

RAILROADS.

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

TRAIN LEAVES HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS For New York, at 5.15, 5.16 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 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, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way stations at 1.45 p. m.

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, 8.15 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, at 11.50 a. m. and 12.10, 1.30 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. WOOLEY, 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.

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. 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 NEPHEW'S TRICK.

RUPERT SMITHSON, in spite of his fine Christian appellation, was "a crusty old bachelor," and I hammer my brains for a more fitting description. A crusty old bachelor he undoubtedly was, more than fifty years of age, with grizzled hair, heavy grey eyebrows, a thick gray beard, and a rough voice and manner. It is true that he was always very careful to keep the crustiest side of his nature on the surface, and had been discovered in the act of committing secretly deeds of charity and kindness that belied utterly his habitually surly tone and abrupt manner.

Twenty years before, when the gray hair was nut brown, and clustered in rich curls over the broad white forehead; when the brown eyes shone with the fire of ambition, the clear voice was true and tender, Rupert Smithson had given his heart to Katie Carroll, neighbor and friend, and little sweetheart from childhood. Urged by love as well as ambition, he had left his home in a small western town and gone to New York, to win a name and fortune to lay at Katie's feet. The fortune and fame as a successful merchant came to him, but when he returned to Katie he found she had left her home to become the bride of a wealthy pork dealer in Cincinnati.

Nobody told Rupert of treachery to the pretty Katie, of letters suppressed, of slander circulated, and parental authority stretched to its utmost in favor of the wealthy suitor. He had no record of the slow despair that crept over the loving heart when the pleading letters were unanswered, of the dull apathy that yielded at last, and gave away the hand of the young girl when heart seemed broken. All that the young, ardent lover knew was the one bitter fact that the girl he loved faithfully and fondly was false to her promise—the wife of another. He spoke no word of bitterness, but returned to the home he had fitted up for his bride, and the business he had hoped was his stepping-stone to happiness and to a life of loneliness.

Ten years later, when his sister, with her son and daughter, came to live in New York for educational advantages, Rupert the First was certainly what his saucy nephew called him—a crusty old bachelor. Yet, into that sore, disappointed heart Katie's desertion had so wounded, the bachelor uncle took with warm love and great indulgence his nephew and niece bright, handsome children of 10 and 12, who, childlike, imposed upon his good nature, rioted over his quiet orderly home till his staid housekeeper declared they were worse than a pair of monkeys, caressed him stormily one moment and pouted over some refusal for a monstrous indulgence the next, and treated him generally as bachelor uncles must expect to be treated by their sisters' children.

There was some talk when Mrs. Kimberly came to New York, of making one household of the family, but the idea was abandoned, and the wealthy widow selected a residence three doors off, in the same block.

"Rupert was so set in his fidgety old bachelor ways," she said, "that it would be positive cruelty to disturb him!"

Probably young Rupert and Flora did not consider their uncle's tranquility; but it is quite certain that out of school, No. 46—their uncle's house—saw them quite as frequently as No. 43—where the mother resided.

With the intuitive perception of children, they understood that the abrupt, often harsh voice, the surly words and the undemonstrative manner, covered a heart that would have made any sacrifice for their sakes; that loved them with as true a love as their own dead father could have given them.

As they outgrew childhood, evidences of affection ceased to take the forms of doll and drums, and cropped up in Christmas checks in ball dresses and bouquets, a saddle horse, and various other delightful and acceptable shapes, till Rupert came of age, when he was taken from college into his uncle's counting house, and a closer intimacy than ever was cemented between the younger life and the one treading the downward path of old age.

There had been a family gathering at Mrs. Kimberly's one evening late in the month of March, and a conversation had arisen upon the traditional customs and tricks of the first of April.

"Senseless, absurd tricks!" Rupert Smithson had called them, in his abrupt, rough way, "fit only to amuse children or idiots."

"Oh, pshaw, Uncle Rupert!" Flora said, saucily, "you played fool tricks too, when you were young."

"Never! Never could see any wit or sense in them. And, what's more, Miss Flora, I was never once caught by any of the shallow deceits."

"Never made an April fool?" "Never, and never will be," was the reply. "But there, child, go play that last nocturne you learned. It suits me.

I hate sky-rockee music, but that is a dreamy, lazy air and I like it."

"The idea of your liking anything dreamy or lazy!" said Mrs. Kimberly. "I thought you were all energy and activity."

"When I work, I work," was the reply; "but when I rest, I want to rest."

"Uncle Rupert," broke in Rupert suddenly, "what will you bet I can't fool you next week?"

"Bah! The idea of getting to my age to be fooled by a boy like you!" "Then you defy me?" "Of course I do."

"I'll do it. Keep your eyes open." "Forewarned is forewarned. But come, stop chattering. I want my music."

Pretty, saucy, mirth-loving Flora, with her dancing black eyes and brilliant smile, did not look like a very prominent interpreter of "dreamy, lazy music;" but once her hands touched the keys of the grand piano forte, the girl's whole nature seemed to merge into the sound she created. Merry music made dancing elves of her fingers as they flew over the notes; dreamy music drew a mesh of hushed beauty over her face, and her great black eyes would dilate and seem to see far away, as the room filled with the sweet, low cadences. She would look like an inspired Joan of Arc, when grand chords rolled out under her hands in majestic measures, and sacred music transformed her into something saintly. Once the rosewood case was closed St. Cecilia became pretty, winning Flora Kimberly again.

There were few influences that could soften the outer crust of the manner of Rupert Smithson, but he would hide his face away, when Flora played, trying to hide the tears that started, or the smiles that hovered on his lips, as the music pierced down, down into that warm, loving heart he had tried to conceal with cynical words and looks.

So when the final chords of the nocturne melted softly into silence, the old bachelor stole away and left the house, bidding no one farewell. They were accustomed to his singular way, and no one followed him; but Mrs. Kimberly sighed as she said:

"Rupert gets older and crustier every year."

"But he is as good," Flora said, leaving her piano stool with a twirl that kept it spinning around very giddily.

"Why don't he get married?" said Rupert. "It's a downright shame to keep that splendid house shut up year after year, except just the few rooms Uncle Rupert and Mrs. Jones occupy."

"I mean to ask him," Flora exclaimed, impulsively.

"No, no," said Mrs. Kimberly, hastily; "never speak of that to your uncle, Flora, never."

"But why not?" "I never told you before, but your uncle was engaged years ago, and there was some trouble. I never understood about it, exactly, for I was married and left Wilton the same year that Rupert came to New York. But this I do know, the lady, after waiting three or four years, married, and Rupert has never been the same man since. I am quite sure he was very much attached to her, and that you would wound him, Flora, if you jest about marriage."

"But I don't mean to jest at all. I think he would be ever so much happier if he had some one to love and some one to love him in return. It must be terribly lonesome in that house with no companion but Mrs. Jones, who is 100 years old, I am certain."

"He ought to marry her," said Rupert. "She always calls him dearie."

"Don't children, jest about it any more," said the mother, "and be sure you never mention the subject to your uncle."

The first of April was a clear, rather cold day, the air bright and snapping, and the sky all treacherous smiles, as became the coquettish month of sunshine and showers.

Uncle Rupert, finishing his lonely breakfast, soliloquized to himself: "I must be on the lookout to-day for Rupert's promised tricks. He won't find it as easy as he imagines to fool his old uncle. Who's there?" The last two words in answer to a somewhat timid rap upon the door.

It was certainly not easy to astonish Rupert Smithson, but his eyes opened with a most unmistakable expression of amazement, as the door opened to admit a tall, slender figure, in deep mourning, and a low, very sweet voice asked:

"Is this the landlord?" "The—the—what?" "I called about the house."

"What house? Take a seat"—suddenly recalling his politeness. "Is this No. 46 W—Place?" "Certainly it is."

"I have been looking out for some time for a furnished house suitable for boarders, sir, and I find this one suits me, and the rent is not too high—"

"But," interrupted the astonished bachelor.

"Oh, I hope it is not taken! The advertisement said to call between 8 and 9, and it struck 8 as I stood upon the doorstep."

"Oh, the advertisement! So, so, Master Rupert! This is your doing, is it? Will you let me see the advertisement, Madame?"

"You have the paper in your hand, sir," she said, timidly. "I did not cut it out."

"Oh, you saw it in the paper!" He turned to the list of houses to let; and there, sure enough, it was—

"To let, furnished, a three-story, brown, stone front, basement," and rather a full description of the advantages of the premises with the emphatic addition, "Call only between 8 and 9 A. M."

"So as to be sure I am at home, the rascal!" said Rupert Smithson, laying aside the paper. "I am sorry, Madame, that you had the trouble of calling upon a useless errand."

"Then it is taken!" said she, in a very disappointed tone, and the heavy crease was lifted to show a sweet matronly face framed in the saddest of all badges, a widow's cap.

"Well, no," said the perplexed bachelor, "it is not exactly taken."

"Perhaps you object to boarders?" "You want to take boarders?" he answered, thinking how ladylike and gentle she looked, and wondering if she had been long a widow.

"Yes, sir; but I would be very careful about the references."

"Have you ever kept boarders before?" "No, sir. Since my husband died, six years ago (he failed in business, and brought on a severe illness by mental anxiety), my daughter and myself have been sewing, but we have both been in poor health all winter, and I wish to try some way of getting a living that is less confining. I have kept house several years, but I have no capital to furnish, so we want to secure a house furnished like this one if possible."

Quite unconscious of the reason, Rupert Smithson was finding it very pleasant to talk to this gentle little widow about her plans, and, as she spoke, was wondering if it would not make an agreeable variety in his lonely life to let her make an experiment of keeping a boarding house upon the premises. Seeing his hesitation, she said earnestly:

"I think you will be satisfied with my references, sir. I have lived in one house and have had work from one firm for six years and, if you require it, I can obtain letters from my husband's friends in Cincinnati."

"Cincinnati!" "He was quite well known there. Perhaps you know of him, John Murray,—street?"

"John Murray!" Rupert Smithson looked searchingly into the pale, sad face that was so pleadingly raised to his gaze. Where were the rosy cheeks, the dancing eyes, the laughing lips that he had pictured as belonging to John Murray's wife? Knowing now the truth, he recognized the face before him, the youth all gone, and the expression sanctified by sorrow and suffering.

"You have children?" he said, after a long silence. "Only one living, a daughter 17 years old. I have buried all the others."

"I will let you have the house on one condition," he said, his lips trembling a little as he spoke.

She did not answer. In the softened eyes looking into her own, in the voice suddenly modulated to a tender sweetness, some memory was awakened, and she only listened, with bated breath and dilating eyes.

"On one condition, Katie," he said, "that you come to it as my wife and its mistress. I have waited for you twenty years, Katie."

It was hard to believe, even then, though the little woman let him caress her and sobbed upon his breast. This gray haired, middle aged man was so unlike the Rupert she had believed false. But, after the whole past was discussed, it was not hard to believe there might be years of happiness still in store for them.

Rupert Smithson did not put in an appearance at the counting house all day, and Rupert the Second went home to his dinner in rather an uneasy frame of mind regarding that April fool trick of his.

"I must run over and see if I have offended beyond all hopes of pardon," he said, as he rose from the table.

But a gruff voice behind him arrested his steps.

"So, so! you have advertised my house to let," said his uncle; but, spite his efforts, he failed to look very angry.

"How many old maids and widows applied?" inquired the daring young scapegrace.

"I don't know. After the first appli-

cation, Mrs. Jones told the others the house was taken."

"Taken!" "Yes, I have let it upon a lease to—"

"here he opened the door—my wife!" Very shy, blushing and timid, "my wife" looked in her slate colored dress and bonnet, as her three hours' husband led her in, but after a moment's scrutiny, Mrs. Kimberly cried:

"It is Katie Carroll!" "Katie Smithson!" said the bridegroom, with intense dignity, "find my daughter Winifred."

There was a new sensation as a pretty blonde answered to his call, but warmer welcome was never given to relatives, and to this day Uncle Rupert will not acknowledge that he got the worst of the joke when his nephew played him an April fool's trick by advertising his house to let.

Which Way Do You Look?

THERE are two ways of looking at things. Two boys went to hunt grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because they found grapes that had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said: "I am better to-day." The other said: "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says: "This will make mud." Another: "This will lay the dust."

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said: "This world is blue." And the other said: "It is bright."

Two boys eating their dinner one said: "I would rather have something better than this." The other said: "This is better than nothing."

A servant thinks a man's Louse is principally kitchen. A guest that it is principally parlor.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One man counts everything that he has a gain. Another counts everything else that he conceives a loss.

One man spoils a good repast by thinking of a better repast of another. Another enjoys a poor repast by contrasting it with none at all.

One man is thankful for his blessings. Another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a better world, and is dissatisfied because he hasn't got it. Another thinks he is not justly entitled to any, and is satisfied with this.

One man makes up his accounts from his wants. Another from his assets.

Pay Before Burial.

Mrs. William A. Matthews, aged 58, of 141 East Thirtieth street, died on last Thursday, and the body was yesterday put into a rough pine coffin and taken off to the morgue, preparatory to burial in Potter's field. All the preparations had been made for a funeral of a very different kind. The dead woman's sister, a Mrs. Murphy, of East Seventy-ninth street, had been notified of the death, and coming to the house, had given orders for a proper burial. Undertaker Daniel Sheridan, of 145 Third avenue, attended the summons, and prepared the body for burial. The funeral was set for the following Sunday at 10 A. M. On Saturday morning the body lay in a costly rosewood coffin, and at the appointed hour a hearse and six carriages drove up to the door. Undertaker Sheridan then demanded the money for the funeral expenses—\$125. He looked to Mrs. Murphy for the money, but she did not have it, and the undertaker said that the body could not leave the house until payment was made or security given. Mrs. Murphy referred him to her sister's lawyers, Dupre & Veitch, of 200 Broadway, and together they went to see them; but the lawyers refused to advance the money. After that the body was taken from the casket, and it lay in the house until Monday morning, when the police were informed. By the police the board of health was notified, and yesterday morning the body was carried away, it is said, to Potter's field.

Mrs. Matthews owned the house in which she died, and which is worth \$10,000.—New York Sun.

Be Wise and Happy.

If you stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cures, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it. See another column.

In order to rent a postoffice box in Paris, one must have a certificate of character and sign seven different documents.