

**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 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 Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 5.30 a. m.  
For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.10 a. m., and at 2.00, 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 5.5 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 7.30 p. m.  
Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.25, 11.30 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.  
Leave Pottsville, at 5.80, 9.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.  
And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m.  
Leave Auburn via S. & B. Br. at 11.50 a. m.  
Leave Allentown, at 5.45, 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. WOOTTON, Gen. Manager.  
C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.  
†Does not run on Mondays.

**THE MANSION HOUSE,  
New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,**

GEO. F. KNSMINGER, 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. If

**NATIONAL HOTEL.**

CORTLANDT STREET,  
(Near Broadway),  
**NEW YORK.**  
HOCKKISS & 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**

**NEW WAGON SHOP.**

THE undersigned having opened a  
**WHEELWRIGHT SHOP,**  
123  
**NEW BLOOMFIELD,**

are now prepared to do any kind of work in their line, in any style, at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted.  
**STOUFFER & CRIST.**  
New Bloomfield, April 23, 1879.

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**ALL OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,** wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slight, can obtain a pension by addressing GILMORE & CO.  
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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 requirement of any leading Colleges.— An English course, the Academy 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. H. FLICKINGER, A. M., Principal, or Wm. Greer, Proprietor.  
New Bloomfield, Pa.  
July 29, 1879.



**A MINING ADVENTURE.**

**I**N THE latter part of November, 1876, three miners named McCoy, McCarthy, and McDonald (an odd mixture of Mc's), left the small mining town of White Oakes, in Nevada, and started off on a prospecting tour among the mountains.

It was not the most favorable season of the year, for it was late enough to expect heavy snowfalls; but the miners were somewhat excited over an account brought them by a friendly Indian of silvery indications in the mountains. In fact he proved the truth of his representations by showing some of the genuine metal itself. Jim, as the redskin was called, was known to be sober and trustworthy; and, as he offered to guide his friends to the spot, the proposition was gladly accepted.

They started with a single burro, or donkey, that was loaded down with mining tools, powder and provisions until little more than his ears were visible. The men were accustomed to walking and they went aloft.

On the third day, when they were close upon their destination, a singular accident befel Jim, their guide. He had raised his rifle to shoot a deer, when just as he pulled the trigger the foot of the Indian slipped and he rolled down a precipice fifty feet high. By the time his friends could reach him he was dead.

This sad occurrence threw a gloom over the miners, and McCoy, with the not unnatural superstition of his people, regarded it as an ill omen and advocated a return.

McCoy, however, was overruled by the others, who thought it would be throwing away an opportunity which might never present itself again, as other miners would be apt to discover and claim the lead.

McCoy called their appearance to the alarming appearance of the weather.— It had had been chilly and raw from the hour they started; the sky was overcast, and there was every promise of a coming snow storm.

But the other two were determined to push a head, and the objector consented to keep their company.

That night they camped at what is known as the Devil's Canon—such sulphurous names being in high favor in the mining country.

McCarthy insisted that the broken account given by the Indian Jim located the silver lead in a canon, and they concluded that this must be the one. They sat a long time around their camp fire, speculating upon the riches which they expected to find during the next few days, and building air castles with all the enjoyment of a lot of school boys when they attempt to pierce the great future.

At an early hour the miners were a stir, and struck into the canon, all looking sharply about them for the expected indication.

"By the horned spoon!" suddenly called out McDonald, "we've certainly struck it."

The three men ran forward to a rocky ledge, when they discovered what all agreed was evidently chloride ore, and they instantly began their preparation for blasting away the ledge, so as to get at the valuable stuff.

It will be borne in mind that this work was being done in the canon, with the rocky walls separated by less than fifty feet and rising perpendicularly to more than four times that height. The rock was dark and igneous, and on the side where the miners were working, a short distance below the supposed silver ledge, the cliff projected outward some distance over the path.

The natural roof offered the most inviting spot for a camp. The miners leaned poles against it, and wadded in with brush and dry grass, thus forming a sort of cabin, which was extremely useful in providing against cold. There was no hesitancy about kindling a fire, since all the Indians they were likely to encounter were of a friendly disposition toward the whites.

The men toiled away all day with moderate success. Silver certainly existed there; but it remained to be seen whether or not it was in paying quantities.

They were still quite hopeful when they ceased their labors and went into camp.

When night closed in, snow was falling, and it looked very much as if it would continue a long time.

Wrapping their blankets about them, they turned their feet to the fire and sank to sleep, not one of them opening his eyes until morning.

They then discovered that the snow lay to a depth of six inches, and it was still coming down. The wind was blowing, and the dry flakes were whirled about in such eddies that the miners could not see a dozen yards from their cabin.

The wind moaned through their primitive hut, as if to let them know

that winter had come upon them in a night, and it meant to hold its victim fast, now that it had fairly caught them.

McCoy once more urged a retreat, but in the hope that the storm would abate, it was decided to defer their departure for a while. There was danger of becoming lost, when they could not see where they were going, and it looked simply prudent to wait.

However, it proved a great mistake.— The snow storm was one of the severest ever known in that section. For six days succeeding there never was a minute of cessation.

Sometimes, of course, the fall was more rapid than at other times; but the flakes were drifting downward all the while, and when the crystal clouds finally exhausted themselves, the snow lay fully eight feet deep in the canon, while mountainous masses curled into all sorts of fantastic shapes and hung over the cliff. The sight was sublime, but the fire was needed for cooking, and its warmth was very pleasant.

On the third day, it became apparent that there was no saving the mule, and he was shot, dressed and placed away in the snow against all contingencies.

It's a good deal better to eat mule meat than to starve to death.

With the abatement of the storm the sun came out and shone with great brightness. This started a thaw, which continued a couple of days, though it was not to be expected that it would last until the snow disappeared. It would require weeks of such weather, and that was very improbable at this season of the year, for November had grown into winter.

During all these long, dismal days of the storm, the miners remained within the hut, smoking, sleeping, eating and passing the time as best they could; but with the appearance of the sun they dug their way out, and climbing up the ledge where they had been working, cleared away some of the snow and commenced work again.

They kept up good hearts, for the men were old miners, whose experience was mainly a history of bad luck, and they tried to cheer themselves with the belief that their long expected fortune had come at last.

But such was not the case. There was chloride ore beyond question, but it didn't pan out well.

The three men were pegging away as hard as ever toward the close of the day, when, as the twilight gathered in the canon, a low, rumbling sound caused them to stop and look at each other with blanched faces, wondering what it could mean.

It sounded like the muttering of an earthquake, and the miners would have set it down for that, but for the fact that there was no perceptible tremor in the ground.

The terrible grumble grew louder and louder, until, looking up, they saw an enormous mass of snow sliding down from the cliffs far above their heads.

"Go for camp, boys!" yelled McDonald, leaping from the ledge and scrambling desperately through the snow, his companions but a few seconds behind him.

They were only a rod or two from shelter, but the snow was upon them before they reached it. But the avalanche, as it may be called, did not fall at once: it began like a torrent rushing through a bank, growing more massive, alarming and stupendous each second.

Thus it was the miners succeeded in plunging into the cabin, head first, just in time.

The frightened men had barely opportunity to crawl into their prison, when down came the main body of the avalanche, composed of snow, ice, trees and boulders, burying the party to a depth of forty feet.

The projecting rock and the strong poles saved them from being crushed to death. Some of the supports gave way under the enormous pressure, but a considerable space was left in which the poor fellows could move about.

It was as dark as midnight, and as soon as the miners found they were all there unharmed, they concluded they would be smothered to death, for it seemed that it would take but a brief time to use up all the air at their command.

But this fear fortunately was unfounded. There were crevices along the sides which admitted all the atmosphere they needed; and, encouraged by the certainty that imminent death was not impending, they began to dig out their provisions. The regular supply was about exhausted, and they were immensely relieved when they brought out the carcass of the mule.

The broken poles and support furnished all the fuel they need for cooking, which was the only necessity for fire. There is warmth in snow, and it is well known that animals have lived for weeks securely protected from the wintry blasts sweeping over the waves above. Whatever the imprisoned mi-

ners might suffer from it was sure not to be cold.

The next natural proceeding was to attempt to dig their way out. With the long poles at their command they delved in different directions, but it was impossible to make any satisfactory progress.

They dreaded, in case they worked any distance from the shelter of the rock, the disturbance thus created would bring down the thousands of tons above their head, and destroy them instantly and utterly as the Alpine avalanche overwhelms the traveler.

They could barely distinguish the fading out of the faint light at the crevices by which they knew when night had come.

They toiled cautiously, and once when McCoy had ventured a little too far, a second edition of the fearful rumbling sound warned them of what was coming, and his companions, catching his feet, were barely able to draw him back in time to save his life.

That ended all effort to dig themselves out, and they came to the conclusion that nothing was left but to wait for death to release them from their snowy prison.

They had food at their service, and the snow furnished all the water needed; so that the prospect was of a confinement of weeks before the final scene.

Nearly three days passed, when McCoy suddenly started up and exclaimed:

"Sh! don't you hear it?"  
His companions listened, but detected nothing.

"Some one is digging down to us."  
All listened intently, for at such a time the slightest noise is of the greatest importance, meaning most probably life or death to all concerned. In a few minutes they caught a peculiar sound, which they knew was made by delving in the snow.

"They must be Indians," was the exclamation of McCoy.  
"Most likely; but how would they know we are here?"

A very appropriate question, indeed—for the descent of the avalanche had obliterated most effectually every trace of the miners from the outside world.

The general belief was that the parties approaching must be savages, and the whites shouted with might and main.

Instantly the digging ceased, but there was no response, and in a brief time, the noise showed that the delving was resumed.

For a full hour this continued, and then a dim, increasing light indicated the point where the strangers were laboring through the vast mass of snow.

The miners called out again, but still there was no reply.

"That proves one thing," said McCoy, in a scared voice.  
"What's that?"  
"They are not men, but wild animals."

"What of it?"  
"Most probably they are wolves, whose hunger will make them as brave as tigers. Have your guns ready, for it will be an ugly fight."

The miner was correct in his theory, for they were wolves that were clawing their way through the snow, eager to get at the dainty meal awaiting them, and whose location they must have learned from the odor of the cooking meat borne to them through the frosty air.

McDonald ran to where the fire was smoldering, and caught up a brand, which he circled rapidly around his head until it was fanned into a blaze.

Just then a flood of light broke into the cavern, and the snout of a gigantic wolf was thrust through the opening.

Before the brute could take in the whole scene, the torch was jammed into his eyes, and, with a yelping snarl, he leaped back among his companions.

Still holding the fire before him, the miner crawled through the tunnel, closely followed by his friends, with their guns ready for immediate use.

Arriving on the outside, they were gratified to find that the wolves only numbered half a dozen, two of which were instantly shot dead, and a third wounded.

The rifles were loaded without delay, but the brutes, thoroughly frightened, slunk off, and, when the miners had toiled some distance, they looked back and saw the survivors feasting upon the two that had been killed.

Such a meal was doubtless all they wished, for a while at least, and they showed no disposition to trouble the men, who, finding themselves so singularly and happily released from their prison, bent all their energies toward reaching their homes.

A long distance remained to be traversed, and they had a most laborious task before them, but they pressed onward and finally arrived at White Oakes, and concluded to adjourn all further prospecting in the mountains until the coming of more favorable weather.

**How Country People are Taken in by Speculation Advertisements.**

All fools are not dead yet. In fact, the breed seems to be on the increase, both in numbers and intensity. Of the hundreds of thousands swindled everywhere by answering inviting advertisements, probably far more money is lost by those who speculate with advertising Wall street firms than in any other way. There are plenty of legitimate bankers in Wall street, but there is also plenty of sharks of no standing or responsibility. The New York Times says that, notwithstanding the fact that the schemes of these fellows have been exposed time and again during the past five years by the newspapers, the business seems to be continually growing, and every day new "firms" are embarked in it. They nearly all maintain offices in the neighborhood of Wall street, which in fitting up and general appearance are not different from those of legitimate brokers. They call themselves bankers and brokers, and there is no one to gainsay them, such a title being open to any one who chooses to assume it. They are careful, however, not to represent themselves as members of the Stock Exchange, and that body is, therefore, powerless to interpose.

Having established their offices, these gentry proceed to advertise largely in the country newspapers, detailing the immense imaginary profits to be made in Wall street by risking small sums. Some of them obtain by purchase, from persons who make a specialty of the business of collection, an incredible number of addresses of country people of a gullible nature—those who have bitten at other advertised frauds—and to such neatly lithographed circulars are sent offering special inducements.

Many firms publish and distribute pamphlets, and even so-called newspapers, periodically issued, and filled with false quotations and market reports, and also imaginary instances of fortunes made out of nothing. These are sent broadcast all over the United States. The money that they bring in is never invested—except, perhaps, on the faro table, in the interest of the swindlers themselves; but the difficulty of proving the fact can be realized when it is considered that nothing tangible is bought or sold.

The constant changes in quotations of stocks on the regular board, and the indefiniteness of the time allowed to operate, are also in the swindler's favor, but he does not depend upon any such limited security. In fact the distinguishing mark of these stock-speculating frauds is that they generally have on hand "pools" or "combinations," in which they offer shares. Legitimate brokers never under any circumstances make such offers. Legitimate brokers never advertise at all, except when they have special securities for sale for permanent investment or in a general way. They never advertise special speculations on margins, and anything of that character may, therefore, be set down as a deliberate fraud.

**Strange and Mysterious.**

The residents of the neighborhood of Middle and County streets in Portsmouth, Virginia, are greatly excited over a haunted house at that point. Occupants declare that for a month past they have been annoyed by strange noises throughout the building, both day and night. Doors that are firmly locked are in a few moments afterward opened and slammed by an invisible agency; knives and forks fly from the kitchen through the dining room windows and rattle on the sideboard; bureau drawers are emptied, and other strange freaks are performed by the furniture of rooms. A peculiar disturbance is the frequency with which pairs of scissors fly about the rooms and stick in the window frames and mantel-pieces. The two large windows of the back dining room have nearly every light broken by the flying missiles. Those who occupy the building spoke of the matter to the neighbors for the first time Monday, and of course the neighbors are more or less startled by such strange and unnatural occurrences.

The house was visited by a great number of people, and many were astonished with the manifestations that occurred in their presence. On Tuesday night the sensation attracted an immense concourse of people to the vicinity and caused a very serious accident. The high porch to the house suddenly gave way under the weight of the throng upon it and precipitated the whole crowd in one confused heap to the pavement below, a distance of ten feet. The following persons were injured: Virginia Weston, two ribs broken and fatally injured internally; John Young, ankles dislocated; A. T. Culpepper, legs crushed; F. J. Nicholson, head and face cut very badly; Samuel Armstrong, side and knees hurt; Henry Whitehurst, knee sprained; Bud Cherry, hurt internally; Miss Irving, hurt about the body; Edward Arrington, arm crushed.