

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 11th, 1879.

CHAINS 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 2.40 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, 8.10 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 5.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.50 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.50, and 7.30 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 6.50, 9.15 a. m., and 4.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 7.30, 9.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.10, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.00 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. WOOLEN, 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 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. 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.

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Nov. 13, '78.-H

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AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

I HAD never seen my little client. He was off to boarding school when his mother died, and they buried her the next day without sending for little Charley, who was too young, perhaps they thought, to appreciate his loss.

This was the way little Charley came to be my client:

After his mother's death, a will was produced, leaving all her handsome fortune to Mr. Bryson, her second "beloved husband," little Charley's stepfather.

When the will was offered for probate, it became necessary to appoint some one to protect the rights of little Charley; and to this post—that of guardian ad litem, the lawyers call it—too often regarded as one of mere form, I was duly assigned.

It would have afforded me great pleasure to break that will, for I had much less confidence in the austere Mr. Bryson than his confiding little wife had, who had trusted him with anything, her little boy's future included. For myself, I thought there was far too much goodness in his face to leave any for his heart.

But what could I do? The will was in legal form. Dr. Dolus, who had attended the lady on her deathbed, had drawn it up and witnessed it, and was ready to swear to everything necessary to make it valid. The other witness, Sandy McBride, an old Scotch domestic, staunchly loyal to his mistress, died and was buried the very day before the case was to come on. The weather was warm, and Dr. Dolus advised a speedy interment.

With Sandy died all my hopes. He was a truthful, honest fellow, and whatever facts he knew I was certain he would tell. But now his voice was silenced, and all the other side had to do was to prove his death and handwriting.

The night before the proofs were taken I sat up late and went to bed troubled. I fell asleep at last and was dreaming of Mr. Murdstone and David Copperfield, when a loud rapping woke me. It was Dick Seton, an old chum of mine, now a medical student, who had a habit of calling at all sorts of hours.

"Beg pardon," said Dick, "but I've something strange to tell you."

I thought it might have kept till morning, but bade him proceed.

"My friend, Nol Pellett, and I," he went on, "have long wanted a subject to dissect. So we hired Paddy Burke for ten dollars and a jug of whisky, with another jug contingent, to dig up and bring us to-night the body of Sandy McBride, who was buried to-day."

"You'll all get into a scrape," said I. "That's a point on which I promised Pat to consult you," Dick replied; "but my story first:

"Nol and I were sitting, by turns whetting our scalpels and looking over the pictures in Gray's Anatomy, when we heard Pat's signal.

"Nol let him in. His face was deathly pale. Quickly dumping a heavy sack from his shoulder—

"Bedad Ol've got him!" he exclaimed; "but I wudn't do the job again for twice the pay!"

"What's the matter?" Nol asked.

"After I tucked him up, ye's see," Pat said, "he was civil enough for a while; but Ol'm blissed if the spalpeen hasn't been kicken' me in the back for the last half moile!"

"Nonsense!—a mere fancy—a prejudice of race," said I, as we turned the body out of the sack, laid it on the table and took up our instruments.

"Great heaven!—what's this?" exclaimed Nol, starting back. "The man's alive!"

"And sure enough. Poor Sandy, after a few convulsive movements, rose to a sitting posture, and rubbing his eyes looked confusedly about.

"Oh, murder! murder!" screamed Pat. "Sure the rogue 'll turn States evidence on us an' play the mischief wid us all for disturbin' his eternal rest." And by the way, that's the point on which I promised to consult you.

"In short, and to be serious," Dick continued, "Sandy McBride, the want of whom as a witness I heard you so greatly regretting to-day, is now alive and at your service. He tells a queer story about old Dolus giving him something to cure the headache, and his knowing nothing afterwards. I more than half suspect the old quack of foul play. To poison outright would be dangerous; but there are plenty of drugs which will produce the semblance of death and leave no suspicious traces afterwards. Through such means a man might be effectually disposed of by burying him alive."

I hurried on my clothes and set out with Dick. In a back room we found Sandy sitting in his shroud, regaling himself on cold ham and a mug of ale, Pat Burke looking on with eyes agape and hair still on end.

I had a conference with Sandy, the result of which will be disclosed presently. Suffice it to say, it was deemed ad-

visable that his return should be kept a secret for the present.

Two more respectable-looking gentlemen than Mr. Bryson and Dr. Dolus never appeared in court to tell a lie or rob an orphan.

When the doctor took the stand and kissed the book, he seemed the impersonation of truth. He gave his testimony clearly and methodically.—He deemed it part of a physician's duty to qualify himself to draft such instruments. The provisions had been dictated by the testatrix herself, who was of sound mind and memory. He and the other witness had seen her sign the instrument. She had declared it to be her will, and they had subscribed as witnesses at her request, in her presence, and the presence of each other. His co-witness was dead; but he had seen him affix his signature, and recognized the handwriting. In short, he covered every requirement of the law, and sat down with the air of a man conscious of having performed his whole duty. It was no use to cross-examine him. I think he would have liked it.

"Have you any witnesses, Mr. Galmes?" the judge asked.

"One, your honor."

"Call him."

"I have sent for him; he will be here in a moment," I replied.

The judge looked surprised, the case seemed so clear. Mr. Bryson and the doctor looked both surprised and anxious.

Surprise turned to amazement when Sandy McBride was conducted to the witness-stand. The spectators, he passed, gave him a wide berth. They seemed little inclined to come in close contact with a man buried but yesterday.

Mr. Bryson and the doctor were the most disturbed of all. They turned pale, exchanged frightened glances, and, before Sandy, on whom every eye was fixed, had half told his story, the two stole out and were seen no more.

Sandy's story was this: On the day his mistress died, he had signed the paper produced at her husband's request, but not in her presence, and without knowing what it was, being told that his signature was a merely formal matter. He had not seen the mistress that day till he saw her in her coffin. As to what happened to himself, he could only say that, hearing him complain of a slight headache, to which he was subject, Dr. Dolus had given him a potion, after which he was conscious of nothing till he found himself lying on a table, and two young gentlemen standing over him with knives.

The will was rejected of course, and little Charley got his mother's fortune. There was a strong belief that she, too, had been the victim of foul play; but the culprits had gone beyond the reach of punishment.

"The Little Shoes did it."

A MAN who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose but for a moment looked very confused. All he could say was:

"The little shoes did it!" With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash—he drew himself up and addressed the audience, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way, clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it! I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered; I deserved to suffer. But I didn't suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst abuse. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. It was one night, when I was all but done for, the saloon-keeper's child came into the saloon holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fist struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason have I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? says I, and there outside was my shivering wife and blue-chilled child, on a bitter cold night. I took hold of the little one with a grip, and saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me what must little feet do! I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left, I bought a large loaf of bread and then a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but bread all that sabbath day and went to work like mad on Monday, and from

that day I have spent no more money at the public house. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it."

A Female Robinson Crusoe.

SAN FRANCISCO papers contain a very interesting account of an Indian woman, who was abandoned on San Nicolas Island off from Southern California, and spent eighteen years alone there before she was rescued. The woman went to the Island with a party of natives and left them to go into the interior and gather wood. Returning she found the party in canoes and about to sail. Not finding her three children in the boats she swam ashore. She did not find her children, but supposed they were devoured by the wild dogs on the Island. She became very sick and lay a long time without water or food, but finally recovered and forgot her grief in wondering about the Island. She lived on a plant resembling the cabbage, roots, seal or sea-lion blubber. She had abalone shell fish hooks and lines made of the sinews of the seal, it is probable she supplied herself with fish from the ocean. Eighteen years after this a party visited the Island on an otter and seal hunt. The Indian woman was found in one of the pens she had built as a wind break. She was clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, without sleeves, low neck, and, when standing up, extending almost to the ankle. She was sitting crossed legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife, made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a piece of wood.

There was no covering on her head excepting a thick mass of matted hair of a yellowish brown color, due to the exposure to the sun and air. There were several wild dogs about the enclosure, which growled savagely at the visitors, but were driven off by their mistress. The woman appeared to be very happy in her Island home, but it took very little to induce her to leave. She landed at Santa Barbara and was a great curiosity. Change of food and habits so affected her constitution that she lived but four or five weeks after her arrival at her new house.

Guard Your Conversation.

If you say anything about a neighbor or friend, or even a stranger, beware of speaking ill. It is brotherly charity to suppress knowledge of evil of one another unless our higher public duty compels us to bear accusing witness; and if it be true charity to keep our knowledge of such evils to our selves, much more should we refuse to spread the evil report of another. Discreditable as the fact is, it is the common tendency to suppress the good we know of our neighbors and friends. We act in the matter as though we felt that by pushing our fellows forward we should injure ourselves. We are jealous of commendation unless we get the largest share. Social conversation, as known to every observer, is largely made up of what is best understood by the term, scandal. It would be difficult to find a talkative group of either sex who could spend an hour together without evil speech of somebody. "Blessed are the peacemakers," is not the maxim by which we are chiefly governed in our treatment of personalities. Better a thousand times stand or sit dumb than to open our lips ever so eloquently in the disparagement of others. What we should do in this, as in all other human rule. If we do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, we shall be exceedingly careful not to volunteer ill words about them. Where other than a good word is to be spoken, speak to the person concerned, that he may have a chance to defend himself.

Curious Case of Alleged Kidnapping.

A very curious story is going the round of the papers to-day. Four years ago a tailor married the daughter of an artillery Colonel, and lived happily with her for a twelvemonth, at the end of which period he went for a few days to Belgium on business. On his return the wife was nowhere to be found, but a month later the tailor and his friends recognized her, as they imagined, in the corpse of a young woman who had been picked up at Anteuil. Unable any longer to continue in Paris, the tailor went to New York, where, two years afterward, he married again. In the month of a January, the new couple came to Paris, and rented an apartment in the Avenue Friedland.

Last Wednesday, as the tailor was walking in the Champs Elysees, he saw a lady, who looked marvelously like his first wife, driving in a handsome equipage, and, hiring a cab, he followed her to a hotel in the Avenue D'Eylan.—There an explanation took place. It was indeed his first wife, who declared that she had been kidnapped and kept in ignoble seclusion for three months by a man whose name she had never been able to ascertain. When free, she had learned to her sorrow that her husband

had gone to America, and, not daring to return to her relatives, she had entered a dress-maker's establishment, and so on. Inquiries are now being on foot in order to discover, if possible, who the kidnapper was.

Our Modern Girl.

We talk of the fragility of the modern girl sometimes: we question if she is as fragile as she appears. She must have wonderful endurance, else she could not follow the fashion so closely. It is eleven o'clock in the morning.—Could Jennie take a long walk this minute if called upon to go? You know she could not. She must step out of her dainty slippers, and spend how many minutes we don't know in buttoning those boots, on which she must balance herself like a figurante before she can step at all. She must take off that fresh morning gown—Watteau, do you call it?—with its rose colored ribbons and its graceful tulle; she must imbue herself with a skirt that weighs pounds, in spite of its scantiness, fluted like a column—killed, thank you!—and over that another swathing of drapery, of no mortal use one can see save to hide the decoration of the under one. Then, when she has knotted a silk kerchief round her throat, put on a jaunty jacket and given her hat the proper inclination, and pinned on two veils, she will be ready to start. And she will look very charming, too, and her walk will be very graceful. But how she would stare if any one proposed a country walk, or a ramble in the woods! She cannot climb, or run, or jump, or do anything really girlish. She is simply an animated fashion plate, as useless as a mummy set on wheels.

About Marrying.

Marriage, or engagements to marry, should not be entered into inconsiderately. If the old axiom that haste makes waste is true as applied to the ordinary affairs of life, it may be said that undue haste often results in unspeakable misery in matrimonial alliances. Love is proverbially blind; he is more—he is wilfully blind and should be made to open his eyes. A little common-sense mingles advantageously with everything; so far from being out of place, it is an absolute essential to safety in affairs of the heart. Many a girl has had her whole happiness for life destroyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively by his behavior towards her, and his professions of love, rather than by his conduct towards others. It is a pretty safe rule that a man whose whole life is but an exemplification of selfishness will not long continue generous in relation to his wife. Character is seldom revolutionized by marriage. There may be a slight reform temporarily; it rarely lasts long. And men suffer as well as women from ill-assorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before engaging himself to her.

Bananas.

The "Scientific American" says that "few persons who see bananas hanging in the shops of fruit dealers think of them as more than a tropical luxury.—The fact is, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world, and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the great obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to obtain a living without work that no effort will ever be made and the men become lazy and shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a sucker into the ground, it will at once sprout and grow, and give its fruit in twelve or thirteen months without further care, each plant having from 75 to 125 bananas; and, when that dies down, after fruiting, new suckers spring up to take its place. In regions where no foot ever reaches, bananas are found in all stages of growth, ripening their fruit every day and every month in the year."

Deaths from Cider.

A curious case has just come to light at Northbridge, Mass., of the death of two persons, and the expected death of two others, all in one family, from the effects of cider drinking. As near as can be made out, the father, aged sixty, mother fifty-six, and two sons thirty-five and thirty one, have drank since last fall between forty and fifty barrels of cider. The mother was taken with fits about six weeks ago, and died the next Thursday. The youngest son was taken with fits about three weeks ago and died on Tuesday, and last Thursday the oldest son was taken with fits like the others, and Friday his physicians gave him up.