

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

July 28th, 1879.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS
 For New York, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 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 Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 5.30 a. m.
 For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, and 4.00 p. m.
 The 5.15, and 8.10 a. m., have through trains cars for New York.
 The 5.15, a. m., train has 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 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 Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 11.50 a. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 3.45, 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 9.05 p. m.
 J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.
 †Does not run on Mondays.

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. G. F. ENSMINGER.

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

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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 requirements 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 select 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 common 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. GRUBB, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Pa.
 July 29, 1879.

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR
 This is a most valuable medicine for the cure of all diseases of the throat, nose, and lungs, and is especially adapted for the relief of the sufferer from a cold, cough, or any other ailment of the respiratory organs. It is a most valuable medicine for the cure of all diseases of the throat, nose, and lungs, and is especially adapted for the relief of the sufferer from a cold, cough, or any other ailment of the respiratory organs. It is a most valuable medicine for the cure of all diseases of the throat, nose, and lungs, and is especially adapted for the relief of the sufferer from a cold, cough, or any other ailment of the respiratory organs.

SARAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

SARAH BLAKE was neither very young nor very beautiful, but her father owned the best and biggest farm in Horley, and being an only child, she was accounted an eligible match in thrifty circles.

Dick Sanders and Ted Brant were rival suitors for her hand. She had but to say the word which of them she would have; but it was just that that made her hesitate—there was so little choice between them.

Such delays are always dangerous. While Sarah wavered, uncertain which to hold and which to let go, both once her captives slipped the leash.

They might have pleaded that they had done no worse than others. For, when Jenny Allen's father came with his beautiful daughter to dwell in Horley, there was a general flocking of the swains about the shrine of the new idol, and Ted and Dick only followed.

But Sarah Blake was not the woman to view a lover's defections lightly. Nor did it weaken her resentment to divide it between two. She had quite enough for both; and it being uncertain which of them she would have chosen, in meeting out her anger she gave each the disadvantage of a doubt.

Jenny Allen was civil and polite to all without a preference to any. Dick Sanders and Ted Brant were foremost among her admirers. Indeed, the others stood a good deal in awe of them and hung back, for they were a pair of churlish, brawny chaps, little inclined to brook competition, and whose ill will few cared to court. Between themselves the question of which should yield was fast reaching a point where its settlement by "wager of battle," seemed inevitable, when things took a turn which put a new face on affairs.

Will Harvey came from town to spend his summer vacation at an aunt's in Horley.

One day while sauntering, rod in hand, along the charming little river that wound through the valley, Will unexpectedly came on something that drove fishing completely out of his head.

On a mossy bank, shaded by overhanging boughs, sat a young girl deep in the pages of a book. Her profile, which was toward him, presented a contour so perfect that it would have defied the sculptor's art to reproduce it. The shower of glossy ringlets which fell upon the matchless neck and shoulders stole a new tinge from every shifting glimmer of light sifted through the undulating leaves. Her cheek would pale and flush and her eyes flash and melt by turns with the varied emotions called up by what she read.

Will Harvey would have gladly remained a silent spectator of a sight so lovely, but he felt that he had no right to do so.

Advancing in a manner to attract the girl's attention, he raised his hat and asked some commonplace questions about certain localities in the neighborhood. These answered in a voice so rich and musical that every tone made his heart flutter, he found more things to ask about, till by degrees a conversation sprung up which lasted till the young lady, suddenly remembering how long it had continued, with a blush caught up her gypsy hat, bade him a pleasant good day, and tripped away lightly.

Thus began the acquaintance of Will Harvey and Jenny Allen. But it was not to end there. For if Will Harvey's first stolen glimpse of Jenny settled her title, in his eyes, to be called the loveliest creature in the world, it is quite as certain that her first impressions of the handsome stranger were hardly less exalted.

A formal introduction followed, and in a little time Will and Jenny were so constantly together that the rural gossips began to talk of their engagement as quite certain.

This was wormwood to Dick Sanders and Ted Brant. They began to look askance at Will Harvey, and were only restrained from picking an open quarrel with him by reflecting that he was a trim build, wiry fellow, who mightn't be so easily handled, to say nothing of the plucky look that was in his keen, dark eyes.

One day Dick, at a turn of the lane down which he was strolling, sulking as usual over his bad fortune, was met by Sarah Blake.

He felt awkward and confused. Sarah had a valorous tongue, and he had no ground to expect mercy. To his surprise, however, she met his clumsy greeting graciously, for the time disposed, apparently, to forget past grievances.

"I've news," she said, "news you'd give a deal to know."

"What is it, Sally?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Oh, never mind."

"Come, Sally, for old acquaintance sake?"

Was it a smile or a scowl that she gave him then? Dick wasn't sure and was beginning to tremble again, when Sally resumed her gracious mien.

"Well, seein' it's you, I don't mind telling. Jenny Allen is going to elope with Will Harvey to-night. He's to be at her father's back garden at twelve o'clock, his face covered with a mask. When he gives a low whistle, thrice repeated, she's to come out and they'll go off together. Here's all the details in a note in her own hand, which I picked up after seeing it drop from Will Harvey's pocket as he canted down the road half an hour since. Read for yourself."

Dick ground his teeth as he read over the lines that confirmed Sarah's statement.

"What are you going to do?" asked Sarah with a provoking coolness that aroused Dick's anger.

"Do," he growled, "I'd pommel the villain if I could lay hands on him!"

"I can put you up to something better."

"What is it?"

"Disguise yourself as the letter indicates. Be on the spot a little before the time. Give the concerted signal, and when the lady comes flit with her yourself. Ten to one when she sees the trap she's in, she'll marry you to avoid exposure. At any rate you'll earn her father's gratitude by thwarting Harvey's plan."

"But suppose Harvey, too, comes before the time and we meet him at the gate?"

"Knock him down, beat him senseless, give the signal and carry off the prize, before he comes to."

"I'll do it!" cried Dick, his eyes flashing fiercely. "Good-bye, Sally; I'll have news for you when we next meet."

It lacked a quarter of twelve when Dick Sanders, his face masked, stole up to Mr. Allen's garden gate. At the same time a man similarly disguised came by another path. For an instant the pair glared at each other. Then both sprang forward, striking out with might and main. Blows rained thick and fast. The combatants were well matched. After a mutual hammering for ten minutes, without advantage to either side, they grappled and went down together. Then it was scuffle, bite and scratch, till they rolled apart from sheer exhaustion and lay glaring at each other in helpless rage. Both their masks were torn in tatters, and as the bright moonlight beamed down upon their battered faces each uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Ted Brant!" panted the one.

"Dick Sanders!" gasped the other.

"I thought it was that scoundrel Harvey!" said Dick.

"So did I!" rejoined Ted.

A brief comparison of notes disclosed that Sarah Blake, after the interview with Dick, had had a similar one with Ted; the result being as above narrated, a desperate encounter, in which each thought he was pummeling away at Will Harvey. The letter, we need hardly say was amiable Sarah's own production.

Before Dick and Ted were presentable again Will Harvey and Jenny Allen were happily married with the full consent of the latter's father, who, indeed, had never opposed the match.

Sarah Blake is still a maiden.

THE CASHIER'S RUSE.

SOME funny stories are told of business methods in the olden time, one of which will bear repeating as an illustration of the advantages silver dollars possess as a bank reserve—and which, by the way, we especially commend to Secretary Sherman.

The old Farmers' and Merchants' bank was established in Detroit in 1839. In 1845, owing to some disastrous operation in Ohio, it was temporarily badly crippled, and to tide over this crisis the directors lent their best energies. The bank had a large volume of notes outstanding, all redeemable in coin on presentation, and it was apprehended that the moment the condition of the institution became known a run would ensue which would compel the closing of their doors.

Nowadays a bank officer would throw up the sponge under such circumstances and suspend payment like a little man, but then bankers were both bold and fertile of expedient. The coin had run down very low, and there was no time to be lost. The services of a friend of the institution were secured and he was privately sent to a large creditor (Lyell, the subsequently defaulting banker, by the way), to whom the critical state of the bank was whispered, and the wisdom of some measures for self-protection suggested. Lyell snapped at the bait, and, upon a hint from the officious visitor, rushed around to the nearest court and got out an injunction forbidding the bank to pay out any more coin pending the order of the court. This effectually saved the concern, for when noteholders subsequently presented the bank's paper for redemption they were politely met with the reply, "We should be very happy to oblige you, sir, but unfortunately we are for a few days tied

up by a process of the Wayne circuit court. We hope the injunction will soon be dissolved, when," etc.

It was late in the afternoon when the injunction was served, and the stock of coin had some hours previously dwindled to \$53. The cashier meantime was on nettles. If that injunction did not come quickly the concern was ruined. At every opening of the door the poor man trembled in his shoes, lest the newcomer should be a note holder in quest of coin. One more demand would close the concern forever. Slowly the clock ticked off the minutes, full thirty of which must yet elapse before the hour of closing. Would that injunction never come! At last the door opened, and a nervous, bustling man hurried to the counter. The cashier saw at a glance that it was all up with him; but while there was life there was still hope, he thought.

Here, Mr. Cashier, I've got \$500 of your notes I want coin for."

The cashier endeavored to preserve a placid exterior, while he deliberately bethought himself how he might delay a refusal of payment for a little while, until, perchance an officer would come in with the hoped for injunction.

"So you want coin for your bills, do you?" suavely remarked the cashier, glancing with the corner of his eye through the open window into the all too quiet street.

"Why, yes! I live in Dexter, and I want to catch the four o'clock train; so please hurry up the specie."

"All right! What's the news in Dexter? How do the crops look? How's my old friend—? Is he living there still? And, by the way, what in the world can you do with specie in that little country town that Farmer's and Mechanic's bills won't accomplish."

"Oh! never mind. Give me my money so that I can catch the train. The fact is, there is a little flurry out there about the safety of your bank, and I want to make sure of my money."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the cashier; "afraid of our bank, are they? Well, they must be getting pretty fastidious when the conservative old Farmers' and Mechanics' won't suit them. Why, my dear sir—"

"Never mind the pedigree of your bank, but give me my money or I shall miss my train."

"Certainly my dear sir." (Another glance through the window, but still no sheriff in sight.) Aside: "What shall I do?"

"There, I've got only ten minutes to catch my train. If you will assure me upon honor that it is all right, and that the bank is not going to burst, I won't wait now; but if your are going to shut up I want my money. Come, how is it, old fellow?"

"Really, sir," replied the polite cashier, "you place me in a very delicate position. If I tell you the bank is safe, and anything happens hereafter, you will blame me; on the other hand, if I tell you it is shaky, I shall be unfaithful to my employers, and shall very justly be discharged. I prefer not to make any statement, but simply count out your 1,000 half-dollars." (Half-dollars were the principal coinage in circulation at that time.)

Turning, screw-driver in hand, to a strong wooden box, apparently tightly screwed together, such as silver coin was usually packed in those days, but which the cashier knew very well to be absolutely empty, he wiped off his brow and set himself to work as if to an herculean task.

The man glanced at the clock, then at the iron-bound coin box, then mentally calculated the weight of a thousand half dollars, then burst out with: "Never mind; I see you have got the coin, and I'll be d-d if I'm going to pack a thousand half dollars all the way to Dexter to-night. Never mind, Mr. Cashier, I won't trouble you," and out of the bank he darted.

The injunction was served soon after and the danger passed. But the old Farmers' and Mechanics' still kept up the habit of being short of coin, and did so till the last, when, nearly twenty years later, what was left of it was consolidated with a private bank and became the now prosperous American national bank of Detroit. The worthy cashier still lives in Detroit, and finds a bonanza of enjoyment in recounting the amusing incidents of old-time financiering.—Detroit News.

The Designation of Nails.

"A reader" writes to know if we can tell why nails are called four penny, six penny, ten penny &c.

There are several theories on this subject but the correct one no doubt is that the designation of sizes arose from the manner in which they were sold when first put into market. At that time they were sold according to size at so much per hundred nails, a small nail at four pennies a hundred and larger ones at ten pennies per hundred and so on for other sizes. As the sizes increased and

the trade grew larger the old English style of designating the different sizes still continued, and to this day the 6d nail is the same size nail that was sold in England for 6d (6 pennies) per hundred.

How People Lived Fifty Years Ago and How They Live Now.

A HALF century ago a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unplastered, unplastered and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clap-boarded, painted, blinded and comfortably warmed. Then the household furniture consisting of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven, and frying-pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspaper by the flickering light of a "tallow dip," now, in city and village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then, if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match safe at a cost of one-hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day, who does not carry a watch? and as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart-load, at one dollar and sixty-two cents a piece.

Fifty years ago how many dwelling were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac and the few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from 300 to 500 volumes; in contrast the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,640,000 volumes, not including the Sunday school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.

The parsons do, after all, tell the best stories. Rev. Dr. — is responsible for the following: In the early part of his ministry a very eminent clergyman of his own denomination visited him and spent the Sabbath with him. Of course he invited him to preach for him, and, to his great satisfaction, he consented. Rev. Dr. — is tall, and his pulpit was rather high to accommodate his manuscript to his sight; his visitor was short, rather stout, and had a shining bald head. Rev. Dr. — proposed to lower the pulpit a little, but his friend declined, and on the contrary desired that it should be raised higher. It seemed that he was near sighted, but for some reason preferred not to wear spectacles. The desk being raised he proceeded to pile upon it the closed pulpit Bible, two hymn books, a pile of about a dozen sermons and finally his manuscript, and then, his bald head just glimmering over the top of his extempore fortification, he announced his text—"Thou shalt see greater things than these."