

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

OCTOBER 6th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows: For New York via Allentown, at 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For New York via "Bound Brook Route," 8.20, 8.25 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 8.20, 8.05, 9.35 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS: For New York, at 8.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 8.30 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia, and Way Stations, at 1.45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows: Leave New York via Allentown, 8.45 a. m., 1.00 and 5.30 p. m. Leave New York via "Bound Brook Route," 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.10 p. m.

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.

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.

NEW WAGON SHOP. THE undersigned having opened a WHEELWRIGHT SHOP, in 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.

American and Foreign Patents. GILMORE & CO., Successors to CHIPMAN & HOSMER & CO., Solicitors, Patents prepared in all countries, NO FEES IN ADVANCE.

LAND CASES, LAND WARRANTS & SCRIP. Contested Land Cases prosecuted before the U. S. General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private Land Claims, MINING and PRE-EMPTION Claims, and HOMESTEAD cases attended to.

AREAS OF PAID AND BOUNTY. OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge.

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 Colleges.

A Gambler's First Attempt at Preaching the Gospel.

OF COURSE I went to Leadville, that wonderful mushroom city, which can boast of the most rascally gamblers, hardest drinkers, cheekiest bummers and vilest prostitutes in creation.

I was standing in front of the hotel when my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated looking specimen of a saloon bumner, who was passing along the street ringing a bell.

Turning to a dapper little gambler who stood near, I asked: "Who is Faro Bill?" "Who is he? Well, now, if that ain't the boss play fur high. You kin brake me right here if I thought there was a bloke in the mines that didn't know Bill.

This explanation, given in the most earnest tones, started me instantly for the tent. It was used at night for a variety theatre, where artists (?) of questionable character performed acts of still more questionable decency, and was rented for religious services every Sunday morning.

"Feller citizens, the preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it fur all it is worth. You all know that I am just learnin' the game, an' of course, I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't think thar's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage o' my ignorance, and cold-cold me right on the first deal.

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the Prodigal Son, an' I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give any dates, but it happened long, long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never klicked at the size of the pile either.

were feedin', an' he stood in with them on a hunk lunch.

"He soon weakened on such plain provender, an' says he to himself, says he: "Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub, while I'm worryin' along here on corn husks straight.

"The old man seed the kid a comin' and what do you reckon he did? Did he pull his gun and lay fur him, intending to wipe him as soon as he got into range?

At the conclusion of the narrative, the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story.

"Taint me as would try ter break up a meeting, or do anything disreputable. No, sir; I am not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoo-dooes is a parliamentary rule for anybody as wants to ax questions to rise up an' fire them off.

Bill glared upon the speaker and fairly hissed:

"Do you mean to say that I am a liar?" "Wal, you can take it just as you choos. Some folks would swallow it in that shape."

Bill pulled his revolver, and in an instant the bright barrels of numerous weapons flashed in the air as the friends of each party prepared for active duty.

The audience arose. "May graze, mercy and peace be with you, now and forever, amen; and I want it distinctly understood that I am going to maintain a proper respect for the gospel if I have to choke every son-o'-a-gun of a sinner in the mines. Meetin' is out."

The crowd filed from the tent as coolly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and as I gained the sidewalk I heard a man remark:

"Bill has got the sand to make a bang up preacher, and I would not wonder if he made a big mark in the world yet."

An Accidental Discovery.

TWENTY years ago companies were at their wits' end to get rid of the coal-tar produced in the distillation of gas. Nobody would buy it, people could hardly be persuaded to accept it as a gift, and sanitary inspectors were wont to grumble when it was being secretly carted from the works to be cast ignominiously out of sight.

has always had attractions for his co-investigators—the endeavor to produce natural organic bodies artificially. How often and how surprisingly they have succeeded, the history of chemistry emphatically shows.

He proposed to act on toluidine with iodide of allyle so as to form allyle-toluidine, and he thought by mixing bichromate of potassium with the neutral sulphate an artificial bauline would result.

What was his horror when, carefully adding the precise proportions of the missing ingredient, instead of the colorless alkaloid he got a dirty reddish powder! Perkin might well have given up in despair, or have scornfully tossed his red powder into the fire; but, balked in one trial, he began again—having very carefully laid his powder aside for further investigation—and this time he determined upon trying a different base.

The writer well remembers, one December night in 1856, sitting in a crowded audience in the theatre of the Society of Arts, to hear the first of the Cantor Lectures for the year, which was to be delivered by Mr. Perkin, and being charmed to see the "battle of the dyes" fought over again.

The Adventures of a Salesman.

Among the many adventures encountered by traveling salesman we hear of none more embarrassing or annoying than that which befell our esteemed friend, A. E. Hand, the well-known carpet salesman of Hood, Bonbright & Co., this city.

A glance the difference in the personal appearance of the two gentlemen, the only similarity being in the color and curl of the moustache. Mr. Mabin, if we remember his appearance, is tall and of slender build, ruddy complexioned, while our friend, Hand, is a man of medium height, well-proportioned, with a complexion as fair as a child's.

A pretty incident occurred at Lebanon, Ont., the other Sunday. Into the Methodist Church flew a robin during service. Perching on a rail opposite the pulpit, it sang loudly when the people sang, was silent during prayer, but while the minister preached it chirped occasionally as if to encourage him. It remained until the congregation was formally dismissed and then flew away.

of his establishment of his employers, awaiting the return of his fac-simile, or to hear of his positive whereabouts, before venturing on another business trip.—Textile Journal.

Trying to Astonish a Pawnbroker.

THE imperturbability and extreme caution of the average pawnbroker are proverbial. The other day a young man of an experimental and facetious turn of mind resolved to astonish a pawnbroker or die in the attempt.

"Well, old man! how much'll you advance me on that?" The pawnbroker tested, rang and weighed the coin, dropped a little aquafortis upon it, and replied:

"I can let you have \$4 on it." "Four Erebuses?" cried the young man; why, it's worth more!"

"Well, yes," answered the pawnbroker; "the gold is good, evidently.—But it's very old-fashioned—it was made in 1834—and isn't worth any more than its weight in old metal. Besides, there is such fluctuation in gold and silver. I have seen gold up to 185, and silver down to 84. How do I know but that silver may go up to 285, and go down to 84? I can't take any risks in my business like that, you know! But I'll tell you what I'll do, seeing it is you; I don't mind letting you have \$5 on it. But don't let the boss know, for he has the heart disease, and the shock might kill him!"

"Gimme \$7, and I'll take it!" said the impetuous youth; but the pawnbroker shook his head so sternly that he knew it was no go; and so, picking up his \$10 piece, he departed. He returned three minutes afterward, and throwing down the same piece, said to the pawnbroker:

"Say! can you give me two \$5 greenbacks for this?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the pawnbroker calmly, and produced the notes.

"You sweet-scented old idiot!" said the young man as he pocketed the bills, "that's the same \$10 piece that you wouldn't lend me \$7 on at interest a minute ago!"

"I know it, my friend," said the pawnbroker. "That was business! that was business!"

Splitting the Difference.

A young man with the blush of country life on his cheeks, sold out his produce in the market recently and entered a shoe store, and said he wanted a pair of shoes for his wife.

"What number, sir?" inquired the clerk.

The young man scratched his head, looked very much embarrassed, and finally said:

"Well, I've been married eight months, but this shoe business stumps me. I don't hardly believe she wears 'evens, and I don't think she kin get into fives. I guess if we split the difference we will hit her pretty close."

He was given a pair of eights, and after squinting along the soles he observed:

"I guess them'll do. She is awful proud, and I know she'll squeeze into 'em for all she's worth."

A Dog Drowned by a Coon.

On Tuesday last a very valuable dog belonging to Mr. White, of Sauvie's Island, while strolling around through the timber near the slough, came upon a coon's trail and followed it to the animal's hiding place. After considerable digging and barking, the coon was routed and took to the water and after it went the dog. The fight was a life and death struggle, but the coon was too cunning. As the dog approached him he seized him by the nose and sank beneath the surface, pulling the dog's head under the water. The process was repeated until the dog was drowned and his conspish swarm to the shore and disappeared uninjured.—Portland (Oregon) Bee.

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Almost Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.