RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGERTRAINS

NOVEMBER 10th, 1879.

Trains Leave Harrisburg as Follows : For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

For New York via Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

For New York via Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," *6.25, (Fast Exp.) 8.85 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

*Through car arrives in New York at 12 noon. For Philadelphia, at 5.15, 6.25 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 8.55 a. m., 1.45 and 4.09 p. m.

For Reading, at 5.15, 5.20 (Fast Exp.) 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1.45, 4.05, and 8.09 p. m.

For Pottsville, at 5.15, 8.00 a. m. and 4.00 p. m., and via Schuyikiii and Susquehanna Branch at 2.40 p. m.

For Auborn, via Schuyikiii and Susquehanna Branch at 0.30 a. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 4.00 p. m. 4.00 p. m. For Allentown, at 5.15, 8.05, 9.55 a. m., 1 45 and 4.00 p. m.

The 5.15, 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains have through cars for New York.

The 8.00 train has through cars for Philadel-The 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m. trains make close connection at heading with Main Line trains having through cars for New York, via "Bound Brook Boute."

SUNDAYS : For New York, at 5,29 a.m.
For Alientown and Way Stations, at 5,20 a.m.
For Reading, Phildelaphia, and Way Stations, at 1,45 p. m.

Trains Leave for Harrisburg as Follows : 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," and Philadelphia at 7.45 a. m., 1.59 and *4.60 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.59, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p. m.

*Through car, New York to Harrisburg, Leave Lancaster, 8.05 a m. and 3.50 p. m.
Leave Poiladelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00 and 6.60 (Past Exp) and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Poiladelphia, at 9.55 a. m. and 4.40 p. m.
Leave Reading, at 4.80, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 4.00 and 10.35 p. m.
Leave Needing, at 4.80, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15, 4.00 and 8.30 p. m.
Leave Allentown, at 5.05, 9.05 a. m., 12.10, 4.39, and 9.00 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5 30 p. m. Leave Pelladelphia, 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. Maunger. C. G. Hancock, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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37 A careful hostier always in attendance. April 9, 1878. tf

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138

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. STOUFFER & CRIST. New Bloomfield, April 23, 1874.

Naratives by an Old Physician.

THE lectures which have recently been delivered on "living burials," by a physician of eminence, prove that such things happen in countries where rapid Interment succeeds death much more frequently than the generality of people would deem possible.

We who hold our dead sacred, and who err, if anything, on the side of keeping them too long unburied, must naturally feel a kind of horror creep over us when, from circumstances, we are brought to witness what in haste and want of reverence the last sad ceremories are gone through in some countries where climate render speedy interment after decease an absolute necessity. I propose to relate three marvelous escapes from living burials which happened to different members of the same family at different period. The scene was in Italy; the facts were related to me by the daughter of two of the parties concerned, and I shall tell the tale as nearly as possible as she told It to me:

"You will scarcely wonder," she said, "at my horror of being buried alive when I tell you that a peculiar fate seems to pursue our family, or at least did pursue it in the last generation. My father was an only son and, from having been born several years after his parents marriage, was an object of especial devotion. His mother was unable to nurse him herself, and a country woman was procured from a village some distance from the chateau where his parents resided, who was not only well calculated to replace the mother as a nurse, but was of so affectionate a disposition that she seemed to throw her whole soul into her care for the wellbeing of the child, and lavished as much affection on him as did the real mother. When the age came for weaning him, it was found impossible to accomplish it while the nurse remained with him; and so, after many terrible scenes and the most heart-rending sorrow on her part, she had to go. The boy throve very well until he was about three years old, when he was attacked by some childish malady and to all appearance died.

"It is unnecessary to dwell on the distracted grief of the parents. The mother could scarcely be induced to leave the body, and, even though all life was extinct, grudged every moment as it flew toward the time when even what was left of her darling would have to be removed forever. (The time that was allowed by the Government for bodies to remain unburied was three days.) The father gave strict orders that the child's nurse should not be informed of the death of her foster son until after the funeral, as he felt convinced she would at once come to see him, and he dreaded the effect the sight of her grief might have on the already broken-hearted wife. However, the order was ill-kept, and on the morning of the funeral, after the guests had arrived and were grouped round the coffin taking their last farewell of the lovely boy, in rushed the nurse, her hair down, her dress all torn and travel-stained, her boots nearly worn off her feet. On hearing the news, she had started off without waiting for extra clothing, without word or look to any one, and had run the whole night in order to be in time to see her boy. As she entered the room, she pushed past the servants and guest, and, on reaching the coffin, seized the child, and, before any one was aware of her intention, or had presence of mind to prevent her, she had vanished with him in her arms. It was found she had carried him off to the grenier, or garret. She paid no attention to threats or entreaties, and all attempts at forcing the door were equally fruitless. The guests waited patiently, hoping that she would before long return to her senses, and bring back the child's body for burial.

"At the end of an hour or more they heard the heavy furniture rolled away and the door opened. The nurse appeared, but with no dead child in her arms-the little thing's arms were clasped lovingly round her neck as she pressed him to her bosom. The mournful assemblage was turned into one of joyful congratulation. The woman would never speak of the means she used to restore the boy to consciousness; indeed, although she became from that hour a resident in 'the family and a trusted and valued friend, she forebore ever refering to the incident in which she played so important a part. She lived to see the rescued child married and with a family of his own around

"The heroine of the second anecdote was a first cousin to the above 'rescued child'-a young lady of 13 or 14 years old. After a somewhat protracted illness, she to all appearance died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave, made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter's body; she had tried every available

means to restore her, but to no avail. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that life still lingered. As a last resource, she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit knife with two blades-one blade of gold, the other of silver-proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make It enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat, and, on closer examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful .-Presently the action of swallowing became more decided; she felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long, the eyes gradually opened and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit knife, with its two blades, is to this day the most precious

heirloom in the family possessions. "The recovered one lived to form a deep attachment for her cousin (the rescued boy of the first story), possibly from the fact of the strange similarity in their early history; but his affections were already engaged by the young lady whose story we are now going to relate, the facts of which resemble somewhat those already told. This young person was no longer a child when death seemed to claim her, but bad reached the age of 18 or 19. She had been suffering from an infectious and dangerous fever, and when the crisis arrived, instead of rallying, she, to all appearances, died.

It was the custom in the district in which she lived to dress marriageable girls as brides after death, and to bury them in their bridal costume. The young lady in question was therefore laid out as a bride, in a white dress,

orange-flower wreath and veil. "The day before the funeral, the most intimate friend of the deceased, who had been on a visit at a distance, came home, and insisted with floods of tears that she should be allowed to see her .-The mother most delicately refused, explaining that her daughter had been the victim of an infectious fever, and that she could not allow the daug hter of a friend to run the risk of catching it .-The young lady persisted, and would not leave the house; but the mother, much as it pained her, was firm in her refusal. However, in the evening the young friend, being on the watch, saw the paid watcher leave the room to go down to her supper, leaving the door unlocked. She immediately entered, and, having reverently kissed her friend's pale face, knelt down by the side of the bed to pray. There were candles at each side of the bed at its head, and two placed on a table at its foot.

"The poor girl was deep in her prayers, when suddenly, without any warning, the dead girl sat up, and said, in a sharp tone of voice, 'Que fait tu la ?'-(What are you doing there?) Startled and horrified to the last degree, her friend sprung from her knees, and, in trying to rush out of the room, upset the table on which the candles were placed, and became wedged between it and the bed, her head downmost. Inextricably entangled, she shricked loudly for help. The supposed dead girl had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and, being weakened from illness, she went off into a hysterical fit of laughter; and the more her poor friend kicked and screamed, the more she keep up the duet by

peals of laughter. "The mother and household, hearing the noise, rushed up as quickly as possible. The mother was the first to enter the room, and, being a quick-witted woman, at once comprehended the situation. She flew to her daughter, and, angrily ordering her to be quiet and not laugh at her friend's misfortune, she pressed her to her bosom, and, hastily tearing off wreath and veil, dropped them on the floor and kicked them under the bed; then, calling assistance, she carried the girl into another room and

put her to bed. "The doctor who had been at once sent for, ordered her to be taken from home without delay, and they started as soon as possible. She perfectly recovered, but strangely enough, could never call to mind the startling events of her return to life. She afterwards married the gentleman who was the hero of our first story. Her poor friend, when extricated from her unpleasant position, was

quite delirious; she had a nervous fever, of which she nearly died, and she never entirely recovered from the shock her friend's sudden return to life had given her."

On writing to the lady who related these anecdotes for permission to publish, she says:

"You are at liberty to make what use you like of our family story, on condition you do not mention names of family or places; but you may add that all three who were so nearly buried alive lived to be old-my father to 84, my mother and aunt to 76-retaining their health, rare intelligence, and to a wonderful extent their personal beauty, to the last."

Mourning Apparet.

There is good sense in the following remarks, published some years ago, and we marvel much that the custom to which they refer is not entirely abolished:

The principal objections against the custom of wearing mourning apparel are that is useless, inconvenient, and expensive.

For what use does it serve? To remind me I am in affliction? I do not need any such memento. To point me out to others as a mourner? I most certainly do not wish to be so pointed out. Shall the sable garb be adopted then because it is grateful to my feelings, because it is a kind of solace to me? I can gain no consolation from it.

If, then, the custom is useless, it is still more objectionable on account of the inconvenience and expense. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes upon a family at the very moment when on every account it most needs seclusion and quietness; when, worn out with care and watching and sorrow, it needs retirement and relief.

That the expenses press heavily upon the poor is a matter very well known, and I believe generally regretted. If, then, there is a custom in the community which is of no real benefit, and is a real burden, it would seem a clear inference that it ought to be discouraged. If there be any who fear that they shall be too soon forgotten among men when they are gone, let them be reminded that it depends upon themselves, not upon the habiliments of their friends; upon their character and not upon their obsequies, whether they shall be remembered.

"The memorial of virtue," saith the wisdom of Solomon, "Is immortal."-When it is present, men take example of it, and when it is gone they preserve it; it weareth a crown of triumph forever."

Words That Some Spellers Miss.

The following is an orthographical test for teacher, pupils, or other persons:

Stand up, ye teachers now and spell, Spell phenakistoscope and knell; Or take some simple word, as chilly, Or gauger, or the garden lily, To spell such as syllogism, And lachrymous and sychronism, And pentateuch and saccharine, A pocrypha and celandine, Lactiferous and cecity, Jejune and homoepathy, Paralysis and Chloroform, Rhinoceros and pachyderm, Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque, Is certainly no easy task. Kalcidoscope and Tennessee, Kamtschatka and dispensary, Diphthong and erysipelas, And etiquette and sassafras, Infallible and ptyalism, Allopathy and rheumatism, And cataclysm and beleaguer, Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer, And hosts of other words are found On English and on classic ground.
Thus Behring's Strait and Michælmas,
Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
Suite, hemorrhage, Jalap and Havana, Cenquefoll and Ipecacuanha, And Rappahannock, Shenandoah, And Schuylkill and a thousand more Are words that some good spellers miss In Dictionary lands like this, Nor need one think himself a scroyle If some of these his efforts foll, Nor deem himself undone forever To miss the name of either river-The Dueiper, Seine, or Guadalquivir.

A Railway Adventure.

A former superintendent of the Providence and Worcester railroad says that one night when stationed at Providence in charge of the freight department, a freight train was late, and there remained but twenty minutes to clear the track for a coming express train. This wasn't unusual, and as the red light was burning for a signal no one felt alarmed. Hilton says : " I walked out to the very end of the depot platform, and there I suddenly heard in my ear these words, twice repeated and with impressive distinctness "Hilton, the light will go out! Hilton, the light will go out !" The sound was so positive, and struck me with such strange power, that I instantly looked at my watch, saw that the Shore Line express was due in three minutes, grabbed the red lantern on the last car of the freight train and ran up the track with all the speed of which I

was capable. Along I fairly flew, Impelled by some strange intuition that there was danger, and never questioning for an instant as I ran why I was running or what I was to do. Arrived at the first end of the curve near the Corliss engine Works, I stopped, and for an instant turned and looked back at the red light. It was burning, but in a second it fluttered a little and suddenly went out," and there came the express train. Hilton shouted and swung his lantern, and the engineer, seeing him whistled down brakes, and avoided colliston. Then they examined the light, and could see no possible reason why it should have gone out. It was full of oil. with a perfect wick, and there was no wind blowing, although, if there had been, it should have remained burning, as it had before through many a storm. There were ordinarily but two passenger ears on the express, and this night there were seven, all full. Hilton firmly believes the voice was supernatural.

A RUSSIAN LÉGEND.

The Russian peasantry have a curious tradition. It is that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house, when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. "Come with us," they said, "we have just seen the star in the East and go to worship him." "I will come, but not now," she answered; "I have my house to set in order: when that is done I will follow and find him." But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for him still. For his sake she takes care of all his children. It is she who in Russian and Italian houses is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morn. The children are awakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka f'. and spring up hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child, whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment. Let this be a warning to each reader to respond at once to the call which comes to every heart, to seek Christ and Salvation. Let not the call pass neglected, for it may not come again.

LOST WOMEN.

The following thoughts we commend to the public: "Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are those lost women and the attitude of society toward them?

"A little child strays from its home inclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the little wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulations! There are no harsh comments upon tired feet, be th so miry. No reprimand for the soiled torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown into womanhood; let her be led from it by scourge of want! What comes? Do Christian men and women go in search of her? Do they provide all possible means for her return to her own nation? Do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost-lost! Each, friends and relations-we disown you; don't ever come to disgrace us. Lost says soclety, indifferently. How had these girls are? And lost-irretrievably lostis the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and morality. Ahl will not those erring ones be required at our hands hereafter.

The Stomach is Strengthened, The Liver Regulated, the Bowels put in proper order, the Blood enriched and purified, and the nervous system rendered tranquil and vigorous by this inestimable family medicine and safeguard against disease, which is moreover, a most agreeable and effective appetizer, and a cordial peculiarly adapted to the wants of the aged and infirm. For sale by all Druggists and Deal-

No More Hard Times.

ers generally.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a triffing cost, and you will see good times and have good matth. See another column.