

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 4.40 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 2.00, 4.00 and 7.55 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, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 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 5.15 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.55 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 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.

NATIONAL HOTEL. CORTLANDT STREET, (Near Broadway), NEW YORK.

HOCHKISS & FOND, 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 American and Foreign Patents.

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BLOOMFIELD ACADEMY. An English Classical School for Ladies and Gentlemen.

The regular Academic year begins on MONDAY, September 1st, 1879. Students are carefully prepared for College. The preparation is thorough and accurate, and up to the requirement of any leading College. An English course, the Academic course proper, embraces the essentials of a good English education, and students whose progress justifies it will be allowed to attend one or more of the higher branches in addition to the studies of this course. Music, Drawing and Painting. Patrons will notice our reduction of expenses: Board and furnished room, if paid in advance, \$2.50. Tuition for summer English branches, in advance, \$5.00 per quarter of ten weeks. During coming year the number of students will be limited in order to do thorough work. Address: J. R. FLICKINGER, A. M., Principal, or WM. GREER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Pa.

July 29, 1879. DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

A DRUMMER SOLD.

A WESTERN paper tells the story of how a city drummer met his match in a little country girl: She was a sweet, shy, innocent little village maiden, and she seemed somewhat flurried as she stepped into the grocery store where our city drummer was lounging. The clerk knew her, and while he did up her parcel of tea he asked her if she wasn't afraid to leave home so late at night. She asked the clerk nervously if it was so very late. When he assured her that it was but just nine o'clock, she took up the parcel and hurried away. The city drummer, looking on, thought to himself: "It really is too bad for such a pretty little girl to walk home alone." So, throwing aside his cigar, he skipped out and overtook her just as she was turning a dark corner. "Wouldn't you like some company?" he asked graciously, offering his arm. "But I don't know you?" she said, hesitatingly. "Don't you? Why, I'm an old friend of your father's." "Indeed!" she replied, but she did not take his arm. They chatted pleasantly along, he asking many questions about her home, etc. He learned that her father was an invalid confined to his room, and her brother was absent from town. Then soon came to a neat and somewhat pretentious cottage, and pausing at the gate she timidly asked him to come in. Charmed with her shyness and believing the coast entirely clear, the unsuspecting drummer accepted the invitation. She showed him into a tasty little parlor, then asked to be excused for a few minutes. As she passed out of the door a smile hovered about her lips. Passing down a little hall she tapped lightly at another door, which was opened by a gentleman of a decidedly ministerial aspect. "Mr. C.," she said, "there's a gentleman in the parlor who seems to be a very anxious inquirer; won't you go and talk to him?" "Certainly, my dear," answered her pastor, who was prompt to improve the opportunity to attend to his business of saving souls as men of different callings are to drive sharp bargains. He hastened to the parlor glasses and all, and grasped the drummer warmly by the hand, exclaiming heartily: "Glad to see you, my friend, very glad to see you." The drummer stared at the old gentleman in astonishment, and wondered vainly who he was and why he was so very glad to see him. The minister drew a chair close beside him, and laying one hand on his knee, began very earnestly: "Our friend tells me that you are an anxious inquirer. I am always glad to talk with any one who is interested in matters relating to the welfare of the soul. The minister paused for a moment, and the drummer began to turn hot and cold. "Have you ever made any profession of religion; do you belong to any church?" the minister asked, encouragingly. "N-no," stammered the drummer out loud. "Confound the girl!" he muttered under his breath. The minister began to see that he was not getting on, and noticed the drummer's disturbed manner, and remarked: "Something troubles you, my friend. Can you not confide in me? Perhaps I can relieve your doubts and fears." "I—I think I had better go," the drummer said, rising and vainly trying to guess which door he came in at. "Let us have a season of prayer together," and, suiting the action to the word, he knelt down by his chair. Not having decided which door he came in at, and not daring to risk meeting that "confounded girl" by opening any other, the drummer had nothing better to do than to submit to the novel experience of hearing himself prayed for. As soon as the prayer was ended he again essayed to go, but Mr. C. beckoning himself of the "girl," and stepping to the dining-room door, he called: "Wife, has Lettie gone?" "Oh, yes, she did not stay. Willie went with her, and he's been gone long enough to get back. At last the minister showed the discomfited drummer to the door, shook him warmly by the hand, hoped to meet him in heaven, and let him out into the free air once more. As he passed out of the gate he heard a subdued giggle, saw two figures dimly outlined against the sky, and a boy's voice remarked: "The 'anxious inquirer' isn't anxious to inquire after the innocent young maidens of our town any more."

A Joker's Joke.

THE face and form of Wm. Warren, of the Boston Museum, are as familiar to Bostonians as pork and beans, and he is equally as well beloved by the playgoers of the Hub. Out of Boston he is out of his element—a fish out of water. There, at the Museum where for more than a quarter of a century he has been a fixture, and a comfort to the audiences, he reigns supreme. How old he is it is not necessary to record, but to the Boston stage he will remain young all the days of his life.—From the Museum, down Tremont St., up Court, and so to his home he may be seen walking as briskly as if he were an exempt from the work of time. There is a cheerful anecdote extant, says the New York "Sunday Dispatch," where the subject is a visit he once made to Cape Cod, "away down upon the sands of the boundless sea." It was many years ago that this incident occurred, and Massachusetts' greatest statesman was still alive. Well, for a Summer jaunt, Warren betook himself to the Cape, landing from the schooner Acorn at Provincetown. Now the trip can be made either by railway or steamer. Landed there, he strolled up the Main street. The air was laden with the scent of codfish and ship stores. "It smelled as if the town had been taking a bath of bilge water," said Warren. As he strolled on he noticed with alarm that everybody was impudently staring at him; groups at the stores were furtively pointing him out. One group took off their hats as he passed.—Finally he went to the little hotel. "What ails them?" thought Warren. "Have they been eating crazy fish, I wonder?" In the hotel the loungers immediately arose and assumed a respectable look, and one or two of them bowed. The landlord came up with: "This way, sir—we have arranged the parlor for you. Had we known you were upon the vessel and intending to honor us with your presence, we should have been better prepared for your reception. This way, sir. Judge—and the Honorable Ira—will be here presently. You will dine with them, sir." Warren stared helplessly. Out in the passage way and on the front stoop a crowd was rapidly collecting—women, children, fishermen, villagers and all. "Hang me if the dogs didn't seem to stare at me." With great show and bowing, and the crowd respectfully closing in at his heels, he was shown into the parlor.—Faces were flattened against the windows, and filled the doorways. But there were no shouts—all were decorously silent. After a breathing spell was allowed him, the landlord reappeared, followed by Judge and the "Honorable" Ira. "Here he is," said the landlord, ushering the notables in through the crowded passageway. "Ah, gentlemen, permit me; this is the honored guest, Daniel Webster." The secret was out. "That ain't Webster!" cried the Judge. "No more Webster than I am a split haddock!" "Sam"—both to the landlord, and giving Warren a glance of unutterable disgust—"Sam Knowles, you are an jelt!" "Not Webster?" cried the amazed landlord. "Not Webster! Who in the name of the apocalypse, are you then?" "Me?" said Warren, who now rather enjoyed the thing. "I'm William Warren, comedian of the Boston Museum." "Oh-h-h! Only a play-actor—ugh!" and within the short space of five minutes Warren was left severely alone in his glory, not even one of the loungers so poor as to do him reverence. It appears that a Boston drummer of the dry goods variety had seen Warren come off the schooner, and, for "the fun of it," at once circulated the report that he was Daniel Webster. The news flew from mouth to mouth, and the result was satisfactory to the joker. The fun was short-lived, but Warren didn't enjoy it to any extent. "Only a play-actor!" galled Warren, and did not add greatly to his respect or liking for that end of the Cape. Old Hickory's Bluff Way. Long years after the capture of Stony Point, when Andrew Jackson was President, a visitor at the White House remarked that the postmaster in his town (who "held over") was an enemy to the President—had been heard to call him a scoundrel—and urged the removal of the ill-mannered officer. "What sort of a person is he?" inquired the President. The visitor admitted that the postmaster was an aged and honorable man,

and incidentally remarked that he was one of the survivors of the battle of Stony Point. "What!" said the President, rising from his chair, "was he really with Anthony Wayne at Stony Point?" "He certainly was," replied the visitor. "Well, then," said Old Hickory, "by the Eternal! he has a perfect right to call me a scoundrel every day in the week and to be postmaster during his natural life!" How Cash was Sold. ON circus day W. H. H. Cash, the great railroad monopolist of New Lisbon, was in the city. He had just made few hundred thousand dollars on a railroad contract, and he decided to expend large sums of money in buying dry goods. He went into one of our stores and was passing along up the floor, when a black-eyed girl, with a dimple in her chin, pearly teeth, red pouting lips, who was behind the counter, shouted, "Cash here!" Mr. Cash turned to her, a smile illuminating his face as big as a horse collar. He is one of the most modest men in the world, and as he extended his great big horny hand to the girl, a blush covered his face, and the perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead. "How do yew dew?" said Cash, as she seemed to shrink back in a frightened manner. They gazed at each other a moment, in astonishment, when another girl, perhaps a little better looking, further on, said: "Here, Cash, quick!" He at once made up his mind that she was the one that had spoken to him the first time, so he said: "Beg your pardon, miss," to the black-eyed girl, and went on to where the older one was wrapping up a corset in a base ball undershirt. As he approached her she smiled, supposing he wanted to buy something. He thought she knew him, and he sat down on a stool and put out his hand and said: "How have you been?" She didn't seem to shake hands very much, but asked if there was anything she could show him. He thought maybe it was against the rules for the clerks to talk to anybody unless they were buying something so he said: "Yes, of course. Show me corsets, stockings, anything, gaul dumberd if I care what." She was just beginning to look upon him as though she thought he had escaped, when a little blonde on the other side of the store, as sweet as honey, shouted: "Cash, Cash; come a running." To say that Cash was astonished, is drawing it mild. He knew that they all wanted him, but he couldn't make out how they knew his name. He looked at the little blonde a minute, trying to think where he had met her, when he decided to go over and ask her. On the way over he thought she resembled a girl that used to live in Portage. He went up to her, and with a smile that was childlike and bland, he said: "Why, how are you, Samantha?"—The little blonde looked daggers at him. "Didn't you used to wait on table there at the Fox House, at Portage?" The girl picked up a roll of paper cambric, and was about to brain him, when the floor-walker came along and asked what was the matter. Cash explained that since he came into the store, three or four girls had yelled to him, and he couldn't please them. "There," says he, as another girl yelled "Cash," "there's another of 'em that wants me," and he was going to where she was, when the floor-walker asked him if his name was Cash. "You bet your liver it is," said Cash. It was then explained to him that the girls were calling cash boys. He thought it over a minute and said, "Sold by the great baldheaded Elijah. Won't you go down and take something? I'll be gaul blasted if I ever had such a rig played on me." Western Persuasion. IT WAS in the far, far west. The barkeeper had been crossed in some way during the afternoon, and was in ill-humor. Up stepped a thirsty citizen, and rapped impatiently at the bar. "What shall it be, 'Jedge?'" said the mixer of drinks. "Well," said the "Jedge," "make me a gin cocktail with a bit of mint in it." "That ain't what you want," replied the barkeeper; "you want whiskey straight, do you?" "No, I don't," persisted the "Jedge;" "I tell you I want a gin cocktail, with a bit—" "No you don't, 'Jedge,' no you don't. You're going to have whiskey straight; and, more'n that," he added, trying the

keen edge of his bowie on his thumb-nail, "you're goin' to drink it out of a tin dipper." The "Jedge" admitted the force of the argument and changed his mind. This recalls another story that Causeur has heard, of an Eastern man, accustomed to the luxuries to be had at Delmonico's, who dropped into a restaurant in a Nevada mining town for dinner. The head waiter, who was also junior proprietor of the establishment, accosted him with: "Well, Colonel, what'll you have?" "Beefsteak and mushrooms," replied the Colonel, as "peart" as possible. "Guess not," said the waiter, who felt that he was being "guyed." "Guess not? Why not? Bring me a beefsteak and mushrooms, right away." "Look here, stranger," said the waiter, "I don't want to make no trouble, yer know, but I don't allow no man to quarrel with his vittles in this ranch." With that he took a six-shooter from his hip-pocket, cocked it, and holding it in a suggestive way, added: "Hash is what you're gwine to eat." The Colonel had hash. Queer Way to Put in Seed. Two rival land agents were staying at the same hotel in a village where they were disposing of "lotations" for their respective companies. One of them, from Colorado, had publicly run down the quality of the land vended by the other, who was from Kansas. He related how he and a friend were out prospecting once in a "putty tough" bit of country, and how they came across a man who comported himself like an escaped lunatic. This man was described to be as "lean as a spring bear," and as preoccupied as a "team of oxen turned loose on buffalograss." Not noticing the travelers, he went on loading and discharging a double-barrelled gun, always aiming at some crevice or opening in the rocks, which lay in great profusion around.—Finally convinced that he was a lunatic, the travelers determined to treat him as such—and that was "mighty evil." "Good day, stranger," they said.—The man looked up, but said nothing. "Plenty o' shootin' round here, I suppose?" Still no answer. "Why, what d'ye find to kill there?" was asked, as the man let off another shot. "Kill, be blowed!" said the man, "I'm plantin' wheat. Don't ye see that all the sile in this section is between the cracks o' the rocks, and I hev to shoot in the seed!" Too Much Grammar. The peril of employing highly educated young men as clerks was again illustrated recently. A woman stopped at a green grocer's on Woodward avenue and asked: "Is them lettuce fresh?" "You mean that lettuce," suggested the clerk, "and it is fresh." "Then you'd better eat it!" she snapped, as she walked on. The grocer rushed out and asked the clerk what on carth had happened to anger her, and the young man replied: "Why, nothing, only I corrected her grammar." "You have turned away one of my customers! Only yesterday she came in and asked me how I sold those white sugar, and I got an order for a barrel. Hang you, sir! but if the customers want grammar they don't expect to find her in a grocery! No, sir, and if you see she again you want to apologize in the most humblest manner!" A Deserted Town. Six or seven years ago, when California was all excitement over the quicksilver discoveries, Pine Flat was a lively little town of four or five thousand inhabitants. Six or seven hundred men were always to be seen in the streets; the hotels could not accommodate the guests that came to them, and business of all kinds was "booming." Every one seemed to be growing rich for a short time, but a change came over the spirit of their dreams. The prices of quicksilver declined, the wave of prosperity broke up into foam and subsided to a calm, and the thousands of people who had made a city of Pine Flat went out with the turning tide of fortune. Today, by actual count, there are two and a-half houses for every inhabitant, and there are fifteen houses. In short, Pine Flat is as good an example of a deserted mining town as could be found anywhere. A Mean Girl. Mr. Worth of New Harrison, Wis., was a remarkably handsome young man. He was engaged to Miss Dakin, a wealthy girl. She pointed what she thought was an empty pistol at him, and shot him in the face, disfiguring him terribly. She now refuses to keep the engagement, saying that such an ugly husband would make her constantly nervous.