

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

May 11th, 1879.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 6.15, 8.16 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 5.30 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, 3.30 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. & R. Br. at 11.50 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 3.40, 9.00 a. m., 12.30, 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. 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 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. G. F. ENSMINGER.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway,) NEW YORK.

HOCKISS & 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. 41y

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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. 10, '78.-11

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THE KING OF PLANTERS.

A JACKSON, Miss., letter says:—"P'raps you don't know that I've built myself a gravestone. Wal, it's a fact. I've put \$17,000 into it. I think it's prudent for a man to be his own administrator. It's business. And I'm going to be my own administrator. That's the reason I've built my gravestone for \$17,000 cash before I died."

The speaker was Edward Richardson, of Jackson, Miss., the most active and influential business man in Mississippi, if not in the South. Mr. Richardson lives in Jackson, but he has property interests all over the State. He owns nineteen plantations in the marvellously rich river country above Vicksburg, including parts of Washington and Issaquena counties and the Yazoo districts. He has 18,000 acres under cultivation—15,000 of them in cotton. He raises above 10,000 bales or 45,000,000 pounds of cotton annually. He has 3,000 acres in corn and oats, for the support of his stock and his people. And yet he has not land enough.

Whenever a planter is hard up, and wants to sell his place for cash, he applies first to old Ned Richardson, knowing that from him he will get a cash offer, though a low one. I heard Mr. Richardson offer the owner of a plantation \$8,000 cash for land which the latter valued at \$15,000; and though the offer was at first refused, I was under the impression that it would ultimately be accepted. He controls the cotton market to a higher degree than any other living man. When he takes snuff all the other brokers sneeze. As a member of the first firm in point of volume of business, he receives and disposes of more than 100,000 bales of cotton annually. He is the heaviest exporter.

Last week he let a lot go for 11 and 12 cents. He has still 1,100 bales back, on which he expects to realize over 13 cents, as cotton is advancing. "If I hadn't waited," said Mr. Richardson, "I would have quit loser on the year. But I'll make a little something on last year's crop, and if the indications for this year don't fall, or this exodus don't break things, I ought to clear \$50,000 to \$100,000 on this year."

Mr. Richardson was not boasting. These statements were pried out of him by questions on other points. His shrewdness as a cotton dealer is evidenced, moreover, by the fact that, while he is selling at the highest price, he bought at the lowest. As chief owner of the cotton and woolen mills at Wesson, Miss., in which he now runs 10,000 spindles and is putting in 5,000 more, he has to buy 4,300 to 4,400 bales of cotton annually near the mills when he does not plant himself. All this was put in at 8 cents and a fraction per pound. If it could be sold now the profit on it would be about \$35,000. This would make it worth while to close the mills, but for the throwing the operatives out of employment. Mr. Richardson has not attempted to reduce wages during all the hard times. He says, indeed, that these cotton mills are profitable, and there is consequently no reason why wages should be reduced. The mills return about 12 1/2 per cent. regularly on the capital invested. The cotton they use is all bought at the door, and costs about two and a fraction cents less per lb than that used in Massachusetts. At the ordinary price of cotton last year this would be a difference of 25 per cent. in favor of the South.

If there were as many cotton mills in Mississippi in proportion to population as there are in Massachusetts the labor problem would be solved. There would be a place to use labor which cannot now be employed in the field. Poor whites and members of the negro families who are now burdens on the community would be bread winners. Mr. Richardson cited a number of instances of absolute paupers, white and colored, who had become self-sustaining in his mills, and asserted that 435 out of the 550 employed therein would have done nothing for their own livelihood if they had not been offered these situations.

I asked why the mills are put at a distance from the river, in apparently an out-of-the-way place. The answer was that they were then in the midst of a rich, wool-growing section. The mills use 1,300 to 1,400 bales, or 600,000 or 700,000 pounds; and all the wool, as well as all the cotton, is brought to the door on wagons from the neighboring country. Jeans, striped cottons and brown goods are the principal products of the mills.

Mr. Richardson owns a cotton seed oil mill on the Mississippi and has many other small irons in the fire; but these only do, as Colonel Sellers says, "for side investments," to keep his money employed. He is reputed to be worth from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000; and though he and his partner at New Orleans have \$1,400,000 already advanced on the growing cotton crop, they have still left more money than they know how to employ. They are frightened away from government bonds—by the pros-

pect of only four per cent.; but they are after investments that will yield ten to twelve per cent.

Near The Gallows.

THE case of Charles Peace, the criminal phenomenon, will long remain one of the most famous in English criminal annals, not alone because of the man's daring, cleverness and success—characteristics that have made him such a hero that already two London school-boys have narrowly escaped death by strangulation while "playing peace"—but as well as for the fact that his confession set at liberty an innocent man whom the hangman had measured and weighed for the rope! Hereafter the name of William Habron will take a conspicuous place on the list of innocent victims of the criminal law. He was a boy of eighteen, one of three brothers, Irish laborers, in the employ of Mr. Deakin a nursery gardener at Whalley Range, near Manchester, when on the 2nd of August, 1876, a policeman named Cook received a revolver bullet under the ribs, and died without positive statement as to his assailant. The Habrons were—according to the police—all turbulent, troublesome fellows, whom Cook had arrested, or threatened to arrest, and they had been heard to declare that they would "do for" him; hence suspicion was directed to them, and they were arrested the same evening. Some percussion caps were found in William's pocket, and his boots fitted some foot-prints noticed near the scene of the shooting. This was the sum of the evidence against him, and on it the jury convicted him of murder, and he was sentenced to be hanged, though, as was pointed out, people in low life make just such threats daily without intending at all to carry them out literally. There was not a particle of evidence to show Habron had ever had a pistol, and the boots being machine make there were doubtless some scores of people in the vicinity whose foot-prints would correspond as precisely with those found near the scene of the murder. His brother John was acquitted and his brother Francis not even indicted. The Judge was not "altogether satisfied" with the verdict, and the Home Secretary, in consideration of the prisoner's youth, recommended a commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment. He all along protested his innocence, but no official seems to have considered the theory that he was innocent worth working upon, and when the prison doors closed on him that was the last of the case till Peace, on the eve of the execution, confessed that he was the murderer of the policeman. A gunsmith found that the bullets with which Cook and Dyson were killed were alike and of a peculiar construction; they fitted Peace's revolver, and the dealer, who, "to the best of his belief," thought Habron had bought cartridges of him in June, 1876, had never had any such bullets in his stock. The end of the investigation was that Habron was given a "pardon," the evidence on being looked at again being found very slight. His old employer, who always asserted his belief in the youth's innocence, has given him his old place, and it is supposed the Crown will make some compensation for his imprisonment for nearly three years.

At a quarter past five on the morning of March 18, Habron was awakened at Portland Prison, but ere he had joined his gang, was sent to the Governor's room, weighed, dressed in other clothing and told to accompany some other prisoners about to be transferred to Millbank. Lest the shock should be too great for his nerves he was handcuffed on the cars and handcuffed he arrived at Millbank, where he got perhaps an inkling that something had happened from an attendant saying: "Habron; don't you know me? I'm very glad to see you back." While the attendant had gone for the Governor and Mr. Deakin, Habron narrowly escaped being marched off and set to picking oakum with his transferred companions. "Then the door opened and I saw Mr. Deakin and the Governor, and I knew I was free."

C1547 became William Habron, and stepping into the open air heard from the newsboys that England was fighting two wars. Habron is described as "a quiet, civil, well-spoken youth, of no special education or refinement, of course, but respectful and singularly undemonstrative in his manner." His employer says he and his brothers were orderly and saving, and regularly sent their money to their parents. From August 1, 1876, the young man had not drawn a breath of free air; for ten weeks he had lain under sentence of death, and Marwood had visited him to note his weight and the conformation of his neck: "It was a dreadful ten weeks, and if it had not been for the priest I do not know how I should have lived on at all. As it was I prayed day and night, and never quite lost hope." Four months he was picking oakum, and afterwards he was employed in the quarries. "And all lost—I came out of

prison just as ignorant and helpless as when I went in, while other men have learned how to get their bread without lifting and dragging tons weight."

Things that are Misnamed.

THE Philadelphia Trade Journal prefaces a list of misnomers applied to articles well known in trade by saying: Why should trade not have a Johnson or a Webster to classify and correct the mass of inconsistencies that go to make up its nomenclature? We not only tax our brains to invent "fantastic" names for every new fabric, varied perhaps only by a thread or a shade from what our grandparents wore a century ago, but there are in use positive misnomers for many staple articles of merchandise. The following imperfect list, culled from sources ready at hand will give a faint idea of them:

Acid (sour), applied in chemistry to a class of bodies to which sourness is only accidental, and by no means a universal characteristic. Thus rock, crystal quartz, flint, etc., are chemical acids, though no particle of acidity belongs to them. Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, being composed of carbon and iron.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, or even grow there; nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of a palm leaf (*chamoerops argentea*) and is imported chiefly from Cuba.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured in or exported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance prepared from common frankincense and brought from Hamburg; but by far the greater quantity is a mixture of resin and palm oil.

China, as a name for porcelain gives rise to the contradictory expressions, British china, Dutch china, Chelsea china, etc., like wooden milestones, iron milestones, brass shoe-horns, iron pens, steel pens.

Cuttle bone is not bone at all, but a structure of pure chalk, once embodied loosely in the substance of certain extinct species of cuttle fish. It is enclosed in a membranous sac, within the body of the fish, and drops out when the sac is opened, but it has no connection whatever with the sac or the cuttle fish.

Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is simply iron coated with zinc bath containing muriatic acid.

German silver is not silver at all, nor was the metallic alloy called by that name invented by a German, but has been in use in China time out of mind.

Honey soap contains no honey, nor is honey any way employed in its manufacture. It is a mixture of palm oil soap and olive oil soap, each one part, with three parts of curd soap, or yellow soap, scented.

Japan lacquer contains no lac at all, but is made from a kind of nut tree called anacardiaceae!

Kid gloves are not made from kid skins, but of lamb or sheep skins. At present many of them are made of rat skins.

Meerschaum is not petrified "sea-foam," as its name implies, but is a composition of silica, magnesia and water.

Mosaic gold has no connection with Moses or the metal gold. It is an alloy of copper and zinc, used in the ancient musivum or tessellated work.

Mother of pearl is the inner layer of several sorts of shells. It is not the mother of pearl, as its name indicates, but in some cases the matrix of the pearl.

Pen means a feather (Latin *penna*, a wing). A steel pen is not a very choice expression.

Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but is the precipitate of the salt of protoxide of iron with prussiate of potassa.

Salad oil is not oil for salad, but oil for cleaning salades, i. e., helmets. Salt is not salt at all, and has long been excluded from the class of bodies denominated "salts."

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnabar. Cinnabar gives it a deep, red color, and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

Sperm oil properly means "seed oil," (Latin, *sperma*, seed), from the notion that it was *spermaceti* (the sperm or melt of a whale). The sperm whale is the whale which gives the "seed oil," which is taken chiefly, but not wholly, from the head.

Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any of the properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the upper jaw of the whale, and serves to strain the water which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

General Sherman Tells a Joke.

AT A reception in Detroit the other evening, General Sherman told the following:

You know Harney was sent out west somewhere—sent out west on the plains somewhere—and he had to take care of a big train of wagons, three or four, or

seven or eight thousand—hundred I mean. Good while ago, in '47, or '57, or '29, or thereaway—good thing to be definite, you know. Well, he gave orders that nothing should be taken along except what was necessary, absolutely essential to sustain life—necessary stores, in fact.

Well, you know, the wagons were all drawn up, and each one had a list of what was loaded—contents, you know, and Harney went along till he came to one wagon that had a lot of books or artillery—three or four hundred pounds. "This won't do," says he. Gibbons had the book—artillery officer—major, I think—and says he, "General, these books are very valuable. I have taken a great deal of pains to get them together. They are calculated to advance the interests of the service, sir." Harney wouldn't have it at all. "No, no," says he, "no books; that won't do. Take 'em off; take 'em off."

Well, the next wagon Harney came to had a big mass of something covered with tarpaulin, and he pokes his cane at it and he says, "What ye got here?" The officer Jones—I think that was his name—he says in a low voice and confidential manner, "General, you know its very hot and dusty on those alkali plains, and you know (here Sherman dropped his voice in imitation) a little old rye goes pretty good. Just one barrel, General." "Oh yes, yes, yes," says Harney, impetuously, "anything reasonable, of course, of course."

"I am going now," said old Tecum, moving to the door, "let that be your standard, gentlemen; no books, but anything reasonable."

Lucky After Many Years.

A tin box stored in an attic has made a woman's heart leap for joy. As the Detroit Free Press tells the story, a prominent manufacturer died in Cincinnati 9 years ago, leaving his affairs so badly involved that his widow was forced to go to Michigan and keep a boarding-house. In about two months she became convinced that she could not make both ends meet, but must do something immediately to relieve herself from actual want. Her relatives who had often helped her, were called in consultation, and it was decided that they should provide her with a modest, comfortable home and set apart for her a small annuity. Although during her nine long years of widowhood and trials the widow had often visited Cincinnati to look after her interests, each time being put off with promises and explanations, she begged her relatives to send her thither once more to see if there might not be something left of her husband's estate. The relatives consented and two months ago she went to Cincinnati, when she learned that her husband's estate had been entirely swallowed up. The disappointment brought on an attack of paralysis, and she was taken back to Detroit. Her son suggested that they might again look over his father's old trunks and boxes, and the search began. They came upon a small tin box which had been kicked about the attic from the time of the father's death. When it was opened a pack of railroad bonds was discovered. The face value was \$30,000, but inasmuch as thirteen years' interest was due on them, and some of them were quoted at a premium, the widow is worth \$50,000.

He Read It.

A young man being out of employment, recently requested of a former employer a letter of recommendation to aid him in securing a situation. The letter was written and handed to the applicant, who was totally unable to read it, as was every person to whom it was shown. A friend advised him to take it to a printing office, where it could be deciphered, as compositors are noted for being able to make out the worst specimens of writing. It was given to compositors in various establishments, and in turn given up without being deciphered. At last, as a forlorn hope, it was given to the prescription clerk in a drug store, who had the reputation of being able to read anything. The man of drugs took the paper, gazed at it long and thoughtfully, finally seized an empty quart bottle, and hurried round the store, taking some fluids of various colors from sundry bottles, and finally shaking the compound most vigorously. Then, handing it to the owner of the letter of recommendation, he remarked to the much astonished individual: "Two dollars—and a very good cough mixture it is."

Honored and Blessed.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.