

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

A TRANSFERMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS

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 Philadelphia and "Bound Brook Route," at 5.20, (Fast Exp.) 8.05 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

Trains leave 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., 1.30 and 4.50 p. m., arriving at Harrisburg, 1.50, 8.20 p. m., and 9.20 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave 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.

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.

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.

THE WORLD'S MODEL MAGAZINE.

A combination of the most interesting, the useful and the beautiful, with Fine Art Engravings, and Oil Pictures in each Number.

Demorest's Illustrated Monthly

The Model Parlor Magazine of the World. Contains the essentials of all others, including Original Poetry, Sketches and Stories, by the best writers to every branch of entertaining and useful literature. It is enriched with Engravings and Beautiful Illustrations worth more than its cost.

READ THIS.

A Tribute to American Journalism by the Representative Press of Europe. "Demorest's Magazine, a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English Magazines."

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., New York.

NEW WAGON SHOP.

THE undersigned having opened a

WHEELWRIGHT SHOP,

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.

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

Iron City College.

Exclusively devoted to the practical education of young and middle-aged men, for active business life. School, by days, in session, students can enter at any time.

Narratives 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, 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 ceremonies are gone through in some countries where climate renders speedy interment after decease an absolute necessity.

"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.

"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 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.

"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 delicious; 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 70—retaining their health, rare intelligence, and to a wonderful extent their personal beauty, to the last."

Mourning Apparel.

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 it 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.

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.

"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 sychonism, And pentateuch and saccharine, A poerypha and celandine, Lactiferous and cely, Jejune and homopathy, Paralysis and Chloroform, Rhinoceros and pachyderm, Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque, Is certainly no easy task, Kaleidoscope and Tennessee, Kalmthout and dispensary, Dipthong and erysipelas, And etiquette and sassafras, Infallible and pytalism, Allopathy and rheumatism, And cataclysm and beleaguer, Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intri-guer, And hosts of other words are found On English and on classic ground. Thus Behring's Strait and Michaelmas, Thermopylae, Cordilleras, Suite, hemorrhage, Jalap and Havana, Cenquefoff and Ipeacuanha, And Rappahannock, Shenandoah, And Schuyllkill 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 foil, Nor deem himself undone forever To miss the name of either river—The Dnelper, 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.

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 collision. 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 cars on the express, and this night there were seven, all full. Hilton firmly believes the voice was supernatural.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

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", 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 they ever 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 society, indifferently. How had these girls are? And lost—irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and morality. Ah! 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 estimable 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 Dealers generally.

No More Hard Times.

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, quick 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 trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.