

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, 8.06 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 8.09 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 Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. 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. 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 5.30 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 "Bound Brook Route," 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.10 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 3.20 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.20 a. m. 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 4.40, 7.35, 11.30 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 5.05, 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 10.35 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.

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GEO. F. ENSMINGER, Proprietor.

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New Bloomfield, April 23, 1879.

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The Age of "Advanced Thought."

BY ALEX. W. REESE.

The following which we publish by request, will be found of interest to many who are not in the habit of reading sermons:

"Be not conformed to this world." Rom. 12:2. Nothing affords the average American more delight than the conception that he lives in an age and country whose motto is "progress." In the indulgence of this thought his eye sparkles with enthusiasm, and his breast heaves with emotions of self-gratulation and conscious pride. Our politicians, aware of this national weakness, are not slow to avail themselves of so powerful an ally in furthering their schemes of personal aggrandizement, and in pushing their claims for power and place. When we hear these orators indulge in "spread eagle" style we are apt to fall into the fond delusion that we are the greatest nation and the wisest people that ever existed upon the face of the earth.

Over eighteen hundred years ago Jesus of Nazareth revolutionized the mythology of the world. He proclaimed a system of morals which shook the very pillars of the proud Temple of Jupiter under whose shadow He expired upon the cross erected by the disciples of this mighty God, and whose mailed soldiers, clad in triple steel were his executioners and the pitiless spectators of his death. "The Sun of righteousness arose with healing in His wings," and the darkness of Pagan mythology faded out before the rising splendors of that Light.

Eighteen centuries have elapsed since the advent of the Messiah, and since that time His religion has spread over almost the entire civilized world. But great "improvements" have been made in religion since then, it has been greatly beautified and adorned in this age of "advanced thought." In the beginning it was a very simple affair. Since then great complexity has been incorporated into its details.

One of its early principles was expressed in the quotation from Paul's epistle to the Heathen and Jewish converts at Rome, which heads this sketch. Now all that is done away with; it is non-essential to modern Christianity.

In Paul's time the followers of Jesus were a "peculiar" people. They did not look or act like the polite, intellectual, and polished Pagans around them. The world, in Paul's time, as we have seen was about as wise, cultivated, refined, intellectual, fashionable, and magnificent as it is now, if not a little more so, and yet Paul tells the disciples they must not be conformed to the world. But we have improved on this primitive piety in our day. We have got so near like the world that nobody can tell us apart. This is one of the happy results of the march of modern intellect. The car of progress is "on time," she can't wait for such slow coaches as Paul and his "old fogy" set. This is an age of steam, electricity, galvanism, telegraphy, mesmerism, and phrenology, and the man that wants to be religious now-a-days has to hurry up or he will miss the train. In Paul's time it didn't cost much to hear the gospel, but, bless you, Christianity is an expensive luxury in this age of "advanced thought." Paul traveled about considerably at his own expense, and preached a considerable spell for nothing, besides finding some time to work at his trade between appointments, but that is not the way things are done in this age of the world. Preachers have to get big pay for peddling out the gospel in this age of steam.

A little before Paul's time the founder of Christianity tells us that "the poor had the gospel preached unto them," and, even in that refined age of the world, the thing was so marvelous that it was classed with other miracles, such as "raising the dead," "restoring the blind," "cleansing the lepers," &c., and was offered as one of the proofs of Christ's identity with the expected Messiah.

It is about as miraculous in this day of advancement in religion. But some allowance must be made for Paul and his cotemporaries; they had not the advantages which we enjoy in this favored age of the world. Paul had no "Pullman palace coaches" to travel about in during his time, subsequently was compelled to go slow. Paul had no such chances to become famous as our preachers have at this day, because there were no short hand writers to report his sermons; no newspapers to print them in, and no obliging editors to puff them, and let the world know, beforehand, of his "masterly" effort. Paul, doubtless, had to travel afoot in his time, and pay his own tavern bills besides (when not among the Brethren) as there were no "dead-head" tickets to be had for those early "Evangelists."

Preaching was not a desirable business in those days, in a pecuniary point of view at least. Salaries were low, and Paul tells us himself that he met with some rough experiences in some of his travels. There was no cementation

among the poultry when he hitched at the front gate. People were not as considerate in their behavior towards the ministry as "the children of light" in this A. D. Paul might have fared better if he had "accommodated himself to the ways of the people," but he was very stubborn on this point. He had an unpleasant way of telling people of their sins, that was disagreeable to most folks, and kept him from being as popular as he might have been with a little more prudence. Paul's great misfortune was that he was too singular in his habits and views. He was not in accord with the spirit of the age in which he lived. Nobody likes to be found fault with, and Paul was too pointed in his remarks to suit some sensitive minds! In fact, they considered him entirely too personal in the pulpit. If a preacher wants people to like him, he must draw it very mild when he comes to talk about the shortcomings of the community.

Another great trouble with Paul. He was not much of a man for fashion and show. This was a great mistake, for with his learning and ability, he might have been one of the most popular preachers in his day. Many a preacher, in these times, not half as smart as Paul, commands a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and a parsonage "thrown in."

But we must not be too hard on Paul and the rest of the apostles, because it was a "new religion" they had to handle, and they had not the experience of eighteen hundred years to enlighten their minds. They had not the facilities of modern times; they lived in a heathen age and the doctrines they preached were opposed to the views, the customs, and the practices around them. They did not live in a Christian age, nor among a Christian people. That makes a great difference in things. The people were not obliging then. Generally he had to preach out doors. When he went down to Athens to preach to the fashionable people there he had to stand out on a cold rock, although the finest church in the world (the Temple of Minerva) stared him in the face. They never invited him to go in there. But we, thank fortune, live in a more liberal age. When a big preacher comes amongst us we don't treat him in that ill-mannered style. We show him all sorts of attention; ride him about the country in a fine carriage, kill the fatted hen, or turkey-gobbler; dine him, wine him, toast him, give him a new suit of shiny black, feast him from house to house, have his boots blacked, shave him at the barber's, puff him in the papers, dead-head him on the railroads, give him donation, surprise parties, send him to the watering places, give him a new gold watch, send him to Europe for his health, pay his way there and back, and his salary while there, sympathize with him in his "arduous labors," and do all we can to make him comfortable while here below.

That's quite different you see from what it was in Paul's time. Religion, in these days, is none of your "narrow-contracted," "selfish," "illiberal," "un-charitable," "bigoted" sort of thing it was in the days of Christ, Paul, Luke, Peter and those others. We take a large and comprehensive view of things, a view suited to the advanced and liberal age in which we live. Look, too, at the facilities for religious service that we enjoy in this age of the world. The splendid churches, the Sabbath-schools, the Christmas trees, chuck full of new toys and things for good little boys and girls. The Sunday-school books full of pretty stories about pious little boys and girls who never tell lies, steal sugar or go a fishing on the Sabbath, and other naughty things. See what aids to religion and a holy life in the church fairs, festivals, oyster suppers, religious raffles, grab-bags, sweet-cake auctions, strawberry and ice cream dinners, mite societies, pagodas, wigwags, post offices, and such moral appliances in aid of the "Redeemer's cause." Ah! they had no such privileges in Paul's time! It must have been a pretty tough pill to be religious in those primitive times, with its self-denial, bearing the cross, taking the reproach of Christ, non-conformity to the world, kissing one another, washing each other's feet, and all such vulgar and unpleasant things; but, thank goodness, in this age of advanced thought we see that all this trouble and bother is altogether unnecessary, unchristianized, and non-essential. We can be both respectable and pious which is a great comfort for one to think of.

The old way was desperate hard and unpleasant, just like traveling in an old-time stage coach over a new corduroy road, all bumps and jolts, which, on the other hand, on the "improved" method, and "fast line," we can get a first-class ticket securing all the advantages of speedy transit, pleasant company, elegant fare, agreeable scenery en route and a safe arrival, "on time," in "the Celestial City." Such are the moral advantages of living in an age of "advanced thought."

A Dead Sure Bet.

ONE of the frequenters of a broker's office, in this city, is a man who will bet on any kind of a proposition. When he enters the office in the morning he greets the gentlemen present by saying:

"Mornin', boys! Is there anything any of ye want to bet on this mornin'?"

And he hangs around all day watching for chances to bet; and, if a man ventures an opinion about the stock-market, hints that perhaps Sierra Nevada may sell for 40 next week, he will pounce on him like a hawk on a Junco, and offer to bet him a hundred that it don't sell for 40 in six years.

The other day the boys put up a job on him. They got a fly, dipped its feet in muclage, and stuck it on a sash frame in the office. Files are pretty thick around this office. Of course, there is not much for a fly to eat in a broker's office; but, between ink, and muclage, and the breaths of the clerks, they manage to eke out a subsistence.

Pretty soon another fly sailed in through the door from a restaurant around the corner, and settled down on the sash near the fly that the boys had fixed, and in a few moments the betting man dropped in, with his usual salutation about betting.

After some preliminary skirmishing about not being on the gamble, being busted in stocks, and other little by-plays to make the betting man think they were not anxious for a wager, one of the boys spoke up and said:

"Pard, I'll tell you what I will do, I'll bet you that fly in the corner of that sash moves before that other fly about six inches from him does."

The fly in the corner was the fly from the restaurant, and the other was the fly with the muclage on its feet.

"It's a whack!" said the betting man. "Bet you a hundred my fly moves first."

The money was put up, and all eyes were intently bent on the window. Pretty soon the muclage fly made a struggle to free itself, and succeeded in dragging itself about half its length on the sash-frame.

"My money!" exclaimed the betting man.

The others did not want to give up, as the movement had only been barely perceptible.

"Did you want to keep me here all day betting against a dead fly?" said the betting man.

The boys rushed to the window to examine their fly.

It was dead!—San Francisco Stock Report.

Didn't Want to Disturb His Wife.

A JOLLY, fun loving saloonist tells the following good story on himself:—A few nights ago he went home very early—in the morning, mind you—with his "keg pretty full," to employ his own phrase, and concluded not to alarm his wife, who was no doubt at that moment enjoying delightful repose; that sweet balm which Shakspeare tells us "knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

Cautiously and noiselessly he entered the gate. Quietly he sat down on the graveled walk to remove his shoes and stockings. Stealthily he stepped upon the porch. With cat like agility he mounted a box standing near by and began crawling through the open transom over the door. Just as he had succeeded in pressing his body through the aperture, and managed to wiggle one leg after it, he lost his balance and fell to the floor with a thud as heavy as if a big bag of sand had been heaved through the hole. Naturally enough it aroused his wife in an instant, and springing to her feet she caught sight of her liege lord before her all curled up in a heap.

"Why, husband!" she exclaimed in affright, "what in the world is the matter?"

"Nossin, my dear, jus' 'ought I'd come home t'yer."

"Well, but didn't you fall?"

"Yes'm; reck'n so. Didn't sit down (hic) anyway."

"Are you hurt, dear?"

"Guess not; I'm all here—reckon."

"How came you to fall, dear?"

"Well, ye-see, didn't want 'o 'sturb ye rattlin' 'e door; so jus' sought I'd crawl through trans'um, don't-ye-see, an' I lost my balance. Dazwhazemazzer."

"Why, my dear husband, you must have been tired and sleepy, for the door has been standing wide open all night. It was so warm I was compelled to open it to keep from suffocating."

And sure enough the door under the transom through which he had wedged himself was standing wide open!—Looking around with a silly grin, he said:

"Za's a fact! Deuced good joke, (hic) ain't it? He! he! Z'wonder I didn't feel zat hole, ain't-'t?"

The Result of a Law-Suit

MANY years ago three prominent and well-known attorneys, Messrs. Loomis, McCandless and Hampton, happened to meet after a separation of some time, and in the course of the conversation that ensued, very naturally reverted to the scenes of their early professional life.

One case, that of Bartlett vs. Bartlett, came in for considerable discussion. It was a rather celebrated local case in which one brother sought to dispossess the other of 150 acres of land. The three attorneys named appeared for the plaintiff, and won the case for him after a lengthy review of the case, which had served as a precedent for many similar ejection suits that followed it in subsequent years. McCandless turned to Loomis and inquired:

"By the way, brother Loomis, what did you do with your third of the farm?"

"Well, really, I almost forgot," replied Loomis, "but I rather suspect I must have hypotheated it for a small loan. But what did you do with yours, brother McCandless? I do not remember now what disposition you made of it."

"Oh! I broke it up into small lots and sold it to several different parties," answered McCandless, who turned to Mr. Hampton and asked: "And what did you do with your third, brother Hampton?"

"I still own it," returned Hampton, "and it has grown to be quite valuable."

Col. J. F. Moore, who was then a boy, and engaged in assisting the clerk of the court, at this point broke into a loud laugh, which suddenly brought the conversation to a close.

McCandless looked at him severely for a moment, and said:

"What do you mean by laughing, young man when your elders are engaged in conversation?"

"Please excuse me, gentlemen," began the lad, "but it sounds very funny to me. What I would like to know is this: if each of you got one third of the farm, what did your client get?"

"Why, he got the decision," said McCandless, with a twinkle in his eye.

How the Darkey Made Love.

YEARS ago a young planter was courting a certain young lady in the sunny South.

One day he ordered his negro coachman to drive down to the residence of his inamorata.

The next morning Cuffee observed his master and the young lady proceeding arm in arm to a summer house, around which vines had overspread, making it a cool retreat from the sultry heat.

Be it known that Cuffee, on his arrival, had fallen desperately in love with the ebony cook in the kitchen, but he was dumfounded in the presence of that sable woman, the art of love making being to him an almost unfathomable mystery. Cuffee, however was bound to learn, and he silently followed the pair to the shady bower.

Parting the vines with his hands he very cautiously looked in. There on a bench sat the young lady, and, kneeling on the ground was master, who was holding her hand in his. Cuffee heard these words:

"Oh, your eyes are like dove's eyes! Your alabaster neck sets me on fire. Oh, Cupid."

As quick as possible Cuffee disappeared from the scene. He returned to the kitchen, turned a kettle bottom side up, seized the bewildered Dinah and set her on the kettle. Then getting down on his knees he took both her hands in his, and with upturned eyes, exclaimed, "Oh your eyes are like dog's eyes! Your yally blasted neck sets me on fire. Oh, blue pot."

The last seen of that unfortunate darkey he was fleeing from the wrath to come, followed by sundry stove sticks propelled by the irate and indignant Dinah.

Men sometimes object to the doctrine of the depravity of mankind.—But the strongest teachings of the Bible and of the pulpit are more than confirmed by their own actions—by the conduct of the world itself. Every bolt and bar and lock and key, every receipt and check and note of hand, every law-book and court of justice, every chain and dungeon and gallows, proclaim that the world is a fallen world, and that our race is a depraved and sinful race.

Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—H. T., St. Paul. 44