Blame that corporal—he not only left me on watch six hours, but he has ruined my reputation—dishonored me. Now I understand poor Capucin's visit; he came to warn me that they were going, and I, dull fool that I was, could not understand him. Good dog, and I kicked him—the first time one of our men ever struck him. Oh, Capucin, Capucin, why didn't you think of tearing the corporal's coat, too?"

And the sentinel burst into tears of regret and despair.

"Come, come, my son," said the peasant, kindly, "don't give way so. Crying won't mend matters. Stay here; you can't do anything else. If the French return and take you I will explain everything."

But you do not understand what martial law is—if they return there will be no pity shown me.

"Tut-tut! That is absurd. You cannot be punished for a crime you never committed. If anybody is to be blamed it is your superiors who forgot everything about you."

"Firmin Bonard made no answer, but swept with a despairing hopeful eye the distant horizon. Alas, there was not the white fleck of a single sail to be seen, and again he gave way to his grief.

"Take my advice," said the old man, "and bear up with a good heart. You too are from rural parts, unless I am greatly mistaken, and can find in me a friend if you are only willing to let me befriend you."

"But you know nothing about me—whether I am fit—"

"I am an old man and long accustomed to read the faces of my fellows," said the peasant, smiling. "Before you took up the musket you have held the plough. I need a laborer, vigorous and intelligent like yourself. Come with me and I will feed, lodge and clothe you, and see that you have something in your pocket every Saturday night for a Sunday frolic."

"I accept your offer thankfully," said Firmin Bonard, "and you shall see that a French soldier is not less faithful to the plough by which he gains a livelihood than he was to the flag of his distant country."

As the farm of Peter Baxen, the peasant with whom Firmin Bonard had fallen in, was one of the largest on the island, the soldier, returned to his old calling, did not lack for opportunities to show his skill and industry, and speedily convinced the rich peasant of his value.

"My friend," he said to Firmin one day. "I love you as I would my own son."

"If it were not," replied Firmin, "that my old father in France waits and hopes anxiously for my return, I should never care to leave Rugen."

"You will see him once more," said the farmer, "and when you go to France to see him, why should you not bring him back to Rugen with you?—That, however, we can talk of at some future time. To-day I wish to speak to you concerning my daughter."

A flush covered the young Frenchman's face, as the peasant's keen eye saw. "If I am not wrong," he continued, "she and you are very friendly."

Firmin stammered out something unintelligible.

"In fact," the old man went on, "the neighbors say that you are in love with her."

"What? Who says so? I swear to you, sir, that I never addressed to your daughter one word which would make her aware—"

"Precisely, and that is why she has desired me to ask you to. You shall marry her. I have already promised her that it would be so, and she hugged me for a quarter of an hour by the clock so that I really thought she would strangle me."

Firmin hugged him, too, and a fortnight later became the husband of the old man's only child, the rich, pretty and amiable Amelia.

Four years passed away—four years of toil and love. Firmin Bonard thought often of France, but came to forget his technical desertion. The prattling of his two children, the embraces of his wife, were a present that answered for the future; small wonder that he forgot the past.

So matters went on till one morning the signal was made that several vessels were in sight; then as they drew nearer the word went round the island:

"It is the French! They are going to land!"

"It is the French! They are going to land!"

The words came to Firmin Bonard's ears like alarm guns, and he felt that he was a lost man. A sudden thought came to him, however, and reassured him somewhat; dashing to his dwelling he put on his old uniform and shako and ran to the spot where some five years before he had been so strangely abandoned.  
Soon barges filled with soldiers were

seen to put off from the ships that had rounded to and dropped anchor. In the bow of one was a big white poodle that barked joyously on seeing the solid ground once more.

Firmin Bonard saw the dog and fancied he recognized in him old Capucin, and his eyes filled with tears.

Still the barges approached; Capucin—it was Capucin, indeed—evidently recognized the island, looked round eagerly, espied the sentry, then standing on his hind legs gave one rapturous howl and plunging into the sea swam with all his might shoreward.

An instant later and the boats were within hailing distance.

"Who goes there?" shouted Firmin in a voice of thunder.

"Who goes there yourself?" replied one of Davoust's staff from the leading boat; "who are you anyhow?"

"Firmin Bonard, private of the Sixty-eighth of the line, on guard."

"On guard? How long have you been on guard?"

"Since 12 o'clock on the night of May 13th, 1807."

At this reply every one burst out laughing. The first boat's prow had not quite touched the shore when Capucin had scrambled up the steep bank and with a tremendous bound cast himself, barking furiously, into the arms of his old friend. Barka, gamboling somersaults, licking of hands, face, feet—all imaginable demonstrations of canine joy.

"Go on, old fellow," sobbed the soldier, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "tear my coat and muddy it as much you like to-day, and I won't say anything. I remember when I struck you for showing all your affection and intelligence."

When he had somewhat recovered from his emotion, Firmin Bonard, followed by the faithful dog, went down to the beach to greet his comrades and tell his story. Luckily the corporal, now an officer on Davoust's staff, was there, and could corroborate it. The regiment feasted him royally, and he, in return, invited every one to the farm, where he and his wife did the honors cordially.

It was not long ere the news reached Marshal Davoust's ear. He laughed heartily at Firmin Bonard's stratagem, and having satisfied himself that the soldier's antecedents were irreproachable ordered his discharge to be made in due form.

"Far be it from me," said the Marshal, "after he has been on watch for five years without being relieved, to send this gallant fellow before a court-martial."

Firmin Bonard remained on the farm. He visited France that year and brought his father back to the island of Rugen. His children and grand children to-day hold the most important positions there and their family is known as "the family of the French sentry."

When the French again withdrew from the island Capucin resigned his commission in the Sixty-eighth of the line. He had had enough of glory, and the quiet life of abundance and happiness that his friend led at the farm was more to his taste. He came to understand—wise dog!—that life on the farm might be quite as pleasant as life in camp, and that there were infinitely fewer dangers in it.

So Capucin remained at the farm.

**A Soup Stone.**

A LADY in the outskirts of Denver was the victim the other day of a tramp's practical joke. Even in these vagabonds there is an occasional vein of humor which is worth preserving. The incident happened in this wise. About the middle of the afternoon a tramp put in his appearance and politely asked if he could be permitted to cook himself a plate of soup.

"I have the ingredients with me," he said, displaying a cobblestone about the size of an apple.

The lady very naturally looked at him in surprise.

"You can't make soup out of that rock, can you?" she inquired.

"O, yes, madam. This is what we call a soup stone."

"Well, I should like to see you do it," and she forthwith made up a fire in the stove and the tramp commenced operations. He filled the pan with water, and after it commenced to boil, very carefully deposited the stone in a pan in the water.

"I shall have to trouble you for a little seasoning," he said, and the lady hastened to get him an onion, a piece of meat, and a tomato. These were carefully cut up and put in to boil along with the stone. In short a delicious plate of soup was prepared.

The lady tasted it and was delighted with the flavor. The fellow sat down and ate, and his hostess immediately added what was necessary to make a substantial meal.

When he left he said he could get plenty of soup stones on the way, and he would leave that one with her as an evidence of how sincerely he appreciated her kindness. She was firmly convinced

that she had come into possession of a treasure.

That night she told her husband of the circumstance. He listened to the recital and then inquired innocently:

"Don't you think the meat and the onion and the tomato would have made a very good plate of soup without the rock?"

Gradually the trick began to dawn upon her, and if you want to make that lady mad, you have only to ask her for the loan of the soup stone.

**Mighty Particular.**

A MAN stepped into the sample room down town a few days ago and happened to meet a friend there.

"Have a beer?" was the first question.

"It's a little too early," replied the invited one.

"Well, take a little whisky; that will warm you up."

"I don't think I care about whisky."

"Try a little rum, then; now what do you say to a good, sharp, seductive, hot-spiced rum?"

"Deliver me from rum; I never could drink it without getting sick or catching a beastly cold."

"Won't you try some sherry: that's more poetic and will make you feel good for the balance of the day?"

"Will you kindly excuse me from taking sherry, sir?"

"Of course; but won't you try a cigar?"

"Not if I know myself."

"What's the matter; you're not offended, are you?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, won't you take something?"

"To be sure I will: to be sure I will drink with you."

"Well, what will you take?"

"I'll tell you what I'll take, sir; I'll take a glass of water and you give me ten cents. How will that work?"

"That won't work at all," said the other, indignantly, and then he took a drink alone and walked out of the place as the other man muttered something about his being mighty particular how he spent his money.

**Brick-making on the Hudson.**

Between Tarrytown and Albany there are upwards of 150 brick-bards, varying in productive capacity from 20,000 to 140,000 bricks a day in working season. Most of these are on the west bank of the river, which furnishes an inexhaustible supply of proper material. The sand is usually found at the surface, and the clay a few feet below, although the latter is frequently obtained at the surface and the sand at another point near at hand. The tempering machines and brick presses are now nearly all run by steam power; but the material is still carted by horses, and all other parts of the labor are performed by hand. The wages paid last year ranged from sixty cents to \$3 a day, the average being about \$1.25 a day. Not far short of 400,000,000 bricks are made there in a single season, by about 4000 men and boys—an average of 100,000 each. The working capacity of the firms is considerably over 4,000,000 a day, and the amount in yard on January 1 was 115,969,000. Since the opening of the lower Hudson, however, this amount has been largely reduced. The great brick centre is Haverstraw Bay, where about forty separate manufacturers are established, including the largest on the river. Haverstraw and vicinity are especially adapted for the work, and their bricks usually lead the market, but various other makers claim to produce an article equally good. In burning this immense quantity of brick, it is estimated that 40,000 cords of wood have been consumed. One New York firm claim to have burned last season a kiln which contained 2,250,000 bricks.

**A Curious Case.**

Not long ago a man was run over and killed by the cars at Evanston, in the neighborhood of Chicago. The body was identified as that of Josiah Hill, a resident of South Bend, Ind., who had been at work on a farm at Winnetka, five miles from Middletown. The widow and daughter were inconsolable and quite broken down after the coroner's inquest and the burial in the grave yard at South Bend. Several days later Mrs. Hill went to Winnetka to get her late husband's effects. Lo and behold! when she approached the farm house there was her husband quietly at work in the barn yard. She fainted several times and could with difficulty be induced to believe that it was only a very strange case of mistaken identity. As for Hill, himself, it was the first he had heard of his own death.

**Prejudice Kills.**

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had pooled at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents.