

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 "Round 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 3.40 p. m. For Auburn, 6.30 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.
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 "Round 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 3.30 p. m.
Leave New York via "Round Brook Route," 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 4.20 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 8.40 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, 6.15, and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Pottsville via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 5.25 a. m. Leave Auburn via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch, 11.50 a. m.
Leave Allentown, at 5.20, 8.05 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 p. 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.

**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

**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 College. The preparation is thorough and accurate, and up to the requirement of any leading Colleges.—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.
Address: J. E. FLICKINGER, A. M., Principal, of Wm. GIER, Proprietor, New Bloomfield, Pa. July 29, 1879.

Perils in The Air.

THE recent loss of Professor Wise, the celebrated aeronaut calls to mind the great aerial voyage from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast which began on July 1, 1859. It was the longest trip ever made in a balloon. The adventurers were John La Mountain, a noted aeronaut, O. A. Gager, John Wise and Wm. Hyde, of the St. Louis Republican. Mr. Hyde described the trip in a long letter to his journal. He said that they left St. Louis at 6 P. M. The cargo consisted of 900 pounds of sand, in bags; a large quantity of cold chickens, tongues, bottled meats, sandwiches, etc.; numerous dark-colored, long-necked vessels, containing champagne, sherry, sparkling Catawba, claret, Madeira, brandy and port; a plentiful supply of overcoats, shawls, blankets and fur gloves; a couple or three carpet-bags; a pall of iced lemonade and a bucket of water; a compass, barometer, thermometer and chart; bundles of the principal St. Louis newspapers; an express package, directed to New York city; cards of candidates for clerkships in several of the courts; tumblers, cups, knives and other articles.
The balloon, the Atlantic, with its four passengers, sailed off in a northeasterly direction, and in less than two hours, at a height of about one mile, struck the current that the aeronauts had declared was always flowing in the upper regions from west to east. The discovery greatly elated Prof. Wise. There broke from his lips a little cough, and saying, "Boys, let's sing," he struck up the stirring national anthem, "Hail Columbia," in which all joined, though the frigidity of the atmosphere put quite a damper on patriotism and melody.
A little after midnight there were momentary flashes of lightning on all sides of the horizon. The milky way appeared like luminous phosphorescent clouds, and heavens jeweled tiers of stars glistened below and above. Night's queenly brow shimmered with the mellow light of the new-born crescent moon. The mighty scroll of the cerulean-pillared firmament glittered all over with gorgeous heraldry.
Day broke at 3 o'clock, and the dogs began to bark. At 4.15 they sailed over Fort Wayne, Ind., and could hear the shouts of its inhabitants. At 5.15 they descended in the east what at first appeared to be a reflection of the sun on the sky. One of the party asserted that they were not many miles from a lake. The noble air vessel was rushing along at a brisk rate, dragging its shadow on the ground encircled in fantastic colors. There was no doubt that what had at first seemed a brilliancy of the eastern heavens was nothing less than an immense body of water. The aeronauts concluded that it could only be Lake Erie, and they were right, for, tracing the shore and observing the little islands, its contour corresponded almost precisely with the map.
A sublime scene now broke on human view. Lake Erie has a surface of 7,800 square miles, and, although they could not behold the whole of it, the view lost none of its magnificence. Groups of white clouds, like great puffs from a steam pipe, floated languidly on every side, unfolding their gauze-like robes, and passing off in eddying currents. There was a collection of houses huddled together at the mouth of the Maumee. It was Toledo. There, in that great bend, dotted with specks of land, Perry gained his victory in 1813.
At 7.25 they swept over Sandusky, and floated out on the bottom of the lake. At 9.30 they overtook a Buffalo steamer and were hailed with a shrill whistle. They were about 500 feet high, and held a conversation with the passengers. At 9.50 they were over Long Point, Canada, the scene of the great fight between Morrissey and Heenan. So they had traversed nearly the entire length of Lake Erie, a distance of 250 miles, accomplishing it in three hours.
At 10.30 they had Lakes Erie and Ontario both in sight. The balloon had again attained an altitude of nearly a mile. A terrible storm was surging beneath them, the trees waving and the waves dashing against the shores of Erie in an awfully tempestuous manner. Now, like a gurgle, came the subdued sounds of the plashing and headlong cataract of Niagara.
At 11 o'clock, having skimmed over the lake shore, still bound eastwardly, the balloon brought them in sight of Buffalo and Niagara falls, as also the Welland canal. They had reached a height of over a mile, the barometer marking 23.6 inches. At 12.30 they were nearly between the falls and Buffalo, inclining rather to the left of the latter. The famous falls were quite insignificant. There was to the voyagers a descent of seemingly about two feet and the water appeared to be perfectly motionless. The spray gave the whole an appearance as of ice, and there was nothing grand or sublime about it.
Passing the western terminus of the Erie canal, the balloon was borne direct-

ly toward Lake Ontario. The ballast was now nearly exhausted, and to have determined on crossing the second lake would have been sheer recklessness and hardihood. Here it was debated whether it were better to land Messrs. Gager and Hyde and in their stead take in sufficient quantity of new ballast and again steer for the Atlantic ocean. The air ship was lowered, but was immediately caught in the hurricane which was then raging, and carried very near the tops of trees, which were bending and swaying to and fro by the force of the wind. Mr. La Mountain at once threw over the buckets and their contents, and the lift this gave them kept them from being crushed in the woods.
Like a bullet they shot out onto the lake. The boat was got in readiness, and the trooping winds sent them out of sight of land. They were in a dreary waste of 7,000 square miles of water. At length they neared the dashing billows. The steering machinery was cut away, and they rose like a feather. For a time the ship was buoyed out of the way of danger, but she frequently darted downward, as though bent on destruction. Carpet-sacks, overcoats, provisions, everything was pitched into the lake. La Mountain finally cut away the lining of the boat. The oars were sent after the lining. Everything had now gone but an overcoat and two blankets, which were saved to be used as a final resort. A propeller, Young America, bore down to their relief, but they scudded some hundreds of feet before her bows, and that hope failed.
Finally, after skirmishing within thirty feet of the dark waves for a distance of not less than fifty miles, and perhaps more, they were out of danger of drowning, but a new peril was before them. The hurricane blew them into a dense forest which skirted the lake, and threatened to tear them limb from limb. Mr. Gager had thrown out the anchor, a heavy iron one, with three hooks, each an inch and a quarter in thickness. So rapid was their flight that this stood out nearly straight from the car. As the grapple swung against the trees of moderate size, the velocity of the balloon and its terrible strength would tear them down and fling them to the ground. One by one the hooks broke off, and they were again at the mercy of an all-sweeping wind. Messrs. La Mountain and Hyde held on to the valve rope, endeavoring to discharge the gas, but were quickly compelled to release their grasp, and cling to the concentrating hoop to avoid being thrown out.
The balloon actually went through a mile of forest, and, tearing down trees and breaking branches, pursued its course dashing the party in the willow car to and fro, against trunks and limbs, until the stout netting had broken, little by little, and the balloon itself had no longer any protection, when, striking a tall tree, the silk was punctured in a dozen places, and rent into ribbons, leaving the car suspended by the netting twenty feet above the ground. The course in the woods left a path similar to that of a tornado. Trees half the size of a man's arm were snapped in twain as though they were pipe-stems, and huge limbs were scattered like leaves.
The landing was made within 150 yards of a settlement, and the crash was so great that the people ran to the spot to see what had happened.

How Steel Engravings are Printed.
IN the first place the designer furnishes the subject to be engraved, usually in the form of an oil painting, and often at an expense to the publishers of thousands of dollars. The design is then engraved on a highly polished plate of steel about an eighth of an inch thick. Skillful engravers must be employed in the process of engraving a creditable plate, often spending many months or years of constant work in its completion, and frequently at an expense of many thousands of dollars.
However perfect the steel plate, the engravings there from will have but little or no value to the critical eye unless well printed by a competent printer, who has spent years in learning and mastering his art, so as to be able to perfectly produce the engraver's translation of the painter's thought.
The highest portions of the engraved plate produce the lights, and the deepest engraved parts the shadows or dark portions in the picture, which is the reverse of type printing. The steel plate is warmed over a furnace to facilitate the management of the ink when spread thereon. A very fine thick ink is rolled over and into the engraved portions with a hand-roller, which is passed over the plate many times. The ink is then removed from the surface portions of the plate—first by the use of cloths, after which the naked hand more perfectly wipes the ink from the surface—some time being spent in thus polishing the plate, that it may produce the desired grades of light, so that if brilliant they shall be mellow and harmonize with its rich and expressive darker portions.
The plate is now removed from the

furnace and placed upon the press made expressly for this kind of printing. A thick sheet of paper that has been wet for many hours is laid over the polished plate, and is passed through the press, receiving a powerful pressure. The wet sheet with its pictured impression is carefully lifted from the plate, dried between mill boards, dry pressed, and prepared for market—the whole process requiring a number of days of skillful management. The warming, inking, wiping, polishing of plate, etc., must be repeated in printing each picture. No steam power or mechanical invention lifts the sheet from the press—all must be done by hand work.
It is a fair day's work for two men to prepare for market from ten to twenty-five copies of the largest size engravings. Thus it will be seen that after spending a large sum of money for paintings and engraved plates, and waiting months or years for their completion, the multiplication of creditable engravings is slow and expensive, and that their beauty and finish depends very much upon the skill of the printer.
When all fully understand the slow and costly processes by which engravings of real merit are produced, and other facts in art, the more clearly it will be realized that the quality of the work should regulate the price. Then the demand for pictures by the square yard, with which to cover walls, will entirely cease, and the quality, and the soul of the work, and not quantity, will be the thing desired, and then many "palatial" as well as "cottage homes" will be more beautifully adorned.

A Hundred Ladies Victimized.
A BOSTON letter gives the particulars of a sensation that has recently transpired in that city by which nearly a hundred of the most fashionable ladies became the victims of a blackmailing operation. A year ago a fashionable dressmaker of the Hub employed an attractive young woman whose specialty was to call at the residences of her customers and cut and fit their dresses. Miss Annie, as she was called, became a great favorite, and no dress was considered complete unless it had the touch of her artistic fingers in "taking in" here and "letting out" there. It was noted that she had a note-book which she handled as deftly as Julian Hardy, the Reporter in "Fatinitza," and was constantly making memorandums of batting and whalebone required to fill out the ideal curves and irregularities of surface constituting the highest type of a full-dressed beauty. These memorandums, he explained, were necessary to prevent his losing the recollection of any sudden inspiration as to the delicate insertion of a gusset, or the bold cutting of a shoulder piece on the bias. The business of the employing dressmaker who had the good fortune of employing Miss Annie increased rapidly. It became a test of true culture among Boston ladies to have their dresses made exclusively at her establishment, and the result was an apparent increase of Bostonian beauty, both in breadth and thickness, without much increase in weight. One dark and dreadful day that will long be remembered by the patronesses of Miss Annie, each of the ladies received at home one of her cards, and was told that a young gentleman wished to see them in the parlor. Each lady had an interview with a young man who was instantly recognized as the hitherto Miss Annie, and was, of course, terribly surprised. The wicked young man who had so successfully masqueraded as a dressmaker's assistant explained with much apparent penitence that he had been detected and discharged, and that his sole desire was to hide himself in California. To do this money was required, and he presented a small bill for materials which he had furnished at his own expense. Cotton was charged for at the rate of three dollars a pound, and whalebone at five dollars. On payment of the bill he would instantly send from his note-book the memoranda relating to her dresses and depart on the first train for the Pacific slope. The story goes that he made a complete round of his former customers, and that his collections exceeded one thousand dollars from the terrified fair ones.

Was it Her Valise?
THE other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named Wm. Mackaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barret house the commercial missionary seized his valise and started out. The lady made a grab after him, and he halted.
"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."
"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously, but grimly, "this is mine."
"No, sir," the lady replied firmly, "it

is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."
But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a valise in the omnibus, and asked:
"Whose is that?"
"It isn't mine," said the traveler; "it is just like it; but this is mine."
"And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine, and I'll have it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad day light."
Finally the traveler said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveler sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.
On the very top of everything lay a big flat flask half full of whisky, a deck of cards and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.
The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.
"Madam," he said, "you are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo!"
But the lady had fainted, and the traveler reloaded his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign-painter down town received a note in a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barret house to mark a red leather valise in black letters a foot and a half long.

Stump Stories.
"WHEN I was a young man," said Colonel B., "we lived in Illinois. The farm had been wooded and the stumps were pretty thick. But we put the corn among them and managed to raise a fair crop. The next season I did my share of the plowing. We had a 'sulky' plow, and I sat in the seat and managed the horses, four as handsome bays as ever a drew rein over. One day I found a stump right in my way. I hated to back out, so I just said a word to the team, and, if you'll believe it, they walked right through that stump as though it had been cheese."
Not a soul expressed surprise. But Major S., who had been a quiet listener, remarked quietly, "It's curious, but I had a similar experience myself once. My mother always made our clothes in those days, as well as the cloth they were made of. The old lady was awful proud of her homespun—said it was the strongest cloth in the State. One day I had just plowed through a white-oak stump in the way you speak of, Colonel. But it was a little too quick for me. It came together before I was out of the way, and nipped the seat of my trousers. I felt mean, I can tell you, but I put the string on the ponies, and, if you'll believe it, they just snaked that stump out, roots and all. Something had to give, you know."

No Sabbath in Austria.
A traveler writes: "Whatever else Vienna may have, she certainly has no Sabbath. Unless the traveler keeps close watch of the lapse of time, he will forget the recurrence of Sunday; for there is nothing here—as in most other Continental cities—to remind him when the Lord's day has come. We have been in Vienna two Sabbaths, and outside of our own party and a few American and English travelers, we had not heard any suggestion of such a day. Traffic, work, amusements, and worldly occupations, have gone on just the same on the seventh as on the sixth. Indeed, the theatres and the dance houses do a better business on the Sabbath than on any other day. The Catholic churches (for nearly everybody here is a Roman Catholic) have services on the Sabbath, and, small audiences gather, but the noise of business outside drowns the voice of prayer. Continental Europe has virtually set aside the fourth commandment."
One Experience from Many.
"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged.—In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, 'Hurrah for Hop Bitters! Long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy.'—The Mother.

Happy homes and smiling faces are invariably the result of wise parents constantly keeping "Sellers' Cough Syrup" on hand. Price 25 cents.