

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.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 5.45 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 5.30, 9.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.

Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m.

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THE LAYMAN MYSTERY.

THE following remarkable story has never before been published in its complete form.

George Layman was a farmer, residing near Selby, in Yorkshire, England. Though not an educated man by any means, he was above the average farmer of the time.

He had a good home, well furnished, and a fine farm excellently stocked. He was twenty-eight years old, and unmarried. With him resided an only sister of seventeen and a girl of remarkable beauty.

In 1826, when this narrative opens, brother and sister were living in the greatest affection and harmony. In those days it was customary to employ young men, generally the sons of other farmers, and to board and lodge them in the house.

George Layman had seven such. One of them was named Thomas Miller. He was about nineteen or twenty, well built, and exceptionally good looking and attractive.

He was exceedingly well informed, and spoke without any of the peculiarities of dialect for which Yorkshire men are noted.

He came to the farm-house with a stick in his hand and a bundle on his shoulder, and obtained a night's lodging. He got into conversation with the farmer and the hands, and though he admitted that he knew nothing of farming, but had worked at the trade of a gunsmith, he expressed a desire to remain and make himself useful about the place.

Layman assented. Miller joined the other young men, and was apparently soon deeply interested in his work.

An acquaintance soon sprang up between Miller and Fanny Layman, the farmer's sister. Unfortunately it took a clandestine form, and the lovers—for such they soon became—met in secret.

The consequences which might be expected followed, and Miller soon afterward disappeared. When it was apparent to her brother and neighbors that she was to become a mother, she solemnly averred that she had been married to Miller, and produced a certificate showing such to be the fact.

Miller disappeared March 20, 1826, when Fanny was within three months of her confinement.

On April 17th following, a stranger arrived at the small inn in the adjacent village, and sent for Farmer Layman. He represented that he was anxious to hire a run for cattle, and had heard that Layman's land was peculiarly adapted.

A long conversation followed, and Layman did not return home until rather late. On the road thither, and not more than half a mile from his home, he came upon a carriage standing in the road.

Several men were around, and one held a lantern while the others were putting on the fore wheel, which had come off in a rut.

Layman paused a moment, and as he did so he heard a stifled groan from the vehicle.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Any one hurt?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "the lady is only alarmed—that is all."

"Help—help!" was heard in tones that seemed to indicate a struggle to free the speaker's mouth from a muffling hood.

"What means this?" Layman inquired, excitedly, springing from his horse and going toward the door of the carriage.

He was confronted by a stalwart, gray-haired man in a capacious cloak, who thrust him aside with his left hand, and said:

"Do not interfere, my friend, the lady is my daughter, and she is slightly alarmed—that is all."

At the same time another person stepped up to Layman and whispered: "She has been long confined in a lunatic asylum, and we are just conveying her home. Make no alarm, or she may have to return."

Thus appealed to, the farmer passed on, and before two minutes had elapsed the coach passed out of sight and hearing in an opposite direction.

When the farmer reached home he found that his sister was missing. Soon after he left for the inn a person brought a message for her, and she walked down the road with him.

That was the last seen of her. Search was made all over the neighborhood, but it was unavailing.

The man at the hotel who had sent for Layman vanished the same night, and it was believed that he was in conspiracy with the abductors of the girl, and on him devolved the part to get the farmer out of the way while his sister was removed.

What was the object of the abduction? That was the interesting question. Several days passed, and the neighborhood was still in excitement over the missing girl, when a servant cleaning out the grate in the room occupied by the stranger at the inn, found a scrap of paper clinging to the chimney.

It had been partly burned with others, but had been carried up the chimney by a draft and clung to a protuberance. This scrap of paper was thought nothing of by the servant, and would have been thrown away if the landlord had not seen it, and observed on it the name "Layman."

This attracted his attention, and he read all that was there. It was as follows:

.....get the.....Layman.....the way, you can easily entice Fanny.....Use what aids.....find need.....SALDOR.

The paper had been formed along the fourth line, and then torn off at the corner. It was conveyed to Layman, and kept by him as likely to be of value.

There was small doubt that Fanny was in the vehicle which Layman overtook on his way home, and that the screams which he heard were her cries for help.

Could it be that Miller was at the bottom of the abduction? Layman remembered that Miller had frequently written in an album belonging to Fanny, and in comparing that writing with the writing on the scrap of paper they were found to be identical.

Layman made his way to York to consult a lawyer as to the best means of discovering his sister. When he reached that city almost the first thing he saw in a newspaper was an account of the discovery of the body of a murdered woman in the River Aire, just above Leeds.

The woman was pregnant, and her linen was marked "F. L." Feeling sure that this must be his sister, for the description answered to her in every particular, Layman started back home.

On the outskirts of Selby he was waylaid by footpads, and robbed. Then he was left on the highway, half dead. He was found by a laboring man who recognized him, and had him conveyed home.

When Layman recovered consciousness, he remembered distinctly that one of the footpads said, when expostulated with by the other:

"You know as well as I do that the understanding was that we were to kill him."

Layman was a vigorous man, and three days after his last mishap he was on his way to Leeds. Arrived at Kirkstall, he found that the body had been claimed by an old woman as that of her daughter, and buried.

Layman went before Mr. James Hargraves, then a Magistrate, and applied to have the body disinterred. Leave was granted, and the next morning was appointed for the work.

During the night, however, the grave was opened and the corpse removed. Who the depredators were was involved in mystery.

Layman saw in it a conspiracy to defraud justice, and by a wonderful stroke of good fortune hit upon the very device which the depredators of the grave had adopted.

While examining the church-yard and the neighboring field, he observed deep footprints underneath a very high wall, the ascent of which was, however, easy to an unencumbered person.

These footprints led both ways, and Layman concluded that persons rifling the grave had both approached it and quitted it by that way.

But it was next to impossible that they could have done this with the coffin in their possession, and therefore he arrived at the conclusion that the corpse had been reburied somewhere within the precincts of the grave-yard.

A search was made, but no newly turned soil was found. Mr. Hargrave suggested examining the old-fashioned square raised tombs, of which there were many in the grounds, and sure enough, under one of the slabs was found the coffin and the remains.

Layman identified the body as his sister's and it bore marks to show that the girl had been strangled.

By this time the authorities of Leeds, York and Selby had become alike interested in the crime. That the man Miller was at the bottom of it they had every reason to believe.

Two years passed away. Layman went to London on pleasure or business, and as countrymen are wont, visited the House of Commons.

He saw a gentleman coming out of St. Stephens' who attracted his attention. The young man, Miller, stood before him—there was no doubt of that.

He inquired who he was, and learned that he was James Aubrey Seldon, a member of Parliament from the North Riding of Yorkshire, and that this was his first session in the House.

Layman returned the next day and watched for the arrival of the members. In due time Seldon came, and Layman had a good view of him.

No doubt remained on his mind as to his being Miller. Layman was in doubt what to do. He had £150 pounds in his pocket-book, and he said to himself that he ought to secure the services of a lawyer.

He asked for the Courts, and meeting a host of lawyers coming out in wig and gown, he stopped one. This happened to be none other than the renowned Brougham, who listened to the man patiently.

Calling a younger lawyer, he briefly informed him of the facts, and he asked Layman to wait where he was for a moment.

The lawyer returned with a cab, and he and Layman drove to Bow street. A warrant was procured and Seldon was arrested.

Now follows the most remarkable part of the strange narrative. Seldon denied all knowledge of Layman or his family, or that he ever went by the name of Miller.

His handwriting, however, was shown to correspond exactly with that of Miller, and that of the man who signed "Seldon" to the scrap of paper found in the chimney of the inn.

Seldon's father was also positively identified by Layman as the gray-haired man who thrust him away from the carriage on the night of Fanny's disappearance.

A host of witnesses, however, swore that the elder Seldon was at home at that time and sick in bed. To crown all, while Seldon was still under examination, a young man answering Miller's description somewhat, surrendered himself to the authorities, and confessed that he was Miller, and had enticed Fanny away and murdered her.

The admission of this cold-blooded murder aroused the indignation of all who heard it. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged within forty-eight hours.

At the last moment he was reprieved, and his sentence was subsequently commuted to banishment for life.

Layman persisted in his belief to the very last that Seldon was the real man, and his conviction was intensified by what occurred some years later.

There was a hunt at Rock Hall, the seat of Sir Joseph Rockcliffe, Layman's landlord. Seldon was there, and following the hounds he took a path which no one knew but those acquainted with Layman's farm.

THE CAUSE OF THUNDER.

I HAVE lately seen it stated in a text-book upon electricity and magnetism that the phenomenon of thunder is not fully accounted for by any theory as yet brought forward.

A Kind Hearted Judge.

Romance would seem out of place in the judicial chair of a higher court, but three cases are on record during the past three months where an English Judge has not only evinced the tact of woman, but her a love of romance as well.

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

How to Get Well.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.

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