

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 and 4.00 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 via S. & S. Br. at 5.30 a. m.
For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.19 a. m., and at 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 p. m.
The 8.15, 8.19 a. m., and 7.55 p. m., trains have through cars for New York.
The 8.15, a. m., trains have through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:
For New York, at 5.15 p. 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 8.15 a. m.
Leave Allentown 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 7.30 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.85 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 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 Jack.
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 patrons 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.

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. 417

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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GILMORE & CO., Successors to CHIPMAN HOSMER & CO., Solicitors Patents procured in all countries. NO FEES IN ADVANCE. No charge unless the patent is granted. No fees for making preliminary examinations. No additional fees for obtaining and conducting a re-hearing. By a recent decision of the Commissioner, ALL rejected applications may be revived. Special attention given to Interference Cases before the Patent Office. Extensions before Congress, Infringement Suits in different States, and all litigation pertaining to Inventions or Patents. Send Stamp to Gilmore & Co., for pamphlet of sixty pages.
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A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is a most remarkable composition. It evidences an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in italics, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:
Make known the gospel truths, our Father king, Yield us thy grace, dear Father, from above, Bless us with hearts which feel thy love, "Our life thou art for ever, God of Love!" Assuage our grief in love for Christ we pray, Since the bright prince of Heaven and glory died, Took all our sins and hid them in his side, Infant he lay, first a man and then was crucified, Stupendous God; thy grace and power make known In Jesus' name let all the world rejoice, Now labor in thy heavenly Kingdom own That blessed Kingdom for thy saints the choice, How vile to come to thee (O all our cry, Enemies to thy self and all that's thine, Graceless our will, we will for vanity, Loathing the very thought, evil in design, O God, thy will be done from earth to heaven: Reclining on the gospel let us live, In earth from sin delivered and forgiven, Oh! as thyself but teach us to forgive, Unless it's power temptation doth destroy, Bury us our fall into the depths of woe, Carnal in mind, we've not a glimpse of joy Raised against heaven: in us hope we can flow, O give us grace and lead us on the way, Shine on us with thy love and give us peace, Self and this sin that rise against us slay, Oh! grant each day our trespasses may cease, Forgive our evil deeds that oft we do, Convince us daily of them to our shame, Help us with heavenly bread, forgive us, too, Recurrent lusts, and see I adore thy name, In thy forgive us we as saints can die, Since for us and our trespasses so high, Thy Son, our Saviour, bled on Calvary.

A Recent Indian Adventure.

The hardships and perils of life upon the borders were not all endured by our forefathers. Even now upon the remote frontier there are people living through hours of privation and terror, which we, in our safe and convenient homes, know nothing of.

The adventure related in this simple sketch occurred only a few months since, upon the Kansas frontier, during the late troubles with the Cheyenne Indians. Mr. Hobson, a former resident of Indiana, had met with business reverses, in consequence he determined to begin life anew in the far West. He gathered what little household property was left to him, and in a wagon drawn by two horses journeyed to his new home.

He selected land far from any railroad or settlement, because such land was cheaper, and having built himself a log cabin, he managed in much privation to live through the first year.

The Indian troubles began during the second year, and caused the family a good deal of anxiety. They were not molested, however, and had begun to feel almost hungry again.

One day Mr. Hobson had gone to his nearest neighbor's, a distance of several miles, with his horses and wagon. Mrs. Hobson was in the house boiling hominy in a kettle in a great fire-place. She needed a bucket of water, and started to get it, when, as she reached the door of the cabin, she saw a dozen Indians coming directly to the house.

They did not see her. Without waiting to fasten the door, she caught her baby, an infant of eight months, from its low box-eradle, and in her fright rushed up a ladder which stood in one corner of the house to a low loft above.

Laying the baby on a pile of quilts, with desperate strength she pulled the ladder up after her, and shut down the trap-door. Then she crouched with her babe in her arms.

The savages entered the lower room, and commenced searching and plundering in great glee.

They snatched the clean blue woolen coverlets and blankets from the beds and wrapped themselves in them, threw the pillows on the floor and sat upon them, and appeared particularly delighted with the feather-bed, which was the pride of Mrs. Hobson's heart.

Through a crack in the floor, which was also the ceiling in the lower room, Mrs. Hobson watched them. Every instant she feared their noisy shouts would wake the baby; but fortunately the child was undisturbed by the revel going on below.

In a few minutes the savages discovered the kettle of hominy, and in great glee it was set upon the hearth, dipped out into pans, pots, crocks, gourds, anything they could lay their hands on, and devoured. Even in her terror, Mrs. Hobson wondered what their throats were made of that they could swallow it so scalding hot.

It appeared to sharpen their appetites, for they began to search for more food. Presently one of them found a sack of potatoes under a cupboard.

"Paddys! paddys!" he shouted, gleefully; "Injun roast paddys; make big fire, get big roast. Big heap paddys!" Mrs. Hobson knew that many of the Indians called Irish potatoes "paddys," so, though she could not see the sack, she knew what they had found.

They returned to the fire-place, and poured the potatoes down in a heap on the floor. Then they drew the coals and ashes upon one side, and soon had nearly a half bushel of the potatoes roasting in the ashes.

They sat down for their expected feast and as Mrs. Hobson peeped through the crack in the floor at them, so dirty, ugly and repulsive, a way of escape occurred to her. What could she do?
As she glanced despairingly round the

low, dark loft, she saw in a corner a little red chest. Now came an answer to her question.

"Henry's powder is in that chest. If I could only throw some of it down into the fire and frighten them, or burn them a little!"

"I can! I can!" she thought the next instant. "If I can get my hand into the hole in the chimney, I can."

Creeping softly to the chimney, she put up her hand and felt for the hole. The chimney was built of mud and sticks, and up in the loft the mud had dried, cracked and broken away in one place. Mr. Hobson had often declared he must mend that hole, but he was always so busy it was not yet done, and how glad Mrs. Hobson was that it was there still.

She found that the hole was large enough to admit her hand, and then she was sure her plan would work, for she knew these Cheyennes were the veriest cowards, easily scared at what they did not understand.

Very slowly she crept to the closet, opened it with the greatest care, and took out the can of powder. In doing so she saw a small tin mustard-box, which contained some sulphur.

"The very thing!" she thought. "I don't know what they'll do together, but the sulphur will nearly choke them to death, I'm sure, and I'll try it."

She poured part of the sulphur from the box; then she poured in the box some powder, and shook the contents till they were well mixed. With a silent prayer she slipped softly back to the chimney, thrust the little box as far as she could into the hole, and turned it. In a second there was a quick, smothered report, a hissing noise, and the next instant, yelling, coughing, choking, screaming and tumbling over one another, the savages were all rushing out of doors.

Mrs. Hobson was almost stifled herself by the horrible smell and smoke, which came up through the cracks of the floor, but she dared not venture down until stillness below had convinced her that her visitors were not likely to return.

She lifted the trap, pushed down the ladder, and went down. What a scene of confusion met her eyes! Bed-clothes, pillows, pans, dishes, and household belongings were scattered over the floor, and the explosion had thrown ashes, blackened coals and half-roasted potatoes all over the room.

But the Indians had fled. Mr. Hobson came home half an hour later, and found his wife restoring order among the household goods. The superstitious Indians did not venture to return.

An Astonished Editor.

An exchange says: "We find upon our table one of the newest pictures. It is beautiful in design, small, but showing great artistic skill in its make-up.—The prevailing colors are green and black, the two blending so harmoniously that the effect is pleasing in the highest degree. We shall not, of course, presume to give an exact description of this picture, but some of the characters look so noble, so striking, that we cannot refrain from describing them. The head-centre, or rather the hero of this picture, holds in his left hand a banner, in his right a sword; his hat is thrown on the ground; his head is thrown back, his left foot extended, and taken altogether, his appearance is that of one challenging another to mortal combat, waiting for the other fellow to knock off the chip. His eyes are cast upward, resting on the word fi—. Hello, what's this? Great snakes! if it isn't a five dollar bill! We took it for some new kind of a Christmas chromo that had come in the mail. But we see how it is—either our devil has been robbing a bank, or some delinquent subscriber has been conscience stricken."

A Scotchman's Strategem.

THE Abbe Renyal was the first to give publicity to the following remarkable instance of Highland ingenuity and courage. The hero of it was a sergeant of Montgomery's highland regiment, and his name Allen Macpherson. Being taken prisoner by the Indians, he was doomed to witness the miserable spectacle of several of his comrades tortured to death. Seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, he made signs that he had some thing to communicate. An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them that provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or sword, and if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard to collect the plants proper for his medicine, he would prepare it and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior among them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and

the request of the Highlander was immediately complied with. Being sent into the woods he soon returned with such herbs as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs he rubbed his neck with their juice, and, laying his head on a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression. An Indian leveling a blow with all his might, but with such force that the head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Indians were fixed with amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him; but instead of being enraged at this escape of their victim they were so pleased with his ingenuity that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remainder of the prisoners.

A Laughable Mistake.

DURING his first visit to Paris M. Lassalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying:

"Madame will come in immediately." Presently the lady entered. She was in dishabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said:

"Ah, there you are; good morning." She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper and reached out to Lassalle her very pretty foot.

Lassalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying:

"I thank you, madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."

The lady jumped up highly indignant.

"Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?" He gave his name.

"You are not, then, a corn doctor?" "I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not."

"But you sent me the corn doctor's card." It was true. Lassalle in going out that morning had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This, without glancing at, he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh at the joke.

Too Much for the Conductor.

RECENTLY a man with red mud on his boots, and weariness all over him, entered a car of an incoming train a dozen miles from New York. When the conductor came along the weary man drew from his pocket the last half of an excursion ticket between New York and a station some half dozen miles beyond where he entered the train, and on another branch of the road over which the train had not passed. The conductor quietly returned the ticket and remarked, "not good," at the same time pointing to a stipulation on the ticket for "one continuous journey."

The weary man looked inquiringly into the glare of the conductor's lantern and said:

"Waal?" "You stopped over at the last station," exclaimed the conductor, "and so you are not making one continuous journey."

"How do you know I ain't?" wearily asked the passenger.

"Because the other train hasn't been on the other branch at all," said the conductor, showing signs of impatience.

"What has this train to do with my continuous journey?" questioned the man, also getting impatient.

As though propounding a question that would put a stop to further talk, the conductor asked:

"Well, how would you make a continuous journey on this train from a place this train doesn't go at all?" Adding that the rules of the company were peremptory.

"I ain't said nothing about this train," replied the weary man, evidently much disgusted. "I footed it all the way to this junction, after I found the last train had gone, and had got here just in time to hang on to this train as it was starting, and if that ain't a continuous journey I'd like to know what is."

prevented a man from walking over their road on an excursion ticket."—*Official Railway Bulletin.*

Eccentricities of a Shopkeeper.

WE have recently heard, says the Boston Herald, of a character in a New Hampshire town whose personality smacks of individuality and independence so strongly that we wonder of what original spring he has had a monopoly to the exclusion of his more ordinary neighbors. The man keeps a "general store." He has kept this same store for twenty years, and one would almost say the same stock, judging from its thoroughly mixed-up condition and the literal accumulation of dust. He hires no attendant, but does all the work of buying and selling himself. Of course he cannot always be in the store; he must sometimes eat, like other people. When he has occasion to go away, he goes and locks up the store. He locks up the store when he is ill; he locks it up when he comes to Boston to buy goods. In spite of this irregular proceeding he has acquired money, and not a little of it, too. But the really queer thing about the man and his store remains to be told. In one corner, more dusty than anything else in the place, stand two demijohns. There they have stood since the first year this man began business. They were brought by an old countryman to be filled with molasses and vinegar. As he took one in each hand to carry them to his cart at the door, he said he would settle for them the next week when he came down. But the storekeeper had a better plan, and suggested mildly that the jugs better be left, too, till the next week, when their contents could be paid for. "All right," responded the countryman, and he set the jugs down and went away. And there these vessels have stood ever since, and have never been emptied.

Remarkable Escape.

The escape from death of M. de Chateaubrun, during the Reign of Terror, was truly remarkable. He was not only condemned but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on; and as it grew dark, M. de Chateaubrun found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators; so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, his hands were set free, and he managed to reach a safe hiding place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

Another remarkable escape was that of two women, mother and daughter, who traveling over a lonely road in a hired conveyance, were attacked by their driver who, pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewelry; and upon their demurring, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized their trinkets. Then betinking himself that dead women tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand in the water to recover the knife, and as he clutched it a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers, and released, but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police arrived on the scene and did official duty.

A Joker's Joke.

When Governor Gerry managed Massachusetts, a country deacon happened to catch a fine salmon, and knowing that the Governor had a peculiar liking for that sort of fish, he determined to present it to him. So the salmon was carefully packed, and the deacon, in the absence of railroads, started in his wagon for Boston.

On the journey he stopped to dine, and, telling at the table his errand in regard to the fish, a practical joker present could not resist the temptation of slipping out to the wagon and changing the salmon for a poor codfish.

The unconscious deacon went on to the Governor's house, and after announcing his gift, the two worthies opened the box and discovered the flavorful codfish.

Mortified the poor deacon started for home with his codfish, and stopping for lunch at his dining place, the wag secretly removed the codfish and replaced the salmon. When he reached home, the deacon mournfully told the story to an incredulous wife, who had herself packed the salmon; they opened the box together. The deacon started.

"Well, you are a pretty good salmon when you are in the country, but when you are in Boston you are a miserable codfish."