

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, 8.55 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. For Reading, at 5.30, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.00 and 8.00 p. m. For Pottsville, at 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m. For Auburn, 5.30 a. m. For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.00 p. m. The 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York. The 5.20 train has through cars for Philadelphia.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations, at 5.20 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., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 5.20 p. m., 12.35 midnight. Leave Lancaster, 8.15 a. m. and 3.50 p. m. Leave Columbia, 7.55 a. m. and 3.40 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Pottsville, 4.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.50, 7.35, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 8.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.55, 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 7.45 p. m. Leave Reading, at 7.25 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 9.15 p. m.

J. H. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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. t1

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. 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, 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. Carriages of all styles built and all work will be warranted.

STOFFER & CRIST.

New Bloomfield, April 23, 1878.

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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 Colleges. 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 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.

J. H. FLICKINGER, A. M., Principal, or Wm. GIER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Pa. July 23, 1879.

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. One's first impulse upon arriving in the town is to start out and see the sights—to gaze in upon the many gambling halls, where money is ever changing hands upon the turn of a card. Above the sharp clicking of ivory checks can be heard the voices of dealers calling upon the players to "Make your bets, gentlemen," while notes of exultation and cursing came forth in strange chorus, uttered by those who lose and those who win. But it is not of gambling that I would tell you. The scenes are but duplicates of those so familiar to every pioneer in the early days of the Union Pacific railroad.

I was standing in front of the hotel when my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated looking specimen of a saloon bummer, who was passing along the street ringing a bell.—At intervals he would cease ringing, and shout:

"Religious racket right away at the big tent! Roll up, tumble, or slide up on yer y-years, for we'll have a bangup dish o' gospel talk from Faro Bill—an' d-o-o-n't you forget it!"

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. He used to be one of the boys, but got capped into a religious game by a slick-tongued gospel sharp about two months ago. He's copped on all his old rackets, and don't stand with nothin' now that don't show up a Bible or prayer-book in the lay out.—Billy used to be the boss gambler of the camp, and wasn't afraid to sit in a game with the flyest sport that ever slung a card; but he's clean gone on the pious lay now, and seems to have lost all the good that was ever in him. The boss mouthpiece of the heavenly mill has gone down to Denver, an' Bill is a goin' to stand in an' sling gospel to the boys as well as he can."

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. I found the tent filled to its utmost capacity. Many had no doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill would deport himself in this, his initial sermon. Upon the stage sat a burley, red-faced man with arms folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of the most decided importance. This was Faro Bill, the speaker of the occasion.—When he arose he glanced around the tent for a moment, evidently collecting his thoughts, and began:

"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'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay out as this, he plays every card to win, and if he goes through the deal as he order to, when he lays down to die, an' the last case is ready to slide from the box, he can tell the turn every time."

"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. I reckon the old man was purty well fixed, an' when he died he intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod give old man a little game of talk one day, and induced him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He hed a way-up time fur a while, and slung his cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on earth; but hard luck hit him a lick at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up agin some brace game. But anyhow, he got left without a chip; or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An old granger then tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they

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. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call fur a new deal," so off he started.

"The old man seed the kid a coming 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? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranche? Did he hustle around for a club and give him a stand-off at the front gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't. No, sir! The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, and froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store an' fitted him out in the noblest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors and killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blowout the camp ever seed."

At the conclusion of the narrative, the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, blue-eyed gambler with a fierce mustache, arose and said:

"Taint me as would try ter break up a meeting, or do anything disreputous. 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. I do not want to fool away any time a questioning the workings of religion; oh, no. As long as it is kept in proper bounds, and does not interfere with the boys in their games, I do not see as it can do harm. I just want to ax the honorable speaker if he has not given himself dead away? Does it stand ter reason that a bloke would eat corn husks when there was hash factories in the camp? Would anybody have refused him the price of a square meal if he had a struck them for it? Would any of the dealers that beat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I do not want to make any disrespectful remarks, but I must say that I have got it put up that the speaker has been a trying to feed us on cussed thin taffy, and no one but a silly would take it in."

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 brevet preacher was the first to fire, and the rash doubter of spiritual truths fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and when quiet was again restored a score or more of dead and wounded men were carried from the tent. Having secured attention, Bill said:

"Further proceedings is adjourned for the day. You will receive the doxology."

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-of-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. This was the most useless of all kinds of rubbish, and in many respects the most noxious. A young chemist—who had been taken in hand by the celebrated Hofmann, and who, from an East End Mechanics' Institute, where he showed a considerable aptitude for chemical studies, had been transported to the laboratory of the great man—solved the problem for the wrathful but helpless gas-managers in the year 1856. But he solved it in a way as unexpected as it has turned out to be remunerative. The story is interesting and instructive. William Perkin—that was the name of the young chemist—was at the time of the splendid discovery engaged in an occupation which

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. Mr. Perkin was trying to make quinine chemically. For this purpose he selected a substance into the composition of which nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon enter in nearly the same proportions as they do in the natural product.

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 guanine 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.—Very fortunately for him, for the gas companies, and for the world at large, he selected aniline, which he treated with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash; and now, instead of red powder, or the much-desired quinine, he got a black deposit more resembling the compound near a pit-head on a wet day than anything else. He persevered with his new and unpromising material, which he purified, dried, digested with spirits of wine, and found to be a splendid aniline purple, or what has since been known as "mauve dye."

The writer well remembers, one December night in 1868, 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. It was a "far cry" from 1856 to 1868, short as were the years, and from the student in Hofmann's laboratory to the successful producer of aniline colors. Twelve years had passed, but in that time the practice and theory of dyeing and printing in colors had been revolutionized; coal-tar, instead of being looked upon as rubbish, was cherished by gas managers as gold; and ladies all over the world had gone mad over the splendid new colors which every year grew out of the original "black stuff" which was got in the search for quinine. Mr. Perkin solved the problem like a true chemist by turning rubbish into gold.

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. It seems, while making his late business trip through the New England States, he was subjected to considerable annoyance and arrest by the special detectives in that section of the country, who supposed him to be no other than Mr. Frank Mabin, who mysteriously disappeared from our city a short time since. We are surprised at the want of conception on the part of Yankee detectives in making this tremendous blunder, and not being able to discern at 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 complected, while our friend, Hand, is a man of medium height, well-proportioned, with a complexion as fair as a child's. The first idea Mr. Hand had of his being looked upon with suspicion was in New Haven, where he noticed a man watching him closely; but, knowing himself to be a respectable married man with a character above the general run of salesmen, he was rather unconcerned, not supposing the individuals had other designs than those of robbing him of his valuable watch and diamond studs, which he took the precaution to pack among his samples. But, on leaving the hotel, you may imagine his surprise, and with what disgust he turned to find a hand laid upon his shoulder and confronted by the party who had shadowed him and who proved to be no other than a special detective, armed with all the privileges of the law to arrest him as Frank Mabin. As the officer felt positive of his man Mr. H. had considerable difficulty in convincing him of the mistake, and it was not until Mr. Martin, from H. B. Armstrong & Co., well known to the officer, was interviewed, that our friend was released and allowed to depart on his way rejoicing, which however, was of but short duration, for on arriving in Boston, while walking the streets in pleasant conversation with a few friends, he was again approached by a special officer with a warrant for his arrest, but with the aid of his friends he was enabled to establish his identity, whereupon he was at once released. He immediately purchased a ticket direct for Philadelphia, and is now safely ensconced within the walls of the

colonial 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. So, entering the secret shrine, he gave the officiating pontiff a \$10 gold-piece and said:

"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 let 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 conspicious swarm to the shore and disappeared uninjured.—Portland (Oregon) Bee.

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.

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.