

**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 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 7.30 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 11.40, 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.  
Via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 6.15 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 12.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.

J. R. 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, and 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.

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UP TOWN!

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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.-4f

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**A Little Girl's Influence.**

IT WAS commencement at G— College. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the centre of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no, she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; not that homely one, with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

It was in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued, "that he would write on the 'Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But then," she went on, he decided that he would rather write on "Historical Parallels," and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beautiful. He has said it to me a great many times. I most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "Amid the permutations and combinations of the actor and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face, I can't describe how very odd and selfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and the confidences.

As the exercise progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with

cold. I felt anxious. The child, too; seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room, broke the sweet brave child-voice:

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words produced weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college President.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now.

For a moment, the President stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. — would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history—" This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; boquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

**A Fool Once More.**

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure for her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a United States flag with "Hop Bitters" on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays.—H. W., Detroit, Mich."

**LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.**

SIXTY years ago a large tract of land in Pennsylvania lying along the upper tributaries of the Susquehanna and eastern branches of the Allegheny rivers, was an unbroken forest. The southern and western parts of Indiana county were pretty well settled; the northern and eastern parts very sparsely. Jefferson had a few settlements in the south western corner, and was attached to Indiana for judicial purposes. Cambria had at that day but a few settlers north of the turnpike, while Clearfield had but a scant population in the southern and eastern portions of the county. Potter and McKean were almost an unbroken wilderness, while Clarion, Cameron and Forest had at that day no existence as separate counties.

"The 'cherry tree' which stood at the point where the line dividing Cambria and Clearfield reached the eastern line of Indiana county, on the banks of the west branch of the Susquehanna, was at that day a well-known landmark in the heart of 'the wilderness.' A flourishing little town has since grown up near where the famous tree stood, and which bears its name—Cherry Tree.

In the latter part of the summer of 1818, three citizens of the town of Indiana set out on a hunting excursion to the region near the "cherry tree." They took horses and camp equipage, intending to spend a week or more. They selected a camp, and two of the men, whose names I do not remember, began to hunt for deer or other game, leaving Mr. Henry Shryock, the oldest man of the party, to stay in camp, take care of it, and prepare supper. On the second day they found what they thought a more eligible place for their camp, nearly a mile from the first. Early in the morning they removed the heaviest of their things before setting out on their hunt, leaving Mr. Shryock to remove some more things and fix up the camp. He made one trip back and forth all right; but on the second he became bewildered and was unable to find the new camp. He wandered all day, of course getting farther and farther away every hour.

When his companions returned in the evening they found their old friend missing. They at once went to their old camp, but he was not there. Returning they found a pan which he had thrown away; but that was all the trace they could find.

All night they traveled to and fro, shouting and firing shots, but in vain. They kept up the search during half the following day, and then took their horses and rode to the town of Indiana, about twenty miles, to give the alarm and get more assistance.

The writer, then a boy, lived there at the time. The news that Mr. Shryock, a man so well known and highly esteemed as he was, should be lost in the wilderness, produced a profounder sensation than I ever knew in any community. All the men who could possibly go started at once for the place, armed with guns and horns. The object of these was to make as much noise as possible, so that the unfortunate man might hear them. Every night messengers arrived in town with the sad news that so far the search was unsuccessful.

This was kept up for a week, the popular anxiety becoming more and more intense, until not less than a hundred men were scouring the wilderness for miles in all directions around the Cherry Tree. Hope that he would be found alive began to die out, but the search was maintained with unabated diligence.

At length, on the ninth day after Mr. Shryock was lost, two gentlemen of Indiana were walking quietly through the forest, making no noise, but keeping a sharp lookout. Some distance in advance of them they espied the object of their search, now almost naked, crawling on his hands and knees out of a leafy covert. Quickly they ran to him and found that his reason was utterly dethroned, and that he had barely strength to crawl. Instantly the signal that he was found sounded from party to party. Physicians were there. The first thing they did was to give him a very small piece of bread dipped in diluted wine. Nourishment was given as fast as he was able to bear it, which, with the warm clothing which his friends supplied, soon restored him. With his physical strength his reason and confused memory of his wanderings quickly returned.

He related his first bewilderment, his alarm and anxiety, and his desperate efforts to find the camp. He remembered the visits of what he supposed to have been dogs in the night, which were probably wolves. He often heard the noise of the guns and horns of those who were searching for him; but supposing it to have been made by Indians, he always hid himself when it came near, and hence the difficulty of finding him.

When the company of searchers reach-

ed the town the second evening after he was found, the scene was very impressive—one of genuine joy. Mr. Shryock had been carried on a bed in a wagon to within a short distance of the town. There he was mounted upon a horse—for he was able to ride, and was already nicely shaved and dressed—and thus headed the triumphal cavalcade of not less than a hundred men, who made everything resound with their horns, and were answered with shouts from the crowds, who sent their cheers from full and grateful hearts. Mr. Shryock was soon himself again, and nothing the worse for the terrible ordeal through which he had passed.

**How a Mouse Became a Pet.**

Miss Lillie Smith, residing on Never-sink street, vouches for the following: About 17 months ago, one day while she was busy with her needle work, she was startled by a little scream that appeared to come from beneath her chair. Upon making an examination she discovered a little mouse that had been squeezed by the treadle of her sewing machine, and was making vain endeavors to extricate itself. Being a lady of compassion she tenderly released the poor animal from its captivity, when it scampered away. The mouse after this occurrence became greatly attached to Miss Smith, and whenever she had occasion to use the machine, the little mouse was punctually at hand and would sit and gaze at the young lady with the utmost interest, seemingly studying the operation of the machine. One day this week the family were deeply grieved when they found poor mousy stiff and cold.—Reading Eagle.

**Edison Gives it Up.**

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia "Ledger" says: "I am informed, on authority almost as reliable as that of Mr. Edison himself, that the inventor, after spending so much valuable time and means on the elaboration of his theory of electric light, has dropped it, or has determined to do so, and has decided to adopt that of Mr. Wallace, of Ansonia, Conn., who has already constructed a machine for producing the light and advanced somewhat in the line of solving the great problem of the division of the same. It is called the 'carbon' theory while Mr. Edison has held to the platinum theory, whatever these terms may imply. At any rate, the announcement, some time ago, by the New York papers, that Mr. Edison had solved his great problem was a trifle premature."

**Heaviest People in the United States.**

John Powers and sister—probably the two heaviest people in the United States—who have been on exhibition in Harrisburg on several occasions within the last few years—are still about and well, reports of their death to the contrary notwithstanding. The Reading Eagle, of Thursday a week says: "John Powers, aged about twenty years, and whose weight is over seven hundred pounds, drove up to the Eagle office at noon to-day and desired this paper to state that the report now in circulation throughout the country that his sister, weighing eight hundred and eight pounds, is dead, is erroneous. Mr. Powers' sister is just as well as she ever was and is gaining steadily in flesh, and he is confident that both, himself and sister will tip the beam at 2,000 pounds in the course of a couple years."

**He May Marry Again.**

January and May are registered at the Clarendon, Saratoga. The bridegroom is four-score and has been married seven times; the bride is not yet twenty. The old gentleman is put to bed at eight o'clock every night, and as he can't sleep after five o'clock, he is set on his legs and enabled to take a short walk before breakfast. The bride is devoted to her aged spouse, studies digestion and comfort, and displays knowledge of hygiene in the selection of articles of food that will be congenial to the stomach of one advanced in years. All the marriages of the old gentleman have been happy save one. The exception was a blonde. He says if he ever marries again he will not have a blonde.

A remarkable cave has been discovered on the farm of David Samuels, about 10 miles from La Crosse. The cave is 30ft. long, thirteen wide, and eight feet above the sand which has drifted in, and covers the floor to the depth of about six feet.—On the walls of the cave are rude carvings, representing men, animals, arms, and various Indian implements, also what appears to be hieroglyphics. One picture represents a man with a bow and arrow shooting at an animal. There are three buffaloes and one rabbit represented, three animals which must have been hippopotami, and one that appears to represent a mastodon. There are also three representations of canoes, also one of a man wearing a kind of chaplet or crown, probably the chief of his tribe or clan. There are also many fragments of pictures where the rock has decomposed.