

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, 5.20, 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, 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, 3.30 p. m., 12.35 midnight. Leave Lancaster, 8.55 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 4.50, 7.35, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 4.15, 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 7.35 a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 5.30 p. m. J. E. WOOTEN, Gen. Manager. G. 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. H.

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ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

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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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He Took The Old Man's Advice.

WINNIFRED was a daffy bit of womankind—a sunbeam—who laughed much as a brown linnet sings; moreover, there were dimples lurking in her rose-tinted cheeks.

She was well worth loving, although not quite an angel, for if she had been, she would not have been a woman, yet she certainly was a thief.

A thief! Stealing hearts by the wholesale.

But she who so loved to coquette with hearts was at last taken captive; for love conquered the merriest and most mischievous maiden whoever laughed at his wiles; and love came to Winnifred, now, simple and delicious.

No two love-makings happen in just the same way, as no two leaves are alike on the same tree.

One day it happened that two grey eyes looked into hers—the merest accident, of course.

It was the first time that he had called her by her first name; and there was something in the look of those gray eyes which sent the warm blood to her cheeks and caused a tumult of emotion—it seemed to her like the finding of a bunch of violets in mid-winter.

"He loves me," she thought, with a thrill of delight quite unlike former experiences.

"Winnifred," he said tenderly, "you are very dear to me. I have loved you devotedly all these years," and he waited for a reply.

"And—I—love you, Tom—but—"

"Oh! let there be no buts. You will love me, Winnie, darling, let who will oppose, will you not?"

"Yes, Tom—till I die," she said, her face all aglow with eagerness.

Then she paused abruptly. Now, Tom was only a clerk, with nothing but his salary to depend upon—rich in nothing but honesty and good humor; while her father was wealthy.

"I fear my father will not favor our love," she continued, with some embarrassment; "but I ought to choose for myself—it is my right."

The gray eyes softened. For the first time in his life Tom had told a woman that he loved her, and had found the telling pleasant. He told her, too, that he had not much to offer. Would she be content with a humble home shared with a loyal heart—with love, instead of luxury?

Yes, she would be "quite content."

For a time these two sat with clasped hands in a dreamy silence, which yet was not silence. Winnie's heart was full to the brim—the tell-tale color of her cheeks—the sweet confusion in her eyes, were utterances more potent than words.

Then there ensued a quiet, rational talk about their prospects, and best way to "manage father."

Thomas Lane was a successful merchant—blessed with "full and plenty"—yet he had a vexation. It was one trouble of his life how to snub and circumvent a brother merchant, not meanly or maliciously, but good-humoredly.

Josiah Wright, with a "dog-in-the-manger" disposition, had always been jealous of his old friend and neighbor's unexampled prosperity, and he had kept up a series of petty annoyances against Thomas Lane.

That day Mr. Lane had heard some disparaging remark made by "Old Josiah," as he was wont to call him, and he was brooding over it as he sat tilted back in his chair in his private office, when Tom, his confidential clerk and "right hand man" unexpectedly entered.

"Glad you came, Tom," he exclaimed, "for I'm just a bit lonely. Been up to the house, but couldn't stay; daughter's gone for the season to Aunt Mercy's; mean to take a run down there myself next week; and, Tom, now that I think of it, you must take a run up to Saratoga—at my expense. I've noticed that you have been mopeish of late, and it will drive away the blues to get among gay people. I don't like to see you 'out of sorts.'"

"You are very kind, sir," Tom replied.

"Pooh, pooh! Nothing of the sort. It's simple justice. Come, come, don't look so dismal. Is anything going wrong? Just as likely as not some pretty damsel has captured your heart."

And the kindly-natured merchant rubbed his hands together, and glanced inquiringly at his favorite clerk, who stood, looking conscious and sheepish, twisting his fingers nervously.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I believe that is just the trouble."

A prolonged whistle and merry twinkle in his eyes expressed the merchant's astonishment, for after all it was but a random guess.

"And so you want to marry, and settle down in life, and have your salary raised—hey?"

"Yes, sir; that's about it."

"A little bird has told me, you sly dog, that you are looking after Marjorie Wright. She's a pretty girl, and worth

a plum or two. You couldn't do better Tom."

"But, sir, my dear girl's father is opposed to me. Why, I'm only a poor clerk, and she is an heiress."

"Opposed, is he? I should like to know what objection he can have to you? You love the girl?"

"With all my heart, sir."

"And she loves you?"

"Devotedly."

"Then, with love in the home, and old Josiah's money to run it, it might do. Yes, yes, it would do admirably."

And the old gentleman laughed heartily at the idea, and then inquired what he meant to do about it.

"I must wait until her father consents, I suppose," replied Tom, ruefully.

"But what would you advise me to do, sir?"

"Do? Why, I know what I'd do if I were young like you and loved a pretty girl. I'd try and win her in spite of all the fathers in the world. If she was willing to take me, I'd brave the old man's displeasure and run off and get married."

"But, my dear Mr. Lane, I fear that he would never forgive his daughter, and that would break her heart."

"Pooh, pooh! Girls' hearts are not as easily broken as you imagine. What fun it will be to have old Josiah fret and fume and then come around right—as he will, my boy, never fear. No, no, Tom, you go ahead, and I'll furnish all the money you will need; and if the old man is cross with pretty Marjorie, I'll take care that neither of you starve, if it's only to spite the old curmudgeon."

"Oh, thank you sir. With your permission, then, I will try to win her."

"All right, my boy. I don't forget that I was once young; and mind, when the knot is tied fast, you can come to my house and have it all to your two selves until old Josiah sends for you."

"Well, Mr. Lane, I'll think the matter over. Meanwhile I'll accept your kind offer and go to Saratoga for a few days," said Tom, as he smilingly left the office.

"Too tame by half—but young men now-a-days have very little spirit," muttered the merchant as he started for his solitary home.

Three days later, Mr. Lane had occasion to change his opinion of Tom's tameness, for he received an unexpected letter.

Fortunately he was alone—there was no one to witness the mingled feelings of astonishment and chagrin he experienced while reading it:

"SARATOGA. DEAR SIR:—You were misinformed in regard to Marjorie Wright, for I have never thought of her as a wife. It is your daughter Winnifred, whom I have loved ever since I came to you—a mere boy. Winnie and myself were married this morning, and we shall be the happiest couple in the United States, when we receive your forgiving welcome. Aunt Mercy accompanied us here, and now we are anxiously waiting to hear from you. Your grateful son, TOM ALLEN."

"Sold! and no mistake," exclaimed Mr. Lane, half-angrily. "But, what's the use? Tom is a good fellow—sharp too—sharp as a needle—good business talent—ha! ha!—and better, yes, incomparably better than the rest of the danglers; and Winne—little puss—she loves him!" and then there came to his old heart far off memories of the girl's dead mother; and brushing away a tear, worth more than any diamond he possessed, he snatched a pen and hastily wrote the following:

"My grateful son is a scamp! But I forgive you, Tom, notwithstanding—for if Winnie finds something in you to love, you can't be so very wicked. But, my boy, the tables are turned, you know, and it won't do to let old Josiah crow over us. I'll run up to Saratoga, and we'll all come home together, and he will be none the wiser. As I am opposed to my daughter's husband being a poor clerk, I shall take measures at once to make you my partner. Henceforth the firm will be known as Lane and Allen. Your affectionate father, THOMAS LANE."

Tom and Winnifred might as well have asked and obtained the old gentleman's consent—but then, young people must have their romance.

That Tow-Headed Boy.

A very learned Bishop was catechizing a Sunday school class. One of the questions "Who made the world" was answered correctly. Then the good bishop tried to make it plain to the children. "Yes, children God made the sun, and moon and stars, he made the trees, and birds and fishes, he made everything and made it out of nothing, and children he can do everything."

Among the children there was a tow-haired boy of about seven years, who was listening to every word the Bishop said. When he said "he can do everything" the little tow-head jumped up and held out his hand.

"What do you want to say my son, speak out?" said the Bishop.

"You said God could do everything, and I know he can't."

"What can't he do my son?"

"He can't make a stone twice as big as he can lift."

And the good Bishop agreed with the boy.

Southern Independence.

The Natchez (Miss.) "Democrat" draws the following picture of the Southern farmer:

Hallo, stranger, you seem to be going to market?

Yes, sir, I am.

What are you carrying that plow along for?

Going to send it to Pittsburg.

To Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania?

You're mighty right, I am.

What are you going to do that for?

To get it sharpened.

All the way to Pittsburg to get it sharpened?

You bet! We've starved our blacksmith out. He pulled up stakes the other day and went to Texas.

Well, that's rather a novel idea, my friend—sending a plow so far to get it sharpened.

Not so novel as you heard it was. We do our milling in St. Louis.

Is that so?

You are right it is. We used to have a mill at Punkinville creek, but the owner got too poor to keep it up, and so we turned to get our grinding done in St. Louis, Missouri.

Do you mean to say you send your grist all the way to St. Louis by rail?

I didn't say nothing about grist—we hain't got no grist to send. But we get our flour and meal from St. Louis.

I see you have a hide in your wagon.

Yes, our old cow died last week.—March winds blowed the life out'n her. Sendin' the hide to Boston to get it tanned.

All the way to Boston?

Yes, sir.

Is not that expensive, my friend?—The freight will more than eat the hide up.

That's a fact—cleaner than the buzzards did the old critter's carcass. But what's the use being taxed to build railroads, 'thout you get the good of 'em? Used to have a tanyard over at Lickskillet, and a shoe shop too. But they keoffummuxed.

Keoffummuxed—what is the meaning of that?

It means gone up a spout—and 'twixt me and you that's mighty nigh the case with our State.

When do you expect to get your leather?

Don't expect to get no leather at all—expect to get shoes some day made at Boston or thereabout.

Rather a misfortune to loose a milk cow?

Not so much of a misfortune as you heard it was. Monstrous sight of shuck-in' and nubbins in a cow, and milking night and morning and gettin' only 'bout three quarts a day.

What are you going to do for milk?

Send North for it.

Send North for milk?

Yes, concentrated milk and Goshen butter.

Oh! I see the point.

Mighty handy things, these railroads—make them Yankee fellers do all our jobs for us now—do our smithin' and grindin' and milkin' and churnin'.

Yes, we go our bottom nickle on cotton. Sending it up to Massachusetts to get carded, spun and wove. They'll come when we'll send it there to be ginned, then we will be happy. Monstrous sight of trouble running these gins.

That would be rather expensive, sending cotton to seed.

No more than the western fellars pay when they send corn East and get a dollar a bushel and pay six bits freight.—Besides, as I said, what is the use of paying for railroads 'thout we use the road.

You seem to appreciate railroads.

I think we ought—we pay enough for 'em.

I reckon you fatten your own pork.

Well, you reckon wrong, stranger. I get them Illinoy fellers to do that for me. It's mighty convenient, too, monstrous sight of trouble toting a basket full of corn three times a day to hogs in a pen, especially when you hain't got none to tote to it.

I should think so.

There's one thing lacking though to make the business complete.

What's that?

They ought to send them hogs cooked. Cookin' and preparin' wood for cookin' takes up a heap of time that ought by right be employed in the cotton patch. I was sayin' to my old woman tother day, if we Mississippi folks got our cookin' and washin' done up North and sent by express, we would be as happy as office-holders.

Your horse in the lead there seems to be lame.

Yes, needs shoelin'. If he wasn't the only horse I had, and could spare him, I'd send him up where they makes shoes and nails and get him shod. Can't get such a thing done in these parts. Perhaps I can at the depot.

How do you manage to live in your parts, my old friend?

Why, we raise cotton. My roads turns off here, stranger. Gee, back Brandy. I am glad I seed you, stranger.

A New Peril of the Deep.

The Rotterdam steamship P. Caland, which arrived at New York not long since, brought Captain Larsen and eleven men, the crew of the Norwegian bark Columbia, which was sunk September 4th on the voyage from London to Quebec in the following remarkable circumstances: The bark was sailing at the rate of about six miles an hour before a light northeast wind under a clear sky. The time was 11 A. M., September 4, the place latitude 47 longitude 43, which is off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Suddenly the ship was stopped as if she had struck a rock and the crew were thrown off their feet.

Captain Larsen says he thought at first that the Columbia had run into a sunken vessel or a heavy piece of floating timber, but on looking over the guards he discovered about sixty feet of white belly of some sort of sea monster lying almost motionless by the ship's side, while the surrounding water was deeply tinged with blood. He could not see enough of the creature to make out whether it was an immense sword-fish, a whale, the legendary sea-serpent or some other unheard of terror of the deep. A minute examination of the creature was prevented by the cry raised by some of the crew that the ship was rapidly filling. The captain hurried below and found that the blow had been received "end on," the entire bow of the ship had been stove in and that foundering was inevitable. The crew had barely time to launch the two long-boats and get away with a stock of provisions and a short supply of water when the Columbia went down head foremost.

About 2 P. M. of the same day the crew were picked up by the P. Caland. The Columbia was an old ship, but about two years ago was put on the stocks and thoroughly replanked. Her bow was made of solid 4 inch oak planking.

The captain said to the reporter that the only case of a ship's collision with a sea monster he had previously heard of was a legend of the early Dutch voyagers to the East Indies. One of these Dutch ships struck violently on an object one day in the open sea not far from the island of St. Helena, and the crew saw the water around the ship covered with blood. The ship, however, did not sink, and after her return from India it was found in overhauling her that a piece of horny substance, probably a sword-fish's sword, was sticking into her bow. "This, however," added the captain, "I have always before this regarded as a myth."

It will be remembered that in the fall of 1876 the Commodore Seythia just after leaving the harbor of Queenstown was disabled by breaking her propeller on a whale.

It will be remembered also that the half-sunken schooner Waldoboro has been drifting for the last eight months towards the Great Banks. If it were not for the blood of the sea monster and his white belly, the Waldoboro might be reckoned as an agent in this last mishap.

Appalling Salubrity.

A young gentleman and his blushing bride, who were recently married in Philadelphia, called the next week at an apartment-house and were shown the flat that was to let by the loquacious person who officiates as janitor. This estimable woman, who would appear to be a good motherly soul, went on to illustrate how very healthy the house happened to be. "There was Mrs. — on the first floor; she came here a bride and went away with three children, as pretty little things as, ever I saw, mem. And there was Mrs. —, the second, who had a little son born to her here, mem, and fourteen months after a little daughter. And, mem, Mrs. —, the third floor, she was a bride, too, mem, and it was twine, mem, within a year. If you please, mem, I am the mother of four of the darlings!"

"Thanks," said the bridegroom, from whom I gleaned this interesting anecdote; "after all, I think it would be better to go a little further up town. And he led the bride—"blushing again"—into the open air and out of the healthy neighborhood.

Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters.—Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this? 46 It

How perverse are our passions. They often impel us to say the unkindest things to those who are dearest to us.