

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

OCTOBER 6th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows:
 For New York via Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.
 For New York via "Bound Brook Route," 5.20, 8.05 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 5.20, 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, 5.30, 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.
 The 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. make close connection at Reading with Main Line trains having through cars for New York, via "Bound Brook Route."

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 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.00, 3.20 p. m., 12.35 midnight.
 Leave Lancaster, 8.05 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, 6.00, 9.10 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 4.20, 7.25, 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, 11.30 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 5.20 p. m.
 Leave Philadelphia, at 7.45 p. m.
 Leave Reading, at 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m.
 Leave Allentown, at 9.05 p. m.
 J. E. WOOTTEN, Gen. Manager.
 C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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New Bloomfield, Penn'a.,

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 A careful hostler always in attendance.
 April 9, 1878. H

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 NEW YORK.**

HOCHKISS & POND, Proprietors.
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

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NEW FURNITURE. NEW MANAGEMENT. 41y

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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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Music, Drawing and Painting.
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 or WM. GREER, Proprietor,
 New Bloomfield, Pa.
 July 29, 1879.

A NARROW ESCAPE

JUST before the battle of Cedar Creek one of Custer's troopers, named Dave Harrison, had an adventure full of peril. In the absence of regular scouts he was detailed to work his way up the valley and discover all he could regarding the enemy's position, and he entered upon the enterprise with alacrity and confidence. Dave was known as a quiet, cool, enduring man, doing his duty under all circumstances and winning the good will of the officers and in camp or on the march.

It was not the intention to send the trooper forward as a spy, but his instructions were to scout over the neutral but dangerous ground between outposts and as near the enemy as he could. He left our camp in his Federal uniform, armed with a pair of revolvers and a knife, and there were plenty of croakers to predict that he would never return.

After leaving the outpost Dave headed straight up the valley, determined to accomplish his task as soon as possible. He of course took to the woods and brush, as the highways were more or less traveled by the enemy and by the country people, and the sight of his uniform would have caused instant alarm. He had discovered that the neutral ground was overrun with Confederate scouts and foragers, and his plan was to go slow.

The trooper had made another two miles after dinner, when he found that he must leave his cover of the friendly forest if he would get nearer the enemy's lines. He had seen cavalry, artillery, infantry and army wagons moving and marching by this road or that, and had drawn his own conclusions, but yet this did not satisfy him. Surmises and conclusions were not the information desired at headquarters. To secure facts he must cross the open fields and highways, and by mid-afternoon he was prepared to do so. His last cover was a thicket by the road-side. Nearly opposite him and about twenty rods away was a log farm-house, the front door standing wide open. The scout was hoping to get a word with some colored man, when a cavalry patrol of about twenty-five men came along the dusty road and halted at a watering-trough to refresh their horses. The noise attracted the attention of the house dog, a large and savage animal, and he ran down to the highway and barked furiously. Finding that the soldiers gave him no attention he trotted up and down the road and finally got the scent of the scout hiding in the thicket. The dog was over the fence and into the thicket in a second, and his angry barks and growls attracted general attention.

"He's after a 'possum," shouted one of the band.

"More like a scout!" added the second as he rode up to the fence.

"Come out of that, you devil!" ordered the lieutenant in command.

The scout realized that they only guessed at the presence of a human being there, and he hoped they might be satisfied without an investigation. Perhaps they would have been but for the conduct of the dog, which seemed determined to come to close quarters. To shoot him would have betrayed the man instantly. He tried to coax the brute with meat and to intimidate him with a club, but neither effort was successful. When sure that the dog was about to close in on him Dave drew his knife. The dog sprang in and was received with a blow intended to settle him then and there, but only gave him a severe wound. The cut took the fight out of him and he retreated among the troopers. As soon as they noted his wound they held a whispered consultation and divided, a part going up the road and a part down. When thirty rods from the thicket they began throwing down the fence.

The scout saw that he was to be flanked. The woods were too far away, and he must bolt in some direction or tamely surrender. He was not a man to do the last while there was any show of escape. As soon as the cavalry entered the field the scout bounded into the road and had crossed it before he was discovered. When the cavalry opened fire he ran straight for the house. Two white women, several colored ones and three or four children were running about the yard, and Dave bolted through the crowd and into the house. He expected to run through it and across the back fields, but seeing the people gathering at the back door he went no farther than the kitchen. The doors all stood open. After a glance around for a hiding-place, the scout stepped behind the one leading up stairs. This door swung close to the floor and hit the wall, so as to leave quite a corner where the wall joined.

The scout was scarcely hidden when the house was full of men. All had seen him enter, and they felt sure of capturing him. While some stood guard at the doors, others began a search. They examined every room in detail, constantly expecting to unearth the

Yankee, and two of the kitchen doors were pulled back for a peep in the corners. The cellar was the last place searched. A window in the wall was open, and after a brief search the soldiers concluded that the scout had crept out of this and made off while they were searching above. At this moment one of the colored women raised an outcry and declared that she had seen a blue-coat enter the corn field about thirty rods from the house. Away went the crowd, whooping and yelling, and the scout was left alone with the women and children.

Dave had planned to step forth, cross the highway and make for the cover of the forest, but just as he was ready to execute the movement he heard the rumble of wheels on the road. A force was passing, and his appearance would have been the signal for pursuit. The only way was to trust to luck.

After a hunt of half an hour the patrol straggled back to the house with the information that the Yankee had made his escape for the time being, but that patrols had been sent out to cut off his return. The lieutenant was offered food and he had just drawn up to the table to eat a cold bite when he was joined by a captain of some independent command, whose men had just come down the road. The two talked briskly of army matters and movements as they plied their knives and forks, and what the scout overheard, as he crouched behind the kitchen door, was regarded of value when carried to the Federal headquarters.

When the two officers had finished their meal it was near sundown, and as they rose to go Dave had a narrow escape from discovery. In the room with them was a white woman and a colored woman, and as the captain rose up the white woman remarked:

"Why, captain, you are loaded down with dust. Wait a minute and I'll brush it off."

She started for the broom. She was doubtless in the habit of standing it behind the stair door for her hand was already on the edge of the door to swing it back from the wall when the colored woman cried out from the other room that she had it. The captain was vigorously dusted, his hostess duly thanked, and the two officers departed together. However, the scout was but little better off. He could hear troops moving along the road, and if he left his hiding-place before night, his capture or death would be almost certain. But could he remain where he was?

The excitement having somewhat subsided the women went about their household duties, and one of the colored women was instructed to get supper. Dave had been standing as stiff as a board for an hour and a half, but he dared not change his position. The women talked pretty bravely, and his escape from the house might not be accomplished as safely as he had at first anticipated. The windows were open and he could hear sounds which convinced him that soldiers were in camp not far away.

By and by twilight came and supper was ready. Dave hoped that after the meal was over the household might scatter long enough to prevent his exit unseen, but fate had a trick to play him. The meal was not more than half over when some article fell to the floor upstairs with a loud bang. At this the mistress of the house remarked to one of the children:

"Albert, shut that stair-door and stop that draft of wind."

The boy left the table, walked over to the door and pulled it shut, leaving Dave in his corner without shelter. The lad gave a start of surprise at sight of the intruder, but before he could cry out, the scout stepped boldly forward with a polite good evening to all. No one was greatly startled, as soldiers were frequent callers.

"Who is it?" asked the mistress as she looked up.

"Gor! a mighty! It's dat Yank!" exclaimed one of the colored women in reply, as she caught sight of the blue clothes.

A frightened look swept around the circle, and as the black woman turned to fly the scout called out:

"Don't be afraid—no one shall be harmed. I am going right out doors now."

He edged toward the back door, when the mistress asked:

"Have you been in the house all the time?"

"Behind the door," he answered.

The colored woman began laughing in a hearty manner, and the others couldn't help smiling at the idea of how the soldiers had been tricked.

"You can't be so very bad, or you would have killed us all before now," said the woman as she rose up; and taking a platter of meat in one hand and a plate of bread in the other she extended them towards her Yankee guest. He helped himself, bowed his thanks and next moment was out of the house and crossing the fields. No alarm was given,

and in a short time he was safe from pursuit.

It having become known that a Federal scout was about, every effort was made to intercept and capture him. Twice he ran against patrols and was fired on, and again a horseman jumped right over him as he crouched behind a log. Even when only a mile from camp he ran into the arms of a bush-whacker, and while the latter was left dead in the bushes, Dave entered camp with a bullet imbedded in his shoulder, but walking bravely and bearing pews greatly desired.

Valuable Facts About Burglars by One of Them.

A BOSTON burglar has been interviewed in prison, and gives away the profession as follows: "First, I generally make myself perfectly familiar with the house and its occupants, locate the sleeping-rooms, and if possible, ascertain who occupies them. Then I look over the house and determine the best place to make the 'break.' This is immaterial, however, for men in my line of work can get into anything in the shape of a building. The window is the easiest mode, and is the one generally tried first. We carry a little steel jimmy, about fourteen inches in length, pointed at one end and bent at an angle on the other. This bend gives us a powerful pressure, and we can usually pry open a window, tearing off the catch gradually, so that no noise is made. Should this fail, a thin case knife can be run up between the sashes, and in nine cases out of ten the catch can be moved. Sometimes, on a windy night, we break the glass, but this is seldom found necessary. Sometimes we cut a panel, by means of a bit stock and little knife blade set in it; but by far the easiest mode is to take our nippers and, by turning the key in the lock, open the door; this, of course, provided that there are no bolts upon the door. In forcing heavy doors we sometimes use a powerful jack, which never fails. Skeleton keys also play no small part in our work. On entering we look about leisurely, and generally regale ourselves with a cold lunch, if we find any in the closet or refrigerator. We pack up all the solid silverware to be found, and sometimes are not too proud to carry away a little of the plated article. If there is little or none of this in the house, we pack up any good clothing we may find, and if the weather is cool, slip into an overcoat or other warm garment. In our journey up stairs we enter every room possible, and most always are rewarded for our trouble by a watch and chain, money or jewelry. Any small article of value that we can conveniently carry away in our pockets generally disappears. Then we pass down stairs and make up our bundle and 'skedaddle.' We have what is called a 'fence'—a man to whom we carry all our 'swag,' and who buys it of us, of course, at a comparatively low figure; but then, as it costs us nothing, we don't complain. The solid silver goes into the melting pot, and is thus unrecognizable, while the rest of the stuff is disposed of in different ways. Of course most of our house-breaking is done in the suburbs, for we couldn't crack a house in the city and get into the street with any heavy plunder without being collared before we had got a block. We lie around until we get a good diamond or jewelry job that we can pocket and then sail in. About the best thing I know of is the burglar-alarm, and if we find a house is provided with it we let it alone.

We know well enough that a man finding us in his house has a perfect right to kill us if he can. If he will give us the slightest show of escape we will dust, and almighty lively at that. If he corners us, then he must look out for resistance, and generally gets the worst of it. If a strong bolt is placed on the inside of a sleeping room, in nine cases out of ten that room will not be troubled. We can unlock the door with our nippers, but rather than force it with our jimmy, and thus make noise enough to awaken the sleeper, we pass the apartment for one not provided with a bolt. A good set of tools will cost \$600 or \$700. Our tools must be of the finest steel, and tempered to just such a degree, or they are good for nothing. Some men have certain pieces in a set, while others have different ones. In every set, however, you will find a full assortment of jimmies, skeleton keys, jacks, levers, etc. We have certain ways of getting our tools, and there are certain men who make a business of manufacturing them for us. It is rarely that we pick up a set in any one place, but it is more often that we gather our collection from a dozen different localities. Of course it is dangerous to have them in our possession, for if detected we are liable to a long term of imprisonment, for it is a State prison offence to own or have a set about you. However, we take the risk, and sometimes pay dear for it.

How do you work safes?
 That depends upon the safe. Some

we work one way and some another. The main thing in all safe work, how ever, is to cut the bolt that connects the lock with the bars. We generally go to work upon the iron over this bolt, and then by using the blow-pipe, we take the temper out of the iron and then bore and cut until we get through. Some safes are being made now that have a double row of plates over the bolt, and that bothers us, for it takes more time.

Is there any safe you cannot break open?

None, if we only have the time; and safe-makers now will warrant their safes to stand burglars for a certain number of hours.

Wooden Shoe Makers.

Let us describe a party of wooden shoe makers, or as they are termed, *sabotiers*, at work near a clear stream. The whole family is together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the apprentices, the mother and children running about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, where all sleep, not far off the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment are tethered. They are birds of passage, traversing the forest and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this green combe several fine beech trees are marked for the ax; they are fifty feet high and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp; but the beech *sabots* are light, of a close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather. All is animation. The men cut down the trees; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabot* roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend for the right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the holes for the interior, and scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cutler*. The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it; carving a rose or primrose upon the top, if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border round the edge, so that the blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished, they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm, golden-brown hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the wash-house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next comes those of the little shepherd who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows, the mother keeps the little *sabots* in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.—Long after, when the child has become a man, and his chair is vacated by the hearth, they are drawn out to be looked at, sometimes with a smile, too often with tears. During all his toil the workman talks and sings; he is not taciturn, like the charcoal burner; his muscles continually in action, his work in the open air, keep him in good temper, and giving him refreshing sleep and appetite. He sings like a linnet, while the women chatter and mend the family garments. When the trees have all been cut up, the camp is raised, the mules are loaded, adieu to the green hollow, and another place is sought for.

A Praying Parrot.

Captain James Etchberger vouches for the following bird story told in the Baltimore "News": About thirty years ago, when in Honduras, in command of the bark *Eldorado*, his wife, accompanying him, was presented with a parrot, a sprightly bird and a fluent discusser in the Spanish language. The bird was brought to Baltimore, where, when domiciled in the house of the captain, it soon acquired a knowledge of English. The next door neighbor of the captain was a garrulous woman—an incessant scold—forever quarrelling with some one or something. Polly, being allowed full liberty, was pleased to take an airing on the yard fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbor to perfection, and finally became aggressive. The bird not infrequently rued its impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broomstick. This brought forth a torrent of abuse from his injured feelings upon the head of its assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where in the course of time it reformed, and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety. Some time ago, while it was sunning itself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Its recent training came to its assistance, as at the top of its voice it shrieked, "O Lord, save me! O Lord, save me!" The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry, that he dropped his intended dinner and soared away in the distance. Polly still survives the attempted abduction.